

BOYS AND GIRLS IN WAR GAME FOR GOOD

Enlist to Fight Bugs and Raise Garden to Help Feed Hungry.

CAN DO MUCH OF GOOD

Lincoln, April 15.—An army of more than 5,000 Nebraska boys and girls are taking preliminary steps for a mighty "spring push" that promises to be of no mean importance in furthering the war.

The boys and girls are going to shoulder the hoe in place of the gun, for though they are too young for military service, they are old enough to seek to express their patriotism in a tangible form—the home-school garden, of which they are members. Their battle field is to be the back yard or the vacant lot where they will wage a war of extinction against weeds, insect pests, etc., which interfere with a maximum production of food for the family table.

Can Help a Lot.

Boys and girls, it has been demonstrated, can produce much of the food required for the family use, thereby releasing the commercial product of the country for the needs of the people in large cities and in foreign countries. Furthermore, since available labor is likely to be one of the limiting factors in increasing production, the use of boys for productive work will be economically valuable, it is thought.

Last year 2,222 boys and girls in twenty-five towns and cities took part in the home-school garden project conducted under the direction of the agricultural extension service. As a result of their work, 1,259 back yards and 345 vacant lots grew gardens. The total receipts from these gardens was nearly \$12,000 in addition to nearly \$2,000 worth of canned products. This year more than 5,000 children are expected to take part in home-school gardens in forty-five towns which have taken up the work.

Louisianians Come to Learn.

A party of 100 Louisiana farmers, headed by Director W. R. Dodson, of the experiment station at Baton Rouge, La., is planning an invasion of northern states in July, among them the state of Nebraska.

This is a part of a program to promote diversified farming and to develop the live stock industry of the south so that it will be less dependent upon cotton and the single crop system than at present.

Nebraska's share in entertaining the visitors is being planned by the University of Nebraska in co-operation with Director Dodson. Trips will be made to the stock yards at Omaha, to the state university here, and to live stock farms in this vicinity. One day will be spent with live stock breeders of Seward county and another with live stock breeders of Gage county.

Ex-County Commissioner

Hurt by Blow From Auto

Dr. J. R. Connolly, 825 Bancroft street, former county commissioner, received a compound fracture of the left arm, a fractured nose, fractured left ankle, abrasions on the right knee and other injuries when he was struck by an automobile driven by Andrew Meir, 2517 South Twelfth street, Saturday evening. Police Surgeon Earl Connolly, son of the injured man, was one of the three other surgeons who attended Mr. Connolly. He was taken to St. Joseph hospital. His injuries are said to be serious.

Mr. Connolly was waiting for a street car at Fourteenth and Farnam streets. In some way he darted in between two automobiles which were awaiting the signal of the traffic officer to proceed south. Mr. Connolly evidently failed to see the machine behind him when it started and was knocked to the pavement.

Omaha Congratulated on

Athletic Club Prospect

Congratulations upon Omaha's prospect for having a fine athletic club building, were offered to George Brandeis Saturday in a letter from C. C. Rosewater, former manager of The Bee, now in Los Angeles.

"Mr. Rosewater told me he was stopping at the Athletic club in Los Angeles," Mr. Brandeis said. "He said if Omaha's Athletic club is half as fine as that of Los Angeles, Omaha will have something to be proud of."

Bids for construction of the building here will be received up to 12 o'clock noon, April 24, by Secretary Wharton, and will be opened at 2 p. m. in Architect Latenser's office. The bidder who gets the contract will wreck the Douglas Auditorium dance hall now on the club's site.

Three Drowned When High

River Water Swamps Skiff

Decatur, Neb., April 15.—(Special Telegram).—Three persons were drowned here today when a skiff in which they were attempting to cross the Missouri river swamped and turned over. The three drowned were Louis Beaver and his wife and Martin Jesperson. A fourth member of the party, Wyle English, swam ashore and saved himself.

The party came to Decatur Friday and spent the night here. They were returning to their homes on farms on the Iowa side of the river when the accident occurred.

The river is very high at this time. In some places near here it is so bad the waters are cutting away the banks, and this morning the water was particularly rough.

Boy! Page All the Ship's

Carpenters in This Seaport

Ship's carpenters, and all workmen who probably could qualify as such, are desired to enroll here for possible government employment in the construction and repair of ships during the war. M. A. Coykendall, immigration inspector of the Department of Labor, has received such information from Inspector James R. Dunn of St. Louis. On Monday and Tuesday such workmen will be enrolled free of charge, at the co-operative government employment bureau in the court house.

Persistent Advertising Is the Road To Success.

"Moths"

By Nell Brinkley



WHEN I was a little girl, out on the western prairie-sea, where the shadow of the great blue mountains grew long at sunset, where the night sky arched above as blue as the field in our flag and as spangled with thick stars, where the shadow of our house stretched across a mile of rose-washed prairie—the high, white peaks were a tender pink from a mysterious rising sun—the dark soared into the splendid sky trailing his son-jewels in a shower at the dawn—out there when I was a little girl, my mother used to sing me the songs her brave little grandmother sang.

Do you remember the shivery songs then? Do you remember that melody always quavered and was as dismal as Tom Sawyer in the church-yard? An' it was always the song about the girl who would not wear a silken cloak to keep her warm when she went to a dance with her lover—that was young Charlotte, who "laugh like a gypsy Queen" at her mother, and then got frozen to death. Do you remember "LAURENA"? Laurena was a sad young lady whose lover sang to her of setting suns (my gracious) and coming snows and such.

Do you remember the young man who sang about "young love" being "like a flower," and his

was crushed underfoot by a false maiden? My little mother sang them with a laugh—and so the little child I was, seeing the laugh, smiled too, and did not weep over the melancholy things. Still I could see Laurena with her hair and Charlotte in her lover's sleigh in a tulle dress freezing slowly to death behind his coal-black horses with their silver bells.

Do you remember "MOTHS"? There are many bright things in this world pretty Moth. Do but dandle to lead you astray.

Love burns—a white flame—and from all the world the moths came, some young and tender, some a little older and wiser, all, they circle about the lovely thing that shines from world's end to world's end. Some warm their hearts and their cold lives by his dancing fire and take no harm. Some others dash into the lovely glory and their wings curl and shrivel—the gold dust—black, the fragile gossamer, ash. "There are many pretty things in this world, pretty Moth." Maybe you remember the rest of the woe of old song—just as I can go back to the west and find the same rose on the snowy peaks at dawn. NELL BRINKLEY.

When the Animals Speak

(Nothing more astonishing has ever been found in the lower animal world than the communal life and architectural genius of hive bees. Darwin thought he had discovered an evolutionary principle underlying the economy of a honey-comb, but it seems just as hard now as it was before he wrote, to understand how the bees acquire their science. So their social organization is a lasting psychological puzzle.—E.J.)

By PROF. SERVISS.

A few mornings after the visit of the hive bee to the bumble-bee's shack, she made her appearance once more at the mossy entrance, and waited about there glancing curiously and somewhat disdainfully at the big dumdies who buzzed in and out, until she saw her rustic friend emerging for a foray upon the clover field. Approaching, with the urbanity of a city dame, she said (in substance):

"Good morning. Can you possibly remember me? I, for my part, shall never forget that delicious honey. I fear I was a little rude when you showed me your interesting home, but then, you know, I have seen so little outside our own circle, and one becomes so easily clannish. But you promised me to visit my home and now I have come to chaperon you."

The bumble-bee's curiosity had been piqued, and she gladly accepted the invitation. She was very content, too, to have a safe escort, for she knew that, notwithstanding their superior size, the members of her race are sometimes waylaid by bees, robbed of their fragrant burdens and otherwise maltreated.

She generally gave a wide berth to hives, and now, as they drew near a long row of them, she was astonished by the countless throngs of workers streaming in and out and crowding all the entrances. Every hive had several hundred times the population of her own nest, which she had been accustomed to regard as an important capital, but which she now perceived was a mere village.

They approached the largest of the hives, whose splendid white front

abashed the unsophisticated visitor as a great marble building in a city impresses an untraveled countryman. They were challenged at the porch, but a little crossing of antennae opened the way, and together they entered, many bees politely, but with concealed annoyance, squeezing themselves against the walls to make room for the lumbering, broad-shouldered peasant.

"Here are our comrades," said the hive bee, leading her guest into a passage between huge walls of delicately sealed cells. "You see how we arrange them so that no space is lost and no material unnecessarily used. Come with me and I will show you some cells that are just being made. You will see how different they are from yours."

She led the way into a part of the hive where the workers resembled so many masons constructing a brick wall.

"We make two sets of cells, back to back," said the conductress. "Each cell has six sides, and at the inner end, where it joins the cells of the opposite set it has a three-sided point. In this way we make every side of every cell do double duty by dividing two adjoining cells and so only half as much wax and half as much labor are required as would be necessary if we made our cells round as you do."

(Measurements has shown that the bees lay out their cells on the plan of a series of intersecting circles, the distance apart of whose centers is so fixed that straight lines joining the points of intersection form the sides of regular hexagons. No other geometrical figures would afford equal economy of space and material. Moreover, it has been proved that the slope of the three sides of the pyramidal point of a cell is precisely that which mathematics demands for maximum economy.)

"Well," said the bumble-bee, "you have such a vast number of cells and

such an enormous population that I don't wonder you have to economize labor, time and material. We have plenty of space, and not so many mouths to feed, or so many youngsters to bring up, and then, we are a little slow anyway, so we take the easiest way. In truth I don't think we could do the headwork that your system seems to demand."

"Oh, it's easy enough when you are born that way," replied the hive bee. "But now let me show you our various kinds of cells. I regret that we have no public honey wells like yours, but they would be too tempting to the idlers in a metropolis. The lazy drones would be always at them. That reminds me, we are going to kill off the drones today, and you can stay and see the massacre."

"What do you kill them for?" asked the startled visitor, who perhaps felt as Cortez's soldiers did when they found out how the Aztecs disposed of their prisoners.

"Oh, just to get rid of them," replied the hive bee lightly. "They're no use any more after the queen's flight."

"Why does your queen run away, then?"

"Run away? No. She makes her nuptial flight, and all the drones, who are males, of course, chase after her, and the one who overtakes her becomes her mate. After the marriage she kills him and we kill the rest."

"I remember," said the visitor, with shuddering wings, "that you said something about your queen's jealousy and her slaying of rivals."

"If you had been here yesterday," returned the hive bee, "you might have seen her dispose of one. I guess the body is lying in the grass outside now. We thought for a while that the queen herself would be the victim, but just at the right moment she drove home her stiletto."

"But suppose she had been killed," "Then we should have taken the victor for queen, of course."

As the sun rose higher it became uncomfortably warm in the hive.

"It's time for the fans!" said the hive bee, impatiently. "Ah, there they are at last."

The visitor looked in the direction

indicated and saw a circle of bees linking the ends of their wings together, and then agitating them with a regular up and down motion. A refreshing breeze was immediately felt in the hive. Some tired workers stopped to enjoy it for a few moments. Other ranks of faners were formed and presently there was a stir of interest as an unusually large bee, with a long, slender body, made her appearance in the midst of the throng and was immediately surrounded by a bodyguard, while a circle of faners seemed to make her the special object of their attentions.

"It is the hive bee," whispered the hive bee in her guest's ear. The bumble bee looked with great curiosity at this autocratic ruler, and her impressions were perhaps colored by what she had heard of the jealous sovereign's bloodthirsty temper. Her more democratic instincts may also have been somewhat offended by the adulation heaped upon the queen by her submissive subjects. At any rate, she begged her friend to show her the way out. As they emerged from the gate of the hive they saw a number of big frowsy looking bees huddled together, apparently under guard of a circle of soldiers.

"Don't go yet," said the hive bee. They are the drones; the massacre is about to begin."

"Thank you," returned the bumble bee. "I've neglected my work too long. I shall remember my visit."

As she hummed away from the hive she heard acute sounds behind her, and glancing over her shoulder, saw that the massacre had begun. But the sight only put more speed into her wings.

Big Doings at Opening

Of Ernie Holmes Park

Big doings are carded for the opening game at Ernie Holmes' park today, when the Holmes White Sox and the Ramblers pry off the Greater Omaha league lid. As a preliminary game the North Side and South Side bloomer girls will tangle in a battle. Dan Desdune's ragtime band will furnish music for the occasion.

NEBRASKA CITY TO OBSERVE ARBOR DAY

Celebration to Be Participated in by People From All Over Antelope State.

PAY TRIBUTE TO MORTON

Nebraska City will celebrate Arbor day, April 23. The occasion is to be a state semi-centennial as well as an Arbor day celebration. The details are being managed by people of Nebraska City, the home of the late J. Sterling Morton, the father of Arbor day, a day that in 1872 became known as a Nebraska holiday.

The Nebraska City celebration will start Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock with a historic parade to Morton park, where the historical exercises will be held. In it will be citizens of the city and state, city, county and state officials, civic societies and floats, the Nebraska City and Syracuse bands supplying the music.

The Evening Program.

In the evening, from 7 to 8 o'clock, there will be an open air concert, followed by a meeting in the Overland theater, Nebraska City. Upon this occasion Paul Jensen will preside and John Lee Webster of Omaha, president of the State Historical society, will deliver the principal address. There will be songs and instrumental music by the Nebraska City chorus and the High School Glee club. John Mattes will deliver a short address and then the audience will join in singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

The following reception committee of Nebraska City men has charge of the arrangements: J. W. Steinhart, H. D. Wilson, J. H. Sweet and C. M. Hubner, with Bert W. Ryder, marshal of the day.

The Nebraska City Business Men's association extends an invitation to all citizens of the state to participate in the exercises. Special arrangements have been made for feeding and housing visitors.

The Home of Morton.

Nebraska City was the home of J. Sterling Morton. After his death in 1905 the citizens of the nation, by their contributions, aggregating \$20,000, erected here in beautiful Morton park a monument in bronze to his memory. President and Mrs. Cleveland, with the cabinet, graced the occasion of the unveiling of the monument with their presence, Mr. Cleveland delivering the oration.

In addition to the regular Burlington and Missouri Pacific trains for the celebration, the Burlington will run a special train from Lincoln leaving there at 8 o'clock in the morning and leaving Nebraska City after the evening entertainment. The special will stop at all stations going and returning.

Contractors Fight For an Open Shop Through the Court

Twelve local contractors have filed injunction suits in district court against the Electrical Workers' union No. 20, seeking to enjoin the union "from molesting nonunion men employed on local jobs."

Affidavits were also filed purporting to show that the nonunion men have been intimidated by the union workers.

The contractors in their petition state that they are willing to meet the increase from 57 1/2 to 60 cents an hour, but declare they will not make exclusive contracts with the union men.

GRAFF QUILTS SOON; NOT UP FOR ELECTION

Report That Other Cities Are Considering Him for School Position.

SUCCESSOR IS UNCERTAIN

That there will be a change in the headship of the Omaha public schools is now made certain by the determination of Superintendent Graff, who has confided to intimate friends that he will not seek re-election at the expiration of his term next July.

In this, Superintendent Graff is simply recognizing conditions which were outlined in The Bee some time ago, and which have been a consequence of the shifting control in the school board. It is known that he is under consideration right now for equal responsible supervisory positions in the schools of at least two other cities and knowledge of this fact has started applications from various sources for the vacancy expected in Omaha.

Just who will land the job it is impossible to tell, as school board members are extremely reticent in discussing the subject and insist that no one as yet has the call. The only name mentioned so far have been those of Superintendent Hunter of Lincoln, former Superintendent Graham of South Omaha and Superintendent Beveridge of Council Bluffs, and the only active canvassing has come in behalf of Mr. Graham, who for a year after consolidation served as an assistant to Mr. Graff, but for the last year has been engaged in life insurance. The report is that Mr. Hunter has laid down the condition that he will not consider any offer, unless it came from a unanimous board, and that the board is by no means unanimous.

When it was first rumored that Mr. Graff might not succeed himself, a number of his friends among the local business men and also representatives of the teachers rallied to his support, but found that the situation did not invite interference. As the superintendent's present contract has only two months and a half to run, more definite developments are expected within a few weeks.

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(Pronounced HIGH-O-ME) ENDS CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, on money back. Sold and guaranteed by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

TOO

The "Too" remedy was really never down-and-out. Its weakened condition because of over-work, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL. Bismuth Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful! These capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it, whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that beset the over-stressed American. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take these capsules. Once drugged, who gladly refund your money if they do not help you. 50c, 10c and \$1.00 per box. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name, GOLD MEDAL, on every box. They live, the more, original, imported, Holland, Oil, Chemicals.

Your Life Hangs by a Thread

of transportation. Millions of tons of food move thousands of miles to reach the American people centered in cities—and millions of tons more rot on the ground for lack of cars to carry them.

WAR, STRIKES and FLOODS menace this threat upon which the food supply of a nation depends.

HOW LONG COULD YOU STAND THE SIEGE of hunger if shipments of food were cut off from your city? How much could you produce on the soil you own? How much have you stored in the cellar?

The American people have long been the most improvident folks on earth because they have been the richest. They are just beginning to feel the pinch of hunger after generations of waste.

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO THE NATION AND TO YOURSELF to be PREPARED for an emergency—to be INDEPENDENT of railways that may at any moment be needed FOR YOUR DEFENSE.

This means that you must learn to produce food and to save food—to cultivate the ground and store the harvest. Perhaps you can do much, perhaps only a little, but whatever you can do is worth while as an example of thrift and preparedness.

Get This Free Garden Book.

A fifty-page illustrated booklet on the planting and care of the home vegetable garden will be sent free to any reader of The Bee. This book is an official publication of the United States government. It covers the garden from artichokes to turnips. It tells you what to plant and how to plant it, gives cultural hints and a planting table for more than fifty of the most important vegetables for the home garden, tells you all about the proper tools, fertilizers, etc., etc. Contains diagrams showing how to lay out your garden. You need this book to do your share in the big campaign for raising more food.

THE OMAHA BEE INFORMATION BUREAU, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed find a two-cent stamp, for which you will please send me, entirely free, The Garden Book.

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