The Busy Bees

HE spring is here and now is the time of the year when gardens about there good luck and what they had AN OMAHA BUSY BEE WHO LIKES are made ready for the pretty flowers, which bloom later in the summer. I wonder how many Busy Bees have started their gardens this spring? If you have never had a garden you do not know just what fun it is to plant the little seeds and then watch them to see just what kind of plants they will grow to be Not only is it nice to see the flowers grow, but is is a real joy to go out to your very own garden and pick up a bunch of radishes, lettuce and little green onions and bring them in and have them for supper. To be sure these gardens need a little care each day, for the weeds must be kept out as they will crowd out the plants which are there to grow. If there are side any Busy Bees who started their gardens this summer it would be nice if they would write and tell just what they had planted, and how, large their gardens are. A bunch of garden flowers are always nice to have in noon she saw a boat coming, sailing the home and these too can be raised with just a little care. Have any town the lake, and to the great relief Busy Bees taken trips into the woods for violets? It is a little bit too early of Edna, it was her parents, to look for them yet, but within a week or two these little friends will be showing their small blue faces from out of their winter hiding places.

The Busy Bees have a few more days to send in their votes for their

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

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.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.

Address all communications to

Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

see anything else I want I'll get it, too.

Then Ralph said, "Oh! I am, too;]

"How old are you?" inquired Arthur.

"Well, we are old enough to run." said

Arthur. "So you try to win first prize

and I'll try for second prize." The prizes

were \$5 and \$20. Ralph said, "If I get

first prize I'll treat all the girls there."

Arthur said, "If I get second prize I'll

"All right," said both boys. "Let us

So I think the boys won, as "Practice

By Helen Hanrahan, Aged 13 Years, 2577 Pierce Street, Omaha. When Charley was 8 years old his

father gave him a nice fishing line for

He had often wished for one and at last

The first day it was nice Charles went

"Be sure to bring home a nice mess of

form which was built for the fishermen

"Hurrah," said Charley, and he pulled

the line with a jerk; but the bait was

"Never mind," said he, "I'll catch him

the next time," and the next time he did.

My Pony.

it Fleetfoot. We have lots of fun with

My Pet Kitten.

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

One Sunday afternoon I was walking

By Chester Witte, Aged 10 Years, Ben-son, Neb. Red Side.

It was the first fish he ever caught.

and threw out his line.

gone and there was no fish.

caught one fish.

"How old are you? I am 13, too."

to run a race with the boys."

treat half of the girls there."

never thought of that."

"I am 18."

his birthday.

he got one.

fishing.

Omaha Mee.

Write plainly on one side of paper only and number the

Little Stories by Little Folk

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

"I don't see why teacher chose Ruth Moore to play the plane for our drills,

"No," Kitty shook her head thought-"I can't see why she did," she said, puckering her forehead. Ruth don't play nearly so well as Mae Smith or Nell Allen. "Well of, course, they are a good deal older than she is," said Grace hurriedly. "You wouldn't expect her to play so well." "No," agreed Kittle. Ruth keeps good time but she does not know nearly so many pretty pieces as the other girls. Mae plays a good many beautiful marches." "Yes, I know," said Grace, "but I can't see why teacher chose Ruth to play the piano.. Then there is little Caroline Peck to lead the I think Mae Smith should have played the plane and Nell Allen lead the drills," said Kittle. But here the conversation broke up and the little girls went to their homes. About three weeks later when the classes were studying their lessons quietly, Nell Allen raised her head from her book and gave a prolonged At the sound all the children

raised their heads and soon sniffs were heard all over the room. Soon the teacher raised her head and went to the door, a puff of smoke greeted the openng, she closed it quickly and went bank to her pupils. She raised her pencil for the drill and Ruth came quickly and started out on a simple march. The try, and we will practice every day." children arose and started towards the So I think the boys won, as "Practice door. As little Caroline Peck passed make perfect." through the door the teacher leaned over and whispered to her, "Are you afraid "No, ma'am," said Caroline quietly. Just then the children from the lower hall were heard rushing out doors. This was too much for some of the children and half a dozen of them, led by Mae Smith and Nell Allen, broke out of line and started running down stairs. "Mae, Nell, stop where you are," called the teacher catching hold of Nell. "I won't! I won't!" screamed Nell and twisting herself free, she rushed down fish," said his father.

stairs followed by Mae and a few others. Just then Ruth started "Tramp!" Tramp!" and the remaining children fell into line out. and led by Caroline they marched down could scarcely see Ruth because of the smoke. "Come, dearle," she called. Ruth played the last of the strain then came quickly across the room. The teacher took her hand and they hurried after the others. When they came out of the building Ruth saw Caroline standing alone and she hurried across the lawn and started home with her. As they neared the pavement a gentle arm stole around them and the teacher said, kiss-

P. S .- Try very hard to beat the Reds. (Second Prize.) The Violets.

ing first one and then the other.

knew you were brave enough to do it."

By Bernard Aiken, Aged 9 Years, 2103 South Ninth Street, Omaha. Red Side. Once upon a time there were some vio lets, but they were asleep in the dark earth. The sun told the violets that May day was coming soon and the children him. We hitch him up to the little buggy. wanted all the flowers they could get. He I often take my little friends out for a rays down on them to help them grow. watering them. So the violets thought, are not driving him. We will grow."

watered them. Many violets came up and | Side. with them came green leaves.

Bye and bye children came. One of them saw the violets and said, "These are just what I wanted." The children gathered many flowers and took them home. They had pretty baskets and they suppor they put the baskets at different heard a cat crying not far from where I doors, rang the door bell and ran.

The violets were put at a little girl's the sound came from and found a gaunt-She heard the bell and went to get looking, half-starved kitten. I felt so them. She kept them as long as she could, sorry for the poor little thing that I but they soon withered and died. The took it up and carried it home with me violets were satisfied, for they had done and fed it some warm milk. I kept it their duty.

P. S.-I am a new Busy Bee and I want When I found it, it was a cirty color. It to join the Red Side.

(Honorable Mention.) A Passion Flower.

By Verna Clark, Aged 10 Years, Genoa, I am pure and very white. A cross can be seen in me if I am looked at closely. Many girls and boys love me. One day the rose a small child came past. Linger- sisters ant in the parior. ing at the gate, she looked to see if any covered with dimples she picked me and mates playing out side. This made her also my friend, a white rose. Home she very angry, and she threw down her dish went and put me in a glass of fresh cloth and went to the back door. wind could have shaken it down. One, made up her mind to run away. two, three days went past. No one gave me fresh water. Four days had gone. I her small row boat and rowed to the had fresh water then and on the seventh other side of the lake. When she got day I was taken to a large white house there she tied up her boat and began It was a church. A large man prayed and sang. On the way home I withered.

Fourth of July.

back towards the direction from which they came from.

ound.

A few minutes later the two men went

mind to go back home, so she started towards the lake, but when she got there Of course, there was nothing to be done, and Edna had to stay over night out

search for Edna, and the parents had

They quickly took her home, for she was nearly starved to death. Ever after that. Edna would only be to glad to wash the dishes every night without thinking of running away.

Robert's Story.

By Alice Mahoney, 430 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. "His name is Robert, the same as mine, but it only happens to be the same. Of course, this story is about another boy."

"Certainly," said his mother. "Well, once this boy was afraid to go upstairs alone in the dark. That's like

said Robert. "His mother said, 'My boy, if you go of the children on their walk. They had give you a reward."

"How interesting," said his mother. Did he do it?" "Yes," said Robert; "at least he's been would surely give him a reward of some kind."

"How many times have you been upstairs alone?" said Robert's mother. Arthur said, 'I just have 50 cents, but "Twice," said Robert. 'm going to get me some firecrackers. "If you will go upstairs alone tonight ice cream and lemonade and I am going I will make the story come true and give you a reward. I will take you

downtown and you can choose any new toy that you want." "Oh, joy!" replied Robert. "I am so glad I told you the story."

After Robert had been upstairs alone three times he was never afraid to go

The Blue Bird.

By Florence Pursell, Aged 10 Years, 2504 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 bird saw a mail box and put some straw in it, and it laid some eggs. How many eggs do you think it laid? It laid two eggs. And I looked in it and there was two eggs and the bird was gone. Someone got up there and broke bird never left any more.

The Day Mildred Played Hookey. By Alta Dickover, Aged 12 Years, Atkinson, Neb..

Mildred was a little girl of about 10 years old. She had been going to school "Oh, yes, papa," said Charley. And very regularly all through the winter, but with his pole over his shoulder he started out.

now when spring was here and it was out. What fun it was! First he dug some going to school.

with them that afternoon and go for a in the desert. He was whipping his nice walk. This sounded very fine to horse as hard as he could. John went For a long time the painted cork floated Mildred. All morning she was thinking up to him and said, "Do you not see it about on the top of the water. But after of the fun they would have.

a while it tipped to one side and went In the afternoon she was with the rest where to go? Let him go slowly and

THE PAGE.



BERNARD AIKIN.

upstairs in the dark three times I will each taken a little lunch along, which had been arranged and bought on the

> They came to a shady lane and it was mother was much alarmed to see her of other things. so early; she thought her little daughter was sick.

"Well," began Mrs. White, "why are you home so early?" "Ain't school out vet?" asked Mildred.

beginning to tremble. "It's only half past three, how did you get here so early?"

Mildred was so frightened that she began to cry. She then told her mother what she and her schoolmates had done. He mother took her in her room, put her to bed and there she slept until morning. In the morning, Mrs. White took Mildred to school. She had to go and tell her and said she had caten too much this day did she play hookey again.

Snow White

By Walter Paul Pattee, Aged 12 Years, Avoca, Ia. Red 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 to her sweet little girl. I always liked one egg and there was one left. And the a little house and she stayed there. When to be in her hands, because she was so the dwarfs came home they found her sentle. One day she gave me to a store-

By Marie Neville, Aged 11 Years, 2725 Jones Street, Omaha. John was walking to the store one stairs and out of the building singing lustify. As the last children filed out of the pupils suggested, she play hookey a tunnel out west. The boy was driving the second time I happened to drop in the room, the teacher turned. She is dark in here and the horse cannot see

Soul Escaped Its Bonds

After that he caught many fish, but ha never had as good a time as he did when and I see; I was dumb, and I speak." organ. Is this true?" he tried one whole afternoon and only The words were the oratorical climax in one of the most remarkable addresses be a hand organ." that an American or any other audience were spoken by Miss Helen Keller in her audience, in the Forty-eighth Street theater, Sunday night, March 30. Some of the speaker's previous words had not been also said that he would send his warm ride on Sunday afternoons. We don't easily understood by her hearers, though The sun warmed them and the rain it in print. I would like to join the Red derstood by the remotest listener. There flash: was an unmistakable note of triumph in them; and the realization of the years of cost brought tears to many eyes.

It was in the answering of questions, moving one of her gloves, placed the

thumb on the side of the nose. the teacher, and almost instantly grasped tion to everyone present. engaging smile that fairly lit up her face friends had communicated in return their as a humorous fancy passed through her love and sympathy to the imprisoned soul

With her illuminating smile the answer came. 'If I can play on an organ, it must

"It is the same as yours, but it has "How about the sense of taste?"

"I like good things to eat." Someone asked, "Do you practice men-

"I'm no doctor!" The joy of hearing this part of Miss sense of listening to a bright, happy, normal girl, who loved her friends, her

The Spectator began by saying that the was. I went in the direction from where fingers of her right hand on her teach- climax of Helen Keller's address was in er's face-the little finger on the throat, the words cited in the first of these parathe other fingers on the lips, and the graphs. But on reflection he thinks that the real climax of the occasion was when In thus interpreting speech, Mrs. Mady a hearer asked, "Do you know when we explained, her pupil had a slight advan- applaud?" Pupil and teacher came to the tage over the seeing deaf who interpret footlights, where there was no floor covspeech by lip reading-which, she said, ering to interfere with the vibrations, and "is to a considerable extent guesswork. Miss Keller's face assumed an intent exfor the lip reader cannot get the guttural pregsion while the theater rang with apsounds or the nasal tones," as Miss Keller plause for the herole girl who had strugcan by the touch method. The questions gled to light through darkness and who asked by the audience were repeated by had voiced a message of love and inspira-

by her pupil, who answered them, facing "Yes, I know you are applauding: I feel the audiece, with quick wit and with an it," were the words that told that her that had escaped its bonds and was free.

WOMEN TAKE NOTICE!

A man cannot understand the torture and suffering many women endure ancomplainingly. If the majority of men suffered as much pain and endured with patience the weakening sicknesses that most women do, they would sak for

Many women have been saved from a life of misery and suffering by turning to the right remedy-Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription-s remedy which is safe to take because containing no narcotics, alcohol or injurious ingredients. It is an alterative extract of roots, made with pure glycerin, and first given to the public by that famous specialist in the diseases of women—Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the lavalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.



Mas. Lizzis M. Hessheimer, of Lincoln, Neb., 522 °C °St., says: "I send a testimonial with much pleasure so that some suffering woman may know the true worth of your remedies. I was a great sufferer from female troubles but after taking one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which a friend advised me to take, I found myself very much improved. After taking three more bottles, and using two boxes of Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets, I found myself on the road to recovery. I was in poor health for five years but now I am cured.

"I hope all women suffering from female weakness will give Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a fair trial.

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate

then when you get through you can whip him if necessary.

The boy looked at John staringly. At tast John said, "I don't see any need in whipping a horse, anyway."

"Well, I do," replied the impudent boy. So he went on doing it through the tunnel. As they were riding through the boy felt two or three hard bumps, but thought nothing of it. When they got out of the tunnel the

boy saw the horse was badly brussed. John then said, "Look at your horse." The boy said, "I don't care." "Well," said John, "may I have the

horse?" Yes," said the boy. John took the horse and treated it with kindness and care. They won many prizes in horse races and different things.

New Busy Bee. I want to join the Busy Bees.

John said it paid very well to be kind.

Gladys Eagleton. Aged 11 Years. De-catur, Neb. April 16, 1913. I will send you a story. 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 Pember and Miss Amick (my school teacher) came over to my house after

They put on their aprons and started to work. Carrie Lamps, our hired girl, belped us and we got supper which was composed of deviled eggs, fruit salad. there they ate their lunch. After a little escalloped potatoes, tea, minced ham, up twice already. His mother said she play they went back home. It was early biscults and honey and for dessert we and before school was out. Mildred's had sliced pineapples and cake, and lots

After we got through cooking Miss Amick took a flash light of us. Then we went to the parlor and played the plano and sang. Then Carrie called us and said supper was ready and we went into the dining room and ate our supper. After supper we went upstairs in my room and held a special meting of E. S. S. (our

Then they went downstairs and washed and wiped the dishes. When we got through with them we had some candy and then they went home.

It was wet and snowy the next day and Ecla didn't come to school. We teased a sweet one. the professor all about it, but never to and had gotten sick and had to stay at

A Penny.

By Lester Anderson, Aged 9 Years, 555 South Thirty-fourth Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

Once I was a penny and I belonged to

and I had not been taken out of the suitcase yet. Then when the train started case yet. Then when the train started to go I started to jump up and down.

Just when I started to go down about the second time I happened to drop in his pecket.

"Bay, mother," asked Edgar, "when I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?"

"Yes, my boy," answered the mother, "but it you want to be a man you must be very industrious at school, and learn his pocket.

that I was in I dropped out. A few days after a little girl found me, and as she to lose me in a street gutter and I was

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Barber-Well, young man, how would ou like to have your hair cut? Young Man-Oh, like papa's, with a cole on the top.

"You must not eat any more tonight,

Their Own Page Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, APRIL 27. "This is the day we celebrate."	
Year. Name and Address. School. 900Willie Armbrust, 1909 Ontario StVinte	
200 Wille Armorust, 1909 Ontario St	n
903 Annie Blackstone, 2428 Erskine St Lak	
900 Emily Brizzi, 2928 South 20th St Vinto	
905George Edgar Bruner, 2722 Fort OmahaMiller Par	
902Wallace Carlson, 2881 Burt St	
898 Helen Margaret Crawford, 2110 Lake St Howard Kenned	
903 George Eselin, 2020 Lake St	
901 Paul Graff, 917 North 25th Ave	
201 Etta Grossman, 1417 North 17th St	
203John Halgren, 2003 Atwood AveVinto	
905 Harold Herrick, 530 South 26th Ave Farnar	
898Joseph Howard, 717 South 31st St	
900 Fred V. Irving, 2106 North 27th St Lon	
898 Samuel Israel, 1826 North 21st St	
899 Andrew Jacobsen, 816 South 51st St Bea	
900 Theron Jefferson, 2202 North 27th St Lon	100
901 Arvid Gustave Johnson, 132 North 37th St Saunder	
900 Gardner Kirk, 1451 Phelps St Edward Rosewate	
901 Goldie G. Lovelady, 4215 Grand Ave Central Par	
901 Sylvia L. Lovelady, 4215 Grand Ave Central Par	k
203 Beatrice Lynch, 2429 Decatur St Lon	
902 John McCleneghan, 3611 Jones St	13.
899 Edith Murphy, 1118 Frederick St Bancro	
902 Niels Norre, 4510 Cuming St Walnut Hi	
900 Theresia Nybbelin, 3124 Lindsay Ave Howard Kenned	y
899 Thomas Oakes, 2023 Douglas St	ul
902 Lester Pestal, 1913 South 29th St	
905 Trimble Porter, 2122 North 28th Ave Lon	g
906 Edith Sadler, 3616 Lafayette Ave Frankli	
906 Florence Seward, 2250 North 19th St Lak	
906 Mary C. Smith, 4002 North 26th St Druid Hi	11
899 Edith Weberg, 2214 North 26th StLon	g
900 Irene La Vern Winter, 3343 Boyd St Monmouth Par	k
	-

Willie," said his mother. "Don't you konw 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 pan-cakes. One morning she was told that she could not have any, as there was no sour milk in the house. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I wish we could keep two cows—a sour one and a sweet one."

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 auntic sitting on a shelf."

Hilda (aged five)—I saw an old woman today, mother, with a false nose. Mother—How do you know it was Once I was a penny and I down the state of t

the dwarfs came home they found her in the dwarfs came home they found her in the bed asieep. They did not wake her up, and the next morning they told are that if she would stay with them they would give her anything that she would like to have.

In the afternoon a traveling man came in and bought a pipe. The traveling man they would give her anything that she wanted to change some big money. I was a piece of small change.

Then he happened to drop me into his suitcase. One day he got on a train and I had not been taken out of the suit-any; I sleep with daddy."

A bright little girl, aged 4, and her brother, aged 6, were spending the night with their aunt. When bedlime came the aunt asked them how they said their prayers. The little boy answered: "Sometimes I say them to Muddle's knees and sometimes to the side of the suit-any; I sleep with daddy."

By Marie Neville, Aged 11 Years, 2725

One day as he was putting a shirt on be lazy."

that I was in I dropped out. A few days "Why, mother?" asked the little boy. "Do the lazy boys turn out to be women after a little girl found me, and as she when they grow up?"

to lose me in a street gutter and I was never owned again, and that was the end 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?"

COVERED HANDS

And Itching Sores. Started with Pimples. Dreaded 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 in the put my hand in

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 crasy. I was ashamed to let anybody see my hand for it looked awfully. How I suffered none can imparing. I would wake united to be applied to be anybody.

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 Scap and Clutment. Now I have no more trouble and Cintment. Now I have no more trouble and there is not a sear to be seen. In a month my hand was cured by Cuticura Soap and Cintment." (Signed) Mrs. Theo Preiburger, May 25, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ofntment 50c, are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each malled free, with 22-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticurs, Dept. T, Boston."

45 Tender-faced men should use Cuticurs.

You can make your business grow

through the proper use of newspaper space. The small merchant may find display space too expensive, but he always can use the classified columns of The Bee to great advantage. The expense is only a few cents a day--and the results are amazing.

The Bee classified pages

offer you a large circulation among people with large and small incomes. They reach the people who buy most willingly.

Tyler 1000

Use a Bee ad for a while. Phone it to

and it grew to be a beautiful white cat. is a great pet of mine now and I have taught him many funny little tricks. I named him Busz. I would like to join the Blue Side. Your new junior.

Edna's Punishment. I am a flower of the genus Passeflora. By Laura Glantz, Aged 12 Years, 1220 am pure and very white. A cross can V Street, Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side, Edna had to work very hard. She had to do the dishes every morning, noon and when I was in a beautiful garden beside evening, while her elder brothers and

One night as she was at work, she one saw her, and with her rosy hand could hear the merry voices of her playwater. The house was old and one more she stood there thinking what to do, she So she went to the lake and got into

to walk around. Finally she came to a small shanty petal by petal fell, then my stem, but my that was vacant. She went inside and heart was kept safely in a book, the holy found some dry stale bread and some Bible, and there I lie still and I may lie dirty bacon in a skillet. She did not like the looks of things there so she went

She sat down on one side of the house, By Annie Kahnk, Aged 10 Years, Ken. thinking what to do next; she now wished nard, Neb. nard, Neb. she was home again, for it began to it was a week before the Fourth and get dark. Just as she turned to the Ralph and Arthur, who were friends, lake, she saw two figures coming towards were talking about what they were going her. This frightened her very much. to do the Fourth. Raip said, "I have a and her knees began to tremble with dollar; f am going to get some firecrack. fear, Just as they got to the shanty ers, ice cream and lemonade, and if I they went in and she heard them talk

"I was deaf, and I hear; I was blind, can play on the harp an

"Is your sense of touch abnormally has ever been privileged to hear. They keen?" was another question. I have a little Shetland pony. His name first address before a New York City been developed more thoroughly."

work him, for he is too small. We leave their attention was almost painfully alert tal healing?" There was here a moment's The rain said it would help them by him run around in the pasture when we to catch every syllable that fell from confusion between the words "feeling" the speaker's lips; but these words rang and "healing," but when "healing" was This is my first letter and hope to see out with a clearness that made them un- finally understood the reply came like a

patient struggle that their utterance had Keller's talk was that it gave one the however, at the conclusion of the ad- home, her work in life and her books. in the woods, gathering pretty flowers dress, that the most dramatic incidents As to her books, one question brought filled them with flowers. That night after here and there, when all of a sudden I of the evening occurred. Miss Keller, re- out her interest in current literature.

With another laugh came the answer

One question was, "It is said that you -The Outlook

mmediate sympathy and look for a quick cure.

stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules