

The Busy Bees

BUSY BEES should have no trouble this month in finding a subject on which to write an interesting story. The month of February has two birthday anniversaries of two of the greatest men born in America. It is needless to say that these men are Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. Perhaps some of the Busy Bees will tell the stories of their lives and what they did when they were boys and where they lived. They were different types of men, but both had such a high sense of honor and kindness that their lives have been held up as splendid examples of manhood to the boys of the country.

The new Busy Bees for this week are most welcome and it is hoped that they will continue to write often. It might be well to remind those writing stories to use one side of the paper only and to write with pen and ink.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Sweet Sixteen.

By Margaret Matthews, Aged 12 Years, 228 California Street, Red Side.

"My land, this water feels like it's been cooking over a red-hot stove!"

"It's not your place to be complaining after we've kept you all these years. The water isn't very cold anyway."

"Oh, no! Perhaps my hands aren't even chilly."

"That'll do. You've said enough. You may go and see the head matron before you begin work."

"Certainly, I'll probably get some cookies or an invitation to tea."

Now, you may imagine Sweet Sixteen to be the age of a girl, but never would you imagine it to be the name of a girl, as it is in this story.

"How could it be the name of a girl?"

A certain orphan asylum in Georgia was so crowded with children that instead of calling them by their names they called them by the numbers of their beds.

When this story opens, Sweet Sixteen, a 14-year-old girl, mischievous and merry, yet sweet in her ways, is just getting up, one January morning, when outside the snow is falling thick and fast and the very water she washes her hands in feels like ice.

"Sixteen—the matron of the ward never called her 'Sweet' Sixteen—you are a very naughty girl."

"Thank you, I was just beginning to think I was growing old and you happily dispersed all my fears." Sweet Sixteen smiled mischievously at a girl who occupied the bed next to hers.

The girl smiled back; a quick, understanding smile, as full of mischief as her own.

The matron was quick to see it. "I think you may go also, Fifteen."

"Yes, Miss Havespikie. I shall be pleased to obey your commands."

"You do not pronounce my name right. It is Miss Havpitt. You must not forget again."

"Come on Minkys, let's go to breakfast!" Sweet Sixteen pulled Fifteen out of the room.

"Come back here, Sixteen. How often have I told you not to call her Minkys?"

But the girls were gone. After breakfast they were tripping down the hall on their way to the head matron's office, when she, herself, came hurrying up to Sweet Sixteen.

"My dear!" She was a lovely old lady, with soft white hair and a musical voice. "Come quick into my office. I have some good news. Read this letter."

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 2, 1913.—Dear Madam: I am a wealthy bachelor and my dear friend, I have just discovered by reading some old letters that have been lying around the country for several years that I have a niece in your asylum. Her name is Wellesley and she would be about 13 years old. Please send her to me if she is still there before I die. Your friend, HARRY J. WELLESLEY.

"Well!" Sweet Sixteen asked.

"Well, you are Jean Wellesley."

"My dear, what's that?"

"My dear, sit down and let me explain. A long time ago, when you were little a man brought you here. He said your mother and father were both dead. He had sent letters to your uncle, but had had no answer. He said your name was Jean Wellesley and that your uncle's name was Harry Wellesley and if he ever wrote you to send you here."

"Oh, good! It's just like a fairy tale. I'll have a new home and—Oh, good! Good! Good!" and, then, seeing Minkys's sober face she asked, "Aren't you glad?"

"I guess so."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh! I won't ever see you any more, Minkys. Just, 'Oh, dear!'"

"Now, just stop crying, dear. When I've gotten all settled I'm going to send for you and Aunt Sue" (the matron).

"One bright May morning the asylum heard a loud, 'honk, honk,' and saw the same old Joe with stylish new clothes, hop out of a large blue touring car.

As she ran into the familiar building she was hugged and kissed by Aunt Sue and Piffen and the other children, for she was loved by all.

"Come on! Pack up! Aunt Sue, and Minkys, pack up!" And when they found she really meant it the head matron resigned her office and Minkys packed up.

"He was a dear old uncle and, oh! how glad he was to see me. He cried and cried and cried and then he willed me all his property. I didn't like that part and then he cried and blessed me and died! Oh, dear!" Tears came into her eyes. "I only lived with him for two months, but I love him so, and then he had to die. But—she brightened up—"now, I'll have you all living with me in my new home—but—Oh, dear, I wish he had lived."

The "new home" was a beautiful old colonial mansion on Atlanta's oldest and most beautiful residence street.

"I want you to choose a first name, Minkys for you, and then we'll be sisters."

"I always loved Mildred," said she wistfully.

So Mildred and Jean Wellesley and Aunt Sue went to the beautiful home to live, and were welcomed by all the servants, for although it had been barely six months since they first saw her they loved their little mistress dearly.

(Second Prize.)

My Pet Pony.

By Mildred F. Vogt, Aged 12 Years, Dayton, Neb., Blue Side.

I have a pet pony his name is Colonel. He is black with a white star on his forehead, one of his eyes was put out when he used to run in the timber when I was younger.

When papa bought him at a sale, he was so weak that he could hardly stand on his feet, and when he brought him home in a wagon, he is about 17 years old now, but can run very fast.

He is very naughty some times, especially when we meet autos.

One morning when I was riding to

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 snappy. Stories will be given preference. Do not use over 250 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.

How Jimmy's Prayer Was Answered

By Ruth Carlson, Aged 10 Years, 2613 Hamilton Street, Omaha, Neb.

Jimmy stood by a lamp post and looked up and down the dark street, shivering in threadbare clothes.

A man came along in a carriage and jumped out. He asked Jimmy to hold his horse for him, so Jim did. The man was away for a long time, but when he came back he handed him a quarter.

This was the most money he had ever had, so he was overjoyed. Jim walked over toward the bakery and was about to enter, when he saw two little boys. He thought he couldn't use his quarter any better than to help those two boys, so Jim asked them if they were hungry. They said, "Yes," then Jim told them to follow him into the bakery.

They had a few buns and then they all went out into the corner.

That night Jim thought of his mother in Heaven and before he went to sleep he folded his hands and prayed, "O, God, I am nothing but a hunchback, I know, but couldn't you take me up to mamma, I am so lonesome, Amen." The next morning when the two boys awoke they went to call Jim, but at last the elder boy said with tears in his eyes, "He's just like our mamma, when she went away from us."

Jimmy had passed away after his prayer and he was cold or hungry no more.

Please send me a blue button.

The Spoiled Child.

By Gertrude Jones, Aged 11 Years, Blair, Neb., Blue Side.

There was once upon a time two little boys. Their names were Joe and Jim. Joe was the spoiled child and one day his mother and father bought him a little pony, which he named Billy.

One day both of the little boys were out riding. They could not ride together at the same time, so they took turns. Jim had walked a long way while Joe rode on the pony. Joe wanted to ride some more, but Jim wanted him to get off and let him ride. Joe didn't want to get off, but Jim made him get off. When Joe got down they had a fight. Jim got his clothes all dirty and when they got home Jim's mother made him go to bed.

That night the barn caught on fire and Jim ran outdoors and went in the barn to get the pony.

He was smothered by the smoke and unconscious and they went in to get him. When they brought him out they called the doctor.

The doctor said: "The only thing that could save him is to have skin grafted on his arm."

Joe felt sorry for Jim and said they could take the skin off his arm and put it on Jim's arm.

The skin was grafted onto Jim's arm and Jim was saved.

When they got well their father bought them each a pony.

After that Joe was not petted so much.

Sixth Grade Class Party.

By Mildred Rickel, Aged 11 Years, Edgemoor, Neb.

I will tell you about my sixth grade class party. They were to come at 7 o'clock, and at 7:30 they were all here and we had commenced to play games.

The first thing we did was to go outdoors and play. It was such nice weather. We played indoor games for awhile and then we came in the house.

For one indoor game I had turkeys cut out of paper for them to write on all parts of the turkey, and the one who wrote most got first prize, and the fewest the booby prize. After this we went outdoors awhile.

While we were outdoors the boys and girls ran races with each other till we were tired out. When my mother called us in to lunch, and that time we were pretty hungry. When we were eating our lunch we told many stories and jokes. After this it was time for them to go home. My teacher, Miss Carriger, had us sing "Moonlight Down in Dixie." Then it was goodbye from every one.

The Story of the Gorilla.

By Mollie Corveman, 302 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.

The gorilla is the largest and fiercest of the monkey tribe. When he is full grown he is five or six feet tall, and it looks more like a great ugly man covered with thick black hair. It has a great body with a huge chest and very long

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL JOINS THE YOUNG WRITERS.



Alice McCutcheon
A New Busy Bee

The man jumped down from his wagon and took my line and pulled up a big fish. After awhile we packed the things up and started home and arrived at 2 o'clock. We weighed the fishes and my first one weighed one pound and the second one, which was mine, weighed one and one-half pounds.

A Little Doll Wedding.

By Grace Moore, Aged 11 Years, Silver Creek, Neb., Blue Side.

Well, I will tell you about my little doll wedding. My little brother had a Teddy bear and I had quite a few dolls. One of my best dolls I had for the bride and Teddy for the groom, and then the rest for the company. First I played on the piano a march called "The Little Star," and then I got up and pretended that I was the preacher, and then I said to Teddy, "Now, will you be good to your wife and carry all the wood in and never go away without telling your wife, also make the fire."

And then I said to my husband and make his bed? And then I played another piece called "Violet Blue," and then I went and got some ginger snaps and then gave each doll a tiny piece of them. I cut pretty colored paper dresses out of the Ladies' Home Journal and took a pin and pinned one on me, and then I put on Teddy's coat, also Dolly's, and put them on one of our stair steps and that was their wedding trip. And that was the last of Dolly's and Teddy's wedding.

The True Dream.

By Mary Letitia Myers, Aged 10 Years, 261 North Twenty-Fourth St., Blue Side.

Once there was a poor man, his wife, and his only little girl, Alice. Alice's father tried day after day to get work, but he couldn't.

Bye and bye her mother and father died of starvation and left her alone.

One night she stood on the cold sidewalk and glanced in a window of a rich man's house where she saw a girl playing with pretty dolls and other things. She saw in the dining room a table set with turkey, potatoes and other good things and a warm fire in the grate. Finally she fell asleep. She dreamed of a man who took her to a fine home and gave her to a woman who put her in a warm bed. Finally she woke up and found herself in a little white bed. After that she lived with this man and woman.

The China Bowl.

By Helen Atkins, Aged 11 Years, 1100 North Twenty-second St., South Omaha, Red Side.

"Oh, dear!" this came from the corner of the cupboard. It was from a cracked Haviland china bowl. "What is the matter?" asked a big plate. "Oh, dear!" I used to be in that beautiful, beautiful china closet, but when I got cracked, Hannah the maid, put me in this old common cupboard. I need to have such good times," said the bowl again.

One day when Hannah was putting the best dishes away in the china closet, she took the bowl and put it in the china closet, too. My! how proud and glad the bowl was. When the mistress was looking over her best dishes, she ran across the bowl, and said, "Oh, Hannah! I wonder how this old bowl got put in here," and she took it out.

That day a man came to the door and asked if they had any old china that was cracked and that they wanted mended. Hannah gave him the bowl. He had been cracked.

Then Hannah took it to her mistress and she said that Hannah could put it in the china closet. Whenever the children got candy, they would always put it in the bowl. My! how happy and glad the bowl was now.

A Fishing Trip.

By De Weanta Conrad, Aged 11 Years, 825 Chicago Street, Omaha, Neb.

One day some friends of ours asked us to go fishing on the Elkhorn river. As soon as we got there we began to get ready to fish. The little boy, for they had all come, brought with him a brand new rod while I did not have any, so of course he started long before I did. Meanwhile father had got an old branch of a tree for my rod and tied most of the strings of the packages on it for my line. Then he tied a piece of a key for the sinker and then a hook with a grasshopper on the end of it and my line was ready for me. I went up on the bridge and as my line was not long enough a few more strings had to be tied on. I was leaning against the bridge hardly holding on my line when all of a sudden I was startled by the sound of a wagon coming across the bridge. Just as it got opposite me my line gave a sudden jerk. I did not think what I was doing and shrieked, "Papa! papa! come here quick!"

Their Own Page

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, FEB. 10.

"This is the day we celebrate."

Year	Name and Residence	School
1899	Mae Bartlow, 2609 Lake St.	Lake
1907	Rosa Brodker, 2548 Chicago St.	Central
1900	Perry Borchering, 2868 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy
	George Richard Bogue, 1126 South 32d St.	Park
1898	Eugene Dewey Bowen, 2126 Sherman Ave.	Lake
1903	Harold Carey, 1917 Elm St.	Vinton
1904	Arthur Fluckey, 3011 South 20th St.	Vinton
1896	Nellie Hart, 2814 Douglas St.	Farnam
1906	Winfred Herold, 1907 North 26th St.	Long
1899	Lucile Hoel, 1412 North 35th St.	Franklin
1906	Richard Hakeberg Jensen, 2601 Ellison Ave.	Miller Park
1906	Henry E. Jorgensen, 3557 Gold St.	Windsor
1904	David B. Joy, 3239 Evans St.	Druid Hill
1906	Ralph Kahn, 3411 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop
1900	John S. Knox, 3401 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin
1901	Alvin Edward Larson, 1304 North 46th St.	Walnut Hill
1904	Billy Leeds, 1632 Cumming St.	Cass
1906	Marjorie Lord, 3015 South 31st St.	Windsor
1903	Emmett McDonald, 1902 Farnam St.	Central
1900	David Nielson, 1738 South Center St.	Lincoln
1905	Robert Norton, 2710 South 9th St.	Bancroft
1905	Louise Rensch, 2422 Pierce St.	Mason
1906	Edward Risel, 2538 South 9th St.	Bancroft
1898	Samuel Stenborg, 1019 Harney St.	Pacific
1905	Alfred Sombker, 2620 Marcy St.	Mason
1904	John Svejda, 1253 South 15th St.	Comenius
1907	Grace Thompson, 2631 Charles St.	Long
1900	Margette Windheim, 1310 Georgia Ave.	Park

them. He saw a hollow right near so he thought he would go into it, so he went into it. It was dark but he did not care. Soon he stumbled over something that was soft. He picked them up and took them out of the cave and took them home. When his mother saw him coming she ran out of the house and said: "Why, Tony, their mother might be following you." That night they put them in a pen. When the mother bear found that her babies were gone she came out of the cave and started straight for Tony's house. When she got there her babies were crying. She just turned the pen over and took her babies. When Tony found that his bears were gone he cried so hard and his mother said she would send some men out, but as long as they hunted they never found the little bears again.

The Bootblack.

Helen Sturtevant, Aged 11 Years, Hollidge, Neb., Blue Side.

Once there was a little boy 7 years old who lived in New York City. His name is Henry Johnson and he lived in the slums.

One day as he was walking down the street to his work a man stopped him and said, "Do you know Henry Johnson, the little bootblack, I would like to have my shoes blackened."

Henry said, "Yes, this is him, I am going to my work now, come on, and I will black them. So the man walked on with him to a little shop up in an alley and into a building very cold and dusty.

Henry said, "Sit down on this box," and so the man did. In a very short time Henry was through and the man got up and started to walk away and Henry called him back and said you did not pay me and the man took out of his pocket a quarter and went away. Henry was happy for all that day to think he had made so much money.

Dear editor: I have become interested in the stories of the Busy Bees. I want to join the Blue side. I am 11 years old and in the fourth grade. Yours truly, LOUIS JOHNSON, Weeping Water, Neb.

Wants to Be on Red Side.

Dear Editor: I read the busy bee page most every Sunday. I enjoy it very much. I want to be on the red side. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. Yours truly, LOUIS JOHNSON, Weeping Water, Neb.

CHILD BROKE OUT ALL OVER BODY

Small Ulcers on Face, Head and Arms. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In Two Weeks Skin as if Nothing Had Been the Matter.

Lawville, Ohio.—"One of my little girls when four months old was vaccinated and it broke out in small ulcers all over her body."

"There were great many on her face, head and arms, particularly at first. They were like bladders of water and every place her clothes happened to touch and break them, they got irritated and would rise a mass. I can assure you it looked very unsightly and also made her fretful and cross and kept her from sleeping very long at a time, day and night. They must have pained her very much as she was all of a work while sleeping and would wake up crying."

"I had read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and had done for other little ones, so I decided to give them a trial and in two weeks' time my little girl's skin was so clean as if nothing had been the matter with it."

"Two summers ago my husband broke out all over his arms, shoulders and legs with eczema. Every time he washed or sweat a little it would burn and get so red as fire. He finally got two boxes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They completely cured him." (Signed) Mrs. M. J. Fossan, Mar., 28, 1909.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. one sold every where. Liberal sample of each sent free, with 25-c. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston, Mass."

*Prefer-faced men should use Cuticura Soap (Shaving Stick), 25c. Sample free.

For Dandruff, Falling Hair or Itchy Scalp—25 Cent "Danderine"

Save the hair! Danderine destroys dandruff and stops falling hair at once—Grows hair, we prove it.

If you care for heavy hair, that glitters with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous you must use Danderine, because nothing else accomplishes so much for the hair.

Just one application of Knowlton's Danderine will double the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fade, loosen and die; then the hair falls out.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, don't hesitate, but get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually why not now? A 25-cent bottle will truly amaze you.—Advertisement.



The DOCTOR'S ADVICE

By Dr. Lewis Baker

The questions answered below are general in character, the symptoms or disease are given and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature.

Those wishing further advice from me may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Hill, College-Elwood Sts., Dayton, O., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given, but only initials or fictitious name will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be in any stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

"Kid" writes: "I am far below normal weight. I suffer with headaches and am nervous to the point of exhaustion. If you can tell me something to help me I shall be very grateful."

Answer: I can prescribe nothing as effective as a thorough course of three grain hypophosphite tablets. These tablets will aid in extracting the matter from the head which will increase the red blood supply, overcome nervousness and you will become plump and healthy. This treatment should be continued for several months, as it takes time to change the tissues and cells of the body.

"Sarah" asks: "Can anything be done for one who is bothered with rheumatism? If so, please reply."

Answer: You can be entirely cured of your rheumatism if you take the following: Mix by shaking well and take a teaspoonful at meal times and at bed time and you will soon be cured. Clump, common salt, 1 oz.; camp field balsam, 1 oz.; syrup sarsaparilla comp., 2 oz.; wine of colchicum, one-half oz.; sodium maloylate, 4 drams; iodide of potassium, 3 drams.

"Ray" writes: "Can a sufferer from bronchial trouble (asthma) be cured? Do not seem to help me. What would you suggest?"

Answer: To cure chronic cold, sore throat and bronchitis, I would advise the use of concentrated sodium meta-bisulfite. Purchase this at any drug store in 25 or 50 cent packages and mix according to directions given on bottle and you will very shortly be cured of all bronchial trouble. This will not only relieve, but will cure, and is very pleasant to take.

"Hilda" asks: "I cannot eat without great distress after eating. I am anemic and feel nervous and irritable. Can you tell me anything that would cure me?"

Answer: Your trouble is all due to your stomach, which causes the nervous, restless feeling. Take tablets trisepsine and you will soon be cured of all this trouble. These are packed in sealed cartons and are pink, white and blue tablets to be taken after meals. Take the pink tablets after breakfast, white after dinner and blue after supper. If this is continued the digestive agencies will soon restore natural digestion.

"Miss M." writes: "I suffer greatly with my nerves, am almost on the point of nervous prostration. I cannot sleep and am hysterical at times. Can you help me?"

Answer: Many women, old and young, who have suffered as you do, have been cured by using the following tonic restorative treatment:

"Maud" writes: "I have suffered a great deal with catarrh. It gives me headaches, and feels my eyes and my breath is awful. Can you prescribe something to cure it? Only if nostrils and throat are affected?"

Answer: I have prescribed antiseptic vitamin powder and grateful letters from hundreds of women who claim that it is specifically curative, but must be used occasionally to prevent a recurrence. Of a two ounce original package of vitamin powder use a half teaspoonful to a pint of warm water. From the origin of the hand scrub the water through the nostrils until thoroughly cleaned two or three times daily. Mix a level teaspoonful of vitamin powder with an ounce of hard c cream and apply with a cotton swab into the nostrils daily and your catarrh should soon be cured.

"Hilda" writes: "I am troubled with itching scalp, dandruff and my hair is falling out."

Answer: Plain Yellow Mercurio is the best remedy for itching scalp, dandruff and dandruff that I know of. It can be bought in 4 oz. jar and if used according to directions will cure all disease of the hair and scalp. If the hair is harsh and brittle and you are bothered with itching scalp, dandruff and dandruff, use a mixture of restorative that will restore that soft, fluffy appearance and bring back the intense natural color.

Drs. Mach & Mach
THE DENTISTS
Successors to Bailey & Mach

The largest and best equipped dental office in Omaha. All work done on all the latest all work, moderate prices. Porcelain fillings just like the tooth. All instruments sterilized after each use and returned to the patient.

24 Floor Paxton Block, Omaha, Neb.

San Antonio
for the Winter

Cradle of Texas Liberty,
monument of deathless heroes—
the gray old Alamo weaves a fascinating spell of historical interest and romance about the City of San Antonio—just another of