

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

Stories of Nebraska History : By A. E. Sheldon

THE influence of humane societies is being felt more and more as these organizations spread the scope of their work. Busy Bees living in cities perhaps know of the changes brought about in dog pounds. Clean, warm buildings, where the dogs are fed and cared for while awaiting disposal have taken the places of the filthy old shacks of other days. Then the old method of shooting, clubbing or drowning the unredeemed animals has been followed by the humane lethal chamber or the electric cage.

Even the dog catcher's wagon has been transformed from an old cart with a box on it to a horse-drawn or motor-driven ambulance.

One of the methods of teaching humane lessons practiced by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is through the use of moving pictures. Indeed this society has recently offered a handsome prize for the best scenario upon which to make a moving picture film that shall illustrate the value of humane education, particularly among children.

The latest efforts of the humane societies is to arouse public opinion against the shipping of horses from American ports to European war centers that they may be wounded, mutilated and killed. The societies also oppose the branding of horses, especially under government regulations.

Some votes in the Busy Bee election were received too late to be counted. Among them were votes for Eula Brand of Fontanelle, Neb., as Queen and Luther Monke of Fontanelle also, for King.

Elwood Gibson of the Blue Side won the prize book this week. Emily Lee and Marion Noyes, also of the Blue Side, won honorable mention.

BOY WHO MAY LIVE IN ARGENTINA'S WHITE HOUSE—Here is the son of Dr. Romulo S. Nean, present ambassador from the Argentine Republic at Washington, who is going home this week to run for president of his country at the next election.



AMBASSADOR NEAN AND SON.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

Call Would Not Pull.

By Elwood Gibson, Aged 11 Years, Brewster, Neb., Blue Side.

I am going to join the Blue Side, for blue is the color I like best.

This is the first story I ever tried to write, so I hope it will be put in the paper.

I am going to tell you about a little experience my sister and I had.

We had a calf named Jim. One day my sister Helen and I were gathering coals and carrying them to the house in a tub.

It was hard work, so we thought we would make Jim pull them. We hitched Jim up and started to lead him. He would not lead, so I told my sister to take a stick and hit him. She took a stick and hit him and he started out a little too fast.

He ran and bucked and scattered coals from the hog lot to our grove.

He caught the tub in the trees and pulled the handle off. Grandpa put the handle on, but I never tried to hitch him up again.

(Honorable Mention.)

Roo Roo and Tammany.

By Emily Lee, Aged 11 Years, Hampshire, Wyo., Blue Side.

One day my brother and I found the cat playing with a queer mouse.

We decided it would make a fine pet, as the cat had not hurt it any, so we caught it.

We had never seen anything like him, but he looked like a "kangaroo mouse." His body was about five inches long, his head two inches long and his tail, I believe, was as long as his body. On the very tip of his tail was a large tuft of hair. He slept on his side, curled his tail up and pillowed his head on the tuft.

We called him Roo Roo. In two or three days he grew real tame—we tame that we could handle him with our hands.

My brother made him a cage with two rooms—a bed room and a dining room. I gave him a large piece of cloth for a nest and he tore it to shreds.

We fed him crumbs, wheat and cactus seed all mixed together, but during the night he would sort them out, putting wheat in one corner of his room, crumbs in another and cactus seed in still another. He slept days. The cover on his cage was tied on with heavy cord and one day the hatchet was left on top of his cage.

The yellow cat, Tammany, swung the hatchet around with his paw until it cut the string and he caught Roo Roo while he was asleep. We were sorry to see him go, as he was so tame and cute.

(Honorable Mention.)

Watches the Pigeons.

By Marion Noyes, Aged 13 Years, Valley, Neb., Blue Side.

One day a pair of pigeons came to our place. They stayed there quite a while. A few days later we went up into the hay barn and one of them flew from a place in the barn. We climbed up to

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.

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES



Jennie Goldberg

where she had flown off and found an egg in a nest. The egg was white. The next day we found another egg just like the first.

We waited for about two weeks. Then one day we went to look and there were two little baby pigeons. The mother and father pigeon were kept busy feeding them.

They are just about big enough to learn to fly now. Yesterday I went up to see them and we found another nest

with one egg in it. It belonged to the same pair of pigeons.

This is my first letter and I want to join the Blue Side. I hope to see my letter in print soon.

Is in Sixth Grade.

By George Periman, Aged 12 Years, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Red Side. I am in the sixth B. My address is 284 Patrick avenue. My teacher's name is Miss Gormley.

September.

By Roxy Erb, Aged 12 Years, Gothenburg, Neb., Red Side.

August is usually very hot and when September comes it has some of August's heat. It soon becomes cooler, however. Children are glad when September comes because school starts then and they like to get back to their work. Some birds are still here in the middle

of September, but most of them have flown south.

The fields are still green and the alfalfa is beautiful when the wind waves it gently.

Well, I will close by saying that September is a beautiful month.

Joins Red Side.

By Philip Davis, Aged 11 Years, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Red Side. I am in the fifth B. My address is 342 Charles. My teacher's name is Miss Jordan.

Receives Prize Book.

By Noreen McCoy, Papillion, Neb., Blue Side.

I received the beautiful book of poems you sent me. I'm so delighted with it. I want to thank you very much. It came for my birthday.

They Had a Little Dog and His Name Was Trix And It Was His Tricks That Got Him Trouble

THERE was a new dog in the neighborhood. It was a white fox terrier pup about 5 months old. It belonged to Mrs. Jones' household. The minister's wife happened over the day the dog arrived and she suggested the name of Trix, so that was the name of the new dog.

"I don't know whether you know it or not, but those fox terrier dogs are awful traps. You had better keep your dog tied up for quite a while until it gets used to the place," remarked Mr. Brown, as he stepped in front of the Jones' house on his way home from town, where he bought a basket of grapes which his wife wanted for jelly.

It was Mrs. Jones' first experience with a fox terrier, so she had lots to learn. She took the advice of Mr. Brown and kept the dog tied to the clothes line post near the end of the house where she could be near her pet canine. She placed a pan of water within reach of Trix, who would put his feet into the pan, thinking it was for a footbath, and then spill the water, but Mrs. Jones placed more water in the pan, thinking that when Trix grew up to be a dog with sense it would know better.

"Mrs. Jones, if you would tie the one end of the dog's rope around the clothes line the dog could run the length of the line and would be more contented. Being tied to the post, it will bark itself to death," suggested Mrs. Dalby.

Mrs. Jones followed the idea of Mrs. Dalby and that afforded Trix more room. Then Trix began to bark, which pleased Mrs. Jones, who was beginning to think she had been given a deaf and dumb dog. Trix had a small head, but very large mouth. It seemed that when it opened its mouth it could swallow a whole cat or a rabbit or something like that. Trix's bark was very shrill and jerky. It would bark at anything and at any time, was not afraid of the location of the gas meter man.

Mrs. Jones' troubles began. The third or fourth night Trix began to bark about midnight, when the whole neighborhood was asleep.

"John, there's burglars. I know it. Hear Trix barking! I know Trix would

be a great watchdog," remarked Mrs. Jones to her husband.

Mr. Jones put on his bath room slippers and went to the back porch, expecting to find several burglars all chewed up by Trix. All he could see was Mrs. Dalby's old cat, with her back arched and standing a safe distance beyond Trix's rope.

"I guess Trix scared them away," said Mr. Jones to his wife when he returned. He did not say anything about the cat, but he made some remark about wanting to sleep. All was silent for about an hour, when Trix had a bad dream or thought it was time to wake the folks up for breakfast. Then Trix opened its mouth again and barked so loud that even the Dalby cat was frightened and ran up a tree.

The Lake of Sleep

By JANE McLEAN.

Wild poppies fringe its hem and floating wide Upon its surface lotus blossoms dream.

And blowing river grasses shivering hide, With shadowy traceries, the faintest gleam.

Down the mountain side there is a path Stony and rough where pilgrims seek the way, Stumbling and faint, toward that fair aftermath That flecks with cool the desert of the day.

Rain's white cool fingers and her silver throat Lead perilously near the magic lake, Till with her last faint laughter-echoed note, A tuneful cheat, she leaves you wide awake.

But I have dreamed, and dreaming found a way, A path of dreams unfortified, but steep, Where fewer mortals ever fear to stray, Least they may never reach the lake of sleep.

After keeping Trix tied on the rope for several weeks, Mrs. Jones took the animal around the block several times so it might know where it lived. Then she let the dog run loose. The first thing Trix did was to chase all over the neighborhood and was lost. Mrs. Jones was worried. She told the Brown boy who would give him a nickel if he would find Trix. The Brown kid found the dog over at the Williams' house and it made Mrs. Jones peevish because she and Mrs. Williams had been on the outs ever since they quarreled over the party telephone.

The Williams and Jones were on the same telephone line and something went wrong with the service. When Mr. Jones called home he would get Mrs. Williams and when Mr. Williams called home he

would get Mrs. Jones on the wire and that made Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Williams cross.

When the Brown boy found the Jones' dog at the Williams' house, Mrs. Williams told him to tell Mrs. Jones to keep her cur in her own yard. The dog had a license tag and when Mrs. Williams telephoned the city hall to say she had a stray dog she wanted picked up, the city hall man looked up the dog book and told Mrs. Williams she had Mrs. Jones' dog.

After that, all of the boys in the neighborhood watched a chance to get a nickel to find Trix. It cost Mrs. Jones 45 cents in one week to get Trix brought home. She figured she could have bought three small baskets of grapes for 45 cents and she concluded that Trix was rather expensive for her household.

After supper one evening, Mrs. Jones said to her husband: "I have something I want to say to you. I hope you won't be cross at me. I always have tried to keep peace in the family and to do what you would have me do. I never have asked for expensive things, but I want to ask you one thing and you won't refuse me, will you, Adolphus?"

Mr. Jones looked rather scared-like. He seemed to think his wife was going to ask for a new winter coat or another rocking chair or an electric iron. He told his wife to tell him the worst.

"I want to ask you to get rid of Trix. We must find a good home for the dog. I won't turn the animal out like an orphan dog, for we must do the right thing, even if it is only for a dog," Mrs. Jones went on.

"Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones! wildly exclaimed the Dalby boy, as he rushed up the front stairs and rang the door bell.

Mr. Jones went to the door and met the excited lad, who said:

"An automobile ran over Trix out in the street and I guess he is dead. Trix barked at the automobile man and ran in front of the machine," explained the boy.

Mr. Jones kissed his wife and promised her he would get an Angora kitten to take the place of Trix.

The Surveyors

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

The orders for the survey of Nebraska called for a division of the land into blocks six miles square called townships. Each township was divided into blocks one mile square called sections. All the townships in Nebraska are numbered, beginning with number one at the base line and ending with number thirty-five at the northern boundary. Each row of townships stretching across the state from south to north is called a range. The ranges are counted from the sixth principal meridian, the first range of townships east being called range one east, the first range west being called range one west and so on. There are nineteen ranges east and fifty-nine ranges west in Nebraska.

At distances forty-eight miles east and west from the sixth principal meridian guide meridians were laid off. This was necessary because the surface of the earth is curved instead of flat. If you will take a ball and lay off its surface into square blocks of uniform size, as the surveyors laid off the surface of the earth, you will see why these guide

meridians were needed. In a similar way standard parallels were run at each interval of twenty-four miles north from the base line. The surveyors made the survey by running a line due north from the base line twenty-four miles, then due east forty-eight miles to the meridian. The block of land thus laid off was subdivided into townships and sections by marking the corners of each township and each section with stakes or stones set in a mound of earth and four holes dug so as to form a square figure with the mound in the center. In pioneer times, the gray wolf or the coyote sitting upon one of these mounds would howl through the long hours of the night. On the section line half-way between the section corners was placed what is called a "Quarter Stake."

Beginning thus in the southeast corner of the state, the surveys were each year pushed a little farther west and north, in the direction most likely to be taken by the settlers as they came in, until all the state was surveyed. The last survey thus made was the "Gates of Sheridan" reservation in Sheridan county, which was finished in 1910, fifty-six years after the first survey was made.

Each surveying party kept a book called a field notebook in which was to be written down each day the distances measured, a description of the surface of the country, all prominent natural objects seen, the quality of the land, the corners marked and how they were marked, in a word the entire story of things done and seen each day. From these field notes maps were made, showing all the streams, hills, valleys, smooth and rough land, and copies of these maps were kept at the land offices where the settlers went to file their claims upon land. Some of these surveys were dishonestly made, the corners not marked as required by law and the field notes not truthfully kept, so that settlers in some cases lost their homes or located on the wrong piece of land or were unable to find the government corners.

Great dangers and hardships were bravely by the pioneer surveyors. The Indians everywhere understood when they

saw the surveying parties making mounds, driving stakes and digging holes, that the white men were coming to take their land. In many cases they pulled up their stakes, tore down the mounds and drove off the surveyors. Great storms swept down upon the surveyors living in tents, and men and horses were frozen to death. Fever and ague was common in the surveying camps. In surveying the lands of the Platte river the men waded through water for weeks. Upon the high plains of western Nebraska they were tortured with thirst. Mosquitoes, gnats and green-headed flies pursued them, eager for blood by day and by night. Sometimes the Indians set fire to the prairie and drove the surveying parties in because their horses found no grass to eat. The saddest day in all the surveys of Nebraska was August 29, 1882, when a band of Sioux Indians under Pawnee Killer and Whittier attacked the Nelson Buck surveying party of ten men in the Republican valley and killed the entire party. There was not a single season from 1865 until 1877 when the surveyors did not have to fight the Indians, and for many years later all surveying parties carried rifles along with their instruments and often saved their lives thereby.

The United States surveys of Nebraska are ended. All the field notebooks and the township maps of the surveys are turned over to the state of Nebraska and kept in a fireproof vault by the state surveyor in the capitol building. The letters written by the surveyors in the field, telling the story of their trials and dangers are there bound in volumes for future Nebraskans to read. All the titles to all the lands and lots in Nebraska rest finally upon the record of these surveys. Land in Nebraska grows more valuable from year to year and these records are called for so that surveyors today may follow the field notes of these first surveyors, retrace their lines and locate the true corners where land is in dispute. So long as men live and occupy the land, so long will the surveys of Nebraska and the records of them be first in importance to them.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION TO MEET DURING WEEK

The Students' association of the Central High school will meet the latter part of this week. Officers of the association will be elected as soon as the association membership cards are given out.

The purpose of this association is to get more pupils to attend and support school activities, and to create a fund to help meet the expenses of athletics at the school.

These membership cards will admit the owner to all home athletic and debating contests. The membership fee is \$1.50.

Grand Revival of the Good Old Fair Days in Omaha

DOUGLAS COUNTY FAIR

At BENSON, OMAHA

SEPT. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25

A WEEK'S ENTERTAINMENT THAT IS INSPIRING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

THE REAL THING---HORSE RACING

Columbia Fire, a Nebraska horse, and Hal McKinney, a California horse, are matched for a special race. These 2:05 pacers have been going neck and neck at Des Moines, Lincoln and elsewhere. THIS RACE ALONE IS WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION. But there will be others.

Four Days' Racing Program and Four Races Per Day, Namely Sept. 21, 22, 23 and 24.

One Hundred and Forty Entries in Trotting, Pacing and Running Contests.

Big Exhibit in Agriculture, Horticulture, Floraculture Live Stock and Poultry

Now is the time to show your loyalty to Omaha and vicinity. Boost the Douglas County Fair by coming out, and don't forget to bring "Ma" and the children.

A clean, instructive show for old and young. Something doing all the time. Everybody loves a horse race, therefore swell the crowds—big crowds spell success.

A farm thriller for city folks—everything from horse racing to needle work, and bread making to corn growing.

The beautiful fair grounds and a fast track, a big dancing platform and other features, afford afternoon and evening amusement.

GENERAL ADMISSION, 50 Cents CHILDREN UNDER 12 ARE FREE.

SPECIAL ADMISSION FEATURES: Monday, only 10c, and Saturday only 10c. And you can get into the grounds every evening after 5 o'clock for 10c.

Take Benson Cars to the Gates

DOUGLAS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL ASS'N

JAMES WALSH, President.

J. F. M'ARDLE, Secretary.