

# Busy Bees' Own Page

**S**CHOOL days are over for the summer and the books have been locked up in the desks. The Busy Bees will now have many hours of play and I wonder what they will do during the long summer days? I suppose many of them have their gardens—enough to pick. Marie Kuhry in her story this week tells of a picnic, which her class had at the close of school. There will be many picnics for Busy Bees this summer I know and I hope each one will write and tell us just what they are doing. It is the season when the boys are playing base ball and we would like to hear of the games they are playing. Ruth Graul has written a story for the page this week and Madeline Garrison of Moorcroft, Wyo., has sent us a story. Madeline is a new Busy Bee and we hope that she will write us another story soon. Dorothy Judson, the queen of the blue side, has been so busy that the days have not been long enough for her to send us a story this week, but we hope that she will write us a message soon, also the king, James Wenzert. The editor hopes that every Busy Bee will have a splendid vacation and have lots of good times.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

**(First Prize.)**  
**The Last Day of School.**  
By Marie M. Kuhry, Aged 11 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side.  
In one more week school would be over and on the last day we were to have a picnic at Riverview park and teacher hoped that no one would have to remain home on account of bad department. The time drew near and our plans were all made and even Jimmie Barney, the bad boy, who had to always study his lessons in the corner for bad behavior, was with us. We all met at the school-house at 10 o'clock with our baskets of lunch ready to take the car for Riverview. In a short time we were all there, romping and playing on the green grass. What a fine time we did have swinging, playing games and fishing. About 1 o'clock we spread the table cloths for lunch and such a hungry lot of children we were. Even the little birds seemed to enjoy watching us, for they fluttered around our heads and twittered and sang as if they, too, would like to join our picnic. After lunch teacher sat down to look through a magazine she brought along, with some of us around her, others were at the river fishing and playing. Soon we heard a scream, and quickly teacher and the rest of us ran to the river bank and there we saw our bad boy, Jimmie Barney, swimming to shore with Carol Pollard, for she had stumbled and fell into the water and would have drowned if it wasn't for Jim. How glad we were that he came along and that he proved to be the hero of our school.  
P. S.—Reds beat the Blues.

**(Second Prize.)**  
**The Straw, the Coal and the Bean.**  
By Ruth Graul, Aged 11 Years, Exeter, Neb. Blue Side.  
Grandma went into the garden and got an apron full of beans. She put them in a kettle and put them on the stove. A bean jumped from the kettle and it said: "I am lucky that I got out without being cooked."  
The fire would not burn good, so grandma put some straw in the stove. A large coal jumped out of the stove and said: "I am lucky that I got out and never burned to ashes."  
And then a straw jumped out and said: "I am lucky, too."  
Then the bean said: "We are all lucky that we never got killed, so let us be friends and go out in the world and seek our fortunes."  
So they travelled and travelled till they came to the brook. The straw said: "I will lie across the brook and then you can get across." Then the coal started to walk. When he got in about the middle of the straw the straw broke and they fell into the brook; then the bean laughed so hard that it burst.  
A tallor, who happened to come along, took pity on the bean and sewed it up with a black thread, and this is why some beans have a black strip down the side.

**(Honorable Mention.)**  
**The Prize.**  
By Madeline Garrison, Aged 10 Years, Moorcroft, Wyo. Blue Side.  
Bessie and Helen were coming home from school. "I know you will get it," said Helen to Bessie. They were talking of the prize and wondered who would get it. The one who wrote the best story would get it. It was a beautiful chain. "Oh, dear!" sighed Helen again. "I just know you will get it."  
When they reached Bessie's home they parted and Helen went on thinking hard about the prize. That night she sat down to think of something to write.  
"Who are you writing to?" said old Dinah, the cook.  
"Never mind," said Helen, and she sealed her letter to send in the morning. The next morning she dressed hurriedly, ate her breakfast and started for Bessie's house. She met Bessie at the gate, waiting for her. The girls went on to school, and after school they both said they would go to the picture show. When Helen reached home she asked her mother for the money, but her mother said, "You spent your last money for stamps for your letter." So Bessie went on to the show without her. The next morning Helen received the prize, the beautiful chain. I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Blue Side.

**Hiawatha's Easter.**  
By Alice Elvira Crandall, Aged 8, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.  
There was once an Indian boy named Hiawatha. He was 8 years old and lived with his grandmother in a forest. All they had to live on was the things that Hiawatha killed in the forest. But one day when he was out hunting, he saw a large rabbit lying in the path. He ran for him, with a large basket under his arm and a bouquet of white lilies. Hiawatha was just aiming his bow and arrow at it, when it spoke like a human being and said, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha; don't you know that tomorrow is Easter Sunday and that I am the Easter Rabbit?" Hiawatha was astonished, gazed at the rabbit and said, "What is Easter; won't you please tell me?"  
"Ah," said the rabbit, "if you will be here in half an hour I will tell you all about it."  
"All right," said Hiawatha; so he went away and came back right when the rabbit had told him to, and the rabbit was there awaiting him.  
"Come and sit down by me and I will tell you all about it," the rabbit said.  
So Hiawatha sat down and said, "I have never heard of it before, for grandma never told me about it. I have

witches had the pots ready and the water on."  
Virginia said: "Oh! what shall I do?" and rubbed her hands together. She happened to rub the brass ring and a great big genie appeared. They were frightened, but the genie said, "I'm the slave of the brass ring which belonged to the king of Arabia and obey the owner of the ring." Then Virginia said, "Take us out of this room," and the genie picked them up and carried them into the room where they had got the ring.  
They picked the paper up that had had the Arabic writing on it and the genie translated it. It read: "Be careful, or if you go into your room a great mishap will befall you."  
Roger said if he only could have read that before he went into that room it would have saved us all that fear and trouble.  
Then they went home and found that every day they had been under the earth had been a year at home. Their parents were very glad to see them and the genie was their slave for evermore.

**The Discontented Clock.**  
By Leona Rowlett, Aged 14 Years, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 25, Norfolk, Neb.  
This clock had been running steadily for thirty-two years. It was now in a small boy's room. This boy was called Mr. Fuss and sometimes Mr. Growler. When little Ronald went to bed his mother said, "Sleep well tonight and rise early." "I always have to get up too early," he answered her. It was not long until he was in dreamland. Everything seemed to be discontented, even to the old clock on the wall. "Tick, tick," it said, "my weights, hands, face, wheels and even the little cuckoo bird are grown weary of running forever." "Don't complain," added the door, "I've had to swing on my hinges for fifty years, but I am yet as strong as you." "Well," said the bed, "I do get tired of having to hold this tumbler beyond my measure, but I won't give up yet." "And sorry, here, he gets tired, too, but he can't give up," put in a chair. He sits on me and he is heavy, but I don't care." These speeches only made the clock more angry and it declared, "I am going to stop; the rest may also, for all I care." "Yes, you don't care, but if everything about this house would stop you would have no roof over your old head," answered the bedroom folk in chorus. "I will strike my last at 12:30 o'clock tonight," growled the clock. Then, not caring to advise any more, Mr. Fuss woke up early and looked at the clock. "My, it is 12:30 o'clock and the sun is not up yet," he exclaimed, putting on his clothes. When he went down to the kitchen it was just 6 o'clock. He said, "I'm a dummy. I dreamed that the clock would stop at 12:30 o'clock, and it did." His mother hurried upstairs to see if it was true. "Sure enough," she said, "it was a fine old clock." All that day and the next week and year—for all—Ronald was never called Mr. Fuss. His mother never knew his dream was the cause of it.

**The Cup Custard Pudding.**  
By Lester Anderson, Aged 10 Years, 55 S. Thirty-fourth St., Omaha, Blue Side.  
It was Saturday and it was dinner time, and Mary just came in to put on her clean dress, because Mary's mother was to have company for dinner. Just as Mary stepped into the kitchen she saw her mother making cup custard pudding for dinner.  
"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "you are making my favorite pudding, ain't you?"  
Then she went upstairs to change her clothes.  
After she had changed her clothes she went downstairs and looked all around, but could not see her mother anywhere, so she thought she would creep into the pantry and take a cup of the custard pudding, because she thought her mother would not notice it.  
Then when the company came it was dinner time, so Mary's mother had them sit down and eat. Then the time came for the pudding to be served. Mary's mother served the big folks first, so when it was Mary's turn there was no more cup custard pudding left, so Mary had to go without any pudding.  
Then her mother saw the unwashed cloth that Mary had at her side. Then her mother gave her a hard spanking, so she never ate her pudding before anyone else after that.

**The Good Girl.**  
By Jessie Najler, Aged 10 Years, Box 114, Casper, Wyo.  
There was a girl whose name was Mary and all at once she was taken sick. Her mother phoned for the doctor for she feared it was the scarlet fever, as there was so much in town, and sure enough it was the scarlet fever. There was one of her dear friends who heard about Mary's illness and she got right up and

**The Ants' Work.**  
By Fay Baldwin, Aged 10 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.  
One morning, after it had rained, my sister, cousin and I started for the mail box to get the mail, but before we got

## Senior Class of St. Agnes' School of South Omaha



Top Row, Left to Right—Leo Carey, Bernard Curran, Ray Cushing, James Cushing, James Parks, Carl Vols, Joseph Martin, Stanislaus Krigbaum, Michael McNulty, Eugene Fitzgerald, Second Row—Earl Dross, John McKenna, Anella Nagle, Max Ratigan, Irene McQuinn, Catherine Donoghue, Nora Diggins, Helen Bush, Marguerite McCoy, Cornelius Healey, Third Row—Margaret Jacob, Helen McCarthy, Clara Egan, Margaret Murphy, Helen Fitzgerald, Marie Bell, Agnes McCarty, Helen Kelley, Helen Lickovsky, Roy Gilroy, Fourth Row—Irene Driver, Mary Schneider, Margaret Hanson, Margaret Larbin, Margaret Mullan, Helen McGuire, Theresa Dora, Jessa Noon, Margaret Crowe, Caroline Lang, Last Row—Joseph Mullner, John McArthur, Aloysia Meyers, Paul Holbrook, Francis Toner, Michael McArthur.

there we seen some ants working, so we sat down on the little wagon (which we had brought along) to watch them and this is what we saw.  
The ants had a grubworm, which they were burying. We thought we would help them store their food for the winter, so we killed four bugs and three worms. We put them near the ants' home and watched them drag a bug in. One worm was so large that they had to make the hole larger to get it in. We covered one worm up and they uncovered it and began to eat it. They would take small pieces and carry them to their home. We became very interested and watched them a long while.

**The Story of Five Rabbits.**  
By Grace Moore, Aged 12 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.  
One afternoon as our hired man was mowing the yard, he saw something in the grass, and what do you think it was? Five tiny rabbits. So he told my brother to take them in the house. And what do you think he did? He took two to run down a hole! But we soon got it out again. So he took two over town to a lady and she tried to feed them, but they were too much afraid. So she gave them to an old dog with a little puppy and it took care of them just like her own little one. And the other three are still living.

**Dot and Her Dog.**  
By Dorothy Burgeson, Aged 10 Years, 525 S. Bedford Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.  
Little Dot had no brother nor sister and she lived in the country where no other little folks were very near, with whom she could play. But Dot had a dog. He was big, woolly and kind. Dot would hug him, dress him up, make him sit on his haunches, try to make him hold a stick, try to make him talk and do lots of things no dog in the world could do.  
Still, little Dot was happy. Her woolly playmate never taught her bad words nor acts, and generally he let her have her own way. His only lack was that he could not talk, but Dot used to say, "He baby. He dot bid and talk," as little Dot seemed so confidently to expect.

**The Good Girl.**  
By Jessie Najler, Aged 10 Years, Box 114, Casper, Wyo.  
There was a girl whose name was Mary and all at once she was taken sick. Her mother phoned for the doctor for she feared it was the scarlet fever, as there was so much in town, and sure enough it was the scarlet fever. There was one of her dear friends who heard about Mary's illness and she got right up and

went to her mother and her mother said she could go out and get some flowers and give them to Mary. And everything she got she gave Mary half. Soon Mary was well and they could play together.

**Ice and Coal Cases Are Put Over Till Next Wednesday**  
Some twelve or more ice and coal companies appeared in police court at the summons of Inspector John Grant Pegg to account for their failure to pay their occupation tax which consists of a dollar a year for each team and three more for the company.  
The case was put over until Wednesday at the request of Pegg to allow time for warrants to be served on twenty-eight other firms who are remiss in this taxation.

**THREE COUNTIES WILL BOOST CELEBRATION**  
Autoists in Washington, Dodge and Burt counties are planning an eighty-eight mile boaters' trip in cars to promote a three-day ball tournament and four days of merry making at Herman, Neb. The start will be made from Herman at 8 p. m., dinner will be taken at Hooper and the party will return to the starting point about 4:30 p. m.

**DATE FOR THE RESTORATION BOND ELECTION IS FIXED**  
The date of the restoration bond election was definitely set for July 2 by a resolution passed by the Board of County Commissioners. A committee appointed by the board previously had suggested July 15 as the date but the election was postponed a week at the request of Election Commissioner Moorhead.

**Chief Dunn Thinks People Hurry Too Much These Days**  
Chief of Police Henry W. Dunn does not want to be quoted in the matter, but he strongly condemns the modern habit of hurrying and believes the world wagged on just the same when people walked or drove a one-horse shay and couldn't break a four-miles-per-hour speed law.  
"What's the use of all this hurrying?" asked the chief. "If it dangerous, everybody knows. Where are they going and what are they going to do when they get there? Is it a matter of life and death?"  
"Last night I sat on my front porch and watched automobiles go by on a slippery pavement at twenty miles per hour, turn corners at high speed and dash in front of street cars. I think it's foolish."  
"They were, most likely, going home—these people in their automobiles—and after they get home they will sit down in a cool place and rest. Why such a rush for seats? I think people ought to get over this habit of rushing everywhere like they were mad."

**UNIVERSITY CLUB HAS REORGANIZATION PLANS**  
The board of directors has recommended to the stockholders of the University club an amendment to the articles of incorporation. A special meeting to vote upon the proposed amendment will be held Monday, June 20.  
The amendment provides for the election of twenty-one members to the board of directors, seven to be elected each year for a period of three years. This system assures a consistent policy and the management of the club's affairs would be in the hands of persons who would be thoroughly versed in the demands of the club.  
Two Ministers Appointed.  
WASHINGTON, June 21.—President Wilson today made the following nominations: Consul at Basel, Switzerland,

**BLACKHEADS AND PIMPLES**  
2426 Waverly Ave., Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with blackheads and pimples for over a year. I had them on my forehead and chin. They were rather large and came to a head and were very disgusting indeed. I used most everything without help until I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me entirely." (Signed) Miss Irene Brignole, Apr. 10, 1912. Cuticura Soap 25c, and Cuticura Ointment 50c, are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T. Boston."

**ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED**  
All the Time. Face Mass of Sores. Could Not Sleep at Night. In Misery. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment 3 Weeks and Was Cured.  
2426 Bridge St., Indianapolis, Ind.—"I feel that I must write and tell what Cuticura Soap and Ointment have done for me. The eczema first broke out in pimples all over my face and itched and burned all the time. My face was a mass of sores. I could not sleep at night and was in misery all of the time. I tried everything I heard of but was not helped any. At last I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for some. I only used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment for about three weeks and was cured. Now my skin is as clear as it can be." (Signed) Miss Wills Fields, Apr. 8, 1912.

# Help Wanted MALE

Why should you conduct your business with insufficient help—with men and women who lose you money. There's no reason, especially when you can increase the standard of efficiency in your plant by judicious advertising in The Bee classified columns.

Many a business has become more substantial by getting employees through the medium of The Bee want ads.

Bee ads are read by thousands daily, and your call for good employees will get you quick result. Start your ad now.

**Bee Want Ad. Dept. Tyler 1000**

We do excellent work making drawings and cuts. One like this, with drawing, would cost \$5.00. Get our figures.

**BEE ENGRAVING DEPT., Bee Building, Tyler 1000.**

## Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, JUNE 22. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year	Name and Address	School
1899	Raymond P. Blair, 2915 Leavenworth St.	Mason
1901	Harold Boisen, 104 Stanford Circle	Bancroft
1907	Alan Brainard, 2516 Fort St.	Miller Park
1888	Laura Chubbuck, 1543 North 16th St.	Kellom
1901	Mary Clark, 2518 Capitol Ave.	Central
1904	Elmira Dorsey, 3332 Parker St.	Franklin
1906	Edith Elliott, 2023 Ohio St.	Lake
1898	Bradley Curtis Field, 2598 Cass St.	Webster
1901	David Finch, 2820 Capitol Ave.	Farnam
1897	Venus Folks, 3929 North 22d St.	Lothrop
1906	Arthur G. Funk, 1621 Laird St.	Lothrop
1908	Ethel Gladstone, 3408 Dewey Ave.	Columbian
1904	Howard Hawkins, 4219 Grant St.	Clifton Hill
1903	Lucy Klingenberg, 434 South 5th St.	Train
1899	Ida Koerner, 212 North 24th St.	Central
1903	Francis Krebs, 2008 North 19th St.	Lake
1907	Lillian Lawrence, 2114 Ohio St.	Lake
1900	Etta Lehman	Mason
1898	Agnes Lettuss, 2914 North 22d St.	Saratoga
1900	Ruth G. Luchester, 2328 Poppleton Ave.	Mason
1904	Earl Marica, 5914 North 35d St.	C. P. Annex
1905	Salvator Minardi, 1042 South 22d St.	Mason
1903	Nettie Morse, 614 South 19th St.	Mason
1901	Jacob Patterson, 1216 Pierce St.	Pacific
1907	Elna Kerstine Pedersen, 662 South 42d St.	Columbian
1904	Lillian Pedersen, 2917 North 21st St.	Lake
1900	Elizabeth Pixley, 1204 North 37th St.	Long
1908	Bosena Pribyl, 1705 South 8th St.	Lincoln
1899	Tony Procopio, 1011 South 22d St.	Mason
1904	Christian Rasmussen, 610 South 51st St.	Beals
1903	George J. Robertson, 2802 Spaulding St.	Druid Hill
1907	Stachig L. Robinson, 1748 South 9th St.	Lincoln
1902	Mary Belle Ross, 2610 Burt St.	Webster
1907	Flora Sanko, 4706 North 14th Ave.	Saratoga
1907	Bernice Scullin, 324 North 25th St.	Central
1907	Paul Sommer, 2916 Arbor St.	Dupont
1901	Dorothy Ulmer, 3407 North 35th Ave.	Howard Kennedy
1903	Mildred Wettengel, 2864 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy