

Eighth Graders Give Unique Washington Party



Top Row, Left to Right—Miss Myrtle Busk, teacher; Helen Singer, Lloyd Burgett, Fred Wefelmeier, Albin Tregdal, Harold McGuire, Edwin Mlotka, Fred Krause, Donald Sinclair, Middle Row, Left to Right—Lillian Pasnick, Sam Sigal, Louis Carpenter, Louis Chleborad, Al Beck, Elele Dinkel, Martha Webb. Seated, Left to Right—Theodore Wood and James McClaren.

Ye colonial dames and the signers of the Declaration of Independence came back to life on George Washington's birthday, when a unique program was given for the Omaha chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Miss Jennie Redfield, principal of the Castellar school, and Miss Sarah Sanborn arranged a dramatization of this period in American history, the participants being members of the eighth grade at Miss Redfield's school. The first scene disclosed the colonial dames at a tea party, where they were discussing the celebrated tea tax, which finally brought on the Boston tea party, famous in song and story. Then the members of the First and Second continental congresses were pictured, and finally, the signing of the historic document. The costumes for the dramatization were all made in the families of the children, at a cost of 10 cents each. An additional lark for the youngsters was the fact that the teachers arranged to bring the children to their homes in jitneys, giving the children their first jitney ride.

Secretary of Columbia n Graduating Class



CAMILLA EDHOLM.

Belgians. Each Sunday we have over 30 people in our Sunday school. We have \$5 and \$10 every Sunday. This money is being laid away for this purpose. My teacher at school was over in Europe when the war started. She says that Europe is beautiful, but this dear old land of "Uncle Sam," has the finest flag that flies. Happy Valentine. By Hazel Harkke, Aged 12 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side. Evangeline's father was a sailor. He had to go on a great voyage to Europe. He sailed November 25 and expected to return in about three weeks. Each day Evangeline spoke of the time for her father to return. At last the time arrived and a great dinner was being prepared. Every moment she was expecting her father to walk in the door. But to her great disappointment he did not come. Days and weeks passed and nothing was seen or heard of him. February 14 Evangeline and her mother were sitting by the window talking of the father, when they heard the sound of footsteps on the walk. Evangeline went to the door and to her surprise who should be there but her father. She was almost overcome with joy. He told them that his ship was wrecked on an island and no rescue had come until a few weeks ago. He was certainly their happy Valentine. Adventures of Penny. By Helen Neumann, Aged 10 Years, 311 North Lincoln, Box 78, West Point, Neb. Blue Side. I was once a piece of copper in a copper mine. Then I was taken from the mine with lots of other copper and was taken to a mint. There I was made into a bright, shining penny. With a lot of other pennies I was taken to a bank in Chicago. A man came into the bank one day. Three other pennies, myself and two dollars were given to him. He spent me for food. The clerk that he gave me to was a very kind man. He put me in a large drawer with other pennies and money. In a few days I was given to a little boy. And the next Sunday he took me to Sunday school and put me in the contribution box, and here I remain with many other pennies, waiting to be exchanged for books and to be sent to missionaries of foreign countries. Our Picnic. By Ellen A. Nelson, Aged 9 Years, Box 77, R. F. D. No. 2, Fort Calhoun, Neb. Red Side. Once last summer we had our Sunday school picnic in our friend's pasture. When we came there we played tag and some of the children swung in the rope swing and the big boys played baseball. At 1 o'clock we had our dinner. When we were seated at the table the minister prayed and then we had dinner. We had sandwiches and cake, pie, lemonade and so on. Then we played drop the handkerchief until we had our lunch. After that we went home. The Northern Star. By Anna Nelson, Aged 12 Years, Box 77, R. F. D. No. 2, Fort Calhoun, Neb. Blue Side. Once upon a time there lived a little girl and her mother. Her father was dead. This little girl's name was Agnes. Agnes was a good girl. That year the country was very dry. The people were dying from lack of water. One day Agnes went to pick some berries. She had about half a basketful when she caught sight of a cup standing by the roadside full of water. She was going to drink it, when she thought of her mother, who was sick and lying in bed. She said to herself: "I will take this to mother; she will be glad." Just then the cup became silver. Agnes ran home. She gave her mother the cup, but her mother said: "Agnes, drink it yourself; I'm not thirsty." As Agnes was about to drink it a poor man came in. Seeing the cup full of water, he said: "Please give me a drink; I am so thirsty." So Agnes, without saying a word, handed the man the cup. Just then the cup became gold and the diamond was shown on the cup. The diamond was getting bigger and bigger and raising higher and higher until it came to heaven, where it remained. Now people speak of it as the North star. From the hole left by the diamond

LIVE wires of a certainty are the members of the graduating class at the Columbian school. They are going to get out a newspaper, "The Columbian Record," next week, under the editorship of Rudyard Norton. There is an imposing list of assistant editors and reporters, including Virginia Reed, Charles Voorces, Ellison Vinsonhale, Gertrude Peycke, James Proebsting, Ruth Lois Waterman and Grant Lane.

Donna MacDonald is the president of the class; William Oleon, vice president; Camilla Edholm, secretary, and Robert Downs, treasurer.

Just to illustrate how thoroughly the children are in earnest with everything that they attempt and how ambitious to do things in an efficient manner, the president and secretary have appealed to the secretary's mother, Mrs. K. R. J. Edholm, a prominent clubwoman, to give them lessons in parliamentary practice, so that their business meetings might be expedited. The parliamentary classes are meeting with a vim and any one presenting an improper motion at the next class meeting, will be promptly ruled out of order, by the president.

Camilla Edholm, the secretary, is a former queen of the Busy Bees and won a great deal of favorable mention recently as the author of a unique riddle, the answer to which was, "A Red Cross Christmas Seal." Camilla's mother is head of the Nebraska Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which organization sells the familiar Christmas seal at that season of the year.

This week, first prize was awarded to Anna Zimmerman; second prize to Helena Yost, and honorable mention to Lola Smalley, all of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

George Washington. (First Prize.) By Anna Zimmerman, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. No. 2, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side. George Washington was born in Virginia in the year 1732. He lived with his parents and brothers. Once for his birthday he received a hatchet as a gift. So he went out in the orchard and looked for a tree he could chop down. He chose a cherry tree for his victim and with a few chops of his hatchet it came tumbling down to the ground. George thought it fine work and he continued his play. A little while afterwards Mr. Washington came out to the orchard to see how his trees were getting along and when he saw that one of his best trees had been cut down, he went back into the house angry and asked, "Who has been cutting down my trees, one of my best ones?" George, hearing this, ran to his father and said, "I did it with my hatchet, father."

His father took him on his lap and said, "I would rather have you cut down a hundred trees than to have you tell one lie." Later there moved from England a lord named Lord Halifax. He liked George and often used to let him ride his horses and often they would shoot targets and see who would be the first to hit the bull's-eye. Once he asked George to go out and survey his land. George did not refuse the request and at once set out with a party of men in charge of him. Sometimes there were only Indian trails and often and sometimes the rain would pour down, but he did not mind this. It is said that once he carved his name on a natural bridge in Virginia. After he returned home he heard that the revolutionary war was going on. He at once became head general, and after they had conquered the British and gained their freedom they elected Washington their president and lived happily as long as Washington ruled over them. He died at the age of 67 years in the year 1799.

Feeds Birds in Winter. By Helena Yost, 2514 W Street, South Omaha, Blue Side. I will tell you about the birds. Every afternoon about 4:30 o'clock the birds come for supper. They come in the front yard. My mother and I throw bread crumbs out on the snow, then one bird comes down and soon about ten come down. I like to watch them eat. Some eat it where they find it and some fly away with big pieces of crumbs in their mouths, and after awhile come back after more. I feel sorry for the poor birds because they have no homes to go to. I hope every Busy Bee will do the same with the poor little birds. I will close my story, hoping every Busy Bee will be kind to the birds.

Our Pet Squirrel. By Lola Smalley, Aged 10 Years, 6014 Underwood Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side. It was a cold winter evening as my mother and I sat in our little house. My mother was reading and I sat by the window looking out at the snowflakes falling fast. As we both sat there in quiet we heard a light footstep on the porch. My mother ran to the door and there sat a little squirrel, and she let it in. I sat there a long time playing with it, then all at once it ran to the door and let it out. Then we put some nuts on the porch and it came there every evening and I gave it nuts. I hope this escapes Mr. Wastebasket, as this is the first letter I have written. I wish to join the Blue Side.

Has Dog and Pony. By Arnold Shupe, Aged 11 Years, Box 112, Route 1, Auburn, Ia., Blue Side. I have a dog named Prince. He is a little, low down, underslung rat terrier. I can make him sit on his hind legs, which I think he likes very well. He also goes to school with me, which is only about three-fourths of a mile. I have a little white and brown pony. Her name is Nancy. I can ride or drive her. She is about 3 years old. She also has learned one trick. She will lay down whenever I lift up her front leg, but does not like to very well. I also enjoy to ride her to school, picnic, also like very much to ride her. If I do not let him, he will jump and bark. I like very much to tease the little dog for he will growl and snap at me. I am getting tired and will close for my first time. I hope to see my letter in the paper.

A Boy of Acadie. By Bonnie Frank, Aged 11 Years, 608 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Blue Side. Far off in the island of Acadie, about the year 1513, there was a family who were among the ones who were so persecuted by the English. They had a boy who was 16 years of age, and he knew the sufferings of the people. One day a proclamation was sent through the village that they were all to meet in the church to hear a message. After they were all in the church they found that it was only a ruse to exile them all. Struggling, they were put on

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. 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.

visit at Lincoln's home. By Miriam Weener, 3212 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Blue Side. When my grandfather was 10 years old, he and his mother went to Springfield, Ill., to visit his uncle, whose name was Freeman. The Freemans and Abraham Lincoln were great friends and often visited. One day the Freemans and my grandfather and grandmother were invited to spend the day at the Lincoln home. The Lincoln had two boys named Robert and Thad, and the Freemans had two boys named Taylor and Scott, and the four boys were about the same age as my grandfather, which made it pleasant for him. The Lincoln lived in a large two-story house with lots of windows, a large yard with a wooden fence around it. The house stood about four blocks northwest of the old state house. The boys were playing in the yard, when Mr. Lincoln came home to dinner. When he saw a strange boy, he put his hand on my grandfather's head and asked, "Whose little white-headed boy are you?" Then one of his boys told him who my grandfather was. Grandfather couldn't remember what they had for dinner, but he did remember that the boys waited until the older people were through, then they ate by themselves and the mothers waited on them. This is a true story. My grandfather told it to me.

Thinks War Will Help. By Kathleen Lompkin, Aged 11 Years, 910 Hickory Street, Omaha, Blue Side. The European countries have not been progressing the last year because of the war, but this is a help to the United States in various ways. The tourists do not care to go to the countries at war. They will now spend their money visiting their own country. There is just as much scenery in the United States as there is in the old countries. In another way the United States is helped. After the war they will have to buy a great many things from the United States. This will employ a great many in factories. After the war many articles will be marked, "Made in the United States," instead of "Made in Germany." This is all a help to the United States.

Bad Scare When Traveling. By Mildred Jens, Aged 11 Years, 1503 Hayes Street, Columbus, Neb. Red Side. We had just reached the shore of Eskland. Three days after we had arrived we went to see Loch Lomond in Scotland. The next day we went to a famous castle. About a fortnight after we went to China and Japan. We passed one of the old walls around China. It looked strange to see people riding in carts drawn by men. On our way home we went to Africa. One day when I was playing I looked up into a tree and saw a panther ready to spring on me. I ran as fast as I could and took refuge in a cave, from where I was later rescued.

The European War. By Luella Sonneland, Aged 11 Years, Kearney, Neb. Box 6, Red Side. One of the greatest wars is raging over in Europe. Millions of people are homeless and poor. I go to the Methodist church. We are planning on sending a cartload of flour to the poor suffering

like me. I am very interested in the Busy Bees and would like to join the Red Side. I am 12 years of age and am in the Seventh grade, and have eight studies in school. I like to read the stories of the Busy Bees page because I think they are very interesting. I have three brothers and two sisters. I hope to see my letter in print. School Named for President. By Rosie Liphaltz, Aged 8 Years, North Platte, Neb. Blue Side. I am very interested in the Busy Bees and would like to join the Red Side. I go to the Third Ward school and am in the Fifth grade. I have two sisters. They are both in the Eighth grade, their names are, Eunice and Lola. I wish to join the Red Side. This is the first letter I have written to the Busy Bees, and I hope to see it in print. Falls Asleep at Circus. By Marie Hanson, Aged 7 Years, 150 Fifth Avenue, Kearney, Neb. Red Side. When the circus comes to town papa always takes us children, and one time when Ringling Brothers' circus was here he took my three brothers and I. I was very tired and almost asleep. Papa was busy enjoying the performance, when some way I fell down through the seats, and we were on the row next to the top. I was not hurt much, but papa's nose was badly scratched because he jumped down after me. Tale of Lincoln. By George Seal, Aged 9 Years, 135 North Twenty-eighth Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. On February 12, 1900, a little boy was born in a Kentucky log cabin. His name was Abraham Lincoln. His mother was a bright woman, and everything he knew he owed to her. When he grew up he became the sixteenth president of the United States. As president he freed the slaves. He was re-elected and in his fifth year as president he was shot at a theater on April 14 and died April 15, 1865. The man's name that shot him was John Booth. Halloween Franks. By Amy Kite, Aged 10 Years, South Auburn, Neb. Red Side. It was Halloween and my sister and I had not thought of any pranks we could play, so we went to bed. We had been in bed but a short time when we heard a noise at the window. We knew quite well that it was our brother trying to play some joke on us. So my sister slipped quietly to the window and just as he was trying to put the Jack-o'-lantern to the window, she said, "Boo!" He was taken so by surprise that he nearly fell off the ladder. He will have to be more clever to fool us. We live in the country and we have many more good times.

Some little boy or girl will be happy next week riding this Bicycle. Are you the lucky one? You have until 4 p. m., March 6 to try for it.

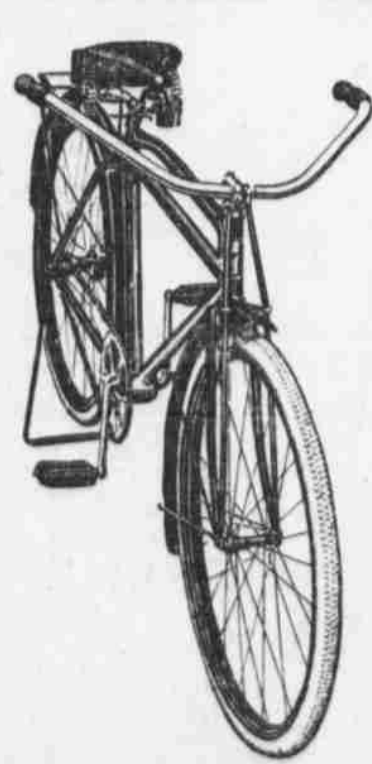
water was coming. All the people drank as much as they wanted. Even the animals had enough. Agnes was happy. Likes the Country. By Cora Golden, Aged 9 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. Red Side. I went to the country this summer, where I had a jolly time. On the way going we saw a coyote perched on a strawstack. My cousin showed me a pet prairie dog that he had gotten from a prairie dog town. We ate watermelon most of the time. I helped the boys milk and plucked up potatoes. I was sorry when the time came for me to go home. A farm is the place to make boys and girls strong and happy as it is a pleasant place. This is the first letter I have written. I wish to join the Red Side. Fortunate Escape. By Ruth Smalley, Aged 12 Years, 5014 Underwood Avenue, Omaha, Red Side. One day we went out in the woods and were going to stay there all day. We went fishing and didn't get a fish. Then we went wading and I stepped in a mud-hole, and hollered for help. Fortunately my father was close by and I was taken out. They put dry clothes on me and then we went home. I would like to join the Red Side, for it is very interesting to read the letters every Sunday and I look eagerly for the Busy Bees page. Likes to Read Stories. By Alyce Johnson, Aged 12 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb. Red Side. I will write to the Busy Bee page for the first time. I would like to join the Red Side. I am 12 years of age and am in the Seventh grade, and have eight studies in school. I like to read the stories of the Busy Bees page because I think they are very interesting. I have three brothers and two sisters. I hope to see my letter in print. School Named for President. By Rosie Liphaltz, Aged 8 Years, North Platte, Neb. Blue Side. I am very interested in the Busy Bees and would like to join the Red Side. I go to the Third Ward school and am in the Fifth grade. I have two sisters. They are both in the Eighth grade, their names are, Eunice and Lola. I wish to join the Red Side. This is the first letter I have written to the Busy Bees, and I hope to see it in print. Valentine Day. By Minnie Neumann, Aged 11 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side. "Valentine, Valentine, where have you been?" "I've been seeking and hiding betwixt and between." "Valentine, Valentine, what did you do there?" "I was waiting for Valentine month of the year." As Valentine day will soon be here, Elsie thought it would be much more fun to make her own valentines. "I'm going to make twenty fine valentines," said Elsie, "for I have many friends to whom to send them." Elsie set to work with the material she had which included cards, muclage, scissors, gold ink and other things. Joe helped Elsie so that twenty-five were soon made. Joe laid them in a row on the table and said, "Aren't they beau-ti-ful." Who are you going to give the prettiest one to?" "I'm going to send this one to the little girl that entered school the other day. It will surprise her and it won't be selfish for I know she'll not send one to me." The twenty-five valentines were soon placed in white envelopes in due time. Elsie and Joe thought it was lots more fun to make them than to receive them. Takes Nine Studies. By Gladys Clason, Aged 11 Years, Spalding, Neb. Blue Side. I am a little girl of 11 years of age. I go to school every day. I take nine studies. They are arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, reading, physiology, spelling, drawing and writing. I have decided to join the blue side, as blue is my favorite color. As my story is get-

ting long I will close. This is the first time I have written. Captain at Basket Ball. By Gladys O'Dell, Aged 13 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side. This is my first letter to the Children's page. I am 13 years old. I enjoy the stories of the Busy Bees. I have four sisters, Lola, Daisy, Jennie and Nellie and one brother, Oliver. I am captain of a basket ball team at our school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Thompson. Has Many Pets. By Luella Gibson, Clark, Neb. Red Side. I am going to try and write a few lines to this page. My mother is sewing carpet rags to pass away the time. My story is going to be about our pets. My sister and I have a pet pig. His name is Bob. We have two dogs and one cat. We have a bulldog and a Scotch collie dog. We live four and a half miles from town. I believe I would rather live in the country than in town. In the country you breathe fresh air. I will close now for my letter is getting long. Busy Bee Note. By Belle Robinson, Aged 9 Years, Tekamah, Neb. Blue Side. I enjoy reading the Busy Bee's page and wish to join this page. I am 9 years of age and go to the Tekamah school. I would like to join the blue side. Attends Columbian School. By Mildred Blodt, Aged 9 Years, 4123 Jones Street, Omaha, Blue Side. I wish to join the Blue Side of the Busy Bees page, because the first time I am writing to the Busy Bees. There is a little girl, a friend of mine, that writes a story every Sunday. I always enjoy reading her stories. I go to Columbian school. I am in the third B. I always go to Sunday school. If my letter escapes Mr. Waste Basket I will try my luck at a story next time. Lincoln. By Delphine Merrill, Aged 10 Years, 134 Saunders Avenue, Hastings, Neb. Blue Side. When Lincoln was a little boy, he worked with all his might. He had not a single toy. And he toiled hard every 'till night. But he was honest, kind and good. And did his work with a right good will. Earning his clothes and his food. The wood he cut for his fire and the ground he tilled. His lessons were well learned. (Though few books had he.) Dinner hour, he felt, was well earned. Then again he was busy as a bee. Our country needs a leader true. To protect our own Red, White and Blue. Lincoln's honesty and goodness soon brought him fame. For the people! Honest Abe, their His toil and his struggle was not in vain. For was it not he who set the slaves free.

Auto Ride in Country. By Eileen Gass, Aged 8 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side. One day last summer we went to the country. We went in a car. Our car broke down going up a hill. Well, at last we reached our destination. We ran up and down the strawstack. Soon we sat upon it, watching the boys play ball. Then we had our supper. It was very dark coming home. It was all right then with the car. We went very fast. I hope I win the prize. Wouldn't Stand for It. "How is your husband?" asked Mrs. Wells of her colored waif-woman. "Porely, mighty porely, ma'am. He's laid up with a misery in his back, but he says he might get up in a week. He aches. He never could stand toothache." "Too bad," sympathized the lady. "Did the clothes fit him that my husband sent over?" "No'm," was the careful reply. "No'm, they didn't. They was too big. He had to rib them to his brother Gop. He was mighty glad they fit Gop, though." "Dear me! I'm sorry the clothes did not fit him. They might have been made better." "No'm, he ain't." "Pears like he can't get no work. Says he's glad, though, that times is getting better." "Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Wells, greatly interested. "Your husband must be 'No, indeed, he ain't!" denied Aunt Matty indignantly. "He's a Methodist, an' if he was to line any of them new-fangled religions, I'd get a divorce." Judge.

Some little boy or girl will be happy next week riding this Bicycle. Are you the lucky one? You have until 4 p. m., March 6 to try for it.

You can have your choice of either a Boy's or Girl's Wheel it is a famous WORLD MOTOR BIKE



It has a 20-inch Frame with Coaster Brake. Motor Bike Handle Bars, Eagle Diamond Saddle, Motor Bike Pedals, Motor Bike Grip, Luggage Carrier Holder, Folding Stand, Front and Rear Wheel Guards, Truss Frame and Front Fork. This picture of the bicycle will be in The Bee every day. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office, Saturday, March 6th. The bicycle will be given Free to the boy or girl that send us the most pictures before 4 p. m., Saturday, March 6th. Subscribers can help the children in the contest by asking for picture certificates when they pay their subscription. We give a certificate good for 100 pictures for every dollar paid. Payments should be made to our authorized carrier or agent, or sent direct to us by mail.