Bees' page.

when she was about 6 months old, but

Well, as my letter is getting long I

will close. I hope Mr. Waste Paper Bas-

Trip to Lincoln.

By Marion E. Marsh, Aged 7 Years, Route No. 1, Brownville, Neb. Blue Side.

This is my second letter to The Bee page.

Auto Trip Muddy.

home, and it started to rain again.

One day last summer my sister and I

went into the orchard to get some apples.

were hurt. We all went down to see it.

took the man the whole afternoon to get

the car out of the creek. There has been

many other cars run off of that bridge.

Enjoys Reading Stories.

she is over with it now.

ket is over in the war sone.

Their Own Page

HILE the March winds are blowing, our feathered friends who have been sojourning in the Southland, are planning the long flight back to the familiar homes they had with us last year for they know right well that warm, balmy days follow close upon the blustery days of March.

Are you on the lookout, Busy Bees, for the first robin? Or did you

think you had seen him last Sunday?

"The Return of the Birds" is the subject for the next prize contest in our circle. For the best story written by a Busy Bee on this subject during the coming month, a special prize book will be awarded. Send in your stories early, Busy Bees, and the prize story will be announced early in

The Busy Bees are reminded that every story sent to this page must be original or it will not be published. This week, the editor received two stories, one of the wind and the sun from a little girl in Farwell, Neb., and the other "A Poor Old Man" from a girl in Riverdale, Neb. These stories were copied out of some book so they found their way into the waste paper basket.

Clarence McAuliffe of the Blue Side won the prize book this week. Walter Preston, jr., of the Red Side, and Robert Raynolds, of the Blue Side,

Little Stories by Little Folk

Spring is Coming.

By Clarence McAuliffe, Aged 12 Years, 2219 Seward Street, Omaha, Eluc Side, I am very glad the spring is coming, for this is the time of the year that the flowers begin to bloom and the trees to have leaves. I also like the spring because it is the time our national sportbase ball-begins. Many other games can also be played at this time of the year. The children are especially glad because they know they soon shall have their long summer vacation. Everyone begins to start life over, it seems, when spring comes. The air is fresh in the morning and it is much better during the day at this time of the year than in summer. am sure the old people as well as the young are always glad when spring is At this time of the year not only the people of the earth, but everything on the earth seems to get full of gayety and joy.

> (Honorable Mention.) The Swimming Hole.

By Walter Preston, jr., 101 South Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha. Red Side. After we got through with the chores about three miles away and go in swim- carrying the pork chops.

This creek was called Thomas creek On one side was a steep bank about fifty feet high. It had a ledge about two feet above the water that we dove off of. There was a strong current flowing. It was very hard to swim against it. We would go way up stream and float down with the current.

Where we dove off, the cliff extended out in the water and formed a deep hole. This was a good place to dive in because you would not strike bottom. This place was about nine feet deep.

The water was quite cold, but it sure You could see many and sometimes large fish. Many times schools of fish

that ranch you could see Mount Lassen smoking. The people on the ranch saw it in cruption last summer.

Gionorable Mention.) The Fisherman.

a Rocky mountain stream. He was clothed in brown and a basket hung at his left side, while in one hand he held

Then he waded into the cold shullow stream, casting his rod in each pool as he made his way upstream. He never gets discouraged, though he loses many

Now he sees something and gives his line a jerk. Ah! He has hooked a large speckled trout, and now comes a battle He lots out his line, giving the fish his reels in his line. He does this again and again; each time the fish gets more exusted until finally he pulls it out. It is a dark color with many black spots on its back. He puts the figh in his basket and slowly continues his upstream

The Trees in Winter.

By Grace S. Moore, Aged 13 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side. To many people in this world the win-The trees are bare and naked and the flowers are under snow. The birds have lown, and the only bright and cheery spot is the winter fireside. But, after all, vinter is not lifeless and cheerless. It is only dormant. Because we have not been ed to see and to know, the cold eather prevents us from studying nachiefly by means of their shape and foliage, and in winter may distinguish the shaps and the framework of the tree if we were only trained better to see and to now. The outline of a tree is very beau tiful against the dull winter sky if we would only stop and look. Notice height, shape and size, how many branches it has and whether the twigs are few or There are many species or kinds of trees that we may study. Among the common trees are the hickory, oak and We can also notice the color of each tree. We should look at these things and think about them, for they suggest thoughts and feelings for us. Sometimes a tree is quiet and restful and again it is weeping.

Grandma's Story.

By Vera Frances Bradley, Aged 12 Years, 1995 Center Street, Omaha, Blue Side. Grandma, grandma, teil us a story, tell us a story," cried Jean, Doris and little Bob, as they ran and sat down by their grandma, who had been reading, very eager for her to begin.

'Oh, goodness, what shall I tell them though poor grandma, and then, aloud, "Well since you insist on my telling you a story, I will tell you one of my experiences when I was little.

"Once when I was visiting my grandparents on the farm, one of my aunta was there also with her litte adopted son, Francis, Francis wasn't a mean child, but

near the house on a very narrow board. els saw me and ran and turned the I screamed and Francis ran into the house to get help. They had a terrible time His name was Team. Team's sister meet him. They teld him about the rocks the doctor in a sleigh, and coming back getting me out. I got a cold which after-

brought me flowers and the books he thought I liked. Well children, to make a long story short, this Francis 1 am speaking about is your Grandpa Law-

Carried the Pork. By Leona Walter, Aved 10 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

A farmer owned a large dumb-looking dog, that was useful around the farm but had never been taught many tricks. A city friend owned a smart little foxterrier that had been taught camong other tricks) to carry the meat home from the meat market. One day the city friend was explaining to the farmer and bragging about the smartness of his dog, and to flustrate, he called at the meatmarket and gave the dog a package of pork chops to carry home. The city dog went ahead with the package of meat, closely followed by the farmer's dog. As the city dog turned the corner it jarred the package loose and a pork chop fell out, which the farmer's dog quickly swallowed, and then kept on following the other dog. Soon another chop fell out, and by the time the city dog reached home it was carrying the wrapper and we decided we would go over to a creek string, while the dumb country dog was

George Washington.

By Grace L. Moore, Aged 10 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Bine Side, George Washington was born February 22, 1773, just 184 years ago this Feb- did not better, so little Scar Face wanted the gold. runry.

hood there. He is the greatest man in our his-He is the greatest man in our his- "Of what then is the cord made of?" tory, and many true stories are told and she said, "Why it is the rainbow." about him. Perhaps the most famous Team was pleased and he said, "Elder is about his new red hatchet. We are sister, bathe her face in magic water." told that his father planted young And all the scars came off and she mar cherry trees in his garden. And he al- ried Team. This is not a true story. ways visited them every day, and one would swim by and we would dive into day he saw that one was badly hacked.

On all Virginia plantations there were
P. S.—This creek ran through a farm many negro boys always running about, in Sacramento valley, California. From so he thought one of them must have

Fido's Adventures.

uburbs of New York. He had often heard from the tramp dogs what a good time they had at night and what good things they had to eat out of the garbage cans. So he decided to run away and have a good time for himself. He van along an alley until he came to a can where a hig dog was just sticking its lose in. Fido walked up to it and said, Good evening, may I have some of your

tend your own business, I haven't any time to bother with you,"

Fide said, "What's the matter you? Do you think you own the town? Maybe you think you do, but you don't. At that the dog jumped on him and gave him an awful beating, although Fido growled and showed his teeth terribly. Fido slunk home with his fall between his legs, and never went back again.

Jack the Hero.

By Maurice Boyle, Aged 8 Years, Routs 2, Fremont, Neb. Red Bide. One day as I was taking care of my little sister I heard an awful noise in the pretty soon I saw a big black animal O, please do," but the wind would say skinned the wolf and took the hide to gone again. want to be on the Red Side,

The Boy and the Frogs.

By Fred Bertram, Aged II Years, South Side, Omaha. Red Side. in throwing stones at some frogs in a dren and her happiness."

pond near his home. He enjoyed this Meanwhile poor Mrs. Willow's weeping for an hour or more.

boys were throwing stones at him. One stone hit him on the head, another hit him on his leg. Just as another stone was coming through the air he awoke. Oh, how glad he was that he was not a frog, but a boy. After that he realized how much it hurt the frogs, and decided not to throw stones at frogs any more

Tale of Indian Maiden.

By Merle Devenney, Aged 9 Years, Te-cumach, Neb., Blue Side, I enjoyed the story of a girl who lived a schoolmate of mine. There lived in Charley. The children could not go to Biue side. an Indian village three sisters. The school, One day as their father had gone amallest sister had to do all the work to seek for gold, the boys went a half and the oldest slaters would put her mile from home to play. Where they head in the ashes and scars would come played were some large rocks. John saw on her face. There was an Indian chief some yellow spots in the rocks. He called also and he would marry no one but his brother, Charley, who said, "They haby sister. She will be I year old next pure people. So one of the older sisters, are not gold." That night, when their Sunday, as she was born March 5, 1915. It put on her beads and went to see him. father came home, the boys went to was an awful cold night. We went after asked, "Can you see Team?" and she and they went over to see them. The they had many upsets in the snow, but

She Likes the Busy Bee Stories



her out and the second sister tried and smelted. A week after he got money fo Shortly after his birth his par- to go. So she went to see Team. The Then the family lived happy together, ents went to live on the Rappahannock sister invited her in. Soon they heard and the boys got an education. river, and George spent his early child- footsteps. The sister asked little Scarface if she could see Team and she said, "Yes,"

The Willow's Losses.

By Margaret Crosby, Aged 12 Years, Butherland, Neb. Blue Side. of your children off." Poor Mrs. Willow home hung her head sadly. "Why do you say tion. that; my pretty children have never done any harm to any one, why should they get punished for no wrong deed of any

you wall and see if I don't do as I said I would," said the wind very gruffly, Mrs. Willow said: "Please do tell me why you will do such a ridiculous thing to an innocent tree." But the wind was gone and didn't hear her pleading words. Mrs. Willow hadn't done a thing to the wind, but the wind was envious of her fine children and her happiness and so he thought he would destroy all of the happiness of life and the children. And now the days of her life were far different than the ones before the wind came, and she could not sing or be happy for the thoughts of her poor children and her

Days passed and Mr. North Wind came as he had promised he would and said: "Now, Mrs. Willow, only about two or three days more for you and your children to enjoy things." She kept crying and pleading, but in vain. He would not even listen to them.

She would say, "Oh wind, do spare my bushes. I didn't know what it was, but life and I will always be kind to you. with fiery eyes. He was coming nearer reply, "Oh, ha, ha, ha, You'll be good to to May and me, but Jack checked him me, no such a thing. You will do to me by jumping at his neck and killing the the same as you always do. You make old wolf. I ran with my sister to the 'me tired-you talk such nonsense. You house and told papa. He went down and wait, just wait, goodby," and he was

town. We fed Jack some good meat and | Poor Mrs! Willow was still sadder than bread for supper. We got some money ever and cried and cried till she thought for the fur, but Jack made every bit of her heart would break, but the cryin; it. Jack is a good dog and a hero. I did no good, for as the wind said he came in two days with the west wind for his helper and began to work. The poor babies dropped to the ground one by one until they were all gone and the two winds went away saying: "We won't Once a boy was having great pleasure hear much of that Mrs. Willow's chil-

was so pitiful that no one could express and was very sleepy, he lay down under sad for her and her poor babies lying escaped from a dangerous place. a large tree after a time and went to on the bare ground. It is true Mrs. Willow could never bother the wind again. He dreamed that he was a frog and For this the winds were so severely panwind howling he is crying from the pun-

I received my book and thanks for the same. It is the best book I ever read. I have it nearly half read now.

Boys Find Gold.

By Rosa Hehnke, Aged 12 Years, Rock-ville, Neb. Blue Side,

ran to the house to tell papa. He went down to the bridge to see if any of them We all thought it an awful sight. It

If my story is worthy I will soon write

Find Home the Best Margaret Crosby, Aged 15 Years, Sutherland, Neb. Blue Side.

In March we come to make the March snows and winds blow. We are dressed for this month with our white caps, like the snow, and our yellow pantaloons and Willow, some of these We live in the leavings of leaves and fine sunny days I am going to blow all the hollowed trees. We can make a fine home of any place. This is our descrip-And now I will tell the whole story of one of our families.

First comes father Imph, Mother Imph Janie Imph. Johnnie Imph. and last and least comes Baby Imph. The tiniest is the best of all.

One day they were invited out for dinclothes and started to Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel's feast. When they got there they unwrapped and began to get ready for the feast. But, of course, dinner wasn't served until evening, though the Imphs thought they would have dinner at noon, instead of at evening. So they waited and waited for the meal, until course, Johnnie and Janie and were tired and didn't want much to eat. The first course was nuts, and to be sure the poor Imphs could not bite the hard nuts as the squirrels did, because they had very sharp teeth and the Impha' teeth are very dull. Another thing they had was called win'er salad. They didn't have tea nor milk nor water and this was very hard to eat without things. The two courses were all they had, then the Imphs went home and never wanted to to xisiting again. They went home happy and said at last they saw that there was no place like home, after all. I was glad to think that I got the prize for the month and hope to receive the book soon. I liked all the other stories also on "Wint, " Sports."

Bees Save the Day.

By Selma Young, Aged 10 Years, Chap-pell, Neb. Blue Side. In the time of the revolutionary war, when George Wachington was president they had placed a camp just outside of Philadelphia. In this town lived a little girl by the name of Grace. He father mother was dead. He had kept a great many bees and now Grace had to take the yard she heard a noise in the weeds near the house. She and her dog went to see what was the matter. They saw a man of their own navy. He said that he As he had been up the night before her sadness and her neighbors were all had been a spy and that he had just clothes were ragged and he was about starved. He told the girl to take his horse and tell Washington that the ished that to this day when we hear the other army would attack Monday. Grace got on the horse and rode away as fast as she could. She looked down the road and she saw a group of men coming after could not ride fast enough, for the men saw her. Just then she grabbed a stick and hit each bee hive. The bees all came out in awarms. She threw the stick at the men and the bees stung them so badly that they could not go any farther. By Helen Peterson, Aged 6 Years, 537 to film Blustration, particularly as it is so the little girl got to General Wash-North Thirty-seventh Street Omaha. Possible to stop the film at any mement Red Side. poor family. The father was a gold ington in time to save her country. This in Munising. Mich., because she was seeker. There were two boys, John and is my first story and I hope to join the

About Little Sister. I am going to tell you about my little them out Dolly ate them. While I was side Francis came in what then is the cord made of?" and she father worked hard to dig the rocks loose. The start of the cutest and prettiest baby on earth, and enjoyed it very much. I was glad continuous demand for such films would stay stuffed-up and miscashe. Ficing and enjoyed it very much. I was glad continuous demand for such films would stay stuffed-up and miscashe. Ficing and enjoyed it very much. I was glad continuous demand for such films would stay stuffed-up and miscashe. Ficing and enjoyed it very much. I was glad continuous demand for such films would stay stuffed-up and miscashe. Ficing and enjoyed it very much. I was glad continuous demand for such films would stay stuffed-up and miscashe. Ficing and enjoyed it very much. I was glad continuous demand for such films would stay stuffed-up and miscashe. Ficing and enjoyed it very much. I was glad continuous demand for such films would stay stuffed-up and miscashe. Ficing and enjoyed it very much. I was glad continuous demand for such films would stay stuffed-up and miscashe.

By Vera Terry, Aged 9 Years, Crescent Ia. Blue Side.

I go to the Crescent school and I am iz the fourth grade and in the third room. My teacher's name is Miss Mae Adams and I like her very much. I enjoy reading your stories, so I thought I would red jackets, with large white bottoms. write. I have one sister and two brothers. Our tipy legs are brown, with shoes that My sister's name is Grace Irene and she is so he thought one of them must have done it. Mr. Washington was about to punish one of them, when George stoppunish one of them, when George stoppunish one of them, when George stoppunish one of them. The lady willows on them, and the nesty red with tringings of white. The lady eat brother's name is Grace irene and she is 7 years old. My young-tell with tringings of white. The lady eat brother's name is Harold and he is 3 ped him, saying, "Father, I cannot tell north wind came up and interrupted her limphs and girls have short yellow skirts. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinumings of white. The lady est brother's name is Harold and he is 3 red with trinuming and he is 3 red horses. We have a little pet dog named Midget. If my letter escapes the waste

> Nine-Year-Old Soldier. By Donald Woodard, Aged 9 Years, Ne braska Military School, Lincoln, Neb. Red Side.

After I heard you were going to print letter. I am a big soldier boy, almost 9 years old. My home is at Shenandoah. Ia., but I so to school out here. I am a military boy. A boy gets more attention here than he does in the public school, and he has a lot more to do, too. That's

and he has a lot more to do, too. That's

By Charlotta Tomlinson. Aged Il Years,

what keeps a fellow out of mischief, and

R. F. D. I. Box S, Fort Crook

Neb. Blue Side. him work, so after a while he gets out of the habit of being lazy. We have ten teachers and sixty boys and surely do have a lot of fun.

By Marie Thomsen, 1919 Emmet Street Omaba, Red Side, I once had a very beautiful dog nan Sport. I used to play with him and had lots of fun. But one day some boys hit him with a stick with nails in it. The dog was so mad he bit the boy. The boy went home. His father called the doctor. It was not a bad bite, but the police said either shoot the dog or take him away. My father sent Sport away with a

friend that had a farm. Sport killed so many chickens that they killed him. That was the end of Sport.

Saves Bird's Life.

By Mabel Geiser, Aged 10 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side. One day last summer my sisters and were playing in the haybarn and I said there is something in the hay, so gave it some crumbs to eat and some water, then I took it and put it in its nest. When I put it in the nest it flew away. Then it came back to the nest and stayed there. Well I think I will close. This is a true story.

Likes Busy Bee Stories.

By Irma Goodell, Aged 10 Years, Beaver Crossing, Neb. Red Side. I live in a little town called Beaver Crossing. My name is Irma Goodell. would like to job the Red Side. I read the Busy Bees' stories every Sunday. am in the fourth grade at school and am 10 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Edith Orle, I like her very well. hope Mr. Waste Basket is on a visit when my story reaches you.

Dolly Is Her Pet.

We have a little puppy named Dolly. She is very cute and does many tricks. She will sit up and shake hands. When and barks until we let her in. One day By Lucile Griffin, Ared 10 Years, St. my sister and I threw out some crumbs
Paul, Neb. Blue Side. to the birds. As soon as we had thrown

Enjoys Prize Book.

By Mary Louise Killen, Lincoln, Neb Blue Side, I received your book some time ago, and Stories of Nebraska History

The Grasshoppers

Graenhoppers were among the worst will tell you about my vacation at enemies of the early settlers of Nebraska. Christmas. We have a week's vacation They were not the common green or yelin our school, and my grandma, brother low kind which you see jumping in the and I went to Lincoln. We started fields today, nor yet the red, yellow and Monday after Christmas. That night we black-winged "dustry roaders" which went to see the municipal Christmas went to see the municipal Christmas boys chase down the lane. These were trees—there were two of them. They the Rocky mountain grasshoppers, with lit them every night until after New slender bodies, light gray wings and enor-Year. They had beautiful decora-tions on them. I love to go to Lincoln high plains and among the hills at the because I used to live there. We went to foot of the great mountains of the west. see my aunt, uncle and two cousins. The Here they lived and raised their families. smallest is 12 years old and the other 18. In dry years there were more children. We stayed there a week, but it seemed and less food at home. Then they assema pretty big week to me. It was the first bled and flew away in great swarms to time that my little brother rode on a the east and south. They traveled huntrain, for he is only 2 years old. My dreds of miles. Sometimes in clear, warm mother was glad to see us and I was glad moonlight they flew all night. More to see her, too. I like to read the Busy often they settled down late in the afternoon to rest and feed, and pursued their journey on the morrow

It was a sad day for the settlers where the North Pole.

It was a sad day for the settlers where the North Pole.

It was a sad day for the settlers where the grasshoppers lighted. Eight times between 1857 and 1875 some parts of our state were visited by them, but the great state were visited by them. My letter is getting long so I will close. Auto Trip Muddy.

By Blanche Hall, Aged 9 Years, Hayes
Center, Neb. Blue Bide.
I would like to join the Busy Bees. So
Minnesota the air was filled with grass-I will tell you of mamma, paps and my two sisters and one brother's trip which the great clouds which darkened the sun. We had nice roads all the way to Omaha. With a rearing sound like a rushing We went to the Omaha Ak-Sar-Ben and storm, followed by a deep hush as they it rained so hard while we were there. We went to a friend's and had a nice the crops.

time while there, and when we started All the corn was eaten in a single day for home we traveled in the mud from Where green fields stood at sunrise nothing remained at night but stumps of guess that is over 150 miles. Then the stalks swarming with hungry hoppers home, and it stalks are green fields stood at sunrise nothing remained at night but stumps of stalks swarming with hungry hoppers are green fields to the string for the last bits. They stripped the green fields stood at sunrise nothing remained at night but stumps of stalks swarming with hungry hoppers. the garden patches bare; they gnawed great holes in carpets and rugs put out to save favorite plants. The buds and I hope my letter will miss Mr. Waste Basket. I like to read the Busy Bees' letters very much. bark of fruit trees were consumed; they followed potatoes and onions into the earth. When they had finished the gar-An Automobile Accident.

By Irene Sutherland, Assed 8 Years, Elm-wheat and oats in the shock and the wild grass in the unplowed fields. Only two green crops escaped them, broomcorn and sorghum cane. They did not seem to We saw a car come down the hill. My have a sweet eyetooth. Everywhere the sister said to me: "That car had better earth was covered with a gray mass of slow up or it will run off the bridge." struggling, biting grasshoppers. Turkeys
We were watching it when we saw it hit and chickens feasted on them; dogs and the railing. The man could not stop it in pigs learned to eat them. It was hard to time to turn. We looked again. We saw drive a team across a field because the swarm of grasshoppers flew up in front a woman thrown out on the bridge. We and struck the horses in the face with

> We thought when they were filled they us so well they concluded to leave their

(By special permission of the author, the gound was covered with their dead the Bistory of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

very poor. It was "hard times" even before the grasshoppers came. There was a great panie in the land. Many settlers had nothing to live on during the winter but their sod corn and garden. These were gone. It looked like starvation. The future held no hope, for the very soil was filled with eggs which would hatch a hundred times as many grasshoppers the next spring. Those were the darkest days for the Nebraska pioneers, Their covered wagons used to pass with this painted on the canvas:

"EATEN OUT BY GRASSHOPPERS. GOING BACK EAST TO LIVE WITH

WIFEAS FOLKS." During the fall and winter those men brave enough to stay took the teams and worked wherever they could get a job in the older settlements. Some hunted game and lived as the Indians did on dried buffale meat, trading the robes for other supplies. Relief funds were raised farther east and food, seed and clothing distributed to those not too proud to apply for them. Thus the dark winter of 1874-75 was lived through

In the spring the settlers sowed their small grain and millions of young grasshoppers hatched to eat it. These little fellows could not fly. They could only hop short hops. So the settlers made ditches and drove them in Windrows of straw were laid across the fields. The young grasshoppers crawled into the straw to get warm and the settlers set it on fire, Bushels of them were caught in wide shallow pans with kerosene in the bottom which were set low and drawn across the fields, Nature helped the settlers. It was a cold rainy spring which froze the young brood. Little parasites bored holes in the eggs and in the little fellows. The birds, then as now the fare mer's best friends, came from the south and joined in the good work of fighting

For the next two or three years there were some grasshoppers and the fear of more along the frontier. Then the Rocky mountain grasshoppers disappeared from the settlements. They have never been seen in such vast numbers since and the hard times they brought on the lahd will probably never again return. Those who left their claims have wished many times that they had stayed by their farms, which seemed so worthless in those early years. Those who held on to their land through hardship and suffering, with hearts terong and faith firm in the future would fly away. Not at all. They fixed of Nebraska, have fived to see their later years made glad by generous crops and children with us. The mother grasshop-pers began to pierce the earth with holes stories of the long ago are told the story and fill the holes with eggs. Each one of the dark days when the grasshoppers laid about 100 eggs. Then they died and came.

stories and hope to be a writer when through school. I am sending a snap-shot of Shep and myself at Uncle Ed's farm, by the haystack,
I thank you heartly for the book,

A Surprise for Teacher.

Edythe Olsen, Aged 10 Years, Weep-ing Water, Neb. Red Side. o'clock all our fathers and mothers came. The school house was about full. We did not have school the rest of the day. Our in the sixth grade. We teter-tottered and played games until about 4 c'clock then we had lunch. For lunch we had sandwiches, pickles, foe cream and cookies and coffee for the ones that liked

I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out playing when my letter reaches you.

Rose Seed Blossoms.

The first I remember I was a little seed Very soon I began to sprout and shot up out of the ground. One day a little girl came out and said, "Oh, sister, do come and see the little rose bush coming up. The little girl who first saw me said "Do not hurt the little plant." It was about in June when I bore lots

Paris Takes Kindly To the Movie Show, Trying it in School

" protty roses.

PARIS, Feb. 25.-The motion picture as who are doing at have no vision for the factor in public education has been the future welfare of the empire, which must subject of inquiry by a parliamentary commission, which has just published a report recommending the official adoption of picture instruction by all government schools and colleges.

Military haspitals have been using moving films for the physical re-education of disabled war victims, and one primary school in Paris has introduced cinematograph projections in its curriculum. In both cases the results have been most encouraging.

The report explains the application of primary schools, for example, spelling, year, writing, arithmetic, geography, and especially history, can be illustrated on the this saving would aid the war, and imscreen with greater vividness than by plies that it only eases the burden of the the teacher, whereas in more advanced taxpayers. schools the study of foreign languages can be profitably supplemented by views of the countries where these tongues are spoken, their customs and institutions In high schools the cinematograph would play an even more important role, especially in the study of science. Chemistry, botany, biology, mechanics, etc. particularly in their comparative aspects, lend so as to emphasize or reiterate some point. Public lectures and patriotic instruction are also, as has been repeatedly proved, greatly aided by the cinemato graph. The commission is of the opinion that the ministry of public instruction should either create a special source of production for these films, or, with the from your druggist and apply a little of help of editors of cinematograph films, this fragrant antiseptic ercam in your establish a repertory of already existing films which could be utilized for educational purposes, and give orders for creating new ones to suit the needs of brane, giving you instant relief. answered. "I can see him very well." "Of father said, "They are gold." Then the baby lived throughout if all. She is about wish to thank you for it. I have read it schools and colleges. The widespread colds and catarrh yield like marks. Deer's

Place of Parlor Maids and Butlers

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.) LONDON, Feb. 2.- Boy scouts have to take the place of parlor maids. This is one of the attempts made here to circumvent the servant problem brought about by the war. Butlers and footmen have discarded their liveries and donned khaki, while thousands of young women who used to earn their living as servants have gone to serve the country (and, incidentally, to earn better wages) as munition workers. In searching about for a solution of the problem some ingenious housewives hit upon the idea of employing boy scouts, with the result that the practice is becoming popular. The boy scout waits at table, cleans the sliver and answers the door. He looks smart in his uniform and his scout training makes him an efficient and satisfactory substitute for the parlor maid.

Says Public Economy Has Hurt Education

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.) LONDON, Feb. 29,-It is absurd to talk about capturing German trade and meeting foreign competition after the war when so much harm is now done to the British elementary schools in the name of public economy, declared T. Gautrey, secretary of the London Teachers' association, in a recent interview.

"Education is being raided because it is so easy to do it," he said, "but those rest first on national efficiency. A sound elementary education is the base on which all forms of higher education must be built, especially those of the more practical character than are now supplied."

The war savings committee of the London county council has instructed the education committee to effect a saving of \$2,000,000 in the coming fiscal year, heginning April 1. This also means the stoppage of all building projects, which in normal times amounts to at least \$2,500,000. The county would thus save film education in its general outlines. In \$4,500,000 on education the next school

Mr. Gautrey says it is not shown how

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