

# The Busy Bees

**D**O the Busy Bees like to hike? This is one of the most enjoyable and health-giving pastimes and is gaining in popularity every day. This is an ideal time of the year to take advantage of it and many hiking expeditions have been formed, especially amongst the school set. Each day devotees of this fad may be seen tramping along the highways and country roads. Besides the exhilarating effect of the exercise, one gains very much from an observance of nature, as manifested away from the city, in sunset, birds, buds and trees.

No doubt the Busy Bees have noticed that for the last few weeks there have been printed each Sunday a poem written by a Busy Bee. I think it is good practice and a great deal of fun to see what you can do along this line. Try it and see.

This week first prize was awarded to Irene Hughes of the Blue Side; second prize to Kenneth McGill of the Red Side and honorable mention to Helen Hindley of the Red Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### Our Snowman

By Irene Hughes, Age 9 Years, Box 18, Gretna, Neb., Blue Side.

One Saturday afternoon my two sisters and I decided to make a snow man. So we wrapped ourselves good and warm and went outside.

We hunted until we found a good sized stump, then we packed snow lightly around it and started rolling snowballs. When we had rolled the snowballs to a good size we placed the larger one first on the stump and then the small one on top of that for a head. Then we placed sticks in the largest one for arms and placed a basket on one of them. On the end of each stick we put a glove filled with snow. There was much excitement when we went to fix the head. We all started to seek for things to complete it. In about five minutes we were all back with various articles of wearing apparel and a box of coal. We put coal for the eyes, nose and mouth, and put a stick in its mouth for a cigar. On his head we put a hat and around his neck we put a muffler. With a few other finishing touches our snow man was done.

We called all the folks to look at it and as the sun was good my oldest sister got her kodak and took a picture of it. We have the picture yet and it looks very funny.

(Second Prize.)

### Pioneer Days

By Kenneth McGill, Aged 13 Years, Teo-Kanah, Neb., Blue Side.

Grandpa and grandma Oberst, having come from the east to seek their fortune in Nebraska, had settled in a little log cabin near Deforia.

At this time Nebraska was mostly prairie land. Bands of Indians roamed over the land often badly frightening the settlers. One autumn night about the year 1871 grandpa had gone away to attend to some business. Mamma, grandma and mamma's brother were at home alone.

About 9 o'clock a spotted pony galloped up the road past the house to the water-trough. The dogs barked loudly and grandma thinking grandpa had returned stepped to the window and looked out. The rider dismounted and approached the house. Grandpa was very much frightened. He did not answer, but stood still and grinned. Grandpa said: "If you don't tell me what you want I will set the dogs on you." He did not answer and grandma said, "Sit him." Away went dogs, man and all to the corner. The man climbed the crib and the dogs kept him there till nearly morning. Grandpa did not sleep much that night. Although badly frightened, about the year 1871 grandpa had gone away to attend to some business and grandma still lives and can tell many stories of early days.

(Honorable Mention.)

### A Pleasant Trip

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

On a beautiful Sunday when the birds were chirping and the flowers were waving in the breeze we started for an excursion. We decided to go to Fontanelle, but went through Kennard and Arlington first.

After we had gone through Kennard we noticed the beautiful groves on all sides of us and the stream winding through the valleys.

Soon we came in sight of Arlington, which looked so beautiful as we came from the south. When we came to the Siskawagon river we stopped to rest, but soon went on. We saw the German church and we decided to go to see it. We stopped for water at school district No. 11. When it called session the bell rung loud and clear and sounded nice to hear. We went on until we were quite tired and stopped to pick some berries along the roadside. After riding a long time we stopped in front of Mr. Hartung's place and got out to see the old Fontanelle cemetery, where my great-grandmother and great uncles are buried. We then went on to Fontanelle, where Papa showed us the house in which he was born. Then we started for grandma's. On the way we saw the school where papa used to go. We reached there in time for dinner and started home at 4 o'clock, being tired, but having had a good time.

(Honorable Mention.)

### The Snowflakes

By Madona Mohney, Aged 9 Years, Edison, Neb., Red Side.

See the snowflakes softly falling,  
Gently from the sky,  
With the north wind loudly calling,  
"Come down to the earth and lie."

Floating like white winged birds,  
Softly dancing they go,  
And the people down here living  
Call them little flakes of snow.

We think they are cold and freezing,  
But yet we must not forget,  
That they are keeping warm and living  
The little flukes that are lying yet.

The snowflakes make a warm blanket  
For the little flukes that are lying yet,  
And they'll keep them nicely covered  
Until spring time of their birth.

(Honorable Mention.)

### Mary's Disobedience

By Amy Swanson, Aged 13 Years, 214 F Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Mary's mother had promised her that as soon as the ice on the lake had frozen hard enough she could go skating with her friend, Grace Winters.

One day Mary went to her mother and asked, "Mother, may I go skating this afternoon with Grace?"

"No," said her mother, "don't you see that the sun is shining and though the air is cold, the ice on the lake will not be strong enough to skate on." "If," said Mary to herself, "mother don't know, I'll go anyway."

So after dinner Mary told her mother

## Two Omaha Busy Bees



Anna Barnish and older sister.

### 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 coarse words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
7. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

she was going over to Grace's house to play. She took her skates with her. When she arrived at Grace's she asked Grace to go skating with her. "I must ask mother first," said she. Grace's mother said yes, not knowing the lake was not safe, and the two girls went off happily with their skates over their shoulders. Mary's conscience told her that she was doing wrong, but she did not listen to it.

When they arrived at the lake they quickly put on their skates and joined the other skaters.

Mary did not enjoy herself as much as she had thought she would though.

While she was trying a new step, she got too near a thin place in the ice and fell in with a loud splash.

Then followed an exciting moment in which Mary was pulled out sopping wet, and shivering with the cold. She was not hurt, only frightened. They piled coats on her and took her home. When she got there, her mother wrapped her in blankets, and put her in a big chair by the fire.

Then Mary said that she would never do anything her mother did not want her to again, for her mother always knew best, and she never has to this day.

Moral: Always mind your mother.

### February

Florence Rector, Age 11 Years, Columbus, Neb.

In the month of February many great things have happened. Four great men have been born.

The first man was George Washington, of whom we all know. He was born on February 22, 1732. He had an ordinary education but became a young man he studied surveying. Later in life he was made president of the United States, the first one the United States ever had. He was called "The Father of His Country." He died three days after riding about his farm in a snowstorm. He took a cold that killed him. He was one of the United States' greatest men, and his name will live for ages.

The second man was Abraham Lincoln. He was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809. Lincoln had a very ordinary education, but he was very willing to learn. He loved to read books. His father was provoked because he did not read less and worked more, but Abraham did work very hard. When he was 21 he left home to make his own way in the world. Lincoln was in favor of slave freedom, which helped him to be elected president. He hated to see negroes as slaves for white people. He was the sixteenth president of the United States. He died much for our country, and at a theater was shot by Booth. Lincoln's name will live for ages.

The third man was Henry W. Longfellow, a poet that we all have heard about. He was born in Portland, Me., on February 21, 1807. His education was fine. He loved children, flowers, birds, and made all of nature's things. He was born by a sea and loved to watch it strike and sparkle. He soon began to write poems, which made him famous all over the world. Some of his poems were as follows: "The Song of Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "Evangeline," "The Tide Rises and Falls," and "Christina," a poem in which he shows his love for children. When he died the world missed him very much.

The fourth one was James Russell Lowell, a poet. He was born on February 22, 1819. He started to write poems when very young and was made famous. His life was a very happy one. He came from a fine family. Some of his poems are as follows: "A Man's Life," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Bishop's Palace," and many others. When he died he was missed greatly.

### The Violet

By Genevieve Frick, Aged 13 Years, 601 T Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

All the flowers were meeting at the queen's palace to talk about what they were going to do about "King Frost," who was always killing flowers. They had sent many poor little flowers to the queen.

The queen said: "We will have to try once more. Which one will go?" All the flowers were quiet except the little violet, who came and knelt to the queen and said, "Oh, queen, I will go." All of the flowers cheered, but the violet remained silent.

All of the flowers started gathering pretty leaves and flowers and made them into wreaths.

Next day came and little violet set out on her journey.

At last she got to King Frost's palace. Oh! it was cold. Finally she was standing in front of the king. Violet fell on her knees and said, "Great king, don't turn me away. Take these flowers and promise to leave the flower kingdom alone and help us. As she spoke she wound the flowers on the king's head, but they died right away.

The king got angry and shut her up in a dark cellar to freeze, but day by day the light of violet grew stronger and warmer. The people told the king

of this and he released her. She went out in the garden and the trees which were standing there bare grew green and started their work. After a year of faithful work and practice he was rewarded by having his teacher say that he played very well.

summer. If you will agree to be regular I can pay you enough for lessons." Gladly Glen went home with him and started his work. After a year of faithful work and practice he was rewarded by having his teacher say that he played very well.

### Story of George Washington

By Anna L. Gloyer, Age 13 Years, Gretna, Neb., Blue Side.

George Washington was the hero of American independence and the first president of the United States.

He was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, in the year 1732 and died at Mount Vernon in 1799.

He was the great grandson of John Washington, an Englishman who immigrated in 1637.

His education was limited to the elementary subjects, but he acquired a fair knowledge of mathematics and surveying, chiefly by self study, and when his widowed mother prevailed upon him to abandon the idea of entering the British navy, he adopted surveying as a profession.

His military career commenced at the age of 19, when he was appointed adjutant general of the Virginia militia, and before long he showed in operations against the French that he united in an eminent degree the qualities belonging to a successful commander. In 1755 he accompanied General Braddock as a volunteer and was almost the only officer who returned safe from the disastrous expedition. In 1758 he took an important part in the expedition that captured Fort Duquesne, where Pittsburgh now stands.

In 1759 he married a wealthy young widow named Mrs. Martha Custis.

Shortly after the outbreak of the War of Independence Washington was elected commander-in-chief of the American forces and banded to the camp. He was compelled by superior forces at times to retreat, and reduced to the most desperate straits by disaffection, lack of men and supplies and even cabals against his authority; but by his mildness, calm courage, prudence, firmness and perseverance he brought the war, with the aid of powerful allies, to a close. He was a man who never wanted to receive money for deeds for his country.

George Washington was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

And in this fair country, nearly 100 years ago a hero was born.

Now, when a king's son is born, bells ring and flags fly and the soldiers are sung, flags float proudly over the city, and the roaring of cannon proclaims the good tidings.

But when Columbus was born there was no such rejoicing.

The tiny boy baby came to the simple cottage of a wool comber of Genoa, and nobody knew that a hero's life and just began. You must know, of course, that one does not become a hero all at once.

The people who lived in the time of Christopher Columbus thought that the earth was flat, like a plate.

"Of course, it is," said the wise men. "We can see it with our eyes. I have heard a man say that it was round," said a small boy, but the older people cried, "He is a fool! We have always known that the earth is flat. If it were round we should fall off, of course."

Christopher Columbus had heard what the people said.

He had studied with a man who believed that the earth was round. He studied and thought until he believed it, too.

By the time Columbus had grown to be a man the compass had been invented. Columbus said to himself, "I know that the earth is round. These people have traveled east to go to India. It is a long journey. I will say west and I believe I shall reach India by a far shorter way."

But nobody believed him. It was very hard to get money enough to go, and Columbus spent long weary years, walking from place to place, trying to make people believe as he did. Still he was patient and brave.

At last good Queen Isabella gave him money enough to buy three ships and sent him to sail with them to find the shorter way to India.

What a glad day for Columbus when he saw his three ships in the harbor. They were named the Pinta, the Nina and the Santa Maria.

The sun shone brightly, flags floated, bells rang and the people cheered when the ships sailed from the harbor of Palos.

The heart of Columbus swelled in his bosom. He knew he was beginning a wonderful journey. Day after day passed.

The little ships were alone on a wide sea. No land was in sight. The winds blew and the waves ran

back to my dear mother, when suddenly outside stood Monsieur Valtravers talking to the keeper. I trembled with fright. That villain, the cause of my father's death and now the pursuer of mine, and I a poor, weak lad of only 14. "Here, Pierre! take that boy to the stables," commanded the keeper to the driver. So off we went. Time was getting precious now, for if I was to make my escape I surely must plan it. Pierre drew up and stopped. I was trembling with fright now. Pierre jumped down, pulled back the doors and led the horses into a gloomy chamber with rather a musty odor in the air. I thought my escape better now, but how was I to get away? I was watching at the door for my chance when who should appear at the door but Monsieur Valtravers. What under heaven was he doing here? Did he know I was here? Pierre started to pitch the hay onto the floor. How could I get away? I was in despair. Suddenly taking my chance, on the spur of the moment, I sprang out of the wagon and right into Monsieur Valtravers' arms.

"Paul!" a loud voice called. "Paul!" he cried again. I was suddenly awake to find myself in my own little room with the morning light streaming in on the floor.

The Question.

By Mildred Jens, Aged 10 Years, 1303 Hayes Street, Columbus, Neb.

One time in a country school the teacher asked the children which one could tell a little about George Washington. She asked a little boy named Jim where Washington lived? He said, "On a farm." "What war did he fight in?" Jim put up his hand again. He said, "In the devotun war." The teacher said, "No, spell it." He spelled p-v-o-l-u-t-i-o-n-a-r-y war. "That is revolutionary war," said the teacher.

A Tale of an Old Shoe.

By Loretta Peterson, Aged 13 Years, 2277 Locust Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

I am only an old shoe lying forgotten on the floor of a little girl's bedroom. How I came to be here I will tell you. Out on a cattle ranch in Wyoming more than 1,000 cattle were grazing on green pasture land which was no doubt a most beautiful sight. One beautiful sunny day in the month of September about fifty men appeared with ropes over their shoulders and prepared for a day's chase. They first picked out a fat cow. "That ought to bring us a bit," said one of the men. "No doubt it will, said another, and at once the chase began. The cow was chased from corner to corner till at last it was so tired it lay by the side of the fence. Then the men ran up and tied its feet and dragged it to a stable which was nearby. The next thing was to get some more cattle so they returned and picked out 100 more who were in one corner of the pasture. They hurried before the cattle sighted them, and at once the 100 were also tied in the same manner as the first.

Now the sun was sinking in the golden west and the cowboys thought that their day's work was over. The next day was cloudless, and the cowboys prepared to ship the cattle to the packing house where they were killed and hung up to dry. From the packing house, the skin was sent to the tanner who dressed the leather, from the tanner, it was then sent to the large shoe factory where it was made into shoes with bright tips and nice black buttons. Then they were sent to one of the large department stores of Omaha Neb. They were placed in a large show case where millions of people came to visit them daily. One day a little girl, of not more than five winters, came to see us. "Oh! mother," she exclaimed, "there is just the kind of shoes I want." So her mother bought them. At first they were admired by everyone who saw them, but by and by they were kicked about, because Mary had received a new pair. My brother shoe was thrown away in the alley and I got me pretty soon. So this is how I came to be where I am.

Columbus.

By Bath Christianesen, Aged 13 Years, 2350 South Nineteenth, Omaha.

Far, far away across the sea lies the sunny land of Italy, with its gray olive trees and its fruitful vineyards.

And in this fair country, nearly 100 years ago a hero was born.

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# Their Own Page

## Public School Roll of Honor

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

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|--|---|---|--|
| <b>WINDSOR.</b><br>Eighth B. Anna Anderson.<br>Ninth B. Marion Coble.<br>Tenth B. George Goodland.<br>Eleventh B. Ethel Grant.<br>Twelfth B. Leo Irons.<br>Thirteenth B. Will Moss.<br>Fourteenth B. Will Nicholson.<br>Fifteenth B. Ralph Sutton.<br>Sixteenth B. Vincent Lake.<br>Seventeenth B. Fred Shields.<br>Eighteenth B. Mildred Stamer.<br>Nineteenth B. Harold Sutton.<br>Twentieth B. Paul Sutton. | <b>SIXTH B.</b><br>Margaret Anderson.<br>Anna Blank.<br>Harry Mandel.<br>Kenneth Moore.<br>Celia Ross.<br>Lester Benbenek.<br>William Davis.<br>Clarence Hoim.<br>Libby Minkin.<br>Lucile Osterhoff.<br>Ruth Quinby.<br>Irene Ender.<br>Helen Falconer.<br>Clifford Ludington.<br>Thelma Burrell.<br>Lorraine Christof.<br>Lillian Christensen.<br>Evelyn Haagen.<br>Daniel Hagen.<br>Olive Harvey.<br>Margaret Ollinger.<br>Walter Turpin.<br>Emily Radman.<br>Agnes Bang.<br>Homer Schiele.<br>Eather Sprakles.<br>Ralph Townsend.<br>Robert Wagner.<br>Margaret Ollinger.<br>Walter Turpin.<br>Emily Radman.<br>Agnes Bang.<br>Homer Schiele.<br>Eather Sprakles.<br>Ralph Townsend.<br>Robert Wagner. | <b>FIFTH B.</b><br>Helen Joy.<br>Anna Krupicka.<br>Ethel Laushman.<br>Vera Olson.<br>Percy Graser.<br>Anna Hagen.<br>Fourth A. Anton Stenkal.<br>Lucia Crew.<br>Hazel Wickenburg.<br>Emma Vejvoda.<br>Sylvia Gustafson.<br>Irene Grant.<br>Third B. Margaret Derek.<br>Gustaf Hill.<br>Lily Krepick.<br>Anton Ort.<br>Francis Torco.<br>Rose Steinhilber.<br>Lillian Christensen.<br>Victor Krull.<br>Mary Hansen.<br>Margaret sneckeb.<br>Wille Marklofer. | <b>CLIFTON HILL.</b><br>Sixth B. Helen Carter.<br>Ninth B. Nell Jessop.<br>Anna Rasmussen.<br>Louis Stangl.<br>Sixth A. Charles Boyden.<br>Winifred Drake.<br>James Gieger.<br>Alexander McKie.<br>Loren Smith.<br>Russell Sprague.<br>Ruth Woodward.<br>Eighth B. Vivian Boyce.<br>Carla Fischer.<br>Pearl Gamble.<br>Hazel Huston.<br>Harold Taylor.<br>Irene Timme.<br>Oscar Wittlake.<br>Everett Drake.<br>Lydia Fleisher.<br>Beatrice Jackson.<br>Third B. Marie Busse.<br>Donald Huston.<br>Rudolf Kirchner.<br>Martha Krup.<br>Elizabeth Pool.<br>Amy Stevenson.<br>Milton Peterson.<br>Mary Reed.<br>William Rupe.<br>Floren Westfall. |
|--|---|---|--|

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

The sailors were afraid and begged Columbus to turn back.

In the dark night they planned to throw Columbus overboard, and to turn their ships toward home.

But Columbus was not afraid. He talked with his men until they were quiet and promised to sail on for three days more.

One day passed; no land in sight. A second day; still no land. On the third morning, there came toward the ship, floating upon the water, a branch with red berries.

Hope rose in the fearful hearts.

Before night they heard the welcome cry, "Land! Land!"

What shouts rang through the air! What joy filled the heart of the brave Columbus!

A strange company of men crowded around Columbus and his sailors. They had copper-colored skins and straight black hair.

They had never seen white men before and they thought the ships were great birds. Columbus called the people Indians because he thought he had reached India.

After a few months Columbus went back to Spain, his ships laden with curious treasures. He carried some Indians with him to show what he had found.

There was great rejoicing when the three ships sailed again into the harbor of Palos. Then the people said, "Ah, the great Columbus was right after all."

They sang his praise everywhere.

Fred's Valentines.

By Emma E. Lindale, Aged 19 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.

There was once a little boy whose name was Fred Burns. On Valentine day he did not get a valentine from anyone, so he went home and cried about it. His mother said, "Where are the valentines you said the little boys were going to send you?" "I don't know, mamma," said Fred; "the little boys all said they would send me one," but they failed to do so. Valentine day came that year on Saturday and on Friday they were distributed in school. On that day Fred's mother arranged a surprise party for him and invited twenty little boys about his age. They each brought Fred a valentine, some of them quite expensive and altogether making the prettiest collection of valentines of any boy in school. It was a great surprise to him and his sorrow was quickly changed into joy.

Busy Bee Letter.

By Elizabeth Prince, Aged 7, Grand Island, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to join the Blue Side. Last summer I went to Hackensack, Minn., with my papa, mamma and two sisters. On the Fourth of July we went on the lake boat riding and got caught in a bad storm, and we nearly went down. Another day I caught a big fish. It was nice and cool up there, when it was so hot here.

My Visit to the Farm.

By Mildred Dawson, Aged 9 Years, 1314 North Thirty-third Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

When I was 5 years old my father and mother took me to the farm. In the barn was a big hayrack. Zedenna and Georgia and I went in the barn to play. There was a dog named Scott who played with us. Zedenna bit Scott's eyes and the rest of us would hide in the hay and Scott would come and find us and wag his tail.

One day my father went out in the fields to check oats. So after a while I went to find him. When I got to the field I could not find him. So I went on and on. I thought I was lost. I thought I would go back the same way

I came, but I decided not to because it was too far. I went until I came to the pig pen. There was a fence around it and I had to climb over it. The pigs were in the pasture, but they did not chase me. When I got to the house my grandma said never to go in the pig pen again because sometimes the pigs are cross and bit. When I got back to Omaha I was as lonesome for the farm.

Little Lame Ella.

By Eva Cunningham, Aged 13 Years, 1411 North Twenty-sixth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

There was once a little lame girl whose name was Ella. Ella had a little canine. This was her only pet. She loved her bird wonderfully. Ella was a cripple and had to be wheeled in a chair all about the house. She was able to catch hold of the large wheels of her chair and push herself about. Every day Ella would clean her bird's cage and dump the seed on the back porch so the sparrows could eat it. She would never put the seed in the coal bucket, for she thought it would be a sin to be so wicked as to leave the little birds starve when she had something to give them. After she would get through she would wheel her chair all around the house and watch the little birds eat it. After they had it all eaten her mother would set the canary on the table and set a dish of lukewarm water in the bird's cage and little Ella would watch him take a bath. When he was through Ella would watch him get into the swing