

# The Busy Bees

SPRING is truly here and with it have come the birds which have spent the winter in the south. I wonder how many of the Busy Bees have seen their first robin? Now is the time to be getting the garden ready for it will soon be time to plant the seeds. A walk through the woods will tell you that it is only a few days till the violets and wild flowers will be showing their little faces from underneath the leaves which fall to the ground last fall to keep the little plants warm for the winter. Vacation time is here and it will be nice to hear how and where the Busy Bees have spent their time.

It is almost time to elect a new king and queen and I wonder whom they will be. Several names have been sent in and I hope every Busy Bee will vote for the one he or she thinks will be most loyal to their subjects.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### A Bunch of Pansies.

By Blanche A. Johnson, 231 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

"Look mother, look! I've got a bunch of pansies!" Helen Wares as she entered her mother's room. "I have more than I can use this morning." "You certainly have," said her mother, as she glanced at her daughter's arms which were full of beautiful pansies, just picked from the Wares' large garden. "What shall I do with them?" replied Helen. "I have just noticed that the Reed house is rented and the lady is an invalid, so why not take them to her?" said her mother. "If you think she will like them I will," answered Helen. "I think she could hardly help liking them," said her mother. After a few more moments talk Helen was hurrying across the street. She expected to stay only a few seconds, but her welcome was so very cordial that the visit was lengthened into an hour. For Mrs. Reed was an interesting hostess and the talk drifted into Helen's favorite subjects, so that when Helen said at length she must go, she had already accepted a very welcome invitation to spend the next morning with Mrs. Reed. Many, many delightful summer mornings were spent at Mrs. Reed's house and in the evening delightful auto rides were taken in Mr. Reed's car and such roses, lilacs, sweetpeas and many other beautiful flowers found their way from Wares' gardens to Mrs. Reed's hands.

In this way the delightful summer passed and one autumn day when Helen had just come in from playing tennis she heard her mother and father conversing with Mr. Reed. Thinking nothing about it as he was a frequent visitor, she went to her room to put away her racket. Coming downstairs her mother called and going into the room she said: "Helen, Mr. Reed has a surprise for you. He has some business in Liverpool this winter, so he and Mrs. Reed intend to winter in Europe, he says you have been so thoughtful of Mrs. Reed that he wants to take you with them, that is if you want to go." "Want to go? Oh! Mother but won't it cost a lot?" cried Helen. "That is all arranged too," said Mr. Wares. "It seems too good to be true," cried Helen. "We will sail on September 10, and please don't think me for this; it is nothing to what Helen has done," said Mr. Reed as he rose. After he had gone Helen said, "It's funny what a bunch of pansies will do, isn't it?"

(Second Prize.)

### A Heavy Load.

By La Clair Dismuke, Aged 12 Years, Casper, Wyo. Blue Side.

One day a laborer saw a driver trying to back his horses up in the yard where he was working. The man could not get the horses to pull the load, so he began to shout and the more he shouted the less they would pull. By that time the man had got up to the man who was trying to get the horses to back and said in a gentle tone: "Get down and I will make them pull it." The driver got down and the workman gave them each a pat and a gentle word. Then he took any rope out, cut it half in two, gave each horse half of it and a lump of sugar. He then took off some of the wood. The horses backed off with the load and the workman said: "Try my way next time, and see if it doesn't work."

(Honorable Mention.)

**Little Robert.**  
By Lorine Dreyer, Aged 14 Years, Blue Side.

One snowy day a little boy by the name of Robert, about 8 years old, was walking down the slippery street calling, "Who'll buy my papers? Who'll buy my papers?" But no one seemed to buy. As he walked on he came to a large brick house. He stopped and said, "I guess I will stop there and see if I can get my dinner. I have 25 cents." So he went up the steps and knocked at the door. A rich looking lady came to the door. When she saw little Robert she exclaimed, "Who are you? How dare you come here?" Little Robert only answered, "I want to buy some dinner. I have a 25-cent piece." "Go away," said the rich lady. "I do not deal with beggars." Little Robert left the house very sad. "No wonder she didn't want me in the house," he said. "I have ragged clothes on and I am poor." The hot tears rolled down his face. "Oh, if I could only be rich," he said. Looking up he saw a kind looking lady. "What is the matter, my little man?" she said. "I have had no dinner," said Robert. Then he told her the whole story. "Come," she said. "Come home with me. Surely I can spare a little food and clothing to a poor little orphan child." Robby was very glad. He went home with the kind lady and she took care of him and was a very good mother to him. Moral: Kind words are better than gold.

**Marie's Christmas.**  
By Annie Kahank, Kennebunk, Neb.

Once upon a time there was an old woman. She had a little child; the child was named Marie. This little child's mother died when she was a baby and then she had to live with her grandmother. Marie loved her grandmother very much and her grandmother loved her, too. It was around Christmas, and Marie's grandmother was not very rich, but, anyway, she tried to get Marie something. So one day when Marie was in school she went uptown and got a pair of ribbons and then she went home. When Marie came home she asked her grandmother if she could go uptown and buy a Christmas present for her. "Well," said her grandmother, "I will give you a little money to buy a present." When Marie got uptown she went into a store. She saw many nice things and she bought her grandmother a nice tea set. Then she went home. The first thing in the morning when she got up she went to her grandmother's room and said, "Merry Christmas!" Then she ran and got her grandmother's present and gave it to her. Her grandmother

down to help him set them. So after we had them set we went to look at them. We looked all over. At last we saw something we thought to be a squirrel. I picked up a stick and Oscar had a hammer. When we came to what we saw we threw the stick and hammer at it. We thought we killed it. When we got up to it, it was my hat.

### The Real War-whoop.

By Claude Donovan, Aged 12 Years, Grand Island, Neb. Red Side.

Lester Maynard had always wished that he could hear a real Indian war-whoop. He had played Indian many times with his friends and their yells were loud and terrifying enough to satisfy any ordinary boy. But Lester said that they "were not the real thing," and he wanted to know just how the genuine sounded.

He had never seen an Indian, but he made up his mind that if he did he would ask him to give the war-whoop.

When Mr. Maynard decided to take Lester on his California trip, almost the first question he asked was, "Oh, papa, do you suppose we shall see any Indians and hear their war-whoops; and this they did."

While they were passing through Arizona a party of Indians boarded the train and approached Mr. Maynard and said, "Give a nickle." "I wonder if he knows how to give the war-whoop," whispered Lester to his father, and was delighted to hear his father say, "Give me a war-whoop and you shall have a nickle."

The man made a weak attempt and Lester said disdainfully, "I could do better than that myself."

"Give nickle," urged a large six-foot Indian just behind them.

"If you can give a war-whoop that will satisfy my boy I will give you two nickles," was the reply.

"Yes," said a war-whoop, called several passengers who had entered into the spirit of the fun.

The tall Comanche, placing his hand on his throat, gave a more hideous and unearthly yell than Lester had ever imagined and making him hide behind his father. They gave the Indian many nickles and Lester was not sorry to see him leave the car.

### Bluebird.

By Katherine North, Aged 11 Years, 510 N. Thirtieth St., Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

The other morning as my chum and I were out walking we were suddenly started by a "Good morning," and looking up, what should meet our frightened eyes but a beautiful blue bird.

This was the first time we had ever heard a bird talk, but there are so many queer things in this good old world of ours we were not much surprised.

"Good morning," I said with a bow, "you scared up quite a bit."

"I'm really sorry," he said, "but you looked like you needed some one to sharpen your wits and as there was no one around I thought I would."

"When did you come?" I asked.

"Oh! I came this morning," he answered.

"What a beautiful back you've got," said my chum.

"Yes, they call me the blue robin and sometimes the blue red-breast," he replied, "I am considered in America with the same sentiment as the robin in England. I am afraid you cannot see me very well so I will describe myself. I have a blue back and a dirty red throat and breast."

"They say you have a beautiful voice. Will you sing us a few songs?" I asked.

"Certainly," he said, and then he sang us a dozen or more of the most beautiful notes I had ever heard.

"When do you go south?" I asked of this wonderful creature.

"Not until October," he said.

"Well, I really think I must go," I said, starting to my feet. "Of course, you know what you must do."

So with a farewell this beautiful bird and I departed. Some day you may have the chance of having a talk with a bird. I hope you do.

### A New Busy Bee.

By Lydia Bender, Aged 12 Years, 200 Norfolk Avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees—I am very fond of your page. I think it is the best I have ever read. I thought I would like to join the Busy Bees and be on the Red Side. I am sending the story of "The Two Wills," which I hope to see in print next Sunday.

**THE TWO WILLS.**  
And there were two little boys. They lived side by side. The little boy's name was Will, but the two Wills did not look much alike. One Will had smiles in his eyes and face; the other had frowns. The one with the smiles was like a ray of sunshine. The one with frowns was like a little dark shadow. One Will loved dogs and cats; the other threw stones at them. The one who loved to hear the birds sing. The other said, "What a noise they make!"

It was much the same in all subjects. One went up and down the streets singing. The other frowned. One was kind and pleasant and always ready to help every one who needed it. The neighbors called him Will-ful and little Help-all. The other was cross and would have his own way in everything. He was never ready to help. The neighbors called him Will-ful and Help-nona. One Will was happy because he made others happy. The other made no one happy and was not happy himself.

At last one Will moved away—quite far away from the other Will. Then the neighbors said, "We are glad it was the little dark shadow that moved away. We can spare the Will that frowned, but we cannot spare our little sunny Help-all."

### Kindness to Dumb Animals.

By Marie Neville, Aged 11 Years, 3723 Jones Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Mr. Brown was the owner of a small grocery store in a little village in Iowa. He had a dog that he prized very highly. His dog had saved him from death one day, and another time saved his store from being robbed. Any man ought to be grateful to a dog who had saved his life.

But as the years rolled on and the dog grew older he was too old and feeble to do anything for his master's good. His master was a very hardhearted old fellow and did not care for his dog then.

One cold bitter day the dog was turned out from his home forever. A little boy found him and took him to his house. The dog stayed there about a year or so and that little boy and the dog had some delightful times together.

One day an old, old man came to the house of the little boy and asked if he had a dog. The people said that they had one. The old man asked them if he might see it. They showed it to him and he said it was his old dog Carlo. The dog did not recognize him, he had grown so old.

The old man told them the story of how cruel he had been, and they said they would give the dog back to him. So the old man took him back and kept him comfortable the rest of his life. After that his motto was this: "Always be kind to dumb animals." And to this day he has lived up to that motto.

### Bellevue Busy Bee.

BELLEVUE, Neb., April 2.—Dear Busy Bees: I wish to join the Busy Bees very much. My name is Janet Mitchell. I am 9 years old and I am in the third grade at school. I read your stories every Sunday. I wish to join the Busy Bees. I am going to write a story which I am writing. The name of the story is, "The Cookie." One day a child quarreled with his brother about a cookie. "It is my cookie!" said the child. "No, it is mine!" said the other child. "Give it to me this minute!" And he fell upon his brother and beat him. Just then came by an angel who knew the child. "Who is this that you are beating?" asked the angel. "It is my brother," said the child. "No, but truly," said the angel, "that can not be, and it seems a pity for you to tell an untruth, because that makes spots on your soul. If I were your brother you would not beat him."

### A Joke.

By Alden Lester, Aged 12 Years, R. P. 19, 3 Box 26, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side.

One day my brother went outside with my hat on. It blew away from him and I chased it till I caught it. Afterwards he went outside with it on. It blew away again. This time I chased it, but could not catch it. One Sunday my cousin, Oscar, came up after some traps to catch ground squirrels. The next day I went

"Oh!" said the angel. "Now I see my mistake. You mean that the cookie is your brother, and that seems a pity, too, for it does not look like a very good cookie and, besides, it is all crumbled to pieces."

### Buster.

Last summer, when papa came home to dinner one day, he went to the barn and got out the saddle and bridle and was cleaning them and all the while was smiling, so I knew there was a surprise in store for us. After dinner papa asked me if I wanted to go over the Uncle Ed's barn with him for Uncle Ed has a large barn and deals in horses. So I said, "Yes," and papa hitched up our horse and we went there. When we got there what do you think I saw? Well, it was the cutest, prettiest pony I believe I have ever seen. It was a Welsh pony and was as fat as butter. Papa then asked me if I wanted to ride him home and I said "Yes," so papa put the saddle and bridle on him and I started for home and people who saw him would stop and look at him. Well, we went on, but when we had to turn, Buster would not do it for he wanted to go back to the barn, but as I insisted he finally did, and I got home. When I got home my sister wanted to ride him, but she was afraid. But finally she picked up enough courage to get on him. He started off on a walk and then he began to gallop for she kept pulling him with the lines. Then she began to scream and he went faster than even. Then she cried, "Stop, Buster!" She was so frightened she couldn't stop. But one of my friends saw her and stopped Buster and she got off and I got on him and rode home. After that she would not ride him any more.

The man papa brought him of guaranteed him to be broke to harness, but when we hitched him to the runabout he nearly broke the buggy, harness and all, but with the help of another man papa unhitched him. I often rode him uptown and had a lot of fun. He was not a bit scared of automobiles, engines nor anything of the kind. But papa sold him because he did not want to keep him during the winter because it would be too cold to ride him, so I have not heard or seen anything of him since.

### A Fire Alarm.

By Donald Deagan, Aged 9 Years, 417 West Tenth Street, Grand Island, Neb.

Morris taught his dog many tricks, one of which was to "talk" at the telephone. When the telephone rang Carlo would run into the hall and if it was Mr. Barclay or any of Morris' friends, he was allowed to speak, that is to bark, as if to say "How are you?"

One day a call came at the telephone office, and when the telephone girl said "hello," the only reply was the barking of a dog. She knew at once it was Carlo. But she could not understand why Morris did not answer her. She was so puzzled she called up Mr. Barclay.

"A call came from your house," she said, "and I can get no reply. But Carlo is at the phone barking wildly and excitedly."

"Carlo at the telephone!" Mr. Barclay exclaimed. "Why that is so strange, for nobody is at home. Thank you for telling me," he said.

Mr. Barclay hurried home, as fast as he could and when he opened the door a rush of smoke greeted him, Carlo was on a chair before the telephone barking and scratching loudly. When Carlo saw the smoke in the room he knew something was wrong, so he got on the chair and took down the receiver and began to bark.

When the fire was put out Morris threw his arms about Carlo's neck, exclaiming: "You dear old dog, if it had not been for you we might have been without a home this cold winter night."

Morris was very glad a week later when his father brought home a collar with the following words engraved on it: "A Reward to Carlo Who Saved the Barclay Home from Fire."

P. S. I am a new Busy Bee. I will join the Red Side.

### A Brave Girl.

By Clarence Mitchell, Aged 11 Years, Belgrade, Neb. Blue Side.

There was a little girl whose name was Minnie. She was the daughter of a German store in the largest town far from any city. They had just got comfortably settled when the baby took sick. The father had gone to the city the day before and there was no one to go for the doctor except Minnie. She was 11 years old. The nearest doctor lived about three and one-half miles from there and Minnie was to go on foot to the doctor's house. She was rather timid about going alone, so she begged her mother to let her younger sister go with her, and at last her mother consented, so they went. They reached the doctor's safely and were soon on their way back. While they were gone the creek which they had to cross had risen several inches and was still rising when they got to it. They did not know what to do, and did not realize the danger in crossing the creek. Minnie looked very white and scared now, and would not let her little sister see her face. Minnie said, "Hattie, lets play like I am the horse and you ride on my back across the creek. And so Hattie got on her back, but while she stopped to rest at the bank, the creek had risen about two feet. Hattie began to cry. Minnie soothed her little sister and beat she could. Minnie stepped in the water. She stumbled and fell. The next thing she knew some one was helping her up the bank. A man carried her and Hattie home. So, when the doctor got there he had two patients instead of one. The little girl's bravery was never forgotten.

### A Trip to the West Indies.

By Eloise Berlet, Aged 13 Years, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

My mother, sister and myself took a trip to the West Indies. We spent most of our time on the island of Trinidad. Trinidad is sometimes called "Jere, or the Land of the Humming Bird." It lies about ten degrees north of the equator and is along the northern coast of South America and in front of the large delta of the Orinoco. The island is mountainous, the southern and middle parts are level plains of alluvial deposits. Trinidad is the home of the cacao and I know all over for it.

It is not dependent on any industry for prosperity. They have large coconuts, sugar cane and rubber plantations.

Among the wonders of the world is the pitch lake at La Brea, which year after year yields a never-diminishing

supply of asphalt. Mica is mined in several places. Petroleum wells are found scattered over the southern part of the island.

Port-of-Spain is the capital and largest city of the island.

It is well laid out with broad, nicely-kept streets, many cool parks and public recreation grounds. The largest is the Savannah, which comprises about 20 acres of ground. There are handsome public and private buildings. The sanitary conditions are good.

### Try, Try Again.

By Dorothy Anderson, Aged 12 Years, 231 Chicago Street, Red Side.

"I am so tired!" exclaimed Dolly, as she came in from school one day.

"What's the matter with you, my little dear?" interrupted her mother, who thought her little daughter was sick.

"Well, you didn't let me finish my sentence. I was going to say that I was tired of a problem that our teacher has given us for three days. No one has gotten it yet, but she says some one has to get it before she shows us how to do it," answered Dolly.

"Are you sure you have tried very hard to get it, Dolly?" asked her mother, who never liked to show her little daughter how to do anything until she had tried her best to get it.

There was a long silence, but when Dolly spoke she said, looking much ashamed: "Well, mother, I don't know what to answer you for that. I tried the first day, but when I saw I didn't succeed I didn't care to try again."

"I am surprised," answered her mother. "I thought you would always remember the little saying that I taught you when you were small, 'Try, try again!'"

"I will begin right away to do what you say," said Dolly, and she went right to work to try and get her problem. She tried and tried and at last she got it. When she came to school the next morning she found that she was the only one that got it, and it was just these three words that helped her, "Try, try again."

### The Lazy Boy.

By Emma Lindale, Aged 9 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a little boy who was very lazy, whose name was John. He would always cry out in the early morning, "Mamma, what time is it?" "It is time to get up," said his mamma. He always took a long time to get up out of bed and when at last he got ready for school he said to his mamma, "Do you think I shall be late for school?" "Yes, John, you surely will be late."

"Tell me the time, mamma," said he. "John," said his mamma, "you can see the clock as well as I can. John, you are a very lazy boy; you are often late for school; just think of the times you have been late this month. You must remember how fast the time flies. It is too late now to go to school," said his mamma, "so you can take your picture book and look at the pictures in it, but you must be sure you get up early tomorrow morning and be in time for school." So John played with his picture book and looked often at the pictures. He liked the best, which was a wagon drawn by a goat and which had a little girl with her doll and cat with her in the wagon. It was a long time before John got over his lazy ways, but at last he did and now he is at school in time and is as early as any one.

### A Story of an Organ.

By Donald Humes, Aged 8 Years, Waterford, Iowa, Neb.

I am a tree. I was cut down and taken to the mill and made into lumber, and a man took me and made me into an organ, and there were some keys put in me and I was taken to a store, and a woman came in and bought me and put me in a wagon and took me home, and she kept me for fourteen years and then I was shipped to a new home and they played on me some tunes.

**YOUNG HEIRESS LIVES HIGH**  
American Girl Given Thousands to Maintain Establishment of a Princess.

A 16-year-old American girl is now living in London with her mother and aunt. Her father left her not quite \$1,000,000 in trust, from which the income is about \$50,000 a year. The annual cost of "upbringing" this London heiress is about \$20,000. Not long ago an interesting question came up—how much of the income should be allowed this child's guardian, who happens in this case to be also her mother, for the child's expenses, such as board, lodging, clothes, education and so on? A referee, to whom this question was submitted, made up his mind that \$20,000 a year would be about right and

# Their Own Page

## Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, APRIL 6. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1904	Birdie Abrahams, 1918 North 26th St.	Long
1906	Samuel Abramo, 1227 South 13th St.	Pacific
1899	Laurence Allen, 1427 North 22d St.	Kellom
1906	William Atherton, 3918 North 22d St.	Lothrop
1904	Clarence Bastion, 422 Cedar St.	Train
1898	Everett Baumtown, 3412 Evans St.	Howard Kennedy
1902	Russell Becker, 4101 Dodge St.	Saunders
1901	Gertrude E. Berndes, 1031 North 34th St.	Franklin
1907	Dave Bernstein, 2627 Cuming St.	Webster
1907	Thill Bernstein, 2627 Cuming St.	Webster
1906	David Bialac, 2608 Patrick Ave.	Long
1899	Willie Bloom, 3341 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park
1906	Helen Brizee, 3317 Dewey Ave.	Farnam
1907	Harry Costello, 3324 Myrtle Ave.	Franklin
1900	Margaret K. Curtis, 4240 Burdette St.	Clifton Hill
1906	Louise Jean Daniels, 2814 North 19th Ave.	Lake
1904	Grace M. Franz, 2612 Seward St.	Long
1898	Walter Gilbert, 1316 Hickory St.	Comenius
1903	Mary Golden	Miller Park
1900	Kenneth Kirkland, 2024 Webster St.	Kellom
1899	Bernard Lintzman, 1108 North 17th St.	Kellom
1899	Elsie McLean, 419 South 19th St.	Central
1906	Anna Mares, 1418 South 13th St.	Comenius
1899	Jacob Melcher, 1902 South 4th St.	Train
1900	Fred W. Merrill, 2606 South 32d St.	Windsor
1907	Mamie Monson, 1737 South 11th St.	Lincoln
1905	Elizabeth Nevelj, 2367 South 29th St.	Dupont
1897	Edith Oberkoolm, 4626 Seward St.	Walnut Hill
1901	Gunnar B. Olsen, 2845 Castellar St.	Windsor
1906	Eather Peterson, 4701 North 29th St.	Saratoga
1897	Wesley Poff, 3639 Seward St.	Franklin
1906	Andrey Rapp, 520 South 24th St.	Mason
1901	Clara Rolan, Pacific St.	Pacific
1907	Ivy Stubbendorf, 1330 South 10th St.	Pacific
1902	Claude Preston Worley, 2801 Woolworth Ave.	Park
1906	Davy Zeldman, 707 North 16th St.	Casa
1903	Harold Zuerefel, 2055 North 18th St.	Lake

that a child should pay a third of the expenses of the London house, which is maintained chiefly for her benefit. A supreme court judge has approved the report.

In the course of his report the referee makes a tantalizing disclosure. This 16-year-old child, he says, "has the benefit, not to be estimated in money, of a refined home and the counsel of a wise and devoted mother, who has succeeded in keeping her daughter unspoiled by luxury and simple and unselfish in character." There is no reason, so far as we know, for disputing the accuracy of this statement. Accepting it without qualification we find partly revealed a mother whose methods deserve to be more widely known. She and her daughter and her daughter's aunt are living in a fashionable part of London, a city in which respect for wealth is said to be increasing. The housekeeping expenses come to \$20,000 a year. The 16-year-old girl's personal expenses come to \$10,000 more. The aunt's and mother's personal expenses are not given by the referee, but we can steer clear of exaggeration by setting them down at \$5,000 apiece or half the child's. Thus we reach a total of \$50,000 a year for three persons, one of whom is aged 16.

In spite of these circumstances, not wholly favorable to the preservation of an immaculate simplicity, the mother "has succeeded in keeping her daughter unspoiled by luxury and simple and unselfish in character." The task cannot have been easy. The mother's secret should not remain a secret. Her educational methods deserve a study. We could all learn something from them, those among us who do not usually spend \$20,000 a year in maintaining a house for three persons.—New York Globe.

hunted half as hard as a widow does for a second chance.

Some women are really pleased—judging by the husbands they select.

If it wasn't for suckers the financial sharks would soon starve to death.

Honesty is a sort of boomerang, with a delightful habit of coming home to roost.

Instead of taking advantage of their opportunities, some men take advantage of other people's necessities.—Chicago News.

## Keep Your Hands Soft and White



## With Cuticura Soap And Ointment

Treatment: On retiring, soak the hands in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 23-p. book. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 148, Boston. Soap-Tender-foot men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Liberal sample free.

# A whole bottle of medicine in one dose won't cure you

Why does the doctor tell you "to take a teaspoonful every two hours" instead of the whole bottle at one gulp? Simply because it takes time to produce changes in the human body.

It likewise takes time to produce effects on peoples' minds.

Time is one of the necessary things in advertising. You advertise today not only for tomorrow, but more particularly to make everybody know about you and your goods—where you are located and how you do business.

Building up a line of customers is a slow process.

Advertising doesn't work as the fake doctor claims his "cure-all" will, but as the real physician's slow, patient "teaspoonful every two hours."

Advertising is sure, because the laws that govern the human mind are as certain as the laws of gravitation. If you repeat facts about your business to newspaper readers day after day for a long period, those facts are bound to become a part of practically every reader's common knowledge.

Every reader of The Bee knows where certain Omaha stores are, what kind and class of goods they keep and a good deal about the men behind the goods—whether they have ever been inside the store or not.

What stores are these? ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT EXCEPTION THEY ARE THE STORES THAT ADVERTISE IN THE BEE DAY AFTER DAY AND YEAR AFTER YEAR.

Regular—patient and persistent advertising is the sure road to business success. You—Mr. Merchant—who have been timid—or doubtful—or careless—why not start now—Today?

## The Omaha Bee

goes to the homes and enables you to go there too, every day.

It's continuous advertising that pays