

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

HOW many Busy Bees are going to have gardens this year? That will be ever so much fun, both for the boys and girls. Plot off your ground, hoe it, pick out the weeds and other rubbish and then plant your gardens. The boys generally prefer to take care of vegetables, while the girls are more apt to want flowers. To stimulate interest, it is a good plan to organize neighborhood garden clubs and have the children compete to see who will have the prettiest or most productive garden. Often, too, prizes are offered to encourage this healthful and pleasant occupation.

There will be many days of eager waiting for the first sprout to push its way up out of the ground, but the delight experienced when the plants do become visible is pleasure enough to repay one.

Votes for a new king and queen of the Busy Bees will be received by the editor until Wednesday. The king is to be chosen from the Red side and the queen from the Blue side. The result of the election will be announced next Sunday.

This week first prize was awarded to Viola Pospeshil of the Blue side and honorable mention to Mollie Corenman of the Red side.

Two Busy Bees on the Oak View Ranch



Viola Pospeshil and Sister

doctor promised to call in about a week's time and see what he could do for them. Hans rushed home and told the good news to his mother and Gretel, and they were happy, thinking that maybe such a great doctor could do something that would make the father well. The doctor called at the promised time and after he had been there several hours, using all his great skill, the father turned his head on his pillow and said: "Dear wife, where are the babies?" He knew her. Hans Brinker could hardly believe his ears. Oh, such happiness. Hans and Gretel came and kissed him and it was hard for him to understand how the babies that he last remembered seeing ten years before had grown to be such big children. Of course there was great rejoicing in the Brinker home.

Grumble-Dumble.

By Mildred Peters, Aged 10 Years, Columbus, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a boy who was never satisfied. His father and mother were going out one night, and George (as his name was) grumbled because he did not want his mother to go away. He was left with the nurse. He wanted to read. He said, "Nurse read me some books. Read me Robinson Crusoe." She began reading, after a while she looked up. George was sound asleep, curled up in a knot. She took him by the hand and led him up the stairs. He said, "Nurse did Robinson Crusoe kill the dark people?" "I did not read it," said nurse. He wanted to read, so she read for him. When mother came home nurse was asleep in the chair. Grumble-Dumble was up walking the rooms, calling "Robinson Crusoe!" That night he dreamed a fairy came and took him to fairyland. He wanted to do this and that, and one time when he saw a nest with birds in it upon a window sill, he said, "I want it," and when the fairy was not looking he went over to get it. When he reached for it down he went. When he came to himself he found himself on the floor. He had fallen out of bed. He never grumbled any more when he thought of the night on the floor. I hope I get past Mr. Waste Basket straight.

Hans Brinker Story.

By Lillie Bensch, Aged 10 Years, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Side.

In Holland lived a boy named Hans Brinker with his mother, his sister, Gretel, and his poor father, Raff Brinker. His father, who worked on the dykes, met with a sad accident when one of the dykes broke. For ten years he was in this condition and the family became very poor. Hans and Gretel were very good children, however, and were happy indeed to help their mother take care of their little home and their sick father, who was a great care, as he was not in his right mind and had to be watched all the time. One day Hans was on the canal skating to the city to find work. He saw skating toward him the greatest doctor in all Holland, and, as he was thinking of his poor father, he went right up to the great doctor and said: "Please, Dr. Bokman, would you come to our cottage and see if you can cure my father." The doctor, who was a rather stern man, at first did not like being stopped by a poor-looking little boy. But Hans spoke so earnestly and was so polite that the

wrong to them. We cannot expect them to be honest. Stealing is not a safe thing to do, either. Brother Fox will get into trouble some day. Farmer Huxton has not caught him so far, however. He is very sorely vexed about him. Brother Fox is sly and keeps out of all snares. They say he is as sharp-eyed as a lynx. Why as he, he will be caught some day. Then he will find that stealing is no laughing matter. Shall I tell you why? Farmer Huxton has hung a hammock in the barn. He is going to sleep there a while. The next time Brother Fox appears will be the last.

The horses will hear a gun go off. Next morning they will see a dead fox.

Lucy and Lucile.

By Marguerite Nelson, Aged 9 Years, 1513 Spruce Street, Omaha.

Lucy was rich, but Lucile was not. But Lucy was very proud, while Lucile was sweet and would help anybody she could. Lucile was a new girl in school and all the children made fun of her because she was poor. One day, coming from school, an old lady was seen standing at the crossing. She was lame and walked very slowly. It was winter and the streets were crowded and slippery. The old lady was afraid to cross. She was afraid the horses' feet, autos or street cars would knock her down or run over her. Lucy said: "Look how shabby that woman dresses." Lucile felt sorry for her and went over to her and said: "If you wish to cross, I will help you." The old lady thanked her and said she wished to cross, but was afraid. The old lady was rich, but Lucy knew she was richer than her and was jealous. When the old lady was across she said

to Lucile: "You shall be rewarded." Lucile told her she did not wish to be the old lady said nothing but walked off. A few days after Lucile's mother opened the door to look out and there was a basket. It had a note on top of it. If read: "Take this in and open it." When they did so they found clothes, money and food. After this the children all liked Lucile. She never knew who sent the basket, but it was the old lady. She remembered the kind act of Lucile on that winter day.

Playing Hide-and-Go-Seek.

By Mary Lippold, Aged 11 Years, Avoca, Ia. Red Side.

One Sunday when some of us children were playing, I suggested, let's play "hide-and-go-seek." They all agreed, and said I had to be "it" because I had suggested it. So I said I would. While I was blindfolded, they all hid, and I caught all but one of my brothers. I looked all around. There were two woodpiles and I saw one move so I went on my tip-toe, because I thought I surely would catch him. I peeked and there was a cat. He jumped up and ran away, and while I was looking in that wood pile, out of the other pile, he jumped, and they all laughed out loud.

Eskimos.

By Victor Christensen, Aged 10 years, Fort Calhoun, Neb. Blue Side.

The Eskimos live in a cold country. It is far to the north. They eat seal meat

Public School Roll of Honor

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

MONMOUTH.	MONMOUTH.	FARMAN.	LONG.
Eight A. Fredrick Laux, Helen Starnes, Leona Warner, Thorwald Henderson, Gaylord Brewster, Paul Heald, Marvin Fox, Mary Anderson, Ruth Lettel, Harold Folschneider, Robert Robel.	Fourth A. Edwin Roland, Fred Brewer, Cora Hamilton, Samuel Kales, Louise Anderson, George Conkling, Harry Hunter, Cecilia Lee, Paul Lindberg, Gladys Reddan, Helen Schneckengerber.	Fourth B. John Melager, Walter Rumsel, Miriam Rumsel, Wray Scott, Corinne Thomas, Fayth Maxwell, Gladys McGinn, Pauline Sellon.	Fourth B. Albert Welf, Thelma Welf, Luel Lanyon.
MONMOUTH. Eighth A. Walter Fredrickson, M. Grauer, Joe Hoffman, Florence Jensen, Elna Laube, Agnes Mathauer, Helen Maxwell, Gertrude Fox, Edith Barrett, Harold Fox, Joe Briggs, Matthew Krieger, Elna Laube, Emory Edwards, Harold Willard, Edward Hamberg, Florence Nelson, Grace Wankfield.	MONMOUTH. Eighth B. Myrtle Harris, Elna Laube, Harold Zweifel, Mildred Gantz, Dwight Davis, William Laux, William Naugle, Eva Finn, Daniel Hagin, Elna Laube, John B. Johnson, Third B. John Beebe, Dwight Davis, Grville Dooley, Clara Goodell, Charles Horton, Paul Miller, Mrs. Marschick, Hazel Smith.	MONMOUTH. Eighth C. John Stark, John Erickson, Third B. Irene Leiby, Marian Murphy.	MONMOUTH. Eighth D. Ruth Eberberg, Marguerite Franz, Sylvia Girard, Mayme Hedstrom, Florence Jones, Eunice Nelson, Henry Strickland, Irene Petersen, Marguerite Shrum, Louise Townsend, Ruby Walker.

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

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Three-Star Ranch.

By Viola Pospeshil, Oak View Ranch, Venus, Neb. Blue Side.

"Whoop-ee-ee," yelled Delma, as she galloped over the prairie. Slowly she turned in the saddle and gazed back over the rolling prairie. She caught a glimpse of a white pony and its rider. Carolina rode up, her horse panting and sweating. As they entered a small corral they espied a fiery bay horse pawing the ground with his forefeet. When he caught sight of them he threw up his head and galloped to the far side of the corral and there stood eyeing them. Then, suddenly, he began to kick, plunge, and rear, then he leaped high in the air, rolled over on the ground and lay still. "I bet you can't ride him," said Delma. "You can't, either," retorted Carolina. Delma and Carolina Russell were two sisters who lived on a large ranch in Colorado called "Three Star Ranch." On this spring day they were just returning from the nearest railway station and everybody was gone from the ranch except themselves.

The horse in the corral was called "Firefly." He was the worst horse on the ranch. Firefly had bucked everyone off that attempted to ride him. "Let's ride Firefly," said Delma. "Why, Delma Russell, we couldn't ride that horse if we had forty years' training."

"Oh, let's do. Nobody is here and they wouldn't ever find out." Suddenly Carolina also decided that it would be fun to ride him. "Who will ride first?" she asked. "I will," replied Delma. "All right," said Carolina. So they went to the barn and got a couple of lassos, a saddle and bridle, then, back to the corral. They had a great deal of trouble to lasso the horse, but they finally succeeded. The horse was perfectly tame when he was lassoed, but when anyone attempted to ride him he would do all in his power to throw them off.

They saddled him and Delma succeeded in getting on him. In the midst of the whirling dust and grass and the snorting of a horse, Delma found herself seated on the ground. "Your turn," she turned around and looked at Carolina. "Sure," said Carolina. So they caught the horse again and Carolina jumped on. The horse stood still. Then he started to buck. Through it all Carolina maintained her seat. "What shall we do?" said the father. Daniel's brother said, "Kill him, kill him," but Daniel said, "Do not kill him." "But," said Daniel's brother, "hasn't he been eating the garden?" "Well," said the father, "we will have each of you make a speech. The one that wins gets his way about the matter."

So Daniel's brother got up and made a very good speech. It looked as though he would make the best speech, but when Daniel got up he said, "Now, brother, if you were caught in a trap, which would you rather have done to you, have your captors let you go or kill you?" His brother was ashamed. His father said: "Daniel made the best speech," and so the woodchuck went free.

(Honorable Mention.)

My Spring Surprise.

By Mollie Corenman, 80 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

One day last week, while I was coming home from school I heard a bird singing. I had never heard any bird sing except sparrows and canaries and so this song sounded strange to me. "I must find the owner of this pretty singing," I said to myself. It had stopped singing now, but I waited until it began again, so I could find out where it was. After a few moments' waiting it started again. I listened very closely and looking up I saw a robin on the branch of a tree beside me. I kept my eyes on it, not caring to stir for fear it would fly away. This is how it looked. It had a very red breast with little black dots all over it. Its head and back were of a yellow blackish color, its wings and tail were black with spots of white here and there. The feet were yellow. I think it was very pretty and I also think that I had a pleasant spring surprise. Don't you?

The Snowman. Marie Fredericksen, Aged 10 Years, Hamlin Ia., Box 24, Red Side. Once at school we made a snow man. First we rolled four big snow balls, then we piled them upon each other. We made a small one for the head, then made some arms. We got some coal for the eyes, nose, and mouth. When it was made we threw it and knocked it down.

The Picnic. By Freda Fredericksen, Aged 12 Years, Hamlin Ia., Box 24, Red Side. One day last summer we had a picnic for our Sunday school. We started out in a hayrack. It was a very pleasant ride. It was soon dinner time after

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
7. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

we reached there. After dinner, we played many games. We were given all the ice cream we could eat. A while before we went home, we had our pictures taken, but the pictures were not very good. We all enjoyed the day.

A Drop of Water.

By Helen Hindley, Aged 13 Years, Blair, Neb. Red Side.

The deep, deep ocean held me as a tiny drop of water. The waves rolled me upon the beach and then rolled me back. One day the sun took me up into its arms, as it gave me in charge of the commander of a small cloud. It said, "Now you shall do mother earth some good." But as I traveled along more drops of water joined us and we soon formed a large cloud. It grew so cold that we could no longer stay in the air, so we came tumbling to the earth. I fell where the soil was loose and found myself sinking into it. After a while I came to an underground stream where I rushed along as fast as I could, but was captured in a well. There I lay for a long time. Then I was drawn up by a pump. I was poured with my companions into a pipe and taken to a house. At last I was forced to go into a large tank of boiling water, but it was not long before I was drawn out into a dishpan. A woman washed some dishes in us. Some of my companions clung to the dishes, but the rest of us were thrown into a sink and now I am on my way through a sewer.

P. S.—The Reds can't beat the Blues if they only half try.

A Great Battle.

By Orval Rouse, Aged 11, 204 Washington Street, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a great battle between two tribes of Indians. The warriors fought all day long, and when it began to grow dark all the men on the other side were killed but two warriors. One was named Turtle. At last Turtle's friend was struck with an arrow and fell to the ground. "Friend," said Turtle, "Are you dead?" "No," said his friend. "Then I will fight." The warriors shot, but not an arrow struck Turtle, for the two shields covered his back. "Why don't you aim?" he cried. "Are you shooting at the mountain? Good fighters you are indeed. Try again." The Indians all shot again, and this time an arrow killed the wounded friend who lay on the ground. "Are you dead?" said Turtle. There was no answer. "My friend is dead," said Turtle, and with a great leap he sprang into the river. The warriors never saw him again.

Cotton.

By Volta Torrey, Aged 9 Years, Avoca, Ia. Blue Side.

The cotton belt of the United States is from the western plains to the Appalachian highland and half way between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. The growth of cotton is very interesting. First it is a little blossom full of seeds, then it changes to several colors and at last turns white. Then it is picked and separated from the seeds. But it takes real warm weather and plenty of rainfall to raise cotton. Cotton is then used to make rope, cloth, thread, and string. Now since I have told you all about cotton, I suppose you wish to know the cotton states. They are Texas, Missouri, Florida, Alabama, South Carolina, Georgia and Oklahoma, and a few other states. There are also many important ports which are New Orleans, Galveston, Norfolk, Charleston and Savannah. Cotton is not made into cloth right where it grows, but is shipped farther north.

Good Record.

By Bessie Saunders, Aged 12 Years, Calley, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I go to school every day and have not missed or been tardy yet this year. Miss Hilda Parson is my teacher and I like her very much. I am in the fifth grade. My two sisters are ill and I am staying with Mrs. Larson and my intended brother-in-law. They are very good to us. This is my first letter and I hope to see it in the paper next Sunday.

Poor Brother Fox.

By Henrietta Harper, Aged 12 Years, David City, Neb. Blue Side.

It is not every one who works for a living. Brother Fox does not. He lives by stealing. Farmer Huxton raises chickens with a great deal of care. Brother Fox helps himself to them whenever he can do so. He feeds his children on stolen chickens, too. That is a bad way to bring them up. They learn to think it is their duty to steal. No one ever catches right and

Bohemian Turner Girls of Omaha Tel Jed Sokol



Hundreds of members and friends of Tel Jed Sokol attended the celebration at Turner hall last Sunday in observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the young women's auxiliary of the organization. A program of gymnastics and drills was given by classes of the Omaha and South Omaha Tel Jed Sokol and its women branches. Bottom row, left to right: Vanya Cori, Alice Jelen, Ruth Slama, Clara Schneider, Florence Jelen, Bluzena Bartos, Violet Bartos, Marie Franchinsky, Anna Benak. The Young Women's Auxiliary of the Omaha Tel Jed Sokol. Top row, left to right: Rose Pitha, Irma Klepetko, Marie Kolancny, Olga Dvorak, Lillie Kotva, Sylva Kutak, Helen Stenicka, Anna Zakask, Ruth Jelen, Emily Koumbersky. Bottom row, left to right: Mrs. Thelma Kneek, Helen Pavlik, Regina Tauchen, Anna Drapalik, Emma Oment, Mrs. Marie Hakoy, Josie Capes, Anna Klepetko. Bottom Photo—The South Omaha Ebor Sokolek Lodge, or Young Women's Auxiliary of Tel Jed Sokol, with Director Kostal.

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