

# The Busy Bees

EVERY boy and girl in the United States has heard the story of the life of George Washington. You will all remember the story of the cherry tree, and how he did not lie to his father. It has been written for this page today by one of the Busy Bees. Honor meant more to George Washington than anything else, and I hope it will mean the same to all Busy Bees. When you have grown to be men and women you will find that there is no feeling quite so comforting as to know that you have told the truth. If you have done wrong you will feel better to acknowledge it than to tell a falsehood that will shield you from a punishment that you justly deserve. This was the practice of this great man from the time he was a small boy, and the thing which made all the people of his country love and trust him. The same might be said for Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday anniversary was last Wednesday. I am glad to know that so many of the Busy Bees have read the stories of the lives of these men.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### Patience.

By Katherine North, Aged 11 Years, 830 North Thirtieth St., Omaha, Red Side.  
"Oh, I wish she'd come."  
"Well, she's coming as fast as Derry and the cart will bring her."  
Harriet was an adopted child. She was in her tenth year and was forever complaining. Nothing suited her. Helen, her sister, was a spry sort of a girl and had just been sent to the store for some molasses a few minutes before and had not yet returned.  
"But, mother, we have so much to do and we can't get that candy made until she comes."  
"Patience always wins the race," the mother said to the restless child.  
"Well, if you were in a hurry to make some candy you would not have as much patience as I have."  
"I can find work to do if you can't," said the mother. "You can sit there and complain."  
"That's all I'm going to do; you can do what you please." And with a high toss of her head she flew to the window.  
The sun was bright in the sky and it shone on the pretty golden locks of hair which dropped down from the "pouty" girl.  
"I don't see why you had to have her go," Harriet said in a mumbly voice. "It's high noon I dare say."  
"Harriet," said her mother, "there's no use mumbing, 'patience' will get her here just as soon, if not quicker."  
Ten minutes passed and yet no person was to be seen from the highway. But from the back of the house was to be seen a pouty little girl, eyes full of tears and head drooping.  
"It's too bad," thought Mrs. Gardner (her mother), "but as I tell her, 'patience wins the race.'"  
A sound was heard. Could it be Helen? Harriet ran out to see. No. It was a one horse racy from the country.  
"I wish she would come," Harriet once more said. "I wish she would come."  
As she finished her sentence in walked Helen with the molasses and the candy was made by noon.  
Patience wins the race.

### A Sweet Dream.

By Mildred White, Aged 12 Years, 6004 Chicago St., Omaha, Blue Side.  
Winifred and Edith Sherman had been honored with an invitation to Eugenia Finner's costumed party.  
And the night the invitation had been received Winifred, the younger, went to bed in a restless frame of mind, thinking what a lovely time they would have. So she fell into a light slumber and dreamed. Just as she closed her eyes a fairy came gliding in on a moonbeam.  
"Come on, get up and go out for a coast."  
Obeying Winifred got up and put on her clothes.  
"You may call me Silver Moon," said the fairy personage, "and just glide out on the silverest moonbeam you see."  
"Oh, I can't, because I haven't any wings as you have."  
"Is that all that is troubling you? Well, just slip on these."  
While the fairy had been speaking it dived into its pocket and produced a pair of wings that would just fit Winifred.  
"Come on," said Silver Moon, "no time to talk."  
So out they glided just as if they had been birds. On arriving outside Winifred found the sleigh was much too small for her. As she was just going to explain the defect to Silver Moon the fairy said, "Now just look into this mirror and you will fit the sleigh."  
Winifred glanced into the mirror and was surprised to find herself as small as Silver Moon.  
They jumped into the sleigh and Silver Moon cried, "All ready," and the sleigh mounted higher until they reached a great white hill. "This is the Milky Way," said Silver Moon. Then the sleigh commenced sliding on and on. It went, never stopping, past stars, through clouds it went, past the moon, faster and faster they went. When all of a sudden the sleigh stopped with a jerk that almost knocked them over. A large palace stood before them. It was made of different colored glass and fairies could be seen dancing.  
"There is the home of the queen," said Silver Moon, "come."  
Winifred followed Silver Moon into a large hall, brightly lighted.  
"Here is a visitor, your majesty," said Silver Moon, addressing his words to a beautiful fairy seated on a glass throne. The queen dismounted and all the fairies left immediately. Winifred was about to state her name when the lovely little queen said, "Winifred, aren't you hungry from your long journey?" Without waiting for a reply the fairy queen pushed a button and a little maid set a delicious feast before them. When they were through eating the queen announced that she would have Dew Drops show Winifred her room.  
Winifred followed a neat little maid up a glass stairway and into a room which Dew Drops said was to be hers. Then she departed. The bed was made of plate glass and old rose satin curtains around it. Just as Winifred was about to go to sleep Dew Drops came in and drew the curtain. Then Winifred heard a voice calling her and she awoke to find her mother bending over her.

### The Doll's Frolic.

By Helen Adams, Aged 11 Years, 1107 North Twenty-second Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.  
One night in March Dorothy White, a little girl of 8 years, asked her mama if she could sleep in her playroom for she had heard about the dolls coming to life at night.  
Now Dorothy had a very nice playroom,

### 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 200 words.
  4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
  5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the 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.

and ever so many toys. She had nine dolls, and a dresser, an English cab, doll buggy, a bed, a cradle, a table and chairs and then besides her dresser full of baby clothes she had a trunkful.

She had a baby doll, a lady doll, a Swedish doll, a servant doll, and a Teddy bear. All of the rest of the dolls were just plain little girl dolls.

In the middle of the night she heard a racket and she opened her eyes and to her surprise she saw her mama, or lady doll, cuddling her baby doll. It was crying bitterly. The servant doll was standing over a tiny cook stove, frying a tiny steak, and then began to set the little table.

The Swedish doll was sitting in the little rocking chair knitting some stockings for the rest of the dolls. The Teddy bear was wheeling the little doll buggy back and forth and the mama doll put the baby in it and hurried over to the bed where the little Red Riding Hood doll was sick. The nurse doll was bending over her, trying to have her take her medicine.

Dorothy enjoyed it immensely, but in a few minutes she was asleep. In the morning, when she awoke, she was very glad that she had had such a nice dream. It certainly must have been a dream for it couldn't have happened.

### George Washington.

By William Spangenberg, Aged 9 Years, 2436 S. 20th St., Omaha, Red Side.  
George Washington was born in Virginia in the year 1732.  
He lived with his parents and brothers. Once for his birthday he received a hatchet as a gift.  
So he went out in the orchard and looked for a tree he could chop down.  
He chose a cherry tree for his victim and with a few chops of his hatchet it came tumbling to the ground and George thought it fine work and he continued his play.  
A little while afterwards Mr. Washington came out in the orchard to see how his trees were getting along and when he saw that one of his best trees had been cut down he went back into the house angry and asked, "Who has been cutting down my trees, one of my best ones?" and George hearing this ran to his father and said, "I did it with my hatchet, father." His father took him on his lap and said, "I would rather have you cut out 100 trees than to have you tell one lie."  
Later there moved from England a lord named Lord Fairfax. He liked George and often used to let him ride his horses and often they would shoot targets and see who would be the first to hit the bull's eye.  
Once he asked George to go out and survey his land. George did not refuse the request and at once set out with a party of men in charge of him.  
Sometimes there were only Indian trails to follow and sometimes the rain would pour down, but he did not mind this.  
It is said that once he carved his name on a natural bridge in Virginia.  
After he returned home he heard of the revolutionary war was going on. He at once became head general, and after they had conquered the British, and gained their freedom they elected Washington their president and lived happily as long as Washington ruled over them. He died at the age of 67 years in the year 1799.

### George Washington.

By Emil Cejda, Aged 12 Years, West Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.  
George Washington was born on the twenty-second of February, 1732, at Westmoreland county, Virginia.  
He was an honest and obedient boy. George's mother had a colt that was very beautiful, but no one could break him in. One day George said to his brother, "If you will saddle and bridle him I will ride him."  
The boys quickly saddled and bridled him. Then George jumped on and stuck tight to the reins and saddle. The colt kicked vigorously and tried hard to throw George off, but he tried in vain. Then the colt tried harder than ever to throw him off, but this was his last. He burst his blood vessel and fell dead to the ground.  
The boys, all frightened, went into the house. They did not think that George would tell his mother of what he had done. But he told her right away.  
His mother was very sorry that she had killed her favorite colt, but she said that she would rather have all her horses killed than have George tell a lie.  
George Washington died in 1799 at Mount Vernon, aged 67 years.

### Abraham Lincoln.

By Sarah Lindale, Age 11, West Point, Neb. Red Side.  
Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Kentucky. He was very honest. He never cheated one cent wilfully. He was once a clerk in a country store when a woman came in and asked for one pound of tea. He gave her two ounces less than a pound, not meaning to cheat her. After he had found out his mistake

he walked two and a half miles to give her the two ounces of tea.  
He was very fond of reading. He walked six miles to get a book from his first friend. It was a new book. He had read part of it and put it on a shelf. It rained that night and the book was spoiled. What could he do? He was very poor, but managed to get his friend a new book.  
He was made president of the United States in the year 1863. He was living in the time of the civil war. When this great war was at an end and a thing happened which was Lincoln's death. A theater on April 14, 1865, and was in a box seat when one of the actors shot him. His name was John Wilkes Booth. The whole country mourned over the loss of this great man.  
He was tall, ravenoned, honest, homely and also very charitable.  
Lincoln was one of the best presidents of the United States. When young he was called 'Abu.'

P. S.—I must not forget to tell the Reds to try and beat the Blues. I would like if some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I have one letter already from a girl who wrote a story named "Make haste Slowly" last week.

### What Happened February 12, 1864.

By Marie Kuhry, Age 11 Years, Box 11, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side.  
In a log cabin on February 12, 1864, a little baby boy was born who was named Abraham Lincoln. He grew up a strong, hearty boy. He had little education because they were poor. He had to work hard and had little time to go to school. His mother would often sit and teach him his letters. When he wanted to write he would let the fire die out to get the charcoal, and light it again. He would take the coal shovel and the charcoal, sit by the fire and write on it.  
Abraham was fond of books, but because they were poor and books were so scarce in those days—for at that time they were written by hand—he one day borrowed a neighbor's book and he would sit by the firelight and learn all he could from it. At night when he went to bed he would take the book, lay it in a crack between the logs of the cabin at the head of his bed so when he arose in the morning his book was his first thought. One night it rained hard and in the morning he found his book all wet. He felt very badly, so he took it back to its owner and wanted to pay for the damage. His neighbor told him he might work for him to pay the damage, when he did. Then the kind man gave him the book.  
His Gettysburg speech was one of his best. When he had finished this speech he wondered why no one clapped, but the reason was it was too great, and the people were too surprised. He felt very badly to think he got up and failed, but he thought, "I will do better next time." Afterward he found out how great the people thought it was.  
He was a smart lawyer and became our president March 4, 1861.

### A Happy Valentine.

By Berthold Hanke, Aged 13 Years, 2225 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha.  
A couple of days before valentine day Dannie said to his mother, "I am going to work as hard as I can to earn some money for valentines to give my friends."  
Dannie worked as hard as he could all during the week. He got in the kindling wood and coal every night. The day before valentine day he had 25 cents.  
Dannie asked his mother if he could buy some valentines to give to his friends. The mother said yes. So Dannie went to Mr. Brown's store and he got very many valentines.  
When he got home his mother asked him what he was going to do with all his valentines. He said, "I am going to give one to John, Harry, Donald and Paul."  
The night before valentine day Dannie gave out his valentines. When he got done he had one left. He thought a while. All at once he thought of a poor boy by the name of Harold. He said to himself, "He is poor and will not receive very many."  
He went to Harold's house and put it under the door.  
The next morning Dannie met Harold. He thanked Dannie very much; they both had a good valentine and were very happy.

### New Busy Bee.

By Valentine McGrath, Aged 12 Years, 374 S. 17th St., Omaha, Red Side.  
Once upon a time, long before you were ever born, there lived a dwarf uglier than anything I ever saw and hope I shall not see. His name was Ugly Dwarfack. Now this dwarf was in a war and found a golden apple. This tempted him and he took the apple and stole out of his tent and was soon safe and sound in his home. He put the apple in a pan and made a blazing fire and tried to melt the golden apple, but all in vain; it could not be melted. The captain missed the apple and searched everybody, but he looked for the dwarf and his son, Ugly, as his father brought them home. So the chase was given up and the ugly dwarf was sent to prison for taking something that did not belong to him.

### The Maiden Ladies.

By Dorothy Lowe, Aged 9 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.  
In the town of Ficklin lived two maiden ladies whose names were Annie and Eliza Jones.  
They were not liked by the people because they were very selfish and stingy with their money. Always thinking some one would cheat them.  
Finally their uses, Virginia Jones, came to live with them. She was 16 years old when her mother and father died. Virginia liked pretty dresses and wanted

### FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS AND FEELS.

Some women complain that they periodically suffer from dull and heavy feelings, or dizziness in the head, nervousness, pain and bearing-down feelings which should not occur to the normal healthy woman. But most every woman is subject to these pains at some time in her life, due to abnormal conditions in life, such as, overtaxed strength, bad air, poor or improper food, wet feet, sluggish liver, etc. A regulator and female tonic made from native medicinal roots with pure glycerin, and without the use of alcohol, called

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Dr. PIERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—of 1908 pages, answers hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know. Sent free in cloth binding to any address on receipt of 3 cent-post stamps, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only.



### A BUSY BEE



Katherine North

to do as other girls did. But her aunties did not want to spend so much money. After a while Virginia became restless and cross. Then Aunt Eliza told Aunt Annie that he had better be more unselfish. From that time on the Misses Jones were kind to every one by giving money where it was needed.

### Topsy.

By Helen M. Young, Aged 10 Years, Superior, Neb.  
We have a horse named Topsy. She is an old white horse and very fat. She is about 30 years old.  
My father owns a bakery. When Topsy is not working I ride her. In the winter when the snow is on the ground and Topsy is hitched to the delivery wagon I tie my sled to the wagon.  
Topsy will not mind anyone but me. We took out barn and made a house out of it. We put Topsy in another barn. One night she escaped from the barn and in the morning she was looking over the fence, but could not find her old home. If any of the Busy Bees should ever come to Superior and will call on Helen Young, I will take them riding with old Topsy.

### Ruth, Esther, Sam.

By Matilda Faler, 514 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.  
One day as Ruth and Esther were sitting on a bench Sam passed by. As he passed, Ruth was a selfish and ignorant child. Sam, who was a very nice and polite little boy, stopped and talked to the girls. Ruth wanted Sam to sit next to her. So she pushed Esther off the bench, when Esther began to cry. A young man who heard and saw the commotion, stepped toward the children and asked them what was the matter. But, of course, he knew. "Turning to Esther, he asked, 'Why were the children pushing you off the bench?' Esther did not answer him, so he asked Ruth. Ruth said, "Because she wanted to hit me."  
Then he turned to Sam and said, "Do you know what the matter is?" Sam said Ruth pushed Esther off the bench because she wanted to sit near me." The man knew that Sam told the truth, and he told Sam and Esther to run home and ask their mother if they could go with him for a ride. Their mother's answer did not answer him, so he asked Ruth. Ruth said, "Because she wanted to hit me."  
Then he turned to Sam and said, "Do you know what the matter is?" Sam said Ruth pushed Esther off the bench because she wanted to sit near me." The man knew that Sam told the truth, and he told Sam and Esther to run home and ask their mother if they could go with him for a ride. Their mother's answer did not answer him, so he asked Ruth. Ruth said, "Because she wanted to hit me."

### The Adventures of a Dollar.

By Helen Swanson, 324 North Twenty-second, Blue Side, Aged 11, Omaha.  
I am a piece of silver way down in the ground. It is very dark where I am. There are a lot of other friends with me. I forgot to tell you that this mine is called a silver mine. To my surprise I heard a voice saying, "Here is a good place to start."  
So they did start there. I was taken out of the mine and up in the daylight. I was quite frightened because I didn't know what they were going to do to me. The light hurt my eyes for a while, but I seemed to forget all about it. I then was taken to a factory and made into a silver dollar. I was taken to a grocery store. A young lady came in and took me. She took me home with her. She took me down town and lost me down the gutter. That is the end of my history. Beat the reds, blue.

### The Squirrels.

By Alice McCutcheon, Omaha, Aged 10 Years, Red Side.  
I am a little girl, 10 years old, and I live near Hancock park. We have lots of trees in our yard and the squirrels live in the trees all the time. I have played with them so much that they are so tame they come to my window and eat out of my hand. I feed them nuts and fruit seeds. I miss the snow this winter, but I have lots of fun with the squirrels.

### The Hunter and the Lion.

By Michael Hula, Plattsmouth, Neb.  
While crossing a field on his way home, a hunter saw a large lion watching him near by. He knew that there was no hiding place in the field and that his bullets were exhausted. There was but

one chance to save his life, and that was to deceive him. So he crept up behind a large rock and taking off his hat and coat, he placed them on his gun and held them up. The lion made a desperate spring at what he supposed was a man. He jumped over the rock and fell over the cliff, dead. The hunter went down and recovered his hat and coat, but found his gun shattered to pieces. When he saw the lifeless body of the lion he was very thankful he made his escape.

### Adventures of a Piece of Coal.

By Geneva Tagge, Aged 9 Years, 30 Ninth Avenue, Shenandoah, Ia. Blue Side.  
I was once a lot of leaves buried in the ground. By and by I heard men talking. I wondered what men were doing in the ground. To my surprise, however, I saw that the men were hammering away with something called pickaxes and sledge hammers. I wondered what men wanted with me. I soon found out that we leaves had changed to a kind of black stuff, which men call "coal." I was shoveled up and put into little cars and hauled up to be put in a large, dark thing, which I found out was called a boxcar. We rumbled along till suddenly we stopped with a jerk. I heard men talking in loud voices, and at last the doors were unlocked and I was shoveled up and hauled away to a large house. I was then put in a coal bin. A boy came up with a coal bucket and shoveled me up and went into the house. He went into a large room and put us in a large fire grate, where we blazed up cheerily. A little girl came into the room and, holding her hands out to the fire, exclaimed: "How warm this is!" All this is the adventures of a piece of coal.  
P. S.—I am going to join the Blue Side. I hope the Blues will win.

### Groundhog Day.

By Wolfgang Hanke, Aged 13 Years, 2023 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha.  
Today is groundhog day, February 2. On waking up this morning I was sorry to see the sun shining so brightly, expecting the groundhog to see his shadow. As people say, it means six weeks more of cold weather, and I don't like to hear it. Seeing the sun, I said to my papa, "Papa, I think you will have to get more coal," and he said "I think so, too."  
Most boys and girls like to romp and enjoy nice weather. I am always glad when the foretold cold weather is over, and again sees signs of life with the spring. I am also glad that the event occurs only once a year and not monthly, and have no doubt the other boys think the same.  
I am glad, too, that the weather does not remain colder than it does, but will not remain colder than it does.

### Out Walking.

By Lois Johnson, Aged 9 Years, Weeping Water, Neb. Red Side.  
One day last winter the sun was melting the snow. Two sisters and their father and mother went walking. One of the girls asked her father if they could go down to the railroad, where the railroad track ended. Her father said, "Yes, you may." So they went. When they got down there one girl said to the other, "Let's go down to that ice."  
The other girl said: "All right."  
The girls went on the ice and one girl said to the other, "Go on the side and see if it goes in with you."  
She went on the side and it went in with her. When she got home she had an awful cold and was sick in bed for a week. That taught her a lesson, I guess, never to go on ice again when it is melting.

### My Trip.

By Joseph Lumpkin, Aged 11, Blue Side.  
Last summer I took a trip to California. It was a very beautiful trip, indeed. We started from Omaha. We passed very beautiful places and some very high mountains. One day as we were nearing Glendale, Ore., we had the signals to stop. We found out there was a wreck before us. As we were going to be there most of the day, we decided to go down to a little brook just below the track and have a good time and have lunch down there. After he had had lunch we went in wading. Some of the day we fished. We spent a very delightful day there. We went back to the train and were on our way again.

# Their Own Page

## Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, FEB. 16.

"This is the day we celebrate."

Year	Name and Residence	School
1903	Mark Babior, 1210 South 13th St.	Pacific
1903	Hanna Barowsky, First and Spring Sts.	Bancroft
1899	Ralph Barton, 1837 Burt St.	Cass
1905	Clarence Benson, 3309 South 20th Ave.	Vinton
1905	Donald F. Boone, 2924 North 24th St.	Miller Park
1899	Mary Cerco, 715 Pacific St.	Pacific
1902	Charles F. Clark, 2913 Woolworth Ave.	Park
1902	Leigh Morton Clark, 3824 Grand Ave.	Central Park
1905	Seraphino Culla, 2217 Pierce St.	Mason
1906	Joseph L. Dolen, 1811 Locust St.	Lake
1902	Clara Falconer, 2233 Seward St.	Long
1903	Ellen Franz, 2612 Seward St.	Long
1906	Mildred Fero, 2418 Hamilton St.	Kellom
1907	Irma Ferryman, 1705 Castellor St.	Park
1904	Robert Gardell, 1137 North 17th St.	Kellom
1905	Mary Eliza Graft, 1302 South 30th Ave.	Park
1898	Anna Green, 1211 Pierce St.	Pacific
1905	Lalston M. Hall, 3341 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park
1906	Arthur Helvie, 528 North 32d St.	Webster
1906	Virginia Lee Herdman, 3808 Harney St.	Columbian
1905	Richard Howo, 540 South 25th Ave.	Central
1898	Minnie H. Hoye, 2010 Oak St.	Vinton
1907	Eldon Jacobs, 3474 Larimore Ave.	Monmouth Park
1904	Nondas Mayme Jamison, 26 The Strehlow.	Lake
1907	Joseph Kuyler, 2517 South 12th St.	Bancroft
1906	Walter Lenihan, 2611 Sprague St.	Saratoga
1898	Laurence C. Metheny, 2049 North 18th St.	Lake
1904	Virginia Osterberg, 1701 Park Ave.	Park
1906	Leslie Derby Pruitte, 3308 North 30th St.	Howard Kennedy
1902	Lloyd Salvard, 39th and Himebaugh Sts.	C. P. Annex
1901	Victoria Stepanek, 3130 South 7th St.	Bancroft
1902	Donald Stewart, 2614 Chicago St.	Webster
1904	Hazel Smith, 4711 North 29th St.	Monmouth Park
1903	Marie Snyder, 1774 South 9th St.	Lincoln
1906	Adams Payson Stone, 3722 Pacific St.	Columbian
1900	Guesepina Tedesco, 1020 South 21st St.	Mason
1904	Oscar Turnquist, 1017 South 22d St.	Mason

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Thousands can testify to its merits in constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headaches, etc., among them reliable people like Mrs. M. Johnson, 752 Dayton St., Kenosha, Wis. She is the mother of little Dorothy Johnson who was always in delicate health until her mother gave her Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Mrs. Johnson says: "I never saw such rapid improvement in the health of anyone. Syrup Pepsin is a wonderful remedy and I shall never be without it again." Thousands keep Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin constantly in the house, for every member of the family can use it from infancy to old age. The users of Syrup Pepsin have learned to avoid cathartics, salts, mineral waters, pills and other harsh remedies, for they do but temporary good and are a shock to any delicate system.  
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