Midgets of the Bohemian Sokol Tyrs

The Busy Bees

OMORROW is Flag day, set apart to honor the emblem of our nation. There isn't a Busy Bee, I am sure, who doesn't know for what our flag stands. Even those who have just arrived here from foreign lands are very quick to learn that, and indeed, they vie with the native-born boys and girls in their loyalty to the Stars and Strines.

The flag of our nation was adopted by congress June 14, 1777, in the following resolution: "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, while in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Although our flag is less than a century and a half old, it is a curious fact that it is older than the present banner of Great Britain, adopted in 1801; or Spain, 1780; or the French tri-color, 1794; or the flag of the Empire of Germany, 1870. With the advent of our flag is connected the name of Betsey Ross, whom a committee of congress, accompanied by Washington, sought out in her home in Philadelphia to aid them in making the flag. The willing heart of this patriotic woman working in cooperation with her skillful fingers, resulted in the red, white and blue banner which is admired by all nations, and of which all loyal Americans

This week first prize was awarded to Elizabeth Francy of the Blue Side; second prize to George Beal of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Mary Grevson of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Western Trip in Auto.

By Elizabeth Francy, Aged 12 Years, Hickman, Neb. Blue Side. Last fall we all went on a trip out west in our auto. We started at 6 o'clock in the morning, and arrived at my uncle's at 7 o'clock that evening-a 200-mile drive, We got lost in the hills or we would have arrived there earlier.

Some places on the way we saw some of the stones marking the Oregon trail, The telephone wires were down yet at Harvard, where the cyclone struck. We saw some houses where it had struck, and a cornfield which it had gone through didn't have anything left in it except the stalks. At Hastings we drove through the asylum grounds, and saw them taking some of the peaple out for an airing. Around our uncle's place were large canyons. I never saw such hills before, they looked pretty when they were covered with grass. There were a lot of coyotes and badgers in the canyons. My uncle lives about nine miles from the Platte river, so we went over to see it with our cousins. Where we were the river was a mile wide. There wasn't so much water in it that day, so it had quite a few liftle islands. Some of them had weeds growing on them, that made them look preity. Some looked like little flower beds. There were hardly any trees

We stayed at my uncle's five days. I enjoyed the visit, and would like to take another trip this fall.

(Second Prize.)

Faithful to School. By George Beal, Aged ? Years, 1315 North Twenty-eighth Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

would not be counted absent as he is he never would have the golden touch and the year was nearly over. After the doctor had set his thumb and bandaged it up, he looked up in the coctor's face and asked, "And can I go back to school now?" When the doctor said, "Yes," he was satisfied.

(Honorable Mention.) Wrens for Neighbors.

By Mary Grevson, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side. I suppose many of the Busy Bees have neighbors, but my new feathered neighbors are very pretty. They are a pair of wrens, a father and a mother wren. I will tell you how they took charge

of the new home. the cornerib, and had a water cup and come separated from the others and had pital and I recognized the man next to the Blue side. I hope to see my story a little box to feed from. I then put wandered quite a distance from our auto, me as an old neighbor of mine. it in the cornerib and waited every day Hearing the honking of an auto's horn, "Just then there was a noise at the to see what birds would live in there. I had made a run for it and had come door and a large dog came in. The man One day I chanced to look out, and I to the place where our Ford had been gave him something, but the dog wasn't same some birds carry little sticks just in time to see it disappearing over satisfied with this and wanted his masright in into the house. I first thought the horizon. While I was still gasping ter to follow him. He sent one of the that the birds were robins, but soon for breath, my friend came out of the officers to follow the dog. found them to be wrens. Thus the wrens bushes on the other side of the road. We "They came back soon and said that had taken charge of the new home.

One day I looked into the nest, A happy wight greeted my eyes. Can you guess what it was? It was four gray little wrens with wide-open mouths, as they must have been very hangry. About a week later my feathered neighbors had left their cony home to seek another.

From Busy Bee Queen.

By Alice Eivira Crandell, Aged II, Chap-man, Neb. Blue Side. Every once in a while one or two of the children in the Liberty Bell Bird club do." And off we started. are called upon to write a bird poem or I have written one story and two

poems. I am sending in my two poems, but the story is too long to send in. If any of the Busy Bees wish to join pledge on a sheet of paper: "I desire to become a member of the Liberty Bell Bird club and promise to study and protect all song and insectivorous birds and do what I can for the club." Sign your name, then send it to this address: The Liberty Bell Bird club, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

All who copy and sign this pledge and send it to the Liberty Bell Bird club have their names enrolled and the club button and guide sent free of all charge.

The birds I have seen this year are the bluejay, killdee, robin, meadow lark, crow, sparrow, woodpecker, blackbird, brown thrush, wild dove, oriole, gold finch, hawk, yellow hammer and king

In my next letter I will tell you some new hall.

The Magic Touch.

By Ethel Pyle, Aged 10 Years, Beatrice, Neb. Blue Side. Once there was a very rich king. Although he was rich he never had enough also making a wish that he had more gold, a fairy appeared to him and asked him what his wish was. He told her. She said, tomorrow, at sunrise, he would

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



fast. He went to pour the milk, but instead of being milk it was gold. He took a hot potato and swallowed it whole, but the golden touch was too quick for him. That night while he was trying to read The other day my brother while at in his private library, the fairy came play during the noon hour at school, had to him, asked him if he had his wish. his thumb pulled out of joint. The "Yes, but I do not like everything to teacher told him to go home and have turn to gold." So the fairy said for him it put back in place. He would not go to pour water over everything that he until the teacher assured him that he did not want to be gold. She said that

Only a Dream.

looked at the auto tracks leading out of hind a rose bush, but not having much the grove. Yes, it was real, the ice cold success. fact. And to think that even Bob had "If I told you the story I have in mind helped to get the party up. Getting up of dogs," grandfather said. from the log on which I was sitting, I "It was fifty years ago," he said, after none was to be had.

Two hours before, we, with two others, ourselves. had left our auto to gather some flowers "They were retreating when I was it in his pocket. One day I made a house, put it in in a nearby timber. Some way I had be- wounded. They carried me into the hoshad waited there by the side of the road there was a camp of the enemy just until now for them to come back. And there was a constant the dog had disnow we were stranded, without evening covered it and wanted to show the solwraps, or any means whatever of getting diers. home excepting, of course, we might walk it; and it was four and a half miles to he had found the dog almost frozen and

town. It was growing dark, but a big he had tound the dog wouldn't leave not "afraid of having to go home in the dark," as the saying goes. Again, "Well are you coming?" broke

the stillness, to which I replied meekly, father. very meekly indeed: "Guess that is the only thing we can

We had gone perhaps a mile and a half, when we suddenly came upon the remnants of one Ford automobile, lying in the center of a ditch. With a gasp of holiday, so six of us girls decided to horror I ran up to the wreck and started have a picnic. to recover the mutilated bodies of my At 2 o'clock we started for the river the Liberty Bell Bird club write this friends. Poor Bob! I now thought of with our lunch, which consisted of sandwhat I was telling myself I would do for wiches, candy, cookies, cakes, olives and him once I caught him alone. Miserable, pickles. unthinking wretch that I was. I had be- One of the girls brought some bathing gun to pray for forgiveness as I worked, suits and taught us to swim. We also the Indians, once stood old Fort Atkinon my foot and-I woke up in time to water untie my fishing cord from my big toe

War and Peace.

largest catch of the day.

By Florence French, Aged 12 Years, Gillette, Wyo. Blue Side. Once there was a bold black warrior named War. He was a bold fellow with courage. War was loved in olden times. The people loved War and helped him in his evil ways for they knew no better, But into these people's lives came Peace, more about birds I have seen and also gentle and full of sweetness. Where By Alma Ashley, Aged 10 Years, Wymore, about our school program given in our Peace was known civilization ruled the about our school program given in our Peace was known civilization ruled the people.

well and won the love of the people and gold. One day while he was in a count- ragged and wretched, begging on the will go tell him that he made a mistake, school in Nebraska was taught here, and about forty of his people were killed. ing room, counting out his money, and roadsides. Of the women in sorrow and The next morning he awoke and to his won. She was not sorry, for she loved is a package for you. It was a big box Arikara Indians and about twenty of Arikara war of 1823 and is the first war surprise, everything he touched turned the people and did good to them that and Lillian went in where the children



hibition drill given at the Bobemian Mildred Kayar, Second row-Bessie Ser-Caroline Uhler, Fourth row-Anna Rye-Turner hall last Sunday, and did their jean, Marie Kolar, Roste Vanek, Rose kly, Sylvia Swoboda, Emily Misterky, part so wall as to win much praise. They Prenosil, Olga Brodil. Third row-Bessie Helen Svojtek, Mary Tesar. are: Bottom row -Anna Krupsika, Mary Christensen, Agnes Simanek, Matilda

These little girls all took part in the ex- | Prenosil, Mary Brazda, Anna Brazda, | Andresen, Helen Serjean, Vivian Kaspar,

he was ashamed because he destroyed one. "I think it is a little rocking chair," was riding behind my sister. I fell off sacred human life.

The Army Dog.

By Edmund Haid, Aged 12 Years, Sum-ner, Neb. Red Side, One day Alfred and Robert were stoning a dog they found in the yard. to that dog?"

"Chasing him out of the yard," an- las blue is my favorite color. By Walter A. Averill, Aged 14 Years, 514
West Adair Street, Creston, Ia.

Red Side.

Chasing him out of the yard, "answered Robert. "He hasn't any feeling."
he continued, as he threw another stona We blinked, rubbed our eyes, and again at the dog, who was trying to hide be-by Ethel Loomis, Aged 8 Years, Fair-coked at the auto tracks leading out of bind a rose bush, but not having much mont, Neb. Blue Side.

walked into the road and strained my a slight pause, "and we were camping bird. One morning a boy found a bird. eyes through the gathering dusk to catch on the Potomac river and had just come Its wing was broken. He took it to school a sight of some kind of a vehicle, but into camp when we heard that the enemy was near, so we got ready to defend

"The man explained to me later that him after that.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that we surprised the enemy and won," said grand-

An Enjoyable Picnic. By Elizabeth Simmons, Aged 13 Years, 905 Main Avenue McCook, Neb.

venue. Mo Red, Side. One Friday afternoon my class had a

when something gave me a terrific jerk took some pictures of the girls in the After we had been in the water about and pull in a three-pound bullhead, the an hour we got out and ate our lunch. Then we started home. On the way we discovered four little birds in a nest on

the grounds. We also took a few plotures as we came to a pretty spot. We had so much fun on that picule that we decided to organize a little club and have a little picule and go swimming about every two weeks. The pictures we took were very good.

Lillian's Valentine.

said another. La wan got a

was a little white kitten. It had a blue ribbon around its neck. It had a card in the box saying, "I have come to be your Valentine."

said: "Why, boys, what are you doing it in print. I want to join the Bine Side As this is my first story I hope to see

Find Injured Bird.

I was so pleased to see my first story in print, so thought I would try again. had the nerve! Especially when I had I think you would have a better opinion I am glad when I get the Busy Bees' paper. I am planning going away this summer. I am going to tell you about a and gave it to the teacher. We didn't know what kind of a bird it was, so we let it go. Another boy found it and put it in his pocket.

By Helen Abraham. Aged 19 Tears, Schuyler, Neb., Route 3, Box 65.

Blue Side.

My favorite color is blue, so I will join in print.

Hopes to Win Again.

By Viola Diedricksen, Aged 9 Years, Marne, Ia., Route No. 1. Blue Side. I thank the editor for giving me a prize and I hope I'll get a prize once again. I will write a story or a letter again soon, so I think I must stop writing now. So

Hurt While Riding.

By Lorene French, Aged 10 Years, Gillette, Wyo. Blue Side. I read the stories nearly every time. I think they are very nice stories. I am of Osage, In., and stayed there a week. in the sixth grade. I do not ride very I am a new Pusy Bee and would like to much because I broke my leg when I join the Blue Side.

and my leg broke. Since then I don't Which shall we choose, War or gentle and cut the cord, when she saw a hole care much to ride. This is the first time on the top. She tried to peep through, I ever wrote to the Busy Bees. My but just then a little white paw was teacher's name is Mrs. Beitle. She is a thrust through it. "Oh," said they, "It good one. I like her better than any is a little white kitten." Sure enough it teacher I ever had.

Tribute to Teacher. By Julia Hruby, Aged 11 Years, Pender, Neb. Red Side.

We have such a dear teacher. We all love her very much, for soe is so kind The reason why :-and good to us all. It just makes me feel so bad every time I think that she is not coming back next term. Of course I do not blame her, for she has only a mother and she is in such poor health. She wants her daughter to be close by next term. Her name is Miss Mattida Tomes of Clarkson, Neb. We may get a good teacher next term who will be an good

New Busy Bec.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees. My father takes The Omaha Bee. I read the Busy Bee page every Monday and I enjoy it very much. I live in the country. I have four sisters and five brothers. I wish to join the Blue Side. I will write a story soon.

By Mariorie Dickson, Aged 10 Years, O'Nelli, Neb. Blue Side.

Iowa in our car. We stopped at Sioux City all night, and in the morning we went on and stopped at Spirit Lake a couple of weeks. Then we went out to

my aunt's home, which is ten miles out

Stories of Nebraska History

Old Fort Atkinson

On the site of the Council Bluff where Lewis and Clark first held council with son, built in the year 1819, the first United States fort in Nebraska. The

Riflo regiment and the Sixth infantry were here. It was a large, strong fort with fifteen cannon and several hun-dred soldiers. Besides the soldiers there were teamsters, laborers, traders, hunters, trappers and Indians, making a fort seized their rifles. General Leaventown of nearly a thousand people. They had a brick yard and a lime kiln. Rock was quarried from the ledges along the "Why," said Lillian, "I never knew Indians and make peace with them. fired into the village, while the Sioux

He sat down to eat his break- loved her. War was seen no more for were. "I think it is a new hat," said to the Pawness They lived on the Mis- There was quiet for a long time

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheidon. They were different from the wild Infrom week to week.) dians on the plains, for they lived in villages surrounded with walls of dirt and fenced with timbers set on end in the ground. An Arikara had stolen horses from the trappers. He was horsewhipped by them. This led to the attack on the trappers.

There were very busy times in the old fort on the Council Bluff when the news came. The bugles rang out calling the soldiers to their colors. Cannon and powder and shot were loaded into keel boats. The hunters and trappers at the worth started with over 200 soldiers. He was joined by 400 Sioux warriors, who were enemies of the Arikaras, and by river. A saw mftl and a grist mill were several parties of hunters and river men. kept busy. Hundreds of acres of rich It was a month's march along the shores Nebraska land were farmed and thou of the Missouri to reach the Arikara vilsands of bushels of grain raised. Roads lages. The keel boats with the cannon, ran in all directions from this fort on powder and food were pulled up the river the Council Bloff. Indians came to it with ropes. Never before had such an It was Valentine day and Lillian was from all parts of the west, for it was army been seen on the teath Nebraska Once the sweet Goddess of Liberty showing some of her little griends the the most western army post in the prairies. On August 8 they arrived at called these two together. War spoke the arrived at the Arikara villages. The cannon were the expressman drove up to the door. Mexicans came here to meet the Pawnee placed on a hill and their heavy balls they laughed with joy. But when Peacs that the expressman came only at White women were here. There were under their chief, White Bear, fought came up to speak the people shed tears Christmas. He has never come here be marriages and births. Children played with the Arikara warriors outside the of sorrow, for she told of the children, fore. I think he made a mistake. I about the biuff, and probably the first walls. Gray Eyes, chief of the Arikaras, warriors outside the walls. Gray Eyes, chief of the Arikaras, warriors outside the walls. Gray Eyes, chief of the Arikaras, warriors outside the walls. Gray Eyes, chief of the Arikaras, warriors outside the walls. The expressman was just a knocking Fort Atkinson was the largest town of The tribe sued for peace and a treaty despair, weeping in the rules of their when Lillian opened the door. She was early Nebraska and the only town in the rules of their when Lillian opened the door. She was early Nebraska and the only town in the slow feasted on reasting ears from the slow feasted early lead and the slow feasted early lead they lay the crown of clives on her Lillian Gray lives" "Why," said Lillian diers were killed and the army returned head and shout with joy. Peace had lian, "that is my name." "Then here trappers had been fired upon by the

summer the fur traders came up the farms. river and keel boats from St. Louis brought stores and news from the world below. In the winter sleds traveled game for the soldiers. So many elk and deer were killed in this way that the while the soldiers killed and drove away

Their Own Page

carried was taken away. The buildings merce everywhere.

part of Nebraska in 1864 and 1855, they the Pawnee. The very name of the old were g'ad to find that the United States fort is forgotten. Yet here is one of the himneys and cellars. They tore down story deserves to be told.

Fort Atkinson. We know that in the the rules and carried them away to their

Today the little village of Fort Calhoun, sixteen miles north of Omaha, adjoins the site of old Fort Atkinson. On the summit of the Council Bluff may still across the snow to other posts. Hunting be traced the parade ground, the place parties from the fort went out to kill where the flagstaff stood, the rows of cellars where once were the officers' quarters, and the barracks where the soldiers lived. The ashes and broken Omaha tribe could find no food on their brick where the great fireplaces were old hunting grounds. Big Elk, chief of may still be found, as also the powder the tribe, came to the fort for help, vault and the road running down Hook's saying that his people were starving Hollow to the boat landing on the river-Every spring when the the people make

gardens they plow up bullets and but-In 1837 Fort Atkinson was abandoned tons with the name "Rifle" or the figure by the United States. All the soldiers "6" for the Sixth infantry, on them. were sent down the Missouri river. They Gold and silver coins are also found, drove away a great herd of cattle which Most of them are Spanish coins with far supplied them with beef. They left the away dates upon them, telling of the plowed fields to grow up with grass and time when Spain ruled the greater part weeds. All that was of use and could be of America and its coins were in com-

were left. The traders and hunters went | Such is the story of the Council Bluff to Bellevue and other posts down the and Old Fort Atkinson, the scene of the It was said that the Indians first council with the Nebraska Indians, burned the buildings after the soldiers the site of the first fort, and the first important town in the state. It was Six years later Maximillan, the great the center of busy life 100 years ago. German traveler, found the fort in ruins. Today the Missouri river is three miles The great stone chimneys were standing away from the old landing beneath the and a brick storehouse was still under bluff. The fort and its soldiers are roof. Rattlesnakes made the place their gone. The Indian trader and hunter come no more. The Mexican no longer When the early settlers came to this crosses the plains to make peace with

had provided them with such a supply of historic spots of early Nebraska whose brick and stone ready to use for their memories should be cherished and whose

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every Monday and I enjoy it very much. I live in the country. I have four sisters and five brothers. I wish to join the Biue Side. I will write a story soon.

Auto Trip to Iowa.

By Marjorie Dickson, Aged 10 Years, O'Nelli, Neb. Blue Side.

Three years ago we all took a trip to Iowa in our car. We stopped at Sioux City all night, and in the morning we went on and stopped at Spirit Lake a story Monday and I enjoy it to Iowa is our car. We stopped at Spirit Lake a story Monday and I enjoy it to Iowa in our car. We stopped at Spirit Lake a story Monday and I enjoy it to Iowa in our car. We stopped at Spirit Lake a story Monday and I enjoy it to Iowa in our car. We stopped at Spirit Lake a story Monday and I enjoy it to Iowa in our car. We stopped at Spirit Lake a story Monday and I enjoy it to Iowa in our car. We stopped at Spirit Lake a story Monday and I enjoy it to Iowa in our car. We stopped at Spirit Lake a story monday in the conjunction with Benetol Itself as a mouth wash and morning gargle will positively check and oure pyorrhea, prevent tarker from collecting on the teeth and prevent them from decaying, decorate and prevent them from oblecting on the teeth and prevent them from decaying, decorate and prevent them from decaying, decorate and prevent them from oblecting on the teeth and prevent them from decaying.

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