

The Busy Bees :: Their Own Page

THE school bell summoned all the Busy Bees to books and lessons Tuesday. The first few days were occupied in arranging classrooms and teachers, perhaps, so that tomorrow really begins the new school year. All the boys and girls are starting out together with a perfect record. Let's all resolve to keep the page clean and as close to the 100 per cent mark as we can.

Many of the Busy Bees have spent delightful vacations, I am sure. No doubt many were fortunate enough to visit the California expositions with their fathers and mothers, and others spent the summer in the country or at the lakes. The stay-at-home Busy Bees will certainly enjoy reading all about your trip, so as soon as you get settled at school you must write and tell the Busy Bees all about your trip.

Those who stayed at home must also have interesting tales to tell of how they spent the summer.

Helen Abraham of the Blue side won the prize book this week. Honorable mention was awarded to Goldie Smith of the Red side and Leona Walter of the Blue side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

Watches the Orioles.

By Helen Abraham, Aged 10 Years, Route 2, Schuyler, Neb. Blue Side.
When spring came Mr. and Mrs. Oriole were flying about in the trees and looking for a place where they could make a safe home. In a few days they started to make their nest about ten feet from the ground. Pretty soon the nest was all done. The orioles were very happy. They were flying about and chirping merrily. Soon they had two little eggs in their nest. Mrs. Oriole sat in the nest all day while Mr. Oriole was flying about and took care of the nest and his wife.

After some days passed by I saw the mother oriole looking for worms, which she carried to her home. When she flew away for some more worms I climbed the tree and looked into the nest. To my surprise I saw two little babies in the nest. Every day I watched Mr. and Mrs. Oriole feeding their babies. Every day they grew a little bigger. After they were big enough to fly, the mother oriole was busy teaching her babies. When they were taught to fly they left the nest.

Sometimes I saw the young orioles visit their home with their mother and father. I did not see the orioles for about two weeks so I think they flew away. I think they will come to their old home again next spring. I will be glad if they come again. I would watch them every day and write a story about them.

(Honorable Mention.)

Up in the Mountains.

By Goldie Smith, Aged 11 Years, Cedar Bluffs, Neb. Red Side.
About two years ago we lived close to Greeley, Colo., and about fifty miles from the mountains. One of our neighbors and we decided to take a trip up in the mountains, so one Sunday morning we started on our trip. We started in the morning. We arrived in the foothills about 3 o'clock, where we stopped for about half an hour, then we started out for the mountains and rode about ten miles, winding around through the mountains. On one side of the road, about fifteen or twenty feet deep, a stream was running, filled with rocks, and on the other were very high mountains. We rode that way for about ten miles, or about 5 miles from Estes park, then we stopped, made a fire, and some prepared dinner, others rambled around and some caught mountain trout—that is, when they would bite. Then we ate dinner, but not all at one time, for we had a few showers, and also between times. And how the thunder did crash and the lightning flash around the mountain tops!

We wandered around awhile where little sharks had been built in the mountains where people had spent the summer, for it was fall when we were there. About 2 o'clock we started for home, and I can tell you we went faster going home, for going up our way had to be long and going home, they went most too fast. We got out of the mountains about 6 o'clock. Then we stopped and ate supper. We arrived home about 9 o'clock, all very tired, but well pleased with our trip.

(Honorable Mention.)

At Wahoo Fair.

By Leona Walter, Aged 10 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.
I am going to tell you about the fair that is in Wahoo this week. I suppose all of you have been to a fair, but I will tell you what I have seen down at this fair. There is a stand where you get pop, candy, ice cream, lemonade and all such sorts of things.

My brother bought a whip and lots of other things, too, but I will not mention them. I suppose all you Busy Bees are wanting school to start.

(Honorable Mention.)

An Auto Trip.

By Vera Deles, Aged 11 Years, Blue Side.
I am going to tell you a true story of our auto trip to another county. We started one Thursday morning about 10 o'clock. We ate dinner at Memphis and after dinner we went on to Fremont. I saw my friends, Howard, Crell and West Point we got stuck in the sand and Thelma, mamma and I had to get out until papa got the car out of the sand. We got to Pender at 10 o'clock that night. Rain detained us until 11 o'clock the next day. We ate dinner at Wayne and at 1 o'clock that day we were at my aunt's. My father and uncle went to Minnesota and after a happy ten days' visit we, my aunt and two cousins started home. We went by a different road so we didn't get stuck in the sand. We stayed all night at Fremont and arrived home at 11 o'clock next day.

(Honorable Mention.)

Cheerful Polly.

By Gladys May, Aged 14 Years, 21 Benton Street, Council Bluffs, Ia. Blue Side.
Little Mary came down the street looking sad and downcast.
"What's the matter, Mary?" called Polly, cheerfully.
"I'm afraid no one loves me any more, 'cause I'm so naughty."
"Tell me about it, dear," and bit by bit Polly drew the story from her, how she had stepped brother and mother had scolded her.

"Why, your mother only corrected your fault, dear. I'm sure that she still loves you. Pray to God for forgiveness and tell mother that you are sorry."
Polly went on her way, brightening the lives of others, and Mary went home to ask God and mother to forgive her.

(Honorable Mention.)

School Keeps.

By Dolores Yetter, Aged 11 Years, Pullerton, Neb. Blue Side.
Our school began Monday. It is not a very large school. There are only twenty-six of us. Three small ones have started. Our teacher's name is Gail McAfee. She is very nice. Every one, I guess, likes her. She has taught for two years and I wish she would teach another year, if she would, because I would

BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEE FROM SARGENT.



Irene Lorkosky

To The Busy Bee page. I read it every Sunday and like it very much. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I like to go to school. Next time I write I will write a story. As blue is my favorite color, I would like to join the Blue Side.

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 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 each week.

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

like to pass and then, next year, I would like to be in the eighth grade. This is the second time I have written. The first time I wrote my letter was in the paper. I was glad to see it there. I thought it would be put in the waste-paper basket. I would like to see this letter in the paper also.

Retiring Queen Writes.
By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 12 Years, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.
I now realize that my place as queen has expired and a new queen is to be chosen in my stead. I give to our future queen my hearty congratulations and wish her a happy reign.

Draws Maps for Page.
By George Slater, Bertrand, Neb. Red Side.
I would like to join the Busy Bees. I have written a few stories and will send them to be printed. I am also sending a map of the United States that I drew. The state of Nebraska is also outlined.

Rescues Dog.
By Irene Lorkosky, Aged 13 Years, Box 179, Sargent, Neb. Red Side.
One day I was walking along a quiet and shady street when I saw a boy have a dog tied to a chain. He was throwing stones at the dog. I went up to the boy and said, "You are a cruel boy!" Then I took the dog home. Now the dog is my pet. Her name is Violet.

New Busy Bee.
By Isadore Stein, Aged 10 Years, 1608 North Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.
I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Red Side. I am in the Fifth A. My teacher's name is Miss Kelly.

Has Two Pets.
By Mildred Wilson, Aged 11 Years, 2055 North Fifteenth Street, South Side, Omaha, Blue Side.
I have two pets, a dog and a cat. They are very pretty. My dog is black and white; my kitten is white and gray. My dog's name is Rover, but my kitten has no name—we just call it "kitty." I wish to see my letter in print.

Will Write Story.
By Elizabeth Kinney, Aged 9 Years, 302 North Fifty-eighth Street, Benson, Neb. Blue Side.
This is the first time I have written

Stories of Nebraska History

BY A. E. SHELDON

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from his own land, claiming what suited him best, and put up signs telling all who came that way what he claimed.)

The Surveyors

The first settlers of Nebraska found no corners nor lines marking the limits of their land. The early Indian traders, like Manuel Lisa and Henry Fontenelle, built their cabins and put in their crops wherever it pleased them, for all land lay open to their use. The early territorial pioneer of 1854 and 1855 staked out his own land, claiming what suited him best, and put up signs telling all who came that way what he claimed.

The first Nebraska surveyor was Rev. Isaac McCoy, a Baptist missionary, who, in 1827, surveyed a line across the southeast corner of the state from the Little Nemaha river to the Great Nemaha river in what is now Richardson county. The land between this line and the Missouri river was called the Half Breed strip. It was to be the home of those who were part white and part Indian. In later years there were many disputes over the location of this first Nebraska survey.

Surveyors were needed as soon as Nebraska became a territory to divide the land into blocks marked with permanent corners, so that each settler might know just where his land lay and the whole country might be made easy to map and easy to describe. The regular permanent survey of Nebraska into square blocks of land for people's homes began in November, 1820. First a base line was measured west from the Missouri river 108 miles, with corner posts marking each mile. This line was ordered to be

exactly on the 40th degree of latitude north from the equator, the dividing line between Nebraska and Kansas, but the first surveyor did not know his business and his line was crooked, sometimes on one side of the 40th degree and sometimes on the other. So the next year the base line had to be resurveyed, the first corners torn out and new ones put in. This new survey was made by Mr. Charles A. Manners. With the help of Captain Thomas J. Lee of the United States army and the best instruments obtainable, very careful observations were made of the sun and the stars in order to find where the 40th degree of latitude fell on the west bank of the Missouri river. On this spot, on May 8, 1856, the surveyors put up a tall iron monument with the word "Nebraska" on one side and "Kansas" on the opposite side. The monument stands today on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri valley and is the starting point of all the Nebraska surveys.

From this iron monument the base line was surveyed due west 108 miles. At this point another monument was put up. The line surveyed due north from here is called the sixth principal meridian of the United States survey and is the "naming line" of all the land in Nebraska, for all deeds and patents to Nebraska land mention it. This line forms the western boundary of Jefferson, Saline, Seward, Butler, Colfax, Stanton and Wayne counties and extends through Clear county to the northern boundary of the state. (This Chapter Concluded Next Sunday.)

What a Business Man Considers Before He Gives You a Position

By T. O. WARFIELD.

"Mr. Anderson, I came round to see you about a position. I've decided to go into business and I don't know of any firm I'd rather be with than yours. What have you open at this time?"

Having delivered himself of the foregoing enthusiastic remarks, young Jack Rutherford crossed one leg over the other carefully, so as not to mar the perfection of the crease in his trousers, blew a small cloud of smoke through his nostrils artlessly and, flicking the ashes from the end of his cigarette, he settled himself back in the chair according to the most approved pose of the Robert W. Chambers type of young man.

Jack was just back from college. His mother had sacrificed many personal comforts to send him through school, and now that he had received his degree in literature and arts, he had gone forth to seek his fortune in the world of business.

The business man looked at the youth quizzically.
"I see," he said, ironically. He studied the boyish face for a moment. "So you're through college and ready for business, eh? What can you do?"

"I was wondering whether I couldn't become your private secretary. I'd like that work, I think. It would help me to get next to the business faster than some of the other positions."
Mr. Anderson actually permitted a semblance of a smile to flit across his grizzled countenance. Although knowing he had the situation pretty well sized up, he proceeded to do a little experimenting. Without enlightening the lad as to the chances for such a position, he pulled out the fly leaf of his desk and said in an offhand way:

"Well, draw up your chair and take a few letters. I want to get a line on what you can do."
"What do you mean, Mr. Anderson?"
"I am going to give you some ordinary letters first and see how you get them out for me on the typewriter. Then I want to turn over some rather simple matters to you with notations and see how you get along with them. After that—"

"But I can't take dictation. I don't know anything about stenography and typewriting. That's a girl's work, anyhow."
"Don't know stenography? Then how in Sam Hill do you think you could be my private secretary? Why, stenography is the first thing you have to know in a position like this. A girl's work, eh? Why, bless your ingenious soul, the man your father and hundreds of other high-

priced employes worked under in the Commonwealth-Edison company—Samuel Insull—was a stenographer once. Your father could have told you that Insull started as secretary to old Edison himself. Now he's head of all the big electric light and power companies here in Chicago. What salary do you suppose he draws? A cool \$150,000 per year—that's all. Insull's only one of many of the big guys today who started as stenographers.

"What did you figure on doing as my secretary, anyhow?"
"Well, sir, to tell the truth, I hadn't thought very much about what I was actually to do in such a position. Of course, I had a general idea that I was expected to take a great many details off your shoulders, such as reading over your letters for you and all that. Then I expected to receive your callers and tell them whether you could see them at the time, and so on. I expected to go with you on all your trips and attend to little details for you and all that sort of thing, you know."

"And, after all, Mr. Anderson, I don't see where I would have to know stenography and typewriting. I could dictate letters for you to some of the stenographers in the main office. Those letters which are very personal and important to you would want to write out yourself on the typewriter, anyhow."
"Very good," Mr. Anderson permitted a slight tinge of sarcasm to creep into his voice. "Supposing that were true, what do you know about filing?"

"What do you mean—filing?"
"Well, of necessity, we have to keep track of our correspondence. However, we pass that for the time. Do you know anything about books?"
"I ought to, Mr. Anderson. I took the classical course at high school and then at college. We studied all kinds of books, and I suppose I've read about as much as any fellow of my age."

"I refer to books of accounts. Do you know bookkeeping well enough to keep a set of books for a firm? Can you take out a trial balance or prepare a financial statement?"
"Well, no. I never studied bookkeeping. I never figured on being a bookkeeper because it always looked to me like a dog's life—working on books all day, adding and subtracting figures. And there isn't the money in it that I want to make."

"I see. By the way, the richest man in the world, John D. Rockefeller, started as a bookkeeper. But of course that's

neither here nor there."
"No, sir. You see, I've been going to school all my life so far, but I am anxious to get into some lucrative position where there are a lot of opportunities."
"What do you figure on making of yourself eventually, young man?"

"I want to get some place where I can work up to the presidency of a corporation—that's my ambition, Mr. Anderson. And I am willing to put in my best ticks to get there."
"I don't doubt, young man, but in your present condition you would stand about as much chance as a snowball in Mexico. You are rushing into this thing with a big whoop, trusting to luck to bring you through. As a matter of fact, you are not ready to take a business position of any consequence at present. We can't use you, that's sure."

"Why not? I've been through college and all. I ought to be able to make a success in business after all the schooling I've had."
"The trouble is, your education, while good and highly desirable in a way, has not been along business lines. You have had no training especially for business. Things move too fast these days for the business man to spend his time breaking in raw material. Let me explain myself a little."

"You aspire to hold a secretarial position, yet by your own admission you are most woefully ignorant of the duties and requirements of such a position. In the first place, you are not a stenographer and can't use the typewriter. That eliminates you in the matter of technical equipment. You haven't the basic tools of the profession at your command."

"With stenography and typewriting you need such accessory knowledge as business English, spelling, punctuation, the general rules of grammar and correspondence. I dare say you never dictated a business letter in your life or even wrote one yourself."
"I never had occasion to do anything like that, Mr. Anderson."

"How do you expect to do that for me, then? That's just the point. You must learn to do these things. Then you haven't the remotest idea of filing. You know absolutely nothing about the various systems and their adaptability to various lines of business. There are a number of other things I might mention that you ought to know in connection with stenography."

"As private secretary, you would have to have this knowledge in addition to practical experience in minor positions first. My work here is too important to trust to anybody but a young man of great promise and ample qualifications."

"The complete business course, as given at any reputable school of business, will take care of what you lack in your previous education. Your college training will help in its special way, but what we require is practical training in business first of all. In fact, you can't do much of anything but clerical work till you do get that training. It will take you anywhere from ten months to a year, but it is training for a life's work and you certainly wouldn't begrudge it, seeing that you've already spent several at college."

"But I'm getting off on a tangent now. To come back to the main thing—the matter of a position for you, I'm sorry, but I can't offer you anything better than a clerical position at wages which you wouldn't consider, I know. And yet that would be all you are worth to us just now. That's the cold, hard fact of the matter."

"There are some things in your favor, young man. You've got health and strength, you come from a good substantial family, you've had a good education as it is ordinarily considered, but it isn't enough to make you successful in business. You absolutely must have the business training."

"But, now that you see these things from the right angle, I know you'll come out all right. By the time you get through this special training I may have something here that will interest you. I don't make any promises, but we are making changes every little while—every business house does that in the process of fitting the men to the positions—and I'll keep you in mind."

"Well, perhaps you're right about this thing, Mr. Anderson. I only wish I had thought this matter over a little before I came asking for a position. But I want to thank you for what you've told me. And your time, too—thank you for that."
"Well, good day. You might come around again when you are really ready for a place."
"Thank you, sir. I'll certainly do that. Good day."

As the door closed on his caller, Mr. Anderson pressed the buzzer for his stenographer and soliloquized:
"That boy can make something of himself if he will only get down to business and get that practical training. But will he? That's the question. I've put him on the right track at least. So, here's hoping!"

BABY'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM A RABBIT—Quartermaster Biddle of the Arabic holding little Neville Gillender in his arms. Mrs. Gillender is standing by his side. Picture at the right shows a close-up view of little Neville Gillender. Mrs. Gillender, in her bewilderment, left her little baby on the ship. Quartermaster Biddle discovered the babe and passed it to its mother in the boat.



RESCUED FROM A RABBIT



The Value of Knowing "How"

When the STRAND opens its doors Tuesday evening, September 14th, it will be the most complete as well as the most up-to-date moving picture theater in Nebraska.

This is not merely idle prattle on our part, but the result of the expenditure of a good deal of money, backed by years of experience in the picture game.

We don't claim to know it all, but we have profited by past experience, so when the STRAND opens we will have absolutely no apologies to make.

The first attraction will be George Beban in "An Alien." Look up the Chicago papers and you will see where this picture is running at the Fine Arts Theater at a dollar admission price, while we will offer it to you at ten and twenty cents admission.

Some one asked us the other day what program we were going to use and we replied "We are going to pick the best features from every program." "An Alien" comes from the Paramount exchange; our second feature "The Island of Regeneration" from the Big Four; then a feature from Fox; then Metro; coupled with weeklies and comedies from Pathe Freres, and so on.

The thing we are going to give Omaha picture-goers will be pictures with "A Punch", and as to whether or not we make good, we will leave to your judgment.

The musical portion of our program will be especially strong. Carl Lamp will have charge of the STRAND orchestra, while our pipe organ is the largest in this part of the country.

We have redecorated and refitted the theater so that it will present an entirely new appearance, and we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you next week, as we are sure you will be pleased.

Program will be changed every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday, and we will be open from 1 to 11 P. M. continuously.

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Every vacant room increases your rent, and lessens your profits. Place a small "Furnished Room" for rent ad in "The Omaha Bee" for one week. It will cost you only a few cents each day.

You will receive inquiries from a very desirable class of prospects, from which you can choose a good tenant.

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