

The Busy Bees

THE most glorious day of vacation time will be celebrated this week, July 4, Independence day. It is my earnest wish for the Busy Bees to have a splendid time. Every boy and girl all over our big United States will in some way celebrate the occasion. Viola Pospesil of Venus, Neb., has written us a splendid story about a Fourth of July celebration. With all our fun we must be thoughtful of others, just as the little boy in her story tells us. We are apt to be so excited on this holiday that sometimes we forget just what is best for us to do at all times. But by using a bit of caution we may well enjoy our fun just that much more.

We hope that Verna Clark, who has been sick with the measles, will be entirely well by the time this holiday arrives and may enjoy the day. The editor is in receipt of a letter saying that one of the stories which received first prize not many weeks ago was taken from a paper. It is very hard for me to think that any boy or girl would copy a story from a book or paper. But I do hope that the Busy Bees will continue to write stories which are original. It is always interesting to hear or read the stories which interest the Busy Bees, and I only hope they will be very careful to write just the stories which are from their own thoughts and observations.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

A Wonderful Cradle.

By Mercedes C. Jensen, Aged 11 Years, 815 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb. Genoa, Neb. Blue Side.

Last summer there lived a little caterpillar in my grape vines. He fed upon the green leaves and ate so many that I wondered if there would be any left. One day, after a large dinner, the caterpillar began to spin. I saw a strong silk thread that seemed to come from his mouth, and it was fastened to the grape vine. Then a strange thing happened. He moved his head to and fro and twisted it round and round, until he was wrapped in a beautiful soft blanket, which he had made for himself. Soon there was no caterpillar to be seen—nothing but his curious silken cradle. There lay the cradle tied to the grape vine all fall. Thanksgiving came, then winter, with its snow and ice.

Then the bitter winds and the old year went and the new year came, but the cradle lay quietly in its cranny. It even did not rock in the wind.

At last the cold wind died away and the warm days came. The little sleeper awoke with May sunshine.

I watched to see the caterpillar come forth from its winter nest, but, what do you think, I saw a beautiful butterfly that clung to the grape vine stem, and slowly unfolded his velvety wings.

"Oh!" cried the children, "a butterfly! a butterfly! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

I wonder if they knew the baby caterpillar had changed into a beautiful butterfly in his winter cradle?

(Second Prize.)

The Little Word "No."

By Verna Clark, Aged 11 Years, Genoa, Neb. Blue Side.

George Brown sat by the table in his home reading, when he suddenly jumped up and he started out the door, when he was called by his father, "George, what are you tonight; why are you so careless?" "Cause I can't pronounce a word—here it is." After it was pronounced he went off happily. The word was "Popocatepetl," the name of an active volcano in Mexico. He had thought it very hard, for he barely glanced at it, and he got mad. He did not stop to consider the small words that were real hard like "no." It is very easy to pronounce if you are not in need, but keep it in mind when in trouble. Next day he went to school glad, but one thing hindered him: it was a pond by the school. His father had forbidden him to appear near the half-frozen pond. But during the first part of this story George's father tells him about this word "no," but George does not understand, of course. He is like all boys, and so he is teased to go on the ice, but he says he "can't." But they call him "baby" and "coward" and such things, that he went, and as he was skating he fell over a cornstalk and went through and was carried home by the schoolmaster. At last he grew wiser and had learned a lesson why the little word "no" was so hard. When he grew to be a man he was saved from many troubles by the word "no."

The Story of the Lilac Bush.

By Lydia Bender, Aged 12 Years, 1204 South Second Street, Norfolk, Neb.

There was once a little lilac bush that grew by a child's window. It had been a very busy lilac bush all its life, drinking moisture from the earth and making it into sap, adding each year a tiny bit of wood to its slender trunk; filling out its leaf buds; making its leaves larger and larger; hanging purple flowers here and there among its branches.

It always felt glad of its hard work when Hester came to gather some of its flowers just before Easter Sunday.

One spring it went to the table where Hester and her mother ate together; one to Hester's teacher; one to the gray stone church around the corner, and one to a little lame girl who sat quite still day after day, by the window of the next house.

But one year the lilac bush grew tired of being good and working hard. The more it thought about it, the sadder and sorer and more discouraged it grew. The winter had been dark and rainy. The ground was so wet that its roots felt slippery and uncomfortable.

There was some disagreeable moss growing on its smooth branches. At last the lilac bush said, "I will give up. I am not going to bud or bloom or do a single thing for Easter this year! If Hester wants her room shaded, she can pull the curtains down. The lame girl can do without. It was going to say, but it didn't dare—oh, it didn't dare to think of the poor little lame girl without any comforting flowers; so it stopped short and hung its head.

On or eight weeks ago Hester and her mother went out one morning to see the lilac bush.

"It doesn't look as it should," said Hester shaking her head sadly. "The buds are very few, and they are all shriveled. See how limp and flabby the stems of the leaves look!"

"Perhaps it is dead," said Hester's mother, "or perhaps it is too old to bloom."

"I'm not dead and I'm not dying," thought the lilac bush, though I'd just as lief die as to keep on working in this dark, damp, unpleasant winter, or spring, or whatever they call it."

And then Hester said: "My darling, darling lilac bush! Hester won't be Hester without it; and I am sure you are out of her window every day as I

BUSY BEE WHO IS BOTH BRIGHT AND PRETTY.



HELEN TURKINGTON.

sides honesty, politeness is also the best policy." Johnny smiled cheerily and hurried on. He thought the money was a new penny, but when he looked at it, he saw it was a 5 cent piece.

"Let us see what we can do to help the lilac bush," said Hester's mother. "Take your trowel and dig around the roots first. Then put in some new earth, the richest you can get, and we'll snip off all the withered leaves and dry twigs, and see if it won't make a new start."

"They make such a fuss about me!" thought the lilac bush. "It seems a pity that a thing can't stop growing and be let alone and die when it wants to!"

But though it grumbled a trifle at first it felt so much better after Hester and her mother had spent the afternoon caring for it that it began to grow a little just out of gratitude—and what do you think happened.

Day after day the sun shone, because everything seems to help people and the things that help themselves. The rich earth gave everything it had to give for sap, and the warm air dried up the ugly moss that spoiled the beauty of its trunk.

Then the lilac bush was glad again, and it could hardly grow fast enough, because it knew it would be behind time, at any rate. Of course it couldn't stand still grumbling and doing nothing for weeks, and get its work done as the other plants.

But it made sap all day long, and the buds grew into tiny leaves, and the leaves into larger ones, and then it began to group its flower buds among the branches.

By this time it was the week before Easter, and it fairly sat up nights to work.

Hester knew that it was going to be more beautiful than it ever was before, but she was afraid that it wouldn't bloom soon enough. It was so late this spring.

But the very morning before Easter Sunday Hester turned in her sleep and dreamed that a sweet fragrance was stealing in at her open window.

A few minutes later she ran across her room and to every cluster of buds on the lilac bush had opened into purple flowers.

They were waving in the morning sunshine as if to say, "We are all ready, Hester! We are ready after all!"

Politeness Wins.

By Goldie M. Phillips, Aged 16 Years, Overton, Neb. Blue Side.

Johnny was hurrying home, for the time was going and school would soon be called.

His arms were so full of bundles, it seemed as if another one would not stick on.

He whistled gaily when across the street, he espied an old man picking his way across the street. His arms were full of packages too, and some fell to the ground.

Forgotten were school and time. Johnny was across the street. "I'll help you," he said, adding bundles to grandpa's. He already overburdened arms. Then he asked the old man's address and guided him safely across the street, escorted him home. The old man thanked him and taking a piece of money from his pocket, gave it to Johnny, saying, "My boy, always remember that be-

the flew with her head of honey straight for the hive.

"There is work to do," chattered a squirrel, as he whisked up a tree with his food.

"There may be work for me to do," said the little brook, so it started downward on its course.

Sometimes it ran so fast that it seemed to be flying away with the little white clouds overhead; then again it crept slowly under overhanging branches of the large trees; hiding from the sunbeams and came forth dancing and laughing to play with them again.

The birds came to drink and to bathe, and sang sweet songs with the little brook as it went merrily on its way.

The Real Cinderella.

By Ellen Elliott, Aged 13 Years, 334 Bedford Avenue, Omaha.

Cinderella's real name was Rhodope, a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived during the reign of Ptolemy.

It happened one day when Rhodope went bathing she left her little shoes on the bank and an eagle seeing them pounced down and carried one off in its beak.

When it was passing over where the king was sitting it dropped the shoe, which fell in the king's lap. The king and the daintiness at once attracted his attention and he sent messengers through his kingdom to find the person that the shoe would fit. They found Rhodope and carried her to the king, who made her his queen. This is the story that was to amuse the boys and girls from then on.

I am a new Busy Bee and wish to join the Blue Side.

What Happened on the Fourth of July.

By Viola Pospesil, Aged 14 Years, Oak View Ranch, Venus, Neb. Blue Side.

There was to be a big celebration on the Fourth of July out in the country. At every farm house everybody was busy getting ready for the celebration. At times there could be heard the faint crack

of a firecracker, as some little boy had been naughty to do what play it was the Fourth of July. People were busy decorating their carriage and automobiles for the parade that was to come off in the forenoon. Prizes were to be given for the best one in the parade.

But at one farm house everything was the same as ever. A few hens cackled, a little dog barked, and a few robins, sparrows and other birds chattered and sang in the trees close by. On this farm lived Mrs. Neford and her son, Wilbur. He was 10 years old. They were not very rich, but they lived on a nice little farm, which they called "Rose Hill farm."

The day before the celebration Wilbur sat on the barnyard fence, watching Blackbird, his coal black Shetland pony, munching some nice oats. Suddenly he heard the sharp crack of a firecracker. He jumped down from the fence and ran to the house.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "I know what I'll do. I'm going to trim Blackbird and the buggy all up and then make some nice bouquets of clover and roses and a slip of paper with 'Compliments from Rose Hill Farm' on it. Can I go into the parade, mother?"

"Well," said his mother, "it would be nice if you could get the prize. You can try it, if you wish."

Wilbur ran back to the barn in great glee. He went into the yard and threw his arms around Blackbird's neck and said, "I'll win the prize, won't we, Blackbird?"

All that day his mother didn't see much of him, as he was busy decorating his buggy for the parade.

So on the next morning, just when the parade was ready to start, a little black Shetland pony came trotting up to the long line of decorated carriages. Wilbur ran away to take me out of his head there, in front of the seat was a box decorated with flags. In this box were the bunches of wild clover and roses. The parade started for the picnic grounds and Wilbur led the parade.

When the prize was given, it was Wilbur Neford that won it. When he got home he ran into the house shouting, "Mother, I know it." And he held up the prize for her to see. The prize was \$10. Then he went down to the barn and gave Blackbird some oats and stood by patting him, thinking his pet would have to be sold soon, as there wasn't much feed for him.

"Din-er," called Mrs. Neford. "I'll be there in a minute," answered Wilbur.

After dinner Wilbur went down to the barn again and there he sat on the barnyard fence thinking.

He lived only about a quarter of a mile from the picnic grounds. "I wonder if mother will let me go to the celebration this afternoon?" he said to himself. Then he heard the "boom" of a big firecracker. "I'll ask her," he said, jumping down from the fence and went up to the house.

"Mother, can I go over to the picnic grounds to see the horse races and foot races?" he asked.

"Yes, you may," answered Mrs. Neford, who was busy in the kitchen. "Can't you come along?" he asked.

"No, I have work to do," replied his mother. "Then I'll stay home and help you," decided Wilbur.

"No, I think you had better go to see the sports," answered his kind mother. So Wilbur put on his best suit and went to the celebration, and as they were not going to have the races for about one hour, he went up by the stands and stood looking at the good fruit, the cream, the whistles, firecrackers and many other kinds of things.

As he was looking at all these things he was walking along and did not notice a lady and a little girl approaching, and he bumped into the lady.

"Oh, how dare you soil my new dress with your dirty clothes, you little beggar," she cried in a rage.

"Oh—oh," he stammered, "I didn't mean—I didn't see you. I—I was looking over at the stand."

The lady muttered something and went on. She was Mrs. Carter and the little girl was her daughter, Adelaide. Mr. Carter was a very rich man.

Soon the races were announced. The horses were led out and mounted in the group of horses there was a splendid black horse. The others were bay, brown and white. The horses were all in a line, the word was given, and away sped the horses. The black one was ahead. Suddenly he started to buck and the rider was thrown to the ground. Then the horse sped on, straight for the crowd. The crowd started to run, but nobody noticed a small girl fall with a sprained ankle except Wilbur. It was Adelaide. Many were the hands that stretched out to stop the horse. Wil-

TO PUT OMAHA ON THE MAP

Increasing West Farnam Values—Stores Are in Great Demand.

C. F. Harrison Has Been Delegated to Boost Omaha in Five-Minute Address Before National Convention.

Omaha is to be "put on the map" at the national real estate exchange convention at Winnipeg. C. F. Harrison has been delegated by the exchange to compete in the five-minute talks there and has already outlined what he will say by way of emphasizing Omaha's importance to the national exchange members.

Most of the real estate exchanges in the national association have originated and developed systems that have enabled them to give better service to the clients of members. Some of these systems have been adopted by other exchanges, but there never has been an opportunity to give an outline of these systems in a practical way to the members of the national association. Many exchanges have taken an active part in civic and municipal development, that has been of great benefit to their communities.

A handsome silver cup will be presented, on behalf of the Chicago Real Estate board, by Edward M. Willoughby, its president, to be competed for annually. This first competition will call out interesting reports from every board represented at the convention.

Council Bluffs will also be in this competition. More than ten members of the exchange across the river have reported that they will attend the national convention. They will go in the same train with the Omaha delegates.

West Farnam Stores Filling. Four of the seven stores in the F. H. Davis building on the north side of Farnam street between Twenty-fifth street and Twenty-sixth avenue, have been leased. A. P. Tukey & Son, agents for the building, probably will lease two more this week. "The demand for store rooms on West Farnam street," says H. A. Tukey, "is growing constantly and the value of property in the neighborhood is steadily increasing."

Boiler Ordinance to Die. D. C. Patterson, who is one of the workers against the proposed ordinance requiring expert firemen to operate all boilers and furnaces, believes the ordinance will be defeated. At the last meeting of the city commission, there were 10 opponents to the ordinance. "Nobody is in favor of it except the firemen," says Patterson. "Of course they are, for the ordinance will increase the number of jobs for them and give them better wages. That's all it will do, though."

Committee on Track Paving. F. H. Myers, S. P. Botwick and L. D. Spaulding are preparing a section for the new city charter to submit to the charter convention, which will require the street railway company to pave between the car tracks and twelve inches outside the tracks.

The committee was appointed by President Haatings at the last meeting following a talk by W. H. Green, in which he said the street railway company did not carry its share of the burden of paving. He wanted a section in the charter requiring the company to carry more of the burden, and also to dispose of the snow shoveled off the tracks in the winter. "The street railway company," he said, "just pushes the snow off the

Change is Made in Issuing U. S. Bonds. Postal savings bonds will be issued hereafter by the secretary of the treasury instead of at the local offices of the postal savings banks as heretofore. Bonds for which requests have been made will be issued as soon as possible after July 1. These are the bonds issued to persons who carry to convert their deposits in the postal banks into interest bearing government bonds. This is done every year by a great many depositors. They make application at the local office and the application with the certificates of deposit are sent to the Treasury department at Washington, where the bonds will be made and sent by registered mail to the depositor.

OMAHA BOY TO SAY HIS FIRST MASS HERE SUNDAY. Rev. Anton Turak, an Omaha boy, 20 years of age, who in Chicago has just concluded his studies and been ordained, will preach his first sermon and celebrate his first mass Sunday morning at St. Wenceslaus Bohemian Catholic church, which he attended as a child.

As a token of respect in which the young priest is held by his former associates, members of the German and Bohemian lodges of the city will attend the services in a body, seats having been reserved for them. At the services a choir of twenty-four voices, directed by Prof. Reese, will sing the "Missa Bohemica."

TWO ARE ARRESTED FOR BEATING UP KULAKOFSKY. Cecil Blackman, Twenty-sixth and Grace streets, and Joe Kamsey, 2321 Harney street, were arrested Saturday morning charged with holding up N. Kulakofsky a baker, at Twenty-seventh and Leavenworth, Friday afternoon. The two men denied the charge of robbery, but admitted jerking Kulakofsky from his wagon and striking him for calling vile names. Kulakofsky asserts they beat him up and took \$5 from his person.

Buttermilk As A Skin Beautifier. (From Town Tattler) "There isn't anything quite so good as buttermilk for the complexion," says Mildred St. Albans, editor of the Household Guest. "Buttermilk is a natural skin softener and whiteners, and no harmful effects follow its use even when applied day in and day out. There's nothing to equal it as a cleanser not only of the face but of the complexion. It's a foe to blackheads. Because of its bleaching properties, it also drives freckles away."

"A good paste will be found more convenient and less expensive in the end than the liquid. It will keep indefinitely and may be used as a face cream. I always use the pre-solated buttermilk paste, giving the face a generous coating. Gently massaging the face while applying, gives a most refreshing sensation. When dry the paste washes off easily, taking the dirt with it much better than any soap could. In fact, soap is never necessary when using this pre-solated buttermilk paste, which may be found in most drug stores, in, of course, free from alcohol, as well as grease."—Advertisement.

TIMELY REAL ESTATE GOSSIP

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tracks and the people of Omaha have to pay for carrying it away." He thought something should be done about this.

Grannis to Talk on Postoffice Closing

George W. Grannis, D. D., general secretary of the "Lords' Day Alliance of the United States," will be in Omaha next Thursday evening to speak at the Young Men's Christian association.

Mr. Grannis is the man who started and won the fight for Sunday closing of postoffices throughout the country, and, as there is considerable argument before the present congress to reopen the government buildings for service, he is making a tour over the country making public speeches against such a move.

The local mail carriers and postal clerks have appointed a committee with D. W. Tilton as chairman to make arrangements for the entertainment of Mr. Grannis. The committee secured the Young Men's Christian association and, although the talk will be more interesting to postal employees, everyone is at liberty to attend.

AMERICANS ON THE BORDER FEAR ANOTHER ATTACK

Traveling Passenger Agent Harding of the El Paso & Southwestern railroad, with headquarters in El Paso, Tex., is in the city. When Mr. Harding left home three days ago, people in El Paso were expecting another attack by the Mexican rebels upon Juarez, the Mexican city just across the Rio Grande river.

Mr. Harding says that Americans were rapidly leaving Juarez and that the wealthy Mexicans were bringing their personal property out of Mexico, fearing that it would be destroyed, or stolen.

One in a Thousand. "Yes, my wife is one in a thousand." "Fine cook?" "It isn't that." "Economical?" "No, it isn't that." "What then?" "She listens patiently while I tell her all about the game."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PIMPLES COVERED FACE AND HANDS

Also Raw and Red Sores. Brown Crust Would Itch and Burn. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cared in About Two Weeks.

Last year, M. Dak.—"My baby boy's face and hands were all covered with pimples and raw and red sores. They had a brown crust on them which would itch and burn. His skin would bleed in places and he could not sleep just a half hour of a time. He would be restless during the night. I had to get up with him and put on him. That helped just a while, then it would hurt again. We tried remedies with no result; he got worse in places of better. He had them from four to six weeks. I got some Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I washed his face and hands every morning with Cuticura Soap, then I used the Cuticura Ointment. It took about two weeks before he was completely cured."

"Blackheads would run into pimples with a yellow head on them on my face. They would make sores on my face. I would have to scratch all the back of my head with my fingers. I used alcohol to stop the itching and itching. I would have to comb my hair often for every time I would comb a handful out. Cuticura Soap and Ointment took the pimples away also the dandruff and my hair is growing black. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured my both." (Signed) Mrs. B. A. Missetter, Apr. 16, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 23-p. book on skin and scalp troubles. Address postpaid "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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

Little Folks Birthday Book



SUNDAY, JUNE 29. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year	Name and Address	School
1907	Carl Ackerman, 803 North 43d St.	Saunders
1899	Dorothy Arter, 412 North 39th St.	Saunders
1902	Pauline Louise Chaloupka, 1306 South 26th St.	Park
1898	Hazel E. Coston, 3604 Patrick Ave.	Franklin
1900	Gladys Cowham, 2768 Burt St.	Webster
1901	William S. Cunningham, 822 1/2 South 20th St.	Mason
1906	Clara Freilager, 3128 South 2d St.	Bancroft Annex
1904	Jennie Galt, 3116 Titus Ave.	Saratoga
1905	Mels Ray Gorey, 2121 Seward St.	Kellom
1907	Arthur Graham, 4136 California St.	Saunders
1902	Marguerite Groves, 3134 Stone Ave.	Miller Park
1907	Theodore Gugles, 2602 Dodge St.	Farnam
1903	Clarence Gunther, 329 North 40th St.	Saunders
1905	Helen Hanson, 3715 South 17th St.	Edward Rosewater
1907	Logan Hemphill, 317 North 21st St.	Central
1901	George Henderson, 3832 Dorcas St.	Dupont
1901	James W. Holmquist, 1106 North 26th St.	Franklin
1906	Helen Anna Krug, 822 Forest Ave.	Pacific
1904	Viola Lindquist, 4604 Cass St.	Saunders
1902	Agnes Nagel, 4520 Maple St.	Clifton Hill
1898	Francis O'Donnell, 1735 South 11th St.	Lincoln
1905	Tony Orlando, 2225 Pacific St.	Mason
1902	Edward Peterson, 1206 Atlas St.	Edward Rosewater
1900	Jerry Pribyl, 1413 South 11th St.	Lincoln
1906	Gertrude Redman, 115 Park Ave.	Farnam
1897	Eddie Resak, 2608 South 30th St.	Dupont
1904	Vera Roberts, 2035 Harney St.	Central