

The Busy Bees

APRIL 1, of all days in the year, enjoys a character of its own in as far as it and it alone is devoted to the practice of practical joking. For hundreds of years, exactly how many hundred we can not say, since antiquaries are unable to trace the origin of the custom or to say how long it has existed among us, it has been the business of children to practice innocent jests upon their unsuspecting parents and playmates, in order to make them appear what is called in France "poisons d'Avril," in Scotland gowks (meaning cuckoo) and with us just "April fools." Thus, knowing and mischievous little boys and girls (among whom are doubtless many of the Busy Bees) fill their mother's sugar bowl with salt, and the salt-cellars with sugar and gleefully watch the grimaces of the rest of the family at the breakfast table the next morning, or they pin paper placards on the coat tail of some passerby, or offer their friends delicious looking chocolate Easter eggs which prove upon investigation to be made of cotton dipped in chocolate.

Of course for successful April fooling, it is necessary to have considerable coolness, nonchalance and tact in order to know in what direction the victim is most ready to be imposed upon by his own tendencies of belief. A large amount of the fooling usually takes place before breakfast before the family has had time to remember what day of the year it is.

This is the week of spring vacation so eagerly anticipated by the Busy Bees and now they plan their Easter parties to their complete satisfaction. Easter egg hunt, egg rolling contests, and egg blowing, when the shells are pierced and the contents are blown out and the shells painted with water-colors. Another contest which will furnish amusement at such a party is picking up an egg from a pile with a teaspoon and carrying it across the room to a basket without breaking it.

Eggs were originally colored by boiling them with mosses and roots. Blueing will make them blue, and coffee will make them brown, while pieces of colored cloth which fade will color them. Then of course there are numerous tints to be obtained by dyes made especially for the purpose.

The editor wishes to remind the Busy Bees of two important items, first that the garden contest closes April 7, and that you have only one week in which to send in your plans; and secondly, that every Busy Bee should wear a flag or see to it that there is one placed either in the window of his home, or that it waves from the exterior.

Helen Crabb of the Red side was last week's prize winner, while Ruth Ribbel of the Blue side and Sidney Winstrom of the Red side won honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)
Appeal to Busy Bees.

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

The Boy Scouts do many acts of goodness and kindness, mostly away from home, so let the Busy Bees, both girls and boys, do acts of goodness and kindness in the home.

Here is one great way to help when everything costs so much:

You know that children must be fed and clothed and we also know food and clothes cost money, and a great deal of money now.

Everyone of us can help our parents by taking better care of our clothing, by playing such games that do not cause too much wear on our shoes and clothes, and by being careful not to soil or tear them by playing rough or dirty games.

Your parents will always give you enough to eat, but when everything costs so much you may not get what you like best for every meal, so you must be good and not complain, because it would make your papa and mamma feel very badly.

You know they love you, and are doing all they possibly can to give you what you wish.

It is from hearing my papa and mamma talk that I know these things and I hope that every little girl and boy will help, as my sister, little brother and I are trying to do.

My papa and mamma think that teaching this lesson to us now will be a great benefit to us when we grow up.

Little Busy Bees, won't you help your papa and mamma by being careful and good? We are trying very hard to do so.

(Honorable Mention.)
A Boy Hero.

By Sidney Winstrom, Aged 13 Years, Newman Grove, Neb. Red Side.

"Jack, let us go swimming," said Henry to his companion. "The river is deep and the water is clear," Jack

Boys Who Play in Lobby of Big Hotel



Glenwood Lloyd

James

Lloyd



Roland Burbank

Most little chaps would sympathize with a "feller" that didn't have a big yard and lots of other little boys in the neighborhood to play with, but had to amuse himself among a lot of grown-ups in a big hotel. Glenwood Walden and James Stanley Lloyd and little Roland Burbank, who live at the Fontenelle, don't mind it a bit, however. They manage to have a great time anyway and are ever so interested in all the great and small happenings at the big hotel. The newness of things hasn't worn off yet for Glenwood and James, who are only 9 and 7 years old and have just moved here from Spokane. Their parents haven't decided which school the boys will go to yet, so they are having a good time in the interim. Roland Wainright Burbank is a sort of mascot for the fine new hotel, since he has made his home there almost since its opening. His father, the late W. K. Burbank, was the first manager of the Fontenelle.

(Honorable Mention.)
From Former Queen.

By Ruth Ribbel, 3529 Front Street, San Diego, Cal. Blue Side.

I have received several nice letters from the Busy Bees since my last letter to the page and I will try and answer their questions here.

Last Saturday we spent the day at Coronado. My brothers love to fish and the morning was spent at the reel, and after lunch we put on our bathing suits and played in the sand and rode the breakers.

The only personages on the beach whom I could find out were Jack Pickford and his wife. Yes, he is married and he looks just like Mary.

My little brother, who is 8 years old and very wise and small for his age, would rather fish than do anything else, and he will sit patiently by the hour until he catches one for each of us. He studies the "Angler's Guide" with the deepest interest and can tell just what kind of fish can be caught at this time of the year, the kind of bait and size hook that is necessary.

Saturday he sat on the end of the pier under a big sun hat fishing. He looked so tiny, and everybody who passed smiled at him. He didn't seem to know there was anybody else in the world. He threw his line in a school of ocean perch (his line had five hooks on it) and caught three,

the principal, the janitor and the teacher. The reason he didn't catch more, he said, was that the rest of the school ran home. During the week he guards his cans of worms and clams (fish bait) as though they were precious stones. He knows the names of the different fish at sight.

We had some excitement on our way home. We were riding so smoothly and peacefully on the ferry boat that takes us from Coronado to San Diego, when suddenly there was heard a dreadful splash and screaming. I was sure a submarine had struck our boat and my first thought was for a life preserver. Everybody ran to the railing and looked over, and what do you suppose had happened? A woman driver of an automobile crashed through the chains which are supposed to protect passengers and automobiles on the ferry, and hurled into the waters of the bay. The parties were soon rescued, but the automobile went down out of sight. They say accidents of this kind are not rare on the ferry, as they are caused by pulling the wrong lever.

My letter is getting long, so will have to write about our automobile trips, the flowers and birds in another letter.

Our School.
By Gladys Pearce, Aged 11 Years, Arnold, Neb. Blue Side.
This is my first letter to the Busy

Bees, but have always read this page and enjoy it very much.

I will tell you about our school. There are only nine scholars, but we have fun just the same. I am in the sixth grade. Our teacher's name is Miss Alta Robinson. She is a fine teacher and we all like her.

I also like to read books. The ones I like best are Weida, Elsie Dinsmore and Louisa M. Alcott's books.

I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.

Brave Sammy Jefferson.

By Marie Simon, Aged 11 Years, Vail, Ia. Red Side.

Sammy Jefferson was a poor washerwoman's son. He was such a bright boy at school that when he was 13 years old a kind gentleman gave his mother some money to send him to a boys' school.

The boys in the school did not like him because he was so poor. He knew his lessons better than any other boy in the school. They used to tease him about his clothes because they were so ragged. One day Sammy was sitting by the bank of a river reading about bravery when all at once he heard the cry, "Help!" "Help!" and he saw that Robert Williams had been out sailing in a boat which had tipped over.

Robert did not know how to swim at all. One big dive and Sammy was in the water swimming after Robert. Sammy got him and brought him over to the shore again. Robert was very thankful to Sammy for saving his life. Afterward all the boys were kind to Sammy for showing his bravery.

Signs of Merry Springtime.

By Alma Van Buren, Aged 12 Years, 121 West Twenty-seventh Street, Kearney Neb. Blue Side.

Spring will soon be here. The sunshine floods hill and dale with its cheerful rays.

The robin is usually the first bird to come from the sunny south, but many robins stay here all winter. I have seen six robins and have heard the merry "cheer-up," "cheer-up" of many others.

I have noticed that the sap of the maple trees is dripping and that is a good sign that spring is near. The blades of grass are turning green and tulips can be seen above the ground. The buds on the trees are swelling and soon will burst.

The children are flying kites and roller skating, and these are early spring sports. Everbody, or at least most people, love the happy spring-time.

Blue Side.
By Katherine Adams, Aged 10 Years, Box No. 431, Shelton, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees' page. I always read the children's stories.

I am in the fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Dugdale and I like her very much. I get real good grades at school, too.

I have six sisters and three brothers. We are scattered, as my mother is dead, and we are getting along the best we can. My big sister, Edna, takes care of us.

I will try to do better the next time. I hope that my letter will be printed.

History of a Rag Rug.

By Hazel Monson, Aged 11 Years, Box 50, Gray, Neb. Red Side.

First I was a large lamb. The lamb had lain in dirt and straw so I was very dirty. One day a man came and clipped me from the lamb. He took me into the house and told his wife to get him a tub of luke warm water. Then he put me into the tub and

shortening his life Detective Ackerton and the police, led by Wee See, were racing to the den. Wee See knew of a secret passageway, an abandoned tunnel which led to Git Sin's house. This subterranean chamber had in it a celestial contrivance which but for the knowledge of Wee See would have balked the police.

It seemed to end in a wall of rock, at the bottom of which was a pool of water. But Wee See knew that by crawling along the bottom of the pool he could get to the other side of the wall and thus reach the continuation of the passageway. He told the police. They floundered through with him and on the other side ran into a pack of Chinamen. They were armed. The police drew their revolvers. Fighting took place. All occupants of the Dragon's den, save Git Sin and his wife, joined in it. Git Sin was busy mixing a potion he intended administering to Beverly. His wife saw him and, realizing what he intended doing, went to the basement, freed Strong just as the last grains of sand in the hour-glass were falling and, frenzied by jealousy, ran back and killed her husband, while Strong hurried into the subterranean passageway and joined with the police in their battle.

The Chinamen finally were overpowered, and Strong and Beverly were freed. After restoring Miss Clarke to her mother he went to his home, followed by Wee See.

"Well, my wily Chinaman," he said, "life can now go on smoothly for us. Miss Clarke is under the care of her mother. I shall reward you handsomely, Wee See."

"What do you mean—reward?" asked the yellow servant. "In my country when they do that they bimbeby chop honorable man's head off. I get long without great kindness."

Strong did not reply. He was thinking of Beverly. His mind dwelt on their first meeting and of the absolute trust she had shown in him ever since then. She was one girl in a million, he thought. There came upon him a picture of Eunice Morton, of her duplicity and the unfair manner in which she had written him breaking off their engagement. For some reason he experienced a feeling of relief that the engagement was at an end.

It seems to be a part of life that tragic events are nearest when the pathway seems smoothest. Strong was destined soon to receive the big blow of his existence. The Secret Seven was planning that blow—the Secret Seven, which was fighting Strong and Beverly Clarke for the girl's wealth, and was unwittingly biting itself, as does a frantic reptile in the throes of battle.

(End of Chapter VIII.)

Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (April 2):

Name. School.
Drahos, Marjory..... Franklin
Fawcett, Katherine..... Farnam
Gubi, Irene..... Vinton
Johnson, Florence..... Pacific
Mayers, Mary C..... St. Joseph's
Marey, Helen Ruth..... Lincoln
Nelson, Donald H..... Walnut Hill

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Ashmusen, Ruth..... Clifton Hill
Beard, Lillian Margaret..... Central
Button, May Blanche..... Lothrop
Inda, Frank..... Dupont
Karbuski, Edward A..... Highland
Miller, Stanley Royal..... Dundee
McCall, Mary Eleanor..... Dundee
Reardon, Alice..... Monmouth Park
Reardon, Barney..... Monmouth Park

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:

DeBord, Rebecca..... Saratoga
Goodwin, Mable..... Central
Jacobsen, Ruth May..... Windsor
Kelley, Ruth F..... Monmouth Park
Walsh, Louise Alice..... St. Peter's
Wiles, Richard Sam..... Lothrop

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

Cady, Milton E..... Lothrop
Conlton, William..... Saunders
Gelnicks, Alice..... Farnam
Moeller, Henry..... Farnam
O'Donnell, Harry..... Sherman
Walthers, Ruth J..... Clifton Hill

scrubbed me for an hour or two. He put me on a board to let me dry for a day or two and then he combed me out. He picked me to pieces and took a card and combed me again, making me very fine.

Next his wife made a long string of me and then twisting me, put me on a spinning wheel. There I was made into yarn to an old woman who knitted a sweater out of me. A woman bought the sweater which she wore until I was all worn out. Then she threw me into a rag sack.

After a week the woman came to the rag sack and took us out and began to cut strips of us. She then made us into a rug which she sold. I now am in the parlor of Mrs. Brown's house.

I hope to win the prize.

A Camping Party.

Classa Alexander, age 11 years, 1616 South Sixth street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

This is my first story and I hope to win a prize.

One day last summer I was visiting my cousin in Grant, Ia.

We planned a camping trip in some woods three miles from the house. We got everything ready. Uncle put a top on the wagon. We took kettles with us, a box of matches and bedding, for we had to sleep in a tent with only a little coal oil stove to keep us warm on chilly nights.

In the afternoon the girls would go in bathing in the lake and catch fish. One day one of the girls caught a fish that weighed four pounds. We did not want to eat it, so we put it in the wagon, thinking it was poison. One Sunday morning we started for home. We were glad to go, for we were very tired. When we got home we ate our supper and went to bed. We are going on another trip this summer. I will write again and I hope to win a prize.

Will Write of Trip.

Jerome Diamond, age 9 years, 3421 North Thirtieth street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I have been wanting to become a Busy Bee for a long time, but have been unable to write sooner, as I am kept pretty busy going to school and practicing my music. I am in the fifth grade, A class, at school.

I think the Busy Bees write some pretty nice stories. I am going to take a trip to Chicago in April and I hope to write a nice story about my trip when I come back.

The Little Indian Boy.

Jessie May Polley, age 10 years, 1049 East Sixth street, Fremont, Neb.

Once upon a time there was a little papoose which an Indian squaw forgot when her husband was hurt. The white people took it to their house and cared for it. One day when he

was about 6 years old some Indians came into the town and saw this boy. They said to him, "Will you come and live with us?" But the little Indian boy said, "I will not live with you." So the Indians went home and said they would never go back again, for his father and mother might put them in jail.

The little Indian boy ran home and told his father and mother, who said, "We are glad they did not take you." This is the first time I have written to you. I hope to see this in print Sunday. I will write to you again.

The Repentant Boy.

By Josephine Polley, Aged 11, 1049 East Sixth Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a bad boy who mistreated the little girls and boys who were smaller than he.

One day there was an old man going to the store to get some food when he lost his pocketbook on the sidewalk. A little girl going to school saw him drop it and she started to pick it up and give it to him when the bad boy took it away from her and ran off with it.

The little girl ran and told the old man that he had lost his pocketbook, that she had found it and the bad boy had taken it away from her.

When the old man heard this he said, "It was all that I had to buy food with for my wife and myself, and she is sick in bed."

The little girl told the old man where the little boy lived. He told her that her mother and father, and they said they would punish him.

When they found him, he had only ten cents left and when he had found the pocketbook there were two dollars in it.

His father gave the old man a five-dollar bill.

After that the bad boy was called a good boy because he had given his father a five-dollar bill as well as the old man one, too.

He had taken the money out of his bank.

This is the first time I have written, but will write again.

Fairmount Park.

By Florence Seward, Aged 10 Years, 1634 Victor Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Fairmount park is not so very pretty as it is natural.

When we went there we took some pictures of the rabbits, but they moved, so the picture was not so very good. Then we went to see Mr. Peacock and his wives. He took a good picture, as he stood still longer, but one thing was he wouldn't spread his tail out.

We started to climb the bluffs. I went ahead and of course had to get into some mud, with my best shoes on, too. The road wound in and out. When we were pretty near the top we sat down on a bench. We took our field glasses to look around. We could see the other bluffs, also Omaha across the river. We climbed till we reached the top, then we started on another road down again.

When we were half way down we found a great tree trunk that had been hollowed inside. It was big enough for a fountain.

When we came down we took a picture of Mr. Bruin in his pen.

Please write to me, Busy Bees, and I will answer you.

Spring.

By Glee Gardner, Aged 14 Years, 2605 North Sixty-second Street, Benson, Neb. Blue Side.

Have you noticed that inside the gray-green buds on the trees there are tiny green leaves? Do you know what that is a sign of?

In the morning when you wake up the air is crisp and cool and the brilliant sun is shining.

People usually look rather depressed in spirit in winter, but now everyone seems rather joyful and glad, because, you see, spring is coming. The snow birds have already flown north and last Wednesday I heard a lark.

The stray dogs and cats look fatter than before, because when spring comes there is always plenty for them to eat.

Most pupils feel rather spry and glad. Don't you?

Soon summer will be here and some of us will go away for our vacations, but just now what we are looking forward to is spring.

Twilight Animal Stories

"Bumper the White Rabbit"

By George Ethelbert Walsh

Bumper supposed this speech would have a good effect and he waited eagerly for one of the wild rabbits to respond. But they were quiet for so long that he felt despondent. Then, to his surprise, a big rabbit rose nearby and turned to his companions.

"Beware!" he said, "It's a trick of Mr. Fox! We must run for it altogether!"

Bumper didn't know just what the speaker meant by this last sentence. But he soon found out. There was a rush and scramble in the bushes all around him and then a dozen or more rabbits appeared. They came toward the rock like an army closing in upon the enemy, leaping over bushes or crawling through the underbrush.

For a moment Bumper was startled. He had a vision of being attacked on all sides by his country cousins and driven ignominiously from the woods. But his anxiety was of short duration. The rabbits reached the side of the rock and disappeared as if by magic.

Then Bumper understood. They had made a simultaneous rush for their burrow, knowing that this was the safest place for them. When the last rabbit had disappeared Bumper hopped down and began looking for the entrance.

Bumper searched on every side for over an hour, but so arduously concealed was the entrance to the burrow that he was unsuccessful. There was no noise under the rock—nothing to indicate that there were rabbits there.

Discouraged and down-hearted, he was nearly ready to give up when he happened to poke his head in the hollow end of a tree whose roots were

pinioned down by the huge rock. The small head of the trunk had decayed, offering an entrance just large enough for a rabbit to squeeze through.

Bumper thought this would be a safe place for him to spend the night, and he began crawling through. The hole followed the trunk of the tree downward for some distance. Then suddenly it turned sharply to the right.

At this point Bumper met an unexpected challenge. A big, gray rabbit at the other end of the hollow trunk thumped hard with his two hind feet, and instantly there was an uproar. Bumper had accidentally found his way into the burrow through the hollow tree trunk!

"Stop where you are!" the rabbit guarding the hole shouted. "What do you want in here?"

"I want to greet my cousins. If you don't let me come in Mr. Fox will catch me after dark. I have no other home."

"You're not a rabbit!" replied the other. "We have no white rabbits in the world."

"But I'm one," returned Bumper, amused by the same cry that had been made by the crowd and birds.

There was silence inside, followed by a buzz of many voices. Finally a weak, trembling voice said authoritatively:

"Admit him! It can't be Mr. Fox in disguise, for he could never crawl through that hole. Admit him so I can talk to him."

Evidently the speaker was one in authority, for the other instantly obeyed, and Bumper was allowed to hop through the hole into the burrow. (Bumper Stories Run Every Day in The Evening Bee.)

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.

The Secret Seven, a band of wealthy and brainy criminals, headed by a mysterious individual known as "The Great Master," are plotting to wrest from Beverly Clarke, a beautiful girl, the vast fortune which has been left to her by her uncle, who was a member of the powerful band of lawbreakers, William Montgomery Strong, a wealthy young chairman, enters the life of Beverly, who lives in moderate circumstances with her invalid mother, when he rescues her from kidnappers sent out by the Secret Seven. Beverly at first mistakes the motives of the girl when, in being from hirings of The Secret Seven, she is found in a clothes closet in his apartment and he is compromised in the eyes of his fiancée, Eunice Morton. Afterwards he realizes that she is a innocent girl, a victim of a vile plot, and he becomes her champion. She is seized by gangsters and is rescued by Beverly, who has a terrific fight with the thugs, and his life is saved only by the timely appearance of the police. Beverly is married away to the den of a Chinese hypnotist, Dr. Git Sin, Strong, disguised as a Chinaman, goes there to save her and both are trapped.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Clue From the Klondike.

A reptile in the throes of a struggle to the death with a formidable foe sometimes will attack itself and believe it is maiming the enemy. This is what that reptile named The Secret Seven, was doing. Dr. Zulpf, suspecting that there was a traitor in camp, was determined first to put Strong out of the way and then to lay hands on the one who was false. The Great Master, brains of the band, was talking Zulpf. He knew that the murder of William Montgomery Strong, man of wealth and prominence, would shock the entire community and sound the death knell of The Secret Seven.

Twice The Great Master had saved Strong's life—first when he ordered his East Indian servant to release him when he was kidnapped after the caasket of tainted treasure had been found in his home, and again when the table hood went to his sick bed.

What was back of this working at cross purposes in the ranks of the hitherto invincible Secret Seven? Therein lay part of the skein of mystery that surrounded the great secret of the all powerful organization. And so The Secret Seven was battling with itself like a frantic reptile. The Great Master represented the brains of this reptile and Zulpf the teeth and claws.

Perhaps one faint clue to this strange situation in the strangest

criminal hand the world ever knew may be found in a reverie in which The Great Master indulged at the very time Strong and Beverly were trapped in "the Dragon's Den." Sitting in his Hudson river mansion, he picked up an old album which lay on a table near him and turned the pages, which were filled with faded photographs.

The turning of these pages brought a turning back in the pages of memory—a turning to years gone by when he was a prospector in the Klondike, a young man full of health and ambition, who was seeking gold from the pockets of nature.

In this retrospect he saw an Alaskan dance hall. He was standing at the bar. A girl, beautiful and pathetic in her innocence, sat on a bench with bowed head, and the other women coursed. Near her sat Zulpf, beside a woman, and that woman was Jane Warren, owner of the dance hall. She was the same Jane Warren who served as housekeeper for old Thomas Clark. Her heart, in those Alaskan wilds, belonged to Zulpf. She gave him all and asked nothing in return, save love, which was bestowed by Zulpf as a hypocrite bestows charity on a beggar.

Two miners entered the place and halted to gaze in undisguised admiration at the frightened dove of the dance hall. The younger of them, who was laden with gold, offered to bet the other that he could win her affections. His companion accepted the wager, and then the younger man advanced with confidence and seized the girl. Realizing his purpose, she struggled desperately, but he and his companion only guffawed over her frantic efforts to get free. Then the man who afterward became known as The Great Master stepped forward. He parted the girl from her captors and faced them angrily.

The purchase flew at him in a torrent of