

# Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

WALTER AVERILL, KING.  
MILDRED WHITE, QUEEN.

**T**HIS is the result of the election for king and queen of the Busy Bees. Walter Averill, your new king, will lead the activities of the Red side. Mildred White, your new queen, will lead the Blue side. Mildred has been on the Red side, but, having been chosen queen, she will now lead the Blue side, which is the queen's side.

The retiring king and queen are Claris Shaw of Ogden, Utah, and Hester Mallory of Kearney, Neb.—both living away from Omaha. The new rulers live in Omaha. They will head the Red and Blues sides until the first of next year.

In counting the number of prize-winners on the two sides we find that the Red side is just one ahead of the Blue side. The Reds have won sixteen and the Blues fifteen. There were three prize-winners who did not join either side and so were not counted. The Reds and Blues are now even. The Reds won in the last contest, but the Blues won twice before that. The Blues must now put forth all their energies toward winning first place next year.

When you write, Busy Bees, state on your letters which side you are on. Today we have two new members who do not say which side they wish to join. They are Gertrude Altman and Ethel Brinkman of Omaha. There are two new members for the Blue side—Marie Koehler of Hillrose, Colo., and Marjorie I. Belknap of Cora, Wyo. There is one new member for the Reds—Margaret Campbell of Omaha.

## WRITES ABOUT CHEYENNE FRONTIER CELEBRATION.



EARL A. STIRLING.

like to join the Red side, as red is my favorite color. I hope you will like my story and will publish it. It is true and original, but I don't think it is good enough to win a prize.

that there is a living creature who depends upon you to give him his food and to look out for his wants. But what we think is the best feature of those friendship is that it gives a boy a chance to develop in a way that isn't always provided for. We mean that it isn't often that a little fellow gets a chance to learn how to control others. To win your dog's respect you must know how to make him obey you, and you must be able to do that without unnecessary "boosing" and without being brutal. That is a good thing to learn.—Junior Eagle.

### Our Party.

By Margaret Campbell, Aged 14 Years, 324 Ruggles Street, Omaha.  
One day last week, myself and seven other girls gave a party. As we all belong to a club we gave it as a club party and had a fine time.

At about half past seven the guests, which were sixteen in number, arrived. When they were all there we started playing games.

The first one we played was "drop the handkerchief" which was more interesting than usual because the grass was so slippery that we fell down every time we tried to run. We played it for a long time and then started playing Jacob and Ruth which is even more fun. I wonder if any of the Busy Bees have ever played it.

A boy is chosen to be Jacob. He is blinded and stands in the center of the ring while the others run around him. When he says "stop" he points and then the girl he points to must go inside the ring. When she is caught he guesses who it is and if he is right she has to take his place.

After lunch we played Good Morning and the Journey to Jerusalem. By that time we were tired so we went home and all who were invited agreed that they had a fine time.

### An Interested Reader.

Dear Editor—  
I am very much interested in the children's page and would like to join. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade at school. I am going to Farnam school this year. I went to Columbian school last year. I spend most of my vacation sewing doll clothes. I have two sisters and one brother, their names are Eleanor, Vernice and Henry.

Your interested reader,  
Ethel Brinkman,  
215 South Thirty-sixth street, Omaha.

### Joins Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees—  
This is the first time I have written to The Bee, but I think I will try. I read the stories that Busy Bees wrote and I thought they were fine. Our vacation is nearly over. I will be glad when school starts. I like to go to school. When school starts I will be in the fourth grade.  
I will join the Blue side.

Cora, Wyo., Aug. 28, 1912.—Dear Editor of the Busy Bees:

I have been reading the Busy Bee column for some time, and am very much interested in it. I wish to join the Busy Bees and belong on the Blue side.

I am 12 years old and live on a ranch. Yours respectfully,  
Marjorie I. Belknap.

By Gertrude Altman, Aged 10 Years, 1513 Wilks Avenue, Omaha.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees' page. I read the Busy Bees' page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am going to write every week to the Bees' page. I go to the Lake school and am in the fifth grade.

### On Owning Pets.

We don't think that there is anything better for young people than to have pets. Of course, if you must be of the right sort, but for a boy, say, there could scarcely be a better companion than a well-bred dog. In the first place, there is so much fun in it. Those who have never had a real friend in a dumb animal can't imagine how much sport there is in romping about with a dog or tramping the fields with him at your heels.

A dog is a jolly comrade, and most boys strike up fast friendships with the ones they own. It is surprising how much affection a dog has for his master, and it is surprising, also, how good it makes you feel to see him wag his tail at your approach. And the responsibility of owning an animal is good for a fellow too. It means something to know

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### Frontier Celebration at Cheyenne.

By Earle A. Stirling, Aged 14 Years, 4655 Grand Avenue.

Boys and girls, if you still want to see some of the real wild west you should see the frontier celebration at Cheyenne. They have the street sports of feather ticklers, talcum powder, etc., same as we have at Ak-Sar-Ben times; but confetti is not allowed. But real, downright sport as you read of it in the novels and see it in pictures is to see those cowboys trying to ride the wild bronchos and go skyward off their backs; or see pony and cowboy (who is sticking like a leech), goumping, dancing and tumbling about just like mad. It sure makes your hair stand on end.

The next most interesting thing to me was the Indians surrounding and massacring the immigrants. Three Indian scouts sneaked up through the grass and peeked, then crawled still closer and peeked again. Then they motioned and signalled to the Indians behind, then they came whooping and galloping in circles around the immigrant wagon and there was a regular battle. The immigrants fought hard and killed lots of Indians, but the Indians were too many and killed all the immigrants and burned their wagon. Just then a band of cowboys came in sight and there was an awful mix-up, but the cowboys soon had the Indians tearing off like mad, leaving a lot of them dying on the ground.

There were lots of other real attractions—the wild steer riding, roping and bulldozing; then the Indians in full dress and war paints, racing and yelping about, and a lot of soldiers and fancy riding and shooting. But everything was tame to me when I thought of those wild bronchos mixing up the way they did.

I hope, when they come to Omaha, that we will again see the real thing.

(Second Prize.)

### Our Fishing Trip.

By Mollie Corenman, 926 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees:  
I am going to tell you about our fishing trip last Sunday. We went down to the Missouri river and each of us took a lunch. We sat down under a nice tree and took out our lines and began to fish.

By and by I pulled up a fish, but when I saw it struggle so to get loose, I took it off of the hook and put it back in the water. Then I told the girls that I wasn't going to fish any more, because I felt sorry for the poor things.

(Honorable Mention.)

By C. A. Mattox, Aged 13 Years, 234 South Fortieth Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

Our Scout master and the Stag, Wolf and Eagle patrols of the Boy Scouts took the car at Twenty-fourth and N for Clark lake, near Fort Crook, Saturday afternoon, each taking one share of provisions and blankets.

We arrived there about 5 o'clock. First we had supper, which consisted of bread and butter sandwiches, cocoa, meat and tomatoes.

We were games awhile, then arranged our blankets for sleep, which was often interrupted by the guards that were sup-

## RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencils.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHEYENNE DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

posed to keep the four large camp fires going and otherwise watch our peaceful slumber. Every two hours they were relieved by two fresh guards, who put in their time largely by pulling us out of bed and running into us in other very unpleasant ways.

In the morning we had breakfast of baked potatoes, boiled eggs, bread and butter and coffee and oatmeal. Our leader constructed a fireless cooker by making a deep hole filled with hot coals, sinking in it a can containing our oatmeal, which was already boiling hot, and covering the cooker with dirt. In the morning it was ready for breakfast.

We then had Sunday school; then went swimming, after which we returned for dinner.

Our return trip from camp to the car was a long one it seemed to me. My pack was heavy and I was dragging along in the rear when a good-hearted lad offered to swap packs, which I gladly did, his being very light. From that time on I kept boldly to the front, keeping a good distance between my new-found friend and his heavy pack.

### A Suburban Car Ride.

By Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 5004 Chicago Street, Dundee, Red Side.

On returning home from Sunday school I was pleased to hear that we would take a trip to Papillion, Neb., on an interurban car. We took the car at Sixteenth and Farnam streets, 2 p. m.

The ride was pleasant through South Omaha, over the 2d street viaduct, past the packing houses, cemeteries and cornfields. We soon reached Ralston, a place I went to a long time ago. I got a glimpse of Seymour lake and a few people scattered here and there fishing. A little farther on we saw a party of young folks gathering walnuts in a grove. The car made a stop here and I saw they had several market baskets filled.

We rode along over hills and valleys out into the real country. The air seemed so fresh and one could smell the wild clover and see oceans of sunflowers. I

wish all the Busy Bees could take this ride. It took just one hour and the fare is only a quarter for adults and fifteen cents for children.

We found our friends looking for us and, I must say, we spent a very pleasant afternoon with them; and then had the same enjoyable ride back in the moonlight. Could not see much, but the breeze was so refreshing! The cornfields and sunflowers seemed to be nodding and bowing, saying "good night" as we passed.

### Dickens.

By Winifred Lathrop, Aged 11 Years, 2915 Davenport Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Last summer while we were camping in Colorado papa called me and said, "Come and see the kittens." So I ran to see them. There was one black and one gray and white.

Soon we left them and went in the house. The next morning when I got up I saw the gray and white one in the house and got some milk for him and he drank it heartily.

Finally he went away. But every day he came to see me.

One morning we decided to let him in. He looked around and climbed up on a bed. I forgot to tell you his name was Dickens.

We had pancakes for breakfast and when we called Dickens to drink his milk he wanted pancakes. So we buttered him one and gave it to him. He came every morning to get cakes and milk.

One day he got up in a tree and could not get down. So papa took a box and held it up for him. And Dickens jumped on it and came down safely. Then he jumped on my shoulder. I took him in the house.

While we were camping my papa had an ulcerated tooth. So he was lying on the bed and dropped off to sleep. Dickens got on the bed, too, and went to sleep with his front paws on papa's face.

Dickens liked to play ball and sleep in our laps.

He was very cute indeed and we loved him and hated to leave the little scamp.

### Joins Red Side.

By Margaret Campbell, Aged 14 Years, 324 Ruggles Street, Omaha.

Dear Editor: I have never written for the Busy Bees' page before, but I would

## Nebraska Boy in New York Graft Fight

Emery R. Buckner, the young attorney of New York City who has been retained by the New York Board of Aldermen to investigate the charges of wholesale corruption in the Gotham police force, is a product of Nebraska and is a hard fighter for right. He is a graduate of the University of Nebraska with the A. B. degree. He also is a Harvard university law graduate. His home is in David City, Neb., a small, prosperous town in the Platte valley, where young Buckner grew to manhood, pushing his way up through the grade schools and on through the high school at the head of his class.

All during is course at the University of Nebraska Emery Buckner was known as one of the leading men of the Cornhusker institution. He was a force in all activities of the big school. Huge of frame, firm and round of face, Buckner was a commanding force. He pushed along the campus walks at a brisk gait, and strangers had him pointed out to them as the successful manager of the Cornhusker football team.

Under the management of Buckner, the Cornhusker eleven played the best teams in this section of the country and licked them, for at that time "Bummy" Booth, graduate of Princeton, and the man who placed Nebraska on the foot ball map, was tutor of the Nebraska players. Because Buckner knew how to do things the Cornhusker eleven had a successful football season, financially. In those days it took a shrewd and energetic man to make football pay at the Cornhusker institution. The manager had to work many hours after the other students were asleep or at social doings; it took plans and execution to get foot ball in the way of success, and Buckner was the man who did these things. He worked all the time. Not only did Buckner work at foot ball, but he also labored at his studies, and that is the reason he was graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors, the scholastic prize of the university.

To realize how this young man had to work, it must be told that he supported a wife during his college course. He brought her with him when he came to the big school. During his Nebraska course a child was born into the family. Emery Buckner was working his way



EMERY R. BUCKNER.

through the university; he had to make money to support his wife and child, and he labored with the foot ball finances, and did much other work about the university and about the city. He made things pay, too, so that when he was graduated with leading honors from the Cornhusker institution, he had enough money to make him think of going to Harvard. The next year he entered the Harvard law school. With him went his wife and baby.

Soon after he landed at Cambridge, Buckner made known that he would have to earn money in order to get through school. He became secretary to President Eliot, and he made a splendid secretary, too, as the famous Harvard president will tell any one who asks him.

But while he labored for the Harvard president and earned money to support his family, the Nebraska product also worked hard at his law studies. When the three years of law work were up, Emery Buckner left the Harvard law school as a leader of his class. His capacity for work enabled him to do wonders. He went through seven years

of college life with a wife and baby on his hands, earned enough money to support his family, took highest honors at two of the big schools of the country—shared the interest in athletics with the most enthusiastic of students, managed a big foot ball team, won the respect of the most aristocratic of Harvard's oldsters—and is some work for a young college man—and a man who always had lived in a town of less than 3,000 inhabitants until he went to the University of Nebraska.

Buckner's achievements at the Harvard Law school—his taking the highest honors in his class—opened the way for him to enter a large New York firm. Soon the young man proved his worth there, was appointed assistant district attorney by Jerome, and was retained by Whitman.

When the New York board of aldermen wanted a man to carry on the probe into the New York police methods, only one man was considered. "Take Emery Buckner," was the word that was passed to the aldermanic committee. He can do the job. He never has failed at anything since he has been in New York. So Emery Buckner, a young man, who only a few years ago was playing basket ball in David City, Neb., is now leading one of the greatest reform fights in the history of the country.

Here in Nebraska Buckner is known as a fearless fellow. When he was at the head of several student activities, he fought for what he believed was right. It is related that he once told the entire board of athletic authorities that they did not know enough about running college sport to be given the title of "athletic board members." He said they were absolutely wrong in one matter. They said they were absolutely right. Buckner proved them wrong.

Every few years Emery Buckner comes back to Nebraska. He stops at Lincoln and wanders around to the Alpha Theta Chi fraternity house, where he spent considerable time during his college career. The young frat fellows gather around the former Cornhusker and listen to his stories. He likes to be back with the boys, and he is as much at home there as the active young fellows. He says it does him good to get back.

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