

# LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

**T**HE votes for king and queen have begun to come in. The very first vote was sent from a former king of the Busy Bees, Arthur Mason of Fremont, who, as most of you know, was one of our rulers from January until May. The Children's page editor will be glad to have the bees state, when they send their votes, why they like the letters of one particular boy and one particular girl better than those of the other boys and girls. This will enable the editor to tell what kind of reading the bees prefer.

A number of interesting personal letters were received by the editor last week. One was a "thank-you" note from an Omaha prize winner who has been writing interesting accounts of trips which she has taken with a Nature study class to which she belongs. This class studies the flowers and birds and trees in and around Omaha under the direction of one of the public school teachers. The idea of a Nature study class would be a good one for other Busy Bees who enjoy Nature, to follow.

The editor was obliged to withhold one of last week's letters from publication today because he felt that it was not original. The editor of the article will notice the absence of the letter. The editor will be glad to hear from the Busy Bee regarding it.

To the little girl who writes from Chadron, Neb., asking to join the Busy Bees, we give a hearty welcome. The hive never gets so full but what we can make room for another Bee.



## My Trip to South Dakota.

By Ruth Redfield, Aged 10 Years, 1005 S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

(A True Story.)

Last summer a little while after school let out papa had to go to South Dakota on business, so he took me with him. We left Omaha at 1:45 Sunday afternoon and our train was due in Norfolk Junction at 7:30 o'clock, but because of a hotbox we did not get there till 8:30 o'clock. Then we took a car to Norfolk, which was two or three miles from the junction. It being too late to get anything to eat at the hotel, we went to a cafe and ate our supper and then to the hotel, where we stayed over night.

The next morning we took a train for Dallas, S. D. We passed through over twenty small towns, stopping only a few minutes at each station. We passed through a large stretch of prairie (baby mountains they looked like) and saw many different kinds of crops.

There was a dark brown stone that was so soft that you could carve your name in it as easy as you can in wood. There was also a light stone that was so hard that they had to use great machines to cut it into blocks. We also crossed the Elk River and finally arrived at Dallas at 1:15 o'clock. We then went to a restaurant and got our lunch, as the train did not stop at any station on the way for lunch. Papa's business was in Lamro, S. D., and as there was no railroad connection between the two towns papa hired an automobile.

On our way to Lamro it was almost all rolling prairie with a little Indian settlement here and there, for there is an Indian reservation in South Dakota. We also saw many cowboys and great herds of cattle, sheep and horses.

We made the thirty miles in an hour, so you can imagine how fast we were going. One day it happened that I was the only one in the hotel. I was reading a book and was so greatly interested that I did not hear an Indian man and a squaw with a papoose come in. I did not know they were there until I heard somebody grunting. I looked up and there standing by me was a big Indian man and a squaw with a papoose.

The man was dressed in citizen clothes, but the squaw and papoose were dressed up in blankets with two blankets on one arm and three on the other, with several strings of beads around her neck. The man could speak broken English, but the squaw could not speak a word.

The man told me that he wanted to see the hotel clerk, but as he was not in they went away.

A man that I knew who lived across the street saw the whole affair and he came over and told me that I expected to stay out there very long I mustn't be afraid of the Indians. He said there were a whole lot of them just coming into town and he would take me down to see them, so I wasn't afraid of the Indians after that.

## A Home-Made Cave.

By Arthur Mason, Aged 13, 135 North Irving Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

It was getting quite late at night when

## 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 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. Five 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.

four of us decided to dig a cave. It was to be about fifty feet south of the creek. It was getting to be 6 o'clock when we started with our lunch, pick and shovels for the creek.

We had to walk two miles to get to the place. My brother and one of the boys took the pick, while the other boy and myself took shovels. It was about noon when we finished, as we ate dinner. After taking a swim we went back and finished a stone fireplace. After that we made a cupboard. We made four cups out of wood, also four spoons.

Four years later I went back and found a family of mice in it.

## (Honorable Mention.)

### Nature Study.

By Camilla Edholm, Aged 9 Years, 115 South Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Next lesson we went to Florence, several more girls having entered the class. The first thing we studied was a sand pile, which we learned was made from rotten granite. We found six kinds of pebbles, granite pebbles, green horn pebbles, agate pebbles, quartz pebbles, lava pebbles and Jasper.

We went nearer the water this time to find fossils and found quartzite, sandstone, limestone, winged brachiopod and sponge stem.

For the ninth and last lesson, on July 29 we went to Elmwood park again. After having our pictures taken and seeing a collection of birds' eggs which my father made when a boy we went to the park.

Miss Wood divided the class in two parts. The youngest girls were told to find a weed that would make a graceful picture and when they did Miss Wood showed them how to make blue prints.

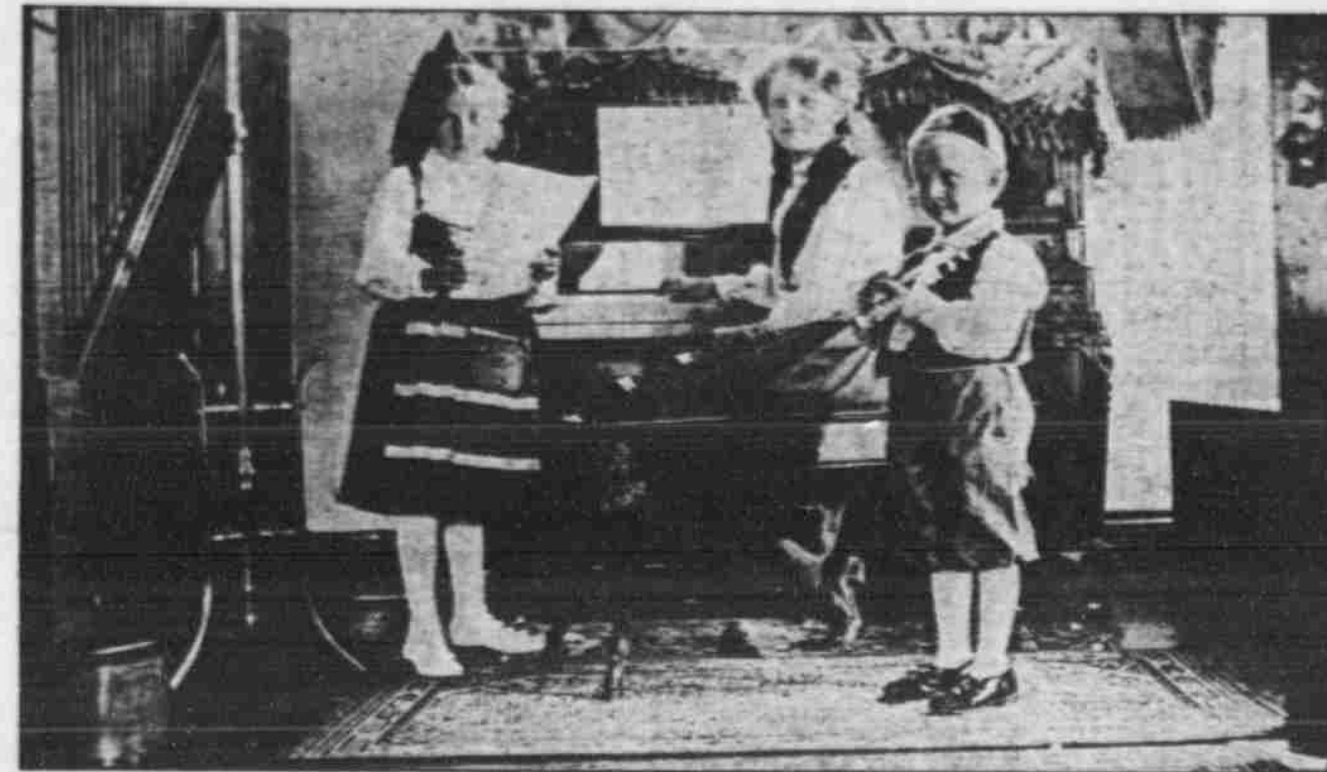
In the meantime the other girls were hunting all the weeds they knew and were writing about them in their notebooks, taking a sample of each weed along.

Each division had a turn to do both things.

I think we had more fun there than at any other lesson.

In all we have found sixty-one kinds of plants, twenty-two varieties of birds, eight-

## Busy Bees Visiting in Sweden



THESE ARE HIGRID, INGRID AND VERNON SANTWALL, CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. FRITZ SANDWALL, WHO RECENTLY WERE ABROAD AND WROTE SUCH INTERESTING LETTERS FROM DIFFERENT FOREIGN PLACES TO THEIR FRIENDS, THE BUSY BEES. THEY ARE DRESSED IN COSTUMES WHICH THEY WORE WHILE THEY WERE IN THE NORTHERN PART OF SWEDEN.

seen sorts of trees and nineteen different fossils and stones.

I hope that we may have a nature study class another year with Miss Emily Wood for teacher.

## A Wren.

By Lephia Blodgett, Aged 11 Years, Dallas, Ore. Red Side.

Once some birds built a nest over our kitchen door. Other birds had built their nest there last year, so they had a lot of work to do.

At first they carried sticks out of the last year's nest. Then they carried in sticks. They were very busy. By and by the nest was done.

I went up in the attic nearly every day. One day I went up there and there were four little eggs.

When the little birds hatched they were very ugly, but they got quite pretty when they grew older.

The old birds worked very hard trying to feed their four little ones. They grew very fast. And by and by they flew away.

## A New Busy Bee.

Dear Editor: I am not a junior, but would like to be one. We do not take The Omaha Bee, but one of my friends does. I will let you join and be a junior. I will be very grateful to you for your kindness. I would try to read The Bee for my friend takes it and if I may be a junior I will try to write some satisfactory stories for your story page. Very truly yours, ELIZABETH SPARKS, Box 1, Chadron, Neb.

## California.

By Edward G. White, Aged 16 Years, 1146 Cedar Street, San Diego, Cal.

I came to California four years ago from Grand Island, Neb. First we came to Riverside, Cal. We moved to San Diego one month ago. From our house we can see the ships come into the bay from the Pacific ocean, and see them go out, too.

Up under the roof of our house is a bird's nest. I take pleasure in telling you about the birds. Every morning the mother goes away and comes back with something in her mouth and gives it to the young birds, and they chirp for more. This morning the young birds were learning to fly. They soon learned to fly and flew away. The nest is brown and looks as if it was made of clay. There is a little hole in it near the top of the nest.

## Better Than a Bit of Bread.

By Myrtle Schickler, Aged 11 Years, Gresham, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Sally Groves, whose father had just bought her a pair of red shoes.

Sally thought it very kind of him to do so, but she thought it would be much nicer if there were yellow strings in the shoes.

She went to the store and bought some yellow strings and put them in the shoes. Then she went to show her mamma. She said that with red strings they looked much neater and prettier.

Sally had always been taught to obey her parents without remonstrance, so she drew the yellow strings out with just a little sigh and put in the red ones.

Just then the door bell rang and Sally

went to open the door. There stood an old man with a wooden leg leaning on a cane. He said he had not had any breakfast that morning and was very hungry, so he would like a bit of bread.

Sally pushed the yellow strings into his hand and said they were better than a bit of bread and closed the door in his face. The old man went away, wishing she had given him something to eat.

In those days the people wore clogs instead of shoes. It had rained the night before and the streets were very muddy.

Across the street was a woman whose clog was broken and she did not like to cross the street. The old man saw her and he went over and told her he could fix her clog. So he knelt down and with the yellow strings fastened it together.

While he knelt she watched him. His clothes were old, but clean, so she gave him a place as gardener at her home, and it was not long until he had a great deal of money.

You may be sure he often called on little Sally, for the yellow strings were much better than a bit of bread.

## "Thank You" Note.

Dear Editor—I want to thank you for the nice books you sent me for prizes. I have nearly finished reading "Peter of

## Happiness

**A** LITTLE Child in summer swing Sang, oh so merrily! A little bird above her sat, A-singing in a tree.

A little Cricket in the grass Sent forth his cheery note; And to the heavens blue above Their music sweet did float.

And each was happy in his way, The Child, Insect and Bird; And true it is that God above Their happy voices heard.



New Amsterdam" and I enjoy it greatly. I am going to take "My Advice Book" to New York and ask my people to write in it. I am so glad I received a prize for one of my stories last Sunday. I have never received any prizes before I began to write about nature study.

Will you please send it to me in care of my great-grandfather, General Alexander Shuler, at Ridgefield, N. J., as I am going there very soon.

Hoping you will have good weather the rest of the summer in Omaha, I am, yours sincerely, CAMILLA EDHOLM.

## Horseback Riding.

By Cora May Keeline, Aged 12 Years, Gillette, Wyo.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Clara. She was 8 years old. She always wanted to ride horseback, but her mother and father were afraid to let her. But one day her father let her ride an old horse that he thought was gentle.

Clara and her friend Hazel (who had never ridden in her life) started. Hazel said get-up and so did Clara. Clara's horse was larger than Hazel's, so it could go faster.

The horses started to run and Hazel fell off. But Clara hung on till the horse went around a corner and then she fell off, too.

Clara did not get hurt, but Hazel did. They both found that they could not ride. It broke them of ever wanting to ride again.

## My Pet Raccoon.

By George Laubeck, Aged 12 Years, Rufus, Ore.

I live down on the river bottom in an orchard and have a pet raccoon.

The way I got it was by trapping. I caught an old raccoon and kept her all winter and in the spring she had some young raccoons. I kept one for a pet and sold all the rest.

I had him on a long chain and a swivel tied to a tree and one night he tore loose and went up in the ciffs and stayed overnight. I set a trap for him and sure was I to catch him. I tied him up good and fed him fish and meat, bread and fruit.

When turned loose he kills the fowls and eats the eggs.

He is very fond of shellfish. Oysters are a special delicacy as are mussels and clams. It opens oysters with wonderful skill. Restless, inquisitive and prying it is a most mischievous beast where farm yards and poultry are within reach.

## A Boy Scout Camp.

By Ralph Cohn, Aged 9 Years, St. Paul, Minn.

I think all the readers of this story would like to go camping. And I know some have not had the opportunity and maybe some do not know what a camp is, so I will tell them, for I had an experience.

One Friday Troop 1 of the Boy Scouts of America (for that is the troop to which I belong) met and started out for camp at 6:30 a. m. Each boy had a blanket, quilt and other camp necessities. These had been brought to be taken out Wednesday and were taken to camp grounds Thursday morning.

There were four each in two of the tents and five in the other two, making eighteen boys, then there was Mr. Milton Living-

## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK. This is the Day We Celebrate



ETHEL G. WINDLE, 210 Dodge St.



MARGARET McELLIOTT, 307 Oak Street.

## SUNDAY,

August 13, 1911

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Peter Andersen, 3264 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
Harold Allen, 2514 Indiana Ave.	Kellom	1904
Myrtle Anderson, 1105 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1896
Margaret Brennan, 1738 South Seventeenth St.	St. Joseph	1898
Harvey Collins, 2335 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1896
Lucy Demberger, 709 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1899
Ruth F. Drosda, 1616 South Eighth St.	Lincoln	1905
Percy Fleischel, 2102 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1902
Bessie Farbell, 609 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1904
George Ferris, 1203 Pacific St.	Pacific	1900
Lucile Fellman, 1006 Arbor St.	Bancroft	1899
Harry Grobeck, 1708 Van Camp Ave.	High	1893
Louise Guinotte, Forty-sixth St. and Ames Ave.	Central Park	1904
Norman C. Gault, 5802 North Twenty-fourth St.	High	1892
Carrie Gardner, 1809 Charles St.	Kellom	1901
Velma Gardner, 4205 1/2 North Twenty-fifth St.	Saratoga	1904
George Hansen, 4410 Pierce St.	Beals	1897
Harry A. Harris, 2011 Charles St.	Kellom	1898
Thornald Henderson, 3108 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Mildred Holsten, 1611 Dorcas St.	Castellar	1900
Helen Hamerick, 5523 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Miller Park	1901
Gerald Hodges, 2520 North Fortieth St.	Windsor	1904
Helen Hoagland, 3460 Fowler Ave.	Moamouth Park	1898
Frances M. Hamahan, 1129 Bancroft St.	St. Patrick	1897
Clarence Hanson, 49 Pine St.	Beals	1902
Walma Hoffman, 1510 South Tenth St.	Copeland	1903
Helen Johnson, 1023 North Thirty-eighth St.	Franklin	1899
Amy C. Jensen, Thirty-eighth and Jordan St.	Windsor	1898
Walter Johnson, 2527 Rees St.	Mason	1895
Stella J. Kearley, 2118 Franklin St.	Franklin	1898
Anna Kahn, 935 North Twenty-seventh St.	Kellom	1898
Henry S. King, 111 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1902
Herbert Larson, 2701 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1898
Walter Lickert, 4515 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1895
Lorraine Start, 2815 North Fifteenth St.	Lake	1904
Edith Matthews, 2518 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1899
Margaret McElligott, 3017 Oak St.	Windsor	1899
Clarence L. Mattson, 2616 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1897
James Miller, 2819 Leavenworth St.	Park	1895
Margaret E. Miller, 3125 Mason St.	Park	1905
Eva M. McCracken, 509 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1904
Alice M. Nielsen, 3531 Spalding St.	Druid Hill	1904
Carla M. Norwall, 804 Bancroft St.	High	1894
Charles Pula, 3021 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1902
Earl Ryan, 816 South Fifteenth St.	Leavenworth	1896
Sigrid Sandwall, 816 North Thirty-fourth St.	Webster	1897
Jack Summers, 2624 Dewey Ave.	High	1896
Harold Sawyer, 967 North Twenty-sixth St.	Kellom	1904
Mary Timberland, 2036 Larimore Ave.	High	1894
Lucy Targaczewski, 2620 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1898
George E. Vawter, 4135 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1905
Ethel Valetine, 1808 California St.	Cass	1897
Harold Whitney, 3414 North Twenty-eighth St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Esther G. Windle, 2115 Dodge St.	Central	1895
Everett Welsh, 3230 North Twenty-fourth St.	Lothrop	1904
Robert Wood, 221 North Twenty-second St.	High	1892
Emerson Westgate, 4524 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1896
Harold Walker, 1414 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1904

ston, assistant schoolmaster, and Rabbi Cohn, accountant.

When we got there, there were only two tents up, one the headquarters, the other the kitchen.

When we arrived we put up our tents and put them in order.

We arrived at 8:30 a. m. and found it a beautiful place covered with wild roses and shady trees. This farm is four miles west of Dodge street and is owned by Mr. Farnsworth.

When meal time came a boy blew the bugle and the boys got in line with their cups and plates, spoons, forks, etc., and marched down to the kitchen where their cups were filled with coffee, milk or water and some food put on their plate. Then they went into the dining room tent and ate.

In the morning we were up early and saw the sun rise, which is very pretty. Sunday morning it was especially beautiful.

## Fannie.

By Mary Donnelly, Aged 8 Years, 2114 Locust Street, Omaha.

I once had a little dog and her name was Fannie. She was a nice little dog. She used to do so many nice tricks. We would hold up a handkerchief and she would grab it and run away with it and we would play with her. We had lots of fun with her. One day she followed a wagon and an automobile ran over her.

## When Pugie Ran Away

**P**UGIE'S real dignified name was Paul, Paul Granger. But owing to the fact of his being very plump of body, he was called Pugie. And ever after he had reached the great age of 7 years his mamma and papa just called him Pugie, although at school his boy friends called him Pugie and his girl friends and the teacher called him Paul.

For Pugie, rather, for that is the name he shall give him in this story—had no 7 years or sisters, therefore was an only child. And sometimes he was a naughty only child, too. His mother was so used to him that often he did not see what it meant to have a good home. He was so used to having everything he wanted that he had never imagined what it meant to be so well off. But one day there came a change. Pugie decided he wanted something which he should not have, and when his mamma said no, he shook her head emphatically, he ran to cry and to kick his heels on the floor and to behave in a naughty manner.

Consequently Mrs. Granger gave him the much-needed spanking, left him in his room alone to think over the naughtiness of his ways, and went out of the house and down town.

Hardly had his mother gone when Pugie sat up and dried his eyes and began making up plans. He would run away, that was what he would do. His father and mother would feed very badly when they came home and found no little boy there.

Pugie got his best hat and shoes and put them on, then he slipped out the back



"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" HE ASKED.

door so that the housemaid, who was busy cleaning windows in the front of the house, would not see him. He ran off towards a long dimly side street where over so many dirty children played in alleys and unoccupied corners all day. Pugie had often felt a yearning to go there and to get acquainted with those children, for they had so much liberty, as Pugie thought. They never had to be careful of their clothes, for they were ragged. Dirty garments hardly whole enough to cover their poor bodies.

Pugie was all out of breath and very

very warm and tired when at least he reached the street of squalor. He saw a group of dirty children, playing marbles in a narrow alley between two tumble-down houses. He joined the group, and the children stopped their play to look at him. One boy—evidently the leader of the band—got up and approached Pugie. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Paul Granger," informed Pugie. A roar of laughter followed this, and Pugie turned red.

"Say, kids, look 'em over," said the leader. "Ain't he a dear little doll-baby? Gee! Lookie at his necktie—silk an' a beaut."

Pugie began to feel uneasy. But he had run away from home, so it behooved him to find another place to live. And he had no other place, than this dirty street, in his mind. He knew he would not be safe from discovery were he to go to the home of any of his friends. So he had sought out this miserable place. But he had to learn something about it before he realized how miserable it was, and, by comparison, how happy and perfectly splendid his own beautiful home was.

"What'd you come from?" a red-haired girl asked. Then, of a sudden, Pugie found himself surrounded by the dirty children, and the leader made bold to grab at his necktie. "Say, kid, I'll take this if you don't mind." And before Pugie could say no, his tie had been torn from his neck. Then another boy decided he would like to transfer Pugie's cuff buttons from his cuffs to his own filthy pocket, and did so without ceremony. Pugie struggled to keep his pretty gold buttons, but his struggle was weak and of no avail. Then the children set to work to rob-him of everything movable that he wore. Pugie began to fight in a feeble, frightened way, and to scream at the top

of his lungs. His cries brought no one save other dirty children to the scene. And the little robbers only yelled loudly in order to drown Pugie's cries. They pretended to be playing a noisy game. Pugie at last gave up, and stood still, allowing them to pull off his hat, his collar, his belt and blouse. Then he was thrown to the ground and his shoes and stockings were removed.

"These shoes are mine," declared a heavy-faced little urchin, about 8 years old. "And the socks, too."

"No they're not, kiddo," said the leader of the band. "Everything on this kid belongs to me. Give me them shoes."

This a running fight ensued, and the girls and other boys took sides, fighting for their chosen combatants. Pugie was forgotten. He jumped to his feet, wiped the dirt and ashes from his face and looked around. The entire crowd of dirty children were half a block away, running and screaming and fighting, pulling Pugie's clothing, each trying to get possession of garments and shoes. Pugie watched them with a moment. Then he turned and fled, going home faster than he had ever traveled by foot before. His home was about fifteen blocks distant, but Pugie covered the distance in short time, panting and red in the face. As he dashed into the living room he heard his mother calling down the stairs:

"Bridget, have you seen Pugie? He's not in his room—nor is he anywhere upstairs. I've looked everywhere for him."

"No'm, I hasn't seen him," Master Paul answered. "Mrs. Granger, here's Master Paul's jockey cap. He's all torn to pieces. Miss Granger