THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: JUNE 20, 1915.

# The Busy Bees

CHOOL has closed and here is the long summer vacation. Even brought them home and shut them up in now you are planning what to do with it. "Do you know that a slied. They soon became very tame, one definition of vacation is is time of compliance?" note the We named them Mutt and Jeff. They one definition of vacation is 'a time of emptiness?' " asks the would eat watermelon, bread and milk editor of The American Boy. When you are arranging what you and wild grapes. One night my brother will do in July and August, think of this definition. went out to food them and left the door

To our way of thinking, vacation should be the fullest time of the open. They ran away. We saw them the next day, but could not catch them. I fear-fullest of pleasure and activities which will bring you health and hope to see my story in print. ginger for the coming months of work.

Another definition of vacation is "freedom from duty." That sounds The Story of the Year. rather absurd to us. A good definition of the word is "a space of time in which it is our duty so to conduct ourselves that our brains will be fresh-ings, Neb. Red Fide. ened, our bodies strengthened, and our hearts mide strong to carry "Who is that old man yonder ?" asked through gladly the work laid out for another year." the sparrow

Not every one of us can camp in the mountains this summer, nor go "I know who he is." croaked the old old raven, who sat on the fonce. to the seashore, nor canoe through the Canadian forests. Most of us know who the eid man is. It is winter, would like to do some of these things, but if we can't, let's make the the old man of last year. He is not dead, best of things. as the calendar says, but is guardian to little Prince Spring, who is coming. Yes,

If you go at it in the right spirit, there's as much fun camping in Winter still bears sway here. Ugh! the your own back yard as there is in the Maine woods; there's as much sport cold makes you shiver, does it not, you in a hike out in the country as there is in a motor trip through the Berk- little one shires. Make the most of what it is possible for you to do-and you will said the smallest sparrow. "The calendar derive a great fund of solid enjoyment from it.

only an invention of man, and is not This week, first prize was awarded to Dorothy M. Patty of the Red. arranged according to nature. They Side; second prize to Margaretta Fenske of the Blue Side, and honorable ought to leave these things to us, who mention to Clifford Middaugh of the Red Side. are made much cleverer."

Little Stories by Little Folk

HOW CHICAGOANS WENT TO WORK DURING CAR STRIKE-The novel way of "hooking on" as shown by the picture was used by the young lady in getting to her office at a reasonable hour.



I went to look if it was any better and top. Some places were so steep they

found it dead. I buried it under the rose, had to get down on their hands, and

bush in our ward. I marked the grave knees. One place where they vielted

with a stone which I had carved the let- was called "The Jump Off." They could

## Their Own Page

their furs. Muscionaries made hore their through Omaha. Sarpy county wa Det attempt to civilize and Christianize created with Bellevin as the county seat Nobrasan. When steamboats began to but even this distinction was carried of make regular trips up the Missouri, by the new fown of Paplillon in 1875. Dellovus was one of the principal land- Dellovus still stands by the riverside. has places. In Isis the Presbyterian the oldest town in Nebraska. Its early hurch fixed upon Hellevno as the site ambitions have been blighted, but a wonof its principal mission to the western dorful compensation for their loss is Indians, and to isk the old mission hers. It is still the most beautiful mite building standing today was hallt. Here upon the river. No polse of factories or came the first governor of Nebraska ter- warehouses, no crowding of jealous povvitory in ISH and here the first news- erry and social wealth within its borpaper, the Nelvaska Falladium, was dees, no ugly skyserabers blot out its printed. All the signs then pointed to landscape. No elamor and rivalry of the Billevue as a future great metropolis of market place disturb its visions. It is still Old Dellevue, with all the glory and the Platte valley

Then came disaster after disaster to romance and early dreams of old Ne-Bellevue's fond hopes and aspirations, brasks gathered within its borders. It is The ratikal was located at Omaha. The new and forever will remain the center Pacific railroad left a natural crossing of interest for all those who love the at Hellevus and a natural roadway up story of Nebraska's early days, and the the values of the Plate to find a more keeper of Nebraska's carliest memories difficult creating and longer route and traditions for all time.



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Article 805 Klostersilk Cordonnet Special Made in White-Street 70 Pink 0 Lavender 30 Black Crosm

By Derothy M. Patty, Aged 12 Years, 147 East Second Street, Fremont Neb. Red Side. I have just returned from Carolina and hope to be as happy here as I was If you build me a house, make the mtrance no larger than a sliver quarter, and please have plenty of alpholes. Put the box on the barn, in the orenard or arape arbor. If you put it near the ouse I shall probably wake you up at 4, as t sm an early riser. I can sing desutifully, and an Irishman once described my song by saying, "Indade, folve notes t' onst somes outen its Never come near me when I am nesting, for if you do I shall sould as hard as I can. My eggs are pink with choco-

Sometimes a bold sparrow dares venture in my house, and then Mr. Wron and 1 fly at him until he is very glad fit have us in neace. If the bluebirds had my courage and

(First Prize.)

A Wren.

there.

lite spots.

temper, they would not allow the sparrows to take their boxes.

All wrens have short round wings, so in hunting our food (which is composed mostly of insects) we keep close to the around, where our finely barred brown wings and body make us very inconspicuous. I have two immediate relatives, the marsh wren and the Carolina when, of whom I shall tell you about later. I am called the house wren, which is my only name.

I belong to the Liberty Bell Bird club, and all who wish to do so please copy this pledge: "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." Send this to Wilmer Atkinson, care Farm Journal, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa., and you will receive a bird pin and badge.

BUSY BEES.



John Fredrick Hyde Jr

Tree Stories," "How Mr. Dog Got Even."

the horses were so foxy. So he went sgain."

join the Blue Side, as it is my favorite

Henry W. Longfellow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born

February 27, 1807, in Portland, Me.

Henry's father was a lawyer in Port-

Some of the poems he wrote are: "The

"The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The

Our Picnic.

Agnes Randolph, Aged 11 Years, Fuller-ton, Neb. Blue Side.

On the last day of school we had a

pionic. We were going to have it at the

maker and his great-grandfather had load was heavy.

He traveled through France, Germany, over the base of salt.

I am now a Busy Bee and would like to two little girls were treated.

land. His grandfather had been a shoe- full of salt. It was a warm day and the

been a blacksmith. He started to school After a time they came to a stream

when he was 3 years old. His father which had no bridge. As the donkey

wished him to become a lawyer, but he walked through it he stepped on a stone

Italy and Spain. When he came home he When it went on it found its load much

Village Blacksmith." "Paalm of Life," donkey was taken back for another load.

thing.

thought.

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE like burntahed silver. The snewy cor-

ering on the field and on the hill did not glitter as it had done, but the white form. Winter, himself, sat there, his gaze fixed upon the south. He noticed that the snowy carpet seemed to sink, as it were, into the earth, and here and there a little green grass patch appeared, and that all these patches were crowded with sparrows, who cried, "kee-

"You see. Did I not tell the truth?"

And one week passed by, and another went by; the frozen lake lay hard and stiff, looking like a sheet of lead, and

damp, key mists were hovering over the The great black crows flew about in long rows, silently, and it seemed as nature slept. Then a sunbeam glided along over the lake, and made it shine

wit, kee-will Is spring coming at inst" Spring," the cry resounded over field and meadow, and through the blackbrown wood, where the moss still glimmered in bright green upon the tree trunks. From the south the first two storks came flying through the air. On he back of each mit a lovely little childgirl and a boy. They greeted the earth with a kiss, and wherever they set their text, white flowers came up from beneath the snow. Then they set their hands on the old man Winter, clung to his breast, embracing him, and in a moment they and he and all the region around were hidden in a thick, damp mist, dark and heavy, that closed over all like a veil. Then the wind arose and it rushed rearing along, and drove away the mist with heavy blows, so that the sun shone warmly forth on bushes and trees. The grass shot upwards and the cornfields turned green and became more and more lovely. And she and the boy iapped their hands with joy, and then locks of birds came flying up, and they

all twittered and sang. "Spring has The Pilgrims.

By Vera Bradley, Aged Jl Years, 1010 Center Street, Omana, Neb. Blue Side.

When the Pilgrims came to America I am going to bring my dime for the monument the first of September. I every child had to go to church whether hope my story escapes Mr. Waste Paper they wanted to or not. If they went to sleep in church, someone would tap them

The Donkey, the Lion and Cock. By Jeannette Oliphant, Aged 10 Years, Hastings, Neb. Red Side.

ter B upon.

the landscape below. If I see this in hard on the head. One day a little girl cock were walking together in a field old rock in the sunny south. went to sleep and was tapped on the near a forest. A lion, who happened to

Once upon a time a donkey and a print I will tell some more of this ancient

head. Her father was very sorry and be passing

(Second Prize.)

#### The Pony.

By Margareita Fenske, Aged 12 Years, Winner, Neb. Blue Side. I have written many poems so I thought

I would send one in for the Busy Bees. This is a true story: A little girl I once knew Would look up in the sky so blue. And the first star she would see. Would wish this she told me:

I wish I had a pony. And I know I'd name him Tony. And I'd feed him every day So he would not run away.

And a peny she did get. And she'd drive him till he'd sweat. Till one day she had an unset. When an automobile they met.

Now she won't get in at all. The he's very, very small, And they tell her they will sell him, And she cries till her eyes are dim.

So I guess that they will sell it. 'Cause she don't enjoy him a bit. And I guess that she won't wish For a pony after this.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Little Red Pig.

By CliffordMiddaugh, Aged 13 Years, uke, Neb, Red Side.

Once there was a little bunch of pigs came to our place and I asked my father if I might have the tiniest little red fellow for my own. He said I might. So I tried to catch if, and pet it. At first 11 ran and squealed, but finally I caught Then I fed it a pan of sweet milk. which it drank greedily. I scratched it on the stomach and it layed over on its side. Then I told him that he was a fine little porker. He looked up at me and gave a little grunt, as much as to say "I know I am" He soon grew real tond of me.

two sons. I called him Jealous, because when I would pet my little dog Carlo, he would come running and grunting to get petted

About once a week I'd give him a Building of the Ship," "The Light of guod scrubbing in mother's wash tub. Siara," "The Children's Hour" and many myself." This time he filled the bags He grew like a weed, and got just as other poeme. He loved all the children. with sponges. fat as a butter roll. He is the first ptg He died March 24, 1882. ever owned, but I hope I will own a big bunch when I grow up to be a man I think I shall take him to the fair, and see if he won't win a prize. I think he will for he is a fine Durock.

#### The Monument.

By Janet Ollohant, Aged 9 Years, 402 South Garfield Avenue, Hastings, Neb. Blue Side.

written to the Busy Bees. I like to write very much. I have two big dolls Sur pictures and then we went home. two small dolls. I also have a little Kewpie. I go to the Lincoln school. We weaved little hammocks, the color of my hammock is blue. Two days before school was out, the manager, Mr. Barr, talked about America to have a great monument. He said that we all should earn a dime, but not beg a dime from auntle or grandma. I helped mamma in the best way I could to earn a dime. I washed the dishes and wiped them. The other day mamma was putting some beans in a lar and then she set the glass on the tubic. The bottom fell out and the beans rolled all over the floor. Mamma said that if I picked them all up I would got my dime. That's the way I carned dime. I received my book Tuesday;

The Cockle Bur's Story.

story of my life.

wanted to be a poet,

color.

Basket.

I am a cocklebur. I am going to tell for a month. The little girl was sorry hungry, "This is very fortunate. I'll ent By that donkey," but, all of a sudden, the and cried very bitterly.

I lived on a stalk in Farmer Brown's Another little girl went to sleep and cock began to crow loudly, and so frighyou the story of my life. field. One day when Farmer Brown she also was tapped on the head with tened the lion, that he scampered across was coming to town he had to go through the long pointer in church. Her father the field, and the donkey and cock saw his field, as the road was blocked up, was very sorry, but decided not to pun- him.

He was driving old Prince and Cox. I ish her, She was asleep. When she "Ha! ha! ha! brayed the donkey. "He thought I would have a ride so I jumped awoke she saw her father at a deak. He is afraid of me."

"My friend," said the cock, 'you are four, five pennies. She liked to see the en old Prince's tall and a lot of my was looking at a long pair of gold beads. wrong. The lion is not afraid of you, little creature dance a little jig to the brothers did the same. After that the She said, "Futher what are you doing?" horses kicked and bit all the way down. He said, "I am looking at a pair of your but of my crowing."

The Donkey and the Salt.

When they started home the bags were

and fell, Splash, splash, went the water

This time the salt was spalled and the

The man said to himself, "I must cure

the donkey of this trick. I'll play a trick

The donkey trotted along gayly. "My

load is light, but I'll make it lighter," it

They soon came to the same stream

and it splashed down into the deepest

place. When it rose up, the sponges were

The next time it was taken to bring a

streams to pass on the way.

music of the organ. and back home too. When John, the hired grandmother's beads, she gave them to "Stuff and nonsense," said the donkey, When night came the master took the "This is not the first time I have monkey to the circus tents. Then he man went to curry the horses. Farmer me before we left England." After a few "This is not the first time I have monkey to the circus tents. Then he frown fold him to be careful as the minutes looking at them, he said, "I frightened him. I'll just show you that speak the truth." horses were pretty foxy. So John went will give these beads to you if you will I So the days went by, year after year.

Away ran the silly animal after the to currying and soon found out why promise never to go to sleep in church lion, braying with all his might and "I will promise father," she to picking us out, but I fell down under cried. Her father gave them to her and main, and he very soon caught up with Coxe's foot and she stepped on me, she never went to sleep again in church. him. This is how I was saved to tell the I like this story, because it shows how

"Hello!" said the lion, stopping. "What do you want?" "N-nothing," said the donkey, suddenly feeling frightened.

"But I do want something," remarked the llon, and he jumped on the donkey By Rosis Fosvar, Aged 10 Years, Rich-land, Neb Blue Side. and ate-him up. "I want my dinner." "Alas, he was a donkey!" said the cock. Bunkle. At first it tried to follow me to Once upon a time a doukey was called And after giving one sad crow he con-

By Myrtle Peterson, Aged 11 Years, Kear-ney, Neb. Red Side. tinued to look for worms. two bags upon his back and they started for town. There were many hills and

Trip to Blue Ridge Mountains. By Roxia Owen, Aged 11 Years, 115 West Fifth Street, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Side

I'm going to tell you a true story By Eva Francy, Aged 10 Years, Hickman, f our visit to Greenville, Tenn. Neb. Blue Side. of our visit to Greenville, Tenn. Ten years ago this spring my mother. This is the first time I have written to brother, aister and myself. To be sure the Busy Bocs. I enjoy reading the I was too small to remember it myself, stories very much. I wish to join the

but my mother tells it to me and in Red Side. married Miss Mary Storer Potter He lighter. Soon they came to another that way I remember it. My mother, I am going to raise chickens this yearhad five children, three daughters and stream and the donkey did the same sister and brother, with a party of I have twenty-five.

friends, went up in the Blue Ridge moun- Our school was out May 38. There are tains to spend the day, and left me with twenty-eight pupils in our school. Our my grandma. They drove to the foot teacher's name is Miss Grote. I like her of the mountains and left the team at the very much. I am 10 years old.

## Stories of Nebraska History

BY A. B. SHELDON -

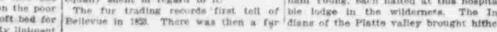
(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.) Pawnees came there to trade. It was Bellevue

easier for the fur traders and Indians to meet at Bellevue than at any other No one living knows just when the first post on the river. The smooth valley of

white men settled at Bellevue. The story the Platte made a natural pathway; the has many times been told how Manuel rock foundation of the hills sloping to Lisa climbed the sloping hills from the the riverside made a natural landing One day a poor horse was lying in a riverside where his boat lay moored and place for boats, wood and water were field. It was fied to a post. The rope as his eye swept that wonderful ranor- at hand, and the beautiful view down around its neck was so tight that it was ama of forest, hill and river, he ex- the valley where the Platte and Missouri claimed in French, "Bellevue;" that he mingle their waters among forested is-

Another girl and I were afraid to fix then staked out his fur trader's cabin lands added to the other attractions. the rope because the horse would kick in the valley below, and thus began the When the soldiers abandoned Fort Atlive four miles and a half south of Imo- and try to get up. After a while a boy first white settlement in our state. This kinson in 1827 and marched away, was in the year 1816, so the story goes. Believue became the chief post and the Manuel Lisa himself left no writing to oldest town in fact as well as in story he took the rope off. Awhile later a Manuel Liss himself left no writing to oldest town is fact as well as in story sterm arose, so we all went home. The prove it and we know that Fort Liss, of the Nebraska country. The first of his chief fur trading post, was twenty these honors she retained through all the miles farther up the Missouri river. The fur trading years and the second reold fur traders died long ago and the mains hers today.

trees and hills about Bellevue which Bellevue was the stopping place of the looked down upon their boats in the river early adventurers, trappers, travelers, tell no tales of these sarly "voyageur." missionaries and soldiers, who came to The Astorians who passed up the river this region. The early names in our in 1911 made no mention of the trading annals cluster about Beilevue. Peter A. post of Bellevue and the soldiers who Sarpy, Henry Fontenello, Prince Maxibuilt Fort Atkinson in 1819 on the Coun- millian, George Catlin, John C. Fremont, oil Bluff twenty-five miles above are Prof. Hayden, J. Sterling Morton, Brig-



Organ Grinder and Monkey. Ellanore Baxter, Aged 10 Years, 139 North Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha, Red Side,

Once there was a man who owned a

monkey. The monkey and its master

were out gathering pennies most of the

time. One day when they were passing

a house a little girl came out of it and

gave the little monkey one, two, three,

Easter Vacation.

By Louise Wessel, Aged & Years, Nine-teenth Street and First Avenue, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue Side.

alone. I had a very nice time. When

came home we had a little puppy. Its

name was Bunkle, or we named it

school. But it never got a chance. I have a little sister named Holen. She

was afraid of Bunkie for many days.

but now she is not afraid. This is the

Will Raise Chickens.

second time 1 have written.

Easter vacation I took a trip to Lincoln

lock and the great tall pines looked like

very small pines below. One place of

special mention was called, "Big Rock,"

sticking out from the side of the moun-

tain. All walked out on it and viewed

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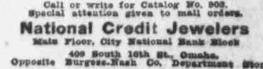
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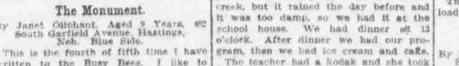
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### Wild Flowers.

Two Coons.

By Wilma Gowing, Imogene, Ia., R. F. D. No. J. Blue Side,

I was glad to see my letter in print. 1 gene. We have timber on our farm and there are violets, Dutchman's breeches, wild roses, sweet williams and adder tongues. I hope to see my letter in 1 rint, horse got up and went home. We were I will answer all cards and letters re- all glad. baylao.

By Genevieve Gouring, Imogene Ia., R. F. D. No. 1. Red Side. I was very glad to see my letter in days ago, I noticed a little bird lying on print and I will now write a story. I do the grass. It seemed to be in much pain. was so excited that I didn't eat my not suppose any of the Busy Bees aver I picked it up and discovered its little breakfast that morning. I read a few had a coon for a pet, so I will tell them legs were broken. I teek it into the stort twenty-five mices above are pror flaynen. J sterling Morton, Brigham Young, each halted at this hospita-stortes in the book, which I like very about two my brother and sister had, house and put some liniment on the poor injured legs I then made a soft hed for Bellevie in 182. There was then a far dians of the Platte valley brought hither fit in a small basket I had. My linkows

load, it did not lie down in the water. Horse is Entangled.

so heavy that it could hardly walk.

choking the horse.

came. We told him to fix the rope. So

Found Injured Bird.

By Pearl Johnson, Missouri Valley, Is. Bine Side. As i was walking in our yard a few

By Ellen Nordstrom, Aged 13 Years, 4786 Seward Street, Omaha. Blue Side.