

The Busy Bees

EARL BABBITT of Plattsmouth has written to the Busy Bee editor for information with regard to the kingdom. A king and queen are chosen to head the Busy Bee kingdom by votes of their subjects. Their duties are to contribute letters and stories to the page as often as possible and to encourage their friends to do likewise. They reign for a period of four months, new rulers being announced the first Sunday in January, May and September.

There is no meaning to the Red or Blue side, except that children generally favor these colors. You have the privilege of joining whichever side you choose. Since the boys generally choose the Red side and the girls the Blue side, the king is selected from the Red side and the queen from the Blue side. Members of each side have the privilege of voting for candidates on the other side.

Busy Bees may write to this page up until their fifteenth birthday. Out-of-town children are invited to send in their letters and stories as freely as Omaha children. The editor will print pictures of all Busy Bees that are sent in. This is to aid you in knowing each other better. Having read a Busy Bee's contribution and seen his or her picture, you can get to feel pretty well acquainted. Is it not so?

This week first prize was awarded to Edda Mae Snyder of the Blue Side, who lives in far-off Utah; second prize to Agnes Shonka of the Red side, and honorable mention to Jane Dygert of the Red side. Jane lives in Deer Lodge, Mont.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Norma's Pet Lamb.

By Edda Mae Snyder, Aged 13 Years, 304 East Center, Provo, Utah, Blue Side.

It was the first of May. A merry crowd of girls and boys had started for a nearby grove, where they were to spend the day. Each was provided with a lunch basket, and the boys carried ropes for swings.

On the way Norma Clark, one of the party, discovered a lamb lying by the roadside. It had been hurt and left to die. Norma picked the lamb up and asked, "What shall we do with it?" The others said, "Why, we can't do anything with it. Put it down and come along." But the kind little girl couldn't leave the lamb to die so she decided to return home. There were tears in her eyes as she started back for she had planned for this outing for weeks, and it was a great disappointment to her not to go, and the others called her silly for giving it up.

Mr. Clark bound up the injured leg of the small animal and with the kind care of Norma it was soon well and became a great pet.

After all she got more happiness out of the day than the others who thought only of their own pleasure.

(Second Prize.)

Raises Garden.

By Agnes F. Shonka, Aged 13 Years, Schuyler, Neb., P. O. No. 3, Box 70, Red Side.

When spring came, I started on my own garden. I made a square lot, enough to put in radishes, beans, peas, lettuce and other vegetables. When it came up, it made a splendid garden. I took great pride in it. I hoed it every time there were weeds in it, and watered it when it was needed.

I also planted some flower seeds, which I most admire. I transplanted them later. I set out some of my house flowers which I kept inside throughout the winter. I am having good luck with it right along. I suppose the rest of the Busy Bees have had the same experience.

(Honorable Mention.)

Enjoys Aunt's Flowers.

By Jane Dygert, Aged 12 Years, Deer Lodge, Mont., Red Side.

This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bees. My grandma sends me The Omaha Sunday Bee and I enjoy it very much. I will answer all letters I receive.

I am in the Seventh A grade. I am 12 years old. I live in Deer Lodge, Mont., and I like it very much here. Our school will be out next week.

Last year I visited my aunt. Although it was my first visit, when I saw the flowers about the house I knew I should like her. It was the loveliest day in all June. I was waiting patiently for my aunt, who had just gone over to a neighbor's nearby, for she had not expected me to arrive until the next day. I was picturing her and I thought she would be like a major general. And I was waiting to keep children in and teach them how to sew and not let them run or play. Soon I heard the carriage come down the坡. My first impulse was to run to the grape arbor and hide and then come in and surprise her. But she had already seen me. She came over and said, "My dear, I am very glad you came, although I was not expecting you today."

My aunt was not at all like a major general, but kind, gentle and sweet in every way. I like the flowers and love them very much—dearly as my aunt did. Every morning we would go out and tend to the flowers. She promised me that I could come next year and make her another visit and I was very glad.

Bird's Journey North.

By Helen Hallow, Aged 10 Years, 1421 K Street, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

I am the same robin that wrote of its journey south a short time ago. Now I will tell you of my journey north.

One warm day I happened to think that it was time to fly north. There were many birds going so I soon got a companion. We flew a mile or so without having any trouble. But all at once my friend said, "Oh! look out!" I did not see anything, so I asked her what was the matter. But before she could answer I felt a sudden shock and I—I was lying on the ground unconscious. I lay there a long time. By and by some girls came and one said, "Oh! I bet John and Joe did this. They had out their rums. Let us take it home." So they took me home and bandaged up my wing. By this time I felt better and in a short time I was flying home. I soon reached my old home, the north, and did not forget my two friends.

Likes to Live in Country.

By Agnita Kent, Aged 10 Years, Walnut, Ia., Blue Side.

I would like to join your happy page and I would like to join the Busy Bees. I read the Busy Bee Page every Sunday. I am a little country lass. I live eight miles north of Walnut, Ia. There is a large woods on the west side of our farm. About a quarter of a mile west of that there is a large river. It is a little branch of the Botney. The Botney runs through Harlan. I like to live in the country, for in the summertime you can go to the woods and pick flowers. In our grove there are many different flowers. There are honeysuckle, Dutch-

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Myrtle Cain

man's breeches and four kinds of violets. I guess I have written enough now. Next time I will write a story.

Visit Old Man.

By Esther Sirra, Bradshaw, Neb., Blue Side.

On the outskirts of a small village there lived an old man. He loved children and was always very kind to everybody. He was a negro with curly, white hair.

It was the first day of May and the children of the village decided to go over to Mr. Jones' and have him tell them a story. They went to the post-office first. Then they went to Mr. Jones', but when they got there he was not there. They sat down on the sidewalk till he returned.

He said, "Hello, dere children. You comed for I was 'necint' you. Did you children know I had 'vited you down to my house, when I did gone and just come from yer houses?"

"We didn't know it, Mr. Jones," said Edith Newton, "we just came over to see you."

"Well, neva dea les I's gwine keep yo' for a suppa and fo' a great time dis evenin', and den maybe yo' will all go wid a snatch basket."

They had had a nice time and it was getting late. "It's done gone an be 9 o'clock and I's gwine took yo' children home, all of yo'." I done gone thinkin' we's all had a good time today."

Saved by Pumpkins.

By Esther Kipple, Aged 12 Years, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

There was a family that lived in Ohio when it was very thinly settled, named Place. Mr. Place was very kind to the Indians. Once Mr. and Mrs. Place and the younger children went on a visit and left the two twin girls to keep house. The two had been busy one afternoon cutting hideous faces out of the pumpkins they had gathered. One of the girls went to get the cows, when she came upon three Indians pointing to their house and making all kinds of motions. She ran home without allowing herself to be seen and told her sister. The frightened girls did not know what to do. Then one of the girls thought that perhaps if they would show the hideous faces of the Jack-o'-lanterns it might frighten the Indians away. So they crawled into a pit covered with brush and waited till evening. At last the Indians came and were looking for them in the garden. The girls at once lit the candles in the Jack-o'-lanterns. The Indians waited for only one glance and fled into the woods, thinking they had seen devils.

Soon after the girls' parents returned, and they told them of their adventure with the Indians. The Indians never approached the Place family house again.

Aids the Needy.

By Genevieve Harris, Aged 10 Years, 628 Seward Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Louise's grandfather was very rich. His special work and the kind he liked best was caring for the poor.

Louise's mother and father were both dead and she lived with her grandfather. "May I have," Louise continued, "a necklace like the one you gave to Lorraine?" "Do you never think of the poor Louise?" "Some may be starving, that necklace could buy clothes or medicine for sick, or food." "Poor! They're none of my business and I don't care whether they starve or not." "I know the poor are none of your business, but they should be," said her grandfather sternly.

"But you gave a necklace to Lorraine,"

Group of Bohemian Girl Athletes



The first meet of the Bohemian Young Women's Gymnastic club, "Tyra," will be held this afternoon at 2:15 at Meitz hall, Thirteenth street and Poppleton avenue. This class of young women started in August, 1914, after the national tournament of Tel Jed Sokola, held in Omaha, July, 1914, from which they received the inspiration.

This organization got its name "Tyra" from Dr. Miroslav Tyra, founder of the first Bohemian gymnastic society, also a great author, genius philosopher, scientist and free thinker. He was chief instructor in Prague in 1882. He was born in 1832 at Decin, Bohemia, and died August 8, 1884, at Oetz, Austria.

The local Tyra has about sixty members in the gymnastic club, of which twenty-six turn regularly and the rest are social members. It also has twenty-six small girls, who will take part in this meet. It will be assisted at this meet

by the turning girls and turners from South Omaha, the turning girls and turners of Omaha and the Tyra turners.

The program for the afternoon will be: Medley of Bohemian airs, Prachensky's orchestra.

Grand march of all participants.

Address by president of Tyra society, Mrs. R. A. Libal.

Address by Mayor James C. Dahlman.

Bar bell drill, Tyra young women.

Drill, Omaha small girls.

March, South Omaha young women.

Wooden ring drill, Tyra small girls.

Wand drill, Omaha young women.

Tableaux and drill, Tyra turners.

Drill and dance, South Omaha small girls.

Flag drill, Tyra small boys.

Dumbbell Tyra young women.

Apparatus, South Omaha, Omaha and Tyra turners.

From left to right, lower row: Lillian Vanocura, Bessie Pribyl, Caroline Vanek. Second row: Josephine Vanecok, Josephine Prechal, Anna Vanek, Mamie Kyselka, Helen Vanocura. Third row: Blanche Vanocura, Marie Victor, Antoinette Brada, Emily Swoboda, Marie Satoris. Top row: Agnes Satrapa, Irma Vanocura, Gustie Mikulasek, Mabel Vanocura, Ella Croaby, Vlasta Pribyl.

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more I will have more than 200 words. My story will follow soon.

An Automobile Ride.

By Agnes Randolph, Aged 11 Years, Fullerton, Neb., Blue Side.

On Saturday night it rained. The next morning we started to church in the car. We did not have the chains. We came to a big hill, but we got over that all right. It rained some more before we got started home. We could not get home in the car. We left the car in town and rode out with one of the neighbors in a buggy. I do not want to ride in a car again when it is muddy.

Escape from Trap.

By Alice Averill, Aged 9 Years, 914 West Adair Street, Creston, Ia., Red Side.

One day I saw some friends of mine passing our house and I asked them where they were going. They said they were going out by the creek to pick flowers.

"Wait a minute and I will go, too, if mamma will let me," I said.

Mother gave her consent and so I went with them. When we got there we found lots of lilies, violets, forget-me-nots and wild roses. We got as many as we could carry and started for home. And what do you think happened? A mean old tramp jumped out of some bushes and chased us. We all dropped our flowers and ran. He caught me and my brother I yelled and it hurt. The other girls

tried to push him down. They did and then we all ran. We got home all right, but I certainly was frightened. So were the other girls.

A Birthday Party.

By Leona Rohrer, Aged 13 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

On my twelfth birthday I had a birthday party. I invited twelve of my best schoolmates. They all came at 3 o'clock. First we played all kinds of games. At 4 o'clock mamma called us in for lunch, which was potato salad, chicken, ice cream and cake. At 8 o'clock they had all went home and they said that they had a very nice time.

Wants to Join.

By Lillian Pokorny, Aged 10 Years, Clarkson, Neb., Red Side.

When I read all the stories written by the little folk, I get quite interested. I thought I would write a little story, too. I think I will write a story next time. I have a little sister, Helen.

I live about two blocks from town. I go to the public school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Bertha Bukacok. She is very good to me. I am in the sixth grade. I will join the Red Side as red is my favorite color. My sister likes blue the best. She said she likes blue because it means loyalty.

My father is a business man in farm machinery. My birthday comes September 14.

Our school closed May 21.

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.)

Major Long's Expedition

In 1819 the United States government sent an expedition under Major Stephen H. Long to explore the Platte river and the mountain region beyond. This expedition is famous because it brought the first steamboat to the Nebraska shores and placed the great American Desert on the map. The steamboat was named the Western Engineer, and left Pittsburgh, Pa., May 2, 1819, for the long journey down the Ohio, then up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence up the Missouri river to the old Council Bluffs of Lewis and Clark. The Western Engineer was well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the western Indians who had never seen a steamboat.

The bow of the boat rose in the form of a huge, black, scaly serpent with open mouth, from which poured smoke and steam when the boat was under way. The Indians who saw the boat said, "White man, bad man, keep Great Spirit chained, build fire under him to make him paddle the boat."

This serpent steamboat arrived at Fort Lisa, ten miles above the present site of Omaha, on September 21. The party under Major Long at once began to prepare cabins for winter quarters. The spot they chose, with plenty of wood and stone near at hand for building and for fuel, may still be found between the high bluff and the Missouri river.

There were twenty people in Major

Long's party, some of them engineers, some scientists in botany and geology, and one artist. The fall and winter were spent in the study of animals, plants and rocks, in holding councils with the Indians, hearing their language and customs, and in keeping record of the weather.

There were many meetings with the Indians, and many very interesting speeches made. On October 4 one hundred Ojibwa, seventy Missourians and sixty Pawnees gave a dance. On October 9 seventy Pawnees did the same. On October 14 four hundred Omahas assembled and a great speech was made by their chief, Big Kill, who said, among other things:

"Here I am, my Father; all these young people you see around here are yours; although they are poor and little, yet they are your children. All my nation loves the whites and always have loved them. Some think, my Father, that you have brought all these soldiers here to take our land from us, but I do not believe it. For although I am a poor simple Indian, I know that this land will not suit you farmers. If I even thought your hearts bad enough to take this land, I would not fear it, as I know there is not wood enough on it for the use of the whites."

White Cow, another Omaha chief, said: "Look at me, my Father, look at my hands. I am a wild man born on the prairie. Look at me and see if there is any blood of your people upon me. Some whose hands are red with blood, try to wash it off, but it still remains."

In the council with the Pawnees, speeches were made by Long Hair, Knife Chief, Foot-Bobes-Son, Petainshaha. This last one was father of the famous chief of the same name. He spoke thus:

"Father, I am not afraid of these people, these Pawnees you see here. I have seen people travel in blood, I have traveled in blood myself, but it was the blood of redskins, no others. Father I have no longer a desire for war, I desire to eat in peace. I am glad to see you write down all that has been said. When a man dies his actions are forgotten; but when they are written down it is not so. When I have seen a person poor and I had a horse to spare, or a blanket, I have given it to them. From this time I undergo a change. I am now an American and you shall hear that this is true."

On June 3, 1820, Major Long with twenty-one men mounted on horses left the winter quarters and the banks of the Missouri for the head of the Platte river. They followed the Indian trail across the prairie to Pavilion creek, where they made their first camp. Keeping on the north side of the Platte, the party crossed the Elkhead river, Shell creek and Beaver creek, arriving on June 11 at the Pawnee villages on the Loup.

The villages stretched along the Loup for a distance of ten miles and held about 6,000 Pawnees. Eight thousand Indian ponies fed on the grass of the Loup valley about the villages. The Pawnees tried to persuade Major Long to go no farther, telling him that the fierce tribes of the upper Platte would eat up his little band. Major Long secured as guides two French trappers who were living with the Pawnees, and pushed on.

June 21 the Long expedition arrived at the junction of the North Platte and South Platte. Crossing both streams the party continued for several days up the south bank of the South Platte, making its last stop on what is now Nebraska on June 26, near the corner of Deuel and Keith counties. The expedition marched to where the South Platte issued from its canyon in the Rocky mountains, then turned south and returned to the Mississippi valley by way of the Arkansas.

There were two principal results from Major Long's expedition. The first was a very accurate description of Indian customs and Indian life as they existed among the Omahas, Otoes and Pawnees a hundred years ago. This series of stories of Indian life covers several hundred pages of his report. They were obtained through Indian traders and interpreters who had spent their lives with these tribes, and are today one of the best sources of information upon them.

The other result of Major Long's expedition was that all the country west of the Missouri river got a bad name, which stuck to it for fifty years. Upon the map prepared for Major Long appears the words "Great Desert," stretching from the Platte valley to the Red river in Texas. In his report upon the country, Major Long said: "It is almost wholly unfit for cultivation and of course uninhabitable for people depending upon agriculture for their subsistence."

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