

# Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

**V**ACATION days are not only over for the Busy Bees, but for the little squirrels, field mice and birds and many of our small out-of-door friends, who must prepare their homes for the cold days of winter are hard at work again.

In your tramps through the woods which many of the Bees have taken during these splendid fall days have you watched these little friends busy with their work? Father and Mother Squirrel are busily engaged in teaching their children the way that the nuts must be gathered and stored for the winter; how the home must be made warmer and ready for the days when the trees and the ground will be covered with snow?

While all these little friends are preparing their winter quarters we have some friends who are more dependent on the work of many of the Busy Bees for their care and protection during the coming winter.

The family cat with her kittens, who have spent the summer out of doors, must have a place to sleep during the cold winter nights and it would be a true kindness to these playmates to help them find and make ready their winter homes.

If any Bee has no dog or cat he or she can help watch the trees and see what birds are still with us and maybe by putting a small covered box high in the tree you will be able to make these little companions change their plans and spend the winter outside your window instead of going to the south, where the days are not so cold in the winter time.

Perhaps some of the Busy Bees can tell others how to help these little neighbors and what they are doing for their pets.

## ANOTHER NEW BUSY BEE ON THE BLUE SIDE.



ROBERT MAULIFFE.

find which was the funniest. It was the old witch; she was the only one in the room. They then unmasked and it was May who got the prize.

They then played games and had refreshments and went home tired, but happy.

### Our Baby.

By Allen Averill, Aged 5 Years, 2514 Chicago Street, Omaha, Neb. Side.

A year ago last March a little boy baby came to our house while I was visiting my cousin. My brother wanted to name him Buster, but mamma named him Edmund. He is very cute and he is just learning to walk, as he was very sick last winter and he lost much flesh and strength. We call him Bud now, so we can talk a little bit.

I am a new Bee and I will be loyal to the king and join the Red Side.

### The Punishment.

By Emma Julia Reed, Aged 7 Years, 2994 Harney Street, Omaha.

One summer day two little pug dogs who were tired of playing saw a bone lying on the barn floor.

They both ran for it. Each one got an end.

Soon their mother came in and saw them quarrelling. She took the bone away from them and said she would eat it and that they would have to go without their supper because they had been naughty.

### A Short Story.

By Walter Averill, 2514 Chicago Street, Omaha, Neb. Side.

One day when I was living in Creston, Ia., I was surprised to see my cousin who lived in a neighboring town, on the streets of Creston with a friend of his. They were in a buggy and Harry, my cousin, asked me to go back home with them. I got permission from mother and I rode part of the way on it; the rest of the time Harry or his friend rode it.

About three miles out of town we came to a big apple orchard. We stopped the horse and were over the fence by the time Harry came up on the wheel. He held the horse for us while we filled our blouses, pockets and hands with fine, dead flies, juicy apples. As we rode on we stuffed ourselves with the apples. We ate as many as we could and saved the rest and our cores for the horse.

The farms we passed had about the best soil there is, for, as I suppose you know, Iowa is noted for its rich, fertile soil. We passed the county poor farm and just a little east of that we came to the old roadway, where the old railroad used to be. This is the best road I have ever seen. It is a continual stretch of very smooth, but very narrow, road, with trees growing up on both sides, their tops touching each other. This is a very fine spin for bicyclists, as the road is seldom muddy, and there are three or four miles of shady traveling.

After getting past this wonderful piece of road we soon got to our cousin's house. The whole distance by wagon road is about twelve miles.

I was much pleased with the answer the Reds gave me to my appeal for more stories. I was certainly glad my subjects captured both prizes from the wily Blues Sunday. I am also glad to see our former king with another of his usually good stories in the page. I thank all the Reds for their loyalty.

### Keep it up, Reds. Remember our motto, "Beat the Blues or Die."

### A True Biography of a Cat.

By Leon Kahn, 523 South Twenty-ninth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I was born in the back end of a saloon on a cold December morning. I had two brothers and one sister. My mother was very kind to us and the porter was also. The men that used to come in the back part of a saloon would kick us around, which made the porter very mad.

When I was three weeks old my sister and one of my brothers were taken away. This made my mother very sorrowful. When I was a weeks old my brother was stolen and I was given away to a little boy. This made my mother heart broken, but she soon forgot about it.

I was well cared for and treated kindly. Every evening I was given a soft bed in a big easy chair, which I enjoyed. My master played with me and was not rough. I played circus with my master. I could jump through hoops and could stand on my hind legs, which few cats can do.

When my master would let me out of doors I would go and catch young sparrows. My master would sometimes whip me for doing this, which I suppose I deserved. My history is too long to narrate, so I guess I will not describe my life any farther.

### Nuremberg.

By Alfred Mayer, 62 Georgia Ave., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

In all parts of Germany there are churches for miles along. In Nuremberg there is a beautiful church right out of the market place. At the top of the church is a clock. Every time the clock strikes the figures go slowly around; there are water carriers, knights on horseback and many curious things. In

all the clock is a very interesting piece of architecture.

We pass a castle that has four towers, one on every direction—namely, north, east, west and south.

We go across the hangman's tower, which was used to hang robbers in the centuries between 1,000 and 1,500.

To end our ride through the city we go to the house where Albrecht Durer was born. He was the first German man to make Nuremberg rank in the literary class.

**A Letter from Margaret.**  
GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Oct. 26—I have been reading your stories every week and like them very much. I have decided that I would like to be on the Blue Side. If some little girl on the Blue Side would kindly write me a letter telling how many prizes they won I would love to correspond with her. Your friend, MARGARET TOWNSE.

### Dogs Talk with Their Tails.

It is no doubt a startling conclusion, but Dr. Louis Robinson, the English scientist, who has been investigating the mysteries of canine language, has practically set up the conclusion that a dog speaks with his tail tip.

In the case of all hunting dogs which pack together, the tail is carried aloft, and is very free in motion. There is no doubt that fox hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected, enough to suggest the presence of a fox, but not sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the dog that finds the scent is set into motion, and, as it becomes warmer, the tail wags more quickly.

As soon as the others see the signal, they join with the first, and there is seen an assembly of wagging tails before the slightest cry is made.

Should the scent prove weak the hounds separate again, and the wagging grows less marked; but if it again grows stronger, the wagging is continued with renewed vigor, until one after another the hounds begin to whine, and yelping, stream off in Indian file along the line of the scent.

When the pack is at full cry upon a strong scent, the tails cease to wag and are carried along in full view. From this, Dr. Robinson deduces that tails are used by dogs in talking, and each wiggle and wag of a dog's tail has its meaning in canine language.

### Kaiser's Visiting Cards.

The visiting cards of the German emperor are the largest used by a European monarch, and measure no less than six inches in length and four in width. The upper line is the single word "Wilhelm," and below are the words "Deutscher Kaiser" and "Konig von Preussen."

### Power in Birds' Wings.

The muscles of a bird's wing are twenty times more powerful, proportionately speaking, than those of a man's arm.

# Woodward's Fine Candies

Which-ever you ask for You'll make no mistake

**Caramels and Nougats**  
Chocolate covered. A great variety of Plain, Nut and Special Caramels, Honey Nougat and Plain Nougat, dipped in a sweet Caraca coating.

**Re-Je-Ha**  
A large assortment of Unusual Centers and Dipped Nuts, coated with a sweet Caraca Chocolate.

**Bon Bon-ettes**  
An assortment of Re-Je-Ha Chocolates with Creamed Nuts, Fruit and Bon Bons.

**Virginia C Italian Style Chocolates**  
Each piece carefully wrapped. Chopped Fruit and Nut Centers.

**Initial Bitter Sweets**  
Rich Creams, blended with a dark unsweetened Chocolate.

**Maraschino Cherries**  
California Royal Anne Cherries preserved in a Sugar Syrup, flavored with genuine Maraschino, dipped in Milk Chocolate, each piece wrapped in wax paper.

**Chocolate Covered Strawberries**  
New York State Whole Strawberries dipped in Cream and Milk Chocolate.

Sold by All Leading Druggists and Confectioners

Made by  
**JOHN G. WOODWARD & CO.**  
"The Candy Men"  
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Where Cleanliness Prevails and Purity Reigns Supreme

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### The Three Spies.

By Morton Blum, Aged 10 Years, 1149 Eighteenth Street, Des Moines, Ia.

During the revolutionary war there lived three boys named Fred, Tom and Ben.

These boys belong to our side and were spying on the British. The British were encamped about 100 miles from Philadelphia. The general of the British was General Howe.

Our general was George Washington. When General Washington heard that the British were encamped about fifty miles from his camp he called Fred, Tom and Ben and said, "I just heard the British are camped about fifty miles from here. I want you to spy on them." Fred said, "Yes, sir." And off they went.

Just as they were about half a mile away Fred said, "Ben will go the left side and Tom will go to the back and I will go to the front and when there is a stir about the camp I will send Ben and then Tom to General Washington and report."

About an hour later Fred was captured and was then taken prisoner. It came night and about 10 o'clock he peeped out of the front of the tent to see if the guards were around, but as they were around he then looked through a hole in the back of the tent and as the guard that was had gone to get a drink of water Fred slid out through a hole in the back of the tent and got safely away. I do not know how Tom and Ben came out but I guess they were not captured.

(Second Prize.)

### Crossing the Plains in Early Days.

By Edna Mae Snyder, Aged 10 Years, Provo, Utah, Blue Side.

When my grandmother was a little girl her folks came to Utah from the eastern states, that was a long, long time ago when they used to come with ox teams. All of the children that were old enough had to walk, they got very tired. After they would camp and have supper and rest awhile they would often dance, or they would sit around the campfire and sing. One day my grandmother's two sisters, Pollie and Cina, went in ahead of the wagons, they kept on going until it was almost night and then they sat down till the wagons would come up. They were frightened when they noticed it was getting dark and to add to their fright they heard the shrill howl of a pack of wolves. Then they were frightened nearly to death and got up to go back to the wagons but Pollie said she could not walk any further and sat down again. They heard the wolves and could tell that they were getting closer and Cina said, "Oh, come on, Pollie, come on, the wolves will eat us up, hurry, hurry, hurry!" But Pollie said she could not help it because she was so tired. But her little sister began to cry and said, "If you are going to stay here I will stay with you. She cried and begged her so much that Pollie got up and started. They had not gone far until they saw the campfire. The people had come to a good camping place before they had gone as far as usual. When the girls reached the camp the folks had had supper and the girls' beds were made under the wagons. Pollie threw herself onto the bed and stayed there until morning without undressing, she was so tired.

(Honorable Mention.)

### A Tramp to Elmwood.

By Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 6004 Chicago St., Omaha, Blue Side.

One bright Sunday afternoon a friend of mine and myself went for a tramp. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing and the leaves were just beginning to fall. Here and there could be seen people walking and enjoying the beautiful weather.

After having walked for quite a while we came to a grading camp. Signs of peaceful repose could be seen everywhere. The grass and leaves were just beginning to fall. Here and there could be seen people walking and enjoying the beautiful weather.

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## Some Queer Habits of Safe Depositors

(From his interesting book, "The Cave of Aladdin.")

The custodian of a big safe deposit company is always a solemn-faced individual. This is not only because he is responsible for uncounted millions, but because of the astounding shocks he must receive without either laughing or showing anger.

The great treasure vaults have the most curious psychological effects on many customers. Sometimes a depositor leaves his careless, good-natured self outside and enters the steel-barred doors a creature of suspicion, doubt and panic. Careful, thoughtful business men, on the other hand, are often careless as little children leaving their treasures lying about as if they were old newspapers.

One moment the custodian must refrain from laughing at the risk of bursting a blood vessel and the next he is confronted by a pallid, perspiring, trembling person who announces that he has been robbed and turned and exhibits an empty box as evidence.

Absent-mindedness is a conspicuous peculiarity of the human family as represented by depositors. No exemption of class, age or sex seems to obtain.

The absent-mindedness of men of letters is, of course, proverbial; so the case of a well-known professor merely illustrates the rule. Hastily entering the vault at the closing hour to secure the manuscript of a lecture which he was engaged to deliver that evening, he found the unmemorized matter absolutely unobtainable, since, in spite of the supreme importance of immediate access to him, he had left both keys at his distant home. In consequence of effort combining originality with deep research and upon whose effects he had built high hopes, he had to be substituted to quote his own rueful words, by a "purely technical lecturer."

The luckless professor had but lived up to the reputation of his cult; but that similar lapses of memory should be indulged in by business men and financiers, whose main interests and dealings run in practical grooves, cannot but surprise the onlooker.

For instance, of such common occurrence as to cause no comment is the sight of a customer attempting to leave the institution, deposit box in hand, quite unconscious that he has not returned it to its safe in the vault, until reminded by some watchful employee who recognizes the situation.

That forgetfulness should go so far in the same and normal individual, however, as to cause utter inability to recall the institution in which a valuable deposit has been left, seems almost beyond credence.

Yet such was the case with a visitor who, upon her return from Europe, had only the keys of her safe to aid her in finding her deposited treasures. On the eve of her voyage she had driven about town hurriedly, having many errands in as many different localities; and when she came to me with her key, in search of the safe to which it belonged, she was literally at a loss regarding the situation, remembering only that "it was somewhere in the vicinity."

Almost as extreme seems the story of a sister depositor who rushed from a coupon room crying out excitedly: "I have been robbed! My box is empty!" Literally empty it was, I saw at a glance; but the same glance included her ring of keys, from which I noticed another safe key suspended. As my memory did quick work, the empty box told all for me.

"Try your other key, madam," I said.

indicating its position. "You will remember that you emptied this box of its contents, removing them temporarily to your out-of-town house. Upon returning them you reported the loss of the keys of this box, and rented a second safe in which you will find your deposit. This morning you have with you the keys of both safes, and have used the old key, forgetting the circumstances."

The sequel proved my explanation to be correct; and my customer, who had been on the verge of tears, had a hearty laugh instead at her error.

A special effort to exert the memory sometimes seems to react unfavorably, as if nature took an immediate revenge for the mental strain.

One customer of cautious habits was so anxious when about to leave the coupon-room, lest any portion of the contents of his box had been dropped or overlooked, that he made a thorough search of the premises, turning the stationery from its case, lifting the blotter, groping under the table, and even taking up the rug and shaking it, before he was satisfied to replace his box in the vault. Yet, pausing to rinse his hands on the way out, he left his valuable diamond ring on the ledge of the washstand, where it was found by the attendant.

Still more strange is a not uncommon lack of knowledge as to the exact whereabouts of possessions of value, and even of an uncertainty as to their number and description.

On the morning following the robbery of the apartment of a customer she was waiting at the door of the vault before the hour of opening.

"Is my diamond necklace in my deposit box?" she asked me breathlessly, unconsciously of the humor of the question. My maid thinks it is, but I have not an idea whether I left it here or in the jewel drawer of my bureau, which was robbed last night."

As to forgetfulness in regard to personal possessions, a representative case concerns an artistically inlaid gold bracelet, so exquisite in workmanship, that it would seem it must be remembered for its beauty and costliness; yet for years it has been left unclaimed.

It was discovered when a customer wrote from a distance to surrender her "empty" box, enclosing its key in her notice. Upon opening the safe, the bracelet was found in solitary glory within, and notification was at once forwarded to the ex-tenant. To our astonishment she insisted that it was not her property. Yet she had been the first and only renter of that especial safe, as it belonged to a new section of the vault which had just been opened at the time she became

Art Gallery.

Have you ever given more than a casual glance at the pictures in the art gallery at the public library? They are drawing many favorable comments from visitors to the city, who are surprised at the excellence of the collection there. There is none of the usual type of "filling-in-space-pictures" generally found in art galleries.

The two most impressive paintings in the gallery are the large ones directly before you as you enter: "The Departure of the Fisherman," by Louis Paul Dessar, and "Abandoned on the New England Coast," by Charles Howard Davis. Of the former, a critic says: "In 'The Departure of the Fisherman' he has woven a religious sentiment. The people grouped about on the shore, enveloped in the early morning mist about the crucifix, at the feet of which candles are burning and the kneeling figures of the fishermen fill one with a respect for their earnestness. To them this is not only a duty, but a loving reverence which they bestow on their patron saint before trusting themselves to the treacherous waters that furnish the living for them and their families. One delightful feature in all of Paul Dessar's work is his children, always full of childish innocence and interest. The two that occupy the foreground in this picture express the very acme of that human interest which always appeals to the better side of our nature."

Of the other of these large canvases the same critic says: "Abandoned on the New England Coast" attracts attention because of its low-lying landscape. The harmonious coloring and outline of the scene carries with it a certain sentiment which, while no figure is seen, expresses the thought of abandonment. It is, however, this very lack of human figure in the painting that shows how deserted the bit of marshy coast really is. The crumbling stone house, the few

a customer. Quite likely there is a mystery behind this which is not to be explained by faulty memory. Many a romance and tragedy lies deep in the great vaults.

Ownership of wealth does not apply a light estimation of it, since many a man of inherited no less than of personally accumulated fortunes know just the value of every dollar. Yet the mental makeup of the individual seems capable of any and every variation from the normal class mark.

One depositor will leave a large package of gilt-edged securities on the coupon-room table. Another will cut off his coupons, and carefully enclose them in an envelope then tear both envelope and contents into shreds, as a subsequent search of the wastebasket discloses. Or he may return the envelope, plus the coupons, to the rack of stationery provided for depositors and safeguard an empty envelope in its stead.

### Breaking the Hoodoo.

The elder sighed.

"Well, brother," he said to the white-chokered stranger, "I wish you joy of your lease. The old building has been a hoodoo ever since I can remember. We never had a pastor who could hold his it." "A white-chokered stranger nodded.

"I'll be turning you away inside of a month," he said.

The elder stared.

"And may I ask to what denomination you belong?"

"I belong to the firm denomination," replied the stranger briskly. "Four moving pictures at every performance. With a complete change three times a week and all for the small sum of five cents!"

And he turned away to direct the placing of the ticket parsons and the automatic piano.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Omaha Public Library

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## HANDS BURNING ITCHING, DISFIGURED

Cracked and Swollen, Could Not Sleep, For 2 Years Nobody Could Cure His Eczema, Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

905 Lowell Place, Chicago, Ill.—"The trouble began by my hands burning and itching and I rubbed and scratched them till one day I saw little red sores coming out. My hands were disfigured and swollen, and troubled me so that I could not sleep. They were cracked and when the small sores broke a white matter would come out. I could not do any hard work; if I did the sores would come out worse."

"For two years nobody could cure my eczema, until one day I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used warm water with the Cuticura Soap and after that I put the Cuticura Ointment on my hands twice a day for about five or six months when I was completely cured." (Signed) Sam Marcus, Nov. 28, 1911.

Not only are Cuticura Soap and Ointment most valuable in the treatment of eczema and other distressing eruptions of skin and scalp, but other eruptions do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skin, itching, scaly scabs, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and chapped nails, nor do it so economically. A single cake of Cuticura Soap (35c.) and box of Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address: Post-card "Cuticura," Dept. T, Boston.

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

