

The Busy Bees



Their Own Page

THIS is the week of spring vacation so eagerly anticipated by the Busy Bees. Now they may revel in all the springtime delights to their intense satisfaction. The other day I saw a base ball game in full progress on the corner lot and this morning a little girl skipped rope on her way to school ahead of me. I don't know about the marbles and tops I haven't seen these evidences that spring is here yet.

In one of the candy shops the other day there was displayed something that I know will delight the hearts of the Busy Bees. It was a candy Easter egg, thickly encrusted with chocolate and little boys and girls' names spelled in white frosting with Easter greetings upon them. They came in many colors.

This week the first prize is awarded to Glee Stennett of the Blue side; second prize to Harriett Rosewater of the Red side; and honorable mention to Ethel Kennedy of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

The Sunday School Picnic.

By Glee Stennett, Aged 12 Years, Red Side, R. P. D. 3, Blue Side.

About two years ago the superintendent of our Sunday school said we would have a picnic down on the river. Of course everybody was invited. Every one was to bring lunch baskets. (That was the principal part.)

The men built the tables real long so that all the children could eat at once. The superintendent told us there would be a train to take everybody to the groups. Everone wondered about the train. Well, what do you suppose the train was? It was a large threshing machine engine pulling five or six wagons with hayracks. The wagons were filled mostly with women and children.

The engine started, puffing and whistling at every post and corner, trying hard to make believe it was a real train. After dinner there were ball games, in which the superintendent and teachers played.

All went home feeling that they had spent a glorious day in the woods.

(Second Prize.)

The Story of a Musician.

By Harriett L. Rosewater, 335 Farnam Street, Aged 9 1/2 Years, Blue Side.

To the Busy Bees: I have not written for a long time, but this time I will write about something I think you will enjoy.

George F. Handel was born in Halle, Germany, in 1685. Young Handel loved music and liked toys that made music. His father did not want his son to be a musician, but a lawyer.

One day he and his father went to visit the duke. While there Handel played for the chapel boys in the chapel. The duke heard that it was young Handel who played so sweetly. He said to Handel's father, "I will pay a teacher if you will consent."

Under this teacher he improved so rapidly that at the end of three years the teacher said, "I can teach you no more; you will have to have a better teacher."

While a young man Handel went to Italy, where he studied music in Venice and Florence. His first opera was sung in Florence. After staying in Italy for about two years Handel went to England, where he made his home.

While in England he wrote many operas and oratorios, the greatest of which was "The Messiah."

As Handel grew old he became blind, but he did not discontinue his work. He kept it up by dictating to another person, who wrote for him.

At the age of 74 in the year 1759, Handel died and was buried in Westminster.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Art Exhibit.

By Ethel Kennedy, Aged 10 Years, Valley, Neb. Blue Side.

There was an art exhibit at school Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. I had a very nice time there, and there were some very pretty pictures. Each afternoon two rooms gave a program. It started at half past three. The room that sold the most tickets got a picture. We received the picture, the fifth and sixth grades. The tickets cost 25 cents for four days. There was a large crowd each day. We had our picture framed and it is now hanging in the school room. We were very glad to receive the picture and think very much of it. This is my first story.

Hares and Rabbits.

By Harold Bichel, Aged 11 Years, Glenview, Neb. Blue Side.

The hare does not burrow in the ground like the rabbit, but makes a sort of nest in the grass, in which it crowds with its ears along its back. It will often lie quiet until the foot of an enemy almost touches it. Foxes, wolves, ferrets, bears and eagles all prey upon the hare. Nevertheless it is often able to escape because of its quickness of sight and hearing. The hare is the color of dry leaves or bark. There are different kinds of hares, such as the Belgian hare and the Alpine hare. The Alpine hare turns white in the winter time.

The rabbit resembles the hare, but is somewhat smaller in size. It lives in deep burrows in the ground. It has a nest at the end of the hole, the nests are lined with fur torn from the mother's own body. The outer nest is made of dry leaves and dead grass. The mother rabbit has young ones about every six weeks. The young rabbits resemble their pink mice. They are about three weeks old when they come out of their hole. They are about the size of tiny kittens. There are many different kinds of rabbits, such as the Angora, the French, the silver and the dwarf rabbits, but they are all descended from the same grandparent.

My Pet.

By Anna Barnhill, Aged 9 Years, 1132 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

My pet was a little dog, he had curly dark brown hair and was about six inches in height. His name was Buster. He was a jolly fellow and would jump and bark when I came home from school. I liked to feed him, because he would stand on two legs and seemed to be begging for more food.

One day, as I was going to school, he followed me for about a half block, when I turned around to see him, I told him to go home and he started to run back. He was then very young and could not find his way home, so he ran back and forth to every gate and smelled until at last he found the gate and ran in.

About two weeks ago, my sister was going to the grocery. He followed her

ONE OF THE BOY BUSY BEES WHO LIKES THE PAGE.



Eugene Lawson

very much. I have two little sisters, one 8 and the other 5 years old. I will have to tell you about my little sister who is 5 years of age. I took her to the picture show to see Paul J. Rainey's African hunt. When we came home papa said, "I wonder if that was real," and Mary said, "Of course, it was real, they had six real." It made us all laugh. Hoping to see my letter in print. I will try to be a faithful member.

Our Walk.

By Anna L. Gloyer, Aged 12 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

It was Thursday afternoon when we asked our teacher if we might go for a walk, as it was a very nice day. She did not want us to go at first, but she agreed afterwards, if we would get all our lessons by 3:30 o'clock, we might go.

We agreed to work hard and finish our lessons. We at last finished our lessons when it was about twenty minutes after three.

Then the teacher told us to put our books away and when we went she told us that if we didn't obey her, we would never get to go again.

They all behaved well, but some of the boys from the country said that they had to go back or they would miss the school wagon, so they turned back.

We went about three-quarters of a mile from town where we stopped and drew some pictures of scenes, which we could see. Some of the girls and boys drew pictures of the road, the Catholic church which could be seen in the distance, and others also drew signs by the road side.

When we finished our pictures, teacher took them up. We then started home, all but a few girls, who wanted to go still farther.

When we returned to town the rest of the children were just coming out of school. Most of us went into the school house to get our books, and then we returned home after a very nice walk.

Lived in Denver.

By Lora Reilly, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

I wish to join the Red-side. I am in the fifth grade of Whittier school. We have a nice teacher, whose name is Miss

Helen Cotton. I used to live in Denver and attend the Edison school. I also attended the school in Bridgeport, Neb. I enjoy the Busy Bee page very much and I hope to find my letter among the Busy Bee letters.

My Trip to Town.

By Alice Loftis, Aged 12 Years, Herman, Neb., R. P. D. 3, Red Side.

I will tell you about my trip to town one Saturday. Mamma and papa went to Tekamah in the morning and left my brothers, Parke and Harold, and I alone. I had to get dinner and in the afternoon Parke had to help our neighbors shell corn. Mamma had said Harold and I could go over there, too. When I got my work done Harold and I got ready and went over there. Mrs. Oberst, that was the neighbor's wife's name, was just washing her dishes. When she got done with them, she called the Herman depot to see if their freight was there. She said if it was we would go after it in the automobile. Sure enough, it was there. Mr. and Mrs. Oberst and Harold and I got our wraps on and started. We had on our work clothes, but did not get out of the automobile at Herman. When we got home papa and mamma had not been home very long. Mamma laughed at Harold and I when we got home for going in our work clothes. We enjoyed the trip very much just the same.

Kindness.

By Sarah Hurvitz, Aged 9 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

There was once a girl whose name was Alice. Her nickname was "Sister." One day Alice came into the house, she had been crying. Her mamma said, "What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh!" said sister, "there is a little girl out there and I asked her to tell me where she lived and she said she had no home. Then she asked me if she could live with us. May she, mother?"

Her mother said, "Yes," so she ran to tell her that she might come and live with them. The little girl was glad. Her name was Jennie. Sister made her very happy, and she is still living there.

Likes Color Red.

By Mildred Miller, Aged 10 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue Side.

This is my first letter. I read The Busy Bees' page every week and like it very much. I have a little sister, 7 years old. She likes to have the stories.

I go to school and am in the Fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Manley. I would like to join the Red Side for I like red very much.

Likes Funny Page.

By Glee Stennett, Aged 12 Years, Red Oak, Ia. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bees. I am interested in the funny page, and also read it every Sunday.

I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Emerson. I would like to join the Red Side for I like red very much.

Has Two Pets.

By Bernard Carroll, Pullerton, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I have a cat named Goldy and a dog whose name is Shep. I have three brothers and four sisters. I go to school with my brother Francis, and a boy named Lee Clark. Today is Francis' birthday. Well I will write a story the next time. Good by!

Busy Bee Letter.

By Dora Rich, Aged 10 Years, 1132 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I want to join the Red Side. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade at Kellom school. My teacher's name is Miss Larsen. I hope my letter escapes Mr. Waste Basket.

A Boy Scout Story.

By Frederick Karner, Aged 8 Years, Benedict, Neb. Red Side.

I am one of the boy scouts. Saturday we took a hike. We took our dinner, we had wieners, bread and butter, oranges and coconuts. We went two miles. It was the second hike I have taken. Some of us got tired, it was very warm. I hope my letter escapes Mr. Waste Basket.

The Lost Boy.

By Howard C. Press, Aged 9 Years, 1321 Wirt Street, Omaha, Neb.

One day a boy named John went into the forest. John knew the scout signals, so if he got lost he could get help by

them. He took some matches with him. When he got into the forest, he played a long time and wandered far into it. He could not see out. John thought and the matches, and took them from his pocket. Then he built two fires.

His father saw the smoke and knew that it was his boy, who was lost and went for him. That taught John a lesson, never to go into the forest without some grown person with him.

The Mirror's Story.

By Louveta Lawler, Aged 11 Years, 4322 Lake Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

"I always lie on the dresser with my face down. I wonder why? There is no reason for it, because I have never heard anyone say that I was not good looking. I think that it is about the strangest thing, don't you?"

"Here I lie all day, all night, and in fact, all the time, never seeing any thing of the outside world. I don't like it and I know that if you or anyone else would be in my shoes you would not like it either."

"About three times a day I hear a loud noise and before I have time to think, two little girls, whose names are Ruth and Alice, come rushing into the room where I am and see who can get me first. First one will put her curly head in me and look out the corner of her eye to see if everything is alright and then the other will."

"It is sad for me to end my story this way, but once when these little girls came in, Alice let me drop and I lay in the garbage can waiting to be picked up on the next load."

Likes Busy Bee Stories.

By Frieda Rathke, Aged 9 Years, Belgrade, Neb. Blue Side.

My Dear Busy Bees: I like the stories that you write very much, so I thought I would write. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Helen Bennett. We like her very well. We live eighty rods from our school. I am in the fourth grade. We play lots of games, and have lots of fun. We planted shade trees around our school last summer for wind break. I think it is something new.

We have a new windmill near our school. I live on a farm of 100 acres which papa bought last March. I have three brothers, Hubert and Walter. Once there came an old man to our house and asked for something to eat. He told mamma that he had had nothing to eat for three days. He had an ax with him to work for his meals, but all said, "No work for yours, old man." They told him to go somewhere else. So mamma gave him enough bread for five days and he was thankful for it.

March Wind.

By Marie Cotton, Aged 11 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I go to the model school at the Kearney Normal. For language we were to make up a poem about March wind. I thought I would send mine to you:

Where are you going, March Wind? Pray tell me why March, I have three brothers, You blow my hat from off my head, And roll it along the street instead. The mill wheel turns as fast as it can, And poor feeble folks can hardly stand.

The flowers awake from their little beds, And look up at you and nod their heads. The robin sings as it is flying by, And thinks you can't touch it so high. We do not like you, March Wind, no. For you tear things up wh'er you blow.

Granada, the Spanish city, will be the subject of the program for the Benson Woman's club Thursday, at the home of Mrs. E. E. Murdoch. "The Alhambra" will be Miss Cox's topic. Mrs. Raymond Lawson, a reading from Washington Irving's "Alhambra"; Mrs. L. A. Simons, "Great Figures in Spanish Literature"; Mrs. John W. Welch, "The Cathedral"; Mrs. Murdoch, the modern artists, Baelida and Madraso.

The course of study for next year, which was mapped out at a special meeting called for that purpose, last Thursday, will be voted upon.

The Clio club will meet at the home of Mrs. A. N. Eaton Wednesday. Mrs. W. D. Percival is leader of the program on the "Biographies of Christ." Mrs. J. E. Cathers will read a paper on "Matthew." Mrs. T. I. Travis, "Mark"; Mrs. R. A. McEachron, "Luke," and Mrs. Percival, "John." Roll call will be responded to with quotations pertaining to the life of Jesus.

R. L. Carns, physical director for the public schools, will speak on "Physical Training as a Safeguard for Boys" at a meeting of the West Omaha Mothers' Caring club, at the home of Mrs. C. B. Swan, Friday afternoon. Roll call will

Public School Roll of Honor

CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

WINDSOR.	WINDSOR.	PARK.	MASON.
Eighth B. Evelyn Canan, Marion Cote, George Goodland, Elmer Grant, Will Nicholson, Florence Gimson, Ralph Sutton.	Fifth A. Donald Edgeman, Margaret O'Neill, Mildred Booth, Ray Palmer.	Seventh B. Cate Bradley, Selma Olson, Marion Smith, Harold Straight, Leona Leary.	Eighth A. Edna Anderson, George Beer, Bertha Clausen, Francis Hansen, Elsie McLean, Ellen Morris, Margaret Minnick, Stanley Walker.
Eighth A. Louis Cohen, Vincent Kiska, Paul Sutton.	Fourth B. Aldrich Hancock, Helen Farley, George Hand, Thomas Coleman.	Third B. John Battelle, Charlotte Denny, Frank Freeman, Margjorie Ingalls, Helen Lyons, Annelise Lock.	Seventh B. Caroline Baker, Zelma Dean, Hannah Stevenson, Minnie Kneeter, Georgianna Steel, Viole Trobek.
Seventh B. Christine Anderson, Yvonne Jaspers, Ruth Cooper, Louis Harting, Elsie Olson, Louise Ortmann, Marthene Peacock, John Schwab, Maurice Street, Walter Wendell.	Seventh A. William Bang, Grace Burgess, Edwin Lund, Frances Wahl, Edna Wedderburn.	Fourth B. Gertrude Allen, Grace Anderson, Virginia Brillhart, Barbara Christie, Mildred Cohn, Neva Fowler, Virginia Frantz, Doris McGraw, Mary Phillips, Ralph Ritchey, Helen Schwager, Altrian Swihart, John Welton.	Seventh A. Maud Carville, Beulah McMillan, Freda Peterson, Inaore Oberman, Norman Stilian.
Sixth A. Alice Olson, Clara McAdam, Irene Finley, Carolyn Fedewick, Earwin Hasi, Frances Wahl, Edna Wedderburn.	Sixth B. Paulina Hancock, Emily Hoedrae, Erma Quinn, Marjorie Smith, Alice Judgett.	Third B. Charles Dundey, Fern Goodwin, Helen Lind, Eldon Langevin, Virginia Luesaler, Irene Simpson.	Sixth A. Helen Larson, Hannah Stevenson, Margaret Connelly, Clifton Vennard, Gretchen Childs.
Fourth A. William Bang, Grace Burgess, Edwin Lund, Frances Wahl, Edna Wedderburn.	Fourth A. Harold Ledwick, Margaret Willard, Harold Anderson, Thomas McCar, William Bartwell, Charles Singler.	Fourth B. Allen Lois, Katherine Emerick, George Mittauer, Myrtle Moody, Walter Spellman, Harry Weibers.	Fourth A. Faggie Currie, Freda Peterson, Camilla Genhe, Oda Gottschack, Freda Peterson, Edna Larson, Emil Raasch, George Mittauer, Eddie Brodkey, Fred Knight.

ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING BEE

brake Under the New Election Law" by the Union club Wednesday evening at the public library at 8 o'clock. It is expected that a number of suffragists will avail themselves of the opportunity to learn more about the manner of voting.

Frances Willard society of the Woman's Christian Temperance union meets Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. C. King. Mrs. J. A. Dahlsted of the mercy and relief department will have charge of the program.

Miss Marie McShane and Miss Erna Hadrav will have charge of the program at the meeting of the Junior Art society Thursday morning, when the Venetian school of painters will be studied.

The Dundee Woman's club will meet Wednesday at the home of Mrs. R. C. Peters when "King Lear" will be studied under the direction of Mrs. Charles Lealie. Mrs. C. C. Young will give the structure and style of the drama; Mrs. G. C. Ederger, setting and plot; Mrs. Lealie, characterization, and Miss Grace Conklin will tell the story.

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be responded to with appropriate quotations. Mrs. James Cox will give a vocal solo and Mrs. E. O. Hamilton and Mrs. Blaine Truesdell, a piano duet.

Those present at the luncheon tendered Miss Jane Addams by the Nebraska delegation to the Mississippi Valley Suffrage conference in Des Moines last week were: Mrs. Draper Smith, who had arranged the affair; Mrs. F. H. Wheeler, Mrs. W. E. Hardy and Mrs. Barclay, the three Lincoln delegates; Mrs. John L. Kennedy, Mrs. James Richardson, Mrs. H. C. Sumney, Mrs. E. R. Hood and Mrs. W. E. Shafer, the Omaha delegation. It was thoroughly informal, and was given over to sociability and to discussion of Nebraska's work and progress in suffrage in which Miss Addams showed keen interest. Her promise was secured for several days of her valuable time for Nebraska, a promise she gave unreservedly to be kept at any time the suffragists here may set, probably in the fall.

The symposia club meets Sunday at the home of Miss Lena Lipsey. The program will be on "Mendelssohn." Miss Rose Brodkey reading a paper on the life of the musician; Miss Blanche Monheit, violin selection, "Spring Song"; Miss Elizabeth Hart, recitation; Miss Sophia Weinstein, piano solo, and Miss Sara Brodkey, anecdotes.

The board of trustees of the Old People's home will meet Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. George Tilden.

The meeting of Miller Park Mothers' circle has been postponed until Wednesday, April 15, on account of the spring vacation. The Victoria concert held at the Miller Park school March 27 was a decided success, the proceeds being sufficient to purchase the Victoria and a number of records for the school.

Benson Methodist Foreign Missionary society will meet at the home of Mrs. J. Fenoyer on Wednesday afternoon, when Mrs. F. L. Bumpus will be the leader of the program.

Mrs. R. E. McKeivy, one of the strong candidates for office whose names were brought in by the nominating committee of the Omaha woman's club at the last meeting, has declined to be a candidate for the office of president, because of the pressure of other claims upon her time.

The meeting of the Deaconesses Aid society of the Methodist church, which was to have been held Tuesday afternoon, has been postponed because of the inability of Miss Lund of Terre Haute, Ind., to reach here on that date. Miss Lund was scheduled to speak at this meeting.

U. S. Grant Woman's Relief corps No. 104 will hold its regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon at Memorial hall.

Six Children and Parents in Golden Wedding Celebration

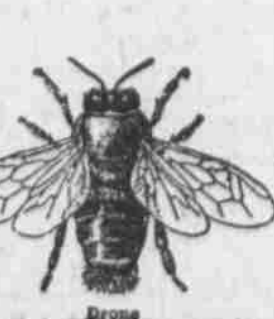
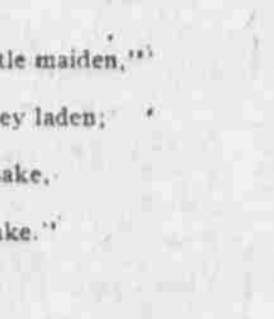


Bottom row, left to right: George Plambeck, Jr.; George Plambeck, Mrs. Plambeck, Mrs. G. Westphalen. Top row, left to right: John H. Plambeck, Mrs. H. Kempel, Mrs. L. C. Bull, Otto Plambeck.

Six children, all married, twelve grandchildren and one great-grandchild gathered at the home of George Plambeck last week to help Mr. and Mrs. Plambeck celebrate their golden wedding at their home at Millard. Mr. Plambeck came from Germany in 1854, settled first near Chicago and in 1881 moved to Nebraska. In 1882 he bought the first farm near Millard, paying \$5 for the farm. He spent that winter in Chicago and clerked at Camp Douglas during the war. In 1884 he married Anna Obermiller, also

The Cunning Bee

Said a little wandering maiden
To a bee with honey laden,
"Bee, at all the flowers you work,
Yet in some does poison lurk."
"That I know, my little maiden,"
Said the bee with honey laden;
"But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take."
"Cunning bee with honey laden,
That is right," replied the maiden;
"So will I, from all I meet,
Only draw the good and sweet."
—Anonymus



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