The Busy Bees -:- Their Own Page

Many Busy Bees will wear a posy today honoring their dear mother. It is a pretty sentiment indeed, but the flower withers, dies and is gone. There is another way in which little boys and girls can honor mother and lighten her many burdens. They can do a kind deed for mother today.

"Actions speak louder than words," and the memory of a kind, thoughtful deed leaves an impress that is never quite forgotten, to say nothing of the satisfaction to the one who does the worthy deed.

Beginning tomorrow and continuing throughout the week, "Be Kind to Animals" week will be observed, culminating next Sunday in "Humane Sunday." How will you observe "Be Kind to Animals" week, Busy Bees? Why not write and tell the rest of the Busy Bees?

Ruth Ribbel, the newly-elected Busy Bee Queen, won the prize book this week. Florence Seward of the Blue side and Margaret Stewart of the Red side won honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

Mr. and Mrs. Wren.

By Ruth Ribbel, 1114 South Thirty-second Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

When Mr. Wren flew into our back yard he saw nailed upon a high post a cunning little house. He was looking for a safe place for him and Jenny to make their home for the summer.

He hopped around on all sides of the house, every now and peeping inside. After a while it entered this wise bird's head that this would be a good place for him and Jenny to settle down for the summer.

They are now settled in their new home and Mr. Wren sits on a branch of a small apple tree and sings as his dear little mate builds the tiny nest. I hope they will come again next year. They will have neighbors, as I intend to have a half dozen more wren houses put up.

His food consists of animal food alone. An examination of fifty-two stomachs showed that 98 per cent of the contents was made up of insects, and only 2 per cent was vegetable food, including bits of grass, evidently taken by accident with the insects. His food consisted of grasshoppers and beetles; the remainder of caterpillars, bugs and spiders.

Wrens will rear in a season from twelve to sixteen young, so you see a family of these birds must cause considerable reduction in the number of insects in a garden.

Your garden will not be complete without a family of wrens.

We're glad you came to us, happy wrens,
We love your merry song;
We will miss you when your gone,
We cannot spare you long.
You are a joyous little bird,
We love to have you here,
To bring us all good cheer,
A gladder song we never hear!

(Honorable Mention.)

Fire On School Grounds.

By Margaret Stewart, Aged 9 Years, Greenwood, Neb. Red Side.

One day this spring our teacher and we pupils decided to clean up our school ground. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining brightly, not a breeze seemed to be stirring, so at the last recess our teacher, Miss Maher, let us light a fire on a pile of dead grass which we had recently raked up. When it got quite low we went into the school house to get our lessons. Two of the oldest boys stayed out to watch the fire. While they were at the south end of the school ground the fire was all the time creeping north. It got into some plum bushes and was leaping very high. I looked out of the window and saw it. I told Miss Maher, and then she let us go out.

We all carried water in our dinner pails and soon got it out, but there was still a big log burning. We carried some more water and then thought we would rest awhile. While we had been in studying the boys found five bull snakes that were over five feet long. We went down there awhile. Two of them had gone away, but three were still there. The boys killed them and then went back to our log, but it was out. We went home feeling that it would be long remembered as an exciting day during our school career.

(Honorable Mention.)

Fleecy's Kittens.

By Florence Seward, Aged 10 Years, 1908 Corby Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

I have often told you about Fleecy. I am writing about her new kittens. They were born April 11, 1916. I take them out every day for an airing. Fleecy is very proud of them. They all have blue eyes. My sister and I are training them to do tricks. Two of them will follow me wherever I go. It's so nice today I guess maybe I'll take them out in the back yard. Well, I'll say a few more words, then I'll have to stop. I hope the new king and queen have a happy reign and no other country makes war with them. Well, I'll close, only I hope Mr. Wastebasket is just now calling dinner!

A Runaway.

By Ruby Jensen, Aged 12 Years, Arcadia, Neb. Blue Side.

Once last summer my brother attended the ball game. He drove a pair of ponies that have never been on the road much with a buggy. He got to the ball game all right, but on his way back through town there were some children that were playing beside the road. When they saw him coming they went behind his buggy and pounded on the back of the buggy and frightened the horses. The horses ran for about a mile and then his three horses ran. They ran into my uncle's yard and beat his buggy a little and broke his doubletree and tongue, but he was not hurt. This is a true story.

Our Shetland Pony.

By Opal Doren, Aged 11 Years, Ord, Neb. Blue Side.

I would like to join the Blue Side, as it is my favorite color. I will tell you about my pony. It is about 3 weeks old and my brother can lay down on the ground and it will follow him. He will roll over and will chase him. I like to read the Busy Bee page and would like to join. I read them every Sunday. Our colt's name is Lady.

Next time I will tell about birds. Goodby, Busy Bees. This is a true story.

Story of Farmer's Boy.

By Louis Kink, Aged 10 Years, Falls City, Neb. Red Side.

I am a farmer's boy. We live on a hundred and twenty acres. We have ten cows and milk six of them. We have six horses and three colts and one of them. We have three dogs, one little rat terrier and one hound and one shepherd dog. The rat terrier's name is Fanny. She always catches rabbits. We do not need her to catch them, as we

ONE OF COUNCIL BLUFFS' BUSY BEES.

Coogland Photo

Clara Neumayer

tied her up. The next day we left her loose and in the evening she found a snake. I killed the snake. It was about a foot and a half long. It was a garter snake. In school we saw about twelve snakes. We killed five of them. Our school closed April 28 and we had a picnic the last day. May 8 our German school starts. This is the first story I have written.

Count Birds They See.

By Willie House, Aged 12 Years, Florence, Neb. Blue Side.

I like your page very much and I think I will write you another letter. This letter will be about birds. In our school there are forty pupils. These children and the teacher have seen eighty birds already. Each morning if a child saw a new bird he would report it to the teacher and he would write it on a slip of paper. Hope to see my letter in print.

Poem on Bluebird.

By William C. Campbell, Aged 7 Years, Helena, Mont. Red Side.

A bluebird died not long ago,
It wasn't ours though,
And I was glad it wasn't,
Because if it were,
I don't know what I'd do.
I guess all the birds
Will come for the funeral.
Don't you?

Infant Mortality in Omaha Smaller Than Other Cities

The New York milk committee, of which Dr. W. A. Evans of Chicago is ex-officio chairman, is advertising the fact that in a survey of 144 cities Omaha showed the most favorable infant mortality average of all cities over 30,000 during the 1915.

Omaha's rate was forty-seven deaths per thousand of infants less than one year. Nashville, Tenn., had the highest rate, which was 182 per thousand, or four times as many as Omaha. In 1914 Omaha's rate was 57.3 per thousand and in 1912 the rate was 61.4 per thousand, thus showing a continued improvement each year.

Plea for Sparrow--"Live and Let Live"

NOW that we are about to celebrate a "humane week," is there not room for a little enlightenment concerning the English sparrow.

We as an American people have not been likely to accept any statement outright without investigating, but it seems that a certain class of would-be high-brows with less of the love of birds in their hearts than of love of the sound of their own voices, relating their own prowess, have been accepted outright with regard to the sparrows.

We hear long dissertations as to their "excess of naughtiness," as the Bible uses the phrase. How no fair feathered songster will tarry near their abodes; how they battle with and, it is assumed, conquer any bird, great or small, who may have the audacity to enter the lists, and how as to food they are not insectivorous, living presumably off something forbidden, although that something ever is left unmentioned.

Do we but look back to the advent of the English sparrow in the United States we find (kindly look yourselves) that in the year 1850 a pest of caterpillars swept the city parks of New York. It was then that our little garnins were imported and they are said to have saved the day. But they have so multiplied in this great country as to be called by some pests. Funk & Wagnall's small edition warns briefly: "The destruction of the sparrows may be carried too far. In France for example it has been followed by an increase of caterpillars, vastly more destructive than sparrows."

Now, if one will investigate, as I have done to my entire satisfaction, and meet the charges frankly, he must find that the sparrows do not drive away other birds. They are inquisitive, they are numerous, they are fierce among themselves, tireless in building, often building day after day in an awning which as often is let down with their nest; tenacious of life, but they are amenable to the lesson of a few good pluckings from the other birds. For example: Early in April because it was our first bird box finished we placed on the telephone pole at the rear of our yard a large flicker house. Within a few days a pair of bluebirds came to its shelter. It was amusing to see the little beauties flutter in and out of its depths. We at once put out a bluebird house, which they greatly appreciated and began at once furnishing.

It has been my custom during the eighteen years I have lived in Omaha to feed the sparrows. During the winter, when so little wild life appears on the landscape, they seem to be especially acceptable, and like the good wholesome, but not always esthetic, old time virtues so fast becoming unpopular.

I find they like bread best of all, will not eat suet, but are fond of pork and meat scraps cooked, also potatoes, breakfast food, etc. In severe weather, when one wonders that so tiny a scrap of life can endure the inclemency of the winter, I give them seed such as I feed to my canaries. In summer I continue the feeding bench, adding a drinking basin.

So when the blue beauties came I was greatly interested in their antics with the bevy of "talksters." My husband who loves the blue birds greatly, who have forsaken our yard for two summers past, declared against the sparrows, but upon my appeal waived judgment until we should see positive evidence against them. For a day or two we watched closely. I confess I was worried. The little sparrows were so interested in the building of the nest in the house, they would often accompany the furnishing to the door and peep saucily in as it was adjusted, inbred probably, but what think you did Mrs. Blue?

She darted swiftly at them and plucked and dashed them in no uncertain manner, giving notice that she had no taste for neighboring. Finally, within a few days her building was an old story and they left her alone. Now she and Mr. Blue sit above on the wires and look calmly down upon the feeding bench, going down to drink with them and oftimes taking seeds or bread. The blue babies must be near the hatching now and peace reigns between the parents and sparrows, greatly to my pleasure.

There are two robins in this same yard who wait about for the occasional worm tossed them from the gardening, and who eat with the sparrows, often from the one piece of bread.

There are brown thrashers contesting right to a certain tree who also eat with them at times, and who come for water regularly, and a jay who makes no courtesy of helping himself to the lion's share. Last summer we had a woodpecker who dined regularly and who would sit by and tap loudly and insistently if no bread were out.

All these birds, beside wrens, orioles and grosbeaks, have been seen at food or water for several years in company with the sparrows. Two days past a second pair of blue birds were investigating another house set near. We have had wrens in the front porch box for six years past. The sparrows are fearful of Mrs. Jenne Wren.

My plea is for all who love and would enjoy birds to look for themselves.

Keep away cats and squirrels if you would have birds. Last summer the mother wren lost three of her five children within a half hour from the neighbor's cat though I tried to save them. Pussy's nature is her nature and little wrens are not way wise.

See that children with popguns learn to watch and know the birds, and that they keep the distance of politeness from the little mothers' houses.

Birds learn easily to trust, but their fright of strange objects or people is intense.

I find the garden hose genuously applied convinces pussy that there are dryer climes and the B. B. is convincing to Mr. Fox Squirrel and does him only black and blue spots.

Light on the sparrow will remove the stigma which is being fastened to him by these "Christian professors" who love to take advantage of their weakness in winter in order to make poison most effective. Perhaps he forgets that we do not all use our best gifts to be an ornament or an uplift to society and still the All-loving Father permits us to stay.

It was the great-hearted Mr. Lincoln who, knowing how much room there is in the big outside and how true are the hearts of the many, wrote, "I believe God must have loved the common people, He made so many of us." Can we not paraphrase it to cover the sparrows?

G. E. B.

School Principals Object to Too Many Side Issues for the Pupils

Public school principals are displeased over the frequent distractions which are allowed to interfere with the regular school work. The latest and most pronounced of these was an "ice cream dandelion contest," authorized by Superintendent Graff in circulars sent to all schools. Never in the history of Omaha schools has this protest against interference of studies been so vigorous and general.

Principals who have been interviewed on the subject are not inclined to have their names used for publication, but they are nevertheless outspoken and almost unanimous in their condemnation of the alleged dandelion contest.

A principal who has been long in the service and on several occasions referred to at school headquarters as one of the most efficient of the staff of principals, made this statement:

All Talking Dandelions.

"The principals and teachers have never been so discouraged as they are at the present time. Distraction after distraction has broken into the school work. All this week we have heard of nothing but dandelions, and the children have been completely distracted over this subject, the ice cream incentive serving to accentuate their youthful enthusiasm. We were directed to do this by the superintendent, and we did what we believed was our duty, but it was a mistake.

"For one thing, most of the dandelions brought to the school were merely cut off at the tops of the roots, which amounts to nothing so far as real eradication of the dandelion is concerned.

"We had heaps of the dandelions in our yard, and the stench was so strong one warm day that we had to close the windows on one side of the building. The children came to school with dirty hands and clothes.

"The practical value of this dandelion contest was almost nil and the distraction was the worst I ever experienced, considering the real value of the so-called campaign. I spoke to a principal friend and she told me she did not have any dandelion contest at her school, notwithstanding the circular sent by the superintendent. You just ask other principals and you will quickly determine the sentiment which prevails among the teaching staff."

Schemes to Get Ice Cream.

In the desire to win the ice cream prize some boys resorted to all sorts of sharp practices. Commissioner Drexel's men hauled dandelions from one school to a dumping place not far from another school and the boys of the other school were caught by their principal hauling the old dandelions to their school. There were several instances of this kind.

All week the children, particularly the small boys and girls, bothered their teachers with questions as to which room had won and when they would have the ice cream.

The last few months have been unusually hard on the teachers on account of the scarlet fever situation. Already it has been decided to hold a summer vacation school to help 800 who have fallen so far behind in their studies that they will not be able to enter advanced classes next September unless they take the special summer course.

"I sincerely hope that the next time some ice cream man wants to advertise his product through the public schools the superintendent will have the courage to take a firm stand on this sort of exploitation of the schools. And, you know, it is against the rules of the Board of Education," said another principal.

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.)

Nebraska Indians as the White Men Foung them

The first white men who came to this region found several tribes and nations of Indians living here and claiming Nebraska as their home.

The Otoe—In the southeast lived the Otoe tribe, hunting as far east as the Mississippi river and claiming Nebraska as far west as the Blue rivers.

The Omaha—On both sides of the Missouri river from the mouth of the Platte as far north as Little Bow river, in Cedar county, lived the Omaha tribe. They claimed Nebraska westward as far as the Elkhorn river and Shell creek. Their great chief, Blackbird, was the first Indian of this region whose name is known to white men.

The Ponca—Near the mouth of the Niobrara river lived the Ponca tribe, claiming the country westward along that river and the streams flowing into it. These three tribes, Otoe, Omaha and Ponca were closely related and spoke languages much alike. Their traditions tell that they came from the southeast on the Missouri and had been in this region only a few hundred years. All three belonged to the great Sioux family of Indians and were relatives of the Sioux nation living northwest of them. The Otoe and Omaha tribes numbered about 1,200 each and the Ponca between 1,000 and 1,300.

The Pawnee—Just west of the country claimed by the Otoe and Omaha tribes lived the Pawnee nation. Its principal villages were in the valleys of the Platte, Loup and Republican rivers. It numbered in the early years about 10,000 people and spoke a language entirely different from that of any other Nebraska tribe.

The Sioux—The Sioux nation roamed the whole country north and west of the regions claimed by the Otoe, Omaha, Ponca and Pawnee tribes. In what is now Nebraska it numbered from 10,000 to 20,000 people. It had no permanent villages, but followed the buffalo herds. About the time the first white men came, the Sioux were driving the Crows westward into the Rocky mountains.

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe—Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes, numbering about 3,000 persons, claimed the upper valleys of the North and South Platte and roamed the western plains in common with the Sioux. They belonged to the great Algonquin family which lived in Canada and New England and which had been the first Indians met by the Pilgrims when they landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620. The Algonquin language is entirely different from either the Pawnee or the Sioux language. How this little company of Cheyennes and Arapahoes came to be so far away from their relatives is not known. Probably they followed the buffalo westward from their older home.

Indian Beliefs, Art and Music—These Indians believed in good and bad spirits which brought good and bad luck. They thought that certain charms and certain words drove away the bad spirits and brought the good spirits. They believed also in a Great Spirit, not always very clear to their minds, who gave the Indians the earth, the rain, the buffalo and other good things. Their art was chiefly of two kinds, music and painting. For music they had drums, made of hollow logs covered with skins, rattles made of gourds or bladders filled with pebbles, and whistles or flutes made from wood or bone. Their songs and dances were a large part of their religion. For painting they had colored clay and soft rock and pencils made of bone. Their paintings were made upon skins or upon their own bodies.

Indian Languages and Homes—The seven different tribes of Indians, Otoe, Omaha, Ponca, Pawnee, Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, numbering about 20,000 people and speaking three entirely distinct languages, lived in what is now Nebraska, when the white men first came here. The Sioux, the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes dwelt in skin tents or tepees and hunted for a living. The Omahas, Otoes, Poncas and Pawnees built large houses, round earth lodges, out of sod and poles, but also used tepees. They raised crops during certain months and hunted at other times.

Wars Between Tribes—All these Indians at first were friendly to the white men, especially to the French. There was almost constant war between the Indians who had horses and guns and the wild hunting tribes farther west. How these wars would have ended if the white men had not come cannot be told, but the wild Indians were growing weaker at that time.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.—Most people foolishly seem to think they are going to get renewed health and strength from some stimulating medicine, secret nostrum or narcotic drug, said Dr. Sauer, a well known specialist who has studied widely, both in this country and Europe, when, as a matter of fact, real and true strength can only come from the food you eat. But people often fail to get the strength out of their food because they haven't enough iron in their blood to enable it to change food into living matter. From their weakened, nervous condition they know something is wrong, but they can't tell what, so they generally commence doctoring for stomach, liver or kidney trouble or symptoms of some other ailment caused by the lack of iron in the blood. This thing may go on for years, while the patient suffers untold agony. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, rundown people who were ailing all the while, double and even triple their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form, and this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. Sauer, is one of the newer organic iron compounds. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The Manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Sherman & McConnell Drug Stores and all other druggists. —Advertisement.

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