

The Busy Bees

NOW is the time for Busy Bees to spend in the woods watching the birds. You hear them in the trees, study them and are happy to glean some information as to their lives. If you so desire, you could have this pleasure right in your own yard. You could sit on your doorstep and watch the birds going about their business.

Build a couple of houses for them. They won't be backward about moving in. Then set out your dish of water or tray of crumbs. The birds will thank you by giving you a new interest—the interest derived from watching their graceful, pert motions and activities.

These guests will give valuable service for their board and lodging. Did you ever stop to realize that birds are the farmers' and gardeners' best friends? Yet often it is maintained that they are enemies rather than helpers in raising each year's crops.

While some are regarded as robbers of planted corn, and fruit thieves, it must not be forgotten that they are the destroyers of cutworms, and the slayers of worms and insects innumerable that mar fruit and cause imperfect vegetables.

One who begrudges birds the little fruit which they may eat during the fruit season is apt to forget that the fruit season is very short, while these helpers are working for him the year around.

Best of all are we rewarded by the cheerful chirp and the sweet call of the song-birds, which is payment enough for the little care they ask of us.

This week, first prize was awarded to Jennie Chase of the Blue Side; second prize to Roxy Erb of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Laura Mundt of the Blue Side.

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Miss Lillian Nelson.
NEB. PHOTO

wanted badly, a kind word and smile. The man would not let her go to her home or what she called it. He kept her and now she is glad she took the dog back. She gets to see him every day now. She lived happily ever after and is now a true young woman.

A New Busy Bee.

By Solomon Magoff, 183 Chicago Street, Omaha, Neb. Side.
I would like to join your happy page. I would like to join the Red Side. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. This is the first time I have written to you. Here is the story:
As Ted was walking down the street he noticed a big crowd standing near the corner. He thought he would go and see what the matter was. So he crowded up close to the edge, and what do you think he saw? One boy had a little kitten and another boy had a big dog. They were just about to let them down. They thought it would be great sport to see the dog catch the cat. Ted looked at the red button of his coat and saw Peter Rabbit looking at him with solemn eyes. Now is my chance thought Ted. Just then the boy let the cat and dog down. The dog made a dive for the cat, but Ted was quicker. He snatched up the kitten and ran as fast as he could, little caring about what the other boys thought. Ted never stopped until he reached home. He saved the kitten's life. Then he went in and told his mother about it. And, of course, she let him keep the kitten. Ted just then chanced to look down at his red button and Peter Rabbit grinned his approval at him. I guess I have made my story too long, so I will stop.

Christopher Columbus.

By Gladys Frisze, Aged 13 Years, Graceville, Minn.
Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the new world, was born in Genoa, Italy, about 1456. His father was a wool comber, but from the time he was a little boy Christopher wanted to be a sailor and wished to study geography, astronomy and navigation. He would pore over maps and charts, have long talks with old seamen about their voyages, and often thought of the wonders that must be hidden away in the eastern continent.
Columbus, having made up his mind that he could get to India by sailing westward, asked his own country to help him to test the question, but in vain.
He then tried Portugal, England and France, but none would help him. Some listened to his talk as if they thought him a dreamer, others would not stop to hear what he had to say.

How a Poor Girl Was Rewarded.

By Lucile Sonnenland, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb. Side.
Once upon a time there lived a little orphan girl. Her name was Flower and she had no home or nothing in this whole world she could call her own.
One day when she went with her papers she met a poor little dog. It looked like it had been in a rich man's care before, but had been lost. Flower picked it up and took it home.
Day by day the small amount of money she earned went for food for her dog. How she did love it. She called it her very own.
One day as she was looking over the newspapers she looked in the "Lost column" and saw the following item: "Lost—A small dog. A very pretty dog. Call at the Hub office. Reward."
Flower cried herself to sleep. She had a dream. She dreamed she saw her mother standing by her side. She heard her say: "Flower, thou hast truth in thee. Even though you love your little dog, be true to your Heavenly Father. Take it back."
Flower woke up. She went to the Hub office and found where the man lived. Soon she came to a beautiful mansion. She knocked at the door and was ushered in.
The man gave Flower something she

A Journey to Europe.

By Mary Grevson, Aged 12 Years, West Nebraska, Neb. Side.
I am a little gray sparrow. I live in the sunny south with my father, mother and my companions. My mother told me about a great country which lies over the Atlantic ocean. One day I made up my mind to visit this country. I left in the morning for four or five months. We traveled for days and weeks, and we soon reached the Atlantic ocean. None of my companions had ever seen such a large body of water, or neither had I. We were very much astonished, and decided to turn back, when we saw a ship

Stories of Nebraska History: By A. E. Sheldon

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

George Catlin

George Catlin was the first painter of Nebraska scenery and Nebraska Indians. Before him Thomas Seymour, one of the members of Major Ross's expedition, made a few sketches, but the real first honors belong to Catlin. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1796, educated to be a lawyer, but became a portrait painter instead. A delegation of Indians from the far west came to Philadelphia, where he had his art studio. He resolved to become the painter of Indians and Indian life. He forsook the studio, came to St. Louis and took passage on the steamer Yellowstone on his first voyage to the upper waters of the Missouri river. This was in the year 1820. He stayed that winter with the Mandan Indians and came down the Missouri the next year, visiting all the tribes and painting pictures at every stopping place.
Along Nebraska shores Catlin painted pictures of Blackbird hill, of Bellevue,

and we sailed on the ship. After a long voyage of four weeks we reached England. We had been in England for a few hours, when we heard the report of cannons, the sound of guns, as there is war. I was much afraid, and we said, "There is no place like home." The next day we left England and soon reached our free soil.

King Midas.

By Barbara Sweska, 222 South Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Side.
I am going to write the story of King Midas.
A great many years ago there lived a very rich king. He wanted all the time to be getting richer. It took him weeks to count his gold pieces. No matter how much he had, he wanted more.
One day when he was counting his gold and looking very sad, a stranger appeared before him. "Why do you look so sad?" asked the stranger. The king answered, "Oh, if I could turn every thing to gold the minute that I touched it!"
Now, the stranger had a wonderful power which he could give the king. So he said, "From tomorrow everything you touch shall become gold."
That night the king could hardly sleep for joy. In the morning he raised his purple robe to place it on his shoulders. Instantly every thread was a golden thread. He sat down to fasten his sandals. In a twinkling the chair in which he sat became golden. His sandals, too, the instant he touched them became golden. When he went for his morning walk every flower became a golden flower. The path and even the grass that he trod on became gold. So King Midas went back to the palace for his breakfast. He asked for water; a glass was given him. The moment he put it to his lips it turned to gold. The poor king could not drink gold. All the money in the world could not buy him a drink of water. He sat down to eat, but every mouthful became gold the moment he put it to his lips. So he could eat nothing. After a while the little princess came running toward King Midas. The moment she was upon his knee she was changed to a golden statue.
Then the stranger again appeared. The king, with tears in his eyes, begged him to take away the touch that changed everything to gold. "Are you not happy, King Midas?" asked the stranger. "I am most miserable," groaned the king. "I beg you take away this hateful touch."
Then the stranger told the king to lie in a stream nearby and the touch would leave him. Midas lost no time in obeying. The golden touch was washed away and the king was a much happier king than he had been.

Don't Like Measles.

By Leona Walter, Wahoo, Neb. Side.
I am going to tell you about when my brother had the measles. My sister and myself had to stay home and couldn't go to school. I didn't like to miss school, but I had to. I thought I would not pass, but I did. After my brother got over with the measles I got them. My, I didn't like them at all and I didn't like the kind of medicine I had to take. Well, I'll close. Goodbye Busy Bees.

Our Orioles.

By Bernard Carroll, Aged 11 Years, Palmer, Neb. Blue Side.
I am going to write about our orioles. They came around our house and seemed inclined to be friendly, get when I came around them they would give a sharp cry and fly away, but at last they began to build and soon had a nest completed in a small tree. They are very timid and will fly away just as soon as they see me. We have some swallows and they are building. The other day it was very windy and one of them had a feather and was going against the wind and as soon as it got so far the feather would slip out of its mouth.
I like to watch them. Well, I had better close, as my letter is getting long.

The Cat.

By Robert Paul Ensell, Aged 7 Years, Omaha.
I am 7 years old and in the second R. I have a little brother 6 years old. I read the Busy Bees' page. I enjoy it very much. A little cat came to our house about three months ago. He was a very good cat. One day he was up on Cumming street, one of my friends told me, and he got run over. I was very, very sorry. I think I'll join the Blue Side.

New Busy Bee.

By Cora E. Shaffer, Aged 12 Years, R. F. D. 2, Beatrice, Neb. Blue Side.
I am a new Busy Bee. I wish to join the Blue Side. I have been reading this page for a long time and thought I would join. I enjoy the stories very much, so I will write one soon. I will answer all letters received from the Busy Bees. I hope to see my letter in print.

A Pet Horse.

By Walter Lube, Aged 11 Years, Pierce, Neb. Red Side.
I have a pet horse. He can open any door or gate on the place. When we feed the horses and don't let him in he will open the door and get in.

The Dying Soldier.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 14 Years, 3225 Cumming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
Send a dying soldier to his brother. Send this little note to mother. For in this note she will know how soon her dying boy will go.
"But," pleaded his brother, "Why not give it to father?"
He is stronger than his mother. And will be able to answer me."
"No, no, he is not my father, and you are only my stepbrother. Mother Nature sings sweet. And do it now, my brother."
"Before you go, tell her not to worry. For I know that she is sorry. But, remember, deliver this note. And as a token give her this note."
So with these few words, he left, leaving by his side his sword. With which he had so many battles fought. For nothing his mother thought.

The Brook.

By Harriet Rosewater, Aged 16 Years, Little Brook, Neb. Red Side.
Little brook, as you run along, Murmuring o'er your silvery song. Clear and fresh, Clear and cool— Here a bend, and there a pool.
I run from the mountain covered with snow, With never a delay as onward I go; I will run to the ocean, where I may With nothing to stop me, not even a stone. The pebbles I flow o'er may say what they will, But onward! Oh, onward! I never stand still!

Kingfishers.

By Kathryn Spellman, Aged 12 Years, 823 Ella Street, Beatrice, Neb. Blue Side.
This little bird's nest is a hole dug by some water rat in the ground. After he has chosen the spot he sits down to his dinner of small fish. He eats a big din-

Their Own Page

Bird Baths

VERY afternoon about 6 o'clock a saucy, important, young blue-jay comes to our new bird-bath, and such a commotion and splashing it would be hard to duplicate. The blue-jay is not supposed to be a desirable bird citizen; it is said to steal, and to tumble baby birds out of their nests, and even to kill them, and it is certain that it is greedy; yet there is something about his manner, his presence very far from unwholesome. It is so alert, and takes such an acute interest in everything. You feel that it is very much aware of its surroundings, and that human beings are within its circle of consciousness. It lives not at all in a dream bird world of its own, but in a practical everyday kind of a scruff with life. So when I see Mr. Jay on the mulberry tree, eating as hard as ever it can, and then watch it dive into its bath, it rouses my keen interest. I don't altogether like its noisy jay-jay-jay-jay, and yet I know I would miss it if it went somewhere else.

The bird-bath was the gift of a friend and from the viewpoint of bird utility is absolutely perfect. It is round in shape and measures nine feet in circumference, and three feet in diameter, and at no place is it over two inches deep and the water is poured in it about one inch. There is a fine little promenade all the way around the edges. It slopes gradually. The water, standing in the sun, gives it a gentle temperature. The bath rests two feet from the ground. I am sure it will be the means of bringing many more birds to that particular grassy triangle.

Holidays.

By Myrtle Frances Hill, Aged 11 Years, Edgar, Neb. Red Side.
Here comes New Year's day at last! I'll be sorry when it's past. Lincoln's birthday and Washington's, too; then I'll send a valentine to you. St. Patrick's day, with lots of green. And on April fool's day the boys are so mean. Easter comes and we all eat eggs. And chase the rabbit who's so fast on his legs. Then we make May baskets, for May time is here. And now Memorial day is here. It brings back memories so dear. Children's day comes so fast. On July Fourth the children are playing Under Old Glory, who's swinging and swaying. To Harvest Home in August the family goes. In the crowd we hope no one will tread on our toes. September with school days is on the way. And oh how we hate the first of May. In October the Exams, make all kinds of trouble. And the girls' heads in an awful muddle. Thanksgiving comes, oh so soon. But we're hungry just about noon. Christmas is here with too much candy. Then doctoring by old Aunt Mandy.

Springtime.

By Vera Bradley, 190 Center Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.
The flowers opened early. The beautiful bees are busy; Mother Nature sings sweet. While the birds and insects eat.
Mother Nature greets them all. Till the coming of late, late fall. Then birds fly and swarms. To the south, where it is warm.
The beautiful roses bloom In the lovely month of June. Now and then a cuckoo coveys. One of the slender willows over.

BRIDE TAKES A WILD LEAP

With her trousseau in one hand and her marriage certificate in the other, Mrs. Mary Capella, a bride of three days, jumped from the second-story window of 1003 Annin street, Philadelphia, when fire threatened her life. Her husband, Anthony Capella, who preceded her in the dangerous leap from the window, and bade her follow, caught his bride when she jumped. As the result he is now confined to a home of a friend suffering from painful bruises and probable serious internal injuries. Six other persons in the house, whose lives

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