

Busy Bees

Their Own Page

little Folks Birthday Book

We have had pictures of many of the Busy Bees who live in Omaha but it is not often that we are able to have a picture of a Busy Bee who lives away from the city. This week we may see Mary and Alice Thomas of Deer Trail, Colo.

Colorado Busy Bees in the Open



MARY AND ALICE THOMAS, WITH THEIR PONY, BOWIE, AND THEIR DOG, TOWSER, OF DEER TRAIL, COLO.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the page.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 350 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 CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

get home." "Very well," said George. "Now, then, stand still," so saying, the moment he had placed the pitcher on her head, he took care to let go before she could take hold of it. As George wished, the pitcher fell to the ground and was broken in pieces and the milk lost. The poor girl burst in tears, but George stood laughing, and asked her why she did not take hold of the handle. But his laughing was very soon changed to screams and he got his punishment. Well, I think that is all for today, so good-bye.

Dottie and the Princess.

By Esther Christiansen, Aged 12 Years, 322 South Nineteenth Street, Omaha. Dottie, will you go to the store for me? "Yes, mamma, just as soon as I finish this story. It is all about a princess who has a great deal of money and a kind heart, and went around doing good and helping everyone she saw in trouble." "Dottie," said mamma again, presently, "you didn't bring me those chips, and it is almost time to start dinner."

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land, Neb. I had a very nice time there. I would feed the pigs and milk the cows. Then my father, mother, aunt and I went to Manson, Ia., in our auto. We enjoyed the ride very much. When we got to Pomeroy it was dark, so we telephoned for my cousin to come and meet us. We enjoyed ourselves very much there, too. I hope all of the Busy Bees had a nice time, too.

Stella and Ralph, the Two Fairies.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Colo. One afternoon the telephone rang and Stella answering it heard the voice of a girl friend. "Is that you, Stella?" it said. "Yes, that you, Stella!" Stella, I am going to have a party tonight. Can you come? Just a minute, said Stella. And she ran to the dining room. She was back at the phone. Yes, I can come. What's that, have Ralph come, too? I know he will be delighted and I thank you for inviting me. Goodbye." A few minutes later Stella telephoned to her brother, who was working in his father's office: "Ralph, come home at 5 o'clock. Why, because Carabel is going to have a party and we are invited. Goodbye."

Letter from a Busy Bee.

By Emma Haynie, Aged 12 Years, Route 1, Box 11, Pacific Junction, Ia. Dear Editor, I should like to join the Busy Bee page. I want to be in the Blue Side. I am going to write about "How Mamma Got Lost." Once there was a little girl whose name was Mamma. She was about 3 1/2 years of age. Her papa was going to one of the neighbors after corn and she wanted to go, so she thought they would let her. When her papa started she tried to follow, but she couldn't go as fast as the horses, so she was left behind. When her papa came home he asked where Mamma was. "Why," she said, "she isn't here." So they went out to search for her. They found her in the house of a merchant, where she was lost.

A Letter from a Busy Bee.

By Lester Anderson, Aged 10 Years, 505 South Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha. Dear Editor: I have not written any stories for quite a few Sundays because I have been on my vacation and haven't had time to write. My name is Lester Anderson, 505 South Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb. I spent part of my vacation in Oak-

Table with 4 columns: Year, Name and Address, School. Lists names and addresses of children and their respective schools for the year 1906-1913.

GIANTS OF THE DAM FAMILY

Greatest Irrigation Project of the World on the Rio Grande. "Let me forget." It is necessary once in a while to repeat that the United States government is building at Elephant Butte, N. M., on the Rio Grande, the greatest irrigation project in the world. The Assuan dam, on the Nile, in Egypt, is not to be compared with it. It is to cost \$100,000,000 and vast territory both in the United States and in Mexico will get the waters for irrigation. Five times bigger than the Mills building at New York, 100 feet higher and with a storage capacity which would cover the state of Delaware with two feet of water, it has been planned by H. M. Lawson's comparative picture of the Elephant Butte dam.

Under date of Elephant Butte E. H. Hulwin, consulting engineer, writes as follows: During the latter part of April the grab buckets which had been excavating about 1,500 cubic yards of sand and gravel per day on the dam site, were removed from cableways and skips substituted in order to help out the derricks, which were handling bowlders and loose rock on a section near the flume, the desire being to prepare an area of the foundation about 200 feet square, adjacent to the flume section, for masonry, so that concreting could be going on while the balance of excavation was being completed, thus enabling a larger force to be employed and consequently hasten the work.

The material excavated during the last month has been mainly bowlders, loose rock interbed with broken shale and clay, and some thin layers of hard sandstone, the most of which required blasting, but deposits near sound bedrock had to be carefully handled, much of it loosened with picks and wedges in order to avoid cracking the foundation. This, of course, has been tedious work, the volume excavated being less than that of the output when handling shale and gravel. There was also more of this to remove than expected, as the surface of the bedrock, though corresponding exactly with the location shown by diamond drill borings, was in many places shattered and had to be removed to a greater depth than anticipated.

In several places the excavation is now at a depth of eighty feet below the lowest part of the old river bed and in one place even deeper. The large areas of bedrock thus far exposed indicate an excellent foundation, the rock dipping at such an angle as to afford the best possible protection against sliding and presenting a very uneven surface, which is very desirable for the same reason. With the exception of a narrow strip at both heel and toe of the dam, work on which was hitherto not possible on account of the position of the derricks and water pipe lines, this area is about ready for concreting; but in order to carry on the work most economically no concrete will be placed until the above mentioned areas are ready.

Labor conditions have been somewhat unsatisfactory of late, but steps have been taken to supplement the supply and a steady improvement in this respect is noticed. At the present time, when there is necessarily so much hand work on the excavation, preparing the bedrock for masonry, a shortage labor affects the output much more noticeably than when such work is being done by machinery. But with a large area of bedrock uncovered in the deepest part of the excavation and concreting practically in sight it is confidently expected that the masonry will be up to the elevation of the old river bed by the close of the year.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Little Stories by Little Folk

What the Leaf Said. (First Prize.) By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 12, 3229 Cummins Street, Omaha, Blue Side. Once or twice a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is blowing. And the twig said: "What's the matter, little leaf?" "The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me on the ground to die."

whila. We then fixed a throw line across the creek (on which nothing was caught), and then a Mr. Daft and we boys went skimming down the stream as fast as the old hand-made, flat-bottomed thing would go. We went as far as the mouth of the creek, where the sandbars of the Platte stopped us. Here Mr. Daft pulled the boat up on the sand so it would not float away. Then all of us took off our shoes and stockings and walked up the Platte on the sandbars. At last we came to a swimming hole and we had just got into the water when a boatload of girls appeared, took our boat and fled back to camp. Then after our swim we had to walk and walk and walk, and then walk some more before we got back to a feast that had never before looked so appealing.

I have often said that I was half negro when it came to eating fried chicken, but that delicious bird never tasted so good to me in my life as it did then. After a very filling dinner we had foot races, jumping matches, boat races and other games. Afterwards we enjoyed ourselves by fishing, boating and swimming in icy waters until about fifteen minutes to 4, when we started to walk to Ashland to catch the train for home. We were about half a mile from the station when our train pulled in. I never knew I could run so fast until I found myself and Mr. Daft running neck and neck for first place when we arrived at our destination. One young lady fainted on the train, but aside from that nobody was the worse for the run.

My Vacation. By Ethel V. Brinkman, Aged 11 Years, 28 South Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side. I am going to tell you about the pleasant vacation I had although I did not go away. In the morning the other girls and I in our old clothes, climbed trees and had our fun. We found one branch shaped very much like a bicycle seat with two lower branches as the pedals and two higher ones as the handlebars. We had great fun all three girls getting on together, one on the seat, another on the handlebars and I stood up between them.

Another spot we found was acrobating in another tree, sliding down in different ways in which one of my friends tore her dress. In one of our old trees of which one part has fallen down we had great fun. The one that had fallen down being the largest. The easiest way to get up it is by climbing a rather high fence. We sat there for hours at a time reading or sewing for our dolls. This is the way we spent the mornings.

The way we spent the afternoons was quite different because we did not get on our feet for children of my age. Some of the books are Little Men, Little Women, Eight Cousins and Joe's Boys. I hope other Busy Bees have had as pleasant a vacation as I have.

Autumn. By Mary Davis, Aged 12 Years, Gibbon, Neb. Red Side. The little brook was slowly winding its way over its course. It seemed very sad. The water by the stream seemed sad, too. Its head dropped lower than ever. The first frost of the season had made the elm trees' leaves yellow, and the maple trees' leaves had a pretty yellow and red tinge.

Up in the trees the squirrels were having their annual picnic. The birds were flying southward, hurrying so that they are fine for children of my age. Everything seemed desolate. The trees whispered to each other and waved their branches as if they were going to die.

The aster whispered to the brook "are you sorry, little brook, that autumn is here?" The brook answered: "No, pretty sister, I am not. All the flowers will go to sleep and wake up again in the spring resplendent in their new dresses."

Dear Busy Bees: I am sending a picture of my sister and myself on horseback. I like to ride very much for our horses is very gentle. You can see one of our dogs in the picture. His name is Towser, while our other dog's name is Johnnie, and our horse's name is Bouria. My sister, Mary, is sitting on behind. I will close for this time. Your faithful friend, ALICE THOMAS, Deertrail, Colo., Box 15.

At Sea. Mattie Childs, 1562 South Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. At sea, a captain with about 100 persons on board left America going to Germany for a trip. In the dead of night a storm came up. It rocked the ship badly. The captain was very much frightened. His temper rose and he began to swear.

His little daughter, Helen, about 12 years of age with beautiful black curls, looked into her father's face and said:

Father, do not swear, trust in the Lord.

The words from Helen's lips touched her father's heart very much. He then went downstairs to his room, knelt down on his knees with his little daughter and began to pray. At the break of day the storm was over. Helen awoke the next morning telling her father he must always have faith in the Lord. Helen remembered what her Sunday school teacher had said, "to always have faith."

The Princess Hilda.

By Lucile Blinn, 221 E Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side. Princess Hilda sat at an open window looking out upon her garden of flowers. She was very beautiful, with a face as fair and sweet as a rose. Not far off sat, watching her, her cousin Zora, with a frown on her brow. There was hatred in Zora's heart, because Hilda was rich and she was poor, and she was a subject. Moreover, Hilda was so beautiful and good that it had spread far and wide—and it was for her beauty Zora hated her more than for anything else.

In childhood Zora had been beautiful, and the courtiers had petted her and said she was even fairer than the princess. But her beauty only meant bright eyes and rosy cheeks, so it could not last. She might have been as pretty as Hilda, had she been pure and good. Zora's mouth was pulled down at the corners; she had an ugly frown, which was always on her brow.

It was said in those days Zora was in the power of the wicked fairies. But as Hilda was looking out the window a knight passed and was so delighted with her rare beauty that he forgot himself and paused before the window. Hilda blushed and let the curtain drop. Zora saw the knight and ground her teeth in rage. It was Prince Reginald, and she had determined he should never see her cousin.

"They shall not meet," she said to herself, "if there are bad fairies enough to prevent it." But when she looked up Hilda was smiling. Zora could hardly wait for nightfall, so eager was she to do her wicked work. When it was dark and quiet she stole out of the castle to seek the wicked fairy, Gerula.

Gerula was the wickedest and most hideous fairy that ever existed. She dwelt in a cave surrounded by snakes. When Zora approached the cave Gerula pretended to sleep and started in seeming surprise when she entered. "What brings a lady here at this time of night?" said she. "I am Zora. I have come to ask you to work magic on hateful Hilda, so that I may see her face no more."

"I will do as you say, but what will you give me?" said Gerula. "I will give you a diamond necklace," she replied. "That will never do. Promise me if you do not marry Prince Reginald in a year you will become a charming green snake," said Gerula. "I hear something outdoors. It passed by the window," said Zora. "Nay, nay; ye did not. But answer me," said she in a hissing tone. "Yes, if I do not marry Prince Reginald I will become a snake," said Zora, turning pale.

Then Gerula said the charm. When she had finished she said, "Tomorrow morning early ask Hilda to take a walk; then her fate will come." Zora departed. Next morning very early Zora awoke

Hilda and seemed so kind Hilda readily consented to take a walk to the park.

"What a fine flock of sheep," cried Hilda as they passed the park. But that was the last she said. She became a wee lamb. Zora laughed when she saw what had happened. Zora went home and told the courtiers Hilda was not in bed. The courtiers searched far and wide for Hilda. Not finding her, Zora became a princess. Nobody liked her, but they had to treat her like a princess.

Nothing, also, was seen of Prince Reginald. He had listened at the window of the cave to Zora's talk, and had asked to be changed into a lion. He was caught one day and caged up in the park. "I will go," said Hilda to herself, "and be chewed up by the lion." She went, but the lion knew by her eyes that she was Hilda and put out his paw and stroked her. They became fast friends.

Zora gave up all hope when the day before the year was out came. But happy was the next day to the lamb and lion. They were changed to their own forms and went to the castle together. They were married soon and became a happy king and queen, while Zora became a snake.

Jack.

By Helen Falvey, Aged 11 Years, Benson, Neb. Jack lives at Mr. Felton's home. He was a little wild, once, in a great city. He slept in boxes and barrels in dark alleys. He was only 7 years old, but he had to black boots to earn money. One day he blacked Mr. Felton's boots. He did not know Mr. Felton then. He brushed very hard. Jack tried to do his best, but he slipped and the wax from the brush went into Mr. Felton's eye. He looked sober. He had only 20 cents. "I haven't money enough," he said, looking up. "But I have the money myself," said the man. So Jack went.

The Tricky Boy.

By Ellen Grobeck, 394 Valley Street, Omaha, Neb. I will tell you a story; this is the first time I have written to you. My story is about the tricky boy, his name is George Norton who was very fond of playing tricks. He thought it was fine to tie a rope across a passage and see someone fall over it, or to pin a little girl's apron to the chair, so that it would tear when she rose. He did not think or care about the danger of being hurt by the fall or of the trouble of mending clothes that were torn. As his chief delight was to tease others, he was not loved by anyone. At last, however, he met a little girl with a pitcher of milk. Being tired of carrying the pitcher in her hand, she asked him to put it on her head. "With all my heart," said George. He thought it would be fine fun to throw it down and make her believe that she had let it fall. "Come here, stand still, and when I have lifted the pitcher, be sure that you take hold of the handle."

"Thank you," said the little girl, "My arm is ready to drop of I have been a great way, and my little brothers and sisters can have no dinner till I

South Omaha School Lads Do Manual Training Work



Fifth Grade Boys - Brown Park School - So. Omaha, Neb.

Left to Right, Tom Row—Harold Helm, Hyman Hamilton, Milton Haust, Sam Ouida, Second Row—Roddie Opencamp, Frank Kostal, Wilbur Shainholzer, Jerry Sease, Joseph Fisher, Third Row—Martin Calk, Fied Means, Sidney Goddard, Bohous Sinkule, Joseph Vavra.

Alice Browne's Bob White Babies.

By Miriam Wesner, Aged 10 Years, 3212 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Blue Side. Once upon a time Alice Brown was playing in the field with her doll. She was under the old oak tree when she heard a little voice that said, "Bob White, Bob White." Alice looked up in the trees and saw a mother and father bird. She heard another little tweet, tweet, and under some nice big leaves of the bush she saw six little Bob White babies.

She ran to her grandfather and told him she had found six little Bob White babies and her grandfather told her what kind of bird a Bob White was, and she said that is how my six little birds are. Her grandfather told her to go and tell her father about it. But before Alice could speak here came the barb wire man, who said, "Do you think you want some barb wire for your farm, then I can't visit my Bob White babies." Then her father said, "Well, I'll think it over first." When her father went in to dinner that day Alice told him all about and he said "Where..." and gave a long whistle that meant that there was to be no barb wire on our farm. The Bob White babies staid on the farm all summer long.

Washington Irving.

Mollie Greenman, Aged 12, 885 South Seventeenth Street, Omaha, Red Side. One of our great American writers was Washington Irving. He was very much admired and loved, in both our own country and in foreign lands, where he was known not only as a great writer, but also for his kind spirit, gentle and modest manner and really noble character. His home was called "Sunnyside," and stood in a beautiful spot on the bank of the Hudson river, a few miles above New York. He was born in 1783 and died in 1859. Two of his most famous stories are "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of the Sleepy Hollow." The gate of his own charming little house on the beautiful Hudson river was forever swinging before visitors, who came to him. He shut no one out. Mr. Irving was never married, but made a home for some nieces who were left poor. He was kind to everyone and was happy in his little house on the beautiful Hudson river.

A Joyous Picnic.

By W. A. Averill, Greenwood, Neb. Red Side. By 7:30 o'clock on the morning of the 25th twenty some men, women and children were boarding the train that would take them to their picnic ground two miles east of Ashland. In a few minutes they were getting off of the train at Ashland, where they had to change cars. Then came a fifty-five minute wait, a very tiresome thing, indeed, especially when a person is going to a picnic. At last the long and tedious minutes dragged by, and then we boarded the little branch train which let us off right at the picnic ground.

We boys knew the place well, as we had been there before, so we raced down the "picnickers' road" to the bridge going across the large Salt Creek, big enough to be a river, to the island of over 200 acres, between the Salt Creek and the Platte river. After walking to camp and refreshing ourselves with a good, cold drink of water we boys jumped in a boat—a leaky old tub—and rowed around the creek a