

The Busy Bees

Sisters Who Are Also Busy Bees



Ruth and Leona Pollack

ON MAY 1 Abbott Fraser and Gene Noble retire as King and Queen of the Busy Bees and a new King and Queen are to be chosen. Each Busy Bee is privileged to send in a vote for their choice in rulers. The King is elected from the Red Side and the Queen from the Blue Side.

A good way to judge for whom to cast your vote is to think of all the kindly and queenly qualities that you can imagine and then try to find someone whom the qualities fit the most. A choice may also be made from among those whose stories you enjoy the most.

All votes should be in this week and announcement of the King and Queen will be made next Sunday. Send in your votes early and be sure to choose the ones who will inspire you the most.

The editor regrets very much to be unable to print the pictures of Pearl Green of South Omaha and Fern Peterson of Kearney. Both pictures sent in were small stamp pictures and are too tiny to be reproduced. Busy Bees are invited to send in their pictures and these will be printed whenever possible.

This week first prize was awarded to Margaret Crosby of the Blue Side, second prize to Rose Lipsitz of the Red Side and honorable mention to Lucile Sonneland of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Cheerful Bob White.

By Margaret Crosby, Aged 12 Years, Sutherland, Neb. Blue Side.

My grandfather and grandmother live on a large farm. They call it "Glenburnie Fruit Farm."

One day early in the summer time a young married couple came there. Mr. and Mrs. White. As soon as they reached there they began to explore the place, trying to find a good building site. At last they found a place where Mrs. White said, "This hedge of beautiful yellow roses will make shelter from the road."

"They didn't ask to buy a lot, but took a claim. As they were talking the matter over a busy bee came. Mrs. White screamed as she said, "Let us move at once; I don't like this place at all!" Mr. White said, "Don't be afraid while I am with you." But she kept it up until they had to finally hunt for another place.

Soon after they found a place in a beautiful hollyhock row. Mrs. White thought this was just the place, but after a while the jaysbirds came and made such a racket, they decided to move again to a strawberry patch.

One day grandmother came out to gather a few strawberries. She had only picked a handful or two in her basket when she found she was in the front yard of Mr. and Mrs. White. Mrs. White fluttered and went, "Chat, chat!" and flew out of the house, with Mr. White after her, saying, "Don't be afraid; that big thing looks to have a kind heart and will do us no harm." Mrs. White said, "I'm awfully frightened, Bob! Just you feel my heart and see how it flutters! I am afraid if this keeps up I will come down with nervous prostration!"

"Don't be afraid, dearie; come back home with me," he said cheerfully. She wouldn't come for a while, but he urged her by cooing and making little motions until at last she came, but she was still a little frightened.

Not long afterward there was a new addition to their family. Guess what it was? It was six little "Bob Whites." Mr. White was the cheerful Bob White of all.

(Second Prize.)

Spring Is Here.

By Rose Lipsitz, Aged 8 Years, 313 South Pine Street, North Platte, Neb. Red Side.

Spring is really here. Are you not glad? Does it not seem good, little Busy Bees, to see the green grass sprouting and the warm, soft wind blowing? Soon we will plant flowers and vegetables. I am going to plant a little flower garden of pansies, roses, lilies and nasturtiums. I wish they were blooming now. I also like violets best, but I will not plant any, for they grow all around everywhere.

(Honorable Mention.)

Best Time of Year.

By Lucile Sonneland, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

Mother Nature has spread a green carpet over the bare earth. The robins, meadow larks and other birds have come north again. How happy they look and they sing till it seems like their little throats will burst. The fruit trees are budding. I will tell you a dear little story. Each winter there comes a thick white blanket called snow. It covers the trees with this blanket. When spring comes they bud and then beautiful pink and white flowers bloom. The sky is a clear blue. Mr. Sun shines bright and happy. The sky every evening is full of dancing stars and Lady Moon gives her brightest rays. I think this is the best time of the year, don't you? If any of the Busy Bees are sad this glorious time of the year, please go out in the sunlight and you will soon be happy again.

Pick Flowers in Woods.

By Hannah Lorenzen, Aged 12 Years, Box 7, Sumner, Neb. Red Side.

One day Mrs. Jones said to Mary and Paul: "If you do all the work today you may go into the woods tomorrow." "All right," said both children, as they went to work with zeal. When all the work was done that evening both were tired. In the morning they were both up with the sun.

As the day before Mrs. Jones had made some plum jelly. Paul slipped into the pantry and took a jarful and put it into the lunch basket. When they got to the woods, which were south of the house, it was noon.

"Let's eat here under this shady tree; it is so cool." After dinner they picked flowers, but they soon got tired of that so they went back home.

Forest Fire.

By Brunhild Reesberg, Aged 12 Years, Denison, Ia. Blue Side.

Letty, Marion, David, Fred and Carl were going to have a picnic. They had been walking for a while when they came to a nice shady place.

"Let's stop here," said Carl. "All right," the others answered, and so they stopped there and began to play some games.

Soon they heard a noise, and it became louder and louder.

"What can that be?" asked David. "Oh, look!" shouted Fred, pointing towards the horizon; and there they saw sparks of fire and great volumes of smoke.

"A forest fire!" shouted Letty. Then they all started to run towards home. It seemed as if they would never reach home and that the flames were nearly upon them. At last they came in sight of their home and then they ran still faster. Their mother saw them coming.

"What is the matter, children?" she asked. "Fire!" gasped Letty. "Forest fire!" cried Fred.

Then the mother called their father and they warned the other farmers. They soon checked the fire and every one was safe.

Story of Motor Trip.

By Gladys Lentz, Aged 11 Years, West Eighteenth Street, Columbus, Neb. Red Side.

One day last summer when we were visiting in Kansas my uncle took us for an auto ride. We took our dinner with us. We went a long way, then we came to a bridge over the Solomon river. By that time it was noon, so we ate our dinner under the bridge. While we were eating some wagons went over the bridge. We children ran out to see what it was and found it wagons loaded with a merry-go-round. We said "Hello!" and they answered back.

Then we waded in the water, and my uncle took our pictures in the water. We passed an old mill dam. There were lots of people there fishing and swimming. We passed wheat fields where they were harvesting. When we were coming back we stopped at a small town and got some ice cream. Then we went on and came to another town and saw where my cousin lived when a little boy. We went 100 miles that day.

Trip to Fairy Land.

By Mary Fischer, Aged 10 Years, 2695 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

William was very tired and wanted to go to bed.

When he was in bed he dreamt that he took a trip to "Fairy Land" on a seagull's back. He dreamed he flew up in the clouds over seas and oceans.

He saw many fairies, but best of all was a beautiful little palace just big enough for a fairy to live in, but only the queen and some servants lived in that palace. William went in the queen's palace and her servants served him with so many goodies that he could neither eat nor count them.

Just then he heard a strange noise and he grew afraid, but the fairies only said, "That is just a bell for us to go dancing." "Do I have to go home now?" asked William.

"You can dance with us," but the fairy didn't get time to finish for William awoke.

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Spring Poetry.

By Hannah Lorenzen, Aged 12 Years, Sumner, Neb. Red Side.

Spring comes but once the year. With the flowers gay. The sun shining like gold Upon valleys of gold and blue.

In the fields the grain rolls Like waves in a gale; The birds singing in the trees to the flowers.

The flowers giving their fragrance to the bees buzzing out among the flowers. The farmer plowing in the fields, turning the soil so fertile.

Has Read "Black Beauty."

By Bertha Speckmann, Aged 8 Years, Ashland, Neb. Blue Side.

There was a little girl who wrote to the Busy Bees not very long ago, named Alice Elvira Crandall. She wrote a story about Black Beauty and Ginger, and Alice asked if any of the Busy Bees had

read the story. My teacher read the story, "Black Beauty" to all the pupils in school, and I liked it very well. I am in the third grade and like to go to school. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Rose McCarthy.

Shetland Pony for Pet.

By Helen Kimball, Aged 9 Years, Hartington, Neb. Blue Side.

We have a little Shetland pony, called Babe. We think a great deal of her because she helps us have such good times. One day last week one of my little girl friends invited my little brother and I down for dinner. We hitched up the pony and went.

They have three children. After dinner we changed coats and caps and went over to her grandma's. We did not have the pony hitched up very good.

On our way home, after we got about half way, the shaft dropped down on the ground. Babe went on, but I managed to get her stopped. Then we had to harness up in the middle of the road.

When we got back to my little friend's home we had lunch. Then it was time for us to go home.

A Reward.

By Marlon Emmons, Aged 11 Years, 424 Grant Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Mary and her mother were invalids, but Mary's brother, Frank, was very kind to them. He went out every morning and earned some money for their breakfast. But one morning he could not find anything to do and he sat down and began to cry. When he got up, he saw something shining and it made him happy. He picked it up and it was a dollar. He ran home and told his mother. She said for him to take care of it, and look in the paper the next morning to see if he could find to whom it belonged. So he did, and he found the owner. The owner gave him a reward for bringing it back.

A Small Little Girl.

By Janet Schmitz, Aged 5 Years, Hastings, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Jane, and she was cross. One day some girls and boys came down the road and said, "Come away, come and play."

The Clock.

By Margaret Green, Aged 8 Years, 1231 South Eleventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

I am an old, old clock. I keep my face good and clean. I keep saying "tick, tock."

I wake the people up to get breakfast, and then they call their children to get up. At 7:30 breakfast is called, and at half past eight the children go to school and say good-by and throw a kiss to mother.

Favorite Color.

By Lucile Sonneland, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday and like it very much. I wish to join the Red Side, as it is my favorite color between blue and red. As my letter is getting long I must stop.

Once Lived in West.

By Muriel Reed, Aged 10 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a girl 10 years old and I am in the sixth grade. My papa is a farmer. We have some land in Cherry county, near Valentine. We lived out there four years. While we were there I learned to ride

The Exploits of Elaine

Continued from Page Ten

more sincerely than I did as, finally, I crawled slowly out from the bird-lime, exhausted by the effort that I had made to free myself from the sticky mess.

"They got away, Walter," he said, lighting a lantern they had dropped. "By George," he added, I think you are a little vexed that I had not been able to intercept them, "you are a sight!"

He was about to laugh, when I faltered. I can remember nothing until I woke up over by the wall of the chamber where he dragged me.

Kennedy had been working hard to revive me, and, as I opened my eyes, he straightened up. His eye suddenly caught something on the rock beside him. There was a little slot carved in it, and above the slot was a peculiar inscription.

For several minutes Kennedy puzzled over it, as Wu had done. Then he discovered the little cup near the ground.

"The ring!" he suddenly cried out. I was too muddled to appreciate at once what he meant, but I saw him reach into his fob pocket and draw forth the trinket which had caused so much disaster, as if it had been cursed by the Clutching Hand himself. He dropped it into the slot.

Struggling to my feet, I saw across from me the very rock itself moving. Was it a hallucination, born of my nervous condition?

"Look, Craig!" I cried, involuntarily pointing. He turned. No, it was not a vision. It actually moved. Together we watched. Slowly the rock turned on a pivot. There were disclosed to our astonished eyes the hidden millions of the Clutching Hand. I looked from the gold and jewels to Kennedy, in speechless amazement.

"We have beaten them, anyhow," I cried. Slowly Craig shook his head sadly. "No," he murmured, "we have found the Clutching Hand's millions, but we have lost Elaine." (To Be Continued.)

"No one loves cross little girls. You must be sweet and cheerful." So she ran on to play with the girls and boys and they all played happy together.

One-Legged Robin.

By Josephine Jack, Aged 11 Years, Box 121, Neb. Blue Side.

One spring a little robin came here and sang very prettily; and as it was building its nest it got one of its legs caught in some string in a tree. A lady tried to get its leg loose, but she could not, so she had to cut off its leg.

It hopped around all summer and when the leaves began to turn red she flew to the south with her friends. The next spring our one-legged robin came back and had her little birdies, and she and her happy little family flew to the south. As we moved that winter, we did not see whether it came back or not, but I think it did.

Rides Horseback.

By Ray Reed, Aged 8 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

I am in the third grade. I attend the Sutherland school. My teacher's name is Miss Nellie Grever. I think she is very kind. I am very fond of horseback riding.

My sister and I had a pony. Our pony was very gentle. I am a new Busy Bee.

Wants to Join.

By Margaret Gillen, Aged 10 Years, 112 North Thirty-ninth Avenue, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I ever wrote. I would like to join the Blue Side. I am in the fifth grade and I am 10 years old. I go to school everyday. I live nine blocks from school. My teacher's name is Miss Begley. I like her very well. I have four sisters and one brother. I will try and write a story next week.

Is Given a Collie.

By Ethel Alberta Anderson, Aged 8 Years, Colon, Neb. Blue Side.

One evening I went out for a walk with my grandpa and my little sister. We met a man with something in his arms. He asked me if I wanted it.

It was a dear little white puppy. I took her home and fed her some milk. We named her Flossie. She has grown to be a big dog now. She is a collie and drives the cows home.

Scrambles for Paper.

By Myrtle Nielsen, Aged 12 Years, 1200 Vinton Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Every Sunday morning when I hear the paper boy step upon the porch I scramble out of bed to get it. I read the funny paper first and then I read the children's page.

Next Sunday I am going to write a story.

My sister is also joining the Busy Bee's page. She is going to write a story, too. I have five brothers and two sisters.

Receives Gift of Pony.

By James J. Anderson, Aged 9 Years, R. F. D., Benson, Neb.

One day my papa asked me what I would like for a present. I told him a pony, so he bought me one. Her name is Babe. I ride her to school every day. She was broke to ride when I got her and I broke her to drive on my coaster wagon. She is only thirty-nine inches high. I enjoy reading the Busy Bee's page every Sunday.

Dyes Easter Eggs.

By Pauline Wisdom, Aged 7 Years, 2711 North Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Red Side.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I have two brothers. Every Easter mamma dyes eggs. Last Easter we dyed twenty-four Easter eggs. Every Easter we have our pretty baskets with our rabbits, candy Easter eggs and little chickens. We have such a good time with them.

Favorite Color.

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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.)

Lewis and Clark

In the year 1803, Nebraska was sold by Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of France, to the United States, president of the Great Republic. It was sold as part of the treaty between the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains, all of which was then called Louisiana and owned by France. The price paid was \$15,000,000, which was about 3 cents an acre.

As soon as the United States had bought this country, President Jefferson sent Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark with forty-five other men to explore it. They were going to go up the Missouri river as far as they could, then cross the Rocky mountains and reach the Pacific ocean. They were to make maps, bring back reports of the land and make friends with the tribes with which they came in contact. It was a wild land of which white men knew very little. Indians and wild animals had their homes there. No one knew the way across the mountains to the Pacific.

Lewis and Clark started from the mouth of the Missouri May 14, 1804. They had one large boat with a sail and twenty oars, and two smaller boats with oars only. They had powder, lead, tools and trinkets to trade with the Indians. They had two horses for their hunters to ride in order to help them carry the game which they killed for the party.

The Lewis and Clark party made about twenty miles a day up the Missouri river. Part of the time they used the sail and part of the time the oars, and a great part of the time they pulled the boats with long ropes which the men held while they walked along the shore. It was two months before they reached Nebraska, at the mouth of the Nemaha river, not far from the village of Rulo, in Richardson county. Here they found Indians, wild plums, cherries and grapes.

After resting and repairing their boats they went on past the site of Omaha, and on July 30 reached a high bluff near the present town of Fort Calhoun in Washington county. Here they camped. The hunters brought in deer, wild turkeys and geese. Catfish were caught in the river and the men tamed a beaver. Here on August 3 they held the first council since the United States with the Nebraska Indians. Fourteen Otoe and Missouri Indians came to the council. The principal chiefs were Little Thief, Big Horse and White Horse. They promised to keep peace with the United States and were given medals and presents of paint, powder and cloth. They gave the white men presents of watermelons. The place where the council was held was named Council Bluff and is now a part of the town of Fort Calhoun. A hundred years after this a large rock was placed on the school house grounds in memory of this first council held with the Indians west of the Mississippi river.

On August 11 the party reached Black-Hill in Thurston county, where it found the grave of the great Omaha chief who died of smallpox about four years before. On August 15 the party was at the mouth of Omaha creek in Dakota county. Here the men made a net of willows and with it pulled out over 1,100 fish from a beaver pond in the creek.

Berzance Charles Floyd, a member of the party, died on August 20 and was buried on a high bluff on the Iowa side of the river near Sioux City. This is called Floyd's Bluff to this day. It is a landmark which may be seen for many miles across the Missouri valley in Nebraska.

On August 21 they camped at Calumet Bluff in Cedar county, where they held a great council with the Sioux Indians

horseback. My brother and I had an Indian pony. We liked her very much. When we moved to Blair we sold her.

New Busy Bee.

By Eleanor O'Halloran, Aged 8 Years, 1217 Maple Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am going to join the Blue Side. This is my first letter. I am in the third grade and I like my teacher very well. I will close now.

under a large oak tree. First the pipe of peace was smoked. Then Chief Shaka Hand said: "I see before me my father's two sons. You see me and the rest of our chiefs. We are very poor. We have no powder nor ball nor knives and our women and children at the village have no clothes. I went formerly to the English and they gave me a medal and some clothes. When I went to the Spanish chief he gave me a medal, but nothing to keep it from my skin; but now you give me a medal and clothes. Still we are poor and I wish, brothers, you would give us something for our squaws." Then White Crane and Struck-by-the-Pawnee spoke, approving what the old chief had said, and asked for some of the great father's milk, which was their name for whiskey. Presents were given them. Sioux and peace was made between them and the United States.

On September 4 Lewis and Clark camped just above the mouth of the Niobrara river. Here for the first time they met the Ponca Indians, who had long made their home in this part of Nebraska. A little beyond, they saw great herds of buffalo and also elk, deer and villages of prairie dogs. Soon after they crossed the Nebraska line into South Dakota.

Two years later, in September, 1804, Lewis and Clark came back from the Pacific ocean to Nebraska. They had suffered great hardships on the journey. Many times they had nearly lost their lives from hunger and thirst, from war-like Indians and wild animals, from rocks in the rivers and from pathless woods and mountains. But they had lived through them all and carried the flag of the United States for the first time across mountains and plains to the great honor and glory, for they had found a way to the Pacific ocean and they had written the story of their travels in a book which they kept every day, telling all about the tribes of Indians they had seen and the rivers and mountains and the land they had crossed. They made a path for white men into the great west, and after them came hunters, trappers, traders and emigrants until the west was explored and settled.

Captain Clark for many years lived at St. Louis and was governor of the great west which he explored. He was tall, very strongly built, with piercing gray eyes and red hair. His appearance made a deep impression on the Indians, who had never before seen a red-headed man. The Omaha Indians to this day call St. Louis the town of red-haired men. Here the Indians came to hold council with him. Here he met the trappers, trappers and early emigrants, and here he died in September, 1838, beloved by all who knew him.

Captain Lewis lived only three years after the return of the expedition, dying in Nashville, Tenn., in 1809.

The names of Lewis and Clark are forever linked together in the history of the west.

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