

# The Busy Bees

# :-: Their Own Page

**T**HE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION has announced the second annual observance of Humane Sunday, May 21, and "Be Kind to Animals" Week, May 15-20, inclusive.

So successful was the campaign, which was held last year, that the organization is planning for a much greater one this year.

The boys and girls of our great country can help quite as much in this work as grown folks. While the association is making its plans there is no reason why suggestions for the care and kindness for our animals cannot come from our younger folk.

When the hot summer days come it would be splendid to feel that through the suggestions of the boys and girls these animals, which must be given quite as much care as in the zero weather, had profited from the effort of a boy or girl.

It would be splendid for each Busy Bee to think out one way in which he or she could be more kind to animals and practice it faithfully.

Marie Pollard of the Red Side won the prize book this week. Florence Purcell and Joyce Ayres, both of whom are also on the Red Side, won honorable mention. The Red Side has been making a very good showing in the last month.

Announcement of a new king and queen of the Busy Bees will be made next Sunday. Votes will be received until Wednesday, the king to be elected from those of the Red Side and the queen from the Blues.

again. He has gotten worse now because one of his two brothers were going to kill him, but they did not. My elder brother, 7 years old, had caught it with a wire, while my little brother got the ax and was going to kill him. Just then my father came up and told them to leave the rooster alone. My mother said that they ought to be called "The Prize Fighters," because when my brother fights with him, he surely beats. This is a true story.

### Visits Several Parks.

By Ivy Sweeney, Minden, Ia. Blue Side  
During our school year we had a program and a box supper. We made quite a sum. Then, the last day, we decided to go to Lake Manawa. The first two days it rained. The next day we went. We hired four drivers to take us. The names of the drivers were: Mr. Goepper of Minden, Ia., Mr. Pickernell of Neola, Mr. Christiansen of Council Bluffs, and my father, Mr. Sweeney, the other. When we reached Council Bluffs we decided not to go to Lake Manawa, but to Fairmount park. When we reached there we took in all the sights. There were many pretty birds and animals. Then we went up the "Lovers' Lane" to the top of the hill. One of the boys had a telescope, through which we viewed Lake Manawa, the Missouri river and some parts of Omaha. We ate our dinner on the top of the hill and had a "pleasant time." Then we went for a ride five miles south of Council Bluffs. Then we went up to Lincoln park and viewed Lincoln's monument. We went across the Missouri river to Omaha. First we went to Miller park, and to Hampton park. We came back to Council Bluffs, where we ate ice cream and candy. Then we started home. We went on the corn belt route through the county home, near McClelland. When we got home it was 5 o'clock. We all said we had had a good time and wished we could go again.

### Girls Disagree.

By Luella Burke, Aged 11 Years, Farwell, Neb. Blue Side  
Once upon a time a girl got sick and she was mean. So she called for a girl that was true, and she came. The bad girl said, "Tell my mamma that I am well, because I do not want the doctor." "I will not tell your mother that. I will tell her the truth. And I will tell her that you killed a poor bird, and that is why you got sick." The bad girl said, in an angry voice, "Go home." "I will if you want me to," said the true girl, and she did, and that is the way the bad girl got sick. Goodbye.

### Happy Little Children.

By Leona Voeiler, Aged 12 Years, Wann, Neb. Blue Side  
Once upon a time there were two little children whose names were Hazel and Marie. They were both happy little girls. They had a goat which they would drive when they went any place. One day when their father came to the house he said: "You girls get ready and we will go to Omaha." It is about twenty-five miles from their home. They went in an automobile. It was the first time they had ever rode in an automobile.

## Where Lies Hanscom Park

By T. D. H.

Where "Tam O'Shanter's" ghost  
To the goblins plays the host  
There lies Hanscom Park.

Where in the water's silver sheen,  
The rainbow's pot of gold is seen,  
There lies Hanscom Park.

Where "The Culprit" "Pay" secreting,  
Helps Cupid in his tasks completing,  
There lies Hanscom Park.

Where the Pipe of Pan entrancing,  
Sets the listless winds to dancing,  
There lies Hanscom Park.

Where the wood nymphs convening,  
Lure the very trees to preening,  
There lies Hanscom Park.

Where the humming birds and canaries  
Gambol with the elfins and the fairies,  
There lies Hanscom Park.

Where every spot's a lover's nook,  
And its grandeur opens nature's book,  
There lies Hanscom Park.

They thought it was fun to ride in the automobile. They stayed in Omaha all day, and got within five miles from their place on the return when the automobile broke down. They had to fix it before they got home.

As I am a new Busy Bee I would like to be on the Blue Side.

### Father Tells a Story.

By Henrietta Newman, Aged 12 Years, Columbus, Neb. Red Side  
Mr. George and his three children were sitting in their great drawing room. Suddenly the silence was interrupted by Harry, the oldest daughter, asking her father to tell her a story. Mr. George asked, "What shall I tell?" "Oh," said

Mary, "tell us about your boyhood days." Mr. George soon began his story. It was as follows:

"Going after the cows was a serious thing in my days. I had to climb a steep Alpine mountain up to where our pasture was. Often the cows were in other pastures and we would go after them. The only time I liked it was when the wild strawberries were ripe. Once when I went over to our neighbor's pasture I found some wintergreen with red berries on it. I sat down and ate until I heard the large horn blow for dinner. Then I hurried and got my cattle and went home. That night I felt very sick. The next evening I was able to go after the cows, but did not eat any of the berries.

The next summer a friend of mine visited me. He would always stop at the wintergreen patch and eat some berries. I would always pass on."

### Will Write Story.

By Willie House, Aged 12 Years, Florence, Neb. Blue Side  
I have been reading your page every Sunday, so I thought I would join your page. I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade. I would like to join the Blue Side. I will write you a story next time.

## One-Fourth of the Babies of Paris Are Put Out to Nurse

PARIS, April 15.—About 25 per cent of the children born in Paris between August 1, 1915, and January 30, 1916, were put out to nurse, while during the period from August 1, 1914, to August 1, 1915, there was but 13 per cent.

To this increase in the percentage of children separated in infancy from their mothers, Prof. A. Pinard attributes the fact that the statistics for the five months ending January 29 show a higher infant mortality than the preceding months of the war. He points out that if the same progression continues the percentage of children put out to nurse will soon reach the figure of 31 per cent attained in 1913.

Since August, 1915, the number of idle women who have found employment has largely increased, and to this is attributed the increase in the number of the children put out to nurse.

## Wonderful Skin and Wrinkle Removers

The method of removing bad complexion by absorption seems to have come into general use in this country. Ordinary mercurized wax, applied nightly like cold cream and erased morning with warm water, gradually absorbs the coarse, faded or discolored outer film skin in almost invisible particles. From there a brand new complexion, formed by the younger, healthier under-skin, no cosmetic or artificial treatment can possibly produce a complexion of such radiant youthful loveliness. Druggists all have mercurized wax; it is seldom that more than one ounce is necessary. Thousands have also reported great success with the famous axolite wrinkle-removing formula. One ounce of pure powdered axolite is dissolved in a half pint witch hazel and the solution used as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. The deepest wrinkles and crow's feet, as well as the finest lines—whether due to age, illness, weather or worry—are immediately affected. No one need hesitate to try this simple lotion, as it won't harm any skin—Advertisement.

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## READ THE BEE WANT ADS

## Little Stories by Little Folk

### The Sparrow's Nest.

By Marie Pollard, Woodbine, Ia. Red Side

I have a play house and one day I was playing in it when I saw a bunch of straw in the window. I wondered what it was, so I went to the window and opened it. I saw it was a sparrow's nest.

I watched it to see if the sparrows would lay any eggs. One day I looked in the nest and there was a little speckled egg in it.

My aunt wanted me to tear it down, but I said I wanted to watch the nest and see if the birds would lay any more eggs. So I watched it for a long time, but they did not lay any more.

So I took the egg out of the nest and put it in some vinegar and salt and pepper to see if the shell would be eaten off. I put it in Saturday night and took it out Sunday night and the shell was all gone.

I watched the nest for about two more days and there was another egg in it. I found that sparrows lay eggs only every other day and they lay them early in the morning or else in the night.

### (Honorable Mention)

### A Trip to Iowa.

By Florence Purcell, Aged 13 Years, 254 Hartman Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Last November my parents took me to Red Oak, Ia., to visit their aunt on the farm. We only stayed two days, but, anyhow, we had a nice time. When we got to the depot out there, my father's aunt or cousin had to go out and call him. That was quite a ways and we thought he was not coming. My mother went and called my father's aunt up and she said he would be there pretty soon in the automobile. We got down there about noon and they were getting dinner.

I like it very much on the farm. My father's cousin took my sister and my brother and I downtown there and she told me to stay with the horse so she could go shopping. My brother and I stayed in the buggy and the horse started to go off. There was a man where I was and he saw me, so he tied the horse so it would not run away. I told Myrtle and she and the rest went home. I had lots of automobile rides. My parents and I got home at 12 o'clock Sunday night.

### (Honorable Mention)

### Writes of Arbor Lodge.

By Joyce Ayres, Aged 8 Years, Mitchell, Neb. Red Side.

I have never written the Busy Bee before. I wish to belong to the Red Side. I am 8 years old and in the second grade. I have heard many things about Arbor Lodge, which was once the home of J. Sterling Morton, founder of Arbor Day. We have a picture of Arbor Lodge, which is a large white building with many windows and large porches. There are many large trees of all kinds, also a beautiful landscape garden, many pretty walks and all kinds of flowers.

My papa and mamma once lived in Nebraska City, and visited this place many times. I will write better next time, but I am sick in bed now.

### The Three Pigs.

By Harry Voss, Aged 11 Years, Walnut, Ia. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there were three pigs. Their mother was going away, so she asked them what kind of a house they wanted, and the first pig said that he wanted a brick house, and the second pig said that he wanted a cabbage house, and the third pig said that he wanted a mud house. So, when they had their houses a wolf one day came in the pig that had the brick house and said that the pig should come out, so the pig did, and the wolf took the pig with him to his house. The next day he went to the other pig that had the mud house and did the same thing, and the next day he went to the pig that had the brick house and said the same thing, but the pig did not come, so he thought that he would climb on the chimney, but he fell in the stove and was burned, so the pigs were safe again.

### Would Re-Elect Former Queen.

By Margaret Crosby, Aged 11 Years, Rock Island, Neb. Blue Side.

I would not write any story this time, but will send you love in for Alice O'Brien because she has had so many stories in. She is on the Blue Side. I hope she is queen once more, for her stories are all good and interesting.

### Birthday on Tornado Date.

By Eliza Bevel, Aged 13 Years, 100 Dodge Street, Red Side.

I would like to be on the Blue Side. I enjoy reading the Busy Bees page each week. I was 11 years old on the first of March. I can always remember her birthday because that was the day of the Easter week. This is my first letter. I hope to see it in print. I would like to be on the Red Side.

### The Prize Fighters.

By Eliza Bevel, Aged 13 Years, Rock Island, Neb. Blue Side.

My father bought some chickens last fall. One of these chickens was a set of five, pinkish and speckled with some black on its wings. This rooster and two hens tried to fight in the yard. When my brother went out to play the rooster tried to fight him. My mother is a very good cook and she is a very good singer and she is a very good dancer. She is a very good mother and she is a very good friend.

## ONE OF THE COUNCIL BLUFFS BUSY BEES.



Richard Holst

worms for our fish, the rooster jumped on top of me and began to scratch my head, but I jumped up and ran after him with a stick, but he tried that trick

## Stories of Nebraska History

By A. E. SHELDON.

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

### Earliest Nebraska.

A Land Under Water—Earliest Nebraska was a land under water in the bottom of a great inland sea. Great fishes swam in the water. Shell fish lived in the shallows and died and left their skeletons in the soft mud. Corals grew and lily-like sea plants lifted their heads above the waves and died. Slowly the sea filled up. The skeletons of millions of dead animals and plants hardened into rock and became the limestone whose edges now appear on the sides of ravines and along the streams of eastern Nebraska. The sea bottom slowly rose and land appeared, a land of marshes and forests in which grew great ferns and trees which are now found only far south. In this swampy land lived great lizards, some of them taller than elephants and much longer, with many other strange animals. After many thousand years there was more dry land and trees of all kinds grew in Nebraska, splendid oaks, maples, hemlocks and willows among them. We find their leaves today pressed and printed in the red sandstone rocks.

A Land of Camels, Tigers and Little Horses—Then the sea came again and covered the land. New kinds of shells and fish lived in the sea and left their skeletons on the bottom. Again the land rose, was covered with grass and trees and Nebraska became the home of camels, lizards, monkeys, tigers and little horses, some of them no larger than dogs. The rhinoceros, elephant and other large animals lived there. The bones of all these are found today beneath our soil.

A Land of Ice—Then came moving fields of ice from the north plowing across eastern Nebraska and leaving, when they melted, deep beds of clay and the large pink boulders seen on the hillsides. Two or three times these ice fields covered the land. The climate of Nebraska became so cold that the warm country plants and animals died. Other plants and animals came in. The grassy plains appeared. The climate became drier. The rivers began to cut out their present valleys. Nebraska as we know it today came into being.

The First Nebraska People—A long time before the white men came, men and women and children lived in Nebraska. They lived in earth houses built upon the rounded tops of the hills not more than half a mile from the springs and streams where there was water. They lived upon the tops of the hills because they were afraid to live in the valleys for there were enemies all about seeking to kill and to rob them. From the hills they could see the enemies before they arrived.

How They Lived—These men and women had a very hard life, although their homes were in a land that was beautiful and rich. Their life was hard because they had to make out of their bones or stone all the tools they used. Arrows and spears to kill game, knives to cut or to dig, axes to chop trees and hammers to drive stakes and to dig their houses—all these tools and many more were made from stone. They made out of bone various tools, such as pins, needles and awls, with which to sew their clothes and to mend them. They also made out of bone tools to dig their houses and to dig their graves.

to get a living of the very simplest kind. They lived so much in fear of enemies that every family made a hiding place for its food and tools in the earth floor of its house. These hiding places were six or eight feet long, with a narrow neck coming up to the dirt floor. They covered this narrow neck with sticks and with clay and sometimes built fires on top of it so that strangers would never suspect that it was there.

Their Graves—These people buried their dead in mounds. They sometimes covered the bodies with piles of rock, placing alongside the bodies stone axes, arrows, spears and many other useful things which the living would gladly have kept, but which they laid in the grave because they believed the spirit of the dead would some day need these things and be able to use them.

How We Know About Them—All that we know of these early people we have learned from their graves and from the floors and fireplaces of their houses, deeply covered now with several feet of Nebraska soil, and from the curious bottle-shaped holes beneath their houses in which they hid their food and tools. Yet from these we know what they ate, what kinds of animals they killed, how they sewed their clothing together and how they cut down large trees and used them for posts in building their houses. We also know some things which they believed about a spirit world and about the life beyond the grave.

Their Pottery—Moulding the clay, when they found some that was plastic and strong, into cups, jugs, pitchers and wide-mouthed vessels which they could use in cooking their food. There were several kinds of pottery made by these people, some yellow, some red, some black, some with pitted clam shells mixed with the clay to make it tough and strong, some with sand and pitted rocks for the same purpose.

Their Homes—Most of the homes of these people were in the eastern part of Nebraska along the bluffs of the Missouri river and on the hills near the small streams flowing into the Missouri. Their buried fireplaces have also been found in the Bad Lands of northwestern Nebraska and South Dakota. They never lived far from wood and water. They had no horses and could not easily cross the great plains. They were different from any of the Indian tribes found in Nebraska by the first white people who came. From found upon stone and clay images in their houses resemble some of those found in Mexico and Central America, but we do not know where these earliest people of Nebraska came from or what became of them.

How We Know Their Story—Their houses have long since disappeared. Several feet of soil cover the sites. In many cases rock or log or stone did stand where they were, but they have long since disappeared. The children had even played upon their earth floors and gathered about the fireplaces in the houses, near for the first time and long journey made on foot which the older people told. But just as if your house should be destroyed and the tools and tools which it should be buried beneath several feet of soil for hundreds of years, what would future men, desiring to know what life was like in your old home, find from those who knew how the first men lived and how they thought as today from those ruins and from those ruins left away in the remote-covered graves upon the hills, we know the story of these earliest people in Nebraska.

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