

The Busy Bees

CONSIDERATION for others and not for one's self, is one of the most commendable qualities in a boy or girl. This was noticed in many instances in the work of getting the injured from the wrecked homes after the tornado of Sunday. Boys and girls first thought of their parents, and in many cases were the means of saving their lives. Bruises and cuts, which are apt to make us wish for mother to comfort us, were many, but in the great sorrow of it all many forgot their own hurts and gave relief to the more seriously injured. It is a common sight to see boys and girls bringing clothing to the relief stations. Instead of spending the hours at play they are waiting at all times to run some errand or carry some message for the father or mother who needs them.

Little Stories by Little Folk

The Sweetpea's Story.

By Margaret Holland, Aged 12 Years, David City, Neb. Grade 7.

Once upon a time I was a seed. I was in a package with many other seeds. I didn't know where I was, for I couldn't see through the package.

One day I was lifted up and I heard a voice say, "Oh, here are these seeds we were looking for!"

The package was torn open and I was put in a plant jar which had a lot of dirt in it. After they put me in they covered me up with dirt and then the dirt all around me began to get wet. I wondered what had happened.

After that the dirt got wet often and I was very anxious to find out what the matter was. One morning the sprout stuck its head out of the ground, and soon a little girl discovered it. She ran to tell her mother, and when she came back she had a little stick and a string. She tied one end of the string to the stick and put the stick in the ground. Then she tied the other end of the string to the curtain pole.

After awhile other sprouts came up. We grew pretty well, but it wasn't very nice in the house, as there wasn't any fresh air.

One nice day the girl took the flowers out to a sheltered corner and I tied the string to a wire. When night came she put papers around them.

This is partly true, as I did plant sweet peas in the house and then put them out doors. I can't say whether they are successful or not, because I just put them outdoors yesterday. I will write some other time and tell how they come out.

(Second Prize.)

Bruno.

By Esther Mitchell, Aged 12 Years, Belgrade, Neb. Red Side.

One day a man took a poor dog to town with him and would not let him come home again.

There many had boys throw stones at Bruno. He could not find any place to stay and he could not get anything to eat. He went on until he grew so weak that he could not stand. He lay down in the mud and water and thought he would die.

A little boy was going along and seen him. "That is just what I want," said he, "a dog like that one, only he's too poor." He picked the poor dog up and carried him home, but his father was too poor to give the dog anything to eat, so the little boy took him out in the street and tied a can on his tail. He ran to little Gladys, whom he saw in the street. This girl was always kind to dumb creatures and she felt very sorry for this poor dog. She took Bruno to her home and asked her mother if she could not keep him. Her mother said yes, so Gladys made a little bed for Bruno and gave him all he could eat.

One evening the little girl's father said she could take something to Mrs. Brown for her supper. Mrs. Brown was a poor woman who could not get enough work to support herself. Gladys had to go through many alleys to get there. Bruno went with her. She got there safely and as she was coming home she stumbled and fell over an old rubbish pile. Bruno tried in every way to get her up but in vain. He went on to Gladys home and barked loudly at the door.

"I believe something is the matter," said Mrs. Jackson, Gladys' mother.

So she went out to Bruno. He acted very strangely and she at last seen that he wanted her to follow him. So she went him until she reached the place and found Gladys' leg was broken. She carried her home and for a reward Bruno got a collar with his name on it in gold, and although Bruno is now a very old dog he is not forgotten and has still got a home with Gladys.

(Honorable Mention.)

Judith.

By Marjorie Shipman, Sidney, Neb. Blue Side.

Judith was a little girl 8 years old. She was the daughter of a very rich merchant. She was a very sweet child with long brown curls and big brown eyes. She lived in a big white house in the town of Silver Creek. Judith got up one morning feeling bad. Her nurse told her that she could not have a pair of guests that she wanted. Judith had lots and lots of pets and play things, but she did not have a pair of goats. Her papa thought it best that she should not have them for she had so many things now. She grumbled as nurse dressed her and grumbled as she ate breakfast. Her nurse came in soon afterward. She was a beautiful young lady of 22 years and very sweet. When she seen Judith grumbling she was surprised for Judith was seldom grumbling.

"Why, what is the matter dear?" she said as she came into the nursery.

"Oh, nothing, only I want those goats," was the answer from Judith. "Let me think of a way for you to get them," she said down to think, then she said, "How much do they cost?" "Ten dollars," said Judith. "Do you think you could work for them?" said nurse.

"Why, yes," said Judith. "How?" "Selling strawberries and other fruits that we have in the yard," "Why, yes," said Judith, "auntie, you are great on thinking. If I had only thought of that before I probably would have got them, but I will try now." So a month went by, only one more dollar and Judith would have 10. She asked her papa to give her that, but he said, "Why not earn that other dollar yourself, and then I'll buy you the cart." "All right," said Judith, and with a little hard work she earned it.

Judith got her goats and cart and had many happy times with it. The little cart was red with little leather cushions on the seats.

Our Fanny.

By Lyle Goss, Aged 11 Years, Hamburg, Ia. Blue Side.

Fanny is a bay colt, she is tall and stately. We sent her to the county fair

spring. I can ride her any place. One day I went to come in the gate where she was. When I went to shut the gate she ran out, and almost knocked me down. She ran up to the corner and turned. I could not catch her so papa came out and ran her up in front of the hitch rack and another fellow caught her. I fed Fanny five ears of corn three times a day. She is broke to ride, but is not broke to the buggy. Papa is going to send Fanny to the country again this spring.

Last spring every time I would go out to see her she would run out to the gate. When I would go inside she would put her nose on my head and pull my cap off. Fanny is 1 year old.

This is all I know about Fanny's life, because she is not very old.

The Flood.

By Florence Jensen, Aged 9 Years, 2814 California Street, Omaha, Blue Side. Original.

When I was in Denmark last winter, I lived in Ribe part of the time. Ribe is a little city, not far from the North sea. Our house was right beside a small river that came from the Western ocean, as the Danes call the North sea. One Sunday evening, in November, when we had company, my little friend, Christina, and I were looking out of the window to see if the river would rise as high as the banks, because the waters had been rising all afternoon.

About a mile west of Ribe a dike was just being built. A dike is a great high bank to keep out the ocean when it storms. This dike was not quite finished and it gave way so that there was room for the water to get through. Then the North sea came pouring in with great force and flooded the town. Soon the streets were filled with white-capped waves and people were sailing in boats to get out of their houses. Fortunately, we had gotten out before the water came in, and had gone to my aunt's house on a hill. My sister and brother were not with us and had to be carried out by my cousin and father.

A few people were drowned and much property was destroyed. There had not been such a great flood since 1812, and it caused quite a great deal of excitement in Denmark.

The Two Kind Acts.

By Helen Gertrude Frandsen, Aged 13 Years, 26 West Twenty-fourth Street, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

In the great city of London lived a little girl who was about 10 years old, her name was Alice Elizabeth Morton.

She was a little orphan. Her father died when Alice was a baby. Her mother died when she was 9 years old.

Alice Elizabeth had lived with her grandmama for some time. When one day Alice came home from school and found her grandmama very ill and that night Alice's grandmama died. Then poor little Alice was alone in the world with nobody to care for her.

One day an old lady was trying to get across the crowded streets of London, but there was too many carriages and cars. Alice saw her and felt sorry for her.

Alice Elizabeth went to her and told her that she would help her get across. Soon the two were safely across. Then the old lady asked Alice what her name was and where she lived. Alice told her her name was Mrs. Streeten and that she could come and live with her.

A Coward Gives His Life.

By Emma Clark, Aged 10 Years, Genoa, Neb. Blue Side.

During the war between the north and south, there lived two old folks, the mother was southern and the father was northern, they had two sons.

One morning before sunrise, a man knocked at the door, he was a recruiting officer. He saluted her and said in a polite tone: "Have you a son who will volunteer to fight for the south?" Her eyes were filled with tears as she said: "Yes, I will call him if you wish me to."

"If you will, madame," the officer replied. She called him and he marched off after kissing his mother goodbye.

Next day a recruiting officer of the north appeared. This father answered the call, for he knew what he was coming for. The father and the last son went to fight, but this son was a coward, he hated to give his life for his country.

But Jack was glad to be of some use to his country, and he became a spy.

He was going through a thicket when he came upon a northerner. He fled him to a tree and changed clothes with him so he could ride into the northern camp. His brother gave him away because he was mad at him and did not like him. He was a coward and gave his life for his brother. His last words were "I am of no use to my country, so I will take the place of my brother." So he had a bullet put through his heart.

Ruth's Surprise Party.

By Alice Eileen Grandell, Aged 9 Years, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a little girl and she was very nice to her mother. Her name was Ruth, and she was always very happy and never teased her mother for a party.

One day, when it was Ruth's birthday, her mother thought she would give her a surprise party. So she called up some little girls and asked them to come to the party and they said they could.

So Ruth's mother said to her, "Ruth, you can put on your best clothes for a friend is coming to see me."

When she was ready her mother sent her down town to get some cake.

So when she was gone the girls came and her mother hid them in the bedroom, when Ruth came home her mother said, "Ruth, go into the bedroom and get my ring."

When she entered the room the girls jumped out and scared her. They had lots of nice things to eat and they played games.

When the girls went home they said they never had such a good time in all their lives.

The Boy Scouts of Osawatimie. Second Hike.

By Harold Dyer, Aged 10 Years, Red Side.

As the 6 o'clock whistle blew on the morning of September 24 the Boy Scouts of Osawatimie started on the second hike.

Our work upon this hike was to clear the road of rocks, glass, sticks, tacks, nails, and all other rubbish.

Our course was almost southeast. We met at the Farmers' bank and went one block south, one block east and then southwest over the Bangor bridge and onto a fork in the road. Taking the road to our right we walked about a half mile, coming to another road that led by both the Baker and Massey dairies. We came about a mile on this road, branched on another road that led home by the wire bridge.

We then made our way to Main street, where we disbanded.

Naughty Molly.

By Lester Anderson, Aged 9 Years, 233 South Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

There was once a little girl who was very naughty, and never would mind her mother. Once her mother gave her a nickel to buy a loaf of bread and a penny to buy some candy, but she spent the 6 cents all for candy. When her mother saw that she did not buy the bread, she told her husband and he gave

Molly a very hard whipping, and so she decided to be a good girl.

One day her mother went away and said to Molly if she would be good she would bring her something nice. Then Molly thought she would be real good and surprise her mother by cleaning the house, wash the dishes and making the beds.

Just as she finished with the work her mother came in with a dear little black kitten, and Molly always kept it. So she decided that it paid to always be good.

Grandfather.

By M. Fulton, Aged 10 Years, Norfolk, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was an old man whose eyes were dim and his knees trembled. When he sat at the table he could scarcely hold his spoon, and often spilled his food over the table cloth.

His son and daughter-in-law were much vexed about this and at last made him sit behind the oven in the corner and gave him an earthen dish to eat out of. At last the old man grew sad and his eyes were wet with tears and his hand trembled so much that the dish fell and broke, so they had to buy him a new one.

A True Story.

By Richard Phillips, Aged 10 Years, Schiltz Hotel, Omaha, Neb.

Last summer I was out in California with my uncle and while we were out there a boy 8 years old, killed an eagle, and the measure from wing to wing was six feet six inches. I am a new Busy Bee and hope to see my letter in print.

A Bad Boy.

By Marie Neville, Aged 11 Years, 3222 Jones Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a big boy named John. He was very cruel and unkind to animals.

One day a poor old lame dog came to their house and the big boy was about to turn him away, and his mother said "John, why do you not let the dog stay?" "Well," replied John, "what good are dogs?"

But his mother persuaded him to take the dog and keep it warm and give it plenty to eat.

John did not like this, but did as he was told, and in a month you never saw such a beautiful collie dog.

John was very proud of his dog then, and they played together and had delightful times.

This shows what kindness will do.

Colorado Busy Bee.

By Alice Thomas, Deer Trail, Colo. Red Side.

Dearest Busy Bee: Little May took a plateful of dinner out into the woodshed to feed her kitties. The black cat and the gray kitten both ran to the plate. They seized a bit of meat and began to shake it and growl over it.

"Don't fight, little kitties." When the meat was all gone the kitties ran away. "They have wasted all the rest of their dinner," said Mary. But just then old

Dobbin, the horse, saw the plate. He had been turned loose in the yard to eat grass. Dobbin came and put his head in at the door and he ate up every bit of the vegetables and bread. Then Mary laughed and clapped her hands. "Oh, mamma," she said, "it is just like the story of Jack Sprat in my 'Mother Goose' book."

"Twixt them both 'They cleaned the plate and licked the platter clean.'"

New Busy Bee.

By Pauline Coolidge, Aged 8 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Editor of The Bee: Papa takes The Bee and I sometimes read the children's page and I thought I would like to join the Busy Bees on the blue side. I am 8 years old. I live in Columbus, Neb.

Dear Busy Bee: I love your page and am glad to get the paper. I do wish some of you would write me a letter. I am sending a story of "Little Mary."

Please write to me for I would love to answer them. ALICE. P. S.—My little sister will write a letter soon.



Luther Burbank

If you are interested in Farming Fruit Growing Flower Raising Vegetable Gardening Lawn Beautification

—or, if you are interested only in a general way in learning how all forms of plant life may be improved by scientific methods of Plant Breeding,—by cross-mating—by selection—don't fail to read

THE OMAHA BEE'S LUTHER BURBANK SUPPLEMENT

Filled with color illustrations made from direct color photograph prints showing Luther Burbank's wonderful new creations, and describing the methods of plant improvement which Luther Burbank has used and which he is now prepared to give to the world. The editorial matter and illustrations for this interesting Luther Burbank Supplement have been supplied us by The Luther Burbank Society which has been chartered by the State of California, for the purpose of giving the broadest possible dissemination to Luther Burbank's methods and discoveries. This Society, which numbers among its members some of the foremost men and women of America, has taken this means of arousing interest in newer and better methods of agriculture, horticulture and plant improvement, so that Luther Burbank's methods and discoveries, instead of being permitted to die with him, may be placed within the reach of the whole world to apply and profit. In this Supplement The Society will make its first announcement of the free distribution of color-illustrated bulletins or monographs, which it means to place in the hands of all who grow things from the soil, whether for pleasure or for profit. Among the features of this Supplement are:

Cobless Corn A description of Mr. Burbank's famous experiment with corn—taking it back ten thousand years in its history, when it grew in tassels instead of on cobs— together with the methods by which present day corn may be improved.

Burbank Potato Illustrated description of the Burbank potato, which it is said is now adding more than seventeen million dollars a year to the farm incomes of America alone—showing the large potatoes produced from two tiny parents.

New Flowers An article illustrated with wonderful color reproductions of some of Luther Burbank's flower creations, together with the story of his famous Shasta Daisy, showing the beautiful flower which he produced from two little wild daisies.

Cactus Fruit In an article illustrated with six natural color pictures, the story of Mr. Burbank's thornless fruit-bearing cactus is told; showing how this new fruit and forage plant looks when grown as a farm product or on its native desert.

Thornless Blackberry A special article describing the new Burbank thornless blackberry, showing how the energy formerly wasted in "tacks" can now be diverted into more and better fruit—with illustrations of methods employed.

Seedling Chestnuts Bearing full-size chestnuts when only six months old, and pineapple quince seedlings loaded with fruit when but two feet above the ground, furnish illustrations showing how Luther Burbank hastens some of Nature's processes.

New Strawberry Illustrated in natural colors, a specimen of a new Burbank strawberry is shown, together with a descriptive article on the methods of improvement and an outline of the ways in which the strawberry can still further be improved.

Quick Walnut Tree An illustrated story telling how Luther Burbank has produced in twelve years' time a walnut tree such as Nature takes seventy years to produce, with color illustration showing the finished wood of the tree.

Elbert Hubbard Contributes to this Supplement a masterpiece of English literature—his appreciation of Luther Burbank, the man. In addition, there are other articles and a photographic illustration of the Luther Burbank Homestead at Santa Rosa, Calif.

PRINTED IN NATURAL COLORS

All this wonderfully interesting material which has been furnished us by The Luther Burbank Society, has been printed in the form of a Supplement instead of being placed in the regular news columns, in order that the fruits, flowers and other creations may be illustrated in their natural colors. These supplements, printed on suitable book paper, will be a part of the regular issue, furnished to all readers without extra charge, and are not for sale separately from the remainder of the issue. They will be found well worthy of permanent preservation.

With the Omaha Sunday Bee For Sunday, April 6th

Little Folks Birthday Book



SUNDAY, MARCH 30.

"This is the day we celebrate."

1898.....Willard Ray Allemen, 1326 South 34th St.....Park	1905.....Martin Andrews, 1110 South 6th St.....Pacific
1905.....Barton Andrews, 1424 South 15th St.....Comenius	1904.....Earl Barnett, 2823 Crown Point Ave.....Miller Park
1902.....John Bittinger, 4114 North 21st St.....Saratoga	1902.....Elizabeth Elliott, 2912 North 24th St.....Lothrop
1904.....Mark Fair, 2435 Saratoga Court.....Saratoga	1900.....Jean Pitt, 2101 North 28th Ave.....Long
1906.....Merlyn D. Pratt, 3622 Ellison Ave.....C. P. Annex	1902.....Bessie Edna Goch, 3592 North 28th Ave.....Howard Kennedy
1905.....Vincent Graziano, 1115 1/2 South 12th St.....Pacific	1902.....Dora Gross, 514 South 13th St.....Cass
1907.....Hanley, 2010 South Central Boulevard.....Vinton	1899.....Gladys Hansen, 2410 South 32d Ave.....Windsor
1905.....George C. Holdrege, 1936 South 33d St.....Windsor	1901.....William Kent Hunt, 2115 Binney St.....Lothrop
1907.....Fatimah Koory, 1405 South 13th St.....Comenius	1906.....Glen Malm, 529 North 32d St.....Webster
1898.....Florence Moriarty, 3009 South 21st St.....Vinton	1903.....Fannie Pomo, 2d and Spring Sts.....Bancroft
1907.....Emily Dorothy Pugsley, 1522 Georgia Ave.....Park	1900.....Clement Rosengren, 404 William St.....Train
1906.....John E. Schurman, 4810 Florence Boulevard.....Saratoga	1902.....Madge Short, 1113 Pacific St.....Pacific
1907.....Gretchen Simm, 1613 Izard St.....Cass	1906.....Claude M. Stenner, 2617 South 31st St.....Windsor
1900.....Ernest Taylor, 2604 Fort St.....Saratoga	1903.....Roy E. Tharp, 1906 South 4th St.....Train
1900.....Harold True, 201 South 24th St.....Central	1902.....Lillian Weberg, 2208 North 27th Ave.....Long
1903.....Otto Wesenborg, 4536 Marcy St.....Columbian	1901.....Stella Woolfson, 2192 California St.....Central

Our Fanny.

By Lyle Goss, Aged 11 Years, Hamburg, Ia. Blue Side.

Fanny is a bay colt, she is tall and stately. We sent her to the county fair