

Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)
A Story of a Penny.
 I am a 1920 penny. Not very long ago I was a little piece of copper in Denver. There I was made into a penny. With a picture of Lincoln on me. Then I was sent to the Farmers State bank in Pitts-mouth. This was a new bank. And they gave every child a new penny. I was given to a little girl. She went to the candy kitchen and bought some candy with me. Then the man put me in a drawer with some other pennies. The next day a man came in and said he wanted a quarter's worth of candy. He gave the man 20 cents and he handed me to the other man with four other pennies and some other money. Then he put me in his pocket. When the man got home he gave me to his little boy and the other pennies to his other children. The little boy had me, took me out doors and threw me up in the air several times.

Spring Time.
 Dear Busy Bees: I am going to describe a picture. Its name is "Springtime." The trees are all a-blossom. For these are apple-trees. The grass is getting green, the plum bushes are all blossoming, the creek is full of water, clear as can be; the cows are beside it drinking. In the background is a house and more apple trees, an old wooden fence and a church. The hills can be seen in the distance, the sky is cloudy, boys are playing around the house. Do you not think this is a good name for the picture? Well that is all this time, so good bye.—Roy Chadwick, 12 Years, Lexington, Neb.

Animal Alphabet.
 A is for alligator, broad and wide,
 B is for beaver with valuable hide,
 C is for coyote prowling around,
 D is for deer that leaps with a bound.
 E is for elephant clumsy and slow,
 F is for the fox we all know,
 G is for giraffe tall and slim,
 H is for the horse that goes with a vim,
 I is for the ibex standing on a box,
 J is for jackel resembling a fox,
 K is for kangaroo sleek as a rat,
 L is for lynx, hair much like a cat,
 M is for monkey not pretty or fair,
 N is for napper resembling a hare,
 O is for otter that has webbed toes,
 P is for puma with spots on his nose,
 Q is for the quagga a reddish brown,
 R is for the rabbit a pet of the town,
 S is for sable with valuable fur,
 T is for tiger a dangerous cur,
 U is for unicorn that rubs off his paws,
 V is for vicuña a very good maw,
 W is for wolf who is very smart,
 X is for xiphodon that lives on the Rubicon,
 Y is for yap that can't do a snap,
 Z is for zebra resembling a wild cat.—Soloma H. Naiman, 13 years, Gilead, Neb.

Home Sweet Home.
 Home is the dearest place on earth to its owners and cannot be substituted. Though people go visiting and have very pleasant times they are always glad to get home. They learn to love it, its surroundings, its memories, as well as the loved ones who live in it. Old people often think of their childhood with fond memories of the past. They often do not realize the value and comfort of their homes until they are gone from them except in fond recollections. The shepherd's hut is as dear to him as the king's palace is to the king. Home's not four square walls though with pictures hung and gilded; Home is where affection calls, Home is where the heart hath builded.—Maurice Stone, 12 yrs., Millard, Neb.

A Fourth Grader.
 Dear Busy Bees: I am in the fourth grade at school. This is my first letter to your page. I liked the teacher we had last year. We'll have another teacher this year. I hope she is as good as the one we had last year. I am nearly eight years old. I have a pet kitten that is black and white. My sister is six years old and my brother is four years old. My mother has a dog. He plays with it all the time.—Edith Colburn, 7 years, Glenview, Neb.

Busy Bee Buzz.
 Buzz! buzz! buzz!
 This is the song of the bee,
 His legs are of yellow;
 A jolly good fellow,
 And yet a great worker is he.
 Buzz! buzz! buzz!
 From morning's first light
 Till the coming of night,
 He's singing and toiling,
 The summer day through.
 Oh, we may get weary,
 And think work is dreary;
 'Tis harder by far
 To have nothing to do.—MARIE KROUPA, 12 years, 1934 South 15th St., Omaha.

A Bird Alphabet.
 A is for Awk, who lives by the wet.
 B is for Blackbird, with feathers of jet.
 C is for Canary, whose color is yellow.
 D is for Duck, who is a wild fellow.
 E is for Eagle, with a bald head.
 F is for Flycatcher, who kills the flies dead.
 G is for Goldfinch, who hatches its eggs in the fall.
 H is for Housefinch, about the prettiest bird of all.
 I is for Indigo Bunting, so pretty and blue.
 J is for Junco, a cunning bird, too.
 K is for Kingfisher; a fisherman.
 L is for Lazuli Bunting, a beautiful bird.
 M is for Myrtle Warbler; his coat is quite bright.
 N is for Nuthatch; its eggs—brown specks on white.
 O is for Oriole, with a pretty dress.
 P is for Painted Bunting, found in southern U. S.
 Q is for Quail, who nests on the ground.
 R is for Robin, very commonly found.
 S is for Scarlet Tanager, whose dress is very bright.
 T is for Tree Swallow, who has a breast of white.
 U is for Ural Cuckoo, that sings away with pride.
 V is for Vireo, a bird that is white eyed.
 W is for Winter Wren, a tiny little fellow.
 X is for Xanthine Creeper, whose coat is brownish yellow.
 Y is for Yellow Hammer, who hammers with his bill so keen.
 Z is for the Zoo, where birds are often seen.—Delores Wiles, 12 yrs., Plattsmouth, Neb.

The Peeks From Pekin

"I was the royal dog of China, and now I am just the western woman's fad. The imperial family of China guarded me carefully. It was not until 1860, that five of my ancestors were taken by the English soldiers. These Pekingeses were sent to Great Britain, and one named 'Looti' was given to Queen Victoria.
 "We palace dogs used to be 'regular fellows.' We never amounted



our daily bread, and we are lugged hither and thither by women who coo over us and always speak in baby talk. Even their names for us are degrading. Imagine one who has a long and honorable ancestry being addressed as 'Chop Suey'!
 "Other dogs scorn us. When I am on the sidewalk, I challenge the ones who pass my way. The big dogs look at me with positive gentle-

ness in their eyes. The little ones merely yelp-back in an amused fashion. It is, both infuriating and disheartening.
 "They say this is the land of the free—but not so for your Chinese plaything. We have come a long way to you, but neither time nor custom have made us lose our identity in the Occident. You have made us a fad, but we would rather be just dogs."—F. Merrill.

A Grateful Bird.
 Albert O'Connor, a mechanic, rescued a pelican at Seabright Beach from boys who were clubbing it to death and took the bird to a garage and washed it and gave it something to eat. The bird became a steadfast at the garage door as Poe's raven. One day O'Connor perched the pelican on his automobile and started up the coast to find a new home for the bird, near some lagoon full of fish. After driving about 12 miles he left the bird on the shore driving away believing he had broken off with his friend forever, but much to his surprise, the bird returned to the garage he found the pelican waiting for him.—National Humane Review.

Playing House.
 Dear Busy Bees: How I enjoy to read the children's page every Sunday. This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. My cousin and I sure have lots of fun. Last Sunday I was up there and we began to play house. Mabel, my cousin, got a new doll and I brought mine up too. We sure enjoyed ourselves playing. About 3 o'clock Mabel's sister got us some lunch. We had ice cream for lunch. Now I am happy every day because I have a doll and can play most every day.—Marie Wenker, 8 years, Elkhorn, Neb.

Harry's Present.
 Dear Busy Bees: This is the second time I have written to you. I'm going to write about Harry's present. There was once a little boy named Harry. He never obeyed his mother. On his mother's birthday she found a large plate of presents, one from Harry. A piece of paper on it said: "I always will obey you, yours Harry." One day Harry's mother called. Harry said, "I pretend not to hear her." Then he thought of his promise. So he called, "Here I am, mother." "Harry go down to the station and see what that smoke is." When Harry got down there he saw that the bridge of the train track was on fire. He couldn't put it out himself and couldn't call any neighbors for they were two miles off, and the train would be there by that time and many lives lost. So when he saw the train coming he took off his red sweater and waved it high in the air. The engineer saw him and hollered to get off the track, but he didn't move. Then the people came off the train and asked what was the matter. He said that the bridge was burnt away. One of the people on the train was his father. They put the fire out and the railroad gave Harry a five-dollar bill, enough to buy a new watch. On the way home he told his father that he was glad he had obeyed his mother.—Sylvia Thomsen, 10 years, Harlan, Ia.

CHERRY BLOSSOM.
 Fair young slender blossom,
 All adored in which I'm
 Among all your pretty plamatis
 You are the fairest sight.
 Don't you love the forest,
 White with blooms like you?
 If I only had my wish,
 I'd be a blossom, too.
 You have no cares and sorrows;
 No tears are to be shed.
 On mere perfume and plamatis,
 Little blossom, you are fed.
 How white you are, my blossom,
 And pure as fresh-fallen snow;
 Only in the whitest paradise
 You will ever grow.
 So live, young-slender blossom,
 And sunshine to us bring,
 And let your perfume fill the air
 In the dawning spring.—IRENE SKODA, 14 years, Schuyler, Neb.

A New Bee.
 All the Busy Bees are working, Helping everyone large and small; But you never find them shirking, Oh, no not at all—Mildred Hess, 11 years, Albion, Neb.

Church Eagle Scout.
 Ralph Church of Troop 42 was made an Eagle Scout at the Court of Honor, held August 13. Ralph has made great progress in scouting since he started, in February, 1918. Ralph passed his second class tests in April, 1918, and was awarded his first class badge in September, 1919. Since then he has been steadily climbing, and has at last landed at the top. Ralph is to be congratulated on his new position of honor, as he is one of only five to hold the position of Eagle Scout.

Camp Fire Girls

First Annual Camp of Campfire Girls Held.

Ten different groups of Campfire Girls, with their guardians, held a week's camp in Roberts grove, 12 miles east of North Platte. This is their permanent camping place, and is provided with a large assembly hall, a kitchen and a bedroom. The different groups slept in tents.
 The forenoons were given over to classes in singing, nature lore, basket-making and first aid. Before the breakfast horn a half hour of setting-up exercises were given.
 The afternoons were taken up in hikes, swimming and athletic affairs. Each evening a well planned entertainment was given. Mrs. M. E. Crosby directed the camp activities. Miss Laura Murray, Miss Sybil Grant, Mrs. Glen Scott, Mrs. Wilson Tott and Mrs. Clair Lemon, graduate nurse, were instructors. Over 60 girls were in attendance.

Building Trees for Birds.
 Would you have wrens, flickers, owls or bluebirds or would you like a few of each in your garden? There is a certain way to get the very birds you want, and that is to make a tree for them. Dr. B. Harry Warren of West Chester, Pa., makes imitation trees to attract birds. He makes them of cement, cork bark and other suitable material, and just at the place where a wren, an owl, a flicker, or a woodpecker would look for the desirable location of a nest, a cavity is made ready for the home building birds.—Popular Science Monthly.

Following in Daddy's Footsteps



MARY JANE KUEBLER.
 Pretty Mary Jane Kuebler of Toledo, O., who is an expert on the links, swings a club almost as big as herself when she plays the ancient game of Scotland. Mary Jane was photographed on the links at Inverness during the open championship tourney.
 Work is hope, idleness is despair.

The Just Caliph.
 And the Memory-Man said:
 Once, in Bagdad, a Caliph built a magnificent palace, but in order that its main entrance should be imposing, it was necessary to pull down a small laborer's hovel. The vizier was read to destroy it, but the Caliph ordered that the poor old man who dwelt there should be paid for his eyesight.
 "I will not sell," said the poor man. "My forefathers lived and died here. I wish to die here. Tell the Caliph I said so. He is just."
 The Caliph considered long, when this answer was brought him, and then he answered:
 "Let the hovel stay. There is no gain so splendid that I could raise to my palace. If people saw a gate blazing with gems they would say only, 'the Caliph is rich,' but if they should see the hovel they could cry, 'The Caliph is just.'"
 Justice is greater than riches. R. W.

A Country Friend



Bird Alphabet.
 A is for Albatross, they have webbed feet.
 B is for Bunting, at roadsides they meet.
 C is for Cardinal, so beautiful red.
 D is for Dickcissel, who hasn't been fed.
 E is for Eagle, they are so great.
 F is for Flycatcher, who lost its mate.
 G is for Grackle, with a blue head.
 H is for Hoopoe, the bird for Ned.
 I is for Ibis, with a long bill.
 J is for Jay, on the high hill.
 K is for Kinglet, with a gold crown.
 L is for Longspur, which I have found.
 M is for Meadowlark, who cannot roll.
 N is for Nonpariel, all colors but gold.
 O is for Ostrich, who cannot fly.
 P is for Puffin, who can eat rye.
 Q is for Quail, we have all seen.
 R is for Robin, not a bit mean.
 S is for Shrike, they look like ducks.
 T is for Tailor bird, who can sew.
 U is for Umber, almost like a crow.
 V is for Vireo, seeds they can sow.
 W is for Wren, king of the birds;
 X is for Xame, who can't talk in words.
 Y is for Yellowthroat, they don't stay through fall.
 Z is for Zenadire, the last bird of all.

ANNA HANSEN,
 10 years, Washington, Neb.

A New Bee.
 Dear Busy Bees: How are all the Busy Bees getting along?
 We are going to have a program. I am going to be in a minute and a Virginia reel. We are going to invite the mothers to come and see it. The Fourth grade is going to play a basket ball game with the Fifth grade tonight.
 There are twenty-five in our room at school. The whole room is learning a flag salute. We have two new slides. In the morning we have to work number cards in 7 minutes.—Wilma Myers, 10 years, Gregory, South Dakota.

Moonbeam's Squatted.
 Moonbeam squatted near her friends on the dead leaves and exclaimed:
 "Oh, how I wish Father and Mother Moon could hear your wonderful songs. Will you not both please return home with me?"
 The words were the greatest relief in the world to Mother. His eyes opened wide in surprise.
 "Surely she cannot be aware of my troubles, or she would not speak like this," he whispered to himself.
 "Well, that is fortunate."
 Then he relaxed his little body from the strain of make believe, ceased smiling and let his head fall gently on his own.
 In a few minutes he was fast asleep completely exhausted.
 "Well," answered Philomela, "Nothing could ever take us from our home. You know all sorts of plans have been made by Earth Beings to lude us to other parts."
 "Just last Spring one of them took

Wounded and Sad of Heart, Mr. Nightingale Returns To His Nest

By MARGARET M'SHANE.
 (Forty-sixth Story of the Night.)

Father Nightingale was a sad and sorry sight when he reached his thicket after the Duel with the strange Nightingale.
 He hobbled dejectedly to his nest. His legs were so stiff he could hardly walk at all. One wing trailed limply on the ground and a large gash in the middle of it showed plainly the effects of a hard fought battle.

He settled himself very carefully over the five olive green eggs, the pride of his house, and as he did so a heavy sigh was heard. It was so deep it seemed to come from his very toes.
 Father Nightingale was depressed—yes, dreadfully depressed.
 Never before had he been outdone in song, and the defeat coming right after he had boasted so of his superiority, was just too much to bear.
 "Yes, indeed," Father whimpered between sobs, "it is just too much for anyone to endure."
 "And to think," he added indignantly, "the whole unfortunate affair happened under the very eyes of the pretty Sky Maiden!"
 You see Mr. Nightingale's pride was hurt as well as his right wing, and the gash, there, proved to be every bit as deep. So, when the sound of soft footsteps were heard approaching, he ceased sobbing, and tried with all his might and main to smile.

Mr. Nightingale was a mighty smart bird and just smart enough to know that the very best place to hide a feeling of this sort was, underneath a broad smile.
 He smiled as hard as he could. Indeed, he smiled so hard he almost split his face in two, and in the act his bill reached away back to his ears.
 It is no wonder, when Miss Moonbeam saw him, that she thought his bill had been broken in the duel.
 For once in her life, however, the curious little lady did not burst out her wonderment in words. No, this time, she held her tongue.

Poor Father Nightingale felt so sore he could barely lift his head to greet his companions, but he was so determined, that defeat would not mark his appearance in any way, so he made the greatest possible effort and held his head higher than ever before.
 Then he snuggled more closely over the nest to hide the injured wing. It, however, just would not behave and flopped over the side, boldly displaying the rude gash.
 Philomela knew everything. She knew Father was suffering. She knew, too, that he was trying to hide his feelings and likewise that injured wing.

So, tactfully she nestled closely beside the nest and covered the hurt pin on her own.
 Moonbeam squatted near her friends on the dead leaves and exclaimed:
 "Oh, how I wish Father and Mother Moon could hear your wonderful songs. Will you not both please return home with me?"
 The words were the greatest relief in the world to Mother. His eyes opened wide in surprise.
 "Surely she cannot be aware of my troubles, or she would not speak like this," he whispered to himself.
 "Well, that is fortunate."
 Then he relaxed his little body from the strain of make believe, ceased smiling and let his head fall gently on his own.
 In a few minutes he was fast asleep completely exhausted.
 "Well," answered Philomela, "Nothing could ever take us from our home. You know all sorts of plans have been made by Earth Beings to lude us to other parts."
 "Just last Spring one of them took



The Heart-broken Invalid.

several of our eggs and placed them in a robin's nest in his own land many miles away.
 "The young hatched beautifully and were safely reared." The Wiseman was very happy, for he had always wanted Nightingales in his home and now he was sure his plan had been a huge success.
 "In the autumn the birds flew South, as we all do, but the following spring they did not return to the home of the Wiseman, where they were born. No, of course, they did not." Philomela's eyes twinkled roughly as she spoke. "They returned here to the copse from which the eggs were taken."
 "But, Philomela," interrupted the listener, "you told me that Nightingales return to the same home every Spring!"
 "So they do, but their home, my friend, is not the thicket where they are born, but where the egg that carried them is laid."
 "The location of that copse is in the brain of every Nightingale from the shell and so our little cousins came here to us this Spring just as though they had never seen another grove."
 "You see, this proves that our species cannot be extended artificially."
 "Well, I do declare," said Moonbeam after a few minutes of silence, "just fancy a tiny bird's brain holding so much knowledge. Locating a thicket they had never seen. It is simply miraculous."
 "Yes, Moonbeam, it is miraculous. Philomela's voice was low and solemn. "The ways of Providence are often miraculous. The eggs, you see, were stolen through a cruel act and the little birds were forced to be born among strangers. So Providence planned all things in His own kind way, guided the lonely little ones back to their real home."
 As she spoke Philomela turned her eyes to Father, sleeping peacefully on the nest, and her eyes said: The same Providence was kind to him.

Pushes on Pusy Willow.
 Sleek and soft as soft can be,
 Pusies gray
 Basking in the Sun's warm rays
 Tell me do you ever purr?
 When the South Wind strokes your
 Little feet,
 Velvety,
 Pusies on the tree!"

Eighth Grade Bee.
 Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am 12 years old and I am in the eighth grade at school. I am sending you a verse I wrote some time ago:
 Join the Red Cross, that's the cry;
 Don't let the poor boys lay down and die
 Give a dollar for the blue
 And a dollar for the tan
 Help the nurses all you can
 Don't you hear the poor boys cry,
 Tell me do you ever purr?
 So save your pennies, nickels and dimes,
 And help the Red Cross at all times.
 My birthday is the second of September. If anyone has the same birthday I would like to have them write me. I would like to hear from any of the Bees.—Lola Long, 12 years, Columbus, Neb.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

"Mouse" Sees Battle Between Sheep and Gets Ride on Horns

The "mouse" in this story is not one of the sort you find in picture books, but a boy; and a real, live boy at that.
 It is none other than Donald Brown, the 13-year-old son of Mrs. E. P. Brown of 2410 I street, South Omaha, who is one of the midges of the "Y" Boys' division, being only four feet five inches tall.
 "Mouse" as the boys call him on account of his size, was at Camp Sheldon this summer for three weeks, and was a great favorite there not only with the Omaha boys but with boys from all over the state.
 When he returned from camp he secured a job at Armour packing house in South Omaha driving sheep from the stock yards to the killing department of the packing house. He worked there almost six weeks driving the sheep every day up to the slaughter pens with a long whip. Many a visitor to the stock yards has laughed to see this midged tot among the sheep cracking his whip and yelling at them as he drove them up to their slaughter, for the sheep are as large as "Mouse".
 A very funny incident happened a week ago that even "Mouse" isn't telling anyone about but his closest friends tipped the story. He was driving the sheep up the runway on a bright morning, and when he got there well started toward Armour house two large rams started a feud of their own in the runway. "Mouse" promptly climbed the fence where he could watch to a good advantage. As the fight grew more bitter and he saw it was to end in a death struggle "Mouse" slipped down from his perch and began to watch the fight at close range.
 One of the rams promptly saw "Mouse" as he descended from the fence and forgetting his adversary

in the fight, promptly charged on "Mouse", lifting him on his horns and tossing the midged neatly over the fence. "Mouse" cleared it by about three feet and landed on his back on the outside.

"Y" Lads You Should Know—Henry Smith

One of the most popular boys at the "Y" is Henry Smith of South Omaha, who is known by all the fellows at the "Y" and at Camp Sheldon as "Hank." He is the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Smith of 2214 F street and is in the eighth grade at South Lincoln school. Hank is a member of B class and never misses a period to attend his gym class or swimming period. He is always the first boy on the gymnasium floor and pool and the last one out.
 He spent two periods at Camp Sheldon this summer, the State Y. M. C. A. camp at Columbus and won honors there in the form of a first degree monogram as well as a second degree gold pin. He was one of the most popular boys in camp and made friends among all the boys from the various Nebraska Nebraska cities who were in attendance.
 One of his hobbies is securing members for the "Y" and last fall in the membership campaign he secured eight new boy members. He is planning to win the first prize this fall for getting boys to join and will run a strong chance of carrying away the honors.
 He is the ring leader of the "Big Three," which is a bosom companionship of three South Lincoln boys—"Hank," Hiram Prucka and John Ringer. These boys are almost inseparable and when you see one you usually see them all. They are all strong workers for the Boys' division of the "Y" where they spend a good share of their spare time.

Local Newboys Have Good Time at "Y" in Pool and Club Rooms

The carrier boys and newboys of the various Omaha papers held forth at the Big Boys' club at the "Y" all last week. These nights were given over to them. One more night will be open to them this week and the street sellers will be welcomed at that time.
 The carrier boys of each paper had one night to themselves, with fine showers and a long swim in charge of C. C. Weigel, assistant physical director, and then games of various kinds at the boys' club rooms on the second floor of the big building.
 A record crowd of boys swarmed the building on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, when they were invited in, and an even larger crowd is expected when all the street boys get into the big swim on Thursday night this week. It is planned to have these affairs every few weeks during the winter and every boy will be invited to attend whether he is a "Y" member or not.
 Frank Bunnell, assistant boys' work secretary of the "Y" during the summer months, has been in charge of these activities and was very much pleased with the turnout.

Big Time for Boys Planned by 'Y' Heads

One of the biggest affairs ever held in Omaha for all boys over 12 years of age will be put on at the boys' division of the "Y" for two weeks, from September 10 to 25, inclusive. Every boy in the grade schools of Omaha who has passed his 12th birthday will be welcome and a program of athletics and aquatics will be put on by the physical department which will interest every boy. It

is expected that over 2,500 boys will take part in the activities and enjoy the unique opportunity which will be offered them.
 E. E. Micklewright, the boys' work secretary, is making all the plans for this affair and they will be completed in a very few days. Something new and novel is promised every body who attends, and any boy who does not have the best time of his life will be a dead one instead of a live American boy. The details of the plan will be announced next Sunday, giving the dates for the different schools, the athletic contests, and all about it. Watch this space for the biggest thing that has happened to Omaha boys for a long time, for we want every boy in for the fun.

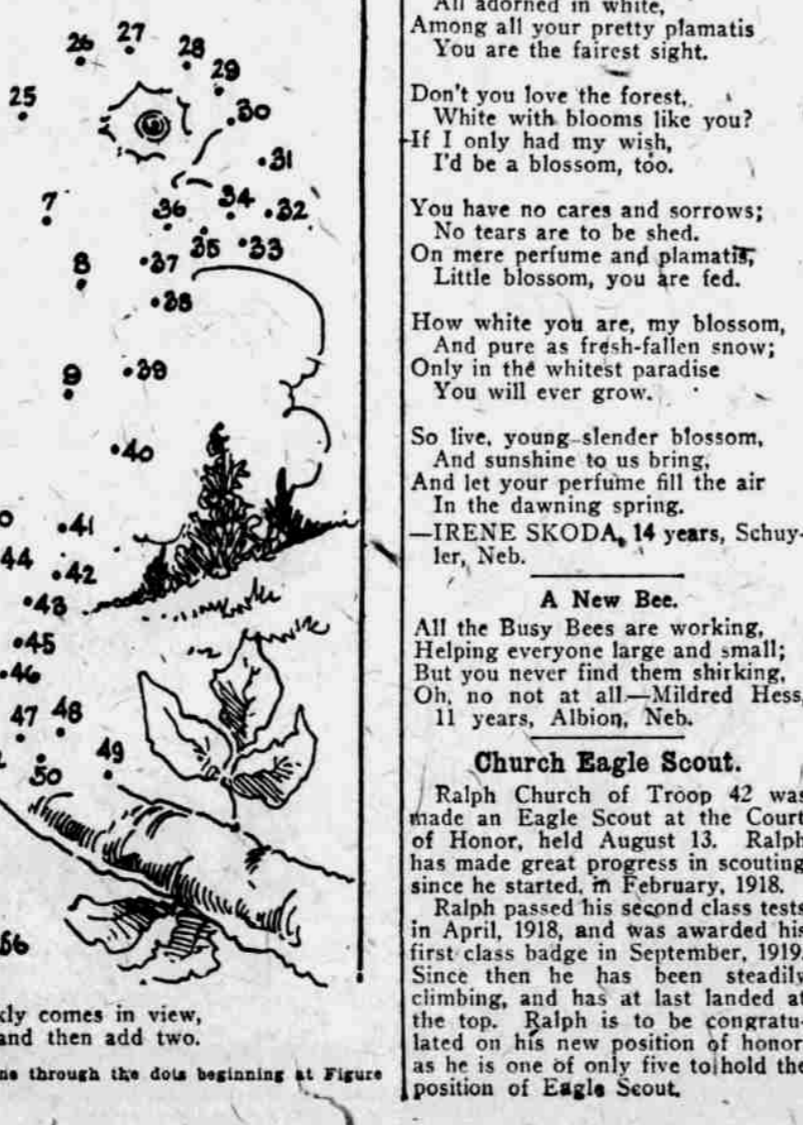
Boys From Columbus Visit "Y" for Meet

During the last week the local boys' division has been favored by a visit from two of the Columbus "Y" lads whom many of the Omaha boys met at Camp Sheldon this summer. The two boys, Zack and Herbert Howell, sons of the sales manager of the Abts Wholesale Grocery company of Columbus, have been visiting relatives in Omaha. They have spent much time at the "Y," visiting their many friends and acquaintances that they made at the state "Y" camp.
 Zack and Herb are fine boys, and leaders at the Columbus boys' division. They have had an enjoyable visit at the Omaha "Y," swimming almost every day and enjoying the game room and many other privy-ileges.

Director McDonald Praises Local Camp

Camp Gifford was greatly honored last Friday when L. L. McDonald, director of the New York City, national camp of the Boy Scouts, spent the day at the Boy Scouts, special camp thoroughly and in inspection he made were encouraging. He pronounced the camp in very good condition, and complimented the

Dot Puzzle



A _____ quickly comes in view. Trace fifty-eight and then add two. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure and taking them numerically.

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure and taking them numerically.