

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page



MAY basket day is almost upon us, although it need scarcely be heralded here since the Busy Bees have been working after school and on Saturday for several weeks on the pretty baskets which they are planning to fill with flowers and candy and hang on the door knobs of their little friends the first of the month. One little girl has fifteen lovely ones ready for May day and if she cannot find enough flowers to fill them all she is going to put candy hearts in them.

Like numerous other customs we have inherited this one from our European cousins, who, ever since the middle ages, have ushered in the first day of May with some form of merriment. Whether it sprung originally from a Roman festival or merely from the spontaneous joy of people over the arrival of spring cannot be told.

English boys and girls among the peasant classes arise before dawn on the first morning of May and go to the woods to gather wild flowers and branches having foliage, with which they adorn the doors and windows of the houses and the May pole. Then the day is spent dancing around the May pole and crowning the most beautiful maiden in the village queen of the May.

In Germany they choose the wittiest and handsomest youth for the count of the May and initiate in a carnival given in the streets the life of the court.

Danish children celebrate by having a sun dance at sun rise.

The new Busy Bee queen and king will be announced next Sunday, so those of you who have not sent in your votes please do so at once.

Write us what you are doing these spring days to have a good time or to be useful. Perhaps your suggestion may inspire other Busy Bee readers to write to our page.

Do any of you take hikes after school? Tell us what you see on your walks, and if you do not as a rule see anything interesting, cultivate the art of seeing. One may see only a bleak hill and a meadow by the road side, while another, while talking of his delightful ramble, will tell of the birds, the different kinds of trees, the people with interesting countenances and the glorious sunset he has seen. Whatever your impressions are, write them to us. We are all so different and want to learn new ideas from the Busy Bee family.

The prize this week was won by Alvena Engel of the Blue side, Helen Crabbs of the Red and Grace Moore of the Blue side won honorable mention.

COMING YOUNG VIOLIN VIRTUOSO.



MURIEL THOMAS

Muriel Thomas, aged 10, comes to Omaha each week from Randolph, Ia., to take her violin lesson. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Thomas. Muriel is a violinist of unusual talent, possessing wonderful technique and surety of tone for one so young. At a recent contest in Des Moines Muriel won first honors and received flattering press comments on her work. She will be heard in recital here in the near future.

He believes in their great hearts, their open hands and their quick sympathies for those in need.

He pledges his support to those leaders, chosen by the American people—who are endeavoring to solve great problems with wisdom and foresight—for the ultimate benefit of all nations. He counts politics, creeds, ancestors as nothing beside the fact that he is an American and is proud of it, too.

The Frightened Camp Girls.
By Helen Strong, Aged 10 Years, Stromsburg, Neb., Blue Side.

It was in the month of May when a party of girls went camping. On the second night they heard a rustle in the underbrush just below their camp.

The girls got their rifles and, looking out, saw some eyes peering at them out of the darkness.

One of the girls said, "We must light the lantern to see what it is." So the youngest went after it and the rest of the girls went to find the matches. They looked for a match, but suddenly a girl found one in her pocket.

They lit the lantern and went out, one of the girls screaming and fainting, the others looking anxiously at what was before them.

All but one who shot struggled to get forward and a shout of joy was heard, for she had shot a bear.

The girls went home the next day telling of their experience in camp.

Our Car Ride.
By Alice Schwantje, Columbus, Neb., Route 2, Box 83, Blue Side.

The man who thrashed for us last summer had an old Ford. He left it at our house; for he had to take the thrashing machine home. My brother brought it from the field and put it in our shed. It remained there for several days.

On Saturday we decided to take a ride in it. My brother could not get it started at first. When it did start, it stopped again, but he soon succeeded in getting it started.

There were six of us who went in the car. We went about a mile from home and then turned around. In turning around the car stopped and we all started to walk home except-

ing my brother, who was trying to get it started.

After we had walked quite a distance we saw him coming. When he caught up with us he told us to hurry and put my two little sisters in it, and as I had a sore foot and had only one shoe on, he told me to get in, too.

Before we were in it it stopped again, but this time it stopped never to start again. We walked the rest of the way, having to rest once in a while, for my little sister got tired.

When we reached home mamma asked what had happened. We told her and she said that was what we got for taking someone else's car.

My brother walked home and he took our car and with my sister went to get the other one. He did not know what the matter was with it and paid no further attention to it until the next day, when we found that the gasoline tank was empty. We all had a laugh over the joke and hope not to have a ride like that again.

The Tale of the Gold Fish.
By Leola Matthews, Aged 12 Years, 2045 N. 18th St., Omaha, Red Side.

This is the first time I have written and I hope to see this in print.

A long time ago there lived a family of fish who could fly. One day a King Rudolf of No Man's Island was counting his gold these fish flew into the room and took it away. Then they flew in the water and went home. Down, down, they went.

The gold began to melt when they had been in their home about an hour, and they were all gold. That's how the gold fish became gold.

Easter Day.
By Lucile Frances Tuma, Aged 12 Years, Box 74, Elba, Neb., Red Side.

The day before Easter I colored ten eggs. Then I put them in nests. In the morning I told the youngsters to go and see if the rabbits had laid any eggs. They all ran out to see and they hunted all over and soon came into the house bringing them in a little basket.

Then we colored some more eggs, and that day mamma and papa went out to visit, as James, William and I

had to stay home to watch the incubator.

We played games and rode on bicycles. Ranger is the name of mine and William's, and Brown is the name of James' bicycle. At night we played on the graphophone.

I am glad Florence Seward is the queen of the Busy Bees.

I love to read the Busy Bee's page.

Caught in a Trap.
By Katherine Jensen, Aged 13, Valley, Neb., R. F. D. No. 2, Blue Side.

I think most of you Busy Bees think I am dead or gone. Well, I had the scarlet fever, but I had a light case. None of my sisters or brothers had it until we had started to school again. We had to be shut in again.

Two weeks later papa had a run-away and broke his leg. We children

had to do the chores until we got a hired man. We liked to do the chores at first, but we didn't like them all the time.

I haven't much to write, but only wanted to let you know that I am well. I think what helped pass some of my time away was when Monday came with the Busy Bee page full of stories. I liked the funny page, too. I hope you are well, too. So, goodbye.

An Unexpected Bath.
By Alma VanBuren, Aged 12 Years, 121 West Twenty-seventh Street, Kearney, Neb., Blue Side.

One bright day last summer when the violets were in bloom two of my cousins, Esther and Gertrude, my sister, Evelyn, and I went out to pick violets. We were picking violets along the creek when Esther exclaimed, "Oh, there is a long grapevine. We can swing on it!"

"We can swing over the water," I suggested. But at first we were afraid to. We became braver and swung a little ways over the water.

"I am going to swing clear over," I shouted.

"Watch Alma," said Gertrude.

I gave a jump and swung over the water, but, alas, just as I got in the middle of the creek the vine broke and I fell in the water. I scrambled to the bank and got out. I had to put on some of Esther's clothes (as she lived near there) to go home in. I have not swung on a grape vine since.

Stodious Busy Bee.
By Viola Beierle, Aged 11 Years, Daviess City, Neb., Red Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee. I always read the stories, and enjoy them very much. I go to school every day and like my teacher very well. Her name is Miss Miller. I am in the fifth grade. In my last month's examination I got 100 per cent in spelling, geography and grammar, but in arithmetic I got ninety-seven. I think that is a good grade.

I hope to see my letter in print.

A Fishing Trip.
By Frederic William Huisamith, Aged 8, Hartington, Neb., Red Side.

One day I went fishing with my friends. We stayed by a bridge for quite a while till one of the boys said, "Let us go on." Pretty soon we came to a sandy place, where we made many castles. One of my friends caught his line in a bunch of weeds. He pulled, but his fish line broke.

Then we ate our lunch and went home.

An Accident on the Farm.
By Dean Hokanson, Aged 8 Years, 3003 Chicago Street, Red Side.

I live in town and one Sunday I went into the country. There was a barbed wire fence near the house and as I did not know it I ran through the barbed wire fence and hurt myself. I cut a hole in my head. It bled pretty bad. My papa came out of the barn and took me into the house and bandaged it up.

We went home after supper. I did not need to go to the doctor next day.

Pet Dog Plays Games.
By George Claus, Plattsmouth, Neb., Red Side.

Once upon a time we had a pet dog who would play "hide and seek" with us. We would make him be it and he would put his nose down to the ground and hunt us. Then when he found us, he would run to the base and stick his nose up to the base. When we were it he would run and hide and we had a hard time finding him.

After a while he was killed, so a man found him and buried him.

The Eleven Little Chicks.
By Carol Strong, Aged 9 Years, Stromsburg, Neb., Red Side.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I am going to tell you about my eleven little chicks.

They were born April 13. My birthday was March 24, so father gave them to me for my birthday present.

If I see my letter in print I will try to do better next time.

Bluebirds.
By Fern Peterson, Aged 11 Years, Route 5, Kearney, Neb., Red Side.

Ten little bluebirds sitting on the line; One got stoned, and then there were nine.

Nine little bluebirds flying to their mates; One got shot and then there were eight.

Eight little bluebirds in a row so even; One got frozen, and then there were seven.

Seven little bluebirds all in a fix; One got drowned, and then there were six.

Six little bluebirds sitting by the hive; A big bee stung one, and then there were five.

Five little bluebirds sitting by the door; One got stepped on, and then there were four.

Four little bluebirds flying on the sea; One fell in and then there were three.

Three little bluebirds wondering what to do; One got away, and then there were two.

Two little bluebirds eating a big bun; Got into a quarrel, and then there was one.

One little bluebird sitting in the sun; It got cooked, and then there were none.

Haughty Master Ceil.
The waywardness of Master Ceil, a boy of 6 years, sometimes made it necessary for his mother to use her slipper. This usually resulted in a taunting of manner and expression for some hours after Master Ceil had been "attended to." One evening his father came home, to discover palpable proof of the fact that Ceil had been having a private interview with his mother.

"Well, Ceil, what's the trouble now?" asked his father.

"Your wife has been licking me again, sir!" was the reply.—Chicago Herald.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story.)
"Liberty Bell Bird Club."
By Alvena Engel, Aged 14 Years, McClelland, Ia., Blue Side.

I will tell you about our club. It is called "The Liberty Bell Bird Club." There were twenty-two members and we meet every Friday afternoon. I am president; Irene Steffen, vice president; Albert Ernst, secretary, and Roy Ernst, treasurer. The object of the club is to protect the little feathered songsters. We kept track of all the first birds we saw in spring.

This spring I have seen robins, meadow larks, bluebirds, warblers, crows and a little bird, whose name I did not know. It is a kind of gray color with darker wings and a tiny little bill. I did not get a very good look at it, so I do not know if this is the exact description. I think the birds are far to pretty to kill, don't you?

The club button has a bell and a bluebird on it. I think it's a pretty badge.

We also made bird houses last spring for prizes. I won first prize, a box of candy. My house was all trimmed and covered with bark.

I should like very much to have some of the Busy Bees write to me. I will gladly answer their letters or cards.

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 300 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be accepted.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.

Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

May.
By Grace L. Moore, Silver Creek, Neb., Blue Side.

May is just a little way beyond. I am looking forward to the apple trees with their blossoms all white and pink, crowned with chattering, busy birds. I feel the thrill of expectancy even now as I look to barren branches, for I know that they but sleep, awaiting the touch of the south wind.

It is true in the spring that the whiff of freshly turned furrows, the sweet grass faintly green all about, the violet venturing the first bit of blossoms of blue above the earth, make these dream days.

It is a wonderful month, one I shall not fail to live as broadly and richly as I can.

The bird houses must be up, for the martins will be here soon and pass us by if there is no place prepared for them. And if you like the cheery notes of the bluebird bore a hole in a post on the top and maybe this favorite early comer will make a home near you.

It is such fun to watch the new things push up to daylight now. The tulips and daffodils and jonquils are braving it. Buds are swelling and rows of new things in the garden, such as lettuce, potatoes, beets, radishes, onions, salsify, parsnips and a few peas we put in the earth March 30.

The Little Snowbird.
By Henry Tuma, Aged 7 Years, Box 74, Elba, Neb., Red Side.

One day as I was going home from school I found a little snowbird. He had a broken wing, so I took him home with me. As soon as I reached home I fed him some crumbs, then I put him in a box, where I left him overnight. In the morning I fed him again, and I did not go to school until the next day.

When I was in school my little brother, Charlie, and sister, Lillian, took him out of the box and wanted to play with him, so they let him fly about the room.

As they tried to catch him they killed him, and when I came home I found the little birdie dead.

I could not bury him, because the ground was frozen, and I had to wait until the next day, when the ground had melted a little.

The "Wait a Minute Boy."
By Augusta Stephens, 4311 South Twenty-sixth Street, South Side, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am going to write another story to you.

One time there was a little boy who was very rich and used to having his mother very kind in her riches. She went away to spend two weeks with her sick friend and left him and the nurse alone.

His mother came home unexpectedly on account of her friend's rapid recovery. She came in the front door and hid in the closet in order to run out on him when he came.

John (which was his name) was out in the back yard. The nurse called: "Come in now, Johnny."

He answered: "Wait a minute."

A few minutes later she said, "Come in, Johnny," but still he replied, "Wait a minute."

She called him a couple of more times, but he always said, "Wait a minute."

His mother heard the nurse and went out and called him. She talked to him and he was glad. His mother said: "Johnny, if everybody said 'wait a minute,' nobody would ever get anything done."

Johnny held his head in shame, but thought he would never do it again.

The Cow's Accident.
By Gladys Pearce, Aged 11 Years, Arnold, Neb., R. 1, Blue Side.

One day the cow fell in an old cistern when papa was at the neighbors helping shell corn. Mamma received word that his mother was sick and sent for him.

When papa came home he heard the cow bawl and knew that she was in the cistern by the sound.

The cistern was near a bank. They dug at the lower side and tried to get the cow to climb out. She tried once, but after one attempt she laid down. They had to put a log chain around her neck and pull her out with a horse.

A True Helper.
By Helen Crabbs, Aged 10 Years, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

The life of a real true Busy Bee is useful and helpful or else all we learn from our stories in the Busy Bee page and from our parents is wasted.

We should be just as proud of the deeds of the Busy Bees as the Boy Scouts are of theirs, and they are proud indeed.

Let us all try to help at home as much as we can.

My sister, brother and I try to help. We do as much in the house as we can, and help papa make garden and take care of the lawn.

Making garden is great fun. The beds are all prepared and then the planting comes. It seems strange that a vegetable will grow from a little seed.

Papa said that great deeds of kindness and goodness often begin from seeds and words that seem even smaller than the tiniest seed.

Cat Loses Life.
By William Tuma, Aged 10 Years, Elba, Neb., Box 74, Red Side.

I am a big cat, but I can remember when I was a small kitten. When I was lying in a box a boy came and took me into the house. He fed me some milk and one day I found a bucket, in which was some milk. I felt so hungry when I saw the milk that I licked it all up.

Then the cook saw me and the first thing she could pick up was a broom, and she threw it after me.

It hit me on the back and gave me such a pain that I could hardly walk. I crawled under the porch and there I heard the cook say, "You old

cat, you will see when you crawl out. You won't get anything to eat for a week!"

The next day I felt so hungry that I had to go and hunt food for myself. While I was in the barn a cruel hater a boy found me lying half dead. He told the cook and she fainted, for she loved me.

I am half dead and hope I will die soon.

I hope I will go to the war zone.

The Eagle, Symbol of Liberty
Why the Great American Bird Came to Be Adopted as the Emblem of Our Republic

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There are two animals which are natural kings, according to human estimation—the lion among the quadrupeds and the eagle among the birds. These two stand apart from all others, on a level which belongs only to them. They owe their distinction to the majesty of their looks and bearing. They seem always to have imposed upon the human imagination, for from the beginning of history they have been foremost among the heraldic emblems of states and nations. The British Lion; the American Eagle! Truly, as a national emblem, the eagle seems the nobler of the two. Its empire is broader, for it inhabits every continent. It sits by the side of Zeus on Olympus. "He clasps the crag with hooked hands; Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ring'd by the azure world, he stands. The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls."

There are two principal species of eagles—the golden, or mountain eagle, and the sea, or white-headed (bald-headed) eagle. The latter was adopted for the emblem of the United States in 1785. The golden eagle often attains three feet in length, with a spread of wings reaching seven feet. The bald-headed eagle is about the same size. Both have the curved beak, the steady eye, the dignified bearing, the heavy neck, the powerful legs and claws, and the great deliberately moving wings which characterize their race, as the lion is characterized by his mane-crowned head and his mighty chest and limbs.

Even the sea eagle loves to build his nest and make his home on lofty trees or high on some towering crag or rock or leading precipice, while the name of the mountain eagle indicates his chosen dwelling place. The eye of the eagle is as universal a symbol in human speech as the great bird itself. Tell a general "You have the eye of an eagle," and he will understand that you have compressed a bookful of praise into a sentence; say to the owner of some castellated dwelling "You have built an eagle's nest!" and his look will show that no other phrase could have flattered so much.

To be accurate it is necessary to say that the sea eagle of the British Isles is not exactly the same as the American white-headed or bald-headed eagle, but they are both fish-eaters and prefer the neighborhood of the sea or of lakes and large rivers. So, too, the mountain eagle differs in specific traits in different countries, but these differences are for naturalists—an eagle would recognize an eagle wherever they met, just as a man knows his kind under all disguises of color and haircut.

All eagles, whether they live near the coast or the mountains, love lambs. The sea eagle turns from fish to chops whenever he gets the chance. But this is, perhaps, the only serious indictment that can be brought against the eagle in a human court. The stories of eagles carrying off babies are probably all apocryphal, although there is no doubt that the big bird has the strength to perform such a feat, and, under sufficient provoca-



Photo Copyright, 1917, by Glenn Palmer.

tion of hunger, he might have the strength to do so.

On the other hand, the eagle is an enemy of hawks and other raptors of the barnyard, and a tame eagle might be an efficient guardian against marauders of that kind. He will eat jack rabbits, and that should recommend

him to farmers and gardeners. That eagles can be trained to hunt like falcons is proved by the fact that the English Tartars use them to capture foxes, wolves and antelopes. They put a hood over the eagle's eyes, and carry it on a perch supported by two men on horseback. When the intended prey is sighted they unhood the eagle and send it in pursuit. These hunting eagles are said to be very highly prized by the Tartars, and one of them is worth as much as two canaries.

Vultures and buzzards are related to the eagle, but they belong to a different sub-family, and the true eagle would not associate with them. He may not be as noble as he looks, but he would not be guilty of their deeds—at least not openly. As we have already intimated, it is public behavior, dignified and majestic carriage before the eyes of the world, that has given the eagle his prestige; and this, no doubt—together with the fact that he was found maintaining his state among the feathered inhabitants of the Atlantic coast and owning a high degree of respect from the Indians—led to the official adoption of the bald eagle as "the bird of freedom" and the emblem of the great republic.

He is a rare bird now, keeping far from human habitations, traversing the sky when he changes his place, at a great altitude, swiftly yet with slow, unburied undulations of the broad wings. And, while he may have little reason to fear a shot, only a brutal or very thoughtless man would fire at him.

The eagle's nest is usually placed high in a great tree or on steep rocks, and consists of a mass of sticks, in the midst of which is a grass-lined pocket for two, three or four eggs.

The True American.
By Agnes Kelly, Aged 12 Years, North Bend, Neb., Blue Side.

He believes in liberty, but with a fine regard for the liberties of others. He believes in laws for the mutual benefit of all his people. He believes in humanity, but will fight, if necessary, to maintain the humane prin-

ples by which he would live and let others live.

He believes in the destiny of his country—to become a great world power, by reason of her high ideals, her broad reason and her unswerving sense of right.

There were six of us who went in the car. We went about a mile from home and then turned around. In turning around the car stopped and we all started to walk home except-

ing my brother, who was trying to get it started.

After we had walked quite a distance we saw him coming. When he caught up with us he told us to hurry and put my two little sisters in it, and as I had a sore foot and had only one shoe on, he told me to get in, too.

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