

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

LAKE, mountain, farm, city and town are represented where the Busy Bees are spending their vacations. Adolph Hult, king of the Busy Bees, left the day school closed for Chicago. He went with his sister Miriam and aunt and will spend the summer there with his grandparents. Walter Preston, Jr., is at Lake Okoboji with his father and mother and Henry Warren Dunham, Jr., left last week for Illinois with his mother and younger sisters and brothers. Robert Buckingham has been on a ranch in Wyoming, visiting his sister, Mrs. Wayne Hemphill, for the last few weeks and will be away for some time yet. Willis Spangenberg has been spending a few weeks at Blair and Ethelyn Berger of South Omaha is also in the country. Ruth Grealy and her mother left last week for Salt Lake City.

Dorothy Darlow, who was formerly one of the most faithful of the Busy Bees, is at "Borgland," the wonderful country home of her uncle, Gutzen Borglum, near Stamford, Conn. Dorothy will surely meet many distinguished people as her uncle is a very famous sculptor and many noted people are entertained there. She will be away all summer.

Milton Rogers, a former king of the Busy Bees, is not going out of town, but is having just as good a time at home and keeping pretty busy at the same time. He and his brother Millard, who is two years younger than he, go out to Happy Hollow club quite frequently to play tennis and golf. He also spends quite a little time with his kodak. Milton is also taking violin lessons during the summer and practices diligently, besides which he and his brother take care of the lawn in very fine fashion, so their mother says.

This week, first prize was awarded to Gertrude Berdes of the Red Side; second prize to Alice E. Schuler of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Mary Goldenstein of the Red Side.

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 350 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.
- Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

that needs attention in that way; the main thing is to keep the weeds out. Tomatoes will soon need to be ground up so they will not fall to the ground. We usually do this by putting up sticks and a small keg or barrel hoop, and tying the vines to the hoop.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Rosebud Sash.

By Ruth Campwell, Aged 9 Years, Glenview, Neb. Red Side.

Ruth Campwell was looking in a store window and she saw a pretty sash trimmed with rosebuds. "I wish I could have it," she said to herself, but she knew she could not because her mother was poor. She decided to earn money to buy the sash. She took care of babies, sewed buttons on clothes, washed dishes and did little errands for the neighbors. At last she had enough money to buy the sash. How happy she was!

But just at this time her little brother took sick, and they called the doctor. The doctor said he must have rest, air and pure, clean milk. Ruth's mother did not have the money, but when Ruth walked past the store she looked at the sash for a long time and then she said to herself, "I'd rather have a well brother than that sash." So she gave the money to her mother. When the doctor heard of the sacrifice she had made, he told the news. They decided to give her a present. When Ruth's birthday came, the mail man left a package at her home, and in it was a pretty white dress and the rosebud sash.

A Pioneer Road.

By Rose Schifer, Aged 13 Years, 3015 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Fifty years ago the first shovel-full of soil was dug for the Union Pacific railway. It was the first thing that was built so large in the United States. The government gave the company that was going to build the railway large sections of land and loaned them a great deal of money to help them with it. After they got the things to build it with, there were many hard things to do first. They had to cross high mountains and very rocky it was. Then there was the iron that had to be sent for from the eastern states. They didn't have enough men to build the railway because at that time there was a great civil war going on and they needed all the men. The Indians didn't like the white people to build a railway on their hunting grounds so they put a stop to it until the Pawnee Indians came to guard them. In the night the Sioux Indians burned the houses, killed the people, stole the horses and did many other cruel deeds. The first sixty miles were finished on March 12, 1869.

In June, 1867, they had finished the road to the western end of Nebraska and on May 10, 1868, the Central Pacific and Union Pacific met in Utah on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, where they drove a golden spike to connect the two rails. Every blow of the hammer was reported by telegraph all over the United States and when it was finished all the cities

began to celebrate it by ringing bells and firing cannon. San Francisco and Omaha celebrated it especially. New York held a grand service in Trinity church. After the service they lit the streets, which made it look very light and gay. They also fired cannon and rang bells. This is the second time I have written to the Busy Bees' page and I hope to see my letter in print.

Disobedience Punished.

By Lucile Beals, Aged 12 Years, Emerson, Ia. Blue Side.

One day little Betty came running into the house. She said, "Mamma, may I go to town with papa?" "No, dear," said mamma. "Why not?" said Betty. "Because grandma is coming and you must help mamma today."

Betty walked out of the house very displeased. She said under her breath, "I will go with papa." So she went in the back door in her little room, pulled her little pink frock down and put it on. After she was ready she went down to the auto and got up in the front seat with papa.

"Well, we are starting," said papa, and away they went. When Betty got to town, papa helped her out. "Now be a good girl," said papa, "all right," said Betty, and away she ran. When papa called, Betty came running up to him, "Oh, papa, I had such a nice time." "I'm glad," said papa. When papa got home and came in the house with Betty, mamma said, "Why, Betty, I told you to stay at home."

"I know, but I wanted to go with papa, I had such a nice time."

"Now," said her mother, "you can't have any supper, you must go to bed." I'm sure Betty never forgot this lesson. It has been a long time since I have written, I will write oftener now.

A Corn Story.

By Roy Rasmussen, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. 3, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.

Once I was in a box in a store. One day a boy came in the store and wanted some seed corn. So the clerk gave him the box in which I was. I had many companions. The boy planted me and my companions in the dark ground. It was nice and warm there. Soon it began to rain and it gave me and my companions a good drink.

Then I began to sprout. In a week I was up. I grew very fast. I was very large. I soon had small ears. These grew larger and ripe.

In the fall the boy came and took my children away. I said "Good Bye" to them. He took them to the granary and they went through a corn sheller. Then he hauled them to town and went down in a hole to the grain car. Some he took to the mill to be ground into chick feed and the chicks ate them.

I was then raked up and burned, and that was the end of my life.

My Pet Kitten.

By Ellen Nordstrom, Aged 12 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I have a little gray kitten which is very playful. It follows me to bed at night and plays with my toes. Its bed is beside mine. Every morning it is waiting for me to wake up.

It does not like our dog. They often fight and I am afraid that the dog will kill the kitten.

One day we thought it was going to die because mamma put the fly poison on the floor and it drank some of it. We gave it vinegar, which it did not like and foam came out of its mouth. After a while we gave it a dish of milk. In the morning when I woke up I thought it was dead, but it was as well as ever. I was very glad that it did not die.

One night I slept at my friend's house and it followed me down. I could not

get it home again. It likes to follow me wherever I go.

My old cat does not like it because it is getting too old. They often fight and the old cat scratches the little kitten very hard. The old cat is 8 years old now.

When I first came to Omaha I got it. I was 4 years old then and I am 12 now. My sister and I went out walking in Benson and we saw it on the street. The owner of the cat came out and said we could have it if we took good care of it. So we were very glad and took it home.

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Midsummer Eve.

By Ethelyn Berger, Aged 12 Years, 96 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

It was the 23d of June at midnight—midsummer eve—and in Fairland everyone was trying on little fox gloves, lady slippers, new ribbons and jewels and gaily scarfs.

The fairy orchestra was playing sweet music, while once in a while a fairy touched a bluebell with her wand and it rang out with a clear, sweet tone which echoed over the whole ground. The old moon shone bright and full (as you know the fairies only dance on moonlight nights) and it sent a ray of light on the glen and the jewels on the fairies sparkled and shone so brilliantly you would have thought you were in a jewel mine.

Then the fairies danced and sang, and an hour before sunrise they all sat down at small round tables and drank the sweet nectar and ate the violet and rose wafers from acorn cups and saucers.

When they had feasted they wrapped their gauzy scarfs tight around them, as it was growing chilly, and spreading their gauzy wings they flew out of sight in a moment.

The Naughty Four.

By Ruth Rhodes, Aged 13 Years, Lander, Wyo. Red Side.

One day I was walking along from school with three of my friends, whose names were Adele Feigel, Margaret Bryant and Kathleen Snyder, when Adele said, "Girls, let's start a club with just us four belonging to it. We can write stories and study together, and we'll have a lot of fun." We readily agreed, so the first thing to do was to choose a name for our club. Many names were suggested, but none were decided upon, so we finally asked our teacher to name it and she gave it the appropriate title of the "Naughty Four."

Next we each picked out a club nickname for ourselves. Adele called herself "Fido," Margaret was "Peggy," Kathleen was "Kitty" and I was "Bunny."

Our teacher, Miss Case, gave us permission to sit together when we had finished studying and then we would write stories, generally between twenty and thirty pages in length. Among the stories written were: "The N. F.'s at Boarding School," "The N. F.'s in China," "The N. F.'s in Cuba," "The N. F.'s in Alaska," "The N. F.'s in the Alps," "The N. F.'s at the Seashore," "The N. F.'s in Kentucky" and many others. These were imaginary stories of our adventures when we had gotten to be sixteen or seventeen years old.

Altogether we had a great deal of fun.

The Apple.

By Lillian Schiffer, Aged 8 Years, 3015 Webster St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

I like the apple best of all the fruit and it is very healthful for people. The tree on which the apple grows is very pretty and the leaves also. The blossoms come before the apples and the color of the blossoms are pink and white. After the wind blows the blossoms off they are turned into little green apples.

The apple hangs on a branch by a stem and on the other end is the blossom end. All summer the apple gets bigger and softer and riper because the warm rain and the warm sun help them to do that. Some apples are all yellow and some are all red.

The skin of an apple is as smooth as satin. Under the skin is the flesh that is very solid and hard. In the middle of the apple is a little core. In the middle of the core there are about four or five seeds that you can plant. The apple hides its seeds so well because you can plant the seeds and they will make other trees.

I wrote to the Busy Bees page once before and I hope to see my letter in print.

My Dog Carlo.

By Genevieve Harris, Aged 9 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

My dog, Carlo, has been dead two years. He was brown and was as soft as velvet and had curly fur. He was killed by a train.

Shall I tell you how? One day we were going to the store with him and had to cross the railroad tracks, but a train was coming so my brother and I waited till it passed.

But Carlo didn't. He ran in front of it and barked. The train caught him in

its large wheels and crushed him to death. My brother ran home crying and I followed slowly.

It was nearly two days before I went to the store, because the tracks made me think of my poor Carlo.

My father came down to the track and got the remains of poor Carlo.

Every day we watered the flowers that we planted on his grave.

We have a picture of Carlo.

I have a cat too, it is white.

We do not live by the tracks now. I hope to see my letter in print.

My Pet Horse.

By Chester Harris, Aged 7 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I have a pet horse whose name is General.

It is very good and never runs away from me. I ride it horseback every day. We all love it because it is very gentle.

My uncle gave it to me when it was a little colt.

I have three pets. I will tell you their names. The dog's name is Nig. The horse's name is Blue and the cat's name is Snowball. I love them all.

I hope to see my letter in print.

Fourth of July Picnic.

By Esther Potashnik, Aged 11 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I will tell you how I celebrated the Fourth of July. In the morning my aunt, uncle and my cousins came from the country. They brought a lot of fireworks with them. At 1 o'clock we took our lunch to the park. After lunch we shot off our fireworks. My cousins and I were sliding and swinging while the fireworks were going off. We saw the boys swim. We went home at 1:30 o'clock and were so tired that we slept late the next morning. I hope I will win a prize.

Pass Gets Bird.

By Helen Ballou, Aged 9 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

One day Pussycat went into the woods. In one of the trees there was a nest. She climbed up in the tree and peeped in. A sick mother bird was in the nest. She could not fly or walk. The cat smacked her and took her home.

Soon after, the father came. The bird looked all over. It flew out of the woods. It saw the cat at the place where it was. The next year it did not build near there.

New Busy Bee.

By George Horacek, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. 1, Belgrade, Neb. Red Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees' page.

I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name was Mr. Homer Gooding. I will write again. I wish to see my letter in print.

By Eola Gass, Aged 7 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

Just as some children sit down to eat a bear peered out from a tree. With his long, red tongue he tastes the picnic's feast. "Do not be afraid, children," said Budge, "I can put a bear to sleep."

Has Five Sheep.

By Julia May Conger, Aged 8 Years, Dannebrog, Neb. Blue Side.

I would like to join the Blue Side. My teacher's name is Miss Ada Hart. I have two sisters and one brother. I live at the station. We have five sheep.

Rations Reduced.

A famous Arctic explorer was once giving an account of his experiences amid the ice fields of the north.

"We certainly would have travelled much farther," he explained, "had not our dogs given out at a critical time."

"But," exclaimed the lady, who had been listening very intently, "I thought the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures."

The explorer's face wore a whimsical gloomy expression as he replied, "I—er—speak in a culinary sense"—Saturday Journal.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Awakes to Beauty.

By Gertrude Berdes, Aged 13 Years, 101 North Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

One bright sunny morning during vacation, Jane Lester lay in bed wondering whether she should get up or not. "Do it, do it, do it!" chirped a bluejay, perched on the window sill.

But Jane heard him not.

"No, I won't stir," she said.

The bluejay was silent.

"Yes, I will too," she concluded.

"Do it, do it, do it!"

"Why just listen to that bluejay," she exclaimed, "I guess I'll just take his advice."

So Jane got up, dressed and went out doors, and not until then did she realize how beautiful Nature was at that hour. The dew sparkled on the grass at her feet like myriad of diamonds, and she fancied that where it fell on the spiders' webs it was a beautiful cloak left behind by some fairy at a ball.

The roses held up their faces as if saying, "Good morning," while cool breezes kissed her cheeks and hair, and robins busy feeding their young, twittered and chirped in the plummy, waving branches of the trees.

Next morning, Mr. Bluejay found lots of nice big crumbs on the window sill, and after that he didn't need to remind Jane that it was time to be up.

(Second Prize.)

Gardening.

By Alice E. Schuler, Aged 13, Decatur R. No. 1, Blue Side.

Sometimes the editor asked the Busy Bees to write about their gardens. I have no garden of my own, but as Mamma's garden is very large, I help to take care of it a great deal.

First of all, it was cultivated in the fall, so it was in good condition for planting in the spring; those that could be set out early and easily, such as peppers, cabbage, tomatoes, etc. I planted some seed of each in hot beds, and in this way got an earlier start. Radishes and lettuce I planted first. If you want to see the year's first turning gardeners them the year's first turning gardeners, plant more seed just about the time those you have already planted are coming up.

Our onions, we planted early, and they

ONE OF THE BEST OF THE BUSY BEES.



Made by Sandberg & Eilers
Alice Jackson

are very large. As onions have to lie in the ground several weeks before they come up, to soak seed in water before planting will make them come up more quickly.

After this, I planted other vegetables. All this took lots of work, but we can say we have a nice garden. The onions seem to be the hardest of all. I weeded them four times, but shall keep on doing so. Some people say, "After the onions once get to growing good it is alright to let the weeds grow," but they are badly mistaken.

When the peas were beginning to blossom, Mamma and I took sticks, and wire and made a nice place for them to climb on. Now this is about all of our garden

PLAN 50,000 MILES OF ROAD

National Highway Association is Making Extensive Plans.

WILL MEAN MUCH TO STATE

Two of the Thoroughfares Will Pass Through Omaha and Extend East and West, While One Crosses State from North to South.

Fifty thousand miles of highway, separate and apart from the Lincoln coast-to-coast road, are proposed by the National Highways Association of Washington, D. C. According to present plans the route suggested will serve 92 per cent of the population of the United States, 66 per cent of which is contiguous and 25 per cent adjacent.

Two roads will traverse Nebraska westward from Omaha. One is to be known as the Nebraska road and extends from here to Yellowstone park, while the other is to be called the Lake-Mountain-Pacific road and will be between here and Denver along the Platte valley.

These are tentative plans and the association is asking for suggestions from all states in behalf of improvements.

This state ranks fifteenth in the matter in area, ninth in mileage of public roads, seventeenth in proposed mileage of roads, twenty-ninth in point of population and 66 per cent in point of population of counties traversed.

To Have Many Feeders.

Many feeders to these main road will doubtless be constructed as soon as the thoroughfares are established, and it will be the policy of the association to encourage just such a movement. It will send out literature pointing out the great benefits accruing to farm lands by having good roads into town, facilitating the deliveries of products to markets and making the automobile an all-year-around possibility. Particularly does this apply farther east where the roads are heavier and muddier more months in the year than they are in Nebraska and other western states.

Nebraska roads will be easily established, aside from volunteer work on the part of individual farm owners along their property, there will also be a general movement by township and county organizations.

One of the proposed roads extends north and south through the state about seventy-five miles west of Omaha. It starts at the Canadian border and after traversing Nebraska goes through Kansas and Oklahoma, winding up at Gainesville, Tex.

FIFTY THOUSAND MILES OF NATIONAL HIGHWAYS

PROPOSED BY THE NATIONAL HIGHWAYS ASSOCIATION WASHINGTON, D. C.



Religious Sect

Places Taboo on The Automobile

For the first time in history a ban has been placed on motor cars. The Dunkards—a peculiar religious sect numbering about 8,000—have gone on record that a motor car makes one "high-minded, superior and puffed up." Therefore they have prohibited the use of motor cars by their members.

Dunkards are known by various names

the country over, but are most easily identified by their plain mode of dress. The women wear gray frocks and poke bonnets. The men dress in black and wear broad-brimmed hats.

The veto was placed on the motor car at a national conference held in Roseville, Ill. It voted and duly ordered that no member possess a motor car "until it is possible to procure more light upon them."

The taboo placed on the motor car was explained to the F. B. Stearns company, Cleveland, O., by a New England progressive, who stopped at the factory enroute home to advise that his order for a Stearns-Knight touring car might have

to be cancelled unless he could persuade

his eastern brethren to make special dispensation in his case.

He had incurred the displeasure of the convention by pleading the cause of the automobile, but had been defeated, although he argued that the silence of the car made it unobjectionable.

The indignation of Elder Garvey, chairman, from Ohio when he vehemently declared:

"Five years ago my horses shied at automobiles. Today they don't shy at attention to them. I think it is time this convention got some horse sense."

Despite this plea a delegate from Palestine, Tex., was ordered to dispose of his automobile, which was the link which

connected him with the railroad thirty-

five miles away and which took his children to and from the school house, some miles away.

A delegate who was bitterly opposed to the motor car stated that he had ridden in one "just once to see how it felt." He declared that it was true that it made one feel "superior and puffed up" to ride in a car.

After numerous speeches the subject was submitted to a vote and overwhelmingly defeated.

Younger members are now hoping that the next biennial convention will reverse the action taken last week. Several have petitioned the F. B. Stearns company to aid them in their fight.

SUPERFLUOUS MECHANIC SHOWS ADVANCEMENT

The superfluous mechanic was the topic of an extensive article by J. P. Holland, printed recently in a well known English publication. To illustrate his point the writer related an incident that happened to W. F. Peare, a Cadillac dealer in Ireland, which not only proves that mechanics are not generally needed, but that in some instances one need not bother about the contents of a tool box. Mr. Peare was giving a demonstration. At the close of the run the prospective purchaser expressed his delight with the car, its electric self starter, lighting and ignition system, and the other features that characterize it. But fearing that, being a green driver, something might go wrong while he was at the wheel, he asked to see the tool box and to have the contents explained to him.

Mr. Peare was quite willing to oblige and showed the prospect where the tool box was located on the footboard where it would be easily accessible when occasion arose. But to his consternation he discovered that he had lost the key. Search as he might he could not find any key to fit the lock.

"I have been driving this car for nearly a year already," he explained, "and this is the first time I have had occasion to discover that the tool box is even locked."

HOOSIER DRIVES COLE CAR

AT LOW MILEAGE EXPENSE

W. R. Gilbreath, secretary of the Hoosier Motor Club of Indianapolis finished a day's run of 181 miles recently which only strengthens his conviction that the standardized Cole is the machine which gives the highest and best service at a low cost. On the run through territory north of Indianapolis as far as LaFayette and Crawfordsville, an average speed of twenty-eight miles an hour was maintained with a gasoline consumption of eight gallons for the entire trip. This makes a remarkable mileage per gallon and gives his car, a 1912 model, an average of eighteen and seven-eighths miles per gallon. Mr. Gilbreath asserts that the engine is in perfect running order despite its two years of hard service and runs as smoothly as it did on its maiden trip from the Indianapolis factory.

AUTOS AID GOOD ROADS MOVE

Motor Car Industry Has Brought Into Being a New Science.

MAKES INDIVIDUAL PROBLEMS

Government Should Provide an Expert Who Has Studied and Become Familiar with the Conditions.

"The good roads movement, in reality an outgrowth of the automobile industry, has brought into being a new science," said Fred W. Warner, general sales manager of the Oakland Motor Car company.

"I say an outgrowth of the automobile industry advisedly, for were it not for the rapid development of motor cars, the good roads movement would never have obtained the impetus it has received. "The building of good roads is truly a science worthy of a distinguishing title and the builder of good roads is as much an engineer as the designer of a motor car."

"For every mile of road constructed there are individual problems to be solved. People have passed the stage of waiting for state appropriation and communities are building their own roads. But with this willingness on the part of individuals and communities, they have a right to demand that they be assisted by either state or national appropriation, for the benefits that accrue from good roads are not centered locally."

"And right here is where the science of road building comes in. The services of a specialist are required to advise where a brick or concrete road will best serve the purpose—the cost of maintaining a gravel road governed by local conditions, or the depreciation of asphalt—whether conditions will merit a heavy appropriation, etc."

"Here are problems which must be considered from an impartial business man's view point—problems which call for the judgment of a specialist. The least that the authorities can do is to provide a government expert—one who has made a study of the subject and is thoroughly conversant with conditions of farmers, provided for the guidance of farmers, but great sums are spent on forestry, but government interest in good roads is practically nil."

"The good roads movement has had a long, uphill fight, first in overcoming farmer prejudices, then in obtaining co-operation, and any man who is connected with automobile business should be sufficiently far sighted to foresee future benefits and to boost all he can."

A Brusle or Cut

Is rendered antiseptic by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, a sure remedy for sores, bruises, piles, eczema, etc. All druggists.—Advertisement.