

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

Now that the Fourth of July is over, the Busy Bees will be directing their thoughts to summer plans. Many children will accompany their elders to the lakes, farms and for other vacation trips, but those who remain at home may enjoy themselves fully as well, don't you think so? One of the most delightful ways to spend a long summer day is to organize an excursion party, pack lunches and start off for the woods or park. The lunch is most important, for a day in the open will give one a voracious appetite.

This time I shall suggest how the girls may have ever so much fun. Did you ever make clover blossom chains and wreaths? First you must pick hundreds of the longest-stemmed clover blossoms and braid or intertwine them, adding more clover for each movement in plaiting. Several girls may start at the same time and when they have a sufficiently long chain, they may all be combined and you will have an immense clover chain many yards long. Then each one takes hold of the chain, throws it over her shoulder and marches around the park.

Wreaths to be worn in this procession can also be made by braiding strands made of several of the blossoms held together. When this garland is long enough to circumscribe the head, fasten the ends together and you have a crown fit for a queen.

This week, first prize was awarded to Walter A. Averill of the Red side; second prize to Mildred Bliss of the Red side; and honorable mention to Lydia Bender of the Blue side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Friend Spends Fourth Here.
By Walter A. Averill, Greenwood, Neb. Red Side.

My friend had written that he would spend the Fourth with me. I was very much pleased. On the day he was to arrive, I dressed hurriedly and got down to the depot just as the train pulled in. There he was. After we had greeted each other we hurried upstairs to catch a car. We soon got home and on the way I was much amused, for he was always inquiring about something. When I showed him the Woodmen of the World building, he exclaimed: "Mr. that's a big building. How many stories is it? I can't see the top of it." Nor could he as we were on the Harney car. After breakfast we fired off firecrackers and threw torpedoes at different objects. After a short time I proposed a car ride. He agreed and when I asked him where he would like to go he said: "O, downtown, and then we can walk around a while. I want to see the city." On the way down we passed the high school and I pointed it out to him. "My! what a large building for a high school," he said. He was much surprised at the height of the Woodmen of the World building and when I told him of the Brandeis buildings he wouldn't believe they were all one until I informed him of the underground passageways connecting them. About 1 o'clock he said to me: "What are the 'movers' like here?" "We'll see," I replied, and we went to the Hipp. After it was over we walked home so he could see that part of town. When we got to Twentieth and Farnam streets he looked down Farnam and said, "Where are the houses?" He thought it queer that there were so many stores as Omaha was the biggest city he had seen. After dinner we fired cannon crackers and torpedoes until about 8:15 o'clock, when he went down to the depot, as he had to go back home that afternoon, much to my disappointment. That night I went over to one of our neighbors, who celebrated in great style. First, a very fine luncheon was served out on the lawn. Then came the fireworks. All the children who wanted to could help with the Roman candles and, for a while, there was a regular battery of Roman candles shooting in every direction and at every angle. Altogether, the fireworks were fine.

ONE OF THE PRETTY LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Mary E. Fischer

Before supper we were invited to a lawn party next door. We had to bring some things to eat and a chair to sit on after the party. We shot firecrackers off till dark and then we got the fireworks, which consisted of Roman candles, sky-rockets, pin-wheels, "nigger chasers," baby cannons and sparklers. We then had to go home on account of a threatening storm. I sat on the porch and watched other people shoot their fireworks off before the storm. It rained and afterward hailed, but I slept out on the porch.

Jenny Wren's Home.
By Kenneth Clark, Central City, Neb. Red Side.

This spring I looked to see if I could find some birds' nests. While I was looking around I saw a little wren come out of the elevator of a threshing machine. I sat on the porch and watched what this little wren did. It is a long pipe that runs from the bottom of the separator to the top of the machine. It carries the grain from the bottom of the separator to the top to empty it into the wagon. I climbed up to the top and looked in and there were two eggs in the nest. I looked the next day and there were three eggs in the nest. Then Mrs. Wren began to set all the time and in a fortnight there were two little birds in the nest. I put some crumbs in there and she gave them to her little children. They are getting their feathers now and I will be sorry to see them go. Remember this motto: Be kind to dumb animals and birds.

The Troubles of Jenny Wren.
By Doris Clark, Aged 12 Years, Central City, Neb. Red Side.

A little Jenny Wren was looking around and she flew in the garage and when she came out, I looked and saw some sticks there. I knew she was making a nest, so I let her alone. After a while I looked again and she had some hay and feathers. The next day she had little eggs in it. They were pink and white spotted. She laid eight of these little eggs, then went to sitting. In two weeks she had eight little birds instead of eggs. They were a week old when the cat got them. Now she is carrying sticks again. We have fixed it now so the cat can't get them.

A Hen and Its Chick.
By Dorothy Williams, Aged 12 Years, 1113 No. 24th St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

We have an old hen that stole a peck away. One day my mother saw her out in the yard. She had come out to eat. As yet we did not know that she had stolen a nest away, so mamma put her in the chicken yard. That evening she was almost frantic to get out. My brother opened the chicken's gate and she made a beeline for under the front porch. In about ten days she came out with ten chickens. One of them chilled to death, another was sick and died, and another was crushed. This left only seven. These are all strong and healthy.

Writes for Sister, Too.
By Bertha Stoldt, Aged 9 Years, Missouri Valley, Ia. Route 2, Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to you. I had to write a letter for Anna, too. She is very fond of her three dolls and I am of mine, too. I think I will join the Blue Side. I would be very pleased to see my letter in print and that it escapes the waste basket.

May's New Doll.
By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 9 Years, Greenville, Neb. Red Side.

One day as May was walking up the street, she saw a pretty doll in a store window. She had only an old rag doll,

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 500 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 \$1.00 will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

and she wanted another doll very badly. "I'll earn some money to buy it," she said to herself. May took care of babies, washed the dishes and ran errands for her neighbors. At last she had enough money to buy the doll! Oh, how happy she was! The next day she bought the doll. She liked it very much.

Kindness to Animals.
By Ails Thomas, Aged 12 Years, Deer Trail, Colo., Box 155, Red Side.

One day I was out playing when suddenly I looked up the street and saw a bunch of boys running. Then I saw a dog with tin cans tied to his tail. The little girl who was playing with me said, "O, look at the mean boys." I said, "Sally, let's make them quit it." We ran after the boys. Mr. Miller, one of the boys' fathers, had just turned the corner. Sally said, "O, Mr. Miller, please make those bad boys leave that dog alone." Mr. Miller ran after the boys. He soon

caught up with the boys and said, "I am sorry to see you doing this. Take the cans from the dog, then go home. I am very sorry to see you doing such unkind things. If I were you I would turn over a new leaf. Learn the golden rule. Please learn this, every one of you. 'Do what is right in every way and do it every day, for he who doth right will get along with every one if he does it with kindness.'" "No," replied my mother in surprise. "Well, my rag doll can go then, can't she?" "Why certainly not," replied my mother. "Well, mamma, it's too bad to have to send them alone, but I will pack their clothes in their trunk and tie them together and sister you will write on them 'Deaf and Dumb,' won't you? Then they can be there for me to play with when I go." "Do and play with them here," quickly urged mother, and with a heart of cheer she left the room.

Wants Dolls in Heaven.
By Ailie G. McCoy, Aged 12 Years, 223 Second Avenue, West Palm Beach, Fla. Blue Side.

My mother and I were looking over some patterns when in tripped Hazel, my baby sister. "O, excuse me," she said, "but mamma can't I take my china doll to Heaven?" "No," replied my mother in surprise. "Well, my rag doll can go then, can't she?" "Why certainly not," replied my mother. "Well, mamma, it's too bad to have to send them alone, but I will pack their clothes in their trunk and tie them together and sister you will write on them 'Deaf and Dumb,' won't you? Then they can be there for me to play with when I go." "Do and play with them here," quickly urged mother, and with a heart of cheer she left the room.

Peter Rabbit.
By Verda Sheppoter, Aged 8 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

There were once four little rabbits and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter. Three were good little rabbits, but Peter was naughty. One day their mother went away and she said to them, "Now, my dears, you

may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident and was put into a pie by Mrs. MacGregor." Then their mother went away.

Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail, who were good little rabbits, went down the lane together, blackberrying; but Peter ran straight to Mr. MacGregor's garden. First he ate some lettuce and then some French beans. Then Mr. MacGregor caught sight of him, calling out, "Stop thief!" He scared little Peter nearly to death, but after many narrow escapes little Peter got home safely. He was quite ill and had to take bitter medicine, while his three brothers were having blackberries, bread and milk. Little Peter never disobeyed his mother again.

Safety First.
By Dora Rich, Aged 10 Years, 1122 North 20th St., Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Two little boys named Fred Smith and Henry Jones were playing in Fred's yard. Mrs. Smith, Fred's mother, came out and told the boys not to go out of the yard, because if they would go out, they were liable to get hurt by a vehicle.

Fred did not listen to his mother's words, but the minute she went into the house, Fred took his little wagon out into the street and told Henry he would give him a nice, big ride. Henry, eager to get a ride also went out of the yard. Fred and Henry were so taken up with the ride that they did not hear the signal of the automobile that was coming in back of them. The automobile was going at a great speed and could not stop in time to save the boys from injuries. Fred and

Henry were badly injured, but Fred was the one that received the most injuries. Fred and Henry had to stay in the hospital for a few weeks, until the doctor told them that they might go out and play, but Mrs. Smith was very pleased to see that the boys did not disobey her any more.

That is just the reason why we should always use "Precaution and Safety First."

Nellie's Lesson.
By Fanny M. Klein, Aged 10 Years, 1113 North 15th Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived a woman who had a daughter named Nellie. Every time her mother would tell her to go to the store she would say, "Oh, dear, I always have to go to the store." About two days before her birthday Nellie asked her mother if she could have a party. "Nellie," said her mother, "do you remember what you say when I send you to the store?" Nellie thought a moment, then said: "Please, mother, won't you forgive me?" "No child," said her mother, "but if you mind you may have a party next year." After that Nellie always minded her mother, and when her next birthday came her mother made her a party, not because she said she would, but because Nellie minded her.

Has Many Dolls.
By Anna Stoldt, Aged 6 Years, Missouri Valley, Ia. Route No. 2, Red Side.

This is the first time I have ever written to this page. I have three dolls. Their names are Emma, Annie and Ernest. They are all pretty. I cannot write, so my sister Hertha has to do the writ-

ing. She will write a letter, too. We had a nice picnic and program the last day of school. I took part in three songs and one recitation. Hertha has three dolls. The largest doll has no legs and eyes. Hertha sews clothes for my dolls. It is raining here today. I think I will join the Red Side because I like the red color best.

Taming a Pony.
By Mary E. Gregson, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

Edward and Julia were now living on a ranch. Their father bought them a pony which was very wild. This was the first time they had ever ridden a wild pony, and so Julia was very frightened. Edward thought he was very brave so he tried to get on the pony, but it threw him off. Then Julia said to Ed: "I'll bet you 50 cents I can break him in by kind words." "I'll bet you can't," exclaimed Ed. Julia got on him and said sweetly, "Giddyap, Dan," and away Dan did gallop. Julia held very tight. She then turned him around and went to Ed to claim her reward. In about a week he was very tame to Julia, but when Ed came to ride he would kick him. After that Ed said Julia could have Dan and then he would get another pony using kind words you can break in a horse to be very gentle.

Likes to Read Stories.
By Florence Bennett, Aged 9 Years, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I like to read the stories from the Busy Bees. I am a new Busy Bee and wish to join the Blue Side.

Panama Canal Will Open Bolivian Trade with America

(Copyrighted, 1914, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

LA PAZ, Bolivia.—By the Panama canal Bolivia has brought Bolivia into the market place of the United States. This means much now, it will mean more in the future. Bolivia is almost one-fifth as big as Europe. If viewed over the main body of the United States it would cover one-fourth of it. It is an undeveloped empire of natural resources. Situated on the roof of South America and shut off from the seacoast by a great strip of desert, it has until lately been almost inaccessible. Of its vast mineral resources, only those could be mined and shipped abroad that were valuable enough to pay enormous freight rates. They have to get out to sea over a single railroad and then down through the Strait of Magellan to Europe. Now there are three railroads, and by the Panama canal Bolivia is brought within about 4,000 miles of New Orleans, and within almost 4,500 miles of New York.

The country is the great tin reservoir of the world. It has been sending its tin ore through the Strait of Magellan to England, where the metal has been smelted and refined, and sent across the Atlantic ocean for the making of American tin plate. The tin ore will now probably come to us direct, and a smelting industry may grow up to handle it. As to the present trade with Bolivia, Great Britain comes first, then Germany, and then the United States. Even under the hard conditions of present transport we are sending Bolivia more than one-seventh of all it consumes and we buy one-third of all that it sells. With the canal, our sales increase enormously and our purchases will probably make us its best customer. As it is now the total foreign trade of the country is about \$50,000,000 and of this the exports exceed the imports by more than \$10,000,000.

American Interests Growing.
Within the last six or seven years American interests in Bolivia have been rapidly growing. In 1902, when Bull paid to Bolivia something over \$18,000,000 for the territory of Acre, the government decided to put the money into the building of railroads for the development of the country, and the contracts were given to Speyer & Co. and the National City Bank of New York. The amount all told was something like \$27,000,000, and this resulted in the building of a number of new lines and the extension of the old system, giving the country the improved transportation service which it has today. Later on the Farquhar Syndicate, incorporated in the United States with a capital of \$25,000,000, received concessions for the building of roads in eastern Bolivia, and, although as yet nothing has been done on account of the hard financial conditions throughout the world, the concession may be revived as times improve.

Associated with the Speyers and the National City Bank in the first railroad building was the firm of W. R. Grace & Co. of New York. It was through this company, which has long been a power in South America, that the great railroad loan was contracted, and through it came large investments of American money, rails and rolling stock, and also the American civil engineers who laid out the lines and superintended the construction.

Selling Yankee Goods.
At about the same time the firm of W. R. Grace & Co. established an American house in La Paz. It had long been known for its work in all the countries along the west coast, but until then had not paid much attention to Bolivia and the interior. Since then it has established selling agencies in every part of the republic, and is now pushing American goods everywhere throughout the high Andes. It has divided up Bolivia just as our great wholesale firms map out their respective territories, and it has its commercial salesmen drumming and pushing American goods in every part of the country. The La Paz establishment of Grace & Co. is the biggest wholesale house in Bolivia. It has a business corner that covers about one-tenth of an acre and its counting room looks like a government department. It has scores of clerks seated at American desks, and the clicking of a score of American typewriters fills the air. Business is done just as in the states, and the success shows that American methods will work as well south of the equator as they do north of it.

Writes for Sister, Too.
During my stay here I have had a chat with Mr. Jorge Zalles, the local director of this American firm. He was born in Bolivia, and thoroughly understands the people and their trade. He is also well posted as to our American interests, having had some experience in the United States in a diplomatic capacity, and also as to the importation and exportation of goods from this country to the United States and Europe. Said he: "Relations should improve. There should be a free increase in the business done between the United



The Prado La Paz

States and Bolivia. As it is now, the most of the trade goes through Grace & Co., but there is plenty of room for others. We have to fight the English, the French and the Germans, and the only way to do business is to go after it and get it. You cannot sell goods here by letter. You need good men on the ground, and establishments that will come to stay. As it is, much of the business is in the hands of the Germans, and they are so pushing their trade that they supply nearly one-third of all the goods imported into Bolivia.

Merchants Are Honest.
"But how about credits in Bolivia? Do merchants pay for what they order?" "Yes. They are as honest as we are, and there is no more trouble in making collections. The national credit is also good, and it has greatly improved since the contract was made through W. R. Grace & Co. with Speyers and the National City Bank for the building of new railroads. Before that time it was almost impossible for us to get money from London. I can remember that I went to London about ten years ago to borrow a million dollars to build the railroad from Lake Titicaca to La Paz. I could not get any one to listen to me. After the contract was made by the Speyers the financial powers of Europe began to wake up. They decided that if the credit of Bolivia was good enough for the Americans it ought to be good enough for them, and since then we have had no trouble in borrowing. There is today a great deal of English, French and German money invested in Bolivia, and we get a loan at any time for any reasonable amount. Our public debt is not large, considering our population and our resources."

Interest at Ten Per Cent.
The rates are much higher than in the United States. Ordinary loans yield 10 per cent, and for special loans 12 per cent and more are received. Our money rises and falls, according to the demand and supply, just as it does everywhere. At present money is scarce and high all over the world. The government is making some changes in its financial arrangements. It has recently given one bank the exclusive right to issue notes, and the rate of interest has been raised. We have a number of banks in the country and the most of them are prosperous.

How about the opportunities for the investment of American capital?
"They are good," replied Mr. Zalles. "Bolivia is at the beginning of its development, and it has vast resources in lands, mines and petroleum. The most valuable part of our country lies east of the Andes. In that region we have an area bigger than Texas, consisting of high plains that will raise wheat, corn and cattle. These lands are between the River Pilcomayo and the Paraguay, and they extend northward into the

plateau of Matto Grosso. The climate is fine and well suited to white men. That region will some day have a large population. As to mines, Bolivia has produced quantities of silver, copper and tin, but it is still on the edge of its mineral development. We have petroleum fields that promise to revolutionize the fuel problem in South America. These are east of the Andes. They are said to be very rich."



Aymara Indians

Investments Are Safe.
"Yes, just as safe as in Europe or the United States. You people should realize that conditions in the great countries of South America are far different from those of Central America and Mexico. Investments in Chile, Argentina and Bolivia are on a firm basis, as far as the governments are concerned. We have not had a revolution in Bolivia for more than thirty years, and we are in a good financial condition. Capital is protected, and I venture that a man's life is safer at any hour of the night here in La Paz than in New York or Chicago."

Need More Railroads.
"What we especially want," continued Mr. Zalles, "is railroads to open up eastern Bolivia. That part of the country is well fitted for immigration, but it cannot be developed until it has better transportation. The region is rich beyond conception. It is one of the largest blocks of good, undeveloped land that yet remains to the world. It is far different

from the high Andean plateau, which is, to a large extent, a mineral proposition. Eastern Bolivia is agricultural. It is like Argentina. Here on the plateau cities are increasing in size and a steady growth is apparent. If you look about in La Paz you will find that new construction work is going on in every part of the city. Why we start a new building almost every day. Settlements are also springing up along the lines of the railroads, and even the Indians are increasing their wants."

Tell me something about the Indians.
Mr. Zalles. Many of the foreigners I have met say they are little more than animals, and that there is no possibility of improving them."

That is a mistake. The Aymara Indians, who form the majority of the population, are much like the Japanese in their aptitude for new things. The older men and women, whose brains have been deadened by overwork, and by alcohol may be dull and sodden.

It is far different with the young men. They are bright and quick to learn. You will see them working upon the buildings here in La Paz. Everything is done by Indian labor. We have a large shoe factory in Oruro. The shoemaking machines are American, and they are all operated by Indians. We have Indians who are experts in handling mining machinery. Some of the Aymaras are learning to read, and I can see that a radical improvement has begun. The most of our Indians are landowners. They are interested in the country by owning a part of it, and as they become more enlightened they will be fairly good citizens.

The new American minister is doing what he can to push our trade with a view to the opening of the canal. The minister comes from the Mississippi valley. His name is John Davis O'Rear. He was practicing law at Mexico, Mo., when Secretary Bryan elevated him to the diplomatic corps and to the top of the Andes. Since coming here he has

established excellent connections with the Bolivians, and I find him popular. He lives in the house that was occupied by the former minister, Horace G. Knowles. It faces the Prado, or chief public park and promenade of the capital, and is in the official and social heart of the city. Mr. O'Rear tells me that American exporters should establish permanent agencies in La Paz and send their own men down here to push their goods.

Mr. Knowles, the former minister, is so confident of the future of the country that he has established a company for the mineral development of Bolivia. This is chartered in Portland, Me., and its authorized capital is \$25,000,000. It has its engineers and prospectors who are traveling over the Andes looking for good propositions, lands and mines, which, when found, are to be developed by Bolivian and American capital. Mr. Knowles is the president of the Incaero Mining company, which, he tells me, is doing wonders. I have already spoken of the gold bricks—real gold, not imitation—that he showed me from this mine, and his story is that it grows better and better. Mr. Knowles does not hesitate to urge the investment of American capital in Bolivian mines. He thinks this country is to be the treasure vault of the next generation, and it is a part of his business just now to induce Americans to come to it. Personally I believe every man ought to investigate such propositions carefully before putting any of his hard-earned American dollars into them.

Help Educate Natives.
I find that the Americans are doing much in Bolivia along the lines of education. I have already written of their Indian school on the banks of Lake Titicaca. This is thriving and it promises to work a revolution in a race that sorely needs it. Here at La Paz is the American Institute. This is a college for the higher education of Bolivian youth that is making a big impression upon the country. It is supported by the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States, but the Bolivian government esteems it so highly that it makes an appropriation every year for it and encourages it in every possible way. This school was founded in 1907 at the request of the Bolivian government by the missionaries, and it is under their control. It is not sectarian in its teaching. When it was first opened it had an attendance of 120 pupils, and since then the number has grown to 300 and more. The students come from all parts of Bolivia and even from over the borders in Brazil and Peru. Not a few of the boys have to travel a month by mule, stage coach and train to get to La Paz.

During my stay here I have visited this institute and had talks with its teachers. They are all Americans and the school is run on the American plan. The head is Prof. McBride, and among the teachers are the graduates of the best of our colleges.

Good Chance for Someone.
The American Institute is situated near the Prado and not far from our legation. It still occupies rented grounds and buildings, and it would be a good investment for some one who wishes to lay up treasure in heaven to give from \$50,000 to \$100,000 to the buying of land and the erection of buildings for the institute. When Secretary Bryan was here, six or seven years ago, he started a movement toward the raising of this money; but so far as I know he was not altogether successful. I know of no place where money could be better spent. As it is now all of the buildings are crowded and there are more applications from students than can be filled. The Methodist church has established a secondary school at Cochabamba, a city of 30,000, in the heart of Bolivia, about three days' journey from La Paz. This school will have a like appropriation from the government as that of La Paz. The American Institute is organized after the model boys' boarding schools of the United States. It has all the features that make school life pleasant, and it has taken to some extent the part of a Young Men's Christian Association in the encouragement of games and the development of athletics. It has its literary society and its school publications. It has a Boy Scout movement and athletic tournaments, with running, jumping and foot-ball matches. For the last year the program of the tournament was for some one to be crowned king of the year. The language is Spanish, but it can be easily translated by those understanding the sports. The tournament was divided into three classes, the first of which was composed of the alumni and others above 15 years of age. The second class was of all those between 12 and 15 years, and a third class was for boys under 12. The prizes were gold, silver and bronze medals, and they were presented by the American minister at the end of the games.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.