

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

SHORT though the month of February be, it furnishes ample material for Busy Bee letters. February is the month of birthdays, ever so many great men and women having been born in this month, and stories of their lives would be most interesting to all readers of the page, I am sure.

St. Valentine's day comes this month, also; and then there is the competition announced last week—a prize for the best story on "Winter Sports," written this month. All in all, the editor's desk promises to be flooded with Busy Bee letters.

Are there any Busy Bees who will celebrate their birthday February 29? If there are, we would be glad to know about it. Write and tell us. Those persons who have a birthday only on leap year should have an extra fine celebration, don't you think so?

The prize book this week was awarded to Katherine Jensen of the Blue side. Virginia Campbell of Helena, Mont., who belongs to the Red side, and Ernest Henry, also of the Red Side, won honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

PRIZE STORY.

Making Bird Houses.

By Katherine Jensen, Aged 12 Years, Valley, Neb. Blue Side.

One day I thought I would make some bird houses. I asked Lawrence and Henry to help me. They said they would. Then we began to make them. We got all shapes of nails and some old boxes. We made one almost, then Lawrence said we had better wait until spring; so we did. The birds had gone south. This was last fall.

When spring comes again we are going to make three of them. We are going to put one in our grove. There is an oriole's nest in a maple tree. Lawrence is going to climb it. We are going to put one in the grove by the road for the sparrow. They have quite a few nests there. The other one in the barn is for our swallows. They are a great use to me because they eat the flies in the barn for me when I go out to milk the cows. I will close now. I had a letter from one of the Busy Bees some time last week. I will write soon to her.

(Honorable Mention.)

Pet Chickens.

By Ernest Henry, Aged 10 Years, Tebama, Neb. Blue Side.

Early this fall, while playing, I heard some chickens peeping. I wondered where they were and when I found them there was exactly seven chickens. I told mamma and she said that seven chickens wouldn't be worth keeping, but I said if she didn't want to keep them I would and she sold me five pullets. There were two roosters and five pullets. This winter I sold my roosters and got 80 cents for them. I have my pullets yet but a short time ago papa said they must go out to the hen house with the big chickens, and now I can't hardly tell them from the rest excepting they are a little tamer. This is a true story. I hope to win a prize some day.

(Honorable Mention.)

Saves Money for Christmas.

By Virginia Campbell, Aged 9 Years, 235 N. Davis St. Helena, Mont. Red Side.

Would the Red Side like a new member? I was born in Omaha and have always been a member of The Busy Bee family as my papa has always taken it. I surely enjoy the Busy Bee page. I am going to tell you how I have money ahead with which to buy my Christmas presents for others. As soon as one Christmas is over I begin to save my money for the next one. I already have 10 cents saved. I thought others might like to follow my plan. If this escapes the waste basket I will write stories of life in Montana.

A Pleasant Christmas.

By Lucille Griffin, Aged 10 Years, St. Paul, Neb. Blue Side.

It was Christmas eve and the snow was falling fast. The ground was covered with ice and snow.

In the big house where the little rich girl lives it was nice and warm. Her cousins, aunts, uncles and lots of other relatives had just come home and she was hanging up her stockings.

The next morning there was a lot of presents in it. They trimmed a large Christmas tree and all of the relatives came back. When they came in they were very cold, but they soon got warm by the bright fire.

Then Virginia, for that was the little girl's name, received a lot more presents and she gave each one of her guests a present.

For dinner they had turkey, chicken, duck, pumpkin pie, mince pie, plum pudding and lots of other things. After dinner the children played games, cracked nuts, ate candy, popped corn and did lots of other things.

Earns from Poultry.

By Frank Hamilton, Aged 12 Years, Glenadale, Ia. Red Side.

I think that the Busy Bees will be interested in something about poultry because they can earn money that way. Like my sister and myself. We feed the chickens and clean the chicken house every Saturday. The chickens are worth 50 cents to \$1 apiece, too. We are going to raise a lot more this year. My sister Dorothy and I get credits on our school report cards for working at home as well as at school. Mamma and papa think that a fine idea. Don't you, too?

A Faithful Dog.

By Mildred Rawson, 1914 North Thirty-third Street, Omaha, Red Side.

There was a boy about 12 years old who had a very faithful dog. The boy's name was Malcolm, and his dog's name was Nero. One day as they were out on the river near their home, the boat hit something in the water that made it tip over, and Malcolm fell out into the river and was about to drown when he felt a pulling on his waist. When he realized where he was he knew it was his dog, who had saved his life many other times. The dog got Malcolm to the shore safely, then went farther on, into the city, and barked so loud that it drew

ONE OF THE LITTLE SOUTH SIDE BUSY BEES.



Helen Reed

my hands and face. He is very afraid of lightning and thunder, because he was shot twice. Still he is a good old dog. My mother wants to shoot him, but I will not let her. He is too good a dog to be shot. But one day my sister saw him run after a chicken and kill it. When I heard it I wanted him to be shot. But one cold night he went down to the grove and died. So that was the end of Mr. Pooodle.

Lost in the Forest.

By William Lamrman, Aged 9 Years, 430 South Seventeenth Street, South Side, Omaha, Red Side.

Hans and Gretel lived in Germany near a forest called the Black Forest. One day their mother told them to go into the forest and pick some strawberries for supper.

So they took a basket and started. Soon they were at the strawberry patch. They began picking the berries. All of a sudden a bear sprang out from the bushes at them. They ran as fast as they could go through the forest. At last they looked back and saw that the bear was not chasing them, but was eating the strawberries out of the basket they had forgotten in their hurry. They kept wandering through the forest until Hans said, "Where are we?" and Gretel said, "We are lost." Then they began to run about trying to find their way out of the forest. All of a sudden an owl said, "Foot, foot!" Gretel did not know what it was and became afraid. As it was growing dark, Hans began to look for a cave to sleep in. He soon spotted one and he and Gretel went in and lay down to sleep. About midnight they were awakened by hearing voices in the cave. Looking around Hans saw a ring of dwarfs dancing and singing a song. Listening, he understood what they were singing. This is what they were singing:

"O, we have a secret, oh we have a secret to guide lost people home. Three yards from here is a tree. Pluck a leaf and blow it in the air and follow it. It will guide you home. Hans said, "Now Gretel we can find our way home." So they ran out of the cave and measured the three yards the best they could and sure enough there was the tree. But the limbs were too high and Hans could not reach them. Looking around, he saw a leaf growing out of the trunk, just within reaching distance. Hans plucked it and blew it in the air. When it was six feet in the air it began going southward. They followed it and it led them to a path. It went down and they followed it. It took them until noon before they reached the end of the forest and there they saw their houses. They ran around to the back door and knocked. Their mother opened it and they ran in and told her about the bear

and leaf and the dwarfs. When they had finished their mother said, "Your father has gone out to hunt for you. Will you go and find him and tell him that you are home?" They said they would and started. They soon reunited with their father and they lived happily ever after.

The Eskimos.

By Vera Bradley, Aged 11 Years, 1010 Center Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

We all know about the Eskimos, but I am interested in them. I will write about them.

The Eskimos that live in the far north, in the frigid zone, are unlike most people in the world. They are not as tall as the American and have a brown skin. They live in ice houses, and to get into them they have to crawl on their hands and knees to get through.

They live mainly by hunting the seal and fishing. They eat the meat off the seal and sell the skin to American traders who go out there especially to get the valuable seal skin. The American traders trade flour and sometimes money for the seal skins.

The Eskimos wear clothes made of seal skins. First the mother takes a piece of skin and put it on the child, for side down. She then sews it on. Then she takes another piece of skin and sews it for side up. Then the child has its clothes.

A Bad Old Dog.

By Leo Thenn, Aged 10 Years, Cedar Rapids, Neb. Blue Side.

We have an old dog, 12 years old. His name is Pooodle. We once had company and we played "drop the handkerchief" and a boy ran after my sister. The dog ran after and bit him and tore a seam in his new pants. Once mother went to Albion in a carriage. I sat in the back seat to hold the dog. When we were a few miles from Albion he jumped out. He followed us for a way and then we lost track of him. And when we got home from our visit we thought this is the time we got rid of him. About two weeks after that my brother had to do some work in the night. He came running to tell that our old dog was here. He was all skin and bones, for he had had nothing to eat for a long time. When I saw him he came up to me and licked

Little Lost Evelyn.

By Alvin French, Aged 11 Years, Tebama, Neb. Red Side.

It was in the month of May when little Evelyn got lost. My oldest sister and I were going to town. We had just started when mamma and papa began to wash. They washed for about an hour when they missed little Evelyn, whom they thought was in the front room with the other children. Mother asked if baby was with them, and they said "No." Then they began to search. They searched through the house first and then they went outdoors to look for her. As the

Stories of Nebraska History

By A. E. SKELDON

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Skeldon, from week to week.)

Story of the Poncas

When the first white men came up the Missouri river they found a little tribe of Indians living in that beautiful part of Nebraska by the mouth of the Niobrara, which is now Knox and Boyd counties. They found clear flowing streams, wooded hills, grassy valleys and back of them the buffalo prairie. There were less than a thousand people in the little tribe. They were tall and fine looking, and from the first were friendly to the white men and were never at war with them. Their land lay between the Sioux country on the west and the Pawnee and Omaha country on the south and east. The language they spoke was related to the Sioux language, but more like that of the Omahas. They were often at war with the Sioux, but generally at peace with the Omahas, so much so that a great many of their young men and women were intermarried with the Omahas. Although such a little tribe, they had their own name, Ponca or Ponca; their own traditions, Ponca or Ponca; their own language, Ponca or Ponca; and they had lived so long in that part of Nebraska where the first white men found them that they had no other home, only stories of a far-off time when their fathers had come up the Missouri and settled at the mouth of the Niobrara.

After a time white settlers began to come into the Ponca country, to take land and kill off the game. In 1858 the United States made a treaty with the Poncas by the terms of which the Poncas gave up all their land except that part between the Niobrara river and Ponca creek. The richest of their land below the mouth of the Niobrara was opened to the white settlers. The part which the Poncas were to keep was on the border of the Sioux, their old enemies' country, but the United States promised in the treaty to protect the Poncas, to pay them money every year, to build them houses and to give them schools for their children.

Two years after this treaty the Sioux made a raid on the Poncas and stole more than half of their horses. The Ponca hunting ground, where they used to kill buffalo, was covered with Sioux hunting parties and the Poncas could not get their winter supply of meat. A

President of Kensington.

By Merle Levenney, Aged 8 Years, Tebama, Neb. Blue Side.

I have read the Busy Bee page with interest and enjoy the stories very much. I am not a Busy Bee, but would like to join the Blue Side. I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Hendricks. A few of my friends have a Kensington. We meet every two weeks on Saturday. I am the president. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is full and there is no room for this one. I hope to win the prize.

Reads Busy Bee Stories.

By Beattie Heron, Aged 11 Years, Box 174, Schuyler, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a girl 11 years old. We take your paper and see the Busy Bee page. I've read so many of the stories, and I thought they were very interesting. So I thought I would join the Blue Side, for I like blue better than red. I am in the seventh grade and my teacher's name is Miss Grosman. I think she is a very nice teacher. I hope to see this letter in print.

Plays With Old Cat.

By Martin Lane, Aged 5 Years, Genoa, Neb. Blue Side.

One day Helen went out to play. She hunted up the old cat and she was playing with him around the tool box. Then we never thought any more about it. And papa found him tonight. This is a true story. My sister is writing a story, too. Her name is Vera Lane.

New Busy Bee.

By Doris Howard, Aged 9 Years, Loup City, Neb. Blue Side.

I would like to join the Busy Bees. This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am in the third grade at school.

Swimming and Fishing.

By Anna Sule, Aged 10 Years, Box 33, Schuyler, Neb. Blue Side.

One bright summer day the birds were flying and singing, the flowers looked brighter than ever. While last week it was raining as hard as it could. My friends and I had planned to go swimming. When the day came we could hardly wait to get there. We took our lunch because we did not want to go home. When we got there we each took turns going in the bath house they ran in and told her about the bear

Another Adventure of Trix That Gave His Mistress Much Worry

TRIX got away from the reservation again. Gone from home ten days and given up for lost or dead. He is the white fox terrier dog we told you about a few months ago. He is the same dog and yet he is not the same dog. Before his recent trip he was a regular runabout, had no regard for meal times, would come home at all times of the evening and just seemed to think he did not have to be a good dog. He's changed now since he was away ten days and returned to his home. Yes, Trix came back. 'Twas at 8 o'clock the other evening, when he whined at the kitchen door, his head hung low and his white hair all dirty just as if he had been in some coal bin for a week.

He was hungry and tired, too; and so meek—you never saw such a meek dog before. You just never saw a dog gladder to get back to his nice warm home, with an old coat under the kitchen table at night time and lots of bones and meat to chew on. Trix has had experience and he seems to believe there is no place like home.

A few weeks ago—it was on wash day—Trix struck out to make the round of the neighborhood. Being a fox terrier, you know, he was given to roaming whenever he felt like it. Perhaps when he left home he thought he would get out of the way because it was wash day, and he never did like wash day, anyway. He just went and kept on "venting" for he did not return that night. There was no scratching on the kitchen door that night to let a little dog in. Next morning came and no dog. Mrs. B., his mistress, cried, because she had learned to like Trix very much.

"Oh, don't cry, he'll come back. You can't lose a fox terrier," kindly said Mr. B. to his wife.

"Well, if he is only a dog I can't help crying. He was so cunning and faithful. Didn't he watch the house at night times, and one night when I heard a strange noise at the window Trix barked and I just knew he scared the burglars away. How many burglars have you frightened away?" asked Mrs. B. of her husband.

"Mr. B. did not want to start any family swimming. All of us did not swim. Two girls stayed on shore to serve lunch. When they had it ready they called us. After we were through eating we saw a fisherman. We asked him if we could use his nets. He said yes. We caught some fish and gathered some flowers. When we came home we gave the fish and flowers to our mamma.

"I just wonder whether somebody took Trix in and thought he was a stray dog, or whether he got lost. That's what I would like to know," remarked Mrs. B.

"Well, I told you Trix would come back, didn't I? You'll have some confidence in your husband after this, perhaps," replied Mr. B.'s husband.

"Trix has decided that the best place to stay is near home. He likes washday now and has given up trying to see the whole world.

The Joyful Winter Sport--Coasting



But Why the Short Turn? A Street Car Ahead!

A Word to Parents, Teachers and Others Having the Care of Children:

Warn them repeatedly of the danger of coasting on streets where cars are operated or on hills which are crossed by street cars.

Boys and girls and even men and women have lost their lives or have been seriously injured by dashing into street cars on their sleds and travelers.

Don't jeopardize your lives by coasting on dangerous hills. There are many places in this city where this sport may be indulged in with safety.

We Try To Prevent Accidents--Will You Help?

Omaha and Council Bluffs Street Railway Company

(Continued Next Sunday.)