

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

"HUMANITY" is being observed all over the country today as a fitting climax to "Be Kind to Animals Week," which was inaugurated last week. These two institutions were inaugurated this year by the American Humane association, which, for some weeks, has been urging a special campaign of humane education in the schools and from the pulpit.

The object of this observance is to secure one Sunday in the year to be set apart for special services, calling attention to the need of protection for suffering and helpless children, and also unfortunate animals; the same to be accompanied by a week of special observances designed to advance the cause of animal protection and universal kindness.

The question has been asked: "Why should one Sunday in the year be devoted to the special consideration of mercy and kindness in the treatment of God's helpless creatures—suffering little children and abused animals?"

It is because they are sometimes victims of broadcast cruelty and ill treatment and because they are dumb and defenseless.

The Busy Bees are urged to take it upon themselves to observe "Be Kind to Animals" all the year round and to spread its practice among all their little playfellows. I am sure that most Busy Bees love their little pets too much to harm them ever, but they sometimes feel warranted in tormenting a stray cat or dog or even in pursuing birds with sling shots and robbing birds' nests. Each one of these is a crime, and I hope Busy Bees will do their utmost to abate the habits.

This week first prize was awarded to Clarence M. Reed of the Red Side; second prize to Gladys Prieze of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Edith Weir of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.

The Wolf Hunt.
By Clarence M. Reed, Aged 11 Years, Wynora, Neb., Red Side.

One day in March about 100 men got up a wolf hunt. They had seen some wolves before, so they thought they would have some sport and at the same time rid themselves of the pests. There was some snow on the ground and the air was quite chilly.

I asked my father and mother if I could go. They said I couldn't because I might get hurt. I had a cry over that.

After papa had left, mamma told me to go after the cows. I got in the pasture and saw the men. I thought I would go over. Mother wouldn't know anything about it and I could keep away from father. I went over and when I got there I saw a boy I knew. I moved out more in the center of the ring and waved at him. Just as I waved a man shot at a rabbit. The bullet hit my hand. The men carried me home with a bullet in my finger.



I was a frightened, but wiser boy. I guess father and mother were right and I should not have disobeyed.

Popping Corn

By Gladys Prieze, Aged 13 Years, Graceville, Minn., Blue Side.

Do you know what makes corn turn white when you pop it? The next time you pop corn cut one of the raw kernels open with a large knife. You will see that the corn is yellow out side and white inside. You will see that in each kernel there is a tiny round hole. Perhaps you think that little hole is empty. It is not. That little hole is filled with air.

When the corn is put over the fire, the air becomes hotter and hotter. The heat also makes it get larger. At last the air gets so large that the little kernel cannot hold it. It bursts the kernel open and turns it inside out, so that we can see the pretty white lining.

Honorable Mention

The Doll Camp.

By Edith Weir, Aged 10 Years, 312 Dodge Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

In the lot next door we built a park and camp for our lady dolls.

It is all surrounded with stones. We have a pond in the park and another in the camping grounds, for bathing. We transplanted a small locust tree and planted some grass last year. They have both come up fine.

We put up five tents and have another one to put up. In the park we have a path made out of little pebbles. We have some roads in it, too. The path made out of pebbles leads up to a pile of rocks with a funny stone on top. It is supposed to be a mountain. We let our dolls sleep in it for the first time tonight.

Our White Kittens.

By Florence Seward, Aged 9 Years, 220 North Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

We have two white kittens. One is named Founy, and the other is a kiddy named Fleecy. Fleecy and Founy get along very well. We had Fleecy first. Our friend, Georgia Reals, came to our house bringing a little white kiddy. She thought it was Fleecy, so that is why she brought it up. "It can't be ours," my grandmother said. "Fleecy is upstairs." Well, we took it in and kept it. After a while Fleecy got along with the strange cat. We named it Founy because we found it. Fleecy talks with it and they will kiss each other when nobody is looking. They play tag with me, too. At night time they will get into bed with me and snore to sleep. We have some got them. Whenever a poor cat comes around we feed it, as we never could see a cat starve.

Country Versus City.

By Ruby A. Kenyon, Aged 12 Years, Columbus, Neb., Red Side.

I would rather live in the country than in the city, because I think that you get more fresh air in the country than you in the crowded city, with dust flying all-around. Then you can have your own butter, eggs, milk, meats and grain, and you will know whether they are clean or not.

"May."

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

May is called the month of flowers. This month children will hang May baskets, pick the fragrant flowers and best of all watch the birds build their nests. Soon school will be out and the kiddies will be hunting flowers, having picnics in the woods and wading in the water.

Some children will probably go to the seashore and in the country to visit grandma and grandpa, aunt and uncle and cousins.

I love this month of May because we will have the May day festival.

A Play for Peace.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 11 Years, 223 Cuming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The war has been going on for a very long time. We also see our parents do not do very much to stop this. They

are very busy in selling the war materials to Europe. Therefore we still have war.

I would like to ask them how they would feel to be in Europe. Also having all their friends and relatives killed.

Stop selling the war materials. I ask of you to tell your parents about this. The reason is that many men, women and children are killed during the war. The father leaves his wife and children and goes to war never to return. The mother of the children has to work very hard to feed them. Sometimes there is nothing for her to do and, therefore, they die of hunger.

We do not need or want the war. We people are all alike and ought to live in freedom.

Ned Travels About World.

By Maurice Fleischman, 1424 North Seventeenth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

One day when Ned was playing in the yard a man came by and asked him if he wanted a city job. Ned answered: "Yes, if my mother will let me." So Ned ran with great excitement to his mother. "May I work on a city job?" "Yes, my dear, you may." So Ned ran to the man and said: "Yes, I may; my mother said so." "Well, come with me," said the man. Then Ned took his hat and coat and walked down to town. There he saw a big factory and they walked in. Then he went into an office and then the boss said: "Is this an honest boy?" "Yes," said the man. "Tell him to come tomorrow at 8 o'clock." "All right," said Ned, going out of the door as happy as he could be. He ran home to his mother. His mother was quite happy and told him to go to bed. The next day he got up and went to the office. There he found the man waiting for him. Then the man said: "Will you be a traveling agent and travel around the world?" "Oh, yes," cried Ned. "Yes," he went to China and saw all the beautiful things and then he went to Niagara Falls.

Grace and John.

By Dolly Hepe, Aged 10 Years, Scotia, Neb., Blue Side.

My papa takes The Omaha Sunday Bee. On Sunday I go up and get The Omaha Sunday Bee, and then when I get home with it I take it and get the stories out of it. I got so interested in them I thought I would join. I will now tell you about Grace and John.

Grace is about 13 years old and John is about 11 years old. One day John and Grace came to school. Grace fell down and broke her arm. Grace went home and she didn't get to come back to school until about a month or two.

I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Stotzel. I like her.

Letter from Queen.

By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 11 Years, Chapman, Neb., Blue Side.

I thank you very much for the book you sent me, but as I am reading another I have not begun it yet. I am sure it will be very interesting.

I am very interested in the Busy Bee page, and my first story was written when I was four years old. Now I am 11 and in the sixth grade of school. Next year I will be in the seventh. Our school is out May 25.

We had a large fire in our town Tues-

Enjoys Children's Page.

By Genevieve Gonting, Aged 12 Years, Imogene, Ia., Blue Side.

This is the first time I ever wrote to The Bee. My father takes the paper and I enjoy reading the children's page very much. I live on a farm. I am in the Eighth grade at school. I have one brother and one sister. I hope to see my letter in print. I would like to join the Blue Side. I will answer all letters I receive.

Flower Hunting.

By Ruby Russell, Aged 11 Years, South Aurora, Neb., Red Side.

One Saturday in May we had school, as we had lost one day in the winter. At noon we ate our dinner and went to the woods, about a half mile from the school-house. We gathered flowers all afternoon until about 3 o'clock. We gathered many different kinds. Our teacher went with us. After we found all we could, we went back to the school house. We put the flowers in vases and studied the rest

day. It burned two stores, the restaurant and one house to the ground. There were all frame buildings, but the flames never checked at the brick house built by us. My papa and the other men had to work very hard to put out the fire for we have no fire department. If there had been a wind the whole town would have gone.

Grace's Garden.

By Mary E. Grevson, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.

Grace Mason was a little girl who had once lived in the United States, but now was in Sweden. She had spent four years in America and five in Sweden. Her parents were hardworking people, and it was very hard for Grace to go to school. She lived about two miles from town on a small farm. She wanted to earn some money and to give it to her mother and father. So she asked an old lady, and the old lady said: "Ask your father for a small tract of land, and don't tell him you are going to make a garden." Grace thanked the old lady for her advice.

So the next day Grace asked her father, and her father gave it to her without asking any questions.

Grace was soon very busy making her garden. She planted very many flowers and vegetables. She kept her garden clean, and never let a weed grow. In about two weeks her vegetables were very large and she sold many of them. Most of all she sold some beautiful flowers. It was near her father's birthday, so she planned to give all the money to him. So the day before her father's birthday she bought a pair of shoes and put the money in them and put them under his bed.

The next day she told her father that a mouse was under the bed, and her father looked and he saw a large box, and it said, "To Papa from Grace." Her father was overjoyed to see it and thanked her very much. She then told him how she got the money.

Greedy Tom.

By Agnes F. Shunka, Aged 12 Years, Schuyler, Neb., R. F. D. No. 3, Box 70, Red Side.

Tom was given a piece of nice plum cake by his mother, who said, "Give some to your sister, Tom." But greedy Tom went away to the barn and climbed into the haymow to eat the treat himself. "There isn't enough for me and Lucy, too," said he.

As he was thinking how good it would taste, he fell fast asleep. A rooster came and pecked near him, spied the cake and quickly made way with it, and still Tom slept on.

When he awoke, no cake was in his hand, and he thought he had eaten it, but then remembered he had not.

Finally there, in the corner, he discovered the rooster swallowing the last morsel of cake. Tom ran to him. The rooster hopped to the ground and Tom after him. The rooster scampered out into the yard and Tom, too. Here he was met by Lucy, who held in her hand a piece of plum cake.

"Tom, Tom, stop a minute," she called. "Well, what is it," said Tom.

"I want to give you a piece of my cake. Mamma gave it to me a minute ago, and I want you to have some."

Then was not greedy Tom ashamed of himself? Ah, yes indeed!

Notes Habits of Birds.

By Helen Vais, Aged 12 Years, Clarkson, Neb., Red Side.

I thank you for the book you sent me. I read it through and it is very interesting.

One warm day in the afternoon as we were seated in the room we heard something chirping. We looked and there—what do you think we saw?

Two birds were sitting on the window-sill, chirping very loudly. First they looked into the room and then out. I think they were trying to examine the children. I thought this very funny.

A robin has built his nest in a high tree. It is seen from the hall. There were blue eggs in the nest, but now there are little birds. I think it is interesting to watch birds' habits.

My birthday comes May 4.

Letter from the Queen.

By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 11 Years, Chapman, Neb., Blue Side.

I thank you all very much for making me queen, and I hope to do my duty by sending in interesting stories as often as I can.

I hope every one of the girls will get to be queen some time.

When I looked in the Sunday paper and saw that I was queen I was very much surprised and pleased.

I hope to see my next chapter of "Black Beauty and Ginner" in print before long, and I hope that all of the Busy Bees are enjoying it, for I try to make it interesting.

I thank you all again for making me queen.

Marie Rosa Bonheur.

By Mary E. Fisher, Aged 10 Years, 3094 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

As no Busy Bees have written about Rosa Bonheur, I am going to write about her.

Marie Rosa Bonheur was a French artist and painter of animals. She was born October 22, 1822.

Her father, who was a drawing teacher, gave her careful training at an early age. But it was mainly her own study and love for the animals that made her a genius.

When she was only 13 years old she exhibited two pictures, "Goats and Sheep" and "Two Rabbits."

One of her most famous pictures is "The Horse Fair."

She died May 25, 1889.

OREGON TRAIL MARKER unveiled at crossing of Oregon trail and the "Meridian" north and south auto route, in Thayer county, by citizens of Hebron.



of the afternoon. We all had a good time and I wish all the Busy Bees could have been along. After school was out we took some flowers home.

Attends School Picnic.

By Luella Gibson, Aged 11 Years, Clark, Neb., R. F. D. No. 4, Red Side.

I read the Busy Bees' page every Sunday. Now I am going to tell you about our school picnic. We all took our dinners and met another school at a neighbor's place at 12 o'clock. We ate our dinners. Then about 2 o'clock we had a program. I spoke one piece, sang one song with a neighbor's girl, and was in the dialogue. Then the whole school sang a song. After the program we swung a while in a rope swing and about 4 o'clock we went home. We all said that we had a nice time. I hope my story will be in print.

First Annual Peony Prize Exhibition.

"The flower for the million and for the millionaire." Open to all having pink or white peonies of their own raising.

The exhibition will be held by the Garden Contest Committee of the Omaha Civic League, in the rotunda of the new county court house, Saturday, May 29, 1915, between the hours of 10:30 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Prizes are offered for the finest blossoms exhibited in the following classes:

Amateur.
\$5.00 for the best pink peony.
\$3.00 for the second best pink peony.
\$2.00 for the third best pink peony.
One choice peony root for each of the ten next best, to which honorable mention will be awarded.

Professional. \$5.00 for the best pink peony.
Special. \$5.00 for the best white peony exhibited by either amateur or professional. This prize is the gift of an interested citizen.

Condition: color, size, form and fragrance will be given equal consideration by the jury in making its awards.

The special committee having charge of the exhibition will act as the jury, and is composed of the following persons: R. C. Peters (Chairman), Mrs. Arthur C. Smith, Mrs. Lorraine Childs, Mrs. Victor Caldwell, Mrs. Theodore R. Ringwalt, Mr. George B. Prinz, Mrs. L. F. Crofoot, Mrs. John Baldwin, Mrs. F. P. Kirkendall, Mrs. Warren S. Blackwell, Mr. C. W. Hamilton.

The following young women, members of the four regular Visiting Committees, will assist in receiving and arranging the exhibits: Miss Ethel Holmquist, Miss Gretchen McConnell, Miss Gladys Peters, Miss Lucile Bacon, Miss Catherine Thummel, Miss Daphne Peters, Miss Harriet H. Smith, Miss Helen Scobie.

Exhibition Rules.

Each exhibitor may send as many specimens as he or she chooses.

Each blossom must be clearly labeled with name and address of exhibitor.

All blossoms exhibited are to be the property of the committee in charge and are to be used for soldiers' graves, distributed free to hospitals or other worthy recipients at the committee's discretion.

All exhibits must be delivered in the rotunda of the new court house Saturday, May 29, between the hours of 7:30 a. m. and 10 a. m.

The prize winners will be published in the Sunday newspapers.

Awards will be made during the day and the winners plainly marked.

Peony day and the annual prize exhibit are intended to be permanent Civic League fixtures, and it is hoped to make the Pink Peony Omaha's emblem flower by popular choice.

To help in this work all residents of Omaha, or its suburbs or neighboring towns, are urged to enter their best pink and white peony blossoms in this contest, and on "Peony Day" each year following, and to buy and plant pink peony roots and to urge their neighbors and friends to do the same.

The Civic League urges everyone to help who wants Omaha to be better, cleaner and more beautiful.

The Civic League acknowledges with gratitude the courtesy of the commissioners of Douglas county in offering the use of the court house rotunda for this exhibition.

Stories of Nebraska History

By A. E. SHELDON

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

Manuel Lisa

PART II.
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

Manuel Lisa was the first white farmer in Nebraska. He had a hundred men in his employ, and around each of his seats he had a small farm with cabins for the Indians. He had hundreds of horses, cattle, hogs and fowls. He brought to Nebraska the seed of the great squash, the lima bean, the potato and the turnip and gave them to the Indian tribes. Ever since that time these vegetables have been grown by the Nebraska Indians, and the great field squash, which Lisa said he had seen weighing 160 pounds, grown from the seed he brought here, has always been a favorite in the Indian gardens.

There is a story of romance and sorrow connected with Lisa's family. When he first came to Nebraska he had a white wife in St. Louis. After a while he married an Omaha Indian girl, telling her people he had another wife down the river. Among the Indians it was common for a man to have more than one wife, and the early Indian traders very often married a wife in each tribe where they traded in order to make friends and help their business. While Lisa was gone to St. Louis a daughter was born to him in Nebraska. The Indian mother was very proud of her little girl, and when the time came for Lisa to return she took her baby every day down to the river and watched all day long for her husband's boat in order to be the first to meet him and show him their child. When he came the baby was named Rosalie. The next year a son was born to Lisa and his Indian wife. He was named Raymond.

When Rosalie was 2 years old her father wished to take her with him to St. Louis to be brought up and to go to school among the white people. The mother was very unwilling to let her go and was wild with grief when the boat with the little girl and her father passed out of sight down the river. This was in the summer of 1817. That fall Lisa's first wife died, and on August 5, 1818, he was married in St. Louis to Mary Hempstead Keeny. She was a charming woman, very much loved by all who knew her. At this time the United States was about to send an exploring party with soldiers up the Missouri on the first steamboats ever used on that river. The soldiers were to winter in Nebraska. When Lisa knew this he planned to have his white wife go up the river and spend the winter at Fort Lisa, helping to entertain the officers and making friends to secure trade, for Lisa was always thinking of more trade. She did so and was the first white woman to come to Nebraska, with the possible exception of Madam LaJolie in 1776.

Lisa sent word to Fort Lisa to have his Indian wife given presents and told to keep away from the fort while his white wife was there. Mitan, as the Indian wife was called, did so for a time, but at last came in with her little boy, Raymond. During Lisa's long stay in St. Louis the

Indian mother was working one day, with other squaws, in a garden near the fort. The Sioux came suddenly upon them. The other women ran at once, Little Raymond was strapped to his cradle board resting against a tree. His mother rushed through the Sioux, seized her baby and ran for the fort. The Sioux were close upon her when near the fort, so she threw baby, board and all, over the wall, receiving a wound and risking her own life to save the child. When Lisa heard her story he praised the mother, petted the boy and gave them, both presents, telling the mother to go back to her people.

The next year, 1828, Lisa was preparing to go down the river in St. Louis. He sent for Mitan and told her that Raymond, who was then 4 years old, must go with him to be educated. The mother quickly seized her boy, ran to the river, sprang in a boat and rowed to the other side. She stayed out in the woods that night. In the morning she came back and gave the child to his father, saying that she knew it was better for him to learn the white man's way. She begged Lisa to take her with him. She would live in any little corner that he would provide for her and make no trouble if only she might see her children now and then. Lisa would not agree to this, but offered her many presents if she would return to her tribe. The poor Indian mother broke into tears, saying that their marriage was for life, that she could not marry now among her own people and that Lisa was about to ruin her life and break her heart by taking both her children from her. Her tears and appeals did not move Lisa. He did not seem to know that an Indian mother loves her children even as does a white mother and that no presents can pay her for the loss of them. He prepared to take Raymond, when the United States officers interfered and made him give the child to his mother.

Lisa went on his way down the river with his white wife. He never saw Nebraska again, for he died, August 12, 1829, at St. Louis. He is buried in Bellefontaine cemetery there, and by his side lies his wife, who lived nearly fifty years after his death. She was a friend of the fur traders and of the Indians all her life and was called by everyone "Aunt Manuel." It is the name cut on her tombstone.

In his will Lisa left money for the education of his two Indian children and \$2,000 for each of them when they should be of age. Raymond died while yet a young man. Rosalie grew to womanhood, and was well educated, married and lived happily with Mr. Madison Ely, a white man. She died at Trenton, Ill., December 21, 1894, leaving several children, who are still living.

The mother of Rosalie and Raymond was seen at Bellevue by Prince Maximilian in 1853. She wore a deep scar where the Sioux struck her when she saved the life of her little boy. Her story was told to all travelers who came up the river. When she died and where she is buried is no one knows. Some think an unmarked mound of Nebraska soil holds the dust of the Nebraska Indian woman who proved her mother love by sacrifice and sorrow.

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LOOK HERE, BOYS!

Only two boys turned in pictures for stilt last week. Leroy Preston, 312 1/2 N. 25th St., had 22 pictures. John Lipichok, 1213 S. 14th St., had 12 pictures.

Wasn't it easy? Let's see how many boys will try this week.

You Can See the Stilts at the Bee Office

TEN PAIRS FREE

to the ten boys that bring us the most pictures of the stilts before 4 P. M., Saturday, May 29.

This picture of the stilts will be in The Bee every day this week.

Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee Office, Saturday, May 29.

The stilts will be given Free to the boys or girls that send us the most pictures before 4 P. M., Saturday May 29.