

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

**W**ITH the Fourth of July just passed around the corner, and not too many casualties as a result of strenuous celebrating, I hope the Busy Bees of this vicinity had another patriotic treat.

The far-famed Liberty Bell, which has hung in Independence hall in Philadelphia ever since 1776 when it proclaimed "liberty through all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof," passed through Omaha on a special car Friday, en route to the Panama-Pacific exposition, where it will be exhibited for several months.

The Liberty Bell has been taken from its resting place before to be exhibited at expositions and once in 1777, when the British approached Philadelphia, it was hurried to Allentown.

Last Sunday, the Fourth, the historic bell was the center of a large celebration in honor of the 139th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The next day it started on the trip, which will be of six months' duration.

The bell is of intrinsic curiosity as well. It is very large, measuring twelve feet in circumference and weighing over 2,000 pounds. The celebrated cracks lend additional interest to the bell.

Many persons, sightseeing bent, visit the Liberty Bell at its Philadelphia home each year.

This week first prize was awarded to Abbott Fraser of the Red side, second prize to Alma Van Buren of the Blue side and honorable mention to Helen Kimball of the Red side.

**Little Stories by Little Folk**

**Sunset on the Lake.**  
By Abbott Fraser, Broken Bow, Neb. Red Side.

The sun was setting its last rays on a little lake, on the banks of which stood a log hut.

Mary called to Ben, saying "Do hurry, Ben. We'll have to hurry to see the sunset on the lake! How pretty the lake looked last night with the sunset colors in it!"

Ben was there by that time and off they started to the lake.

"Oh, Mary! look! look!" cried Ben.

"Yes, yes, I see! Isn't it beautiful!"

The lake was now a beautiful crimson with yellow above at the end.

"Get the canoe, Ben," called Mary.

Ben got the canoe and they were riding in what seemed to be a lake of fire.

Mary and Ben had lived in the mountains nearly a year now. Every night they went down to the lake to see the sunset.

**Spring Time.**  
By Alma Van Buren, Aged 10 Years, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

I will tell you why I like Spring. When spring comes the grass grows green, birds return with their sweet songs and all the world is glad again. The hills and meadows are dotted with flowers and the children romp and play.

The air grows warm and the April rains give a drink to the thirsty soil. We plant seed, and the blossoms of the apple, cherry and plum and many other trees bloom. I like it because the birds come back and in the morning we hear their pretty songs. The butterflies and bees go darting around and all the people are happy.

**Another Parrot Story.**  
By Ethel Beal, 125 Twenty-fourth St., South Side, Omaha, Red Side.

Once there were two boys that were brothers. One was good and one was naughty. They were at their aunt's house. She had a parrot. The good little boy said, "Isn't it pretty?" Parrots couldn't talk then. The naughty boy said, "Oh, I wouldn't have it. If I had a cat, I would let it eat the homely bird."

He brooked looked surprised at him and said, "Shame on you." This made him angry and he hit his brother.

Pretty soon they sat dinner. Then they went into the woods. A little bird flew by. The naughty boy threw a stone and broke his wing. Then he met a dog and hit it with a stick and it died.

After a while they started home. They met a fairy who asked what they wanted.

The good little boy wanted a new baseball suit. His mean brother wanted a horse and automobile. The good child found himself playing ball. But alas! the mean brother was changed into a parrot and a cat was before him ready to spring on him.

Oh, he was frightened when he found he was a parrot. But he had his same voice.

Ever since that parrot can talk.

**Has Many Kittens.**  
By Bernard Carroll, Palmer, Neb. Blue Side.

Today I am going to write about my kittens. I have two old cats and seven kittens. They are very playful. I did have another, but he ate chickens and we killed him. I made a harness out of a twine string and tried to drive the old cats but they balked so I quit. I make them wash their faces with their paws and comb their hair with a comb I found. Then I take some bread and break off a piece and hold it up. They sit up and take it with their paws and eat it.

**Why Parrots Talk Like Us.**  
By Margaret Thompson, 222 E. St., South Side, Omaha, Blue Side.

One day a little boy was naughty. His mother told him that something would happen to him if he wasn't good. But he just mocked his mother all the more. His name was Fred.

Fred's mother told him to go out and

**Where the Pine Tree Heard.**  
By Maurice Prosser, Aged 12 Years, Bancroft, Neb. Blue Side.

Dorothy was happy. Her eight was taken away when she was 6 years old. One day when Donald, her brother, led her to a big pine tree on the edge of the woods she broke into sobbing.

"What's the matter?" asked the frightened boy.

"Oh, I can't bear it, Ronald. I can't. Why must I stay always in the dark? I want a big girl. I prayed every night. So why does God punish me this way? The minister said he did it to make me love Him more, but how can I?"

"Hush, Dorothy, it's wicked," cried the boy. "I don't care. I wouldn't even put out my kitten's eyes to make her love me more." Just then Miss May, a friend of Dorothy's, came around the tree. She gathered the little girl into her arms and said: "God did not do it, child, for God is love." Lying in Miss May's arms Dorothy fell asleep. She looked at the sleeping child. All at once the eyelids fluttered and opened wide.

"Hush! don't speak! I am having the most beautiful dream. Don't wake me up, just yet, please. I am dreaming that I can see and talk, it is so beautiful. I have dreamed it before, but never like this. Don't speak, please, or I shall wake up and then it will be black night for ever and ever." She sat straight up now, looking into Miss May's face with the joy of heaven. "Miss May, is it real? Is it an dream? Am I seeing truly, truly? Oh, dear God, dear God, I love you."

**A New Busy Bee.**  
By Flora Fickhan, Aged 14 Years, Cushing, Neb. Blue Side.

I enjoy reading the Busy Bee page and I thought I would join them.

Our school was out May 23. Our teacher's name is Miss Anna Kinney. I go to the country school, district No. 31, and I am in the fourth grade.

Next time I will write about what we did the last day of school. I wish to join the Blue Side, as it is my favorite color.

**Her First Letter.**  
By Flora Hood, Aged 10 Years, 138 E. Thirty-fourth St., Omaha, Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to you. I think I would like to join the Blue Side as blue is my favorite color. I hope this short letter is published.

**How the First Parrot Came.**  
By Sue Yankam, 310 1/2 Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Tom. He was a very bad boy, who mocked everyone. So Fairy Trueheart was very sad. She flew away to the moon of the fairies. She told all about this child. The queen blew a little whistle and then all the fairies gathered.

**Bird and Cat Incident.**  
By Lucia John, Aged 8 Years, R. F. D. 1, Elmwood, Neb. Blue Side.

I would like to join the Blue Side. This is the first time I have written.

Once upon a time there was a bird and a cat. The bird's name was Redbird and the cat's name was Tabby. There was a tub of water by a pump. Redbird was perched on the top of water taking

**Barbara Millard**

**Wrens Find Home.**  
By Helen Kimball, Aged 9 Years, Hastings, Neb. Red Side.

One day last summer we put an old maple syrup can in an alive tree, close by the house. It looked like a large old can.

The hole in it is large enough for a wren to go through. One day we saw a wren carry some straw into the house.

Last summer there were seven or eight little wrens born and raised in that house.

One day my brother was barefoot and got up to see them, but he fell down and scratched his foot. Just as the little ones were ready to move out the last time, a wind came up and blew the house down. The wrens never came back.

**The National Flowers.**  
By Kathryn Smith, Aged 10 Years, 2115 Ogden Ave., Omaha, Red Side.

In some countries a flower has been legally adopted as a national emblem, but in a majority of cases it has, by its association, whether in poetry, religious ceremonies or popular sentiment of the people, gradually become universally recognized as the nation's symbol.

One of the oldest of national flowers is the lotus and it is a sacred flower there.

The lotus is also the national flower of India and the natives believe that in its bosom Brahma was born.

For Persia the emblem is the rose; for Japan the chrysanthemum.

The national flower of modern Greece is the blue violet; of modern Italy, the white lily; of France, the fleur de lis, or lily; of Germany, the Kaiser-blume, or corn flower; of Switzerland, the rare Edelweiss.

On the national coat of arms of Great Britain, just below the shield, are engraved the English rose, the Scotch thistle and the Irish shamrock.

Spain's emblem is the scarlet pomegranate, Mexico's, the prickly pear.

In the United States, in 1893, by a popular vote, the goldenrod was selected as the national flower.

A number of states have adopted, usually by vote of the public school children, certain local flowers as their emblems.

**Our Little White Pig.**  
By Trilby Schroder, Aged 13 Years, R. F. D. No. 2, Oklawaha, Neb. Red Side.

We have a little orphan pig that we are raising for a pet. It is about two months old.

At first we put it in a large box and taught it to drink out of a tin lid. When it was older we put it in a little square pen outside on the grass, and there it made it a trough, about a foot long.

We got a box and cut a door in it for it to sleep in. It goes into its box every night. We give it milk to drink in its trough. When it wants something to eat it will get out. We tried to feed it corn, but the pig wouldn't eat it. It is such a pest it will do anything to be mean to anyone. It will knock the cup out of your hand and dig holes with its nose, and raises the fence from the ground. We will put it in a large pen. When it is a large hog we are going to sell it.

I have four sisters and one brother. We are going to divide the money between five of us.

We have other nice pets. We have five little pet kittens; a little black cat, and we did have a little red cat.

The color of the kittens are black and white, two pure black, one blue, and one yellow and white.

But the nicest pet is the little baby sister, Isadore. She is 12 months old.

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**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 350 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

A prize consisting of a book will be given to the writer of the best contribution printed each week.

Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

**MINNEHAHA, SMALLEST DONKEY IN THE WORLD**  
—The Bronx park zoo is its proud possessor and it was brought here by Hugh H. Tyrwhitt-Drake of Cob Tree Manor, Maidstone, England. The little animal is but twenty inches high.



play with the boys, because she was going to clean up. When Fred went out he saw an old witch.

She said, "Do you want to be turned into a bird and have your mother taken away from you?"

The boy said "No."

She said "The good then."

Just then his mother came to the door to call him, but he only stood and looked her. Then what do you think happened? He was changed right before her eyes into a large green and yellow bird, called ever after a parrot.

That is why parrots talk like us.

**The Mocking Bird.**  
By Vesta Laird, 311 E. St., Southside, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once there was a boy named Jack. He was always mocking his mother and father. He went out sometimes and played in the woods near his home.

One morning he asked his mother for a nickel. She said, "I will if you don't mock me any more."

He said he wouldn't, so she gave it to him. When he came home he went again to the woods. His mother called him to dinner after a while and said, "Come on."

He repeated "come on." He said "I don't care," and he mocked her again. Just as he was leaving the woods a witch appeared before him. She said, "Because you mocked your mother, you shall not have her any more."

And all at once he was changed into a bird, ever after to stay in the woods.

He is known now as a mocking bird.

**Saved by Dog.**  
By Leona Penke, Aged 12 Years, Benton, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a new Busy Bee, 12 years old, and am going to be in the eighth grade.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Luella Anderson. She was 4 years old. Luella then went out to play in the sand, near the ocean.

She fell in there and a Newfoundland dog got her out and saved her. She lived in Los Angeles, Cal.

Her mother was very kind to her and liked her very well. When she fell in the ocean she had her hat in her hand, and it, too, was saved.

I will join the Blue Side because it is my favorite color. My story is getting long. Next time I will write about the wren.

**Joins Bird Club.**  
By Walter Wise, Bennington, Neb. Red Side.

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.

**Little Stranger Comes.**  
By Mary Fletcher, Aged 10 Years, 205 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy, 3 years old.

This little boy, whose name was John, had a cat called Tim.

"Tim always brought every thing into the house. John's mother and father would say, 'The cat must have brought that in.'"

One night John went to bed very tired. The next morning he woke up and his

**Habits of Birds.**  
By Darline Swanson, Aged 9 Years, Forty-eighth and W Street, Red Side.

The two birds that stay here all winter and summer are sparrows and pigeons. And birds that go back and stay are robins, woodpecker, canaries, bluebirds, black birds, thrushes and bluejays. That is all I know. Those are the birds that go down south and stay there all winter till next spring. The bluebirds enjoy to eat the cherries in spring. The woodpecker picks the bugs. I hope my letter escapes the wastebasket.

**The Snowplow.**  
By Raymond Sabata, Aged 9 Years, Box 3, Dwight, Neb.

One day in winter my brother made a little snow plow. He hitched up our horse, named Dick, onto it. He told me to get in, so I did. It went on nicely for awhile. Then Dick got scared and tipped me over. I didn't get in any more paths, but we didn't make make

**WHERE PRESIDENT WILSON IS SPENDING HIS VACATION**—The photograph shows "Harlakenden House" at Cornish, N. H., where the president is spending the summer. The house is a beautiful country home and well fitted to be the "Summer White House."

**Statistical data regarding the great American amusement forms an interesting subject.** The Barnum & Bailey greatest show on earth, which visits Omaha, Monday, July 26, is now in the sixty-first year of its existence. The proof that it has kept faith with the public is evidence by the fact that it occupies the proud position of being in every way America's most colossal amusement enterprise, representing an actual investment of \$4,500,000. Average daily running expenses reach \$5,000. One item alone will give the reader some idea of the vastness of the proposition. In the kitchen

and canvas dining hall, food is prepared and served to 1,100 people three times each day. There are more than 200 performers. The 30 beautiful horses require the attention of 200 grooms, hostlers, etc. A complete blacksmith shop, a wagon factory, a gas manufacturing outfit, an electric light plant, a postoffice, harness shop—in fact all the industries of a small sized city are necessary for the successful maintenance of this monster show.

There are twenty-eight distinct tents in the city of canvas erected each day for the temporary home of the circus. The most interesting of these are probably the three large stables, veritable models of equine luxury.

The zoological collection includes five herds of elephants, the world's rarest and most costly collection of baby animals, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, more than 100 dens of wild beasts and a group of sebras.

In the arena tent, where the performances are given, are three circus rings, four large stage platforms, an immense hippodrome oval, innumerable aerial contrivances, and seating capacity for 25,000 spectators.

To transport the paraphernalia of this world of entertaining movement requires the railway equipment of five full length trains, all of which is the property of the Barnum & Bailey management, railway companies furnishing only the engines and tenders.

One of the most interesting features of circus day is the unloading and reloading of these trains. It is then the observer gets some idea of the immensity of the undertaking. This herculean task requires the services of 80 men and fifty especially trained horses. The work must be accomplished with the utmost care and circumspection. The slightest detail requires diligent attention, all this in guarding against possible accidents. Then, too, speed is an essential part of loading, for the first section must pull out of the railway station at midnight, to be followed at intervals of thirty minutes by the other sections.

**False Report of Death of Her Son Is Fatal to Mother.**  
(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)

LONDON, July 2.—Sir John French's solicitude for his men is illustrated in a story sent from the front by a correspondent with the British army. During a surprise visit behind the firing line the British commander-in-chief came upon a boy territorial who was writing a letter. Sir John was surprised to note that the boy was sobbing bitterly as he wrote, and inquired as to the cause.

The boy, taken unaware, stammered out some sort of excuse, but the commander finally elicited the information that the young soldier had just received a letter from home telling of the death of his mother following receipt of an incorrect report that her son had been killed at the front.

General French, deeply moved, sent the boy home on three weeks' leave, and gave him a substantial sum of money to help defray the funeral expenses. "At any rate," he remarked as he bade the boy good-speed, "your mother died in the happy belief that her son did his duty nobly."

"For Sale" ad will turn second-hand furniture into cash.

**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.)

**Scott's Bluff**

In the early fur trading days, about the year 1830, a party of trappers came down the North Platte river in canoes. A little way above where the Laramie river joins the Platte their canoes were upset in the rapids and their supply of powder and food was lost. One of their number named Scott was taken sick and could not travel. At the same time his comrades found the fresh trail of another party of trappers. They left Scott alone at the mouth of the Laramie river, promising to return for him as soon as they had secured supplies from the other trappers.

Instead of returning they reported that he had died on the Laramie river and continued their journey down the North Platte. The next year trappers on their way to the mountains found the skeleton of Scott near a spring by the great bluff which now bears his name. Sick and starving he had dragged himself before dying forty miles down the river from the point where his comrades had deserted him.

His name survives in the great headland which rises 800 feet above the river, the most prominent landmark in the North Platte valley, while the names of his treacherous companions are lost.

**Will Write Stories.**  
By Dorothy Klein, Aged 4 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I am a new Busy Bee, and would like to join the Red side. I am going to write many stories for your readers, and I hope they will enjoy reading them. I am very fond of your page and that is the reason I thought I would join it. I will write a story as soon as I can.

**The Meadow Larks.**  
By Alice Elvira Crandall, Aged 11 Years, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.

Two meadow larks in the field one day were carrying grass.

And straw and hay.  
To make a nest  
In a winter wheat field  
When an abductor of grain  
Each year did yield.

They made it there  
To have plenty of food  
To feed their little  
Meadow lark brood.  
They worked and made  
A snug little nest.  
When a week  
Six eggs did rear.

Father Bird watched  
All day long,  
Singing the sweet  
Notes of his song.  
He saw that the nest  
Was in a safe place,  
While Mother Bird  
Kept the little eggs warm.  
When the babies hatched  
There was much to do  
To feed them  
And keep them from harm, too.  
They grew very fast  
And learned to fly  
When the clouds floated  
In the light blue sky.  
They thanked their parents  
When the birds were young.  
Of the care they took of them  
When they were young.

**Barnum & Bailey Show Makes Great Display On Its Visit Here**

**MAMMOTH Tractor Plowing DEMONSTRATION**  
The world's greatest exhibit of power farming machinery  
INCLUDING  
**80 Tractors and 80 Plows**  
WILL BE HELD AT  
**Fremont, Neb., August 9-14**  
Under the Auspices of the Twentieth Century Farmer, Omaha, and Fremont Commercial Club.  
**1,000 Acres of Stubble**  
Located just west of Fremont on the Lincoln Highway, will be plowed, harrowed, disced, etc., at the rate of two acres each minute.  
This is the most important agricultural event in the state outside of the State Fair.  
A very valuable tractor short course will be conducted free each morning at headquarters. Interesting lectures. Accessory exhibits. Public plowing demonstrations each afternoon. Redpath chautauquus in city of Fremont each morning and evening. Many other features.  
Watch Later Announcement for Special Days.