

The Busy Bees

THE Busy Bees who live in the city have a little advantage over those who live in the country in that nature is in her glory. From now until Jack Frost comes our little country cousins will have many interesting things to occupy their minds. There will be many blooms of every variety, the songs of wild birds, the playful antics of young chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys to amuse them.

There is really no season of the year so pleasant on the farm; no time when it teems with such delight—and last, but not least, is the fine health that results from living out of doors.

It is nice to see some new names on the Busy Bee page and the editor hopes that there will be several others next week.

I am sure that all of the Busy Bees enjoy seeing stories by those who have written for the page before and hope that these little folks will continue to send in their stories. We are sorry not to have letter from the king and queen this week, but hope that they will write soon. Edith Currier of Kanesaw, Lillie Holcomb of Scottsbluff and Davise Morgan of Rising City are among the new names which appear on the page this week.

Little Stories by Little Folk

How Nero Saved Three Lives.
By Viola Pospeshil, Aged 14 Years, Neb., Oak View Ranch, Blue Side.

Alice Merton was riding along the river road singing gaily. She was a girl of 12 and lived with her parents on a small farm.

It was a warm day in May with the sun shining brightly, the birds were singing, and the grass and trees were green.

"I wonder if I could find some violets down by the river?" Alice said to herself. She guided her horse to the river and dismounted.

She rode a pretty little sorrel pony which she called "Star." It was the only one she had and she was very fond of it.

Lillie was a cripple that lived about a mile from Alice's home.

"That would be fine if we could find a nice bunch of violets for Lillie, wouldn't it?" Star nodded her head as though she knew what Alice meant.

Alice looked over the bank and to her surprise and delight she saw violets and dandelions in abundance by the water's edge.

Jumping down she picked a big bunch of violets and tied them with a pink ribbon. She laid them on the grass and then went to pick a bunch of dandelions.

She was stopping to pick some nice large dandelions when her foot slipped on the green grass and she went rolling into the river calling "Help, help!"

About this time Howard Leslie was going along on the other side of the river with his dog. He had some rocks and a rope in his hand.

"You ain't no good so I'll just drown you," Howard said. "I always kicks you around and ma won't give you nothin' to eat and you won't go out with the cows for me. Gee! Nero's quite a name for you!"

He was just ready to tie the string of rocks to the dog's neck when he heard the cry, "Help, help!"

"Wonder what's the matter," he said, then again he heard the cry.

Forgetting all about the dog he ran swiftly up the river until he came in sight of Alice. He was a good swimmer so he did not hesitate to jump into the river.

But when he came up to Alice, she suddenly threw her arms around and him like a drowning person will do, and he was helpless. He couldn't swim with her clinging to him. He cried, "Help! Help!"

Nero came bounding around the bend. He jumped into the river and pulled Alice and Howard out. He tried to make them get up. When that was of no use he jumped into the river, swam across and ran towards Alice's home as fast as he could go.

Coming to the door, he barked and whined until Mrs. Merton came out, then he grabbed her by the dress and started to pull her. Mrs. Merton didn't know what Nero wanted. Then, finally, he started to run and whine, then turn and look back. Seeing Mrs. Merton still standing in the same place he ran back and tried to pull her along again.

Finally, she started to follow him and soon they came up to Star. The dog ran up to the river bank, looked on the other side of the river and barked as loud as he could. Mrs. Merton came to the bank and saw Alice and Howard on the other side.

She mounted Star and swam the river. Nero was trying to wake Howard up, but it was of no use.

Alice woke up to find herself in her mother's room.

"Why, where am I?" she asked, looking around the room. She saw Howard also.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
3. Original stories or letters only will be used.
4. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
5. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.

Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, Omaha, Neb.

BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEE WHO LIKES THE WORK.



Dorothy Switzer

lying on another bed, with Nero stretched out in front of the bed, fast asleep.

Just then Howard woke up and looked around. "Why, what does all this mean?" he questioned.

"It means," said Mrs. Merton, "that Nero saved both of you from being drowned."

By saving Alice's and Howard's life, Nero saved his own life, because if he hadn't saved them, Howard would have drowned him. So Nero saved three lives at one time. Nero got a collar with "Nero" engraved on it.

"Glad I didn't drown you," Howard said on the way home. "You'll get all you want, now!"

Nero only wagged his tail. Alice looked up on the clock and saw the violets she had picked. "How did those violets get there?" she asked, in surprise.

"Oh, Star picked them up after you laid 'em on the bank," answered her mother.

The next day Alice carried the violets to Lillie and told her of her adventure. P. S.—Beat the Reds again, Blues.

(Second Prize).

The Bird of the Island.
By Lydia Bender, Aged 12 Years, Norfolk, Neb., 1204 South Second St.

"I wish I were a bird," cried a boy impatiently, as he tossed upon the couch.

"I wish I were that bird that sings so beautifully!"—listen to him, sister!—instead of lying here sick through all my summer holidays.

"Hush!" said his sister, gently, "you forget where we are. That bird is not singing in the woods and fields. You do not know his story, or you would take back your hasty wish, my little brother."

"What do you mean by 'knowing his story'?" asked the boy, turning to his sister. She looked up from her work with a grave affectionate smile, and replied:

"That bird once had his home in a fair green island, gleaming upon the bosom of a mountain lake like an emerald upon a sleeping maiden's breast.

"The island was a most peaceful and pleasant spot in the early spring, when laurel and hazel, birch, elm and ash, and even the late golden-leaved oaks, rest themselves from their long winter's repose, and stretch out their fresh leafy branches to greet each other in the balmy air of morning, or bend low at nightfall over the flowers that lean their heads in sleep upon the mossy ground beneath.

"The bird built his nest year by year in a flowery thorn, close by a bed of lilies on the southern side of the island; there he sang to his mate and they reared their brood without fear and without danger.

"A whole long summer season, was not that a long life of joy to the island bird? And when the cuckoo was silent and the corncock cried uncaringly that autumn was nigh, though the bird no longer sang his thrilling song with quivering wings and swelling breast from the tops of the trees, yet he chirped cheerily through the rich time of harvest, surrounded by his full-fledged nestlings; and even in the cold winter, lived warmly sheltered and abundantly fed in the quiet island.

"But in an evil hour there came a man to the island who listened to the singing of the birds with a selfish and covetous ear, and he laid nets in the night time and snared the happy bird and carried him in a small dark cage miles and miles away from the beautiful island.

"The children sit by the caged bird and listen to his song, and when the notes rise clear, and when they die away most touchingly, they say, 'He is singing about the green island.'"

"True, he sings about his whole, free, happy life on the beautiful earth; he tells what he has lost, and what man has gained thereby—one little, selfish pleasure more. His song are hymns of praise to God for His loving mercy to the meekness of His creature; they are sad and solemn reminders of man's cruelty."

"And the bird's song rose loud and clear, mingling with the low, earnest tones of the girl's voice.

The boy laid his head upon his sister's knee and drew her hand over his eyes. "When I am impatient," said he, softly, "I will think of the island bird."

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, JUNE 8. "This is the day we celebrate."

| Year | Name and Address | School |
|------|--|------------------|
| 1907 | Frank Adams, 2623 South 32d Ave. | Windsor |
| 1903 | Leatha Barnes, 1263 South 16th St. | Comenius |
| 1898 | Sam Blalac, 2608 Patrick Ave. | Kellom |
| 1902 | Dwight Borling, 1615 Dorcas St. | Comenius |
| 1903 | Everett E. Drake, 4246 Grant St. | Clifton Hill |
| 1902 | Ozema Eaton, 976 North 26th St. | Long |
| 1907 | Agnes Ekermier, 928 Homer St. | Edward Rosewater |
| 1900 | Eddie Ensign, 5312 North 26th St. | Saratoga |
| 1898 | Fred E. Fahow, 1314 South 32d St. | Park |
| 1905 | Pearl Flynn, 4811 Seward St. | Walnut Hill |
| 1907 | Helen Groeger, 4014 Nicholas St. | St. Cecilia |
| 1903 | Frank Hinkley, 609 North 21st St. | Central |
| 1902 | Edith Hodges, 5119 North 23d St. | Saratoga |
| 1897 | Irene Howes, 118 North 39th St. | Saunders |
| 1902 | Sarah Hurst, 423 North 26th St. | Webster |
| 1906 | Harold Lindeen, 4202 Ohio St. | Clifton Hill |
| 1901 | Mary Michla, 1459 South 15th St. | Comenius |
| 1899 | Arthur Nickels, 411 North 23d St. | Central |
| 1900 | Ma Belle North, 510 North 30th St. | Webster |
| 1907 | Harold M. Peets, 2904 Crown Point Ave. | Miller Park |
| 1904 | Nathan Reiss, 2055 North 19th St. | Lake |
| 1894 | Angelina Romeo, 2009 Pierce St. | Masou |
| 1899 | Lucie Rubenstein, 2015 California St. | Cass |
| 1907 | Rosie Safronek, 1301 13th St. | Tran |
| 1902 | Mildred Shields, 2566 Poppleton Ave. | Park |
| 1904 | Loreste Etangl, 5529 North 38th St. | Clifton Hill |
| 1901 | Gladys Stoney, 2035 North 19th St. | Lake |
| 1906 | Anna Stubbs, 2821 Dorcas St. | Dupont |
| 1903 | Lloyd Wallace, 424 and Ida Sts. | Central Park |
| 1902 | Lyda Watson, 1208 Davenport St. | Cass |

her they stopped dancing. The prince danced with her all the time. When someone would ask her to dance the prince would say, "She is my partner." I will tell you the rest next time. I will not have room for the rest.

New Busy Bee.

By Mary Tourck, Aged 11 Years, South Omaha, Neb.

Dear Busy Bee: Do you mind if I join your page? I would like to join it very much. I am going to write a story of a "Willing Girl."

Once upon a time there was a girl named Dorothy. She would always do what her mother told her to. She would never say, "Just in a minute." One day, as she was walking along the main street, she saw a small girl crying. She was lost. Dorothy asked her name, she said that it was Mable. She belonged to a rich family. Dorothy started to take her home when Mable's father was coming home. He asked Dorothy where she found her. Dorothy told him. The little girl said she was going for her father. Dorothy was poor. So Mr. Smith as Mable's father was called, gave her \$40 for finding his only daughter. Dorothy was glad and gave it to her mother. Her mother was glad too, for she did not have to work very hard after that.

A Little Violet.

By Ruth Laverty, Aged 11 Years, 3019 C Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

"Oh, dear," sighed a little violet that grew in a great big wood by a tall oak tree. "I wish I wasn't so tiny," it said.

"The children always tramp me down, but they go around the old oak and it cuts me to pieces."

Now there was a little girl named Agnes Smith who lived in a village on the edge of the wood. She liked to go in the wood and pick flowers.

One day Agnes wandered into the wood and came to the little violet. She said, "Oh, isn't it pretty," and picked it and put it with a lot of other violets. Oh, it was hot! Agnes took all the violets home and put them in water, but they soon withered and were thrown away.

"Oh," sighed the little violet, "I would rather have stayed in the wood than be picked and thrown away to die here."

The Children's Playhouse.

Lester Anderson, 555 South Thirty-fourth Street, 9 Years Old, Blue Side.

Once there was a little girl and boy. Their father said he would make them a playhouse. So one day he made the playhouse. He painted it and put a chimney on it. When he got it finished the children put their dolls and dishes in it. They ate their dinner in the playhouse. Some times they would have little parties and invite their playmates to come and dine with them. Whenever their birthday came they would always have their parties in the playhouse. They always kept and enjoyed their little house.

The Twenty-First of May.

By Dorothy Paffy, Aged 10 Years, 547 East Second Street, Fremont, Neb.

On the 21st of May about 100 and 200 children of the Fremont schools marched for the old soldiers. About 200 old soldiers and twenty-four young soldiers, too. We marched two hours. We disbanded at the park, where he heard the fife and drum. It just makes me feel so patriotic. We went near the park and some old soldiers yelled "Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurray! for young America!" We all carried flags. I was very glad to march for the old soldiers, and I wish we could do more for them.

Dewey.

Edward Krueger, Aged 12 Years, Nebraska, Neb., Red Side.

Dewey was a large dog. I could ride him. He was a fine play fellow and I had lots of fun with him until one day I kicked him because he was tired of being drove and he bit me. I think it served me right to. One day he came

Ella.

By Alma Patten, Avoca, Ia., Blue Side.

Once there was a little girl, her name was Ella. Her mother grew very sick and died. The poor little girl did not know what to do. One day her father brought her a new mother. Soon after her mother called her Cinderella. One night there was a ball at the hall and the prince invited everybody. Cinderella asked her mother if she could go to the ball. Her mother dropped the cup and broke it. Her mother said, "There, now look what you have done, my lady. The ball is for ladies like you girls." So her step-mother drove to the ball while Cinderella had to sit with her feet in the warm ashes. She did not have any stockings or shoes, so a fairy God-mother came in the house. She asked Cinderella what she was crying about. She said, "Get me a pumpkin." Cinderella did not know what she wanted a pumpkin for. So the fairy God-mother made a coach and the fairy waved her wand and six little mice came in. She got Cinderella ready and drove to the ball. The people were dancing and when they seen

Blonde.

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THE HOME BEAUTY PARLOR

By Betty Dean. Pay: If you find it hard to make face powder stay on in summer, try this simple, home-made, economical lotion which does not rub off. Get 4 ounces of apricot and dissolve in 1/2 pint of water with hazel. Add two teaspoonfuls of glycerine and let stand until cold. Apply to face, neck and arms, rubbing it in well. The effect is natural and lasting. It seems a part of the skin and relieves that sallow, oily look, while giving a velvety softness to the skin.

Brown Eyes: From what you say I think your eyes are simply overworked. Run sure all you need is a simple tonic. Here is one I always recommend. Dissolve an ounce of crystals in a pint of water. One or two drops in each eye every morning soon show a great improvement in sparkle and strength. It may save you further expense of oculist and glasses. Try it. Possibly your system is a bit run down, also. For a good tonic see answer to Wilma.

Wilma: Your complexion troubles are doubtless caused by a generally run-down condition, common in the warm months. I can heartily recommend this tonic for purifying the blood and building up the system. It is a great tonic and can be made at home at little expense. Just dissolve an ounce of kamdeni (any good druggist keeps it) in 1/2 pint alcohol. Add 1/2 cup sugar and enough water to make a full quart. Take it regularly and you will see the improvement in your feelings and in your looks.

Blonde: If your hair is changing color, by all means get this shampoo. It will keep it light and fluffy, will prevent the cure dandruff and remove the excess oil which causes dandruff. Get some plain castor oil, your brush and for each shampoo dissolve a scant teaspoon

M. M.: I cannot recommend any hair dye. See answer to Pay for liquid beautifier.—Advertisement.

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"We used many remedies but got worse and worse all the time with little rest and sleep for either him or me. A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I sent for a sample. I saw at once that they were just the thing, so we bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap. I washed him with warm water and Cuticura Soap twice a day and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. Within four months he was entirely well from all eczema and his hair started to grow fine. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured him." (Signed) Mrs. Claus Croodwin, Aug. 12, 1912.

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Tom Pepper and Truisty. Esther Mitchell, Aged 12 Years, Belgrade, Neb., Red Side.

A child and a dog sat very close to the fast expiring embers of a small fire in a shabby London attic.

The dog was very old and thin. The child, who crouched close to him, was small and poor, and his shrunken form showed only too plainly that he was half starved.

A little apart from the dog and child stood a bright-eyed boy with rosy cheeks, who cried in a ringing tone: "Hello! Pepper and Truisty, is that all the welcome you have to give a fellow?" "Hello," said Pepper. "I hope you have brought in some supper."

Tom took from his pocket an old bone