Their Own Page

IGHT-HAND little women to their mothers are the members of the NEW KING AND QUEEN OF THE that the robbers got so angry at him Girls' Improvement club. They had heard their mothers speaking of the good work of the Visiting Nurses' association and straight-away decided that they would help, too.

So the band of eight earnest little girls, headed by their president, Ethel Brinkman, a former Busy Bee queen, and Harriet Rosewater, who is treasurer, spent a goodly part of their vacation time dressing dolls for the Visiting Nurses' association to give to poor little girls, who hadn't any dolls of their own.

Each little girl dressed one doll, the dolls being purchased with money from the club treasury. The dues used to be 5 cents a month, but the demand on the treasury was so great that it was increased doubly. The club met twice a month during school time, but the girls have been getting together to sew every week during the summer vacation.

The only mishap was that Dorothy Halterman broke the doll she was dressing and was inconsolable. Other little members of the club are: Beulah and Mildred Miller, Ruth Charlesy with, Marcella Foster, Helen Miller and Vernice Brinkman, Ethel's 7-year-old sister. All of them attend the Columbian school.

To illustrate how ambitious these girls are is only to relate the progrees of their work. When they organized last January, their first work was to make paper dolls for the Clarkson hospital children's ward. Hawing now completed dressing their dolls, they are planning to spend the winter hemming dispers for the baby layettes, distributed by the Visiting Nurses association. In the meantime, they are encouraging the true holiday spirit by beginning early in making Christmas presents.

When their mothers and sisters are out collecting money Wednesday, which is "Tag Day," some of the girls are going to be fitted out with a Visiting Nurse arm-band, bag and tags and are going to collect pennies from their little friends.

All the Busy Bees are, of course, interested in the result of the

election. Margaret Brown is the new queen and Isador Weiner is the new king of the Busy Bee kingdom. Their reign will continue until Jan-Margaret is 11 years old and is in the Sixth B at Park school, Isador

is only 10 years old. Leona Walter of Wahoo, Neb., and Mildred Kenyon received votes for the office of queen, also.

This week Noreen McCoy of the Blue Side sent in the prize story. Katherine Jensen and Florence Seward, also of the Blue Side, won honor-

Little Stories by Little Folk

Complaint of the Dishes.

(Prize Story.)

By Norean McCoy, Aged 5 Years, Papil-llon, Neb. Blue Side.

Splash, thud, here comes gravy, pota-tees, tematoes, cucumbers and lots of other things right in our faces. I guess you don't need an introduction to us, but nise in us the dinner dishes. don't like the way we are troated, all those things on us, but they won't stay there very long, we hope, unless there is something left after meal time. But it won't be long until they give us a bath We like to be bathed if they aren't to rough on us and use a wire dish rag. and if they don't get us clean and dry we lon't like it. But you know we can't help it, must take things as they come. So please, little girl, always shine us up nice. Plenty of time to play when you have finished us.

> Catch Many Fish. (Honorable Mention.)

By Florence Seward, Aged 9 Years, Mainda, Neb. Biue Side.
I am out on my uncle's ranch spending the summer, so I'll tell you about our father worked hard to get food for the rishing trip. We started about 5 o'clock at night. About seventeen people went with us. It was about twelve miles there, is the second time they are having bary for so it took pretty long. My cousin, who hirds I put out some corn and bread for was driving, sot into the wrong road and them to eat. They are up all my corn the people who were leading were on the other side of a deep canyon. Then my uncle had to get out and see if there were any boles we would fail in when turning around. We finally got there. Then we girls climbed on the rocks. One girl said there were ghosts up, there, got a fishing book and a grub worm for bait and started to fish. I caught five sunfish, my cousin forty-five and a boy five sunfish. Some one caught some cat-fish and they gave them to us. My uncle ome and we all slept that day. The next day we had fried catfish for breakfast.

A Narrow Escape.

By Emma Onlospic, Aged 9 Years, Greeley, Neb. Blue Side. When I was visiting at my cousin, Laura's, they had a ladder on the side of the house, I used to slimb up and down it.
One day when I was coming down the

ladder. I made a misstep and fell over backwards. This left me with my head hanging down. I screamed and mamma came rushing out. She got me out and I was all light, but I was badly fright-

The Swallows.

By Katherine Jensen Aged 11 Years, Valley, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about the swal- door and started. laws in our barn. One morning I came to the cow barn. I saw some swallows fly around. I looked up to the ceiling of the barn and saw a nest. A few days passed by and the nest was built. Then five eggs were in the nest. A week lates five eges were in the nest. A week later After he mept a

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and lak, not pen-

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.

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

Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPART-MENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha,

The Tame Rabbits.

der our granary I found a hole and put my hand in there, and I took out four I am going to tell you of my wild rabmy hand in there, and I took out four little baby rabbits. They were all grey. The next day I saw an old rabbit come out of the hole and go into our vegatable just caught two sunfish. Then we went garden. It bit off some cabbage leaves

went and even to the house, which is on a journey. Quite a distance from their home. After Raymond we they grew quite; large, they all went away and I never saw them again.

Raymond's Dream.

By Rose Pycha, Aged 13 Years, 184 South Thirteenth Street, Riue Side. Raymond was a had boy. He hardly ever played in the yard, but was always in the middle of the street. One day his mother went up town and he had to stay in the house. He sat down in a chair and sat there till his mother went, but as soon as she was gone he decided to take a walk, so he locked the

The River

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Copyright, 1816, by Star Company.

I am a river riowing from God's sea Through devious ways. He mapped my course for me; I cannot change it; mine alone the toil To keep the waters free from grime and sell. The winding river ends where it began; And when my life has com passed its brief span I must return to that mysterious source. So let me gather daily on my course The perfume from the blossoms as I pass, Baim from the pines, and healing from the grass, And carry down my current as I go, Not common stones, but precious gems to show; And tears (the holy water from sad eyes) Back to God's sea, from which all rivers rise. Let me convey, not blood from wounded hearts. Nor poison which the upas tree imparts. When over flowery vales I leap with joy, Let me not devastate them, nor destroy, But rather leave them fairer to the sight; Mine be the lot to comfort and delight. and if down awful chasms I needs must leap. Let me not murmur at my lot, but sweep On bravely to the end without one fear, Knowing that He who planned my ways stands near. Love sent me forth, to Love I go again, For Love is all, and over all. Amen.

BUSY BEES.



Margaret Brown



Isador Weiner

At last the men came near Raymond, one of them picked him, after many kicks and blows, up on his horse. They rode for a long while, which seemed liy Mary Grevaon, Aged Il Years, West hours or more like days to Raymond.

At last they came to a steep mountain lous stones, silks, money and other treas-

Raymond was so stubborn and mean to Tabor. The runaway slaves traveled ery in the territory.

ture actress, who was guest of honor at the parade.

that they threw him head first down the

As he reached the mountain base he rubbed his eyes and looked around. What to you think? He had been asleep and had fallen off his chair. This taught him a lesson and he was good ever after.

A Birthday Gift.

By Henrietta Lentz, Aged 13 Years R. 1, Gothenburg, Neb. Blue Side. Julia and her little sister, Kate, went out in the yard one fine morning, Julia to work and Kate to amuse herself as best she could. Julia sented herself in her papa's big rustle chair and began to work on the nice shawl she was making for her mamma's birthday present. Kate had her dolly and her dog and for a time she played merrily with them, but when she tried to make the dolly ride on the dog's back, the dog did not like it and lay down by Julia's chair. No amount of coaxing could move him and at last Kate cried out in deepnir:

"Oh, what shall I do? Rover won't play and I can't play alone. Julia, can't you come and play with me?" Julia looked up from her work and smiled pleasantly as she said.

"No, Kate, I can't play now, as I must get mamma's present ready for tomorrow; but you can help me, for I know mamma will like her shawl better if Kate helps to make it." "How nice!" said Kate. "What can I

"Hold this skein of yarn while I wind ft on the ball," said Julia. Kate, like all good little girls, was ready for the

While Julia was winding the yarn she told Kate a story of a little girl who helped her mamma, and Kate was so pleased that she threw down the yarn. forgot her work and ran to the house to tell her mamma that she was going to grow to be a big girl real fast and could

Mamma kissed her little daughter and said, "What makes you want to help

next birthday comes I want to make you a shawl like Julia is making for you

So mamma learned that Julia was preparing for her birthday, but said nothing and was as much pleased as if she had not heard anything about it when

Little Girls Who Use Part of Their Play Time to Make Dolls for Poor



Stories of Nebraska History

Slavery in Nebraska

The south and north fell out over of Nebraska very often with slaves from people of the south wanted the right to free. He is the man of whom we sing: go west and take their slaves with them. John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,

His soul is marching on! in Nebraska but Indians and a few the aid of the United States marshal he and nearer, louder and louder grew the traders, trappers and soldiers. When it began a search of the houses at Tabor and nearer, louder and louder grew the was time for Nebraska to be settled and for his slaves. The girls were not there, sounds. At last he saw a band of robbers to have a government there was another but one man whose house was being ened that he turned his face to the fierce falling out between the south and searched was struck on the head by an the north over slavery. This time a law officer and badly wounded. For this was passed to the effect that the new Mr. Nuckolls had to pay \$10,000 damages. land should be slave or free as the set-

tiers voted. slavery, but people coming here from the a meb rescued her and she was hurried south brought slaves with them. In 1855 over to Canada, Mr. Nuckolls sued sixthere were thirteen slaves in Nebraska, teen Iowa people for helping Eliza to es- job next week."

ANNUAL COSTUME BABY PARADE AT ASBURY PARK—At the left is James Meis-

inger with the cup he won with his imitation of Charlie Chaplin; in the center is John S.

Miller in his novel float, and at the right is Miss Mary Pickford, the popular moving pic-

JAMES MEISINGER AS CHARLIE CHAPLIN, JOHN S. MILLER & MARY PICKFORD

(By special permission of the author, at night along this road and were fed. The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A E. Sheldon, and hidden during the day by friends. from week to week.) John Brown came through this corner

In November, 1868, Eliza, a slave girl north and south agreed that Missouri owned by Mr. S. F. Nuckolls at Nemight be a slave state, but that there braska City, ran away, and with her should be no slaves in what is now Ne- another slave girl. Mr. Nuckolls (after brasks and Kansas. This was called the whom Nuckolls county was named), was Missouri compromise. No one then lived very angry and offered \$300 reward. With Eliza escaped to Chicago, where she Braton, who lives next door, said she was arrested the next year and was In Nebraska the people never voted for about to be returned to her master when

was a settlement of people called aboli- to hold. On June 30, 1800, six slaves Raymond was told to sit down, and tionists, because they wished to abolish owned by Alexander Majors at Nebraska as he did not mind, he got such a severe slavery. The "Underground Railroad" City ran away and never came back. Every day I went over to the rabbits and took the little ones out and petted them, and I also fed them milk from the corner on which he better. The corner on the corner on which he should be should be corner on which he them, and I also red them milk from . In the morning he was awakened and ran from Missouri through the corner Martha. This was the last of slavery a bottle. They soon drew very fond of he was told that they were going to go of Nebraska by way of Fails City, Little in Nebraska, for in January, 1961, the Nemaha, Camp Creek and Nebraska City legislature passed an act abolishing slav-

Josephine Rossi, a black-eyed, rosy- thankful you happened to meet me at

The Basket Weaver

and brother on the east side in New in telling her about Bernardo."

York. She made her living by weaving baskets and sometimes selling bunches of girl," Richard smiled quietly, "I went to slavery in the new land of the west. The Missouri whom he was helping to set flowers which she cultivated in window the church on purpose to meet you. I boxes in the huge tenement where she knew you would be sure to see the paper, lived. The revenue she derived from her but hoped to reach you first." efforts was small, but never entirely; "You are so kind-so very kind," she failed, as her sweet manner and merry murmured in a choking voice, tears fillsmile won her many friends and patrons and her invalid mother was not in actual want. Bernardo, her brother, was not then said, "Won't you give me the right strong and could work only at intervals, to be always kind to you and your dear

> might go to the country; I feel that fresh always been so cold and distant I could air and the sight of trees and flowers never get near enough to tell you so bewould give me life and strength." "Let's send her out of the city for a little while; it won't cost much and perhaps

we can make a little more money. would pay me for taking care of little Mary while she stays at the store." "Yes, indeed, we'll send her away," Bernardo agreed. "I think I can get a

Josephine was of a retiring disposition and when Richard Barrington, superintendent of a large Pennsylvania coal mine, who had been her childhood playmate and sweetheart, came east on a vacation she did not encourage his atten- sion church and your class of girls can

tions, as she felt there was too great a be your bridesmaids.

"Oh," she whispered brokenly, "I do Two weeks after he reached the city a love you and always have, but did not strike was declared in the Pennsylvania coal mines and a demand was made by the company for men to replace the strikfinding work at home, so went with Rich- grow well and strong. Will that make ard who was obliged to return east on you happy, sweetheart?"

account of the strike. The days which followed were fraught her tears. with anxiety for the mother and daughter. Josephine greatly enjoyed teaching a class of girls in the mission church near her home and was working hard to prepare them for the Corpus Christi celeon the f diowing Sunday. The strain of extra work and worry over Bernardo among the strikers began to tell upon the giri; she grew pale and wan and her voice, usually clear and full in the choir, had a pathetic tremole.

As she started to church Sunday morning she picked up the Dally Journal. Fearing to be late she carried the paper with her, but was too early, so sat down on the church steps and opened it. In glaring headlines were the words, "Big fight between strikers and men the company imported. Some killed and many infured.' Running her eyes hastily down the column she saw her brother's name among the fatally wounded. Everything whirled around her and for a few minutes all turned black before her eyes; then the church bell above her head began to peal forth its chimes and the sound of the children assembling through the vestry door for the procession recalled her to the placed aboard steamers coming direct to present. She rose and walked into the across the threshold, murmuring, "Bern- is no way of forwarding it, even should ardo, Bernardo, oh, it can't be true,"

presently she got up and mechanically banknotes, being sent by Americans to did her part in arranging her class, but friends in Germany, who they doubtless all during the service, like a refrain, ran believe to be in financial straits. In those the thought, "How shall I tell mother? cases the sender invariably sends his ad-The shock will kill her."

started to leave the church, it was a fost is made to find the sender. Nothing, comfort to see Richard Barrington wait- however, goes on to Germany or Belgium, ing for her on the steps. She looked Thousands of notices of marriages, ininto his face as if to say, "Tell me all vitations and other social communications about it."

bad news. Richard drew her hand through mation that is of use to England's enehis arm and said, "The report was ex- mins they are sont back by the next out-aggerated. Josephine: Bernardo was going steamer. Apparently the only way wounded, but not fatally. Now, through of getting letters from America to Gerinfluence with the miners, the strike is some friends in a neutral country with a ended and Permurdo w'll soon he able to come home. So don't worry any more. Oh, what a relief-and how grateful I am to you for telling me," and she moved closer to him. As Richard felt her clinging to his arm, he resolved never to leave her to stand alone again.

They watked slowly and stiently alone They walked alowly and mear her consul in Holland, onchoing an international belief her to a seat under a tree, tional stamp and asking that they be there awhile and arow more calm forwarded. before you see your mother." After a few minutes she said, "I'm so

cheeked Italian girl, lived with her mother church, for I would have excited mother

Richard sat a moment in deep thought,

One hot summer's day when Josephine ones? I feel that you need me and I, returned from work the mother said Josephine, need you, for I love you-have plaintively, "Ch. daughter, how I wish I loved you a long time, but you have The accumulation of the morning's

events were too much for her overwrought nerves and Josephine began to sob hysterically, "Can you be in earnest? I am only an Italian basket weaver. while you are the superintendent of the big Pennsylvania mines."

Richard bent careasingly over her, "You" are my superior, dearest," he said tenderly, "I never would have had the moral strength and courage to make the struggle you have made. But if you love me all that is ended. If you are willing we will be married in the little mis-

think you sincere.' He drew her close and said, "When company for men to replace the strik-Bernardo is able to be moved we'll send Bernardo had been unsuccessful in him and the mother to the country to

And Josephine nodded, smiling through

Letters to Germany Are Held Up by the English Censors

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.) LONDON, Aug. 3.-Thousands of letters from all parts of the United States addressed to points in Germany and Belglum are dealt with by the British censors' department weekly and not one of them reaches its destination. Those which contain the address of the sender are returned, but the great majority, containing no such address, are sent to the dead, letter office to be finally condemned to the postoffice furnace. The letters come chiefly from the steam

ers that are taken to Kirkwall for examination, but for some reason mail from the United States for Germany is often England and as there is no communicachurch, but fell in a disconsolate heap tion between England and Germany there the British government be so inclined. The girls rushed to her assistance and Many of these letters contain American dress so that the money can be returned. When the services were over and she but even if there is no address every eftions are received, but as there is no tell-Seeing by her expression she had the ing west or they may not out at infordear old Mother Jones, who has so much many is to send them under cover to request to forward them.

For Belgium the matter is further complicated by the refusal of the German authorities to allow any letters to be received in or leave the country. Only posteards our people way of making sure that they go is to

Key to the Situation-Bee Advertising.