THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: FEBRUARY 27, 1916.

hard time trying to eat with the chop Bancroft and waited there for them. We

The Busy Bees OUNDING up a month of birthdays of famous men and women, BRIGHT BUSY BEE WHO IS STU- (A table for each person.) We have a family who knew the way. We went to we today celebrate the birthday of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "the children's poet." How many of the Buny Bees have read his poems? And while we are on the subject of

birthdays, are any of the Busy Bees going to have a birthday Tuesday, a Leap Year birthday?

Aside from the regular award of a prize book each week, the award for the best letter written on "Winter Sports" during the last month is to be made today. Ever so many fine letters were received, detailing all of the winter sports, so that the prize letter was difficult to determine, but the award was made to Margaret Crosby of the Blue Side.

Quite soon we will have another special letter contest, for which another prize will be offered.

The prize book this week was won by Edith L. Trueman, a Busy Bee of the Blue Side, who used to live in Tecumseh, but who now lives in Munising, Mich., yet never misses the Busy Bee page. Clarence Me-Auliffe and Rosa Hehnke, also of the Blue Side, won honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

6-0

Fodmer Nebraska Girl Writes. By Edith L. Trueman, Aged 11 Years, Munising, Mich. Blue Side.

Although I live in the Lake Superior I read every one every Sunday, country, The Bee finds its way to our house. I enjoy very much reading the Busy Bee letters, because some of my former schoolmates of Tecumseb, Neb., are among your correspondents, and their ttern are a source of gladness to me. My papa has a dairy farm near the town of Munising, which is situated on the south shore of Lake Superior. The great forest and game preserve, "Grand Island," is only four miles from the beach on Munising bay. And we also have a glimpse of the famous "Pictured Rocks" Michigan, from the bay. I attend the Central school and am in the Fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Rows. We drive to school every morning, and, sometimes it is very cold and stormy, but we manage to get through alright. This is a great country for winter sportsskating, skieing and coasting. It is not unusual to see the bay black with people skating. The ice is as smooth as glass, and they skate from Munising to Grand Island and back. Many of the skaters fasten sails to their bodies and they sall across the bay at a very rapid rate. Only a few days ago the people of Munising gave a ski tournament, which is a pleasing sight. I may write again if my letter is worthy of printing and escapes Mr. Wastebasket. I would like to join the Blue Side.

(Honorable Mention.) A Fish Story.

By Clarence McAuliffe Aged 13 Years, Shit Seward Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

One day during our summer vacation I went fishing. I took about three poles and started in the morning, about 5 rest of the Busy Bees. one hour and immediately began fishing, of the lake. I fished for awhile and soon got a bite-also a fish. I caught a few

and then the time getting up. It is fun going down, but work climbing back. I hope the Busy Bees enjoy the stories that are written. I know I do, for

Jules Adolphe Breton.

By Mildred Moody, Aged 10 Years, Ce-dar Huifs, Neb. Red Sice. I am going to write a biography of Jules Adolphe Breton, for I have been studying one of his pictures at school. It is "The Song of the Lark." Jules Adolphe Breton is one of the best French painters of the village and country life. He was born at Courrieres, France, May 1, 1837. His artistic gifts were apparent at an early age. and he was sent to Ghent in 1843 to study under the historic painter Devigne, whose daughter he afterward married, and in 1845 to Antwerp to study under Baron Wappers. He afterward went to Paris and studied under Drol-

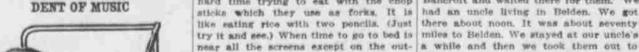
He won medals of the third class in 1855, of the second class in 1857, of the first class in 1859.

Breton occupies a leading place in the French art of the nineteenth century. There is a peculiar charm about his work. It embraces the "grave, serious and vigorous poetry of the country. which he expresses with love, respect and sincerity."

The numerous subjects treated in his pictures may be divided generally into four groups: They are subjects dealing with labor, with rest, with rural festiwals and with religious festivals." Among his works are "The Recall of the Gleaners, "Women Digging Pota-

toes." "Girl Tending Cows," "When the Cat's Away the Mice Will Play." I will close and leave a space for the

sot a bite-also a fish. I caught a few more and then, noticing a strip of water that ran inland, I moved over there. I finhed awhile and soon got some fish. I caught about 200 fish. They were carp As my bait was just about gone I thought I had better go home, as it was about 6 o'clock, but still quite light. As I was about to leave a man came down



0%0 but no mattress, and when we ask for there a while and then we went home. it we are told that Japanese have no mattreases and sleep on the floor. A our pillow. But we know we cannot

sleep with such a thing under our head and dream of "Home, Sweet Home."

Marigold and the Bees.

By Carmelita Gorman, 301 Fowler Ave-nue, Omaha. Red Side. "Marigold," said mother, "go into the garden and pick some flowers for the and such things to keep the house warm. table."

"Yes, mother," said Marigold, obediently, and took a basket and a pair of Of all the invitations that she and the they were thirsty they would go to the all the settlements. scissors and started out. Just as she was about to cut a pink hyacinth she saw a great golden bee flying around the flower.

"Please do not cut this flower, Mistress honey from it to take to the hive." "Where is your hive?" asked Marigold.

"Get on my back and I will take you to it," said the bee. Marigold dropped her basket and scissors and clambered on ready. the bee's back. The bee flew up and up. stopping now and then to take a stp of

honey from some tempting flowers. Soon the bee came to a large tree. where he stopped. In the tree there seemed to be a little house with tiny cells leading inward. The bee flew in through one of these and Marigold followed. Insidé the nest was much bustle and noise. The queen bee occupied one cell, while the little princes and prin-

censes occupied others as far from the queen as possible, for if she could get so happy that they could not get to sleep place and she would be queen no longer. The drones were lounging around, a striking contrast to the busy workers. By Lillie Defmi, Aged 12 Years, Wilber, Neb, Blue Side, The drones were lounging around, a Suddenly the queen bee stalked up to Marigold

"why are you not working? Go or I will bathing. We went, and after being there sting you.'

the goldan bee whom she first saw on for help, waved my hand, kicked, but no

the hyacinth, but could not find him, help came, her flowers to tell her mother of her miss me. My eldest sister tried to save strange dream.

А Narrow Escape.

By Marie Jensen, Aged 13 Tears, Valley, Neb. Blue Side. Once upon a time there lived a father again.

some old ragged shoes. One day some of his schoolmates came over to see him. The boys asked him if be could go skating with them. John ran to ask his father if he could. His father said: "You may go with the boys down to the lake, but you must stay on down to the lake, but you must stay on

like sating rice with two pencils, (Just there about noon. It was about seventy try it and see.) When time to go to bed is miles to Belden. We stayed at our uncla's near all the screens except on the out- a while and then we took them out to side are drawn so as to fix them to papa's cousin. We ate our lunch there. make bedrooms, etc. We are then taken When we had finished our lunch we to our rooms, the quilts are brought in went out to my uncle's farm. We stayed

When the first settlers came to Nebranks they settled along the streams

February's Party. piece of board or a block is then brought by Edith Wolter, Aged 12 Years, Ohlowa, Neb. Red Side.

farmed very small fields and fenced Mrs. February is a very industrious them, turning their horses, cattle and woman who is alway doing something. no we roll up our coats and fall asleep She has twenty-nine children, one being, pleased and find food, water and shelother stock loose to go where they a new child, and everyone wanted to see ter. It was a very easy way to raise it. It was a little girl. The others were stock and the longer one raised it in all loved by everyone that knew them, that way the more he thought it was but they were growing old. the only way.

They lived in a very cold house; it was not plastered nor had it furnaces Mrs. February decided that she would give a party in honor of the new baby.

children must write, all the children running water and drink. Often they helped but the new child. When it was about two days before the and rest during the heat of the day.

day that she had planned for the party All the owner had to do was to ride to be, Mrs. February scrubbed the floors, around them once in a while to see that Marigold," said the bee, "I must get washed the windows, and all that must all were there. Hogs also ran loose and be done before having a party.

When the day of the party came, my, were no acorns they ate rushes, which how she did wash and clean the children, grow thickly in the valleys and their

where. Prof. Snowbird played his fiddle, Mr. After a settler had his grop in he could Mrs. February served a delicious lunch. was gone. When it commenced to grow dark the After a while all the land with wood.

Nearly Drowns.

It was a very hot day in June when

"What are you doing here?" she cried: arriving from Crete, wanted us to go

Marigold was so frightened she could the other, like the girls did. I was only not move, Just then she feit the bee 10 years old then, and was wading until a while, tried to go from one bank to sting her. She woke up and found she the water came to my belt. My sister had put her hand down on a thistle. called me back, but I kept on. Now the "Goodness, met" said Marigold, "I water was up to my neck. I tried to turn must have dreamed it." She hunted for back, but alas, I went down. I screamed

Marigold then went into the house with Soon the girls on the bank began to

me, pulled me near the bank and began to drown, too. We both struggled for life, but no help came. We had to wait. When we were in just a short while we gave up hope of ever being seen on land

and his only son John. John had no mother like the other boys. He lived in a very small cottage. They were very poor. He had hardly any clothes, but us was a great hero.

little boyn

liant diamon's

eight fine real

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Stories of Nebraska History

Their Own Page

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.) own stock and keep them out of the crops. The settlers along the streams said that every man should fence his

The Herd Law

crop and all should let their stock run. So they disputed and sometimes fought. More settlers came in and the settle-

ments spread rapidly west from the Missouri river and away from the timwhere there was timber and water. They ber along the streams. There were some settlements where everyone wanted the stock kept up and some where all wanted the crops fenced. Laws began to be passed that sheep and hogs should not run at large. A little later laws were passed that horses and cattle should not run at large in the night. Then

the only way. All about the early settlers' cabins stock Hable for damages done by it in were miles upon miles of grass land free certain counties only. The people difor everybody. Cattle, sheep and horses vided into two parties, those who wished would find the best places to feed and to raise crops and those who wished to stay there as long as they liked. When raise stock. The dispute grew warm in

Finally in the year 1870 so many would lie down in the shade of trees thousand settlers were coming in that the legislature met in special session at the call of Governor Butler and passed the first general herd law. Under it everyone had to keep his stock from lived chiefly on acorns. Where there the crops of other people or pay damages, and anyone finding stock in his crop might take it up and hold it until but she spent more time getting the baby ready noses found roots to dig every- the damages were paid. This was called the "herd law," because the best way

About 2 o'clock the guests began to ar-rive. There were thousands of snowflakes, to hunt. There was plenty of game. to herd it. Some parts of the state were excepted from this law. The next year Squirrel sang a song, Mrs. Rabbit danced so hunting, and after he had it gath- the law was changed so that all the a Jig and Mr. and Mrs. Ice sang a duet, ered he could go hunting again. His state came under the herd law unless In about the middle of the afternoon stock would take care of itself while he the people of a county voted to have a fence law in that county.

This has been the law of Nebraska children lit small lanterns. They sang and water in each neighborhood was since 1871. It has made it possible for songs of praise to the new babe, About taken. Settlers kept on coming. Some poor people who could not fence to raise midnight the guests went home, tired, but happy. The February children went to seen them took the rich grass land which crop anywhere and harvest all be could queen as possible, for if she could get near them she would kill them all, for an hour after, but when they got to had no timber to fence with and they what he could protect from reaming did not wish to fence. They broke out stock. No law has helped more than larger fields and began to farm on a this one in the settlement of our state larger scale. When the stock running and although the need of it is no longer oose got into their crops there was felt, the good that it has done abides. trouble. The settlers on the prairie said with us, giving each man the right to that every man should take care of his reap where he sows.



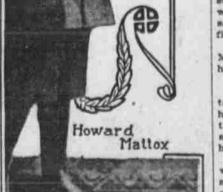
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make the landscape a setting for cow and horses. He liked to represent woodcutting scenes, the logs plied up on either side ready for carting, or scenes showing fields covered with snow, and

a shepherd painfully driving his huddled flock homeward along a sloppy road, or girls pasturing cows, walking by the side of their charges. His range of colors is small. There is a touch of sadness and melancholy about some of them. Many of Mauve's pictures have found their way to this country. He received a medal at Philadelphia in 1876, where he exhibited "Hauling Up the Fishing Boat." Some of his paintings are "Hauling Up the Fishing Boat," "Pastures in Holland," "Sheep," "Milking Time" and "A Fishing Boat Putting Out to Sea."

Lincoln's Boyhood Days. By Leo Henn, Aged 10 Years, Cedar Rap-ids, Neb. Blue Side.

Abraham Lincouldn't go to school as you do. There were very few schools and T fished for a long time without a bits, and got disgusted and moved. This time By Gies Gardner, 2005 North Sixty-second Street, Benson, Blue Sids. The long way out the mother have so many books as you. His mother was kind and gentle, and would read to was kind and gentle, and would read to Sammy was a poor boy who lived in the children every day from the Bible. New York. His mother sewed and Abraham had a mind and a good mem-

the morning and began reading again.

to the farmer. He told Mr. Crawford (for this was his name) that he would

work as long as he thought right to pay

for it. We worked three days at 25 cents

went. He read it in the field, and even

A Trip to Japan.

Bide.

him fish for awhile and then I guess he became tired because he had no bites when I go fishing.

(Honorable Mention.) Valentine Day.

By Rose Hehnke, Aged 11 Tears, Rock-ville, Neb. Blue Side.

Long ago there lived a priest named Valentine. This good man was noted for God at the gates of heaven. his kindness. He sturned the sick, comforted the sorrowing and was always take my warning and be on time. ready to give help to the needy. Valantine loved little children, and those that came to him for food or clothing were never turned away.

After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people he was very and. He thought he could no longer be of any help to them. Then he remembered he could write loving meanages to the sick and sorrowing. The little children would say when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a little letter today." But after a time no more letters were received and soon the news went abroad that Father Valentine was dond.

Then every one said that such a man was good enough to be called a saint, and from that time to this he has been known as Saint Valentine. It was not long when people began to celebrate his birthday by sending loving measures to their friends. These messages were called valentines.

(Special Contest, Prize Story.) Winter Sports.

By Margaret Crosby, Aged 13 Years, Sutherland, Neb. Blue Side. Oh, my! the fun when winter comes.

The sieds and the sleigh bells every hill but one and it is drifted so we and the skates. When the thick, fiescy can't. mow is scattered on the ground, to have At noon we coast down a hill right near

much fun the boys and girls must be the school house. When we get home we well bundled up, so as to keep from take our sled and coast down a hill near respected by his people, for in each freezing. The sharp winds bits the nose. home. We can't use our sled now be-cause it is broke. We broke it one day the toes and the fingers. Fine snow man can be made of the white, soft over at school. We live a mile and a half call he would know that he was wel-You must have two pieces of coal for the eyes, two sticks for the papa takes us. I am 10 years old and in is he ever apt to come.) arms, an old coat so it will hold on betthe sixth grade. My sister is in the ter, and some old hat to cover his head Miss Hitchman. I hope Mr. Waste

When this is done, the snow man is finished and the fun begins. A large alls of mowballs are piled up and a snow fort is built, and about from eight reaches you,

to ten balls are given to each, and oh, dear, the poor snow man surely is pelted

the anowhalls. First, off comes his hat, then his coat, then his arms and

eyes, and then, crashi the whole man goes down. This is the end of the spow

After this the sleds are taken out and I wrote for a grammar lesson. up to the hills we go, walking, then Anton Mauve, a Dutch landscape and other mats for people to sit on. When running, until at last we are at the top, animal painter, was bern in Zaandam in we are visiting in the regular Japanese running, until at last we are at the top, animal painter, was been in Zaandam in where we are ready to go down. How 1833. He was the son of a Baptist min-homes we have a hard time trying to all By Harlan Preston, Aged 9 Tears, In them as the Japanese do, but it is Lyons, Neb. Red Side. the snow glistens and sparkles! We all ister, and it was much against the wish on them as the Japanese do, but it is plie on and down the hill the sled glides. of his parents that he took up the study said that it is not a bit easier for them faster and faster we go, and when we of art. Mauve's works were often done to sit on our chairs. But we must go on were five automobiles we met at Lyons. papers. get to the bottom, off all of us pile into in water colors. He did not often paint with their homes. At meal time rice and We were supposed to come at 5 o'clock, the snow. The sleds go to the bottom, pure landscape, but liked to introduce ics and sake, the chief food of the but some of them did not come till 6 study. then they are pulled back to the top, simple human incidents or else he would Japanese, is brought in on small tables. o'clock. They were all there except one I am 10 years old and in Fourth R.

was about to leave a man came down dishing. He also had a gun and shot a musirat and a bird which he said was a antif-brother to a mudhen. I watched her fich for arbits and then I guess he

Several weeks had flown by: each books. He borrowed "Pilgrim's Progress" week had seen Sammy growing paler and read this till he knew every word. and he said to me, "Come on with me, son, I'll take you home in the auto." I just took home a few of the carp, and ask to be forsiven before he could enter my mother and father thought it was a "Tish story." The man was very kind and I hope to see him sgain some time not appeared. On the last day when not appeared. On the last day when When he reached home it was dark. Hammy was slowly dying James Rus- He read by the light of the firsplace until

sell's car sped up to the door of the tiny bedtime. After he went to bed he read cottage. James rushed in to Sammy's by the light of a tallow candie. When room and grasped one of his little the candle went out he laid the book on hands. "Forgive me," he cried. But he a log near the bed. It rained during the was just too late, for a few minutes be- night and the book was wat through. He fore Sammy had gone forth to meet wiped the leaves as well as he could in

Now dear, Bussy Bees I hope you will After breakfast he took the book back

Build Snow Hut. By ERhel Alberts Anderson, Aged 9 a day before it was paid for. The book Years, Colon, Neb. Blue Side. now belonged to Abraham. He used to

I will tell you a true story. It is about take it with him almost every place he the snow hut we made at school. First of all we made snowballs about while he plowed. He was thinking what the size of oranges. We formed the walls a great man Washington was. He said of the hut by pilling the snowballs on he would try to become like Washington top of each other. We made the roof by so that some day he could do great things

taking large crusts of snow and laying for his country. One day when Abraham on top of the walls. We made a porch had his new suit, he went walking along the road and saw a pig stuck in the mud. by the door. He went to work with a will and pulled When we had it finished four of us ate dinner in it, It was somewhat crowded, the pig out. He is known as the Log

Cabin President. but we managed to get in. One evening two boys knocked it down

The next day we hauled the snowballs over closer by the schoolhouse. This By Rosalia Hertz Aged 11 Years, 2536 Bouth Seventh Street, Omaha. Red time we made two rooms. I hope the sun does not melt our snow Last year at school we studied about president. Lincoln did not like slavery

hut very soon.

Anton Mauve.

Loves to Coast.

about it, so here it is: Although it is ever get a chance, I'll strike that a hard By Edythe Olsen, Aged 10 Tears, Weep-ing Water, Neb. Red Side. only imaginary we will play that it is blow," and he did. I have lots of fun in the winter while

real. We will leave San Francisco for Japan coasting. My sister and I go out coasting or the "Land of Cherry Blossoms," as it about every day. We take our sled to is sometimes called. Although the journey school every day. We have four large the sports and frolics there are in this hills on our way. We can coast down is a tiresome one it is interesting for

we see many strange fish and other sea animals. After a long ride we will reach Tokio, the capital of Japan, where the By Emperor Mutsuhito lives. He is greatly house, rich or poor, they keep a special room for Mutsuhito, so if he should ever from school. When it is bad weather come. (Although he has never come nor have frozen to death in our neighbor-

From Tokio large quantities of raw to grow in.

As Japan is a warm and earthquaky around the crumbs. They began to eat a piece of frame work with screens to Some more birds came and soon they

As I've never written anything for the are made to no able to push about as as It certainly looked like a bird banquet. to make different sets of rooms. Japa-

Anton Mauve, a Dutch landscape and other mats for people to sit on. When

boys what his father had told him. So came ever to our house-could not con-Joan went on with them. Finally they tent ourselves in any way, so mamma reached the lake. John thought he would told us to go to the attle and see what go down on the ice. The boys told John was there. We went up in the attic and not to go near the middle or he would found an old chest of tools which befall in. John said: "I am not afraid to fall in." So John stepped in and he fell into the water up to his knees, and the said she would give a prize for the best boys ran to help pull him out. John work. She had also hidden a sack of went home crying. It was about one mile apples and peanuts which we were to from the lake. hunt. It did not take us long to find

When he got home he had to go to bed. it. The boys fitted up a workshop for When supper time came he could not rainy days. They made us girls a doll mot eat anything. That night his father had supper days and and a little table. Mamma cupboard and a little table. Mamma to sit and watch him. In the morning said our work was so fine that the prize he was so sick he could not get up, so must be for us all, so she let us have a they called the doctor. In a few minutes taffy pull that evening, which was the best of all. I hope the Busy Bees enthe doctor came. He looked at John and said: "He has pneumonia." His father had to sit up and watch him joyed their Valentine day. I enjoyed four nights. He was all worn out. In mine very much.

about a week he was all right. This taught him a good lesson, and after this John always obeyed his father By Martha Jessen, Aged 13 Years, Cedar Bluffa, Neb. Blue Side.

him nearly everything.

dent of this great United States. Lin-

coin married Miss Mary Todd in 1839.

He had three sons when he was elected

Lincoln died April 15. He was shot

by John Wilkes Booth. Everyone felt

sorry for their beloved president, Abra-

A Banquet for Birds.

Mildred Rawson, Aged 11 Years, 1014 North Thirty-third Street, Omaha. Red Side.

The ground is all covered with snow

I hope to see my story in print.

Have written several times, and thought Abraham Lincoln. would try again.

By Eather Hahn, Aged 11 Years, David City, Neb. Red Side. Last summer, in July, we were herd-Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in ing the cows, and mamma told me to herd them, as my brothers were cultivat-Hardin county, Kentucky His parents ware very poor. He was born in a rude ng. I rode our pony, and the saddle og cabin. He was a very good boy and turned with me, and I fell and broke my right arm. I didn't know what to do. his mother grew very fond of him. When went up to the house and told mamma. he was 9 years old his mother died. But I fell of the horse and hurt my arm." his father married again. Lincoln had but little schooling. He Mamma came out and was frightened. and she called my older brother and we had two teachers. His mother taught

went to town, as it hurt me so. When Lincoln grow up he was sent When we got to town the doctor said it to the capital of Illinois to help make was broken. He gave me some ether and

laws for his state. But he rose higher fixed it up. than that, and he was soon the presi-

Winter Sports.

Breaks Her Arm.

By Edith Weir, 3412 Dodge Street, Omaha, Blue Side, The winter sports are ice skating, sled riding and skiing. I have skis and a sled but not ice skates. We have a fine ski and sled track and there are two ice skating ponds near here. We can see the children skate on one of the ponds from our house and it must be great fun.

We have much fun sled riding. It is built to suit boys, so of course there are many bumps on it, but girls slide on it, anyhow.

Our ski track is the same track. I have not tried it much on akis because have seen too many other children fall.

Has Many Pets.

By Charlotte Tomilson, Aged 11 Years, Fort Crook, Neb. Blue Side.

My sister and I have a little kitten. The other day I put a nice pan full of Its name is Topsy. We also have six eighth grade. Our teacher's name is silk, silk products, copper, tea and rice crumbs out for the little birds. I stood little chickens and six pigeons. We are sent out to other countries dally, it at our kitchen door window to walt and have a little calf, it's name is "Pet." Basket will be asleep when my letter having just the climate for such things see if they would come. After a while, We have two dogs, one is black and its I noticed there were a few birds circling name is Dan, and the other one is brown. It's name is Tige. Tige cats eggs and country the houses are only made of some, and seemed to be very happy. chickens. Tige is good about getting the

cows. We have lots of fun with our By Anton Wesely, Aged 13 Years, Cedar fit around the outside, also acreens that came so fast I could not count them all peta.

The birds should always have little Earns Money for Lessons. By Howard F. Matters, Aged 10 Years, 204 South Fortleth Street, Omaha. Red Side.

I am sending you my picture and hope you will like it.

I have taken twenty-five lessons on the violin and am in the third position. T One Sunday we went to Belden. There have paid for all my lessons by carrying

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Section 1.

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During that minute hundreds of people have grown just a little richer, because they are wise enough to own some favorably located Omaha property.

The same process goes on every minute of every day. time the clock ticks Omaha property has increased just a' little more in value, and its owners have become just a little richer.

That is the way real estate values in a city like Omaha increase; very seldom by sudden spurts; but a gradual increase every time a new house is put up; every time a new business block is erected; every time a new family is added to the city's population.

Close observers have said that cities do not really begin to grow until they reach the 200,000 mark.

The history of cities like Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and others, seem to prove that,

In the light of that fact, Omaha's growth has really just begun.

How foolish, then, the regrets of the man who says, "If I had only lived fifty years ago, when I could have bought land for next to nothing that is worth \$5,000 a foot."

Yes, prices were low in those days. But even in 1865 there were regretters, who thought prices were high, and wished that they had lived years before.

And there will be those who will regret in 1935 that they not buy in 1915. dtd

Economic authorities assure us that just such another period plentiful money and high prices will follow 1915 as followed 1865.

Fortunes were made by those who bought real estate in that early day, and fortunes will be made by those who buy favorably located property in this remarkable year of 1916.

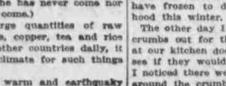
Don't buy blindly-merely to buy. Consider the direction of the city's growth; observe where conservative men are investing; consult some established, reliable real estate firm,

Then buy-and every tick of the clock will record a little advance in your fortune.

(Signed) E. R. BENSON, C. F. HARRISON, G. G. WALLACE, Committee

Torbart, suggested for me to send in nese people do not have much furniture fine sand to eat with their food because Busy Bee page, my teacher, Hilds B.

this outobiography of Mauve's life that in their houses. The main ones being a they haven't any teeth to chew and the large mat to cover the whole floor with sand grinds their food up.



Trip to Belden.

Japan, and as I had great pleasure in it and he thought how mean it was. He

I thought that I would write to The Bee said, when he first saw slavery, "If I

ham Lincoln.

and there is nothing to eat for the little birds. They fly around and look cold and wet, and several little sparrows