

The Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

THE FOURTH OF JULY, Independence Day, falls on Tuesday of this week. The words "Safe and Sound" have come to be almost synonymous with the Fourth of July in the past few years and happy indeed it is for the Busy Bees that this movement was launched.

Time was when the annual recurrence of this patriotic holiday was the signal for an awful list of death and accident notices. Eyes shot out, hands and faces burned and large property losses were the result of unwise and careless handling of firecrackers and freemans.

In the last few years however it has been demonstrated that little boys and girls can be just as patriotic and show their loyalty to the flag in less dangerous and not quite so noisy a manner.

Today is the Sunday for announcing the prize winner in the special story contest "My Experiences in Gardening." Many stories and excellent ones at that, were sent to the Busy Bee Editor who finally chose the one of Mildred Byrne of the Blue side as the prizewinner.

Edna Elizabeth Green, a new Busy Bee who has joined the Red side is the prize winner for the week. Mary Fischer of the Red side also and Lula Badberg of the Blue side won honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

First Visit to Omaha.
By Edna Elizabeth Green, Aged 10 Years.

St. Edward Neb. Red Side.
I will tell you about my first trip to Omaha. My grandpa and I started from Genoa on the 11 o'clock train and got there at 4 o'clock a. m. We ate our dinner in Columbus.

We were met in Omaha at the depot by my Uncle Ben, who works in the government service. B. A. L., who first took us to Riverview park, where we saw all kinds of animals, the grizzly and cinnamon bears and two little cub bears, one of which was bitten by some wolves in a cage close by. When its leg began to pain, the mother bit its little leg off. It had quite a time trying to walk.

There are also some deer, buffalo, birds, Belgian hares, white badgers and a little rooster and some wild hogs. While there we went through fourteen parks, which were very beautiful.

When we arrived at Uncle Ben's we found supper ready. We were glad, as grandpa and I were both very tired.

The next day we spent most of our time sight-seeing. We went to Florence and saw the pumping station; then to Spring park and heard the band play; also went to see the peony farm, the most beautiful sight of all, twenty-five acres of them—white, red and pink. You can smell them a long time before you get to them.

On Monday Aunt Lillian and I went down town, where I got a new coat and hat, a present from my grandpa.

After dinner we went down to Armour's packing house. I did not like it there. It made me sick, as we were not used to the noise and the odor.

On Tuesday we crossed the Missouri river, went to Council Bluffs, in Iowa. There we saw many more sights.

We started for home at 4:30 on the motor and arrived at Genoa at 8 o'clock, so tired, but happy.
I am a new Busy Bee. This is my first story and I would like to join the Red Side.

(Special Prize Story.)

My Experience in Gardening.
By Mildred Byrne, Aged 14 Years, 2530 Chicago Street, Omaha Neb. Blue Side.

The garden really wasn't mine, but I had plenty of experience in gardening.

In the first place, it was located in a clearing in the woods. My sister, for it was her's, dug a space comprising about 100 square feet, planted the seeds, got it nicely started, and took her vacation.

We agreed that I could have half the proceeds if I would care for it while she was gone.

It was about three-fourths of a mile from the house, but, nevertheless, I was very zealous the first few days in weeding and watering it, but soon my interest began to wane and I neglected it.

Then a cow became deeply interested in the carrots and corn, and in order to get to the tantalizing viands deliberately trampled over the tomato plants and radishes that had been thriving up to that time.

Then a horse chose the pea and onion beds as a wallowing ground; the potatoes being the only vegetable

undisturbed. I was rather discouraged and went down only to pick the few remaining tomatoes, the peas that grew on the scraggly vines, and dig the potatoes.

I forgot to mention the lettuce, that had been eaten and relished, before I turned gardener.

Luckily my sister had sold quite a bit of stuff before I became caretaker, and had a profit of about \$7 besides what we had eaten.

I am a wiser gardener now, and hope to attempt it again without so many mishaps.

I received 75 cents and some experience.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Naughty Squirrel.
By Lula Badberg, Aged 13 Years, Cook, Neb. Blue Side.

One day at school as some of my friends and I were walking through the grove we saw a squirrel that had something in its mouth. We stopped and examined it and it was a bird's egg which the squirrel had robbed from a nest. So we looked around for the bird's nest, but could not find it. At last one little girl found it in a cherry tree up in the other corner of the school yard. The eggs looked just like the egg the squirrel had. So we thought we would fool the squirrel and the boys made a little box and cut a hole in it just big enough for the bird to get in and the squirrel could get in.

We put the bird's nest inside of the box, then we went away. Afterwards we went out to see if the bird was on its nest. It was sitting on the nest and nodded its head as if to say, "Thank you." Soon after we looked out and we saw the squirrel hopping around the box trying to get in, but it couldn't.

A few weeks later the little eggs hatched and there were two little birds. The mother had to work very hard to get enough food for them, so every day we would take crumbs from our dinner pails and put them in the box for the small birds to eat.

Not long after that we saw them eating worms and catching insects that would destroy our crops. The mother soon flew away because it soon would be cold. But I think they earned their little box, don't you? I wonder how many Busy Bees did this to protect them?

(Honorable Mention.)

The Robin's Nest.
By Mary Fischer, Aged 11 Years, 3606 Lafayette Avenue, Red Side.

One cold rainy day in March when we were eating breakfast papa happened to look out the window. There he saw two robins building a nest on top of a birdhouse on our playhouse roof. Papa said that he knew the nest would not stand there because the wind would blow it off. So when we were through eating he went out and built some boards around the nest so that it could not be blown away. We thought the robins would be frightened away because we meddled with their nest, but they soon came back and finished building it.

A few days later papa went out and looked in the nest and there were four little eggs. We all went out to see them, but we had to hurry away, because the mother robin wanted to come to her nest.

After a short while we discovered there were four little baby robins.

BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEE WHO LIVES IN YORK



JAMMIE ALLEN

They looked very funny without any feathers.

Every night for quite a while a cat came and tried to get a baby robin. And three of these nights he did get one, so that there was only one left. After three of these robins were gone we put a pan with a little hole in it over the nest so that the cat could not get the one robin. After a short time the one robin flew out of the nest with its mother and went to the new home which they had built. The one robin grew big and fat and healthy.

The Trip of a Nickel.

By Leona Penke, Aged 13 Years, Bennington, Neb. Blue Side.

Most of the people call me a nickel, but I am just a piece of silver copper. I was made in California. A couple of weeks after I was put in a bank in Oakland, Cal. I laid there for a few weeks, when an old gray-haired man came and put me in his pocket.

Later on I was given to a grocery man and saw a nickel just like me and the other nickel said, "Hello, hello, where did you come from." Just then someone took me and I saw that a little cute girl had me in her hand playing with me and then she got home and put me in a bank.

One day I said to myself, "My, how I do shine." "Shine" said a man. I glanced at myself and saw that I was dirty and rusty. I wish people would wash their hands before they pick me up.

But later on I fell off the desk, tumbled and bounced around until a little girl picked me up and told her sister, "Let's plant this nickel." So they dug a hole. There I lay, all rusty and tarnished. They put me in a hole to see if I would grow, so they would have lots of nickels.

I wish to see my story in print and wish to win a prize.

Story of Rabbits.

By Zee Hortstock, Age 10 Years, Jamison, Neb. Blue Side.

I have been reading the stories in the paper and I like them very much. I thought I would put some stories in. This is one of them: Once upon a time my brother and I had three

aggressive way of doing things. In 1871, the charge of using state money for his own purposes was brought against him. He was tried before the state senate, impeached and removed from office and in his place the secretary of state, William H. James, became the governor. Governor Butler turned over land to the state which more than paid what he owed it. His trial caused great bitterness at the time and for many years he still retained the confidence of his friends and years after was elected to the legislature by the people of Pawnee county, his home.

Railroad Building and Railroad Aid

—There were no railroads in the South Platte region when the capital was moved there, and only the Union Pacific was building north of the Platte. In order to encourage railroad companies to build, congress granted half the land on either side of the track for a number of miles to the company building through it. The other half was left for the settlers, but the homesteads inside of this land grant were cut down from 160 to 80 acres. In addition the Nebraska legislature in 1869 gave 2,000 acres of state lands for each mile of railroad. Many towns and counties also voted to give money to roads which would build to them. There was quick response to these liberal offers. The Burlington crossed the Missouri river at Plattsmouth in July, 1869. It was the first railroad to reach Lincoln a year later, and in 1872 it built its line to a junction with the Union Pacific at Kearney. The Midland Pacific was built in 1871 from Nebraska City to Lincoln and later built west through Seward, York and Aurora to Central City. It now belongs to the Burlington. The St. Joseph & Denver road entered Nebraska in 1870 and reached Hastings in 1872. All these lines were in the South Platte region. In the North Platte the Omaha & Northwestern road was built to Blair, the Sioux City & Pacific road was built from Missouri Valley to Fremont and branches of the Union Pacific were begun.

(Continued Next Sunday)

little rabbits. We had them in a box out on the lawn, but they couldn't run around in there, so we put them in a granary. The rats were awful thick in there and they killed one of the rabbits. The next morning we got up and went out to the granary. The other two were gone, but we caught them again. Their names were Jimmie and Pete. The one that died was Bennie. So when they were all alive there was Pete, Jimmie and Bennie. Well, I will close, as my letter is getting long. I will be on the Blue Side, as blue is favorite color.

My Experiences in Gardening.

By Helen G. McCormick, Aged 13 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.

My first experience in gardening was last summer. I had a garden about five feet by four feet. I had lettuce, beans, peas, cabbage and tansy sunflower. I found gardening a pleasure and thought I would try it on a larger scale this year. So quite early in the spring I planned to have a large garden. My garden is six by twenty. I had papa plow it and harrow it for me. Then I took the garden rake and raked it twice, so that made it in good condition for the seeds. The ground was warm, so I planted my garden. I planted my garden in short rows, so I had four rows of lettuce, radishes, beans, peas and tansy sunflowers. Also sixteen hills of tomatoes, four hills of cabbage, seven stalks of corn, which are 1 1/2 feet high. My lettuce is large enough to eat, and my radishes are also. My beans are in blossom, and my peas are large enough to eat. My sunflowers are over one-foot high, and my tomatoes and cabbage are growing excellent. So I am quite proud of my garden.

Faithful Jennie.

By Kate Schultz, Aged 10 Years, 4344 Leavenworth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

This is the second time I have written to you. This story is about "Old Jennie." Jennie was a good old horse. It was owned by my grandpa. Grandpa used to go out to the country and stay a week at a time to work. One evening it was very dark. He came home very late that night. It was so dark he could not see the horse's head. After riding awhile he said to the horse: "Take me home, Jennie, I am lost." He threw up the reins and the horse began to trot. He went over one bridge when he went out and the horse brought him over two. The horse brought him home safely though. He brought him right in the yard and stopped. Grandpa did not know where he was at first, but soon found out. I expect to see my letter in print and hope to win a prize. If I don't I'll try, try again. I will write some other time about "Capturing a Ghost." "Faithful Jennie" is a true story.

By Nettie Easter, Aged 12 Years, Shelton, Neb. Red Side.

As it was spring Walter Bolten did not want to do anything but play ball. One Saturday morning his grand-mother told him to empty the ashes. So he took the ashes out to the barrel beside the wood house. Just then he happened to look up and saw a lot of boys playing ball down the road. So he ran down the road where they were. But in the barrel at home there were some live coal and they caught afire and set the wood house afire, and grandma saw it just in time to put it out. When she got in the house her cookies had burnt up. And when Walter got home she said, "Walter, this is the first time in my life that my cookies were spoiled." "Yes, but they shall never burn up again." And they didn't.

Builds Bird Houses.

By Vivian Stanley, Aged 12 Years, Cozad, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I hope you are all kind to the birds and other pets. Three days ago I made a house for the birds. It is about 12x6 inches. The birds have not built in it yet. I nailed it on a post by the tank. I have two pet chickens. One's name is Brownie, because it is brown, and other one is Jealous, because when I go to feed Brownie out of my hand he comes and takes it away from Brownie. The dear little birds are so gay, because all the day they sing and play. Of all my pets I love the birds and chickens best.

My Garden.

By Marie Mahendorf, Aged 11, Anoka, Neb. Red Side.

I have many kinds of flowers in my garden. I have lilies planted all around it. Then there are some sweet peas planted in a little patch with my initial in it. I have a big patch of asters and four o'clocks. Just on the side of them I have a long row of fine Mary's. On the side of the house we have some morning glories. They climb up the window and look very pretty when in bloom. We have some house plants, as the carnation and four o'clocks.

Kindness to Birds and Animals.

By Helen Noonan, Aged 9 Years, Wisner, Neb. Red Side.

We should be kind to the birds and animals. We should make bird houses for the birds and throw them out some food and put out a pan of water. God made the animals and birds as He made us and He wanted them to be treated kindly, just as we are. I was promoted to the Fifth grade. I am 9 years old and I will be 10 in August. I will join the Red side. This is my first story.

Receives Prize Book.

By Florence Browitt, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

I received the prize book you sent me today and want to thank you very much for it. This prize is for the first story I have ever written to any paper. I intend to write many stories for the Red side during my vacation and hope I win some more prizes.

A New Busy Bee.

By Albie Hajek, Aged 12, Clarkson, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I am writing to you. I have read all the stories in the papers so far. I enjoyed them all very much. I would like to join the Blue Side. If my letter is in print I will write a longer story next week.

Our Pet Dog.

By June Cook, Aged 9 Years, Paris, Mont. Red Side.

One evening I went to one of our neighbors. She showed me a little puppy that was about six inches tall and was almost as broad as it was long. Some cruel person had put it out by their gate and it had found its way to the house. The lady told me I might have him if I wanted him, so I took him home, and we named him Mutt.

Mutt was so smart that in a day or two he would run out and bark at the pigs. He grew to be a great big dog. His fur is black. He has white feet, a white nose and a white spot on the back of his neck.

Two years later we left Nebraska and moved on a homestead in Dawson county, Montana. Mutt was such a pet that we could not part with him, so we brought him along.

Last summer he found two rattlesnakes near the house. He barked and barked till someone came and killed them.

My three brothers and I love him very much. He never leaves us when we are at play. We expect to keep him all his life. This is a true story.

Our Trip to Colorado.

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

Two years ago mamma, papa, sister and I went to Colorado. We had lot of fun on the train. We looked at the scenery and read books. We slept on the train one night. We went up to Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods. Going up to Pike's Peak, we got off of the train and picked some flowers. At one place there was a rock called the Lizard rock. It was shaped like a lizard.

Sees Many Birds.

By Opal Boyce, Aged 11 Years, Ord, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to write again to the Busy Bees, because my letter was in print. I was very glad to see it. I am going to tell you about birds. There were a lot of sparrows that built their nests in the eaves of our house and the birds have hatched and are learning to fly. When I fed the chickens this morning they ate with them. I have seen the robin, black-bird, sparrow, brown thrush, woodpecker, wren, owl, canary, turtle dove, mocking bird, parrot, hawk, eagle, bluejay and snipe. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out picking flowers. I am glad Ruth Ribble is the queen of the Busy Bees.

Summer Music.

By Grace L. Moore, Aged 13 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.

A meadow lark's melody the summer day's filling with echoing notes for you and for me. A mourning dove's call from a green ivy thicket, the whippoorwill's cry from the woodland, the fragrance of roses that bloom by the wicket, the lowing of cattle far down in the meadow, the meadowbrook's song in the meadow, the notes of a skylark, the trill of a nightingale, the "katy-did's" song, and the humming of bees. The rhythm of music that lives through the summer. Oh, nature's glad music makes harmony chancing; summer's unwritten music so lasting and sweet.

Fire in Ash-Barrel.

By Jimmie Allen, Aged 11 Years, York, Neb. Red Side.

I am going to write a letter to the Busy Bees. I am on the Red side. I wrote a story once before and received a prize. I am going to try again. My story is "How I Earn Money." I sell the Saturday Evening Post and Country Gentleman and the Ladies' Home Journal. I get 2 cents from each copy of the Post and Country Gentleman and 4 cents for the Ladies' Home Journal and since the first of last July I have put in the savings bank \$12.27. I put all my money in the bank and when I want any to spend I get it from my daddy. I sell from eighteen to twenty-five papers each week. I hope that Mr. Waste Basket is not there or will not catch this letter.

A Letter of Thanks.

By Nellie Harsh, Aged 11 Years, Lowell, Neb. Blue Side.

I am writing to you to thank you for the books you sent me. I have just finished reading one and think it just fine. Pearl Rose, one of the prize winners, received "Mary Roe" as a prize. She let me read it and I liked it just fine. I have read quite a few books. My favorites are "Pollyanna," "Pollyanna Grows Up," "Freckles," and "The Girl of the Limberlost." When we have received two prizes does that make us an honor member? Can we write about flower gardens in the garden contest? I thank you very much for my book.

Squirrel is Tamed.

By Eugenia Skeeth, Clarks, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was a little squirrel that lived in a big oak tree. I was standing under the tree when it began to chatter. The next day I put some nuts under the tree. At first it was too frightened to come down and get the nuts. At last it was so tame that it would run up my arm and down my back. Sometimes he would follow me into the house. We named him Billy. As I was going downtown one night he followed me till I got to Stanley's store. I told him to go home.

New Busy Bee.

By Frederic W. Hufnuth, Aged 8 Years, Hartington, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Editor of Busy Bees: I have read your children's page for some time and enjoy it very much. I should like to join the Blue side.

The Purple Martin.

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

It looks very much like the swallow, but builds its nests in trees. It is not wild and has learned that man is a friend. It keeps sparrows from the farm and other birds. You can

Osborne Company Has Many Sales to Report

The Osborne Realty Company has had an exceptionally good line of business this spring and feels much elated. Among the sales they report for the last six weeks are the following: Six-room house at 1506 South 25th Ave., to Henry Fertig; 6-room house at 2213 Leavenworth, to Frederick Straman; 6-room house at 4311 Leavenworth, to Homer Kinkead; 5-room bungalow at 3514 North 25th St., to Mary Cooper; 4-room semi-bungalow at 4207 Ohio St., to Edward Kelly; 6-room house at 1507 Leavenworth, to H. T. Catlin; 3-room house at 2328 Manderson, to Joseph Morland; 5-room house at 4224 Patrick Avenue, to Edward Butler; 6-room bungalow at 4740 North 40th Avenue, to Nola Nordquist; 2-room bungalow at 4921 Leavenworth, to James P. Hoobler; 6-room house at 5329 North 24th St., to Jean Shafer; 4-room house at 4214 North 24th St., to Walter Shelton; 6-room house at 2508 Deatur St., to H. Green; 7-room house at 422 North 34th St., to Mary Ryan; 7-room house at 4259 Leavenworth, to George Shibly; 5-room house at 2308 Grand Avenue, to Dan Crawford; 6-room house at 827 South 29th St., to Maggie Thorpe; 7-room house at 2429 South 29th St., to Mary Cooper; 8-room bungalow at 4311 Leavenworth, to Frank Stealing; 5-room house at 4313 Crown Point Avenue, to Rufus MacArthur.

Pies Are Bought by The Real Estate Men

"Pie—\$20!" Some such an item as that will be entered upon the ledger of the Omaha Real Estate exchange.

No, the exchange members did not have a pie picnic or anything like that, but they contributed \$20 toward paying for the pie and other luxuries the Omaha crowd took to the troops of the Omaha battalion at Lincoln a week ago.

The thought of going to Lincoln to visit the boys in camp came suddenly to a lot of Omaha people. So there was no time to collect money and buy the pie and other luxuries for the boys. So when the crowd got to Lincoln, Walter Jardine, stood good for the cost of the luxuries that were given to the boys, and now the Commercial club is sending out letters to the various organizations asking them to help defray this expense for Jardine.

Several Big Realty Sales During Last Week

A \$90,000 sale of the Knickerbocker apartments in Omaha and a \$55,000 sale of a tract of 140 acres of land southwest of the Field club, were the biggest real estate transactions recorded in Omaha during the last week. Another \$26,000 tract sold on the South Side was the next largest. The week has been productive of a fair amount of sales, however, of the moderate sized residences and lots, and when one considers the time of year and that the summer lull is upon the real estate business, the last week has yielded good returns.

The city building department reports that building operations for the first six months of this year were \$3,312,847, as against \$2,458,430 for the first half of last year. This increase for the six months period of nearly \$1,000,000 is evidence of unusual building activity here this year. Since January 733 permits were issued, the bulk being for homes. The operations during June were \$604,900; June last year, \$594,590.

New Union Pacific Head Gets on Job Bright and Early

Edgar E. Calvin, new president of the Union Pacific, succeeding A. L. Mohler, is on the job. His appointment to the position became effective yesterday and he was at his desk at headquarters building bright and early. Mr. Calvin fits into the office as perfectly as if he had been born and raised there. Having been connected with the Harriman lines for years, he is familiar with the methods employed in the business of the roads, so that the details of the new position are "hot all new to him."

Omaha National is Fifty Years Old

Friday was the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Omaha National bank.

No special celebration was staged to commemorate the event. President J. H. Millard received a letter from President Martindale of the Chemical National Bank of New York, with which the Omaha bank has maintained relations since it was founded, congratulating him and his associates upon the high character of the institution they have conducted.

A member of the Millard family has been president of the bank throughout its existence. Ezra Millard was the first president and his brother, J. H. Millard, was cashier. Later J. H. Millard succeeded his brother as president.

Building in Omaha Shows Gain in June

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

(By special permission of the author, A. E. Sheldon, The Bee will print stories from the History of Nebraska from week to week.)

NEBRASKA AS A STATE

Lincoln the New State Capital.
The new state Nebraska had a new capital. During the long fight between the North and South Platte sections, the South Platte being near to the settled sates and farther from the hostile Indians, had outgrown the North Platte. Thus it had more votes in the legislature of 1866, which passed an act to remove the capital from Omaha.

The new capital was named for President Abraham Lincoln and the name was given by its enemies. Otoe county had led the fight for removal of the capital from Omaha. Its members of the legislature had been opposed to President Lincoln. The North Platte members, who wished to keep the capital at Omaha, moved to make the name Lincoln, thinking that the Otoe county legislators would refuse to vote for a capital so named. But the ruse failed; their votes were cast for the bill and Lincoln became the name of our capital, instead of Douglas, as was suggested in the removal bill of 1857.

Three men, Governor David Butler, Secretary Thomas P. Kennard and Auditor John J. Gillispie, were appointed to locate the new capital, which was to be at some point within the counties of Saunders, Butler, Seward and Lancaster. On July 29,