

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

A BRIGHT-EYED, curly-haired little miss stood by the desk holding a \$2 bill in her hand.

"Please, ma'am, this is for some poor, little babies who can't do anything to help themselves. Won't you take it and give it to some babies who need it?" asked the diminutive maid.

She was little Madeline Kenyon, whom all the Busy Bees know for the many stories she contributes to this page, many of them being prize winners. Madeline is president of the Star club, composed of fourteen little girls who meet each Tuesday after school at the homes of the different members.

The Star club is a miniature Fine Arts society and the members often walk into the park and pursue their drawing or painting lesson there, too. Their dues are one penny each meeting. If any little girl forgets to bring her penny one week, she brings two pennies to the next meeting. From these pennies, in the manner that giant oaks from little acorns grow, the sum of \$2 was amassed. An earnest discussion as to what use the funds should be put ensued. Then it was decided that the money should be used for helpless little children, the younger the children, the better.

The editor declined to take the money, but offered to assist the little president in placing the funds. The purposes and aims of several children's institutions were presented and discussed, but the vote was in favor of the youngest babies they could help. The \$2 was turned over to the Visiting Nurse association to help towards the baby milk station which the association hopes to establish in the foreign settlement.

The members of the Star club are: Madeline Kenyon, Edith Kenyon, Mildred Rawson, Edna Anderson, Mirlam Wesner, Mildred Nilson, Laurane Bancroft, Arline Bancroft, Edith Gaskill, Juliet Wesin, Irene Larson, Orma Koch, Josephine Draper and Frances Gafford.

This week, first prize was awarded to Lucile Sonneland of the Blue Side; second prize to Janet Olliphant of the Red Side, and Honorable Mention to Pearl Johnson of the Blue Side.

Members of the Star Club



FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—JULIET WESIN, LAURANE BANCROFT, ORMA KOCH, FRANCES GAFFORD, ARLINE BANCROFT. BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—EDITH KENYON, MILDRED RAWSON, MADELINE KENYON, EDNA ANDERSON.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Planning for Mothers' Day.

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

We are planning to have a nice surprise for mother on Mothers' day. There are four children in our family and we are going to get a beautiful bunch of roses for mother's happiness. We children have saved up \$4 for we want to get one dozen of them.

I am going to write to a friend in Hastings, Neb., who owns a greenhouse to send up one dozen roses. Every Busy Bee who has a mother should do something kind to cheer her up, as I think every mother loves flowers and it will make her happy.

Interested in Sewing.

By Janet Olliphant, Aged 9 Years, 422 South Garfield Avenue, Hastings, Neb., Red Side.

I was sick vacation time, but I had lots of fun even if I had to stay in the house. My mother bought a new sewing machine, and gave me her old one. It sews very well. The next day my mother went up town and bought me some goods for my doll's cap, coat and a dress and then she got some embroidery for my doll's undershirts. I cut the doll's dress the very first. My grandma taught me how to cut the dresses and showed me how to run the sewing machine. The color of my doll's dress is a pink silk, and the cap was made of the same goods, but it was trimmed in little pink and blue forget-me-nots, and there was a little band of black silk around it, too. The dress was a one-piece dress with a panel down the back and front. It had a collar each around it. I made the undershirts plain at the top with embroidery around the sleeves, and the neck and around the bottom. I am going to bring my doll to school when I have her undershirts done, because it takes a long time to get all these things made. If you do it in a hurry it won't be very neat.

Snippy.

By Pearl Johnson, Box 455, Missouri Valley, Ia., Blue Side.

About two years ago we had a little pet dog. We called him Snippy.

He was very smart. My papa got him for me when he was a wee little puppy. He was brown and white, with two black spots on his nose. I became very attached to him. He would follow me everywhere I went and was always ready for play. One hot summer night we put him in the wood house to sleep and he was so fat I think he got too hot and died. I was very sorry. We buried him under the old maple tree in our yard.

Sammy's Bible.

By Noreen McCoy, Aged 9, Papillion, Neb., Blue Side.

Little Sammy was a new baby. He could read quite well in the papers he carried—and oh, how he did love to read. But he longed for a little Bible of his very own. He had seen the boys and girls on their way to Sunday school, proudly carrying their Bibles. There was a place for all he earned, and he did not see how he could spare one penny. But he was not the kind of boy to sit down and wish and not do anything, so he asked a neighbor to let him weed the garden. For this he received 25 cents a month. He priced the Bibles and found that he could get a very nice one for a dollar. What a happy day it was when he had earned enough to get it. It was Saturday that he made himself the proud owner of a nice, new Bible. He soon learned to read it quite as well as he did in his papers, and every Sunday he is among the happy boys and girls on their way to Sunday school.

"Black Beauty and Ginger."

By Alice Elvira Craybill, Aged 11 Years, Chapman, Neb., Blue Side.

The little girl was only 5 years of age and belonged to a good family, therefore she could not bear to see anything illustrated.

Glancing up the street she saw a man coming toward her. "Papa, papa," she cried, and ran into his arms.

Her father saw at once what the matter was, and walking up to my driver said, "Stop beating that animal or you will be arrested. I am an officer of the Humane society," and he showed his badge.

My driver stopped whipping me with much reluctance, grumbling as he did. I, by this time, was entirely exhausted and unable to stand any longer dropped to the ground.

The little girl's father, Mr. Gray, looked at me pityingly and said, "Nelly, what would you say if I bought this horse, and then maybe your grandfather would buy her from me. She is not an old horse," he continued, stopping down to look at my teeth; "only 14 years, and is not wind-broken, but her back has been terribly strained. We will ask the man if he will sell her."

Mr. Gray consented if he could get at least \$25 out of me.

Mr. Gray gave my driver the money

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.

and I was loosened from my harness, and with much difficulty I rose to my feet. Then I was led slowly up a driveway into a large barn. Here I was washed and fed, and then I was taken into a large box stall, where a soft bed of straw was fixed for me.

The kind people who now owned me did what they could to make my night a comfortable one.

Riddles.

By Viola M. Diederksen, Aged 9 Years, R. R. No. 1, Mame, Ia., Blue Side.

What is the difference between a cat and a match? The match lights on its head and the cat licks on its feet.

What is blacker than a crow? Its feathers.

What has three syllables and twenty-six letters? Al-pha-bet.

Why is a mule like a stick of candy? The faster you lick it the faster it goes.

What is that which is always invisible yet never out of sight? The letter S.

What is the best day for making pancakes? Eat-day.

Why is a cherry like a book? Because it is red (read).

Why is an egg like a coin? Because it isn't fit for use till it's broken.

What fur did Adam and Eve wear? Bear (bar) skin.

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little red (redish).

When is a baby like a breakfast cup? When it is a tea (that) teething.

What is the hardest thing to deal with? An old pack of cards.

When does a son not take after his father? When his father leaves him nothing to take.

What is that you and every living person has seen but cannot see again? Yesterday.

New Busy Bee.

By Leona Walter, Aged 9 Years, Wahoo, Neb., Blue Side.

I wish to join the Busy Bees. I am 9 years old and I am in the fourth grade. My teacher is Miss Hilda Fogelstrom. I like her very much. My favorite color is blue, so I will join the Blue Side.

The Runaway.

By Evelyn Kuhry, Aged 9 years, Box 67, Schuyler, Neb., Blue Side.

One bright, sunny morning Leonard said: "Come on, Evelyn; let's have a ride. Dick will be our horse, and see, here is the harness I have made."

We both got into the little wagon, but we soon found that we were too heavy, so Leonard got out and walked behind. We went along fine for a long way, and all of a sudden, Dick made a jump and away he ran, breaking the harness, tumbling the wagon over, and I fell into the dusty road.

When I got up I could hardly see out of my eyes, and Dick was running as fast as he could go after a cat under a shed. I then got into the wagon and Leonard was my horse back home.

Instead of mother calling the doctor to see if I was hurt she put me into the bath tub and I really did like that medicine better than what the doctor would have given me.

Journey in Holland.

By Louise Flossenbaum, Aged 12 Years, Springfield, Neb., Red Side.

Would you like to visit Holland with me in the summertime, when the waters are blue and peaceful, with tulips in gay colors, the windmill sails a-going and the little geese girl watching her geese as they graze? Holland is a wonderful little country, and the people are very industrious. They must be or they never could have built those great dykes, that stretch miles and miles and shut out the troubled sea. They are built of heavy oak timbers, plastered with stone and cement.

We will land in Amsterdam and journey through these cities: Haarlem, the city of tulips; Leyden, the university town; The Hague, Rotterdam and many other cities. We will also see the great painting of Rembrandt and other great art-

ists, the great cathedrals and see the gay sights on the canal. We will wonder at the clean houses of the Dutch housewives. The people are very religious and on Sunday many people go in at the churches. Education is regarded by the people as a very good thing and all the children attend school. We will look at the men pulling in their fishing nets, and see the much-beloved Queen Wilhelmina going riding up the street. After seeing all the sights we will sound only words of praise for Holland.

Swing on Cupboard Doors.

By Julia Hrubir, Aged 11 Years, Pender, Neb., Red Side.

When I was 6 years old, and my sister Sylvia 4 years, we would always swing ourselves on the doors. We would take hold of both doorknobs and swing back and forth. Then mother forbid us to swing on the door again. One day mother went out. So we thought we would swing on the bottom cupboard doors. There were no knobs to take hold of, so we just put our hands together over the door, each on one door. While we hung to the doors, over came the cupboard and all of mother's dishes. Oh, it sounded like a hailstorm. But as our dining-room table stood a little ways off, the cupboard fell on top of it. Otherwise we would not have come out so lucky. We were both hurt pretty badly. The broken dishes cut us quite a bit over our heads and hands. One of my knees was cut quite deep. We crawled out and cried so loudly that mother came running to the house to see what was the matter, and she was glad that we came out safe enough. Had it not been for the table it surely would have been worse. We were afraid to go near the cupboard for a long time after that.

Signs of Spring.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Red Breast were the first to see the plum blossoms just after they had come from their winter home. They hopped from limb to limb twittering and chattering to each other. "Why, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Robin. "What beautiful flowers, the first fruit flowers of spring."

Later in the season Mrs. Red Breast said, "This is just about the week for our eggs to hatch." While Mrs. Red Breast sat on the eggs Mr. Red Breast chattered gaily and always sat near her only when he had to bring food to her. Soon after the eggs began to hatch one by one. There were three of the fluffiest and prettiest little birds. When they were older they were just the color of their mother and father. The color was a dark crimson red with light brown and grey on their back. The plums were ripe soon and the birds enjoyed themselves.

Dreams Auto Upset.

By Ruth Davidson, Aged 11 Years, North Platte, Neb., Blue Side.

One night last summer I was very sleepy, so I went to bed very early and was soon fast asleep. But before I knew it my mother was calling me and told me I was going to see my sister.

of course I was tickled. I jumped up and dressed as quickly as possible. About 11 o'clock a man came after me and we started in an auto. We rode for a long way. All of a sudden it seemed as if the auto had turned over. But when I came to, mother was pulling me out of bed and it was all a dream.

Kindness to Others.

By Ellen Nordstrom, Aged 13 Years, 4736 Seward Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Alan was a boy of 15 with black, curly hair and black eyes. He was a beautiful boy, but had no father, and of course, his mother had to work every day and Alan worked, too. But still the money did not last, because there were two younger children at home. The boy's name was Abel and the girl's name was Rachel. They had but one pair of shoes each, that had to last them a year. They wore no shoes all summer, because if they did they would not last them and they could not go to school.

One day as Alan was on a wagon delivering groceries to people he saw a poor man who could not get across the street because the wagons and automobiles came by so fast. Alan was a kind boy, always wanting to help others. He stopped his horse, jumped from his wagon and helped the old man across. The man gave Alan 5¢. Alan was so happy he could not wait till evening so he could tell his mother.

They were all pleased with Alan and his sister and brother always wanted to help others, too, after that day.

But it was not the money that pleased his mother so much; it was how kind he was, and it made his sister and brother kind, too. Kindness pays.

I was very much pleased with the book and thank you very much.

Grandparents Travel.

By Loree Wolf, Pierce, Neb., Blue Side.

My grandmother and grandfather went to California to the fair. They said they have seen very many pretty sights. I would love to go to California. How many of you Busy Bees would like to go? They also went to Europe two years ago. While in Germany they went through the king's and queen's palaces. It is a very large place. There are over 100 rooms in the palace. They brought me many things. The best was a La Valliere of silver.

I will close as my letter is getting long. I have not written for a long time.

Birthday Party.

By Fern Peterson, Aged 8 Years, Eighteenth Street and Second Avenue, Kearney, Neb., Red Side.

On my birthday I had a party. It was March 27. From 1 to 5 o'clock I had twelve children.

We played New York, drop the button, hide the thimble and many other games. I got a pair of beads, a bag, a dress, a pair of hair ribbons, a sofa pillow, a tatted shuttle and a picture.

When it was time to serve, my sister and mother served. We had sandwiches, pickles, cake and candy.

When they went home they all said they had had a nice time.

The Robin's Nest.

By Kermit Sonneland, Aged 10 Years, Kearney, Neb., Blue Side.

There is a robin. First it took up some straw and then it took some ground up in its bill, and then put mud in the straw to hold it like the plaster we use. Then it weaved sticks and straw together and so it is done with its nest.

Home-Made Rhymes.

By Lorraine Freeman, Aged 12 Years, Alamosa, Cal., Box 383, Blue Side.

Margorie, Federico, Walter and all, Went waiting and dancing down the hall, Into a room, it wasn't small, But large and roomy and big and tall.

They called it the dining room, Where they eat, And I'll bet you, things were nice and sweet; There was bread, chicken, gravy and peas.

The table was awfully grand to see, For it was set with silver and pew; But now they had something else to do, For it looked like a wreck, when they got through.

For now they had the dishes to do— After every one left and they got through, So they dried the dishes, one by one, But they didn't think it was very much fun.

So now the children went on a lark, Up the street to Benis park, And this is the end of my poetry, About the children and Aunt Phoebe.

Story of Nickel.

By Mildred Domet, Aged 11 Years, Bristow, Neb., Blue Side.

A little boy was holding me in hand. The little boy did not know what to do with me. He thought he would buy a top, then marbles, and finally, he thought he would buy some peanuts with me. But on his way to the store he dropped me. I had not lain there long when a tramp picked me up. Here I found myself in bad company. The tramp went from place to place begging for food.

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.)

Manuel Lisa

(PART ONE.)

Manuel Lisa was the founder of Old Nebraska. Old Nebraska was the Nebraska of 100 years ago. It was first of all, a narrow strip of country along the Missouri river where the white men came to trade with the Indians and where they built log cabins in which to live and store their goods. Back of this narrow strip were the great plains and valleys of Nebraska, with herds of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, whose skins the Indians brought in from their summer and winter hunting trips. In the streams and lakes were plenty of beaver, muskrat and otter, and their pelts were taken by the Indians and eagerly bought by the trader. All the traders in Old Nebraska came up the river from St. Louis in open boats. Sometimes these boats were canoes hollowed out of a great tree, and sometimes they were made out of plank. These boats had oars and sometimes a mast and small sail. It was easy to go down the river in them, but to come up against the swift current was very hard and slow. Each boat was pulled up the river by a long rope called a cordelle, the man walking along the bank or splashing across the sand bars and shallows with the rope over their shoulders. It took them fifty days to drag a boat from St. Louis to the mouth of the Platte. The trip down was made in eight days.

The men who pulled these boats and those who traded with the Nebraska Indians in the days before nearly all Frenchmen, but the greatest trader among them was Manuel Lisa, a Spaniard. He was born in New Orleans, came to St. Louis when a very young man and at once began trading with Indians. When the exploring party of Lewis and Clark came back in 1806 from his two years' trip to the Pacific ocean with news of the rich fur country it had seen, Manuel Lisa was the first man to act. Early in 1807 he went far up the Missouri river and established trading

posts. The next year he came down to St. Louis. Every year for the next twelve years he made long journeys with his men and boats up and down the river. He carried the white man's goods to Indian tribes which had never dealt with traders before. He made friends everywhere and gathered great cargoes of fur which he sent down to St. Louis every summer. All the hardships and dangers of the frontier were nothing to him, helping his men to pull the boats, sleeping on the ground, going without food. In the twelve years he traveled over 30,000 miles and spent three solid years on the Missouri river. In all Nebraska and far up the river "Manuel" was the most widely known as the great white man and leader.

Trouble was brewing between the United States and Great Britain. The Hudson's Bay company wished to get all the furs from the Missouri river. It sent agents from its posts to all the tribes on the Missouri and Mississippi stirring them up to attack the American settlers and making them presents of rifles and powder and lead. Tecumseh, the great Indian war chief of the west, was going from tribe to tribe urging all the Indians to forget their quarrels with each other and before it was too late to join in driving the white men from the country. Most of the tribes on the Mississippi river joined the league of Tecumseh and fought with the British against the United States. The tribes beyond the Missouri were four times as numerous as those on the Mississippi. If they had joined the British and poured their thousands of warriors against the white settlements it is likely that St. Louis would have been taken and the frontier driven back 300 miles. But though every effort was made to have them do so the Indians beyond the Missouri remained true to the United States. On the cliffs of Blackbird hill, deeply out in the rock, is a British flag. It was covered with moss when found and photographed in 1906. It was probably cut there a hundred years ago and may have marked a council held between the British and the Omaha Indians, whose village was close by. It is the only place in Nebraska where a British flag is displayed.

Manuel Lisa was given chief credit for holding the Indians of the west at peace with our country. He was made sub-agent of the United States for all the tribes above the mouth of the Kansas river. He built Fort Lisa on the Missouri river, ten miles above where Omaha now stands. Under his care all the great tribes of the plains, the Pawnee, Sioux, Omaha, Otoe, Ponca, Cheyenne, Mandan, Crow and Arrikara, kept faith with the United States. Not only did they remain friends, but the Nebraska Indians crossed the Missouri river and attacked the Ioways, who were helping the British. Fort Lisa was the great trading post for all the plains region. Its influence was felt as far away as the mountains. When the war ended Lisa had made a league of forty chiefs and was preparing to lead them the next year against the British and their Indian allies on the upper Mississippi.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday.)

One day he was trying to escape from something bad he had done, and was running very fast when I rolled right out of his pocket and dropped in a hole in the sidewalk. I was found by a little boy who was hunting for a top he had lost. He picked me up and ran home with me, and now I am in his bank with many other nickels.

From Cook to Officer.

By Marie Thomas, Aged 12 Years, Corning, Ia., P. O. Box 55, Red Side.

When Harry Smith was a little boy he longed to be a soldier. So he marched proudly to the field in his new blue suit. He fought with might and main. After a long year of fighting he led an attack against a fort and captured it. He was now home with old friends. He decided to remain with his mother.

DIAMONDS - WATCHES ON CREDIT

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TEN PAIR'S FREE

to the ten boys that bring us the most pictures of the stilts before 4 P. M., Saturday, May 22d.

This picture of the stilts will be in The Bee every day this week.

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, May 22d.

The stilts will be given Free to the boys or girls that send us the most pictures before 4 P. M., Saturday, May 22d.

CHILDREN SAVED FROM THE LUSITANIA—The picture shows the children of Major and Mrs. F. Warren Pearl, who, with their parents, were on the Lusitania when it was torpedoed. All are believed to have been saved except the infant, Susan, in the foreground.



CHILDREN OF MAJOR & MRS. F. WARREN PEARL.