

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

**A**CCORDING to the calendar, the first day of spring will be this Wednesday, the twenty-first day of March, although snow often covers the ground after that. It is time for the Busy Bees to begin work in their gardens, but the gardens for the most part must at present be paper ones. Now is the time to work out your plans and become masters of them, so that when the time comes for outdoor gardening no time shall be wasted.

In order that we all may profit by each other's ideas and experience in gardening and may be more successful in beautifying our homes and neighborhoods, we are going to have a garden plan contest for the Busy Bees. For the boy or girl sending in the best drawn plan accompanied by a description of his or her garden, the kinds of flowers, fruits or vegetables grown in it and any devices used to make it an attractive spot, a prize will be awarded. The contest will close April 7, so apply yourselves at once and see how much fun it is to plan and anticipate on paper a beautiful place which will be a source of joy to you the balance of the summer.

Remember in planning that a good rule to follow is to make the arrangement as simple as possible. Some of you live in the country, where land is plentiful, while others live in the city under more crowded conditions, so the size of the garden will not make any difference. Rather, how you utilize and improve your space to the best advantage and transform unsightly places into picturesque spots will count for the most in this contest.

Besides planning on paper there are many other forms of preparedness in gardening which you may be attending to these days. First of all, remember that you may obtain seeds free from your congressman in Washington and from the State College of Agriculture. The first bright day get out and measure the space you may use, so that your plan may be a working one, and you can figure just the number of rows of seeds you are going to use for different things in your garden. Then clean off the chosen spot and uncover the outdoor bulbs, which will be yellow because of being hidden from the light for so long. Buy the necessary tools, trowels, spading forks, rakes, weeders, sprinklers, strong twine, make stakes, markers, sun dials and bird houses. An outgrown play house will serve as a convenient place to keep the garden tools.

Start your hotbeds now, sowing in them lettuce, radish and onion seed, and if you are not sure how the seedlings of plants look, when they come, plant some in boxes inside and get acquainted with them.

It is also a good plan to test your seeds by placing them between damp blotting paper or on moist cotton, and leaving them in a warm place and keeping them moist until the seeds germinate. If three-fourths of them sprout 75 per cent of them have shown life and it speaks well for your seed and you may feel safe in planting it.

As gardening is beneficial to every child's health and the contact with the soil and fresh air is the very best way of bringing the roses to the cheeks of boys and girls, the editor hopes you will all respond to this contest spontaneously.

Katherine Fryock of the Red Side won the prize last week and Mabel Clark and Howard Mattox, both of the Blue Side, honorable mention.

## Ten Little Bunnies at Children's Party



This picture was taken at a Bunny party for a little girl who is just 7, Mary Elizabeth Birkett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Birkett, 2411 Jones street, Saturday afternoon. This was a very exclusive party; very exclusive, indeed, for boys and grown folks were excluded. Ten little girls, each wearing a bunny hood, with two long ears bobbing and turning all about to make the most of what was going on, just like Peter Rabbit and Susan Cottontail we read about—these were the real party!

Well—but, first of all, you should have seen those bunnies march! Then they chose two leaders and had a hop. Then came the carrot hunt, for which each little girl received a bunny bean bag for a prize. Then, after this was "Ole Brer Fox" game, followed by a story of "The Little White Rabbit." At a signal the girls dropped

to the floor, bunny fashion, but not to eat carrots or cabbage, but ice cream and cake from bunny dishes, and also they ate the bunny cookies. And as they ate the victrola was telling stories, singing songs and playing dances. But, lo! Some one exclaimed, "What's that?" It was a "Cabbage Patch," that had suddenly sprung up! Hidden in the leaves of each cabbage was a carrot! No, a tiny doll, with lovely hair and carrot colored dress. Each bunny girl pulled a cabbage, and then marched around the table, where a little brown bunny was given to join the cabbage, and just as they were leaving Mary Elizabeth stood at the door and added another dear bunny—all day sucker—and the party was over!

she learned them and she replied, "In school."

When the teacher found this out she told the little folks that it was to be a surprise on their parents, so they did not say much about it any more.

We made invitations with little brownies on the left side. When papa first saw mine he said it was only an advertisement. He was so surprised. Monday and Tuesday we were busy making pumpkin faces.

We had a short program and after that most of the parents had their fortunes told. They had to drop a penny, pin or some article before their fortune was told.

Cocoa, cake and coffee were served free, after which all the parents and children went home.

### A Unique Pet.

By Enid Minick, Aged 11 Years, Hancock, Ia. Red Side.

On October 20, 1916, when we came home from school, mamma told us to go down to a certain coop and see what we could find.

I thought it was a turkey, but it was an eagle. When we got back she told us this story about it.

She said that she heard a noise and looked out of doors and saw something which she thought was a large hawk, but saw it was an eagle. She called my father who came and picked it up bare handed. It could not get away because it was fastened to the fence.

That night we measured it. It was six feet from tip-to-tip of its wings. The next school day the teacher said that the whole school (which consisted of thirteen pupils) could go over to see it at noon. It was time for school to call when we got back to the school house.

The eagle was brown, and we tied a string on its feet so it could not fly very high.

### Battle of Snow Ridge.

By Alverna Longe, Aged 11 Years, Pender, Neb. Blue Side.

I will tell you about a battle we had at school. We had a snowstorm, so we had great fun at school making snow forts and having battles. We called our battle the Snow Ridge battle because we made our forts on a bank of snow.

There were two forts. On the side I was on there were eight of us. The two biggest boys were on the other side. We broke large pieces of snow from hard snow banks and piled them up, thus making our forts.

One of the boys was hit with a snow ball and began to cry, but it was not more than five minutes before

### A Pet Dog.

By Helen Crabb, Aged 9 Years, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

One day my papa and I went out in the garden. As papa was coming back my big dog was down by the shed waiting for us to come out.

When we came out my dog got ahead of me and then ran for my papa. He was just playing, and papa jumped aside, thinking I was not behind him, and the dog hit me with his whole weight. He knocked me down, but did not hurt me any, and when I got up I laughed, thinking it funny.

The dog sat still, staring first at me and then at papa. He did not know what to think of it. Then he dropped his head as though he had done wrong, but when papa spoke to him he jumped and played and wagged his tail as though he understood it was all right.

### Hallow'en Entertainment.

By Mildred Johnson, Aged 11 Years, Craig, Neb. R. F. D. 2, Red Side.

Last October our teacher decided to have a Hallow'en entertainment. We did not tell the little folks about it, because we were afraid they would tell our parents and it was going to be a surprise on them.

One morning our teacher taught us some yells, the little folks learning them, too. A little girl repeated them to her mother who asked her where

black-capped chickadee, the cardinal, the bluejay, the brown creeper, the thrush, the junco, and many sparrows and woodpeckers.

We put out crumbs, nuts, suet, oatmeal, bits of cheese and milk for them. We also put water out for them. In real cold weather we must do this several times a day, as it freezes.

The birds seem to like the nuts and the suet the best.

### Winter Days.

By Edith Wolter, Ohio, Neb., age 13 years, Red Side.

The weather here has been very cold and we have been having quite a good deal of snow, after which the boys get their sleds out and go coasting down a hill.

All this has brought an idea to me which caused me to write this little verse, and I hope it is worthy of print.

The gray clouds are hanging low; The cold north wind begins to blow; The snow begins to fly, The banks are heaping high.

The farmer boy goes out of doors To do his usual evening chores. He puts the cattle's round, sleek sides, And feeds the horses he often rides.

And in the meantime, little Ned Gets from the barn a bright red sled; To a nearby hill he hurries fast, And coasts and coasts till the day is past.

### An Interested Reader.

By Mildred Johnson, Aged 11 Years, Craig, Neb. Red Side.

As I have been reading the stories and letters every Monday since last August, I thought I would write a short letter.

I am in the Seventh grade and I have seven studies a day. There are

15 years old, she and six others went on a camping trip.

They were to start at 5 o'clock in the morning, but mother, getting up in the dark, looked at the clock and found that it was 10 minutes past 4. She awakened the family and they dressed in record time. When they were dressed somebody looked at the clock and found that it was almost 3 o'clock! They had gotten up at 20 minutes past 2.

Before they reached the end of their forty mile trip, it started to rain. Coming to their cabin they found, to their dismay, that it had burned. They had two tents which they immediately set up. The men collected what dry branches they could find, and built a fire, which quickly cheered them.

One day five of the party went fishing, leaving the other two at camp. While they were out on the lake, it suddenly started to rain. They started for home, cheering themselves by the thought that the two at camp would have a nice, warm fire for them.

They arrived at camp to find nobody in sight and the fire out.

When the others came in from blackberrying, they were as wet as the first comers. They built a small fire and went to bed after a cold supper.

The next morning a man went to town for the wagon. By the time they reached the ferry it was still raining hard, and no ferryman appeared for two hours. Instead of arriving at home at 6 in the evening, they arrived at 2 in the morning.

And in the meantime, little Ned Gets from the barn a bright red sled; To a nearby hill he hurries fast, And coasts and coasts till the day is past.

### Friends of Winter Birds.

By Eleaher Wilson, Age 7, Peru, Neb. Red Side.

We have a bird table outside our south window and how we do love to watch the birds eat and drink.

The birds that we have seen this winter are the tufted titmouse, the

## Little Stories by Little Folk

### (Pige Story)

Minerva and the Owl.

By Katherine Fryock, Aged 10 Years, 2904 Woolworth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

I am going to tell you about Minerva and the owl.

"My wise bird," Minerva said one day to her owl, "I have hitherto admired you for your profound silence, but I have now a mind to have you show your ability in discourse, for silence is only admirable in one who can, when he pleases, triumph by his eloquence."

The owl replied by solemn grimaces and made dumb signs.

Minerva bade him lay aside his affectation and begin, but he only shook his wise head and remained silent. Thereupon Minerva whispered very softly in her ear this sage remark, "Since the world has grown so depraved, they ought to be esteemed most wise who have eyes to see and will to hold their tongues."

I like to read Busy Bee stories every week.

I live across the street from Hanscom park. They have a monkey, several alligators, a porcupine, some Mexican ducks, fish and many beautiful flowers in the summer.

You must all come over to the park some time this summer.

I shall write you again soon.

### Has Many Pets.

By Bernard Carroll, Aged 13, Palmer, Neb. Red Side.

I have quite a number of pets now so I thought I would write and tell about some of them.

I have four cats, Old Tabby, a huge gray and white one; Goldy, Pussy and Tommy. I like them all and feed them milk at night and mornings.

I have two dogs, a shepherd named

Carlo and a bulldog who goes by the name of Buck.

I have two of the prettiest calves, Snowball and Judy.

That is all the pets I have, so far, but when spring comes I am going to get some rabbits and squirrels down on the creek.

I like to live in the country because one can have a lot better time sledding, skating, etc. Besides a city boy has not the chance to raise pets, which I love.

### (Honorable Mention.)

Tale of a Cottonwood.

By Howard Mattox, Aged 10 Years, 5924 South Fortieth Street, South Side, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am going to write the story of my life.

I am a cottonwood tree and live in the forest with my brothers.

One day in June a storm came up and the lightning struck my brother, but I was saved.

One day a woodman came and chopped me down and took me to the mill where I was made into a flat board.

Then a man came and got me, along with some other boards, and took us to a place where there was going to be a house built. I was thrown out and nailed to the house, where I lived for many years.

Some years afterward a man came and got a hammer and pulled out the nails and put the boards in a wagon.

I was taken to a back yard and thrown out and chopped up for firewood. I made a nice hot fire and in the morning was thrown out, when I perished.

### (Honorable Mention.)

A Camping Trip.

By Mabel Clark, aged 14 years, 3008 Poppleton avenue, Omaha, Blue Side

One summer when my mother was

## THE GREAT SECRET

Novelized from the Metro Wonderplay Serial of the Same Name, in Which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are Co-Stars

BY J. M. LOUGHBOROUGH  
Author of the Novelization of Clyde Fitch's play, "Her Sister," "His Backdoor Romance," and other short stories.

**What Has Gone Before.**  
Thomas Clarke, a multimillionaire criminal, who belongs to a family and crafts band of New York lawbreakers calling themselves The Secret Seven and ruled by a man known as The Great Master, becomes conscience-stricken while ill and decides to leave his wealth to his niece, Beverly Bayne, a poor girl. Clarke bequeaths himself to give his fortune to The Secret Seven, and the band begins plotting to get it. Dr. Zulp, one of the members, tortures him, and he dies after having given a card signed with wealth to Beverly, who had been rescued from kidnapers by William Montgomery Strong, wealthy young clubman. Headlines of The Secret Seven get hold of the secret, but find it empty. Strong's "honest servant" having discovered the treasure in it, Beverly again is kidnapped, and Strong, whom she innocently comprehended in the eyes of his fiancée, Beverly, and her mother, starts forth to find her, wearing the clothes of a gangster known as Chung, whom he overpowered in an apartment. He attends a masquerade given by The Great Master, there to see that Beverly is safe, then goes to a hideout of the gangsters, where Beverly is being held. The police raid the place, but Beverly is carried away by the gangsters by means of a room which is lowered like an elevator. Strong's Chinese servant tells the story of this room.

Here the chief of detectives drew from his pocket a bundle of securities.

"Don't give them to me," moaned Strong. "I am easy prey for any body now. Where is the girl, Chief? Give me that information."

"All in good time," replied Ackerton. "I have the best detectives in the United States after her. Now you must rest. The doctor tells me your condition is very serious. You must remain in bed. I will get a trained nurse."

Ackerton went to another room, telephoned to headquarters and asked for Miss Tredwell, known throughout the world as the shrewdest of girl detectives. He told her to hurry to Strong's apartment in the costume of a trained nurse and guard the clubman.

"Look out for an attack on him," ordered Ackerton. "I am on the trail of Beverly Clarke."

While Miss Tredwell was hurrying to the desperately wounded youth a strange proceeding was taking place in the headquarters of the Secret Seven. A group of men, their heads hidden by black hoods, stood at a table.

"We will carry out Dr. Zulp's secret order No. 17," announced one of them. "The man who draws No. 17 will look in his book and find the Zulp order." The man who drew valuably. Tremblingly he fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a small book, while the other sable hoods slunk out of the room. He found the order from Zulp. It read:

"No. 17—Knife to the hilt for William Strong. The sable-hooded one set forth for Strong's apartment. Beneath his coat he carried a bowie knife.

His companions, removing their hoods, congratulated one another on having executed a perilous task, and their leader—none other than "Bull" Whalen, the most desperate hireling of The Secret Seven—said:

"This time we will find out from



DR. GIT SIN QUESTIONS BEVERLY.

Beverly Clarke where the fortune left by her uncle is hid. Come on." They went to a miserable shack on the water front. In a dark room there Beverly was being held.

"I'll give you one more chance," said Whalen. "If you tell us where the money from the casket is we'll let you go; if you don't, we'll take you to the dragon's den. You don't know what that is. I'll tell you. It's a Chinese dive. Now will you tell?"

"I don't know! I swear it! Spare me!" cried the girl.

"All right, fellows," growled Whalen. "Take her to Git Sin's place."

Dr. Git Sin, an oriental magician of prominence in years gone by, was reputed to possess hypnotic power. With his white wife he lived in a dive not far from Chinatown. Thither Beverly was taken.

room bare of furniture save for a chest with Chinese characters written on it. She reappeared with a Chinese dress.

"Put this on," she ordered. The frightened girl shrank back and gazed in horror at the creature before her.

"Are you human?" she asked, "or am I dreaming? Is it possible that a woman with white blood in her veins would willingly remain in a place like this?"

"Put this on," was the mechanical order. "I'll be back. If you don't, we'll tear off your clothes and put it on for you."

Beverly thought of Strong—wondered what had become of him during the terrible battle in the rendezvous of the gangsters—and could only reason that he must have been killed. She pictured her patient, widowed mother, and as she thus thought Mrs.

Clarke, frantic over the absence of her daughter, was confronting Strong.

"You said you would find my poor little girl," she cried. "You didn't do it. If the police could find you in this den, why couldn't they find her?"

"I know I failed, Mrs. Clarke," moaned Strong. "I thought I had found her, but there were too many of them. I fought to reach her as long as I could stand, and then—I don't remember." The courageous old mother's eyes lighted up with sympathy.

"Poor boy!" she said soothingly. "Forgive me. I was wrong. We must be brave. I will pray for you both, and surely God will help us find her."

After she had gone away Strong received a scented note. It was from Eunice Morton, who had read a newspaper account of the raid on the rendezvous, in which he was mentioned as having been rescued by the police in their search for Beverly.

"In view of your very strange and unexplainable actions," she wrote, "to say nothing of the disgraceful notoriety, it is hardly necessary for me to tell you that our engagement is at an end."

William gritted his teeth. He knew Eunice did not understand, and his heart was bitter over her false suspicions against Beverly as well as her duplicity at the masquerade ball. Then he began wondering about The Great Master, who at that moment was busily directing the band from his palatial home on the banks of the Hudson. In that home he appeared without a mustache and wearing goggles. Before his criminal band he was an alert man with a closely cropped mustache. But here, as a man of wealth with a high social position, he was smooth shaven and sleek looking. A trusted servant appeared before him and whispered:

"A 'sable hood' has gone to dispatch Mr. Strong."

"What?" cried The Great Master. "Get Dr. Zulp at once!"

But, whatever his intentions, he was late in any interference he might be planning, for at that moment the "sable hood" bowie knife in hand, crept into Strong's apartment, Strong having been given a potion by Miss Tredwell, was sound asleep. The girl detective was dozing in the library. The "sable hood" tiptoed past her into Strong's room, stood over the sleeping clubman, then raised the knife and made ready to strike.

It's the Sewer Rat! Bite him! Tweak his nose! Snap his tail! Tear out his eyes!

It was the Sewer Rat in disguise! He shouted the big leader of the Bats. "Now we'll punish him! Drive him out of the sewer! Peck out his eyes!"

Bumper stopped just long enough to realize that he had no chance in a fight against all those whirring wings and little gnashing teeth. If he was to escape at all he had to get a start on the bats. Even though flight seemed to confirm the suspicions of the Bats, he turned and fled as fast as his four legs would carry him.

When Bumper finally came to the mouth of the sewer he was all out of breath, but the view ahead compensated for a lot of his troubles. He could see the blue sky, green fields and waving trees, and nearby the rippling surface of a lake or river.

(Bumper Story Runs Every Day in Evening See.)

## Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (March 19):

Name School  
Clow, Helen.....Garfield  
Homan, Ruth.....Howard Kennedy  
Meyer, Dorothy.....Farnam  
Stine, Robert C.....Miller Park

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Grosjean, Milton O.....Clifton Hill  
Hrost, Mary.....Dupont  
Levine, Sarah.....Clifton Hill  
Manino, Matalena.....Comenius  
Rasmussen, Georgene, Walnut Hill  
Schwartzlander, Chris.....Madison

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:

Benak, Josephine.....Assumption  
Gibson, Ruby.....Pacific  
Kenney, Ruth.....St. John's  
Mantich, Mary.....Holy Family  
Stapenhorst, Ralph E.....Mason  
Tedesco, Frank.....Pacific

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

Bennett, Margaret.....Holy Family  
Bles, Louise.....St. Philomena  
Carlberg, George E.....Columbian  
Kaufhold, Kathryn, Monmouth Pk.  
Redmond, Ralph, Howard Kennedy

he was up defending the fort. After both forts had begun to have a few pieces knocked out, the other side came and knocked ours over.

It disappointed me the way it ended, for I wanted to see which fort would last the longest. I hope we soon will have another battle for it is great fun. Goodbye Busy Bees.

### Poem from New Member.

By Caroline Pycha, Aged 12 Years, 1954 South Thirteenth Street Omaha, Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee page, but I read the stories every week. I go to Lincoln school and am in the Seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Healey and I like her very much.

I am sending a little poem which I made up. The name of it is "A Fall on a Snowy Day." One cold winter day A girl went out to play. She had a fall, And had to crawl, For she hurt her foot.

Her mother was worried, And they hurried For the doctor who was far away. The doctor came And said that she would be lame From the fall that winter day.

## Twilight Animal Stories "Bumper the White Rabbit"

By George Ethelbert Walsh

The air was filled with these faint cries before Bumper began to realize just what he was up against.

Bumper had run into a big bunch of bats sleeping in the abandoned sewer, and his nibbling at them had alarmed and angered them. It was apparent from their remarks that they mistook him for Mr. Sewer Rat, who perhaps had annoyed them many times before, and had even threatened to devour some of them.

"I'm not the Sewer Rat!" cried Bumper. "Please don't snap my eyes out! I didn't mean to disturb you! Wait, until I can explain!"

"Who are you? And what are you then?" cried the biggest and fiercest of the bats, coming so close that his eyes looked like pin-points of light.

"I'm Bumper, the white rabbit!" "Bumper, the white rabbit! Who ever heard of a white rabbit! All rabbits are brown or gray."

It was the big bat speaking for the others, but they all joined him in gnashing their teeth and in whipping the air with their soft, almost noiseless, wings.

"But I can assure you I am a white rabbit," replied Bumper. "Come and look at me."

This challenge seemed fair, and some of the smaller bats approached nearer, but the leader warned them back. "Keep away! It's the Sewer Rat in disguise. It's a trick of his to catch you."

"The Sewer Rat white?" interrupted Bumper.

"No, not unless he's been whitewashed or been sleeping in a barrel of flour."

Bumper had to smile at this, for he recalled once how a big rat had been caught in a bag of flour by the old woman who kept rabbits, and his hair was as white as that of the whitest rabbit.

"I can assure you, Mr. Bat, I haven't been whitewashed, and I haven't been sleeping in flour. Look at my ears. Does Mr. Sewer Rat have long ears like mine?"