

The Busy Bees

THE spring is here and now is the time of the year when gardens are made ready for the pretty flowers...

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.) The Teacher's Choice. By James Wengert. Blue Side, Maple-ten, Ia.

"I don't see why teacher chose Ruth Moore to play the piano for our drills, you?" "No," Kitty shook her head thoughtfully...

(Second Prize.) The Violets. By Bernard Aiken, Aged 9 Years, 2308 South Ninth Street, Omaha, Neb.

Once upon a time there were some violets. But they were asleep in the dark earth...

(Honorable Mention.) A Passion Flower. By Verna Clark, Aged 10 Years, Genoa, Neb.

I am a flower of the genus Passiflora. I am pure and very white. A cross can be seen in me if I am looked at closely...

Fourth of July. By Annie Kahn, Aged 10 Years, Ken-said, Neb.

It was a week before the Fourth and Ralph and Arthur, who were friends, were talking about what they were going to do...

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 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.

see anything else I want I'll get it, too." Arthur said, "I just have 50 cents, but I'm going to get me some firecrackers, ice cream and lemonade and I am going to run a race with the boys."

Charlie. By Helen Hanrahan, Aged 13 Years, 2877 Pierce Street, Omaha, Neb.

When Charley was 8 years old his father gave him a nice fishing line for his birthday. He had often wished for one and at last he got one.

My Pony. By Chester Witte, Aged 10 Years, Benson, Neb., Red Side.

I have a little Shetland pony. His name is Fleetfoot. We have lots of fun with him. We hitch him up to the little buggy...

My Pet Kitten. By Mabel Witte, Aged 12 Years, Benson, Neb., Blue Side.

One Sunday afternoon I was walking in the woods, gathering pretty flowers here and there, when all of a sudden I heard a cat crying not far from where I was...

Edna's Punishment. By Laura Glantz, Aged 12 Years, 1220 V Street, Lincoln, Neb., Blue Side.

Edna had to work very hard. She had to do the dishes every morning, noon and evening, while her elder brothers and sisters sat in the parlor.

about there good luck and what they had found. A few minutes later the two men went back towards the direction from which they came from.

Edna had by this time made up her mind to go back home, so she started towards the lake, but when she got there her boat was gone. The two men had taken it, and they were now out of sight.

Robert's Story. By Alice Mahoney, 408 Chicago Street, Omaha.

"Mother," said Robert, "I want to tell you a story about a little boy." "I would be glad to hear it," said his mother.

The Blue Bird. By Florence Pursell, Aged 10 Years, 2304 Webster Avenue, Omaha.

Once there was a bird and it was named Blue Bird and was so happy it would sing a nice song and went flying away.

The Day Mildred Played Hokey. By Alta Dickover, Aged 13 Years, Atkinson, Neb.

Mildred was a little girl of about 10 years old. She had been going to school very regularly all through the winter, but now when spring was here and it was getting so warm, she began to dislike going to school.

Soul Escaped Its Bonds

"I was deaf, and I hear; I was blind, and I see; I was dumb, and I speak." The words were the oratorical climax in one of the most remarkable addresses that an American or any other audience has ever been privileged to hear.

WOMEN TAKE NOTICE!

A man cannot understand the torture and suffering many women endure uncomplainingly. If the majority of men suffered as much pain and endured with patience the weakening sicknesses that most women do, they would ask for immediate sympathy and look for a quick cure.



Mrs. LIZZIE M. HENSHEIMER, of Lincoln, Neb., 529 C* C* St., says: "I suffer from female troubles and after taking one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which a friend advised me to take, I found myself very much improved."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

AN OMAHA BUSY BEE WHO LIKES THE PAGE.



BERNARD AIKIN.

then when you get through you can whip him if necessary." The boy looked at John staringly. At last John said, "I don't see any need in whipping a horse, anyway."

Snow White. By Walter Paul Patten, Aged 13 Years, Blue Side.

Once there was a little girl and her name was Snow White. One day she went in the woods and she got lost and she ran and ran. At last she came to a little house and she stayed there.

John's Kindness. By Marie Neville, Aged 11 Years, 2725 Jones Street, Omaha.

John was walking to the store one day when he saw a boy going through a tunnel out west. The boy was driving in the desert. He was whipping his horse as hard as he could.

A Penny. By Lester Anderson, Aged 9 Years, 635 South Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once I was a penny and I belonged to an old lady. Then the old lady gave me to her sweet little girl. I always liked to be in her hands, because she was so gentle.

FRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. Barber-Well, young man, how would you like to have your hair cut?

"You must not eat any more tonight, little Margie was very fond of pancakes. One morning she was told that she could not have any, as there was no sour milk in the house."

A bright little girl, aged 4, and her brother, aged 5, were spending the night with their aunt. When bedtime came the aunt asked them how they said their prayers.

"Say, mother," asked Edgar, "when I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" "Yes, my boy," answered the mother, "but if you want to be a man you must be very industrious at school, and learn how to behave yourself. You must not be lazy."

Teacher-Now, Tommy, what change takes place when water freezes? Small Tommy-A change in price.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is dust?" "Dust," replied the little fellow, "is mud with the juice squeezed out."

"Pa, was Job a doctor?" "Not that I know of." "Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?"

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New Busy Bee. I want to join the Busy Bees. Gladys Eagleton, Aged 11 Years, Decatur, Neb., April 16, 1913.

Once upon a time there was a dog and he found a piece of meat. He was crossing a bridge on his way home and he saw in the water another dog with a piece of meat. He wanted it and grabbed for it and lost his meat by being greedy.

Our Kitchen Party. By Mary Davis, Aged 11 Years, Gibbon, Neb., Red Side.

Last Wednesday evening Eva Sprague, Helen Miller, Bernice Ashburn, Eola Pender and Miss Amick (my school teacher) came over to my house after school.

It was wet and snowy the next day and Eola didn't come to school. We teased her and said she had eaten too much and had gotten sick and had to stay at home.

Hilda (aged five)-I saw an old woman today, mother, with a false nose.

Mother-How do you know it was false, dear? Hilda-It didn't show any signs of wear.

"Why, mother," asked the little boy, "do the lady boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

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Their Own Page

Little Folks Birthday Book



SUNDAY, APRIL 27. "This is the day we celebrate."

Table with 2 columns: Name and Address. Lists names of children and their addresses, such as Willie Armbrust, 1909 Ontario St., Vinton; Annie Blackstone, 2428 Erskine St., Lake; Emily Brizel, 2828 South 20th St., Vinton.

Willie," said his mother, "Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?" "That's all right, mamma," replied the youngster. "I can sleep on my back."

Little Margie was very fond of pancakes. One morning she was told that she could not have any, as there was no sour milk in the house.

Little Mary was on a visit to her grandpa. On Sunday he took her with him to church. Spying a relative up in the gallery she whispered to him, "Oh grandpa, look up. There's auntie sitting on a shelf!"

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DEEP CRACKS COVERED HANDS. And Itching Sores. Started with Pimples. Dredged to Put Hand in Water. Scratched Until Blood Came. Cured in a Month by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

R. F. D. No. 8, No. Crystal Lake, Ill.—"I had a most painful itching right hand from the thumb to the wrist. It was covered with deep cracks and itching sores. It started with small white pimples that itched terribly and when I scratched them would open and a water-like stuff would come out. Scabs would form to my annoyance, and they would then come off and leave the hand red and very sore. I dreaded to put my hand in water as it would hurt awfully. I sometimes would scratch until blood came and then the burning pain was enough to set a person crazy. I was ashamed to let anybody see my hand for it looked awfully. How I suffered none can imagine. I would wake up nights from pain caused by scratching. I had it for two years. It sometimes would heal and break out again."



"I tried salve but that only made it worse. I used different salves but none did me any good until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Now I have no more trouble and there is not a scar to be seen. In a month my hand was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Theo. Froberger, May 26, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 23-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Tender-faced men should use Cuticura.

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