

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

**F**ATHER TIME is striking vacation days from the calendar without remorse, it seems, and but a few brief weeks remain in which Busy Bees may wind up their playtime. As the opening day of school approaches, it is a good time to compare it with the closing day of the school year—to sum up what you have accomplished during the long summer months and what the vacation has done for you.

Have you kept resolutions made the last day of school? Have you spent long hours in the open, playing in the sunshine the liveliest day, so as to be strong and healthy and ready for another year at school? Have the girls assisted their mothers in little household duties in order to save them a few steps, and have the boys resurrected the lawn mower and put it into action and swept the walks like dutiful sons? If you haven't, there are still a few weeks in which to redeem your resolutions.

The editor regrets that some of the Busy Bees are forgetting to observe the rule for this page which requires all contributions to be original. Indeed one Busy Bee from out in the state sent in a poem which was taken word for word from Miss Grace Sorenson's Every Child's Magazine. Remember not to send in letters or stories to the Busy Bee page unless you have written them without any assistance or reference to other books or magazines.

Don't forget the Busy Bee election, children. Votes for a new king, to be elected from the Red side, and a queen, who is to be chosen from the Blue side, will be received until the last day of the month. Send in your votes and the new king and queen will be announced the first Sunday in September. The new heads of the Busy Bee kingdom will reign until January 1, 1916.

This week the prize book was awarded to Darline Swanson of the Red side. Guy F. Shenk of the Red side and Florence Bennett of the Blue side won honorable mention.

## ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Minnie Isaacson

Photo by Skoglund.

Ellen be first, and she would not give up when she missed.

Her mother called her and asked: "Did you let Ellen be first?" "Yes, I did," said Mary.

"Did she, Ellen?" "No," was the reply. Mary was put to bed and did not get to go to the big picnic there was going to be. She was very sorry.

### New Busy Bee.

By Einar Corneer, Aged 7 Years, 3510 Valley Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am a new Busy Bee and would like to be on the Blue Side, for that is my favorite color. I am in the First B at school. I go to Windsor school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Howell. I read this page every week.

### Receives Prize Book.

By Dorothy Pally, 577 1/2 Second Street, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.

I received my book this morning and was so very glad to get it.

It is lovely and you could not have sent any book that I would have appreciated more. You may well believe I shall always keep it carefully. I thank you again and again for it.

### Sends Love to Busy Bees.

By Louise Cushing, Aged 10 Years, 404 1/2 N. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to you. May I join your page? My birthday is August 18. I will answer all the letters or cards the Busy Bees write to me.

Next time I will write a story. As my letter is getting long I will close. With love to all the Busy Bees.

### Teddy.

By Dorothy Young, Aged 7 Years, Ogallala, Neb., Red Side.

Teddy is our dog's name. He is a big dog. Teddy can jump five feet in the air and catch a ball in his mouth. I would like to join the Red Side.

### Busy Bee Rhymes.

By Helen Vais, Aged 13 Years, Clarkson, Neb., Red Side.

"Twas on a cold night,  
A sailor let his boat in fright;  
And quickly coming to the shore,  
No sooner got there than it started to pour.

He was just in time,  
To hear the clock strike nine;  
He saw the chicks upon the shore,  
And quickly ran under the neighboring shed.

It gave him much pain,  
To think that he was in the rain;  
But he was glad to think  
Quicker than you could blink,  
That he had a place of safety to go.

But soon the rain was over,  
And the rabbit jumped in the clover;  
And the sailor came out  
From his hiding place.

He soon reached home,  
Like the Venetian from Rome;  
His children crowded around him  
And started to sing—

"We're glad that papa's come home,  
But still he is not soaked to the bone,  
For the man from Rome,  
Who reached the dome."

**BABY ZEBRA, BORN IN ZOO**—A small bundle of stripes with lots of kick to it pranced all over the stall of Mrs. Kitty Zebra at the New York Central park zoo, to the delight of hundreds of children.



INFANT ZEBRA AND ITS MOTHER

## Charley Chaplin Has Nothing on This Lad While on the Playgrounds

The seven supervised play centers recently opened in the public parks have revealed new facets of juvenile precocity and other traits of the youngsters. Leaders have developed at these play centers, just as they do in the stern reality of life.

Miss E. Van Sant Jenkins, supervisor at the Bemis play center, discovered that Tommy Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Wilson, of 521 North Thirty-third street, is gifted with the pantomimic art. The lad is 11 years of age and is in the fifth grade at Webster school. He is thoroughly unconcerned in his antics and Miss Jenkins would not break the charm by telling the boy he is funny.

The supervisor believes Master Wilson could be a second Charley Chaplin if he tried. The lad's actions speak more than words. He is the life of the Bemis park playground. Every boy and girl knows him and delights to have him go through some of his quaint antics.

Tommy is undecided about becoming a real moving picture star. He knows about Charley Chaplin and thinks he is a live wire. Some of the Bemis park kids say Chaplin has nothing on Tommy Wilson when the latter is "cutting up."

Tommy is at his best, perhaps, when in a playground ball game. The ways he takes a slant on the ball and the manner in which he holds his bat would make fine film stuff. And while running the



Tommy Wilson

bases he can look backward without missing a step.

When it comes to facial expressions Tommy has Charley Chaplin. He looks like a bush leaguer.

## The Romance of Elaine

(Continued from Page Eight)

It was that I was holding in my hand, for he had seen the plan immediately.

"Can't we drive you back?" asked Elaine, quite forgetting our fears of Del Mar in the ugly predicament in which we just had been. "We've had trouble, but I guess we can get you back."

"Thank you," he said, forcing a smile. "I think anything would be an improvement on my ride here, and I'm sure you can do more than you claim."

He climbed up and sat on the floor of the register, his feet outside, and we drove off. At last we pulled up at Dodge Hall again.

"Won't you come in?" asked Elaine as we got out.

"Thank you, I believe I will for a few minutes," consented Del Mar, concealing his real eagerness to follow me. "I'm all shaken up."

As we entered the living room, I was thinking about the map. I opened a table drawer, hastily took the pian from my pocket and locked it in the drawer.

Elaine, meanwhile, was standing with a gasp, who was talking, but in reality she was silent.

A smile of satisfaction seemed to flit over his face as he saw what I had done and now knew where the paper was.

I turned to him. "How are you now?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm much better—all right," he answered. Then he looked at his watch. "I've a very important appointment, if you'll excuse me, I'll walk over to my place. Thank you again, Miss Dodge, ever so kindly."

He bowed and was gone.

Down the road past where we had turned, before a pretty little shingle house, the taxicab chauffeur stopped. One of the bullets had taken effect on him and his shoulder was bleeding. But the worst, as he seemed to think of it, was that another shot had given him a fat tire.

He jumped out and looked up the road whence he had come. No one was following. Still, he was worried. He went around to look at the tire. But he was too weak now from loss of blood. It had been nerve and reserve force that had carried him through. Now that the strain was off, he felt the reaction to the fall.

Just then the doctor and his driver, whom the valet had already summoned to Del Mar's, came speeding down the road. The doctor saw the chauffeur fall in a half faint, stopped his car and ran to him. The chauffeur had kept up as long as he could. He had now sunk down beside his machine in the road with a heavy thud.

A moment later they picked him up and carried him into the house. There was no acting about the hurts now. In the house they laid the man down on a couch and the doctor made a hasty examination.

"How is he?" asked one of the kind Samaritans.

"The wound is not dangerous," replied the physician, "but he's lost a lot of blood. He cannot be moved for some time yet."

We talked about nothing else at Dodge Hall after dressing for dinner but the strange events over at Del Mar's and what had followed. The more I thought about it the more it seemed to me that we would never be left over night in peaceful possession of the plan which both Elaine and I decided upon on the following day to be sent to Washington.

Accordingly I nudged my brain for some method of protecting both ourselves and it. The only thing I could think of was a scheme once adopted by Kennedy in another case. How I longed for him. But I had to do my best alone.

I had a small quick snorter camera that had belonged to Craig, and just as we were about to retire, I brought it into the living room with a package I had had sent up from the village.

"What are you going to do?" asked Elaine curiously.

I assumed an air of mystery, but did not say, for I was not sure but that even now someone was eavesdropping. It was not late, but the country air made us all sleepy, and Aunt Josephine, looking at the clock, soon announced that she was going to retire.

She had no sooner said good night than Elaine began again to question me. But I had determined not to tell her what I was doing, for if my imitation of Kennedy failed, I knew that she would laugh at me.

"Oh, very well," she said finally in a quiet tone. "Then, if you're going to be so secret about it, you can sit up alone—there!"

She denounced me to bed. Sure as I could be at last that I was alone, I opened the package. There were the tools that I had ordered, a coil of wire and some dry cells. Then I went to the table, unlocked the drawer and put the pian in my pocket. I had determined that whether the idea worked or not, no one was to get the plan except by overcoming me.

Although I was no expert at wiring, I

started to make the connections under the table with the drawer, not a very difficult thing to do as long as it was to be only temporary and for the night. From the table I ran the wires along the edge of the carpet until I came to the bookcase. There, masked by the books, I placed the little quick snorter camera and at a distance also concealed the flash light pan.

Next I aimed the camera carefully and found it on a point above the drawer in the writing table where anyone would be likely to stand if he attempted to open it. Then I connected the shutter of the camera and a little spark coil in the flash pan with the wires, using an apparatus to work the shutter such as I recalled having seen Craig use. Finally I covered the sparking device with the flashlight powder, gave a last look about and snapped off the light.

Then I lay down on the bed with my clothes on and picked up a book, determined to keep awake to see if anything happened. It was a good book, but I was tired and in spite of myself I nodded over it, and then dropped it.

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In his bungalow, Del Mar was that night gone back again to New York and Washington. Del Mar was preparing to keep the important engagement he had told us about, another of his nefarious nocturnal expeditions.

He drew a cap on his head, well over his ears and forehead. His eyes and face he concealed as well as he could with a mask he put on later. To his equipment he added a gun. Then with a heavy word or two to his valet, he went out.

By back ways, so that even in the glare of automobile headlights he would not be recognized, he made his way to Dodge Hall. As he saw the house looming up in the moonlight he put on his mask and approached cautiously. Gaining the house, he opened a window, noiselessly turning the catch as deftly as a housebreaker, and climbed into the living room.

A moment he looked around, then, tipped over to the table. He looked at it to be sure that it was the right one and the right drawer. Then he bent down to force the drawer open.

"Puff!" a blinding flash came and a little metallic click of the shutter, followed by a cloud of smoke.

As quick as it happened, there went through Del Mar's head the explanation. It was a concealed camera. He sprang back, clapping his hands over his face. Out of range for a moment, he stood gazing about the room, trying to locate the thing.

Suddenly he heard footsteps. He dived through the window that he had opened, just as someone ran in and switched on the lights.

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Half asleep, I heard a muffled explosion, as if of a flashlight. I started up and listened. Surely someone was moving about downstairs. I pulled my gun from my pocket and ran out of the room. Down the steps I flung myself, two at a time.

In the living room, I switched on the lights in time to see someone disappear through an open window. I ran to the window and looked out. There was a man half doubled up, running around the side of the house and into a clump of bushes, then apparently lost. I shot out of the window and called.

My only answer was an imprecation, and a return volley that shattered the glass above my head. I ducked hastily and fell flat on the floor, for in the light streaming out, I must have been a good mark.

I was not the only person who had heard the noise. The shots quickly awakened Elaine and she leaped out of bed and ran to her room. Then she lighted the lights and ran downstairs.

"The intruder had disappeared by this time and I had got up and was peering out of the window as she came breathlessly into the living room.

"What's the matter, Walter?" she asked.

"Someone broke into the house after those plans," I replied. "He escaped, but I got his picture. I think, by this device of Kennedy's. Let's go into a dark room and develop it."

There was no use trying to follow the man further. To Elaine's inquiry of what I meant, I replied by merely going over to the spot where I had hidden the camera and disconnecting it.

We went upstairs where I had rigged up an impromptu dark room for my amateur photographic work some days before. Elaine watched me closely. At last I found that I had developed something. As I drew the film through the

## Stories of Nebraska History

(By special permission of the author. The Bee will publish chapters from the history of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

**Logan Fontenelle**

When the white men first came to Nebraska to live, a hundred years ago, they found Indians everywhere. The Omaha Indians lived a little way from where the city of Omaha is located. One of the white men, named Lucien Fontenelle, who came up the river from St. Louis to hunt and trade with the Indians for furs, built a log cabin on the bank of the Missouri river near the Omaha Indian village. He hunted and traded many years. He visited the Omaha Indians very often, and after a time he took an Omaha girl for his wife. They lived for many years more in the log cabin near the river bank. They had four children, who grew up tall and strong and spoke two languages—one the Indian language, which their mother knew, and the other the French language, for their father was a Frenchman. They played all the summer long under the shade of the great trees which grew on the bank of the big river. Sometimes they went with their mother's Indian people away across the prairie to hunt buffaloes. Such sport as they had on these hunts! In the fall they always came back to their home in the log cabin by the big river.

One of the boys was named Logan by his father. He grew to be a very brave and handsome boy. He learned to speak English besides French and Omaha. When one of the old chiefs died, Logan, who was then a very young man, was made chief in his place. He was the first Indian chief in our state who could talk with the white men just as well as a white man and with the Indians just as well as an Indian.

In 1854 when more white men began to come across the big river and wanted to buy part of the Indian land, Logan

went to Washington with the other Indian chiefs, who were not able to talk in the white man's tongue, and helped them to get as much for their land as they could.

The Omaha Indians and the white men were always at peace, but there was war between the Sioux and the Omahas.

In the summer of 1855 the Omaha Indians left their village by the big river to go out west to hunt buffalo. They went along the Ekhorn river for two or three days and then crossed the prairie toward the Platte. They were in what is now Boone county when the Sioux Indians suddenly came over the hills to fight. Then the Omaha women and children ran back to camp as fast as they could, while Logan and several other Omaha Indians went out to fight the Sioux. Logan had a fine, new double-barreled rifle of which he was very proud. It would shoot a great deal farther than any other gun in the Omaha tribe. The Sioux had not seen a rifle that shot twice without loading and so were much surprised when they found what Logan's gun would do. Perhaps this is what cost Logan his life. He rode boldly out toward the Sioux and when they charged him he did not retreat, but kept on shooting. Five or six of them mounted on their ponies and made a rush at him. He killed three, but the others came on and shot and scalped him.

Then there was great sorrow in the camp of the Omahas. They gave up their buffalo hunt and sewed the body of Logan in an elk skin and brought it on two ponies all the way back to the Missouri river. On the top of a little hill between Omaha and Bellevue, from which one can look a long way up and down the river, they dug a grave and buried him. All the white men came to the funeral and were sad. All the Indians cried and mourned for many days. His grave is near the little tree which you can see in the picture.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

**Putting Chickens to Bed.**

By Darline Swanson, Aged 8 Years, Forty-eighth and W streets, South Side, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a story named "Putting the Chickens to Bed." One would naturally suppose that chickens would know when to go to bed, but what is a chicken to do if it is suddenly taken from the state of Washington to Alaska, where the nights are only one or two hours long. It would be 10 or 11 o'clock, and if he arises at sunrise he would be 2 or 3 o'clock. The result is he would be liable to die from lack of sleep.

A friend of mine had some chickens in her Alaska home, and had some others shipped from Seattle. The first evening the Seattle chickens kept roaming around by the light of the sun until about 10 o'clock and did this for two or three evenings. Finally their owner had to put them in their coop and shut the door at a very much earlier hour, until they had accustomed themselves to the long days. Later they seemed to appreciate the unusually long, bright evenings, but retired with the other chickens at a reasonable hour.

**The Cruel Sparrow.**

(Honorable Mention.)

By Nebraska City, Neb., Florence Bennett, age 10 years, 1216 Corso, Blue Side.

Well, Busy Bees, I have read so many stories about the birds, I will tell you one myself.

One day the people next door were washing their car and the little boy and I were looking at the car and fooling in the water when we heard something fall from the tree. So we went on the other side of the car to see what it was. There it was a little baby robin.

I picked it up and looked at it. Its eyes had been picked. We looked up at the nest just in time to see a sparrow throw another bird out. Oh, how sorry we were to see this, but could not help it. When the other bird fell, it was still alive so we got a lot of nice soft cotton and a woolen rag and were going to try and save its life. It lived one day and then died. Then we buried them both. We got some nicely shaped rocks for tombstones and put flowers on their graves.

**Successful Gardener.**

By Mary Greason, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.

I am going to write about my flower garden.

Last spring my mother gave me a patch of land eight feet by ten feet.

I dug it up with a spade, and then took a rake to get all the lumps out. After I had raked it, I bought the following seeds: Four-o'clocks, sweet peas, daisies, pinks, carnations, moss roses and hollyhocks.

They all grew very well and I have a very nice flower garden. I also received several slips of flowers from a girl who writes to this happy page. Now I wish all you Busy Bees would plan to make a garden for next summer.

I always wanted a camera, so badly and now I have one. The camera which I have takes pictures 2 1/2x3 1/4. The first pictures we took were very good, but of the second batch only five were good. I am going to send my picture in some time.

**Mary Is Punished.**

By Edda Corneer, Aged 11 Years, 3510 Valley Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Mary was a selfish girl, but Ellen was not. One day Ellen came to play with Mary. They were going to play jacks.

Mary said, "First." Her mother told her "You must let Ellen be first." "All right," replied Mary. But when they came out to play Mary would not let

**Appeal for Busy Bee.**

By Berta Stead, Aged 11 Years, Missouri Valley, Ia., R. R. 2, Blue Side.

I received tatting patterns from Fern Peterson, Bernice Wolf, Neva Wilson and Belle Robinson. I thank them all very much.

Bernice Wolf is paralyzed. If any of the Busy Bees have time, I wish they would write her a letter. I am sure she would be very happy to receive them. Soon school will begin. Are you Busy Bees glad or sad?

If any of the Busy Bees need help, I will gladly help them if I can. Please do not forget to write to Bernice Wolf. Just think how you would like to sit still all day while other children are at play out of doors. Her address is, Miss Bernice Wolf, Pierce, Neb., care of Joe Wolf, R. F. D. No. 1.

**Our Pet Rabbits.**

By Marjorie Stiles, Aged 9 Years, Clay Center, Neb., Red Side.

Where we lived last summer we kept some rabbits and we had a little friend who kept rabbits, too. But very seldom my little sister Pauline and I missed seeing her every day, so whenever she came over we played with our rabbits and had great fun. The ones that Inez, Pauline and I wanted were the white and the black ones. We enjoyed playing with them very much, but pretty soon we moved into another house and did not have so much fun, and we sold all our rabbits, and then Inez moved to Lincoln and I have not seen or heard of her since. My story is getting pretty long now, so I think I had better close. Good-bye.

**The Accident.**

By Earl Rabbitt, Aged 15 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb., Red Side.

One night about 6 o'clock when Freddie went after the mail he met a tall, broad-shouldered man with a bicycle. At the man's side was Max Atwell, the "gang" leader. The man said, "Say, boy, can you ride a bicycle?" Having yes for an an-

swer, the man asked Freddie to take a note to Mr. Blackstone. Freddie said he would and putting the note in his pocket he started out with the man's bicycle. It was dark when he reached the outer part of town. So dark was it that he could not see clearly. Suddenly he stopped. He had run into a large bump that the wheel would not go over and was thrown several feet ahead. He struck on his head and lost consciousness. When he came to a crowd was gathered about. He felt for the note and it was not there. On seeing "Atty" in the crowd he knew why.

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Stuck on the Bar.

A Hiram correspondent says that the news department refuses to report a speech recently delivered in his town, and he appeals to us to give it a place in our columns. We'll do just that for him. He was quoting earnestly "Tennyson's beautiful poem, Crossing the Bar," and he got one of the lines this way:

"And may there be no marring of the bone, when I put out to sea."

"That isn't what I meant to say," replied the speaker in confusion. "I should have said:

"And may there be no marring of the bone, when I put out to sea."

"There won't be if you're careful to jump over the board," chuckled his irreverent auditor. And the speaker gave it up—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Excursion Methods.

"Have you got everything packed in below that you can get in?"

"Yes, sir."

"And in every inch of room on the decks taken up by passengers?"

"It is."

"Oh," exclaimed the director of the steamship company with satisfaction. "Now cast off and let's see if she'll float."—Syracuse Herald.

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