

# The Busy Bees

**MOLLIE CORENMAN**, a loyal Busy Bee and a member of the Red side, was winner of the prize of seven dollars and fifty cents that was reserved for school children in the Buffalo Bill Essay contest, which was carried on in The Bee last week. Mollie says that she attributes her success in writing the winning essay to the experience she gained in writing for the Busy Bee page. She is going to buy a locket or some other article of jewelry that she can keep in remembrance of having won this prize.

Another Busy Bee on the Red side, Ethel Brinkman, was also one of the winners, having secured a reserved seat to the circus.

Walter A. Averill, of Greenwood, Neb., formerly king of the Red side, called on the editor Tuesday. Walter came to Omaha to see the circus, and to spend the day with friends, and had quite a unique experience at the station, when the depot policeman mistook him for a runaway boy, and detained him until his suspicions were overcome. Greenwood, where Walter lives, is about forty miles out on the Lincoln highway, and he sometimes motors to Omaha on that road. As a former champion of the Red side, Walter is very eager that the Red side always come out ahead.

This week, first prize was awarded to Ruth Rhodes of the Red side; second prize to Henry Warren Dunham, Jr., of the Red side; and honorable mention to Helena Gifford, of the Blue side. This has indeed been a banner week for the Red side.

### 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.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
7. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

### PRIZE WINNER. EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BUSY BEE A



Henry Warren Dunham Jr.

Friday at 3 o'clock in the morning." As it was Wednesday, I began to get ready. At last it was time to go. Father and mother bade me good-bye, and I got on the train. After riding two long days, I reached Helena. Uncle was there to meet me. I was very glad to see him, and we had a very happy drive to his ranch. The next day, I put on some overalls and went out to herd cattle on a pony. I had lots of fun, and went every day.

At last the month passed, and I was very sorry for I was to start home that day. Uncle told me to come out to the barn with him. As soon as we got there, uncle opened the door. There stood an Indian pony all saddled and bridled. It was very pretty, coal black all over, and the bridle was like the Indians use. After I was through looking at the pony, uncle said, "It is yours, to take home. I will ship it home on the train."

Then I took my pony and uncle took one also, and we rode about thirty miles that morning. When we got back to my uncle's house he took me to the train. When I got to Kearney, father and mother were there to meet me. I was very glad to see them, and told them all about my pony.

The next day my pony arrived, and I went to get him. I named him Dan. He was very fond of me and would do everything I told him to.

Ten years later he contracted the distemper and died. I felt very badly about it, and missed him very much.

### A Good Lesson.

By Florence French, Aged 12 Years, Gillette, Wyo. Red Side. "This is my place," said the oats to the sunflower. "I was here first and I am useful and you are not."

"Oh," said the sunflower. "I am not going to get away now. I am going to stay and take all the drink or moisture you will give me, then I and my brothers and sisters will take all the land and then we might be useful like you."

But the oats went on, "you shall not push me out of my place or that man will pull you out."

The man went to the place where the sunflower stood in the sunlight. The oat stalk was in the shade of the sunflower. The man said, "I will pull up the sunflower and give it to the cows." As he pulled up the sunflower he saw the oats. "Oh, my," said he, "I will give the oats to the Shetland pony." And as the two were being carried home the two stalks said to one another, "We are both as good as each other," in one breath.

"These silly things thought both were, but if you think you are the best, you are the least."

### The Leaf Dress.

By Beanie Ritz, Aged 9 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side. There was once a very poor girl and her mother. They lived in the woods and all the food they had was berries and nuts. One morning the little girl was very thoughtful as she sat on the doorstep thinking of what she could do to help her poor mother get some clothes to wear as winter was coming on. At last she thought of a plan. So she ran quickly and got a needle and thread. Then she ran as fast as she could to the woods, where she found what she wanted. Which would she take, scarlet leaves or green

leaves to make a dress? She said, "I will take scarlet leaves." So she filled her apron with them. She sat down on a log to make her dress. She worked and worked till at last the dress was finished. How dainty she looked. But she must have a hat of leaves, too. Finally she was done with her dress and hat. She said, "Won't mother be surprised to see me in my new dress?" Then she went home to see how her mother liked her new dress.

Alice's Reward. By Esther Koopnick, Aged 11 Years, Bancroft, Neb. Red Side. It was a very hot July afternoon, when a little girl strolled along the streets of London. She was thinking deeply about something. "What shall I buy," she said, half aloud. Her father had given her a fifty cent piece to spend for anything she wanted. It was her birthday, "I shall buy me a new doll," she said. "No, some candy." Hello, Alice! called out a merry voice. "Today is your birthday, what did you get?" "I didn't get anything yet," was the reply. "By this time the girl had come up to Alice. Her name was Ethel Walker, and her parents were very rich. "Well, that's funny," and she laughed a naughty laugh and skipped off.

Alice stood still and did not notice the dog and his master come up. All at once she perceived a low whine close to her. She looked up and saw a shaggy dog standing beside her. He had a basket in his mouth, and she knew he wanted money. Should she give her fifty cents and not get her present. No, she would not. Then she thought of her Sunday school text, "It is better to give than to receive." "I will," she dropped the money in the basket. When she reached home, Alice told her mother what she had done. Her mother kissed her gently.

The next morning Alice found a big wax doll with long black curls, and real eyelashes. Alice was very happy.

### Games at Picnic.

By William Spangenberg, Aged 11 Years, 273 S 28th St., Omaha, Neb. Red Side. One day we had a picnic at Miller park, where it was cool, right by the lake. We had some water from the spring and ate our lunch under the trees. After lunch we went to the swimming pool, but we did not go in because it was nearly time to go home and we didn't bring our bath-

ing suits. So we had a game of ball. Then we had prizes for the ones who could run the farthest and those who could jump the farthest on a stand still; those who could jump the farthest on a run and those who could hit the ball the farthest. I won two prizes for hitting the ball the farthest and for jumping the farthest on a stand still. After that we had another game of ball, watched the men play golf and went home.

### Likes to Write Stories.

By Catherine Daugherty, Aged 13 Years, 206 1/2 St. Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Editor: If you have no objections I would like to join the Busy Bees. Although there is not very much in this little I hope to see it in print. I'm a very Busy Bee when it comes to writing stories.

### Tom, Our Cat.

By Ruth Cunningham, Aged 10 Years, 433 Franklin St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. Tom, our cat, is 6 years old this spring. Last fall papa, mamma and I were downtown to see the A-S-B-B-B parade. A stray house cat came to the back part of the street car where we were. It was only a kitten, born in the spring. Mamma let the kitten off when we got off and it followed us home. The next afternoon it had a fit and that night we gave it some medicine in its milk. The next afternoon the same thing happened and we gave it some more medicine. It has never had a fit since. When I hold Tom he puts his head on my shoulder and both paws around my neck and sings.

### Rescue of the Pets.

By Beulah Christiansen, Aged 12 Years, Bradshaw, Neb. Blue Side. Once there were two little girls named Pauline and Margaret. They were not sisters, but neighbors. Pauline had her pet two kittens, a dog, two rabbits and three canaries. Pauline took good care of her little pets. She had a cousin in the country, whose name was Dorothy White. She had even more pets than Pauline. She had three kittens, five birds, two dogs, two pairs of rabbits, and a pony. She took care of her dear little sister and enjoyed it. She would rather do it than anything else, but of course she had to help her mother also.

There was a little boy who came along, but Dorothy didn't know it. The boy found the smaller pets and resolved to drown them in a pond nearby. He didn't find the dog, but it followed him, and took the pet out of the water as he threw them in. When Dorothy found out that her dog was so kind she bought him a very pretty collar.

### Visiting the President.

By Helen Kinley, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Neb. Red Side. The girls were all sitting on the lawn thinking what to do for it was Ruth's birthday and all wished her to have a good time.

Just then John White came out on the porch saying, "Come on, girls. I'm going to take you to see the president. I asked all of your mothers and they said you could go."

"Oh, goody," laughed Frances. "Is it going to be President Wilson?" "I guess it is," he answered, trying to keep from laughing. They went gaily down the street until they came to John's house. "Why, is he here at your home?" asked Bae. "That's where he is," and John went straight past the front door toward the back door. The girls thought this strange, but made no comment. There in the backyard was some sand in which John always played.

He had built a wall of sand and on the top were flowers scattered. He told

them to go inside. After having entered each little girl exclaimed, "Oh, what a joke! But where is the president?" That morning John had placed some of his mother's chairs inside and he told the girls to be seated while he went to the corner and drew aside a curtain.

Here was a sand man of his own making. The girls were delighted. It had a stovepipe hat in its hand and John's father's old coat on. "How did you ever do it?" asked Gertrude. "Is that all?" "No, it isn't," said John emphatically. Then he distributed flowers among the girls until they had their arms full. All declared they had never had a better joke.

### Little Orphan Annie.

By Flora Austine, Humboldt, Neb. Aged 12. Red Side. "Oh, dear," sighed poor little orphan Annie. "All the pretty children get nice homes, but me!" and two large tears dropped on the clean little pinafore. At that moment, Carrie, another little orphan, came in. "Oh, May is going to a lovely home and is to have a pony, won't it be fine?" Carrie jumped up and down in delight. Annie ran to see her off.

"The kind lady who was taking May away with her looked with pity on Annie and little face. The large carriage was away taking pretty little May. A week passed and the carriage came bringing May back again. "We did not like her, she told stories, and wouldn't work, so we do not want her," Annie heard the lady tell the matron.

"Why not take little Annie? she works hard, is truthful and kindhearted," the matron replied. Little Annie fairly trembled. Would she take her? she thought to herself. "Is she the little thing with the sad face," the lady asked. "Yes," was the reply. "I would like to see her," continued the lady.

Annie ran out and the lady said she would try her. Saying goodbye to all of the children she departed for her new home.

It was a good home, but somehow they did not love her. She was hungry for love. Finally, little Annie made the acquaintance of an old lady and wrote her sweet, sympathetic letters, for she was an invalid.

Mrs. Conway, the invalid, took a great liking to little Annie. Every Sunday afternoon the little orphan would go to the house of her friend and read stories and feed the chickens. One day, Mrs. Conway came over to see Annie and took her home so that she could have someone to assist her in the housework and the care of a hundred chickens. Little Annie was very happy and with the permission of her former mistress, she now had a good home with the kind Mrs. Conway.

### Picnic Breakfast.

By Guy Ford Shenk, Aged 12 Years, Clark, Neb. R. F. D. No. 3. Red Side. Last Friday morning I got up at 6:30 and went down to the river. We had to take potatoes, knives, forks, spoons and a stove grate. I got down to the camping place about 6:30 and piled up wood for the fire. We were there first and so we had to wait until the other children got there. I saw them coming and I went to meet them. We got down to the river and started breakfast. We washed our faces in the river. We had eggs, bread, coffee, waffles and sausage for breakfast. We had a big log over to burn on. There were seventeen people there. We all had a good time and then went to the school house. This is a true story and my third story for the Busy Bees.

### An Honest Boy.

By Fern Barlow, Aged 4 Years, Tipton, Wyo. Red Side. One day Ralph Brown's mother asked, "Will you take this dress to Mrs. Clark?" Ralph said he would, so started off. It

was a long way to where she lived and it was getting dark, but Ralph wasn't afraid. When he got there they paid him and he started home. It was real dark and he had to go through the woods. He was passing through the woods when he saw a figure, but he could not see what it was. Finally he heard something and it was a man speaking to him. The man said, "Will you keep this box for me?" It was a tin box full of money. Ralph said he would and was as good as his word, for when the man called for his box, Ralph brought it to him safe and sound. The man saw that he was an honest boy and gave him \$20 and Ralph and his mother lived happy ever after.

### Kindness to Animals.

By Mary Thomas, Aged 10 Years, Deer Trail, Colo. Red Side. "Come, rather round my knee, my dear, a story you shall hear on kindness to animals. We know that birds are beautiful. They sing us their little tunes. Who, I ask, would have the heart to steal a nest from the dear little mother bird and her mate? Then there are horses and cows. The horses do their best by pulling loads for us. The cows give us nice milk. Then there are the dogs and cats. A dog will guard the house and the cat catch mice. Now, do you think we should beat them? We ought to give them care, that is kindness. Give them food and water, then they will have strength to do their work. They are glad to do it faithfully, so let us all be kind." This ended grandmother's story. Every one should read "Black Beauty." I have read it.

### Formerly Lived in Omaha.

By Helen Dural, Aged 8 Years, 316 West 7th St., Chicago, Ill. Blue Side. I am in the third grade and I read the paper every Sunday. I once lived in Omaha. My uncle sends me The Busy Bee every Sunday. In my next letter I will tell you about the public park playgrounds in Chicago for the children.

### Lives in Country.

By Ruth Shively, Aged 8, Nantua, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: I am a new writer and I am in the fourth grade. I have to walk a mile and a half to school. The name of my school is the Maudslayi. One in the country. I hope to find my letter in print and not in the waste basket.

### New Busy Bee.

By Lettie Lee Har, Aged 11 Years, Miller, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written. I enjoy reading the Busy Bees' page and I would like to join the busy bee.

### Summer Manners.

A well known after-dinner speaker said at a banquet in Pittsburgh: "Summer manners, especially at the seaside, are dreadfully free and easy. But what they really are, is the result of the increased popularity of the terrace South American dance." "Motoring one morning with a pretty girl, said the speaker, she stopped at her from the shop door, but she cut your eyes follow dead."

### Pointed Paragraphs.

A woman is a bundle of nerves—until the string breaks. "Every man with common sense misses a lot of things in the sea-side. If you have a skeleton in your closet, that's the place for it. If a man gets a habit of getting hot under the collar he should quit wearing collars." The best years of the average man's life are spent in trying to obtain the unattainable. "Make floral offerings to your friends before they see you." "This would be a grand old world if people could purchase experience on trial, with the privilege of returning it if not satisfactory."—Chicago News.

### FRENCH THRIFT INTERESTING

**Simon W. Straus Reports Result of His Observations.**

### DOMESTIC BUDGETS SCIENTIFIC

**Scheme of Home Expenditures, One Adopted, is Carried Out to Letter—Plan Adds to Joy of Living.**

PARIS, July 4.—Simon W. Straus of Chicago, the president of the American Society for Thrift, has just finished several months of inquiry on the continent into the origins of economy among European peoples.

"I should say that a French family can live off of what an American family wastes," said Mr. Straus. "The principal reason, of course, is in a habit of mind; in a way of looking upon the relative values of efficient living as compared with inefficient and wasteful living. One may be as extravagant with a dollar as with a million."

"Now, the self-denial of the French in food and in other necessities of living often is carried into what I should consider excess, but there is nevertheless thoughtful, intelligent thrift in the French household which contributes to the happiness and well being of every member. It is that sort of thrift which I should like to see cultivated in American families—a careful adjustment, according to a thought-out plan of the domestic budget, so much for rent, food, clothing, education, the dowry of the daughter, the amusement of every member of the family, the provision for emergencies and old age.

### Schedules Rationally Made.

"When a scheme of expenditure is adopted in the French home—and every French home, it is said, is a parliament—and well being of every member. It is that sort of thrift which I should like to see cultivated in American families—a careful adjustment, according to a thought-out plan of the domestic budget, so much for rent, food, clothing, education, the dowry of the daughter, the amusement of every member of the family, the provision for emergencies and old age.

## Studies to Teach Children Joyousness and Expression in Play

**BY M. E. THOMAS.**

The school ground should be the public playground," says Miss Pansy Higgins, who has been making a study of children and the proper exercises for them while attending school.

"Every playground should have proper equipments and teachers who have taken a course of training in the playground work, that is, interesting games and exercises, should be in charge of these playgrounds. These already belong to the public, so why spend valuable funds to buy special playgrounds while the public school grounds are not being used, instead spend the money to train the teachers in this great movement," says Miss Higgins.

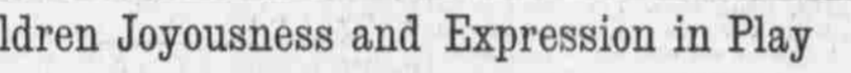
Miss Higgins, who has been awarded a scholarship in the government school of gymnastics at Copenhagen, Denmark, is the only American girl this year to receive this scholarship and has been chosen by Miss Deany Pedersen of Copenhagen to continue her work in Chicago as Miss Pedersen's successor. Miss Pedersen and Miss Higgins have completed a book based on physiology, which will be published this fall.

Miss Higgins goes to Copenhagen to complete her course preparatory to assisting in the great fight to have the Danish system of exercises in the school supplanted the German system, which Miss Higgins and Miss Pedersen contend is too strenuous for the average child in school.

"I hated school, didn't you?" asked Miss Higgins. And I wondered how she won scholarships and honors, but I soon found that she loved her work now and her enthusiasm and faith in her work will certainly win her greater success.

"It is not uncommon to see the Danish men and boys take off their hats when they pass their former school in reverence, admiration and loyalty to the place where they received their education and spent so many pleasant hours. To make the American school children like school is one of the greatest movements of the age," says Miss Higgins, "and the only way to accomplish it is to establish the Danish games, which are really interesting exercises, in the school curriculum, and not make the young child, full of youthful restlessness, all in one position for hours. It takes an unusually strong child to stand the discipline."

"Finished ball room dancing for children is immoral," is a startling statement made by Miss Higgins; "children should be taught joyousness and expression in their dancing and not stilted po-



Miss Pansy Higgins

or one of the great industrial or business companies. I think we in America ought to insist on states and cities leading their bonds for public subscription in small denominations instead of selling them in great blocks to persons who resell them to the public at a profit."

### Ocean Steamship

**Has All Comforts of a Modern Hotel**

A new era in ocean travel has been entered and the beauties of the St. Lawrence are now open to the public in the route taken by the palatial Royal Edward and the Royal George of the Canadian Northern Royal line. Not only its historical attractions and the beauty of its scenery make this route interesting, but ocean travelers from the middle west states as well as from Canada, appreciate the fact that it is the shortest route between the old world and the new. The Royal George, which is the company's flagship, has done the trip from Montreal to Bristol, England, in five days and twenty hours, in which time it was only three days and fourteen and one-half hours out of sight of land.

There never has been at the disposal of the traveler between Europe and America such speed and luxury as are now afforded by the Royal Edward and the Royal George. Montreal is now connected with the west of England and with London by the shortest sea route traveled by the fastest steamers. Nothing in the whole range of travel is equal to this trip from Montreal by the beautiful St. Lawrence to the sea. For nearly a thousand miles the steamers follow a sheltered land-locked course. Practically a third of the entire journey to England is a perpetual procession of interesting scenery, some of it the most beautiful on this continent.

Beginning with the thousand mile scenic trip down the majestic St. Lawrence and terminating on the classic Avon, right at its main street of Bristol town, the voyage is unique in character. Beyond Quebec the steamer continues ocean-ward under the shadow of the bold Laurentian range which fringes the northern banks of the lower St. Lawrence. Here are the scenes celebrated by the old Jesuit writers, and there Murray bay, Riviere de Loup, Cacouas, Tadouac and other famous watering places fit by at the mouth of the great Saguenay is the Jesuit mission chapel built in 1647, which was an object of the munificence of Louis XIV.

Leaving the Belle Isle straight more than two full days after he embarked the traveler turns from what has been a wonderful panorama and, stirred with its beauty and historical significance he seeks the library to supplement the gaps in his memory. Then for the first time he becomes fully conscious of the

### GIFT TO CITY TO BEAR INTEREST 340 YEARS

HERLIN, July 4.—Herl Seiferth, mayor of the little Saxe-Weimar city of Welda, has made a donation to the city which has set mathematicians to figuring compound interest problems of an unusual sort. The donation consists of \$50, and it is to be invested and the interest compounded regularly for 340 years, or until 2254. In May of that year 70 per cent of the accumulated interest is to be at the untrammeled disposal of the municipality. The remaining 30 per cent is to be similarly compounded for a further 100 years, when the total shall vest as an absolute gift in the city. Estimates of the sum that will be available in 2254 vary from \$1,500,000 to \$15,000,000, always assuming that financial conditions do not vary greatly from what they are today.

### It is Just Natural To Admire Babies

Our altruistic nature impels love for the cooling infant. And, the same is the subject of motherhood is ever before us. To know what to do that will add to the physical comfort of expectant motherhood is a subject that has interested most women of all times. One of the real helpful things is an external abdominal application sold in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." We have known so many grandmothers who in their younger days relied upon this remedy, and who recommended it to their own daughters that it certainly must be what its name indicates. They have used it for its direct influence upon the muscles, cords, ligaments and tendons as it aims to afford relief from the strain and pain so often unnecessarily severe during the period of expectancy.

Every woman should mention "Mother's Friend" when the work is the subject of conversation. An interesting little book is mailed free upon application to Bradfield Regulator Co., 405 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. It refers to many things that women like to read about.

Get or recommend a bottle of "Mother's Friend" to-day and write for the book.

### Turks Objecting to Revival of Use of Hebrew Language

HERUSALEM, July 4.—The Turkish government has issued orders against posting notices in Hebrew upon the dead walls of cities of Palestine. The action is believed to indicate concern on the part of the authorities over the remarkable revival of the Hebrew language.

Although up to thirty years ago classic Hebrew was not ordinarily used by the Jews of Palestine, it is now the common language of tens of thousands of people in Palestine. It is the medium of instruction in many schools, and newspapers, street car tickets and shopkeepers' signs are in Hebrew. It proposes to check the spread of the language.

The revival of the pure Biblical tongue has been, in a measure, forced on the Palestine Jews for reasons apart from the sentimental immigration from other parts of the world, particularly of the 13,000 Yiddish-speaking Jews from Russia some years ago, made a common means of communication necessary. Yiddish is not understood by the natives here, while all Jews know something of Hebrew.

The Zionist movement, aimed at restoring Palestine to the Jewish race, has done much to finance the Hebrew schools, and is now raising a fund to endow a Hebrew university at Jerusalem.

### Revival of Use of Hebrew Language

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