

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

SCHOOL closed Friday and the Busy Bees have ten long weeks of freedom from school duties stretching before them.

What will you do with this time, Busy Bees? Will you idle it away, or will you arrange to spend it in a useful fashion, plentifully distributed with good, wholesome fun?

So much more can always be accomplished if one would spend a little time at first in planning just what you wish to do.

Devotion to the summer sports—swimming, boating, tennis and base ball, of course, come uppermost in your mind, and perhaps some of you will tend to your gardens. Anything that will keep you out in the sunshine and open air is heartily to be recommended after the months of devotion to school books.

Remember the prize contest, Busy Bees. There are still stories on which to send in entries on "My Experiences in Gardening." Luella Gibson of the Blue side won the prize book this week. Grace Dickey of the Blue side and Emma Gillespie of the Red side won honorable mention.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story)

Bob and Rob.

By Luella Gibson, Aged 12 Years, Dodge, Neb. Blue Side.

As I have not written to this page for some time, I hope to see my letter in print.

There are some birds that built their nest in one of our apple trees. One day I watched them. The mother bird was trying to get her robins to play, but they would not even try to. There are two birds. I called one "Bob" and the other "Rob." I call one "Rob" because he always tries to take "Bob's" feed away from him. One day when Mrs. Robin started out to find some worms for her little birds she bade them stay in the nest. While she was gone they were trying to see who could take up the most room in the nest. Rob pushed and pushed, but he could not push Bob out of the nest. Just as he began to peck "Bob" his mother came up. She told "Rob" to look her in the eyes and tell her what he had been doing. He would not do that, so she began by questioning him. First she asked, "Were you pecking 'Bob'?" He answered, "Ye-ye-yes."

"Why did you do it?" was the next question. "Rob" did not answer, so she repeated her question. "Why did you do it?"

"I—I—I wanted all the worms," he answered. "I did not want Bob to get any of the worms, so I was going to push him out of the nest."

Mrs. Robin would not let "Rob" have any worms. This taught him a lesson and he grew up to be an unselfish bird.

(Honorable Mention)

Wants Busy Bees to Write.

By Grace Dickey, Aged 10 Years, Snyder, Neb. Blue Side.

"Oh, dear, I am so tired," said Mrs. Robin.

"So am I," said Mr. Robin. "That surely was a long way to fly. Now I wonder where we will build our nest."

"I see a nice tree over there," said Mrs. Robin. "I think we will fly over there and see. We want it where we can get everything for our nest."

"Yes," said Mrs. Robin, "and we can reach the cherries so easily."

"I think this will make a fine home, don't you?" said Mrs. Robin. "Yes, I think this a good place, because the children are so kind to us. They always keep the dogs and cats away from this tree."

"Maybe they will make us a house, and when they feed the chickens I will fly down and get some crumbs," said Mr. Robin.

This is my first story to the Busy Bee page. I wish that some of the Busy Bees would write me a letter.

(Honorable Mention)

My Experience in Gardening.

By Emma Gillespie, Aged 10 Years, Greeley, Neb. Red Side.

One day the girls at our school decided to plant a garden. So we got our spades and rakes and everything necessary. Then we dug up the ground. We got it nearly all finished that day. Then we raked it good and the next day we brought our seeds. There were radishes, onions and lettuce. They all came up just fine, but the radishes froze.

We had our picnic Tuesday and that morning I went over to the schoolhouse and pulled them all up and mamma took them to the picnic. Mamma said that they were just fine.

Our School Picnic.

By Mamie Berck, Aged 11 Years, Osceola, Neb. Red Side.

This is the third time I have written to you. I will tell you about our picnic.

We started about 9:30. It was a rainy morning. The place where we were going was two and one-half miles from town.

My sister took two of our horses and went to the schoolhouse. The horses acted alright at first, but when we went down a hill they began to get scared of the children. One horse stumbled and the other horse got scared. She kicked up against the tongue and broke it. Then the tugs flew off. So the horses were entirely loose. My sister let go of the lines and let them run. They ran almost two miles when one of the school boys caught them.

Then a car came by and took us there, but just as we got out it started to rain. We went back to the schoolhouse. Then we had our lunch and went home.

I hope to see my letter in the paper.

Reward for Courtesy.

By Francis Tomjack, Aged 11 Years, Ewing, Neb., Route 2. Blue Side.

A prosperous-looking citizen on a downtown corner in Boston bought a newspaper from an alert little newsboy, who made change instantly without speaking a word. But the man lingered. At last he said, "How many newspapers do you sell here a night?" "About fifty," said the newsboy. "What is your name?" "Tim Manning." "Listen, Tim," said the

COLUMBIAN SCHOOL STUDENTS PRESENT CINDERELLA IN GERMAN—Students in the German classes make such a decided hit that they are to repeat the production tomorrow afternoon to satisfy the demand of those who did not see them the first time.



Upper Picture, Lower Row, Left to Right—Harriet Rosewater, Helen Turpin, Esther Titman, Evelyn Cole, Fortia Bigelow. Standing: Emily Mitchell, Margaret Peters, Katharine Davis, Helen Rogers, Louise Wiley, Ruth Wisock, Wynne Fairfield, Eleanor Scott.

Lower Picture, Left to Right—Seated: William Belndorf, Ethel Brinkman, Cornelia Baum, Helen Paulsen. Standing: Virginia Foster, Tony Leermakers, Ethel Gladstone, Francis Martin, Sam Carlisle, Richard Young.

man. "When I was your age I had this very corner for a stand, but I sold 200 papers a night and I did it by carefully saying 'Thank you' to everyone who bought a paper. I said it loudly so they would be sure to hear it."

Three evenings later the man came by again and bought a paper of the little chap on the corner.

"Thank you," said Tim, not recognizing him.

"How's business?" said the man. Then Tim knew him. "I'm selling over seventy-five papers every night, sir," he said. I ain't going to forget to say 'Thank you' any more either.

About Cyclones.

By Cecilia Thielholdt, Aged 11 Years, Gretna, Neb., Route 2. Red Side.

As I am a reader of the children's Busy Bee page I thought I would write a real story, which I hope to see in print. We used to live at Kearney, Neb., a year ago in January.

So one day in March, the 23d, I think it was, a big black cloud came up. It got to looking awfully bad. We saw all the people go to the caves and cellars, and so papa said that he thought that we were going to have a cyclone. He watched the cloud for a little while, and all at once a black cloud shot out of the clouds, just as if a stove pipe would shoot out. It looked awfully funny, and when it came to the ground it started a small cyclone.

It took roofs of barns and blew hog houses over, chickens, chicken houses, granaries and wind mills. On our place it blew our granary over and chick-



en house, and we had a big barn. It almost blew the roof off of the barn. That big black cloud had a point like a stick. Well, this is the story of the cyclone, and would like to see the prize.

My Experience in Gardening.

By Katherine Jensen, Aged 12 Years, Valley, Neb., R. F. D. 1. Blue Side.

Have any of you Busy Bees a garden of your own? Well, I have. I am going to tell you about it. I planted my garden about a week

ahead of my mother's. So it came up first. My garden is six feet by two and a half feet. I planted radishes, lettuce, parsnips and onions at first. They came up fast and I soon had to weed them. One rainy day I went to the cupboard and found some seeds. I asked mother if she wanted them. She said "No." I then went to my garden and planted them. I planted radishes, lettuce, cucumbers and onions. I planted some peas not so very long ago. My garden is all up and it doing fine. I have lots to weed,

but I guess I can do it. I picked some lettuce and radishes for dinner yesterday. I wish all the Busy Bees would raise a garden of their own, or else have a part with your mother's garden. I will soon write and tell you of my flower garden. I received my prize book a long time ago and have read it through. It was very interesting and much nicer than I expected it to be for such a story.

Wants to Get Acquainted.

By Mary Dawson, Aged 9 Years, Fairbury, Neb. Red Side.

This is the first time that I have written to you, and I will have to get acquainted with you before I can write about anything.

My name is Mary Dawson. I am 9 years old and in the fifth A at school. The name of my school is Longfellow school, and it is in the west ward of this town, so it is really called the West Ward.

I would like to join the Red side. If my story is in print I will write again telling about my trip to Colorado.

My Garden.

By Ione Jewell, Aged 10 Years, Crescent, Ia., Route 1. Blue Side.

One day papa was planting the garden and I asked if I could have some seeds. He said yes. I planted some lettuce and radishes. I hoed my garden last week. I have radishes big enough to use. My lettuce is almost big enough to use. I have a baby brother who will be 5 months old the 10th of June. His name is Frederick Eugene Jewell.

The Nuthatch.

By Katherine Underwood, Aged 9 Years, Dumfries, Ia. Blue Side.

The bird might easily be mistaken for a woodpecker, but it climbs downward as well as upward.

The name was suggested by hiding nuts under the bark of trees. It has a white breast, a gray back, a very long bill and a black head. It creeps all over in daylight and in search of insects and spiders. It breaks nuts with its bill.

Blue Birds' Club.

By Eunice Stanley, Fullerton, Neb., Aged 12 Years. Blue Side.

We went to the leap year party and had a good time. We played tea party and then we went home and most of us had a good time. Hope the Mr. Waste Basket is not there.

A Robin's Nest.

By Elsie Strotzman, Aged 10 Years, Belvidere, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time a robin built a

nest in an evergreen tree and there were four little eggs in it.

One day when I went to look and see if the robin was on the nest one of the little eggs was broken. I was very sorry that one of the little eggs was broken. When the eggs were hatched and the birds were gone I took the nest and put it in a tree, and one day a bird took some green grass and made it a little better. Soon a hard wind came one day and tore it down. It made me very sorry again.

Busy Bee Breaks Arm.

By Leona Walter, Aged 11 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

Last Thursday one of my girl

friends was over, as some of the cherries were ripe. We climbed up the tree for some. First I went way up in the top of the tree, but could find none there that were ripe enough.

On getting down I noticed on the limb that my friend was sitting on there were three red cherries. I pulled them off and sat on the limb to get off, when the limb broke. I came down on my left arm and broke it. I was taken to the doctor, where my arm was put in a sling. I had to lay down for a day because it made me sick to walk or stand up. It will be a long time before my arm gets well.

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Monday and Tuesday
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Soprano

Albert Linquist
Tenor

Miss Corinne Paulson
Piano

Carl Norrbom
Baritone

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Festival Orchestra of Fifty

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torium.

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Stories of Nebraska History : : By A. E. Sheldon

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

NEBRASKA AS A TERRITORY

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

Slavery and the Political Parties—Most of the people in Nebraska were opposed to slavery. As the democratic party was divided on the question there was a call to organize the republican party and on January 18, 1858, the first meeting for that purpose was held in Omaha. Only a few were present. They were called "black republicans" and not looked upon as quite respectable. In some counties they combined with democrats and called their ticket "people's ticket" to avoid using the unpopular name "republican."

Prohibition Repealed—The fifth session of the legislature was called by Governor Richardson to meet on September 21, 1858. Its most noted act was to repeal the prohibition law and in its stead provide a license for the sale of liquor. Republicans were the leaders in making this change.

The First Surplus Crop and First Territorial Fair—The year 1859 was an eventful year in Nebraska history, for in that year the first corn was shipped to market. Through all the season steamboats were carrying the golden grain from the towns along the Missouri river, where it had been hauled in wagons by the settlers. From that year there was no longer doubt that Nebraska was a farming country. In September of that year the settlers' victory over the great American desert was celebrated at Nebraska City by the first territorial fair. Robert W. Furnas was president. J. Sterling Morton, the orator of the occasion, made an historic speech of recounting the hardships which the settlers had endured and

foretelling Nebraska's great future.

Gold in Nebraska—Gold was found in Nebraska in 1859 at the foot of the Rocky mountains in the sands of the streams at the headwaters of the South Platte. Soon after there was of thousands across the plains eager to dig for this gold in Nebraska sands. The new gold mines were in sight of Pike's Peak and the gold seekers painted "Pike's Peak or bust" on the canvas covers of their wagons.

The Steam Wagon Road—Nebraska City laid out a new short road to the gold mines, crossing the prairies along the Blue rivers. It was sometimes called "The Steam Wagon Road" because a steam wagon, which soon broke down, was made to travel it.

This new road was very popular and helped to develop Nebraska City and the South Platte very much. The new territory of Colorado was organized in 1861, taking away from Nebraska its gold mines at the foot of the mountains, but never, either then or since, has so much wealth been dug from the Rocky mountains as has been produced from the prairies of our state.

Governor Black—The fourth governor of the territory, Samuel W. Black, democrat, of Pennsylvania arrived at Omaha May 2, 1859. The feud between the North and South Platte regions had now become so bitter the South Platte people resolved that they would no longer live in Nebraska.

The South Platte Tries to Secede—They determined to secede and join Kansas, taking the entire South Platte country with them. To this end they sent delegates to Kansas and to Washington asking congress to separate the South Platte region from Nebraska and to join it to Kansas. This attempt failed, but the quarrel between the North and South Platte regions went on.

The Pawnee War of 1859—What is known as the Pawnee war occurred in 1859. For a great many years a large Pawnee village was upon the bluff above the Platte where General Thayer held the first Indian council in 1855. White settlers were coming in and the Indians had agreed to give up their land there and move to the valley of the Loup. In July they gathered their ponies, packed their goods upon them and started up the valley of the Elkhorn, under their great chief, Petalesharu. But they had a "bad heart," as Indians say when they are angry. On their way they robbed the settlers and shot and wounded a man near West Point.

When the news reached Omaha Secretary Morton ordered General John M. Thayer to get together as many soldiers as possible, follow the Pawnees and punish them. About 200 men with guns and horses and one cannon joined General Thayer. They came from Omaha, Fontanelle, Fremont and Columbus. Governor Black overtook and joined the command. For four days they followed the wide trail of the Pawnees up the Elkhorn river at daybreak on the morning of July 12 they surprised the Pawnees in camp on a little creek ten miles west of where Norfolk now is. General Thayer, at the head of his 200 soldiers, charged upon the camp at once. The Pawnees, men, women and children, came rushing out of their tepees in great terror. Their chief seized an American flag and rushed toward General Thayer calling out, "Good Indian! No shoot!" General Thayer halted his soldiers and after a parley agreed that the Pawnees should surrender six men who had attacked the settlers, should pay for all damage they had done and should march overland with the soldiers to their future home upon the Loup.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)