CHAPTER XI

Bobby's Names.

Everybody—almost—liked Bobby Bobolink. His neighbors in Farmer Green's meadow enjoyed his singing. And they thought him the merriest harum-scarum they had ever known. He was even cheerful to look at, too. For with every bright day that passed, Bobby Bobolink's dress took on a gayer hue. The truth was that the yellowish tips of his feathers were wearing away, leaving him a handsome suit of black, set off by a generous patch of creamy yellow on the back of his neck, with enough white on his back and shoulders to make a most jaunty costume.

Most of the field people enjoyed Bobby Bobolink's company, for he was always in high spirits. And many of them were vain enough to like to be seen with him, on account

"Some people call him the Reed Bird."

of his dashing appearance. Mr. Red-winged Blackbird was especially fond of Bobby's companionship. And he was forever speaking of his old friend, Bobby Bobolink, and acting as if he knew Bobby a great deal better than anybody else did.

Mr. Red-winged Blackbird never tired of telling the neighbors about the good times he and Bobby had together when they were in the south. And he related many things about Bobby that some of the feathered folk hadn't heard of.

"There isn't anybody in the valley that has more names than Bobby Bobolink," Mr. Red-winged Blackbird said to Mr. Crow one day. "Some folks call him the Reed Bird. And down south they scarcely know the name Bobolink. Down there everybody calls him the Rice Bird. And there's an island far off in the southern seas where people speak of him as the Butter Bird."

Now, if the truth must be known, old Mr. Crow was a bit jealous of Bobby Bobolink. It was said—by those that ought to have known—that Mr. Crow didn't like it because Bobby Bobolink was not only a member of the Pleasant Valley Singing Society, but its finest singer as well. Unfortunately, Mr. Crow's husky voice had always prevented his joining the Society. And somehow—having heard that Bobby was very fond of rice—Mr. Crow could not get the notion out of his head that he might be just as fond of corn.

If Mr. Crow thought anybody but himself liked corn, he was sure to be spiteful towards him. You might have thought, from the way Mr. Crow acted, that Farmer Green didn't raise enough corn to go around.

"How does it happen," Mr. Crow inquired slyly of Mr. Red-winged Blackbird, "that your friend Bobby Bobolink has all these names? It can't be—can it—that he is a rogue and is always changing his name so people won't know who he is?"

"Certainly not!" Mr. Red-winged Blackbird snapped. "Only a stupid person would ask such a question as that."

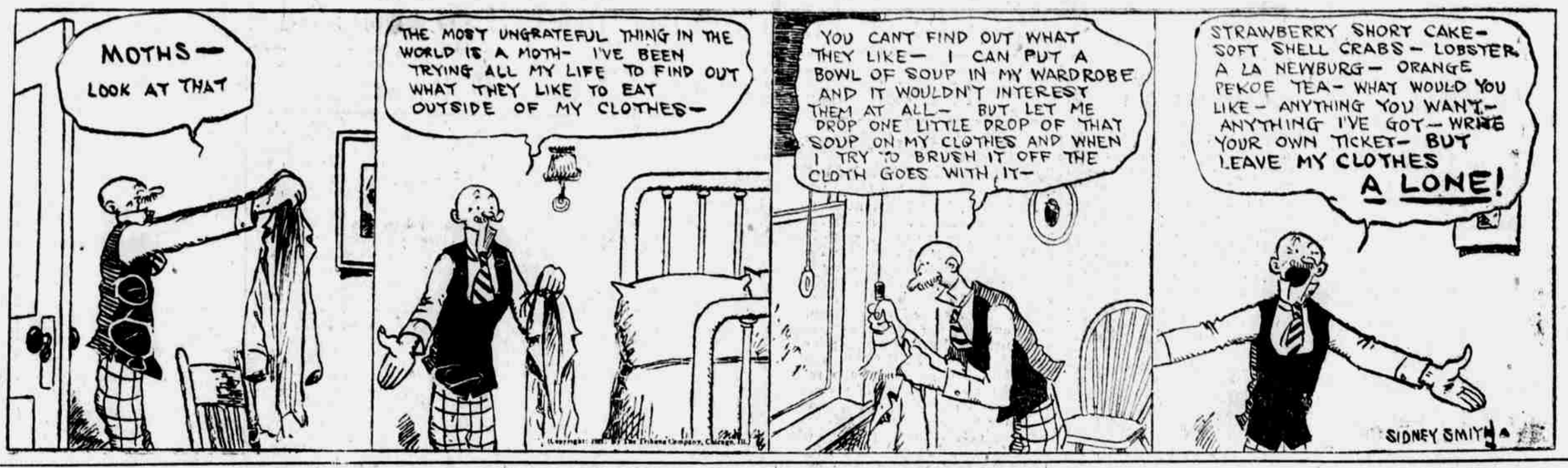
Just then Bobby Bobolink himself flashed across the meadow and joined them. And Mr. Red-winged Blackbird began to talk about the weather.

He was afraid that Mr. Crow intended to be disagreeable.

THE GUMPS---

COME ON, MOTHS, HERE IS YOUR MENU

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

PIE

The Bakers of America have decided to standardize pie fillings and print the formulae, so that the world may know what pies contain.

How often, at our mid-day lunch,
We used to watch the world go by
As we would sit and gently munch
Our rich and soggy wedge of pie.
We rather sensed than tasted it;
We neither knew nor cared to know
What it contained, as bit by bit,
It went the way all pie should go.

One does not seek to rend apart,
Or do a canvas violence
To learn what makes a work of art,
So pleasing to the finer sense.
One never asked the chemist's aid
To analyze a rare old wine
Or to discover just what made
A dry Martini so divine,

And so with pie, we had no thought
To ask what law beneath the crust;
As our incisors deftly wrought,
We took the contents quite on trust.
Though apple, prune or apricot;
Though mince-meat, fresh, or extra dry
Rhubarb or quince, it mattered not,
Enough for us that it was pie.

And that enough for us is still,
We have an instinct that forbids
Our ever knowing how they fill
The space that lies between its lids.
Though in the papers day by day
A list of formulae we find,
Our eyes we'll quickly turn away
And eat it, as we have done, blind.

WRONG.

Mr. Hughes says Russia is an economic vacuum, but there can be no vacuum where there is so much hot air.

MAY LEAD TO WAR.

Most of the border states will regard Ontario's going dry as an unfriendly act.

GENEROUS.

Mr. Bryan is liberal minded. He doesn't object to people drinking so long as they don't drink within 100 miles of one of his homes, and he has homes in six or seven states.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

One of Tobe Moseley's roosters committed suicide Wednesday shortly before noon. The rooster stopped in front of the kitchen door and crowed right loud, and as that is a sure sign company is coming the fowl was immediately killed for dinner.

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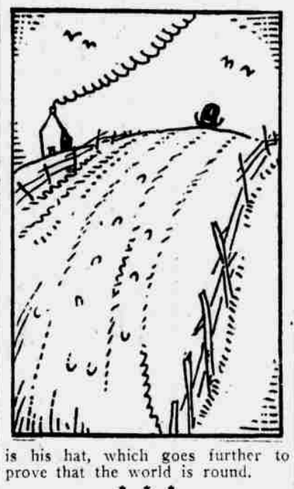
Atlas Peck observes that when a person is seen coming over a hill the first thing that comes in sight



is his hat, which goes further to prove that the world is round.

* * *

It is believed Isaac Helwanger is going to die right soon as he would not pay up in advance for his Tickville Tidings.

A species of fruit has been discovered in Mexico, 25 per cent of the contents of which consists of an oil having much lubricating value.

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL.

Today's talismanic stone, the turquoise, was believed by the Persians to bring good fortune to those who saw the new moon reflected in its surface. Great riches and many honors were said to be the lot of anyone having this experience.

The diamond is today's natal stone, but is said to lose its power to bring good fortune if bought or sold by one born on an anniversary of this date. However, if received as a gift from a loved one, and worn on the left arm, it is said to bring lasting happiness.

Today's color is light green, symbolic of joyousness and pleasure. It is particularly well suited to the frivolous woman, but will bring her only transitory happiness.

The maiden hair fern should be used today in decorations, wherever possible, since it is said to bring great happiness.

WHY

Are Americans Called Yankees?

While the genesis of the term "Yankee," as applied to Americans in general—by southerners to those residing in the north and by northerners to the residents of New England—is shrouded in the mists of colonial antiquity, there are at least two explanations which bear the earmarks of truth and logic.

The first and most generally accepted of these, is that the word is a corruption of the French Anglais or "English" used by the northern Indian tribes during the early days of the colonies. History states that "Yengees" was as close as the Indians could come to the pronunciation either of the word "Anglais" or "English," and it is easy to see how this, in turn, could have become transmuted into "cankee." Another explanation, a trifle more scholarly, is that Yankee came from the Scotch "yankie," meaning smart or shrewd, or from the Dutch "Jankin," the diminutive of Jan or John. One authority, in fact, goes so far as to declare that "Jankin" was the generic name applied to the English settlers of Connecticut by the Dutch settlers of New York.

The first known use of the word in print occurred in the poem entitled, "Oppression," published in 1763, in which appears the line: "From meanness first the Yankee Rose." The coupling of the words "Portsmouth" and "Yankee" would appear to bear out the contention that this term was applied principally to New Englanders and therefore was of Dutch origin.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Money and Study.

If you look at it from the right angle, it may be a good thing for you to mingle with men who have made successes in their individual lines and have accumulated enough to enable them to daily enjoy pleasures which you are permitted only occasionally to enjoy.

You have a feeling of envy, perhaps, that these men have won out where you have failed; but if you have, it does you more harm than good.

If you are made of the right stuff, the association with men who have done big things should inspire you to do likewise.

If meeting men of great wealth who have made the money by attending to business and doing it well, rouses you to greater efforts to place yourself on the sunny side of Comfort street, well and good.

The chances are that you would never exert yourself to get ahead to some big purpose if you never found out or had before you the evidence of what honest money can buy in good times and usefulness.

You have spent your working hours rushing and your free hours relaxing, but you have given too little thought to systematic progression in finance.

It is possible to be honest and have money. Thrift and a sane idea of investment, and study, will get you to a place of advantage in the world.

Parents' Problems

What is the best course to follow with a small child who does not like to lend his toys?

This child should not be compelled to lend his toys, but he should most certainly be persuaded so to do. A story, particularly "The Dog in the Manger," will help him to develop generosity in this respect.

Addresses Graduates.

Lincoln, May 26. — (Special.) — Deputy Secretary of State W. L. Gaston was the high school commencement speaker at Hooper. He will speak at Holdrege tomorrow night.

Where It Started

Paper Currency.

Paper currency, or banknotes, was first proposed by Abraham Clark, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, about 1786. His device was severely questioned, as the issue of paper money was thought to damage credit; but it succeeded, and is today the recognized system of issuing currency.