

The Busy Bees

THE contest between the Blue and Red sides of the Busy Bees is growing very interesting. The Reds are just one point ahead of the Blues, and there are two more Sundays before the contest closes, and a new king and queen will be elected to take the place of the present rulers. Several votes have already been received for the new king and queen, and it would be well for all Busy Bees to send their votes in within the next week.

The editor wishes to call the attention of the Busy Bees to the rules for writing stories. You will find them on this page, and the prizes will be given only to those who follow them closely. It is much better to write a story with 250 words in it than to write one that is so long that it tires one to read it. Another thing, we want the Busy Bees to write as often as they can find time to do so. It is the wish and hope of the editor that original stories will be the only ones which will be sent to the contest of the Busy Bee page. The name of the story should be written plainly at the head of the page, and then the writing should only be on one side of the page. These rules are written with the other rules, but many Busy Bees forget these sometimes.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Little Mary.

By Lester Anderson, Aged 9 Years, 553 South Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once there was a little girl whose name was Mary, and she was always merry and bright; she was a little sunbeam.

She always minded her mother, and whenever her mother would tell her to do anything she would do it willingly. She would never say, "I'm tired."

One day as Mary was playing outside she saw a little robin that had his leg broken and was limping. Then she picked it up and brought it in the house. Mary then told her mother that she had a bird with a broken leg.

Mary took some medicine to put on the little bird's leg and then she took a rag and put it on the broken leg. Then she fed the robin some bread. When the leg was healed she brought the robin outside and let it go.

When she came in her mother said to her, "You can go with me in the woods picking violets, because you have treated the robin so nicely."

Kindness is always rewarded.

(Second Prize.)

The First Sea Voyage.

By Madeline Cain, Aged 12 Years, 1302 Park Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Sailing across the beautiful Atlantic in the month of April was the magnificent ship, the Titanic. It was coming to America; it was its first sea voyage. How proudly the ocean bore the beautiful creature aloft! How many of those on board were proud to accompany the ship on its first trip. The very machinery worked well to keep the vessel going and to help it reach the harbor in safety.

And so this mighty vessel, powerful as its namesakes, the Titans, with swift ease it darted across the ocean.

But it was also to be doomed, as its namesakes were. As the mighty Titans, who were proud of their power, were destroyed by their power, so was this proud vessel destroyed likewise.

On the trip it was unexpectedly to pass an iceberg. This beautiful piece of nature rivaled it in grandeur and had been made by the Great Workman. It had power also, but no one thought of that. The rich and poor on board the Titanic were proud and confident of the ship's power. Their thoughts were on the day when they should land.

But they were too proud. Their pride made them careless. While they were enjoying themselves, while they were planning and hoping, this vessel, which was not as strong as they had expected it to be, was running to destruction.

As a youth or young girl needs care and attention, even when they think they know enough to do this young vessel needed extra attention on its first voyage. But people were too sure it was strong enough. Rocklessly it bounded on—on to destruction; and when it struck the iceberg even then many lives might have been saved. But they realized the truth too late. Its first voyage was also its last.

(Honorable Mention.)

Why We Celebrate Christmas.

By Geraldine Roberts, Aged 19 Years, 4213 Cumming Street, Blue Side.

We celebrate Christmas because our Saviour was born on that day, and I think Christmas is the happiest day of the year, that is why I like winter best. We get the word Christmas from the name Christ. When Christ was born there were lots of people there, even the shepherds came. The angels sang on high, too. The Saviour was born in a manger. First the shepherds were afraid, because they saw an angel on high. But the angel said, "Be not afraid, behold I bring you good tidings." Then the angel pointed and said, "Go there, for you will find out what has happened." So they went to the stable and saw the baby. He looked so sweet and mild to them. The shepherds did not bring any presents to the Saviour, but the king and other rich people brought presents to Him. Then in a little while they named Him Jesus.

When Jesus was a man the Jews were angry at Him. So they had planned to nail Him to the cross. So they nailed Him to the cross on Friday. They made a little house called a tomb, and just put a bed in the tomb and laid Jesus on the bed. Mary was so sorry that her son was killed that she went to the tomb door and stayed and wept. Just then an angel came and asked her why she wept so hard. She said, "O, my son has been killed by the Jews," then the angel told her not to weep any more. She went away, and she was weeping. She heard some one say, "Mary, Mary." She turned around and saw Jesus standing beside her. Then she wept all the more, but those were tears of joy.

The First of April.

By Ruth Anderson, Aged 10 Years, Ralston, Neb.

Walter and John were two little boys that liked to play tricks on "April Fool's Day." They tied a fine string to a ball and it was pulled along on the sidewalk. The ball seemed to be rolling along on its own accord.

A little boy came down the street and stopped to pick it up, but as he did so the ball would move on. At last he discovered the trick, and then the boys would call out, "Oh, you April fool!" But it did not last long for just then a policeman appeared and thinking he

Busy Bees Who Aided in Relief Work



Dorothy Norton

Rudyard Norton

Two of the busiest Bees in the city for the last few weeks are Dorothy and Rudyard Norton. They are brother and sister and have been assisting with the relief work at the Auditorium. Dorothy has been one of the assistants in the baby clothes department and has put up scores of bundles for tiny babies. Each

has had her inspection and the tiny garments have been folded most carefully by this little girl. Her older brother, Rudyard, has been at the main desk and has assumed the responsibilities of a man. Neither has missed a day at the Auditorium since the relief work started and both are planning to stay until the central relief station is closed.

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. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
3. Original stories or letters only will be used.
4. 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.

would also have a little joke, seized Walter and John by the arm and took them to jail. The judge said, "Three years behind the bars," and with this the two little boys began to cry. Then the judge took from his pocket two large apples, and said "your sentence is that you eat these apples."

"Now run home and tell how, after having made April fool of others, you fell into the hands of the police, who made April fool of you."

New Busy Bee.

By Alice Evers, Aged 9 Years, 378 Marcy Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am a new Busy Bee. I am going to write a story about "Unlucky Hans." Hans was a boy who worked seven years for a man and he wished to go home and see his mother. His master said he could and gave him a lump of gold for the work he had done.

He walked a ways and got tired. The lump of gold was so big and heavy. Just then a man came along the road on a horse and Hans asked him to trade. The man said yes and Hans went off feeling as happy as ever. It was making Hans' shoulder very sore. He thought he was very smart with his horse. Just then his horse started to kick him, and he ran away and a farmer coming along the

New Busy Bee.

AVOCA, Ia., April 3, 1913.—Dear Sir: I want to join the Busy Bees. Alma Pattie, aged 10 years. I will send you a story.

Once there was a lark. She had six little eggs. It wasn't very long until there were six little larks. And one day a lark flew to the field and she heard the farmer and the son talking. The farmer said: "I am going to ask my friends to help cut the grain." The lark flew to his mother and said: "We have to fly away." The mother said: "Do

not worry, for his friends will not help him." So he went to the field. The farmer waited all day and his friends did not come to help him. So the farmer said the next day: "I am going to ask my cousins to help me out the grain." The little lark told his mother: "We have to fly away now." The mother said: "Do not worry; we do not have to fly away; his cousins will not help him." The lark flew to the meadow. They sang their morning song every sunny morning. From your friend, ALMA PATTIE, Avoca, Ia., R. P. D. No. 2.

The Seven Goats.

By Helen Purrell, Aged 7 Years, 3501 Webster St., Omaha.

Once on a time there were seven goats, and the mother said she was going to get some wood and told the seven goats not to let the wolf in, and they said they would not. So the mother went and got some wood, and the wolf knocked at the door and said, "This is mamma, and I have something for you." The goats said, "Let us see your paws." So the wolf let them see his paws. So the wolf went away to the mill and told

The Little Squirrel.

By Dorothy Judson, 127 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

The other day two of my friends were over to spend the afternoon with me. We were out in the yard, playing games, when we saw a little squirrel come over toward us. I ran in the house to get some nuts so that we could feed him. I brought out a lot and we had fun feeding him, as he would come right up to us and eat out of our hands. He would take the nuts and hide each one in a different place. It was very interesting to watch him dig the holes for his nuts. After the nuts were gone we went in the house to get some more, as the squirrel seemed to be very hungry. As we started to go out of the house, here was the squirrel right up to the door starting to come in. We thought we would have some fun and feed him in the house, so we called him in, but he got very frightened and jumped around the room very excited. He finally found the door and was soon out. After he got over his excitement we gave him the nuts.

The Cotton Seed.

By Katherine Holland, Aged 9 Years, David City, Neb.

I was once in a bag with many other seeds. I was very lonesome. One day I heard a voice say, "Here, Jake, take these cotton seeds and plant them." He planted me, and soon I grew up to be a soft, fluffy, round ball—like a snowball. Some negroes came and I was carried in a wagon to the gin. There I was pulled by teeth and the seeds taken out of me. I was made into thread; then woven into cloth. I was then sold to a merchant, and one day a lady bought me. I was made into a little girl's dress. She tore it and wore it to rags and then it was thrown into an alley and the rag man came along and sold it to a magazine man and he made it into a magazine. A man bought the magazine, and it all came from the cotton seed.

P. S.—Busy Bees: I love your page and wish you would write to me.

Mary's Reward.

By Gladys Reeves, 1823 Grace Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived in London a very poor family with one daughter named Mary.

One day as Mary was out walking a lady dropped her pocketbook. Mary picked up the pocketbook and instead of keeping it she returned it to the woman. The woman thanked Mary and gave her her card, saying:

"Come to my house tomorrow and lunch with me."

So the next day Mary went to lunch with the lady. When Mary went home the lady gave her a little poodle dog and \$5. Mary had many fine times with her little dog.

I am a new Busy Bee. I am going to join the Red Side.

New Colorado Busy Bee.

By Mary Thomas, Aged 5 Years, Deer Trail, Colo.

Dear Busy Bees: Do you mind if I write to your page? My sister, Alice,

Should We Be Happy if Rich?

By JEAN ROBERTS.

The misadventure of a certain extremely rich young lady at a well-known southern seaside resort had recently excited some amusement in society. The woman was trying a little plan she had long cogitated upon, it appears. We are accustomed in stories to the lady or gentleman of no means at all who figures at the seaside as a lord or duchess and revels for a short time in the glory of false plumes. This young woman's idea was exactly the opposite. She went to the seaside with a woman companion to play the part of a poor girl of "no importance."

The scheme was working beautifully when a most disquieting rumor was whispered to the manager of the hotel. The nice young woman, he was informed, was in possession of certain articles belonging to an heiress of considerable rank! How did she come by them? Was she an adventuress? Had she laid wicked hands on them? Sharp brains were summoned to concentrate themselves on solving the mystery. All the inquirers could learn at first was that the heiress had disappeared, and no one knew where she was. Had the girl at the hotel robbed—perhaps murdered her?

In the end she had to confess she was herself the heiress. She explained she had become tired of people paying her attentions because of her riches, that she had resolved to try just a few months of the delight of being a poor girl.

It is clear this young woman has not found riches an unmixed blessing. There has been a fly in the ointment—perhaps many flies. Most of us have probably set ourselves to work at times to imagine how we should enjoy life on forty—thirty—even ten thousand dollars a year. We should take good care, we flatter ourselves, there were no files in our ointment. But all the wealthy people I know assure me that money is far from meaning happiness. Do they tell me that to keep me from being envious?

"How to be Happy, Though Rich," was the title of a book published some time ago for the benefit of millionaires. One morning the people with the stuffed money bags must have been considerably surprised to discover in their letter boxes envelopes containing a beautiful circular, in silver and gold letters, announcing they might, by digesting the contents of "How to be Happy, Though Rich," learn the way of escape from the miseries of the people with more money than they know what to do with—"Price One Hundred Dollars."

Mark Twain once said he never knew a millionaire, who did not seek to impress upon him that wealth was a burden. At the same time he never knew a millionaire, who could take his hint to obtain relief by placing some of his burden on his, Mark Twain's shoulder.

"When I suggested it," he declared, "they always walked off quickly—in spite of their burden. They always took care to take it with them."

While we all think we should contrive to be extremely happy ourselves with wealth, we all recognize that a remarkably large number of rich people do not, somehow, manage the business properly. "It is wonderful what a mess they make of it. Is it true after all that, as Lord Lytton remarked:

"It is as hard to be happy on more than one really needs as it is to be happy

on just enough. Perhaps a lot of money actually places most people on the road to unhappiness. They imagine they ought to get a good deal more out of life than the poorer person. And they find in time they are mistaken."

One of the wealthiest men in the world informed Justin McCarthy that he once mistakenly entertained the idea he ought to be much happier than other people, considering his means. He thought he ought to enjoy himself, and he made up his mind that he would. Hang the expense! It was a dismal failure. At the end of a few months he gave it up. The fact is a life that is "fall cake" won't agree with us.

I thought of that the other Sunday afternoon when curiosity led me to a skating-rink where some of the richest girls and the richest men in the country were trying to enjoy themselves seven days a week without a rest.

They looked so unhappy that I wondered they did not go on strike.

Perhaps the rich young lady I really told you about at that hotel was honestly looking out for a husband. The girl with no wealth imagines she is hardly treated in her poverty, but she is, in this respect, at least more fortunate than her rich sister—the rich young lady cannot marry anyone she likes, and she is often sought by the man who loves her wealth considerably more than he loves her. The hotel heiress, it strikes me, was hopeful that some nice young gentleman would come along and propose to her under the impression she hadn't a penny. Then there could be no suspect her lover of seeking her for any doubt as to what he really wanted.

"It seems to me poor girls have greater chances of happy marriage than rich ones," once commented Francis James, the celebrated judge. "It is wonderful the number of exceedingly wealthy wives whose matrimonial troubles become public."

The poor girls can have no ground to reason save that he believes her to be the sweetest girl in the world. But how can the girl be so sure? She isn't, and that is the reason, it was stated, why one of the richest women in the world died a short time back unmarried. She could never make out whether with her suitors, and she had scores of them, it was not a case of "it's your money we want."

And the married life of the rich is apt not to be a great success. Wealth in the home seems as trying as actual poverty.

I was some time since carried off by a very rich gentleman I know to pay a visit to a jeweler's shop. He wanted to make a present to his wife. He put aside a heap of things as "too cheap." At last he got a thing—a pearl and diamond necklace—that ran into a sufficient number of dollars to be worthy of her acceptance. He gives his wife everything she wants, or she buys it for herself out of his money, and it has become a horribly hard thing now to find anything that she really does want to the extent of being pleased with it when she gets it. Pampered!

"There never was a fatter saying," declared Moody, "than that when poverty comes at the door love flies out at its window. Poverty makes the husband and wife more dependent the one upon the other. It gives each a hundred chances of helpfulness to the other, each one of which makes stronger the bonds of love.

The rich husband is not dependent on his wife, and the rich wife is not dependent on her husband. There is no call for mutual helpfulness, and it is that more than anything else that preserves love."

It would be a bad job for most of us if its preservation depended upon diamond necklaces.

"When I tell people that money won't make them happy unless they have it in them to be happy upon a little they are disappointed," declared Stead. "They appear to imagine that there is no chance of happiness left for them in this world. Thinking that money means happiness, they become convinced there is little or none of it to be got without it. So they neglect the chances of happiness close beside them."

There's a good deal in that. Most of use are not so happy as we should be if we made up our minds to be as happy as possible instead of merely about getting as much money as possible. Make up your mind to both. Don't put off being happy till you get a raise in salary. You'll probably be happier then, but only if you have practiced being happy before. And you'll get the raise quicker. Don't we all like the happy person? We don't forget them when we send our invitations, do we?

ERUPTION ON LEGS, BACK AND HEAD

Also on Fingers. Like Little Boils. Throbbing and Burning Pain. Had to Cut off Hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Entirely Cured in Six Weeks.

Bloomington, Mich.—"I had sores on my legs, back, on my head and on the tips of my fingers. They looked first like little boils and had pus in them. They started with a throbbing and burning pain. They opened and formed a scab and would spread to the size of a silver dollar. My mother had to cut off my hair because we couldn't comb it. It pained me so badly and my underwear would stick to the sores on my body. My mother had to soak the clothes off of me. The clothing irritated my body. I had to go bare-footed for four weeks because I couldn't get on a shoe or a stocking. They would stick to the sores, and I could not get them off."

"The trouble started two weeks before my mother tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I was a little relieved in three days and was entirely cured in six weeks by Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Miss Olive Dalton, Sept. 22, 1912.

For treating poor complexion, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have been the world's favorites for more than a generation. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 25-c. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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

Their Own Page

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, APRIL 13. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1903.....	Elizabeth Backes, 1101 North 18th St.....	Kellom
1903.....	Mamie Barowsky, 1st and Spring Sts.....	Bancroft
1904.....	Lola Baxter, 1312 South 6th St.....	Train
1901.....	Arthur Blesendorf, 320 North 25th St.....	Webster
1905.....	Edith Burg, 1702 Clark St.....	Kellom
1907.....	Fred Calabretta, 1110 South 13th St.....	Pacific
1907.....	Clement L. Clark, 2913 Woolworth Ave.....	Park
1904.....	Hazel Corcellus, 2303 South 8th St.....	Bancroft
1906.....	Edith Ferris, 1205 South 31st St.....	Pacific
1900.....	Roy P. Flesher, 4012 Maple St.....	Clifton Hill
1907.....	Clarence Gardner, 2624 Decatur St.....	Long
1907.....	Violet Gardner, 2625 Decatur St.....	Long
1902.....	David George, 958 North 25th St.....	Kellom
.....	Ruth Gerwiler, 4213 Larimore Ave.....	Central
1904.....	Thomas Grady, 3818 Mason St.....	Columbian
1905.....	Ella M. Harrington, 231 St. Mary's Ave.....	Central
1901.....	Julian Harris, 515 South 22d St.....	Central
1898.....	George Hohmer, 2013 Webster St.....	Central
1866.....	Ejnar A. Jacobson, 3914 Bedford Ave.....	Clifton Hill
1907.....	Vernond Jensen, 3063 South 28th Ave.....	Vinton
1906.....	Corinne Jones, 3848 Hamilton St.....	Walnut Hill
1897.....	Mabel H. Kitchen, 2614 North 17th St.....	Lake
1900.....	Frieda Komrofski, 2228 South 6th St.....	Train
1904.....	Ruth Littel, 2619 Spencer St.....	Lothrop
1897.....	Hazel McClure, 1624 Pratt St.....	Lothrop
1907.....	Faulline McGill, 2611 South 13th St.....	Bancroft
1902.....	Emmett Malone, 310 South 11th St.....	Pacific
1905.....	Leonard Mingus, 2610 Harney St.....	Farnam
1897.....	Bessie Morton, 811 North 40th St.....	Saunders
1901.....	Pearl Palmer, 2301 South 32d St.....	Windsor
1907.....	John Prawl, 119 South Central Boulevard.....	Farnam
1901.....	Annabelle Roberts, 1324 North 41st St.....	Walnut Hill
1904.....	Patsy Ruberti, 2231 Pierce St.....	Mason
1900.....	Clara Schneider, 2721 Charles St.....	Long
1903.....	Mercedes Spong, 2521 Chicago St.....	Central
1905.....	Addison Wilson, 111 North 38th Ave.....	Saunders

doesn't make a tremendous effort to find it, it is tolerated there just about one month. Then he is picked up bodily and "lifted away," or life is made unpleasant for him that he sets out for other parts without much delay. From recent reports the authorities in the different towns are growing even more strict than they used to be. This is what happens to a man who says he is drunk and out and appeals to local authorities or private individuals for help.

First, the authorities find him a job. The work is hard, and they rather make a point of having it so. If he takes it and stays at it until he can find something better, all well and good. But if he refuses he is promptly sent to the workhouse. These places are under police supervision, the work is extremely hard and the wages 4 pence a day. The man is not let out, either, without the consent and recommendation of those in charge.

It might seem there would be difficulty determining between those who are lazy and those who are merely out of work, but every precaution is taken against making such mistakes. All conscientious workmen have papers given them by the town in which they work, giving references in regard to their character and ability.

Then, too, there are relief stations in all parts of the country for the unemployed, who are out of a job through no fault of their own. Only those are admitted who have had regular work during the previous three months, and who have been out of work at least a week. These men are not pampered, either. They must be on the alert for a position and accept anything that is offered them. Once a chronic idler has been found his papers are marked and he cannot apply for relief at any of the stations in Switzerland.—Chicago Tribune.

Lizzie, the Elephant.

By Alice Thomas, Deer Trail, Colo., Red Side.

Dearest Busy Bees: Wombull's collection of wild beasts was once the most famous in Europe. Among the animals there was a beautiful female elephant, named Lizzie. While visiting a town in England, Lizzie, with an attack of colic, was taken ill. A doctor in the place brought some medicine which saved Lizzie's life. Some days afterwards the animals were marching through the street. Lizzie caught sight of the doctor standing in his shop and stopped at the door. The doctor came out to see what was the matter, when Lizzie thrust her trunk gently toward the doctor's hand. The doctor took hold of the trunk and patted it in a friendly way, to Lizzie's delight. After a little of his caressing Lizzie marched forward again with great pleasure. All animals are grateful for kindness and none more than the elephants.

FOR THAT TIRED FEELING

One Country Where the Lazy Must Work Off the Disease.

All lovers of leisure and haters of work would better stay away from Switzerland. For the man who is out of work,

HOUSES FOR SALE



Spring — that is the time to sell property. Everywhere people are looking for homes—and if you offer the right kind of a proposition on a house, you can sell it.

Persons who have decided to buy this spring are looking around now. They are reading the "For Sale" columns of The Bee, because they know that by so doing they are sure to keep in touch with the best bargains.

Advertise your houses in The Bee. The cost is small and the results are sure and good.

BEE WANT AD DEPARTMENT Tyler 1000

A cut like this, including the drawing, would cost you \$6.50. Let us do your engraving.

Bee Building.

BEE ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT

Tyler 1000