

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

TODAY is Independence day—the Fourth of July. One hundred thirty-nine years ago the Declaration of Independence was signed, announcing to the world that "all men are created free and equal"—by this means laying the foundation for the glorious nation that has arisen from the thirteen original colonies.

It has been a queer manner that Americans have adopted to celebrate this event. Each year scores of little boys and girls, even our own little Busy Bees, have been temporarily or permanently wounded and maimed by devastating firecrackers and pistols. Serious disasters, entailing even death, have come about as a result of Fourth of July celebrations.

To counteract this in late years, sensible persons have inaugurated a campaign of education and warning known as "The Safe and Sane Fourth." Let each Busy Bee appoint himself a committee of one to guard against all carelessness which may mean sorrow to himself or others.

Needless noise is another evil which it is hoped to relegate to the shelf in connection with Independence day celebrations.

This week first prize was awarded to Myrtle Anderson, of the Blue Side; second prize to Mary Grerson, of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Pearl Johnson of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Honest and Dishonest.

By Myrtle Anderson, Aged 9 Years, 3648 Washburn St., Blue Side.

There once was a girl whose name was Helen. She was the daughter of very rich parents. Helen was always dishonest.

Across the street lived a poor little girl whose name was Lucille. Helen was not liked, but Lucille was honest and she was liked by everyone. They were going to have a geography test the next day. Lucille took her book home, but Helen did not. Lucille wanted to get the highest mark, so the next day when they had the test Helen put her book in her lap so she could get it.

Lucille's eyes filled with tears when she saw Helen copy from her book, but she did not say a word. The teacher saw Helen, but paid no attention. But when the papers were marked she gave Helen a zero for copying from her geography. The teacher said that the one who had the highest mark and worked for it would get the prize. The teacher gave Lucille \$1. Lucille was so glad she nearly cried.

Lucille gave the \$1 to her mother for her birthday and she was very glad to receive a present like that from her little daughter. The next day Lucille told her mother how she won the prize and her mother told her it was always best and it pays to be honest and it never pays to be dishonest.

The Stone in the Road.

By Mary Grerson, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time in England there lived a very rich old man. This man loved to help other people, but no one cared to help him.

One evening the old man said to himself, "I will play a trick. I will put a large stone in the middle of the road, where most of the people pass, and I will put a bag of gold and write on the other side of the stone, 'He that moves the stone shall have the treasure.'"

In the afternoon about 4 o'clock he put the stone in the road. Thus the old man waited for the surprise. Soon a man came along the road, leading a horse, and the man said, "Whoever put this stone in the road has no right to it, but he did not move the stone, but left it for somebody else to move."

Many people passed, but passed the stone, grumbling. It was near sundown, when a miller boy came along the road, and saw the stone and said, "Some poor creature may happen to come along and fall over it, and they may hurt themselves. I will move it."

The stone was very heavy, and he hoisted it over, and he saw the bag of gold, and he then read what it said on the stone. He picked up the money and thanked God for his goodness.

Life on the Farm.

By Pearl Johnson, Aged 13 Years, Missouri Valley, Ia., Blue Side.

I have never lived on a farm, but from what I have read in my reading my relatives, who live in the country, I think any one who has a nice farm home is indeed lucky.

One of the most important things in life is good health and as a rule the country people are stronger and healthier than city folks. The main reason of this is the daily exercise in the good fresh air, which is always available on the farm. I like to visit my grandparents in South Dakota this fall. They live on a nice large farm and I am sure I will enjoy all the pleasures that one can have while visiting in the country.

Found a Bat.

By Helen Vals, Aged 11 Years, Clarkson, Neb.

One afternoon as I was in the house, my brother told me to go outside. He said there was something in the tree and he did not know what it was. So I went outside. As I looked up into the tree I could see nothing. My brother had a long rod. He began to hit it on the branch where the object was. When he hit it, it opened its mouth and made a sound. We were all afraid. I went into the house. In a little while my brother came back. He said he was a bat.

The boys had shot it from the tree. I went outside and found it lying on the ground. Its claws were stretched and they were very long. We examined it and then one of the boys put it into a box and took it home.

The Four Kittens.

By Floy Reardon, Aged 11 Years, Neola, Neb., Red Side.

One day my two brothers and I were climbing around the barn hunting sparrows' nests. We found four fat kittens in a barrel. They have grown so big there is hardly room for the mother cat. I think that they are so cute and dainty. One has two black spots on its forehead and all the rest are grey and white.

In the evening after papa has milked, the mother cat comes down and gets a bowl of milk.

The Robins.

By Ruby Anderson, Aged 11 Years, Valley, Neb., Blue Side.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Robin came to make their home in one of our apple trees. In a few days their home was completed and a few days later we found a hole in the nest. Several days passed by and we saw another egg in the nest. Soon there were four of them.

Then Mrs. Robin sat on the eggs and

FOUR BUSY BEES WHO REALLY ARE BUSY.

By Lois Johnson, Aged 12 Years, Avoca, Neb., Blue Side.

Betty and Jack, or rather Mrs. and Mr. Tomkins, had just arrived from their honeymoon to their new home, which Betty thought very cute. Betty was a woman of 30, with dark blue eyes and wavy brown hair, while Jack was a good-looking, manly looking fellow of 34.

They had lived for many weeks without quarreling or disputing about anything. One day Jack came home from his office very tired out.

The dinner did not suit him, and the house was dirty. Jack's little nephew had come in the morning and had spilled ink and had broken a \$3 vase which Jack had bought for Betty for a birthday present before they were married. He had also torn a leaf out of places in Jack's best book.

"How many times have I told you never to monkey with my books. Look there. And this is a book my mother gave me before she died," Jack said in a still cranky way.

"It wasn't me that did it. I'm going home to mother," she continued. "How dare you talk to me in such a saucy way?"

"Oh, quit your howling," Jack said in a still cranky way. "I will not," Betty continued. "Jack went back to his office at 12:30, still feeling worse than he had. Jack did not hug and kiss Betty as he always did."

Then at night Jack came home carrying his little nephew. Jack was in good spirits now. Jack said as Billy was tearing another book:

"Was it Billy who tore my book?" "Yes," Betty answered. "Are you mad at what I said, Betty, dear," said Jack.

"Well, if you never will ease me again, I won't be," Betty continued. "Both sat on a davenport with their arms around each other, watching the baby tear a newspaper which was near at hand."

"We don't care, do we," said Jack, who was watching Billy with all his might. "No," answered Betty.

The Flicker.

By Edith Weir, Aged 10 Years, 2112 Dodge Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The flicker is a bird which has many names. Some of them are: high-holder, yellow-hammer, spawucker and golden-winged woodpecker. This beautiful bird is due in Nebraska in May. It is found between the Atlantic ocean and the Rocky mountains.

The flicker's back and wings are olive brown, and crossed by many black bars. Their tails are black, under their wings and tail are shades of golden yellow. Their heads and the sides of the head are ash color, with a beautiful scarlet crescent. The under parts of their heads are blue brown. Their breasts are yellow with many black spots. The flickers build their nests in hollow or rotten trees and sometimes in a post. The nest is built one and one-half to two feet below the entrance. The mother flicker lays from five to seven eggs. Flickers have been known to lay as many as seventy eggs in one summer. This is because if some cruel person should take all the eggs the mother would keep on laying eggs until she had laid many eggs.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

By Edda Corneer, Aged 11 Years, 310 Valley Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Dr. Holmes was one of the great many writers who lived in or near Boston. He was one of the brightest and best loved of all American authors. He was an old-time friend of Mr. Longfellow, and, like him, was for many years a professor in Harvard college. Dr. Holmes was a small man with a smiling, genial face. He was always ready to grasp the hand of any honest man. He was very witty, but his wit was never used to hurt anything but sham, which he hated. He lived to be a very old man. Even old in age, most of his friends in earlier days were gone, but he still was bright, genial and loved by now because they are all feathered out.

The Dandelion.

By Edith Kenyon, 223 Curving Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time when there were fairies, kings and witches, there was a fairy kingdom. Everybody was supposed to do everything the king and the queen told them to do. They had to be kind to their friends. One day the violet who was the king and the queen's favorite went out riding. Now there was the dandelion who was jealous of the violet. So the dandelion got some more of the fairy flowers and decided to kill the violet. He was out riding. And so it happened that when the violet was riding past the woods, the dandelion and the other flowers captured it and soon killed it. When the king heard this he was very angry and he ordered the dandelion to come forward. The dandelion was trembling from head to tail, but the king did not care. He did not wait for any explanations, but said to the dandelion: "You shall be nothing but a common flower, more like a weed than any flower, and people shall not want you in their gardens. You shall always be taken out of the ground and thrown away to die." So that is why dandelions are so numerous.

A Picnic in the Woods.

By Jess Pope, Aged 11 Years, Walnut, Ia., Red Side.

said it was poison. (Later when we were gathering walnuts I saw a snake. I ran screaming to where mamma and my aunt were. I told them there was a snake and they killed it. We children went in wading in the pond. My cousin found a wooden duck in the water. It was intended to draw wild ducks. He also hit a wild duck with a stick, but did not kill it. We stayed in the water quite a while. Then I walked around to see the different things in the woods. My cousin said there were some coyotes in the other side of the woods. Then mamma called us to lunch. It consisted of sandwiches, fruit, crackers, cookies, pie, pickled cherries and other things. After we had finished eating, we started for home. When we were turning around to come home, one of the trees got punctured. Mamma, Aunt Minnie and my cousin fixed it, but we had two blow outs besides that before we got home. We did not get home until dark.

Their First Quarrel.

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Betty and Jack, or rather Mrs. and Mr. Tomkins, had just arrived from their honeymoon to their new home, which Betty thought very cute. Betty was a woman of 30, with dark blue eyes and wavy brown hair, while Jack was a good-looking, manly looking fellow of 34.

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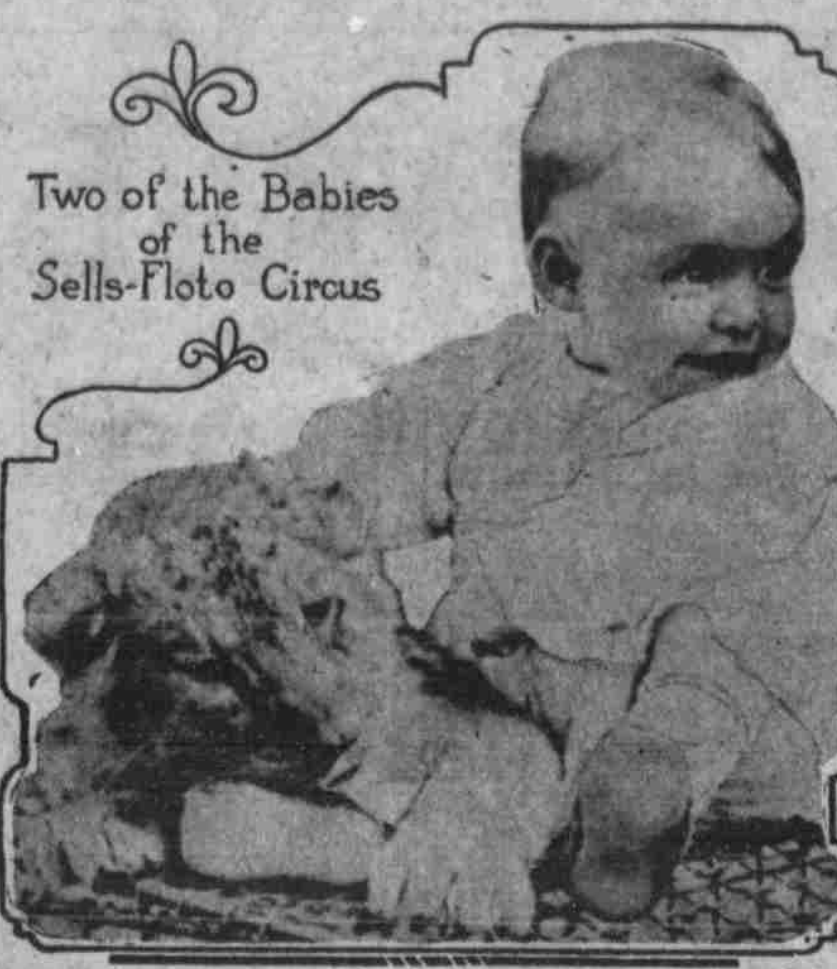
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A Picnic in the Woods.

By Jess Pope, Aged 11 Years, Walnut, Ia., Red Side.

One day last summer my aunt, cousin, mamma, my little brother, sister and I went to the woods, about five miles from here. When we got there we got fresh earth for the house plants. Then we children went to the creek. It is called East Pottery. Afterwards we gathered some wild plums. We found something that looked like wild grapes, but mamma

Two of the Babies of the Sells-Floto Circus.



Two of the Babies of the Sells-Floto Circus

as he was in his youth. He wrote poems, essays and novels, and books on medicine. His best known book is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Vacation Plans.

By Evelyn Burnes, Aged 10 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue Side.

"School is out next Wednesday and we are going to see the exposition." I have all my vacation plans made. I said Marjorie, giving the hammock in which she was sitting a more vigorous push. "And what are you going to do?" asked her little friend, Kate.

"Oh, mother and I are going to visit my Aunt Mae in Utah and from there we are going to see the exposition." "What are you going to do and where are you going?" asked Marjorie. "I don't like to tell you after hearing what you are going to do, but I suppose I must, because you told me what you were going to do. You see, I wanted to earn some money for the poor children so—here Marjorie's lip curled scornfully. I asked mother if she knew of any way I could. Please try it, Marjorie."

"Why, Kate Bancroft, I should think you would like to get some pleasure out of your vacation instead of killing yourself by working for those beggars and never get any thanks for it. No, I won't try it," she added with anger.

"I do, indeed I do," cried Kate, "for it is much more fun working for others than for yourself. Please try it." After a long talk Marjorie said she would try it, and it was as Kate had said. She was very happy in making others so.

Summer Vacation.

By Helen Abraham, Aged 10 Years, R. F. D. 3, Schuyler, Neb., Blue Side.

Summer vacation is here and I think that most of the Busy Bees went away from home to some place where they will spend their vacation and those that will stay at home have planned something for their vacation. I will spend mine at home this year. Last year I spent my vacation at my sister's place. I had a very nice time. Every morning my little nephew took a long walk. We had gathered wild flowers, which we found and we watched the birds at their work and we listened to their merry songs. When we came back we were tired so we played the rest of the day. Sometimes my little friends and I had a party in the afternoon. Every Sunday I want to see my friends and sometimes they came over to see me. I had a nice time and I think I will have it again this year.

A New Baby Boy.

By Edda Corneer, 310 Valley St., Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

This is my first letter to you. I thought I would write for I am so interested in the Busy Bee page. I would like to join the Blue Side. I would like to be my favorite color.

We have a dog named Tige. It is a Scotch collie. Every Saturday my sister and I herd the cows. We take our dog along. My brother bought it for \$5. We herd in summer. My father has thirty cows and five horses. When I come from school it comes to meet me and papa when he comes home with the milk wagon. I like to go to school. My

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.)

Prince Maximilian

Prince Maximilian was born in Germany in 1837. His full title was Maximilian, Prince von Wied. He was born with a fortune as well as a noble title and might have wasted his life in idleness and luxury like many other princes. But Prince Maximilian from childhood loved study. More than anything else he loved the study of nature. The raw world across the ocean, with its unexplored wilderness, drew him to its wilds. He spent two years in the forests of Brazil and wrote several volumes upon that then unknown region.

In 1845 Prince Maximilian made his famous journey up the Missouri river to the second voyage of the steamer Yellowstone. With him were skilled artists and scientists from Europe, who gathered specimens and painted pictures of the country through which they traveled. The next year Prince Maximilian returned to Europe and four years later published at Coblenz, Germany, a story of his travels in North America in three volumes, one of which is an art portfolio filled with sketches and pictures of western life.

Nebraska owes a great debt to Prince Maximilian. He made our country and its people known in Europe. Of all the writers on early Nebraska, he seems the most charming. He had the trained eye of the German scientist and the imagination of a poet. Reading his stories and looking at his pictures of the Nebraska of

We saw wild geese with their downy

yellow-headed ones, the red-shouldered ones, and the bronze variety.

Toward night a great light of more than 100 millions went over us in a north-south direction. Their formation was wedge-shaped, at times a half circle. We could clearly see the black wing feathers, the pouch for the throat and the long slanting bills. Our hunters killed some wild turkeys in the twilight. A beautiful flower (phlox) colors great fields with blue and the blue-birds' quiet little song was heard.

Our hunters brought on board a raccoon, a rattlesnake and blacksnake, and found a wild goose nest with three eggs. Near by we saw trails of Indians, great wolf tracks in the sand, and on the trees the places where the stags had rubbed their growing antlers.

A hunter broke off a poison vine. His hands and face are badly swollen today. We reached the mouth of Weeping Willow creek. In the bushes above us the birds sang a little soft song or twittering. The fox-colored thrush (brown thrasher) trilled in the tops of the cottonwoods, where he loves to sit. Here were many plants, such as columbine, maiden-hair fern, red mulberry, blue-eyed grass, succoon and purple vetch.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon of May 3 we reached Mr. Fontenelle's house at Bellevue. The land is here very fruitful and a poorly cultivated acre yields 100 bushels of Indian corn. It would return much more if carefully worked. Cattle also succeed here splendidly, give much milk, but require rest from time to time. Mr. Fontenelle thought he would have 500 head of swine in a few years if the Indians did not steal too many from him.

We lay by for the night a few miles above Bellevue (probably near where Omaha now is). Ducks and shore birds covered the banks about us. Stillness reigned in the wide wilderness. Only the whip-poor-will's voice was heard while the moon mirrored itself in the river where some of our young people were bathing. In the morning our ship, like a smoke-vomiting monster, frightened all living creatures. Geese and ducks flew in all directions.

We landed at Mr. Cabanne's trading post (ten miles above Omaha), and to our joy we saw a crowd of Otoe and Omaha Indians. Many of them were marked with smallpox, some had only one eye or a film over the other eye. Their faces were striped with red. Their hair was hanging disorderly down to the neck. A small brook with steep banks flows down to the river from a pleasant little side valley, in which are corn plantations. Mr. Cabanne had planted here fifteen acres of maize, which produces yearly 3,000 bushels of this grain, for the yield is very great.

Sitting upon the balcony of Mr. Cabanne's house we enjoyed a wonderful evening. The crowd of Missouri gladdened with splendor in the glory of the full moon. Quiet reigned about us, only the cross croaked and the whip-poor-will called continually in the forest near by. Twenty Omahas appeared before us. The chief dancer, a large tall man, wore on his head a high feather helmet, made of the long tail and wing feathers of owls and eagles. In his hand he carried a bow and arrows. The upper half of his body was naked except for a white skin which hung over his right shoulder and was decorated with tufts of feathers. He was painted with white spots and stripes and looked wild and warlike. Another younger man with him bore in his hand a war club with white stripes and a skunk skin at the handle. They formed a line, while in front of them a drum was beaten with rapid stroke. Several beat time with war clubs and all of them sang "Hah, heh, heh," or else "Hah, heh, heh," between times shouting loud yells. The dance was like this: Springing with both feet, a short leap into the air, with the body bent forward while the drum was struck a sharp blow and their weapons were lifted and shaken. In this manner they jumped about with great force for over an hour, the sweat rolling from their bodies. A clear moonlight lit up the wide still wilderness; the savage tumult of the Indian bands and the call of the night birds made this a scene to be long remembered.

Prince Maximilian died at New Wied, Germany, February 2, 1867, less than a month before this part of the wilderness he so well described became a state. He left a great museum to his home city. To the world he left the record of its busy life well spent and to Nebraska the best stories and the best pictures of its early days. His name deserves to be better known in our state where now live nearly 100,000 Germans, rejoicing in the speech and traditions of their fatherland and rejoicing no less in their homes and freedom found in the west whose great fortune Prince Maximilian foretold.

My Pets.

By Rosie Posvar, Aged 11 Years, Richland, Neb., Blue Side.

My pets are one dog, five kittens, one calf and one little chicken. My pet dog's name was Duke. It ran away about two months ago. The five kittens are about two weeks old. We had our little chickens out and the mother cat caught ten of them. Then papa shot it. It was a gray cat. After that cat was shot we kept them milk, but they didn't drink. They then died. My pet calf didn't die. It's all right. It will let me pet it. It is red. My pet chicken is white. When it wants to eat it runs up to me. Now I am going to tell you about myself. I am in the fifth grade. I am going to the seventh grade in the fall. We take The Sunday Bee. I am going to join the Blue Side, because I like it best. Now I am going to stop here. Goodbye, friends.

Summer.

By Vera Bradley, 1010 Center Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

When summer comes in brilliant dress, And sunshine floods the land, And blossoms, buds and butterflies Are seen on every hand, It's quite beyond contending That far more than the rest— The winter, spring and autumn— I love sweet summer best.

I think summer is the best season in the year, because in the morning the sun is shining, the birds singing and flowers are blooming. Everybody is happy and cheerful. Children have picnics in the groves and watch the brook run merrily on its way to a river. Summer is the most pleasant season of the year. It is nice to go sleigh-riding in the winter, but far more pleasant in summer, because we can go picnicking.

Enjoyed Her Prize.

By Margaret Crosby, Aged 11 Years, Sutherland, Neb., Blue Side.

I am writing to thank you for the book you sent me as first prize. I have read almost all the games over in it. The games are so interesting and funny that you cannot play them without laughing all the time. I was glad to see Alice Elvira Crandell queen, or her stories are fine and are very interesting to those who read them. I live in the country and play some of the games in the book as well as outside games. I read the Children's page every Sunday and enjoy it ever so much.

A New Member.

By Louise Johnson, Aged 11 Years, Harvard, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have ever written to this page, and I would like to become a member of the Blue Side. I will write a story later.

A Poem.

By Lena Walter, Aged 9 Years, Washoo, Neb., Blue Side.

Two little girls a better than one, Two little boys can double the fun, Two little birds can build a fine nest, Two little arms can love mother best.

Two little ponies must go to his span, Two little pockets in my little man, Two little eyes to open and close, Two little ears and one little nose.

In a beautiful wild region we reached the mouth of the great Nemaha river. The hunting huts of the Indians stood in the forest, but nowhere was man to be seen. One travels hundreds of miles on this river without seeing one human being.

In the evening sun, as it sank below the treetops, gave the region a glow of parting light. We enjoyed a view of the violet, red and purple tinted hills, while the wide murmur of the Missouri and surrounding forests glowed as though on fire. Quiet reigned in this remote scene of nature, for the wind had lulled and only the puffing and rushing of the steamboat broke the sublime silence.

At night we lay by near Morgan's island. The whip-poor-will, one of the birds we had not met before, here filled all the forests with their voices.

On the left bank, where the wide prairie clasped a wood in its embrace, the little Nemaha river broke through. At its mouth the Missouri is very shallow. A great wind blew our steamer upon the sand. One of our smokestacks was blown down. Crows flew over us screaming and a sand-piper with dark red legs ran about on the sandbar near the ship. We saw different kinds of grackles (blackbirds) flying together, the beautiful

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