Busy Bees :-: Their Own Page

It is always interesting to read the stories from Busy Bees who live in other places than Omaha. This is the only way in which many of our little friends may know one another. Mildred White, who is a former queen of the Busy Bees, often asks why she does not see stories from the Busy Bees who wrote for the page a year ago. Mildred is a most enthusiastic Busy Bee still and although she has served her time as queen she is still as interested as ever in her little friends whom she only knows through the page. The editor is pleased to see a story from Alice Thomas, who lives at Deer Trail, Colo. Alice has been one of the faithful Busy Bees for several years and it is always a pleasure to see her stories. There are several new members who have written letters and stories this week and they are most welcome. Margaret Brown is one of the new Busy Bees and she has told us in her story of a faithful horse that she and her brother Roy liked so well. There is a gentleness that shows in Margaret's story in which all Busy Bees might find a lesson; that is kindness to our animal friends. Remember it is very warm weather and we need to give them good care and kind treatment.

She Was Queen of the Busy Bees

Mildred Catherine White

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Aunt Mary's Purse.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Colo.

It was a week before school vacation. Milly Darrel's Aunt Mary came to spend the summer. She had the nicest purse. Milly thought she would take it to school with her. Milly's mother was sewing. It happened her aunt was sleeping. Milly's mother called her and told her it was time to go to school. She said good-bye to her mother and aunt. She ran into her aunt's room, picked up the purse and ran out the back door to school. After school was out she put on her hat, took the purse. "Come my way home," said one of her friends. "All right," said Milly. After she reached her friend's house she said good-bye and started home. But, alas, where was the purse? She ran all the way back to school. She could see nothing of it. While they were at supper the doorbell rang. Aunt Mary went to the door. There stood a little boy with a purse in his hand. "Say, I found this purse up near the school. I think it's Milly's, isn't it?" Aunt Mary took the purse, thanked the little boy, shut the door, and went into the dining room holding up the purse. "Milly," she said, "did you take this to school?" Milly hung down her head and answered, "yes, ma'am." Her mother told her she was very much ashamed of her. But there was nothing more said about it, and it taught Milly a lesson never to take anybody's things again.

(Second Prize.)

An Experience on Our Farm.

By Margaret Betty Brown, Aged 12 Years, Harlan, Ia.

Bess was our old mare. She had the noblest, nicest [illegible] Roy and I would bring sugar to Bess and it.

Its name was Star. When it was two years old papa said it would have to be "broken in."

Roy and I both felt bad because there was no one around that would train colts but old man Fleck. He was just as mean as he could be.

Papa might have done it, only it was thrashing season and he was helping his neighbors.

But papa needed a horse and it was Old Man Fleck or wait, and he chose Old Man Fleck.

When Roy and I found it out we went down to comfort Star. "Betty," said Roy, "Let's us train Star."

"Oh," I whispered, "let's."

We scrambled over the gate and Star stood while Roy saddled and bridled him.

Should Roy get on or I? Ladies first. I got all settled. Now—let go! Star stood still. I kicked a little. Star bolted and galloped down the lane.

"Oh, Roy," I screamed.

"Hang on," he yelled.

We galloped straight down to the four corners and then Star turned up a narrow lane.

On we flew until I saw the threshers ahead of me. I yanked until Star bolted into the field. He began to mind when I pulled the rein.

Papa caught Star and got me. It was time to stop work and our hired man rode Star home.

Old Man Fleck lost his job!

Dear Editor—I am a new Busy Bee. I will tell the Busy Bees more next time about Roy and I and our pets.

(Honorable Mention.)

Odds and Ends.

By Esther Christiansen, Aged 12 Years, 3350 South Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Neb.

There was once a maiden, very pretty, but very idle and careless.

When she was spinning she would not trouble to unravel a knot in the flax, but tore it out and threw it upon the floor beside her.

Now, she had a maid who collected these odds and ends of flax, washed them and spun them, and made herself a pretty dress out of the material.

The idle maiden was soon to be married and on the eve of the wedding the maid put on her pretty dress and danced merrily.

The bride, who was watching her, said to the young man: "See how that girl there bows and bends, dressed in my cast-off odds and ends."

When the bridegroom heard the story and found how idle she must be and how industrious the poor girl was, he gave up his bride and chose the other girl for a wife instead.

A Dog with a Kind Heart.

By Elsie Stribling, Aged 8 Years, 3224 Cuming Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

Major is a large dog and a kind one. A poor dog that had lost his master once came to the house. Major seemed to pity him and did not drive him off. The folks fed him and he soon began to look strong and happy. Then Major's mistress said now that dog is well and he must go away. She took a broom to drive that strange dog away. At this Major walked up to the poor dog and put one paw over his neck, then he gave a severe look at his mistress as if to say, if he goes I go, too. The poor dog was let stay till his master came to claim him.

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

A True Story.

By Gertrude Nich, Ashland, Neb.

Dear Editor—I am sending a true story of a kitten that went to church.

One Sunday evening at the Methodist church a cute little Maltese kitten came walking up the aisle. After the sermon the minister asked if anyone would like to join the church.

Then the kitten went up the aisle and stood in front of the minister as though it would like to join the church.

But in a few minutes it found the collection basket more interesting and it jumped in and began to play with the money. A man soon found the mischievous kitten and picked it up. Kitty purred contentedly and soon fell asleep.

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.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 350 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

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.

A Wise Cat.

By Mollie Corenwan, 805 South Seventh Street, Omaha.

We have a large tomcat which we call Tommy. We had three cats besides him and as my father didn't want so many cats, he thought he would take two away. So one day he took Tommy and another cat by the name of Rose. Rose was a very smart cat and we thought that if any of them would come back at all it would surely be Rose. He let them off at Fourteenth and Castellar streets. About two weeks after on a Saturday what was my surprise to see Tommy standing in our butcher shop, waiting for something to eat. It was a great surprise to all of us, because that stupid Tom could find his way back. But sometimes the fool has more sense than the wise one. We gave him away once more to a cousin of mine that works in a store. The next day I telephoned to him and asked him how Tommie was. He said that just as soon as he had opened the sack he ran off. My father said if he comes back he will keep him.

A Brave Girl.

By Nellie Ferris, Aged 12 Years, Crescent, Ia. Red Side.

Once upon a time a little girl coming home from school saw a crowd of boys and dogs teasing a kitten. They were playing near a pond. They would pick up the kitten and throw it in the pond and laugh at its efforts to get out. The little girl ran in among the boys and dogs and rescued the poor half-drowned kitten. She had plenty of pets at home and knew there was no room for another. So she said poor kitty you must die, but I will see that you are not teased by the dogs. So, with tears running down her cheks, she held the poor thing under water till it was out of the reach of boys and dogs.

A New Busy Bee.

By Geneva Johnson, Aged 9 Years, Wausa, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I am a new Busy Bee and belong to the Blue side. My father takes The Bee and I read the Busy Bees' page every time. I have two sisters, and I think I shall get a cat. The cat I shall name Fanny.

Henry, the Bootblack.

By Edith Kenyon, Aged 10 Years, 3229 Cuming Street, Omaha.

Henry was a kind, good boy. His father was dead and his mother was very poor. He had a little sister about 2 years old.

He wanted to help his mother, for she could not always earn enough to buy food for her little family.

One day a man gave him a dollar for finding a pocketbook which he had lost. Henry might have kept all, for no one saw him when he found it. But his mother had taught him to be honest and never to keep what did not belong to him.

With the dollar he bought a box, three brushes and some blacking. He then went to the corner of the street and said to everyone whose boots did not look nice, "Black your boots, sir, please."

He was so polite that gentlemen soon began to notice him and to let him black their boots. The first day he brought home 50 cents, which he gave to his mother to buy food with.

When he gave her the money she said as she dropped a tear of joy, "You are a dear, good boy, Henry; I did not know how I could earn enough to buy bread with, but now I think we can manage to get along quite well."

Henry worked all day and went to school in the evening. He earned almost enough to support his little family.

P. S.—I am a new Busy Bee and wish to join the Blue side.

Responsibility.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

It's a very responsible thing to be
The oldest child in a family.
You have to be careful the livelong day
Of everything that you do or say.

'Cause each of the little ones looks to you
And copies things that you say and do.
I have noticed, too, that—strange and sad—
They copy you most when you are bad.

They never behave as a small child should,
And copy you only when you are good.
Oh! I just wonder why there has to be
An oldest child in a family.

MARTHA COLEMAN SHERMAN.

Dear Editor: I thought I would like to join the Red side. Please send me a red button. Well, I believe this is all as I am sending a story.

Crescent, Ia. NELLIE FERRIS.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Pink side. Please send me a pink button. Well I believe I will close.

Crescent, Ia. GERTRUDE FERRIS.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNSTERS.

It was little Lola's first ride on an electric car.

"Mamma," she asked, "what makes the houses run so fast?"

"What," asked the teacher, "is the meaning of the word 'wafer'?"

"A wafer," replied Maurice, aged 9, "is a kid without any father or mother."

"Is your sister taking music lessons?" asked the visitor.

"She's takin' somethin' on the piano," small Tommy replied, "but I don't know whether it's music or typewritin'."

Mamma—"When that naughty little boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come to me instead of throwing them back?"

Johnny (aged 6)—"Huh! What was the use? You couldn't hit the side of a barn."

Elmer, aged 6, accompanied his father to the circus one afternoon. Among the many strange things he saw was one man standing on the shoulders of another.

"Look, Papa," he exclaimed. "There's a two-story man!"

The mother of 5-year-old George had been ill for several days.

"How is your mamma this morning, Georgie?" asked a neighbor.

"Oh, she's better," replied the little fellow, "but she isn't quite so better as she was yesterday."

"My grandfather," said the new neighbor, who was making a duty call, "was a great portrait painter. With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sad one."

"Huh!" exclaimed Johnny, who happened to be in the parlor. "Our teacher can do that!"

"So you are glad to see me, are you, Willie?" said the minister who was dining with the family. "Why are you glad?"

"Becauth," lisped the little fellow, "we alwayth have a good dinner when you withit uth."

Tommy had been playing truant from school and had passed a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?" At this Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded: "Nope—ain't been home yet."

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, AUGUST 17. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1906	Herman F. Abendroth, 2723 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy
1901	Carl H. Anderson, 981 North 25th Ave.	Kellom
1905	Myrtle Anderson, 3606 Haskell St.	Windsor
1905	Carl Barowsky, 1st and Spring Sts.	Bancroft
1902	Helen Beloyed, 708 Center St.	Train
1907	Douglas Black, 3334 Boyd St.	Monmouth Park
1899	Anna Bova, 856 South 21st St.	Mason
1902	Adrion Bronson, 1421 North 34th St.	Franklin
1907	Marie Stella Brown, 3621 Ellison Ave.	C. P. Anner
1905	Jessie Burke, 3817 Wirt St.	Clifton Hill
1903	Nina L. Butts, 4114 North 28th Ave.	Druid Hill
1902	Williard B. Clark, 2207 South 32d St.	Windsor
1903	Herschel Dickey, 1425 North 17th St.	Kellom
1902	Lottie M. Funk, 1621 Laird St.	Lothrop
1903	Blanche Gerber, 849 South 24th St.	Mason
1904	Willie Glaseman, 4709 North 14th St.	Sherman
1895	Leon Hansen, 3105 South 15th St.	Edward Rosewater
1901	Irene Hislop, 3182 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park
1903	Leonard Kohry, 2813 Woolworth Ave.	Park
1901	Fay Koller, 2009 Spruce St.	Lake
1904	Elsie Krumweid, 18th and Himebaugh Ave.	Sherman
1897	George T. Lyons, 2225 Ohio St.	Lake
1898	Glenn McDermand, 2506 St. Mary's Ave.	Mason
1898	George Dewey Martin, 3318 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park
1906	Theodore Newman, 1413 North 35th St.	Franklin
1903	Herbert Passoth, 4521 North 14th St.	Sherman
1906	Calvin Wright Pierce, 2710 Florence Blvd.	Miller Park
1903	Vera Potter, 2118 South 46th Ave.	Beals
1900	Ida May Richards, 2611 North 20th St.	Lake
1900	Helen Rivers, 2018 North 26th St.	Long
1899	Cullen Root, 1034 South 30th Ave.	Park
1900	Rosie Rousek, 1457 South 17th St.	Comenius
1907	Florence E. Ryden, 2560 Fort St.	Miller Park
1904	Amelia Wagner, 10th and Grace Sts.	Lake
1899	August Wirtz, 2601 Brown St.	Saratoga

SAFETY DURING A STORM

Precautions to Be Taken to Avoid Being Struck by Lightning.

The question of personal safety during a thunderstorm is perhaps the most interesting to the majority of people. If in a building which is isolated in the open country or is higher than surrounding buildings in a group, avoid chimney or other flues, open windows or draughts, especially warm currents of air directly below a high tower or flag pole, peak or angle of the structure. Keep away from overhead wires entering a building—although these are generally protected by lightning arresters, the current is not always "arrested."

If in the open, avoid trees, wire fences or poles, and if you happen to be the most prominent object in the landscape, as in an open field or on a beach, do not raise a steel rod umbrella or in fact any umbrella, as you may become a living lightning rod without an approved ground connection. If you should happen to be caught in such open space, with lightning discharges coming very close, as may be determined by the lessening intervals between flash and report, it is better to be flat on the ground and risk a soaking than to offer a possible path for a discharge. The reason for this is that the body, being warm, offers a better conductor than the surrounding air, and but a few feet rise is necessary to attract lightning on flat ground.

Questions as to the action of lightning in striking a building are frequently asked, and are somewhat difficult to answer without going into a lengthy discussion of the various kinds of discharges and other matters of a more or less technical nature. Let us, however, take the most frequent case, that of the ordinary "forked lightning," as seen at a distance, which at close range becomes the blinding flash, with the accompanying instantaneous crash, often causing disastrous results to life and property. This discharge is caused by a difference of potential between earth and cloud. The one is heavily charged with positive electricity, the other with negative, with the air between acting as an insulator. If the air is sufficient to keep apart the two currents no discharge will take place, except from one cloud to another. Now, as the storm moves on it comes closer to the earth or meets some object in its path which offers less resistance than the air—maybe a tree, pole, building, etc. The electrical pressure is so great that the slight decrease in resistance offered by such object is sufficient to cause the current to jump the intervening space and we have the destructive discharge. This explanation will be cleared to those who have seen the spark gap from coils used on automobiles.

Now let us assume that instead of the object before mentioned, such as a tree, pole, building, etc., we have a perfect conductor of electricity, as a steel building, steel tower or pole in electrical contact with the earth; the current passes through this into the earth silently, the pressure is relieved and in the great majority of cases there is no violent or explosive discharge.—New York Sun.

CITIZENSHIP HARD TO GET

Archaic Naturalization Laws Against 3,000,000 Helpless Victims

EVERYTHING TO HAMPER THEM

Aliens That Come to This Country and Who Want to Stay Here and Make Their Home Are Met with Many Legal Obstacles.

By RANULPH KINGSLEY, Secretary of Education, New York State Bureau of Industries and Immigration.

Because of the inadequacy of our archaic, 118-year-old naturalization process, almost 3,000,000 permanent American residents, according to a recent investigation, are denied the protection of citizenship. In some cases they are harshly discriminated against by unjust state laws. In other cases they are oppressed, blackmailed, sometimes even assaulted with entire impunity and without redress. Three non-citizens, the wife of one and the child of another, were shot recklessly and indiscriminately in the streets of Hastings, N. Y., about a year ago, their assailants knowing that the local authorities had no interest in their welfare. Two thousand non-citizens in two northern New York mining towns have been consistently blackmailed for the last six or seven years by local police and magistrates who knew their victims were helpless politically.

New Jersey and New Hampshire do not allow European heirs of non-citizens to benefit under workmen's compensation acts. Nine states and one territory restrict the employment of non-citizens on public works. Other states restrict non-citizen ownership of land. Numerous cities will not allow non-citizens to take out licenses to carry on various trades. Eight states permit American non-citizens to vote after from thirty days to six months' residence without the slightest educational preparation. All the other states, after obliging them to give up their allegiance to their birth country keep them waiting for several years—without being citizens of any country at all—before giving them the political protection of American citizenship.

Have Wrong Impression.

Many Americans think that most of our foreign-born non-citizens intend ultimately to return to Europe and that they do not wish to become citizens. But five-eighths of our immigration population remain here permanently, and practically all of these, judging from a recent investigation, would gladly become American citizens if they could.

Thousands of industrious and self-respecting American residents are apparently prevented from obtaining the protection of American citizenship by the needless waste of time resulting from our present clumsy and inefficient naturalization machinery.

One citizenship-seeker went down to the New York county court house in 1910 and took a place at the end of the naturalization line. The line was so long that, although this particular citizenship-seeker stood in it all day, he had not reached the court clerk's desk by the time that the court closed for the night. Returning next morning he went through a second weary day of vain waiting. During this second day a court idler came up and whispered to him that a front place in the line could be bought for a dollar. When the would-be citizen refused to pay the money, the whisperer went further down the line and drove the bargain. Fearing to be thrown out of work if he stayed away from business any longer, this man did not return to court the third day. Although he intends to live in this country all his life and bring up his children as Americans, he himself is still a non-citizen.

Denied Protection.

Other apparently deserving citizenship-seekers are denied the protection of citizenship because the naturalization records of the United States are seemingly in a chaotic condition. One of these, after filing his declaration of intention in 1906, and his petition for citizenship in 1911, waited vainly for over a year to be notified of the educational test. Finally he went down to the court house to find out what the matter was. The court clerk gave him to understand that in some unknown way the records of his two previous naturalization steps had been either lost or destroyed.

The last annual report of the United State naturalization bureau at Washington states:

"One-fourth of the naturalization courts in the United States are habitually delinquent in filing reports * * * Because the small force of employes in this office, no assignments are made in examining declarations of intentions since those filed in October, 1910, and in examining certificates of naturalization issued since 1909."

Thousands Discouraged.

Thousands of other useful and industrious American residents are apparently discouraged from obtaining the protection of American citizenship because of the lack of harmony between the various widely divergent state laws.

A certain Scotchman, who came to this country ten years ago and settled in Chicago, determined to live here permanently. Wishing to obtain the protection of citizenship, he filed his declaration of intention and later his petition of citizenship in the courts of Illinois. While waiting to be notified of the succeeding court steps, however, he was obliged for business reasons to move to New York. In New York he found that there was so little co-ordination between the naturalization laws of the different states that a petition for American citizenship filed in Illinois is not recognized in New York. After considerable inconvenience, waste of time and expense, he filed a second petition in a New York court. Before he received notification of the ensuing court steps his business called him to a third state. He had to file three different petitions before he could become an American citizen.

The greatest evil in America's present naturalization process seems, however, to be the failure of the United States government to provide any educational facilities for those who seek citizenship.

Deplorable Situation.

A certain industrious and worthy permanent resident came to this country in 1903 and went to a court house and took out his first citizen's papers in 1907. He then began seeking a means to prepare himself for the educational test in English and civics. He discovered that there was no institution in his town in which he could study either of these two subjects in the evening and that the United States government apparently does not care how its future citizens prepare themselves. This particular man tried studying English and civics at his home in the evenings. But he worked all day in a factory and when he reached home in the evenings he was always tired. After trying for several years he became discouraged and gave up his course of self-education. The statement which this earnest and disappointed citizenship-seeker makes is typical and in a way pathetic:

"America does not recognize me as a citizen. Nevertheless, I am one. In case of war, I would fight for it. Even though I am not naturalized, I consider myself a citizen."

Many other objectionable situations arise from our present naturalization process. These include what seems to be considerable grafting by court clerks in issuing the citizenship papers. A number of permanent American residents who have sought citizenship in New York City have implied strongly that $15 is the price of naturalization in various New York courts.

Cases Not Properly Handled.

Judging from statements of other citizenship-seekers, the highly important work of conducting the educational test is frequently illegally assigned by the judges to their ill-educated and unintelligent court clerks, who have no training or judgment in deciding who is eligible and who is not.

But the clearest idea of what is wrong with America's present naturalization process is possibly best obtained from a study of the present American naturalization laws. If you live in the country you make a succession of long, expensive, time-consuming journeys to the nearest county seat. If you live in the city you stand for days in a succession of shuffling, slow-moving court corridor lines.

The declaration of intention, the purpose of which is to identify the would-be citizen and to fix the time of his American residence, is an entirely useless formality, this information being already a matter of record with the immigration authorities at the port or point of the applicant's original entry into the United States.

The most essential feature of the present naturalization process is the educational test; and the United States government is apparently so indifferent as to the educational qualifications of its future citizens that it provides absolutely no facilities for their educational preparation. Local boards of education in a few cities conduct adult night schools, but the vast majority of would-be citizens are obliged either to study by themselves at home or to join one of this country's numerous fraudulent citizenship schools.

A Typical Example.

A typical fraudulent citizenship school, which was closed recently by the New York State Bureau of Industries and Immigration, had a membership of 200. The members were attracted by means of deceptive advertisements promising government positions, sick benefits, freedom from arrest. One member had pawned his wife's ornaments to pay the tuition fees. The school masked a life insurance selling scheme. Education consisted merely of a superficial weekly lecture. Sympathetic understanding of the enlightened and broad visioned philosophy on which our American democracy is based can hardly be obtained from such a source. Few foreigners also can obtain this understanding by studying at home alone.

Next to the lack of educational provisions, the most objectionable feature of our present naturalization system is the needless repetition of court appearances. The work of naturalization was imposed upon our American courts more than a century ago; and no one apparently has since had the initiative to take the function away from the courts and place it entirely and wholly in a separate government department where it obviously really belongs. Most judges secretly regard naturalization work as an imposition and an interruption of their regular judicial duties. They crowd it into as brief a time as possible by holding a "naturalization court" several days every month. Only a few cities hold naturalization court at night.

Formalities Archaic.

The formalities of the petition for citizenship take place two years after the declaration and contain still other archaic formalities and needless duplications. The citizenship-seeker is required, for example, to produce two witnesses. He pays their lost wages, railroad fares and luncheons. These witnesses merely make unreliable personal statements concerning matters which should be accurately determined by government investigators and from government records. These superfluous witnesses have to be produced a second time when the candidate is examined by a judge in open court. This court examination itself should be conducted thoroughly by a specially created federal examination bureau and not hastily by a preoccupied jurist.

The cause of America's obviously inadequate naturalization system is found largely in its history. The "examination in open court," "five-year residence" and "oath of allegiance" features date back to the first United States naturalization act in 1795. This original naturalization act has since been twenty times modified.

Rectifying Law.

A bill providing for the creation of a federal naturalization investigating commission was introduced into congress last month. The commission is to consist of five members, to be appointed by President Wilson. It is empowered to hold hearings and subpoena witnesses and documents in all parts of the United States. Fifty thousand dollars is to be appropriated for the preliminary expenses of the commission. The commission is to report to congress not later than January, 1915.

What the commission will ultimately recommend is of course not yet known, but as the alien is made such by federal, not state law, the question, therefore, of whether his rights should be wholly determined by federal law is now ripe for discussion.

Is Up to States.

If the states are to pass laws, as they have been doing and are doing now, discriminating against the alien in matters of employment, compensation in case of injury and in the power to hold property, then these discriminations, if justifiable, should be uniform. They should be made so by the same federal government which enters into treaties with the countries from which these aliens come. The federal government requires a knowledge of English and civics in its examination for naturalization. Why not place upon it the initial obligation for stimulating or assisting the state to furnish it?

Women now vote in ten states. Naturalization through the male members of the family, limiting the right of suffrage for women not born here or for American women who marry foreigners, is wholly out of keeping with the political progress of women.

If no state now has the right to admit or exclude aliens, why should any state have the right to determine the length of residence necessary for voting, so that in some states it is thirty days; in others six months, in others five years, while still others are silent on the subject.

Buried Treasure :: :: His First Shave