

# Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

## In the Bee Hive

### Stories by Our Little Folks

**Uses of Electricity.**  
By Ralph Harwood, Aged 14 Years, East Omaha, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: The question has been asked many times, "What can electrical energy do?"

If one were to write about what electricity is used for and what it could do, he would have a very large volume.

**My Horseback Ride.**  
By Herbert Nebeker, Aged 11 Years, Craig, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your page. I go to school every day. I am in the Fourth grade.

One day about two years ago one of my schoolmates and I were sitting on the ground out of doors. He said, "If you let me ride your bicycle, I will let you ride my horse to water."

**A Trip to Fremont.**  
By Ella Longwell, Aged 11 Years, Craig, Neb., R. 2, D. 4, Box 47.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the page. I will tell you about our trip to Fremont.

We started about 8 o'clock in the morning. It took us about two hours. We took our dinner with us. When we got there we sat in the car about dinner time. We saw a runaway.

**The Apples.**  
By Hazel Reilly, Aged 12 Years, St. Paul, Minn.

Jimmy was spending the day with grandma. He always liked to stay with her, because she always had good things to eat, and this time she had apples, the best Jimmie had ever seen.

He was sitting on the doorsteps thinking what to do next, when he suddenly thought of the apples. How he would like to have some just then! So he tiptoed into the cellar.

**A Sad Fate.**  
By Dora Tomlinson, Aged 12 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia., Route 3.

Once upon a time there lived in some dark and dreary woods a poor woodcutter and his family. They were very poor and hardly had enough to eat.

In the family were two girls, and the woodcutter and his wife were very sick to the Busy Bees page. I will close now as my letter is getting long.

**First Letter.**  
By Catherine Johnson, Aged 9 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia., Route 3.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees page. I enjoy reading the letters very much.

I live on a farm right outside of town. I have two sisters. Their names are Margaret and Genie. My sister Margaret has written me a letter to the Busy Bees page. I will close now as my letter is getting long.

**A Lazy Girl.**  
By Henrietta Tarks, McMillan, Ia.

Once upon a time there lived a girl with her mother and sister. This girl was bad and wicked. She never would do any work.

One day she said she was going out to seek her fortune, so she set out and finally she came to a witch-house. A witch came out and said, "At last you are here, so now I will make use of you."

**A Visit to My Aunt.**  
By Ethel Longwell, Aged 9 Years, Craig, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your Busy Bees page. Two years ago mamma, Hazel and I went to see my Aunt Grace in Decatur. We went up on Wednesday and stayed till Sunday. It was muddy, and when we were nearly there we came to a large bump. Hazel's and my feet went to the top of the car. It hurt my foot, because on Monday before I

**Hunting Eggs.**  
By Marjorie Clark, Craig, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to tell you about one of our cows. When my sister and I were hunting eggs in the hay mow we came down and left the door open and one of our cows, whose name was "Spot," started to go up the hay mow. My brother told us we didn't notice her at first. Marjorie was afraid to go up, so Leland and I did. We got some sticks and went

## DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

(Peggy and Billy travel to Santa Claus land in feather airboats to help the King of the Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue Goose find their lost little ones. The Blue Geese faint when she finds they have come to the rescue.)

### CHAPTER III. Lights in the North.

The Beautiful Blue Goose fluttered to the earth as though she had been shot. The King of the Wild Geese darted after her and seized her by one foot, but she was so heavy he couldn't keep her from going down, down, down. Swiftly she was sure to be hurt when she landed.

Peggy and Billy, sailing along in their feather airboats, felt powerless to aid. The airboats were borne by the wind and there seemed no way to steer them.

But Billy noticed that as he leaned over the edge of the feather it tipped, and the airboat turned a bit that way. He crept further toward the edge and the feather tipped more at the same time it began to circle around like a boat with its rudder turned. This gave Billy an idea of how to manage the airboat.

He crept forward and tipped the feather downward. That sent it toward the ground. Then by moving from one side to the other he found that he could steer it wherever he wanted to go. It took him but a moment after learning this to send the feather airboat swooping down beneath the Beautiful Blue Goose, who dropped right into the center.

The weight of the Blue Goose was more than the feather airboat could carry. It could no longer fly, but while it sank swiftly toward the earth it did so gently and smoothly, making a landing that was without a jar. Once there, Billy dashed snow in the face of the Blue Goose and this quickly brought her out of her faint.

"Electric lights," cried Peggy.

"This one, Billy looked around for Peggy. There she was, high in the sky, sailing toward the North Pole. She hadn't seen how Billy steered his feather and was being carried away by the wind.

"Chase her," cried Billy to the King of the Wild Geese. "Tell her to steer by tipping the feathers."

The King of the Wild Geese sped into the air and soon caught Peggy. She learned at once how to steer the feather and soon came safely sailing back.

Then the King and the Blue Goose told their sad story. Six fine goslings had been hatched to them early in the summer, and had grown rapidly until they were their parents' pride and joy.

"We wanted to go to see them," said the King to Peggy and Billy, "and so we set about preparing the feast we had promised you. We left the little ones at home one fine day, telling them not to wander. Alas, alas, when we came home our little ones were gone and we haven't been able to find a trace of them."

"We will help you search," cried Billy. "By this time the Blue Goose had recovered from her faint and was sitting up, for it was already growing dark, the sun having set."

But they looked and looked and saw only the deserted land, partly covered by snow. As they searched the darkness grew greater until, finally, they could not see their way.

"We will have to wait until morning," said Billy, and Peggy shivered as she thought of the long, cold night in which they would have to camp in the open.

But the words were scarcely out of Billy's mouth when a tall stream of light shot up in the northern sky. Then another stream and another until the heavens seemed ablaze.

"Electric lights," cried Peggy. "I didn't know they had them away up here."

"They are the lights shining out of the windows of Santa Claus' factory," honked the Blue Goose. "He and his helpers are working overtime getting ready for Christmas."

"Why, that's what folks call northern lights," exclaimed Billy. "I never knew what they were before. Now we can go on searching," cried Peggy. They searched and searched, and finally, far away, they saw a village.

"Look there," suggested Peggy.

"No, no!" honked the King. "Red trappers live there. We dare not go near them. We must fly away quickly."

"No," cried Billy. "If you have searched everywhere in vain and have not gone near the village, maybe that is where your little ones are hidden. I'm going to see."

up, another way and started to chase her back. She came on up in the hay mow, so we ran fast and Leland ran up and told papa and he came and got her out, and I guess Marjorie and I never left the hay mow door open again.

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**A Visit to the Country.**  
By Grace Dungan, Aged 10 Years, Glenwood, Ia.

Dear Busy Bees: I am 10 years old. I read your stories every Sunday and enjoy them very much. This is my first story to the Busy Bees and I hope some one will enjoy mine. I will tell you a true story of a little girl I know very well. Her parents lived in a big city but the little girl did not like electrical energy. We must as lived on a big farm and she loved

**Count.**

Thiguniba held a council. Had a council with their guardian. Met in council all these maidens. First they lighted the three candles. That of work, for joy of working. Then of health—our strength renewing. Last of love the brightest candle. Then our Guardian Wawadasha. Gave us each our heads of red hair. Gave us health craft beads of red hue. Gave us homcraft beads of flame hue. Gave us each what she had won here.

Then we talked about our head bands. Each had made one, told its story. Then we raised our voices singing Mammy Moon and all our camp songs. Called the roll of all the maidens. And each maiden answered Kollah. Thus our circle was completed. Then we stood and left our council. Left our council for the Crow Moon. Knew we each a little better. What each maiden here will strive for.

**Camp Fire Girls Get Letter From Their Little French Orphan.**

To My Generous Benefactress: I have received yesterday a letter from a Paris office informing me that you have the kindness to be a friend of mine to whom I shall be infinitely obliged.

I thank you very much. I shall never forget your remembrance. Your generosity to me will be an example for me that I shall try to imitate, and to show you my gratitude I promise you to work very hard in school in order that you may be proud of me.

Hoping to hear from you soon I send you across the ocean the expression of my infinite love. My mother wants me to send you her many thanks. MARIE GIOFFER, Aullene, Corse, France.

Now, girls, can we afford to disappoint this little French orphan, who counts so much on our support? I am sure you all agree that we must continue the good work, so please see that you do your part at once.

was carrying water and I ran a silver in it. Mamma tried to get it out, but she could not. When we got up to Aunt Grace's mamma tried again. My aunt didn't know who we were. Uncle Earl had been up town and his two children rode with us. My aunt saw her two children in the car. Friday was my birthday and Aunt Grace gave me a handkerchief. As my letter is getting long, I will close.

**A New Bee.**  
By Marie Doris, Aged 7 Years, Murray, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I am 7 years of age. I am in the second and third at school. I like to go to school. My school teacher's name is Miss Engelkenker. I have one sister. My great grandma lives with us. Well, my letter is getting long so I will close.

**She and He.**  
Her hair is smooth  
His hair is rough  
His voice is loud  
His voice is soft  
She holds her school books in her lap  
He swears his boys leather strap  
His coat is neat  
She says "I can't"  
He "I forgot."  
She's naughty sometimes; so is he—  
And both as sorry as can be.

## Cat Plays Mother to Homeless Chick



The cat which adopted a motherless chick. Bessie, our feline heroine, always disliked birds, but something about this particular chick made her play the parent and protect the weakling from the world and its pitfalls. Isn't this a study?

## Camp Fire Girls

### Camp Fire Girls Hold

Mrs. Glenn Smith has recently taken over the guardianship of the Abanakee Camp Fire group. This group is composed of 10 active members and two associate ones, who are now living in California. These girls, Maxine Wilson and Marie Thomsen were charter members. Alice Ayer, another member, has just returned from Colorado where she has lived for the last few months. She was honor guest at a meeting at the home of Mildred Ayer.

The Abanakee group recently devised a plan by which it was able to make a very substantial addition to their treasury. A box of Liberty's food was raffled off and \$18 cleared. The last meeting of the group took place Monday afternoon. It was a surprise party given in honor of Phyllis Weberg.

"I've learned to say some words in French," she declared. "I do declare, how the babies over there in France can learn to speak."

And Sammy took Miss Curiosity into the next room. What do you think Moonbeam saw there? A large room with earthen shelves around four walls. Here stacks and stacks of nuts, kernels of corn and quantities of grass seed were piled sky-high.

Moonbeam was flabbergasted. She gasped in surprise as she gazed around at the food jars filled up to their brims. She thought in all her life she had never seen so much food.

Sammy was tickled to death at Moonbeam's surprise. He sat chuckling to himself and flapping his bushy tail up and down, as he watched her eyes get rounder and rounder.

"Why Sammy Chimpunk," she exclaimed at last, "what in the world is all this food for?"

"For us to eat this Winter, and we have enough to give parties, too."

"Everybody on earth have pantries, Moonbeam. Ours is a little more filled than others perhaps, but that is because we cannot get food in the Winter months like the humans."

"Our food does not grow then, so we have to keep large store rooms and gather it when it grows."

"This is a very busy time for all Chimpunks, and each day we collect nuts, seeds, and all the things you see on live shelves."

"Our habit of storing food like this gave us our old-fashioned name Tamias, meaning A Steward.—The name the people who lived hundreds of years ago called us by— isn't it funny? I am glad the earth people on live shelves do not call us that—I like Chimpunk so much better. In fact we all do. And my first name, 'Sammy,' I adore."

"Now Moonbeam you can easily understand why we Chimpunks are always busy."

"I'll tell you my friend, it keeps us hopping to fill our store rooms with sufficient food for the long Winter months."

And as he spoke Sammy cast a proud pair of eyes at the "goodies" packed away on the shelf.

**Wahanka Luncheon.**

To win the Fire Makers' rank it is necessary to cook and serve a meal to your Camp Fire group. Reva had a birthday and one of the birthday presents was the privilege of having the entire charge of the luncheon for her group. They met at Omahaque and decided that Adnee and Ruth would work with her and try to get started on their rank as well.

A grave discussion was held as to whether one ought to start at 7 or 11 if one wanted to serve the luncheon at 12:30, where foodstuffs could be bought the best and all about the menu.

Ruth was the one to whom the setting of the table was her share. She made napkins with lovely cut-outs of the crossed logs and flames. Then for place cards she had small, brown cards and drew the Camp Fire symbol on them, but this time as the flame curled upward it turned and twisted till in its smoky trail you read your name.

For her centerpiece, she cut out the watchword, "Wholet," and placed it around the base of a vase.

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**

"Monkey Arithmetic." In the octal system, 1920 is expressed by 3000.

"Picture Sums." TAP plus BEE plus FIR minus BEEF leaves TAPR.

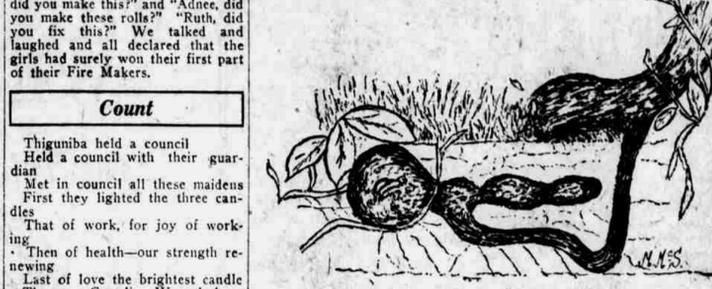
"Spelling a Puzzle." Words appeared in the following order: Sparing, Spring, Sprig, Prig, Pig, Pi and finally I.

"Dividing Forty-five." 5 multiplied by 2 equals 10. 20 divided by 2 equals 10. 10 minus 2 equals 8. 8 plus 2 equals 10.

"Young Wits Won." The boy's method was simply to stand the sign post upright and point the signboard of the town whence they came, in its proper direction, which, of course, at the same time brought the other two boards into proper positions.

"An Apple Trust." Tony contributed 45 apples, Pietro 30 apples and Giovanni 54, which was an equitable arrangement according to the quoted prices. Eighteen of Giovanni's apples were of the same value as 10 of Pietro's, or 15 of Tony's. The total of 129 apples, divided in those same proportions, produces the correct answer to the problem.

## Chipmunks Store Away Food For Winter Supplies and For House Parties



SAMMY CHIMPUNK'S HOUSE.

By MARGARET McSHANE. (Twenty-ninth Story of the Night.)

The way into Sammy Chimpunk's house was a puzzle.

After passing through the very small front door Moonbeam followed her host down a slanting path, which was about three feet deep.

The path joined a long hallway that looked exactly like a tunnel. It was very narrow and wound in and out through the ground for quite some distance, and then slanted upward at the end.

Here Moonbeam and Sammy came into the cosiest room you ever saw. It was Sammy's living room and just as pretty and snug as could be.—Lined throughout with velvety green moss and soft dead leaves. It was most inviting.

Little nooks made of piles of moss and leaves were placed here and there and Moonbeam settled quickly down into one, as Sammy looked about to see if everything was in good order.

"Sammy," said Moonbeam after a pause during which she gazed about her.

"Your home is perfectly lovely. It is so warm and cosy here that it just makes one feel like talking. Who would ever think that there were houses under the ground. Mother and Father Moon will be so surprised when I return home to learn that I have visited underneath Mother Earth as well as on top of her."

"Do you live here all the year around, Sammy?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Sammy, but we enjoy it most in the Winter months.

When it is very, very cold and the Wind howls through the trees, making a most awful racket, we are mighty snug and happy in here, and always warm no matter how cold it is up on earth. We have plenty of room, too."

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**Honor Mention Scouts Reported Excellent in School Work in April.**

Following are the "honor mention" scouts for the past month who have been reported excellent in their school work:

- Durant Rice, Troop 8—Park school.
- John Waterman, Troop 21—Park school.
- Harriet Drake, Troop 22—West Side school.
- Burton Oliver, Troop 31—Park school.
- Edward White, Troop 11—Park school.
- John McAnany, Troop 21—Park school.
- Reginald Ramsey, Troop 16—Park school.
- Harry Hansen, Troop 21—Park school.
- Donald Drakulich, Troop 22—West Side school.
- Donald Bystrom, Troop 24—West Side school.
- Donald Shoup, Troop 18—West Side school.
- Robert Deliger, Troop 12—Central school.
- Leon Frankel, Troop 12—Central school.
- Ervin Nelson, Troop 12—Central school.
- Webster, Troop 12—Central school.
- Barry Barton, Troop 10—Central school.
- Lytle Shelhamer, Troop 35—Central school.
- Albert Ernst, Troop 1—Saunders school.
- William Draper, Troop 33—Saunders school.
- Boy Arnold, Troop 18—Field school.
- Walter Senter, Troop 38—Field school.
- Eugene Tuma, Troop 18—Field school.
- William Huber, Troop 25—Field school.
- Ben Fowler, Troop 11—Field school.
- Sturgis Johnson, Troop 9—Field school.
- Kirkick, Troop 22—Highland school.
- John Haydukas, Troop 22—Highland school.
- Henry Jorgensen, Troop 8—Windsor school.
- Otto Saar, Troop 3—Windsor school.
- John Lanville, Troop 2—Windsor school.
- Edward Kennedy, Troop 31—Windsor school.
- Fred Jaspersen, Troop 2—Windsor school.
- Harold Dyhrberg, Troop 3—Columbia school.
- Jack Leermakers, Troop 3—Columbia school.
- William Campbell, Troop 21—Columbia school.
- William Reed, Troop 2—Columbian school.
- Harry Switzer, Troop 10—Columbian school.
- Leo Chalkin, Troop 31—Columbian school.
- Paul Ulrich, Troop 10—Columbian school.
- James McMullen, Troop 2—Columbian school.
- Verns Reynolds, Troop 28—Columbian school.
- Edward Thompson, Troop 16—Columbian school.
- Bernard Wilson, Troop 16—Columbian school.
- Henry Clarke, Troop 9—Columbian school.
- Jack Hicks, Troop 31—Columbian school.
- Harold Prazel, Troop 18—Columbian school.
- Dwight Martin, Troop 10—Columbian school.
- Harlow Gukert, Troop 31—Columbian school.
- Burton Robert, Troop 1—Walnut Hill school.
- Edward Carnal, Troop 9—Farnam school.
- William Handler, Troop 11—Farnam school.
- Arthur DeBord, Troop 11—Farnam school.
- William Prawl, Troop 11—Farnam school.
- Billy Thomas, Troop 9—Farnam school.
- Jack Goff, Troop 11—Farnam school.
- Herman Hruska, Troop 10—Farnam school.
- William Hixon, Troop 10—Henry Yates school.
- Andrew Harris, Troop 9—Henry Yates school.
- Paul Baker, Troop 10—Henry Yates school.
- Louis Janokski, Troop 1—Walnut Hill school.
- Frank Robert, Troop 1—Walnut Hill school.
- Richard Selander, Troop 1—Walnut Hill school.
- Harlow Robert, Troop 1—Walnut Hill school.
- George Volava, Troop 24—Edward Roosevelt school.

**Y. M. C. A. Will Stage First Hike Saturday.**

Have you signed up for the first all-day hike at the Y. M. C. A. yet? It will be held next Saturday starting from the "Y" at 9 o'clock.

R. F. Ellis, assistant boys' secretary, will be in charge. He will be assisted by a physical director from the gym. The lads will be furnished with hot coffee and cream at dinner time, but everyone must bring his own sugar and lunch.

All will return to the "Y" in time to get a good swim and the home for supper by 6 o'clock. About 90 boys are expected to register for the hike.

**6 Cadet Companies Banquet.** Central High cadet companies are beginning to give their annual banquets now. Companies C and E have already had their "blowouts." Other companies are expected to hold banquets soon.

**CONUNDRUMS.** When a carpenter is in the open air what must he be said to be in order to complete the house he is building? Doors, because he is out-of-doors. What shoe would make a good box? The sandal shoe. When a dog becomes musical what does he wear? A brass band around his neck.

Seven thousand, six hundred and ninety-six boys were served meals during the Bi-Y meetings at the Y. M. C. A. this season. This group amounts to a small army of lads. All suppers were followed by Bible study and talks by men who understand boys. Mrs. W. G. Baker has been in charge of the cooking staff during these meals.

**7,000 Attend Suppers Of Club at Y. W. C. A.**

**Pals' Week at Y.M.C.A. Proves Great Success.**

"Pals' Week" at the Y. M. C. A. last week was the greatest success of the year, according to R. F. Ellis, who had charge.

The "Y" was host to several hundred red-blooded American youngsters of the brand which has made this country the most democratic and most powerful in the world. The "Pals" were introduced to everything. The pool and gym were at their disposal. They played in the game room, listened to the phonograph, read the magazines, and talked to "Mick" about school.

"Pals' Week" made many friends last week, but it united the boys' hood of Omaha to declare that they have one real friend—the "Y."

**Snap Into It, Boys, If You Want to Get Into Camp Sheldon Soon.**

Sixteen-page booklets of views and material of Camp Sheldon have been mailed to 1,500 boys in Omaha. These booklets contain all desired information about Camp Sheldon.

Boys, do not mix Camp Sheldon and Camp Gifford! The former is a Y. M. C. A. camp held during three summer periods for "Y" boys. Camp Gifford is an all-year camp for Boy Scouts only. Material about the first can be gathered from E. E. Micklewright at the Y. M. C. A. Boy Scout headquarters in the person block will furnish information about Camp Gifford.

Letters have accompanied the booklets. Mr. Micklewright has received many names already. "Y" lads will have to speed if they want to get their name across the tape in time.

A trip has been planned to camp this week with the following celebrities: J. H. Beveridge, chairman of the boys' work committee of the "Y"; J. G. Masters, principal of Central High; E. F. McMillan, dean of boys at Central High; Paul H. McKee, state boys' work secretary; J. S. Hedlund; R. F. Ellis; E. E. Micklewright; and R. M. Marrs, principal of South High.

**Henry Yates Students Take Business Trips.**

The boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. is co-operating with the Eighth grade of Henry Yates school in planning educational trips for the boys and girls of the school. These trips are being held every Monday morning.

Trips have been taken through Iten Biscuit company and Nebraska Telephone company. E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary of the "Y," is in charge of the boys. Miss Emelia Pearson of Henry Yates school leads the girls.

**Dot Puzzle.**

37 28 27  
38 29 26  
39 40 25  
41 42 24  
43 44 23  
45 46 22  
47 48 21  
49 50 20  
51 52 19  
53 54 18  
55 56 17  
57 58 16  
59 60 15  
61 62 14  
63 64 13  
65 66 12  
67 68 11  
69 70 10  
71 72 9  
73 74 8  
75 76 7  
77 78 6  
79 80 5  
81 82 4  
83 84 3  
85 86 2  
87 88 1  
89 90 0

Can you finish this picture? Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.