THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: FEBRUARY 6, 1916.

The Busy Bees

terial for Busy Bee letters. February is the month of birthdays. ever so many great men and women having been bogn 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 lotters.

Are there any Busy Bees who will celebrate their birthday February 297 If there are, we would be flad 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. Virgin's Campbell of Helena, Mont., who belongs to the Red side, and Ernestein Henry, also of the Red Side, won honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

PRIZE STORY. Making Bird Houses.

Henry to help me. They said they would. to have the jey of giving his dog a good Then we began to make them. We got supper. all shapes of nails and some old boxes. We made one almost, then Lawrence said we had better wait until spring; so By Edith Kenvon, 222 Cunsing Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. we did. The birds had gone south. This was last fall.

ing to make three of them. We are makes me think that I had better tell going to put one in our grove. There about our family. I have a sister whose is an oriole's nest in a maple tree. Law-rence is going to climb it. We are going name is Marcelith. My name is Edith to put one in the grove by the road for the pobes. They have quite a few nests family. I took violin lessons for a year, there. The other one in the barn is for then I stopped, and am now taking plane our swallows. They are a great use to lessons. Many times have I began writme because they sat the flies in the barn ing a diary but have stopped, but now for me when I go out to milk the cows. I hope to keep on. I will close now. I had a letter from one of the Busy Bees some time last store today. He wanted a needle and week. I will write soon to her.

(Honorable Mention.) Pet Chickens.

By Ernestein Henry, Aged 10 Years, Te-kamah, Neb. Red 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 would and she told me I could. There were two receters and five pullets. This winter I sold my roosters and got #0 letter to some friend and tell about cents for them. I have my pullets yet manual training. but a short time ago pape said they m 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

(Honorable Mention.) Saves Money for Christmas. By Virginia Campbell, Aged 3 Years 357 N. Davis St. Heima, Mont. Red Bide. Would the Red Bide like a new mem-her? I was born in Omaha and have uways been a member of The Bee fam-is as my page has always taken it. I anirely enjoy the Buay Bee page. I and soing so toil you how I have momen ahead with which to buy my Christmas presents for others. As soon as one thristmas is over I begin to save my money for the next up. I already have the destine of and cast. Ment thing I remember was that I and the transfer the tok tap of a pick-a hundred years or so. Cho day I heard the tike tap of a pick-a hundred years or so. Cho day I heard the tike tap of a pick-a hundred years or so. Cho day I heard the tike tap of a pick-a hundred years or so. Cho day I heard the tike tap of a pick-a hundred years or so. Cho day I heard the tike tap of a pick-a hundred years or so. Cho day I heard the tig to the top of the carth-and men with showels threw my friends and I in a great car called a and one day a man came in for some hard cost. The men londed the ment of the some hard cost. The men londed the ment of the some

people's attention. So they followed him and found the boy in his yet clothes lying faint on the shore. The took him By Katherine Jensen, Aged 12 Years, Valley, Neb. Blue Eide. One day I thought I would make some him in blankets and put him to bed. bird houses. I asked Lawrence and Malcom got up before supper time so as

Starts Diary.

I went to the library today; then I When spring comes again we are go- bought a barrette for my sister, which

creek is near our house, we thought maybe she had wandered about it and fell in. So papa went up and down the creek a couple of times. Mamma went out and looked in the outdoors buildings, but could find no trace of her. Papa ran to our auto, because she was always fond of being there. The car was vered over with a large canvas. He A deaf and dumb man came in our

looked in it and on the one step but could not find her. He ran to the house and thread. He wrote on a piece of paper, said she could not be found. So mamma that his wife was deaf and dumb also. was getting more frightened. She stepped He gave me a paper which had the to the phone to call up our neighbors to alphabet of the deaf and dumb, and

help search for her, when papa exvanted me to learn it. He happened to look on the auto step Yesterday I went to a birthday party. and we certainly had fun. My brother

played the violin, while another boy acasleep. This is a true story. companied him on the piano. I suppose If I would try to tell all that happen there wouldn't be enough paper, so I will By Vera Bradley, Aged 11 Years, 1019 Center Street, Omalia, Neb. Blue Side, tell about something which happened. Every Wednesday in our school we said if she didn't want to keep them I have to write a composition, for which our principal, Miss Hutchins, chooses the am interested in them. I will write about then subject. This time we have to write a in the frigid zone, are unlike most peo-

A Piece of Coal.

By Walter Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 2720 Sprague Street, Omaha. Red Side. I will tell you of my life and end. The first thing I remember was that I was a little piece of a tree; there I lay them they have to crowl on their hands. and knees to get through. They live mainly by hunting the seal and fishing. They eat the meat off the

Little Lost Evelyn.

The Eskimos.

We all know about the Eskimos, but I.

The Eskimos that live in the far north,

ple 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

shot twice. Still he is a good old dog. father has gone out to hunt for you

My mother wants to shoot him, but I will Will you go and find him and tell him not let her. He is too good a dog to be that you are home?" They said they abot. But one day my sister saw him would and started. They soon returned with their father and they lived happily run after a chicken and kill it. When I over after. 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. By Merle Devenney, Aged 5 Years, 'Te cumseh, Ney, Blue Side, Poedle.

Lost in the Forest.

By William Lampmann, Aged 9 Years. 4799 South Seventeenth Street, South Side, Omsha, Red Side, Hans and Grethel lived in Germany

grade at school. My teacher's name is near a forest called the Black Forest. Miss Hendricks. A few of my friends have a kensington. We meet every two Oue day their mother told them to go into the forest and pick some strawberrics for supper. So they took a basket and started, is no room for this one. I hope to win head hung low and his white hair all

Soon they were at the strawberry patch the prize. They began picking the berries. All of sudden a bear spratut out from the bushes at them. They ran as fast as they could go through the forest. At last they looked back and raw that the bear was not chasing them, but was ent-ing the strawberries out of the basket they had forgotten in their hurry. They kept wandering through the forest until Zians said, "Where are we?" and Grethel said, We are lost," Then they began to run about trying to find their way said, "Host, heat." Gretchel did not teacher. I hope to see this letter in neighborhood. Being a fox terrier, you know what it was and became afraid. print. As it was growing dark. Hans began to look for a cave to sleep in. He soon

and lay down to sleep. About midnight they were awakened by hearing volces in the cave. Looking around Hans saw bunted up the old cat and she was play- scratching on the kitchen door that night

One day Helen went out to play. She did not return that night. There was no a ring of dwarfs dancing and singing a ing with him around the tool box. Then to let a little dog in. Next morning came Trix. She picked the dog up in her arms song. Listening, he understood what they we never thought any more about it. and no dog. Mrs. B., his mistress, cried, were singing. This is what they were And papa found him tonight. This is a Lecause she had learned to like Trix very true story. My sister is writing a story, much. singing. too. Her name is Vern Lane.

"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 Grethel we can find our way home." So they ran out of the cave and measured is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am the three yards the best they could and in the third grade at school.

sure enough there was the tree. But the limbs were too high and Hans could not reach them. Looking around, he next to the crib, and there she was, fast saw a leaf growing out of the trunk, just within reaching distance. Hans

plucked it and blew it in the air. When were flying and singing, the flowers it was six feet in the sir it began going tooked brighter than ever. While last swimming. All of us did not swim. Two southward. They followed it and it led week it was raining as hard as it could, sirls stayed on shore to serve lunch. them to a path. It went down the path My friends and I had planned to go When they had it ready they called us. back. didn't 17 You'll have some confi-and they followed it. It took them until swimming. When the day came we After we were through eating we saw a dence in your husband after this, per-

forest and there they saw their house, took our lunch because we did not want use his nets. He said yes. We caught They ran around to the back door and to go home. When we got there we some fish and gathered some flowers. Stay is near home. He likes washday when we came home we gave the fish now and has given up trying to see the whole world.

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

President of Kensington.

interest and enjoy the stories very much.

join the Blue Side, ; am in the fifth

weeks on Saturday. I am the president.

Reads Busy Bee Stories.

Bessle Beroun, Aged 15 Years, Box 174, Schuyler, Neb. Blue Side,

Plays With Old Cat.

New Busy Bee.

One bright summer's day the birds

"Oh, don't cry, he'll come back. You can't lose a fox terrier," kindly said Mr. B. to his wife, By Doris Howard, Aged 9 Years, Loup City, Neb. Blue Side. "Well, if he is only a dog I can't help crying. He was so cunning and faithful. I would like to join the Blue Side. This 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

dirty just as if he had been in some coal

He was hungry and tired, too; and so

meek-you never saw such a meek dog

before. You just never saw a dog gladder

bin for a week.

I am a girl 13 years old. We take to get back to his nice warm home, with

your paper and see the Busy Ree page, an old coat under the kitchen table at

I've read so many of the stories, and I night time and lots of bones and meat

thought they were very interesting. So I to chew on. Trix has had experience and

thought I would join th Blud side, for he seems to believe there is no place like

just know 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

noon before they reached the end of the could hardly wait to get there. We fisherman. We asked him if we could haps," replied Mrs. B.'s husband.

HORT though the month of February be, it furnishes ample ma-terial for Busy Bee letters. February is the month of birthdays. ONE OF THE LITTLE SOUTH SIDE my hands and face. He is very afraid, and leaf and the dwarfs. When they of fightning and thunder, because he was had finished their mother said. "Your Another Adventure of Trix That Gave His Mistress Much Worry

Their Own Page

RIX got away from the reserva- , row, so he just sympathized with his wife. tion again. Gone from home mid he would have the boys of the neigh-ten days and given up for lost borhood look around, would put an ad or dead. He is the white fox in the newspapers, and he felt sure Trix terrier dog we told you about would come back.

a few months ago. He is the The second and third day went by and I have rend the Busy Bee page with same dog and yet he is not the same dog. no Trix. At evening time, when the family were gathered around the reading Before his recent trip he was a regular lamp, Mrs. B. would think of Trix. "I am not a Busy Bee, but would like to runnbout, had no regard for meal times, would come home at all times of the believe somebody has tied him up, or evening and just seemed to think he did perhaps he was killed by a Ford or a not have to be a good dog. He's changed street car," remarked Mrs. B.

"I tell you he will get home. Give him now since he was away ten days and returned to his home. Yes, Trix came back. time," said the husband, as he tried to "Twas at 8 o'clock the other evening, comfort Mrs. B. hope Mr. Wastebasket is full and there when he whined at the kitchen door, his

Then the cold map came with 22 below zero. That made Mrs. B. think again of Trix. "Suppose he is out in this cold

weather with nothing to eat," she sobbed. Then Arthur, the boy of the house, suggested that his cousin, Frank, get his pony Dandy out and do a little scouting of the neighborhood for Trix. Frank won Dandy at Christmas time from a downtown store and the boy was anxious to ride the animal. Dandy was driven all around Hanacom park, but nothing could be seen of Trix.

seventh grade and my teacher's name is A few weeks ago-it was on wash day-Ziss Grogan. I think she is a very nice Trix struck out to make the round of the Ten days were gone since Trix left. home and his absence made Mrs. B, beknow, he was given to roaming whenever | Heve she never would see him again. The he felt like it. Ferhaps when he jeft other evening abcut 8 o'clock she was home he thought he would get out of the reading a newspaper when she heard a way because it was wash day, and be scratch and a faint bark on the kitchen spied one and he and Grethel went in By Martin Lane, Aged 9 Years, Genoa, never did like wash day, anyway. He door. It was not like the bark of Trix. just went and kept on "wenting," for he and yet she thought there was something of the familiar sound. She went to the door and, shivering in the cold, there was and Trix wagged his short little tail and licked her hand, just as if he wanted to say he was mighty glad to get back home again. Trix went under the kitchen table to see if his old coat was still there and he looked through the house and then acted as if he wanted something to eat and drink. Did he eat and drink? Well, he just ate until he could hardly walk. After a good feed Mrs. B. gave Trix a

warm bath and fixed a bed near one of the hot-air registers. Trix curled up and snoozed all night. "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 Trix has decided that the best place to



Helen Reed

BUSY BEES.

money for the next one. I already have to cents saved. I thought others might like to follow my plan. If this escapes the waste basket I will write stories of and me in it and went to the man's house. One day a boy with a shovel put me into a pall, and then put me into a stove, and in a few minutes I was burnife in Montana. ing and ended my life forever.

A Pleasant Christmas.

by Lucille Griffin, Aged 10 Years, Et. Paul, Neb. Blue Bide. It was Christmas eve and the snow was failing fast. The ground was covered

with ine and snow. in the big house where the little rich girl lives it was nice and warm. Her cousins, sunts, uncles and lots of other relatives had just gone home and she was

other children. Mother asked if baby was come work in the night. He came run-with them, and they said "No." Then wing to tell that our old dog was here. hanging up her stocking. The next morning there was a lot of Diresents in it. They trimmed a large they began to search. They searched He was all skin and bones, for he had Christmas tree and all of the relatives through the house first and then they, had nothing to eat for a long time. When came back. When they came in they went outdoors to look for her. As the I saw him he came up to me and licked more very cold, but they soon got warm by the bright fire.

Then Virginia, for that was the little siri'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 ple, plum pud-ding and lots of other things. After dinner the children played games, cracked buts, ate candy, pepped corn and did lots of other things.

Muskrat Trapping.

By Harian Pression, Aged 5 Years, Lyons, of Nebraska by the mouth of the Nio-brara, which is now Knox and Boyd

This fall our neighbor boy and I thought counties. we would trap muskrats. The first one we caught was at their creek. And then we went to another creek a little furtheraway. One morning we went down to little tribe. They were tall and fine look at our traps before Sunday school. looking, and from the first were friendly We caught one. Another cold day we to the white men and were never at caught another. We caught another one We caught eight altogether. later. stratched the skins. We hung them in a dog house. One night after school we took them off the boards. We sold them to a Linco'n fur company. And they sent us a lotter back and said they were poorly handled. We got to cents for them all.

Earns from Poultry.

By Franklin Broadfield, Aged 10 Years. tribe, they had their own name, Punka or Ponca; their own traditions; and they

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 ers had come up the Missouri and set-every Saturday. The chickens are worth tied at the mouth of the Niobrara. every Saturday. The chickens are worth 66 cents to \$1 aplece, too. We are going to raise a lot more this year. My aistor Dorothy and I get credits on our school report cards for working at bome 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. the mouth of the Niobrara was opened to the white settlers. The part which the

There was a boy about 12 years old Poncas were to keep was on the border who had a very faithful dog. The boy's of the Sloux, their old enemies' country, name was Malcom, and his dog's name but the United States promised in the was Nore. One day as they were out treaty to protect the Poncas, to pay on the river near their home, the heat them money every year, to build them hit something in the water that made houses and to give them schools for it tip over, and Malcom fell out into the their children.

iver and was about to drown when he | Two years after this treaty the Sloux fort a fulling on his walst. When he made a raid on the Poncas and stole more than half of their horses. The his day, who had saved his life many Ponca hunting ground, where they used a. The dog got Malcom to the to kill buffalo, was covered with Sieux shore safely, then went farther on, into hunting parties and the Poncas could not the city, and barked so loud that it drew get their winter supply of meat. A

By Leo Thenn, Aged 10 Years, Rapids, Neb. Blus Side,

We have an old dog, 12 years old. His name is Poodle. We once had company and we played "drop the handkerchief." and a boy rap after my sister. The dog ran after and bit him and tors a seam in his new pants. Once mother went to By Alvin French, Aged 11 Years, Ta-kamah, Neb. Red Sida. Albion in a carriage. I sat in the back seat to hold the dag. When we were a It was in the month of May when little few miles from Albion he jumped out. Evelyn got lost. My oldest sister and I He followed us for a way and then we 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 built was 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

Stories of Nebraska History

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. sheldon, from week to week.) drouth came on the land and their patches of corn were a failure. Even the wild plums dried on the trees and the Poncas hunted over the plains for

Story of the Poncas

wild turnips and ate cornstalks to keep When the first white men came up the from starving. Massouri river they found a little tribe Then a party of Poncas went to visit of Indians living in that beautiful part their friends, the Omahas. There were four men, six women, three boys and two girls. Some drunken white soldiers They found clear flowing killed three women and one girl, burned streams, wooded hills, grassy valleys and their tents and drove away their six back of them the buffalo prairies. There ponies. Still the Poncas remained at were less than a thousand people in the peace with the white people They were tall and fine In 1968 the United States made a great reaty with the Sioux Indians at Fort Laramic. In that treaty by some mistake war with them. Their land lay between

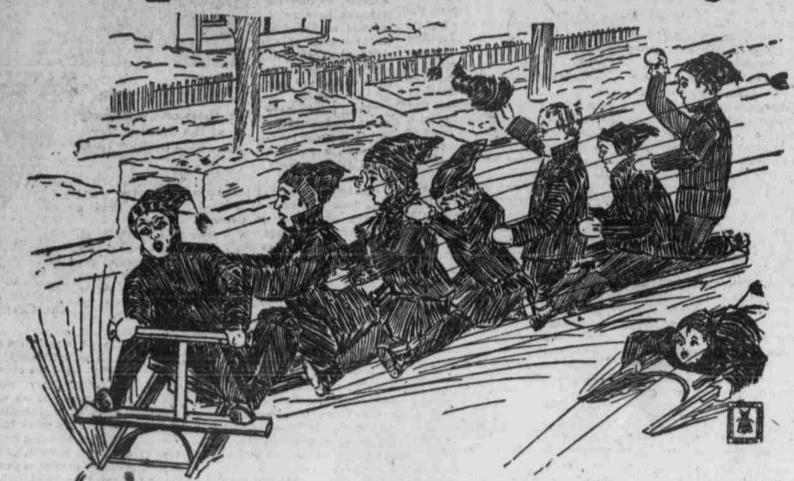
all of the Ponca land was given to the We the Sloux country on the west and the Sloux, the bitter and lifelong enemies Pawnee and Omaha country on the south of the Poncas. This was done without and cast. The language they spoke was the consent or knowledge of the Poncass. related to the Sieux larguage, but more It took away from them their homes, like that of the Omahas. They were their gardens and the graves of their often at war with the Sloux, but generfathers, which they had defended against ally at peace with the Omahas, so much the Sloux for hundreds of years, and made a present of them to their deadly so that a great many of their young men and women were intermarried with foes, the Bloux. Nothing so cruel and the Omahas. Although such a little unjust was ever done by the United States to another tribe of Indians. And or Ponca: their own traditions; and they this was done to a tribe which was al-ways the friend of the white man. Genhad lived so long in that part of Nebraska where the first white men found stal Sherman, one of the comm them that they had no other home, only who made the treaty at Fort Laramie, atories of a far-off time when their fathsaid he did not know that tuis had been done until long afterward. The Poncas

did not know that it had been done until After a time white settlers began to the Sloux warriors raided them and tauntingly shouted, "This land belonds to come into the Pones country, to take land and kill off the game. In 1858 the us. Get off." The Poncas had no place United States made a treaty with the Poncas by the terms of which the Poncas to go and remained upon their old re-serve, even though in daily danger from gave up all their land except that part between the Niobrars river and Ponca the Sloux. creek. The richest of their land below

During the two years, 1809 and 1870, they built sixty log cabins and put out crops. Then the Missouri river rose and washed away their village site. They had to tear down their cabins and carry them back half a mile to make a new village. The next year after this the tribe put 300 acres into crops. The grasshoppers came that year and the next and ate the crops.

The year 1876 was a year of great exitement on the Nebraska border. had been found in the Black Hills and the while men wanted to go there after The Sloux were fighting to keep the

(Continued Next Bunday.)



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