

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

**WOULDN'T it be great fun to cross the ocean on a European tour?** George Paul Borglum is a young Omaha lad of but 11 years, who had crossed the ocean, not once, but fourteen times. Seven times in his eventful young life has George Paul made European trips in company with his father and mother, the first time being when he was only seven months old.

George Paul has another distinction for one so young as he—that is, he can speak the French language as well as his native English. George Paul's mother is a Frenchwoman, Madame Borglum, who is at the head of the Franco-Belgian relief work in Omaha, and he has been brought up to speak French when he addresses his mother and English when conversing with his father.

An unusual coincidence which has occurred almost every year that George Paul has crossed to the other side, has been his meeting with a little New York girl whose parents cross and return at the same time as do the Borglums. The first time they met was when each was about 2 years old, and they have renewed acquaintance almost every year since then.

This week, George Paul, who is on the Red Side, won first prize for an interesting letter of the Parisian school children. Second prize was awarded to Violet Vallery of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Margaret Schmits, also of the Blue Side.

would hunt the eggs in the barn, in the chicken house and under the woodshed. I only weighed seventy pounds when I went up there, and when I came back I weighed seventy-five pounds.

**The Snowbirds.**  
By Esther Hahn, Aged 10 Years, David City, Neb. Red Side.

One cold winter day two little snowbirds were cuddled up in the nest. The snow was falling thick and covered all the ground so that they could not find any food. The snow birds were cold and hungry.

"What shall we do now?" said one. "We must build a new nest," said the other. So they went to work and after a lot of hard labor the new home was completed.

The snowbirds were so cold, tired and hungry that they did not talk any more. The next day it was colder than ever and the birds said that if they did not get something to eat they would starve.

"I will go and see if I can find some food," said one.  
So he flew out and looked around and found two little white baskets filled with crumbs hanging on the lower branch of a tree which stood close to a farm house. The sight of the baskets brought great joy to him.

He called his brother to come and help him eat the crumbs. The birds were very happy and they thought it was very nice of the little girl who placed the food in the tree.

**Bird Life.**  
By Kathryn Smith, Aged 10 Years, 2315 Ogden Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

The dipper, or water ouzel, is a remarkable little singing bird, closely related to the thrushes, but resembling the wren in appearance, especially in its up-titled tail.

It is covered with very close, water-proof plumage and lives about streams, often in the vicinity of waterfalls, into which it dashes in a perfectly fearless manner.

At times it goes entirely through a cascade and finds in the crevices of the rocks back of the water, dry places where it can build its dome-shaped nest and rear its young.

The dipper is a rather dark bird with a white breast and as it moves about it jerks its tail upward and bows its head downward.

Do you not think, Busy Bees, that we ought to take care of the little dumb birds and build houses for them. Girls of course can't build houses for them, but they can get their brothers or if they haven't any, their fathers can do it. The squirrels, too, need a little help. The girls and boys can do it just by building houses and feeding them nuts.

**The Smallest Leaf.**  
By Ada Gottschalk, Aged 12 Years, 722 So. 38th Ave., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

When there was a famine, a rich baker sent for twenty of the poorest children in town and said: "In this basket is a loaf for each of you."

The hungry children all gathered, each eager to get the biggest loaf. Finally they all went away without thanking him.

Gretchen, a poorly-dressed girl, did not scramble like the rest did. She took the smallest loaf, which was the smallest, kissed his hand and went home.

The next day the children were as ill-behaved as ever and Gretchen received a loaf scarcely half the size of the one she got the day before.

When she reached home her mother cut the loaf open, when some bright shining pieces of silver fell out of it. Her mother was very much surprised and said: "Take it back to the baker for it must have got in the dough by mistake."

But when the little girl gave him her mother's message he said: "No! no! my child, it was no mistake. I had the silver put in the smallest loaf to reward you."

**Sunday School Picnic.**  
By Robert E. Turner, Aged 8 Years, 2322 North Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Red Side.

One day I went to a Sunday school picnic. We all met at one place. There were four trolley cars. The first one was the children's cars. The first one was the smallest children's car and the next was the larger one. We went to Fairmount park. We all took our lunch. We yelled when we went out there, but when we came back we were very tired. My father bought pretty nearly all of us children some soda-pop. After my father had bought the soda-pop, the first friend of mine and I went upon the hill. I fell down and my soda-pop fell out of my hand. The girl picked me up.

**Joins Blue Side.**  
By Peter Baird, Aged 9 Years, 213 M Street, Aurora, Neb. Blue Side.

I wish to join the Busy Bee's page. I enjoy the page and take an interest in the page.  
My favorite color is blue so I will join the Blue Side.  
My teacher's name is Miss Porter and she is a good teacher. I am in the third grade.

**New Busy Bee.**  
By Amelia Abendroth, Aged 10 Years, 2723 Ohio Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade. I like to read the children's page on Sunday. I am going to the Howard Kennedy school. My teacher's name is Miss Edna A. Hendry. She is very nice and kind. I will write a longer story next time. I hope to see my letter in print.

**Party for Friend.**  
By Marjorie Lowe, Aged 8 Years, St. Edward's, Neb. Blue Side.

I have a friend I like very much. Her name is Nellie Corcoran. She lives right across from me. We are together just about every night. She is going to move away this month. I will be very sorry, and I am going to have a party for her. She has one sister and four brothers.

**On Holidays.**  
By Gladys O'Dell, Columbus, Neb. Red Side.

I think your stories are very nice and I read them. I think Alice Lincoln's birthday ought to be kept a holiday as well as Washington's. Don't you?

**Has Brother at Creighton.**  
By Arnes Randolph, Aged 11 Years, Fullerton, Neb. Blue Side.

I read the stories in your paper every week and I think they are very interesting. I go to school every day. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. My

**WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, 12 years old, from Pittsburgh, with her mother. She can speak eight languages. Mrs. Stoner says, "Winifred recited Vergil when she was a year old. Let Carnegie stop putting up libraries and instead put typewriters in our schools. Typewriters are the greatest single educative factors we have today."**



MRS. JAMES P. STONER AND DAUGHTER WINIFRED

teacher's name is Fern Pierce. I like her very much.  
I have a brother 17 years old. His name is Emmett. He is a student at the Creighton university at Omaha.  
I hope to see this in print.

**California Trip.**  
By Howard McEachen, Aged 12 Years, Wayne, Neb. Red Side.

In November, 1912, we left here for California. One of the first large cities was Cheyenne, Wyo. After we left Wyoming we came to Ogden, Utah, and then Salt Lake City. Salt Lake City is one of the world's most beautiful cities because of the Salt Lake. It is the largest lake in western United States.

There we changed routes, then going on the Salt Lake route, but on the same sleeper.  
Thanksgiving night, a little while after we went to bed in our berths, I awoke and saw sparks flying from our engine over the city.

In the morning I again saw the same town before us. Then I heard people talking of the wreck.  
The train and track were damaged a little and planes, trunks, etc. were scattered and broken.

It happened it was two freight trains and no one was hurt.  
The workmen and the steam derricks soon had the track repaired and we went on out of Utah across Nevada into California. We got into Los Angeles twenty-four hours late on account of the wreck.

I did not like Los Angeles for it was too large. Then we went down to Long Beach on the Pacific coast.  
We had no trouble in returning home in June, but got into Omaha on time. We were going very fast coasting back.

**The Squirrel.**  
By Dorothy Jordan, Aged 9 Years, 1204 North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

One day last fall my uncle and I went out to gather some walnuts, and put them out to dry. A family of squirrels lived near by. One day the papa squirrel came and carried the nuts all away, one by one. When my uncle saw that his nuts were all gone, he said he was going to put a trap out. When the squirrel came back the next day it was caught in the trap. When my uncle came out the next morning and saw the squirrel in the trap, he said, "Oh! I see who has been stealing my nuts, and I am going to keep you." But when he went into the house, he raised the trap up and let the little squirrel go free.

**My Accident.**  
By Jesse Bishop, Aged 10 Years, Percival, Ia. Red Side.

I was playing like I was riding a motorcycle along some walnut trees. My brother had stretched up a strand of barbed wire. I was running as fast as I could toward the wire and never thinking about the wire, ran right into it.

Well, I picked myself up and ran into the house with my face bleeding. My mother was badly frightened. She bandaged it up and sent for the doctor. When he arrived he pestered along my eye and said it was getting along fine. In a few weeks my eye was well and I was glad.

**Washington's Monument.**  
My Mary Cook, Aged 12 Years, Creighton, Neb. Red Side.

One day almost a month ago we rolled snowballs and made a real high monument which we called Washington's monument, as we made it the Friday before his birthday. We also put a piece

## Stories of Nebraska History

By A. E. SHELDON

(By special permission of the author, the Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

### The Spanish Caravan

One of the oldest stories of white men on the Nebraska-Kansas plains is that known as the story of the Spanish caravan. This story has always been wrapped in mystery. The early French writers on the Missouri country tell it in different forms. It has been handed down in various tribes of Missouri and Nebraska Indians. The Spanish histories of New Mexico do not mention it, but the great American-Spanish scholar, Adolf T. Bandlerer, says he found record of it in the archives of the Franciscan monks and retells it in his book, "The Gilded Man." This is great variation in the version of the Spanish Caravan story, but they agree in the main features, which are these:

In the year 1730, a Spanish army marched out of Santa Fe to conquer the Missouri valley country. There were several hundred armed men besides women, children, a Franciscan monk and a great number of horses and cattle. Comanche Indians went along as guides and allies. Their plan was to conquer the Missourians, the Otoes, the Pawnees, and other Indians living near the Missouri river, and to colonize the country for Spain. Somewhere in the region of the Republican or Kansas river the Spanish Caravan was attacked by the united nations whom they came to destroy. All of the Spaniards were killed except the Franciscan monk, who was captured and held prisoner. He afterward escaped to the French forts near St. Louis, where he told the story of his comrades' fate.

Some of the stories of the Caravan say that the Spanish commander intended to get the help of the Osage tribe, which was at war with the Missourians and Otoes. By mistake he reached first a village of the Missourians, whom he thought to be Osages. He told them of his plan to conquer the Missouri tribes, to make their women and children slaves and to settle in their country. The Missouri chief understood the mistake. He thanked the Spaniards and told them he would join the war. Great feasts fol-

lowed. The Missouri chief sent messengers to all his friends of the Missouri tribe. Over 2,000 warriors came. After a night of feasting the Indians fell upon the Spaniards just at daybreak and in a few minutes killed all except the monk. All the Spanish horses were captured. As the Indians did not then know how to use horses, they made the Franciscan mount every day to show them how to ride. While the Indians were trying to imitate him, he mounted the best horse and rode away into the wilderness, finally reaching the French forts.

Afterwards, says one of the French chroniclers, the Missouri river Indians came to the French forts with the sacred vestments and chalices of the church which they had taken from the friar.

Other accounts tell about the plunder of the Spanish camp, the rich garments, the books, and a map which was seen in the camp of the Nebraska Indians in the years that followed. Charlevoix, a noted Jesuit father who traveled in this region and wrote an account of it, tells the story of the Spanish Caravan and says that he bought the spurs which the Spanish monk wore when he escaped from the Indians to the French.

At a great council held by the French commander, Bourgmont, with the Indians of this region in 1764, one of the chiefs boasted how the Missourians, Otoes and Pawnees had entirely destroyed the great Spanish army which had come to conquer the Missouri river country.

These are some of the stories of the Spanish Caravan, wrapped partly in mystery and dispute, but with a core of agreement and truth. The truth is that an attempt was made by the Spaniards at Santa Fe to conquer and settle the rich land of Nebraska and Kansas, which had been discovered by Coronado nearly two centuries before, and that their expedition was defeated by the Nebraska Indians.

We know that the Indians of the Nebraska country kept the Spanish settlements in New Mexico in fear for many years. And in the year 1824, a hundred years after the time of the Spanish Caravan, the city of Santa Fe sent a man-hesary to Fort Atkinson, in our state, to make peace with the Pawnees and bring to an end the raiding of the Rio Grande valley by their war parties.

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## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)  
**A Holiday in Paris.**

By George Paul Borglum, Aged 11 Years, 2561 Douglas, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

You already know that the weekly holiday from school for Omaha children is Saturday, but it is not that way with the children of Paris. Instead of being free from school on Saturday, they are free to do as they please on Thursday, because the teachers think that a holiday in the middle of the week makes the week seem shorter for the pupils.

Every Thursday you see crowds of boys and girls going with balls and rackets, sailboats, hoops and toys of all sorts, to one of the parks, which is called Luxembourg park. It is a beautiful park with a pond in the center, made especially for sailing boats, and statues and flowers are around it.

This pond is quite large, and when the children put their boats on the pond the wind carries the boats back and forth. The sails are fixed so that the wind will turn the boats around and bring them back again to the children.

After romping and playing until 4 o'clock, the children and whoever they come with, go to some nearby place where they can buy hot waffles with powdered sugar on them, and a little heart bar of chocolate for "afternoon tea," as they call it. Then they go home feeling a little tired and as though they had a very nice time.

(Second Prize.)  
**Enjoys the Birds.**

By Violet Vallery, Aged 9 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb., P. O. Box 95, Blue Side.

I read many stories about birds in your paper, so we attempted to write a little about my bird friends.

They come every day to the porch for the crumbs which mamma and I throw out for them. I think they are so sweet. I pass away the time watching them from the window when I am lonesome, for I have no brothers or sisters to play with. I feel sorry for the birds in cold weather, for they have no homes to live in, and when the ground is covered with snow they must have a hard time to find food. There are two red birds that stay in our trees, and also many blue-jays. I think the bluejays' feathers are pretty, but they are very naughty birds.

Last winter there was a little snow-bird, which huddled-down between the window and screen. There was a hole in the screen and it got close to the glass. I think the glass was warm and the bird was enjoying it.

I heard something scratching on the window pane and I took the lamp there to see what it was, and I think the light scared it and it flew away. It came back every night to sleep against the warm window pane.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**The Kewpie Kites.**

By Margaret Schmits, Aged 8 Years, Hastings, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about our little sewing club, called the "Kewpie Kites." There are ten little girls and we meet every Thursday and sew. First we each make a "kutch pillow" in cross-stitch embroidery. Now we are each dressing a little "kewpie." We go right from school to our club. First we have refreshments, then we sew and then we play. We all go home at 6 o'clock. Most of the little girls in our club go to dancing school and we dance. So we have lots of good and happy times together.

**Cat's Trip to Europe.**  
By Christina Marshall, Aged 10 Years, 594 East Fifteenth Street, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a gray cat, a great pet of my mistress. She always lets me in the house in the daytime a few minutes, then she puts me out.

In the morning I always stand at the door, waiting to get in, but sometimes I don't get in until it is quite late.

These few days I heard my mistress and her mother talking about something of me being sent to Europe. Europe is a strange word to me, nor do I know anything about the place, and I felt kind of worried about it.

Now it is three days later. I am packed in a little box, with some food and a little window for air to get in.

Here I am on a ship, now sailing on and on, without the sight of land.

At last I am in the strange place. What? I hear some terrible noise and I hear people say it is a war. Now I realize what Europe is—a war-ravaged country. A child picked me up and carried me to her little home.

**Sending for Samples.**  
By Frances McDonald, Aged 12 Years, Tibon, Neb. Red Side.

I am going to tell you how my chum and I got so many samples.  
One day I went over to my chum's house and she was getting addresses for samples of different things, such as powder, cold cream, soap and polish. So I at once took to it also. Now I have quite a collection of them.

**Faithful Monarch.**  
By Blanche Stevenson, Aged 13 Years, Columbus, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was an old man, his wife, and little daughter, Dolly, living in the center of a thick wood.  
One day Dolly's mamma said: "Dolly, I am going to town today and I am going to have Monarch take care of you." She then turned toward the big dog, Monarch, who was watching them and

**BUSY BEE WHO WRITES OF TRIP ABROAD.**



George Paul Borglum

said, "Monarch, you must take good care of Dolly."  
Monarch barked twice, "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"

Then mamma said goodbye to Dolly and left. Dolly played awhile, but at last grew tired and said, "I'm going out into the woods and play Monarch." Monarch did not like that, as he knew it would be dangerous, so he howled and when she started out of the door he tried to pull her dress, but Dolly went anyhow, and faithful old Monarch followed her, watching over her carefully.

**Teddy and Miss Dollie.**  
By Edith Green, Aged 13 Years, 1063 Acher Avenue, South Omaha, Red Side.

One day Master Teddy went out walking. He had just come from his mother's house. As he walked on he met a young lady, Miss Dollie. She was crying bitterly. He asked her why she was crying.

She said: "I have lost my little dog. You can tell him by the collar on his neck. On this collar is his name, which is Dodo."

Teddy ran up and down the street calling for Dodo. A little dog came up to him with a loud bark. Teddy ran when he remembered what Miss Dollie told him. He went up to the dog and on his collar he saw "Dodo." He picked him up and took him to Miss Dollie. She thanked him and walked off boldly and left him behind in a surprised manner.

**Has Shetland Pony.**  
By James Anderson, Aged 9 Years, Benson, Neb. Red Side.

I live on a farm three miles west of Benson. I have a little Shetland pony whose name is Bob. Bob is only thirty-nine inches high. I made a rzyy wagon out of my coaster wagon by putting a big yellow box on it, and I put a stick on each corner of the box and then I put an old blanket over the strips. Then I hitched my pony to it and she pulled me all around.

I have also two pet cats and my old dog, Wigwags. I tie her to the back end of my wagon and she pulls and tries to catch the wheels. Sometimes I go so fast I upset.

I have two guinea hens. They yell all day. I should think their throats would get sore. But I like my pony best of all my pets.

**Builds Bird Houses.**  
By Florence Seward, 250 Ninth, Nineteenth Street, Columbus, Neb. Red Side.