The Busy Bees -:- Their Own Page

HAVE any of the Busy Bees gone for a tramp in the woods this spring? There is nothing which is more exciting to the lover of nature than to find for the first time in the spring the tiny little blue violet lifting its beautiful little face to the sun. To see it you may have to walk far into the woods and perhaps go through thickly wooded places, but it is well worth the experience to make the effort. The woods are now abloom with spring flowers and it only remains for you to be the first to take the tramp to get your arms full of them. The dainty little pink "Dutchman's Britches" are springing up on all of the southern slopes, where they have been protected from the winter's north wind. They seem to dance for joy when they are picked and say that they have been waiting for you to find them. The wild phlox are in bloom, too, and there is nothing prettier to give your mother than a bunch of these dear little wild flowers of the spring. The boys and girls who live in the country are perhaps more fortunate than we who live in the city, for these little flowers are not so far away. The woods around Florence and Riverview park are perhaps the nearest the Omaha boys and girls can reach and are full of the spring flowers.

I must remind the Busy Bees that the new Queen of the Blue Side and King of the Red Side will be rulers next Sunday. There are three more days left to vote. Dorothy Judson has received several votes for queen and so have Bernard Aiken and Mildred White. Eugene Leggett and James Wengert have received votes for king.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

The Kitten's Journey.

By Ida Quinn, Elkhorn, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a little blue kitten. I live with my master, a blue-eyed youngster. He is very kind to me. He often goes away and leaves me alone. I get lonesome. He says I am too full of mischief to go with him. Sometimes when he is going away I sit by th buggy and say, "Mew! mew! may I go, too?" He says, "No, Kittie must stay at home." And so I have to stay. One day as he was going away I got in the buggy and he did not know I was there. He said I was to stay at home. But I was disobedient. He was going to a party at a place where there were two other cats. At first they played with me nicely, but after awhile they got mad at me and began to fight me. They scratched me till I bled. I ran home and never tried to follow my master again. And all the rides I get now are in my master's arms or the doll's go-cart. I hate dolls.

(Second Prize.)

Going Away.

By Florence Purnell, Aged 10 Years, 2504 Webster Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side.

I went to Kansas three years ago. The train was late. We should have got there at 8 o'clock in the evening and it was 12 o'clock. We had to telephone to the people to meet us, so it was 1 o'clock when we got there. We didn't get any supper that night.

As I was going I saw cows, horses and pigs. We went to Otego, Kan., to a friend of papa's.

We had a good time playnig with four children and going to other places.

We had lots of good things to eat.

We went at Christmas time and Santa Claus came to their houses and gave us some candy, nuts and a doll.

It snowed while we were out there and we had a sleigh ride, buggy rides and had lots of fun. Coming home we had to change cars at Bellville then we get home about 5 or 6 in the evening.

When we got home Santa Claus left us some dolls and a buggy. The children wanted me to stay, but I had to go to school. There was a man that kept house for us and fed the chickens. I guess that is all I can tell about the trip.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Boy Pioneers.

Charles Clayton, aged 10 years, Linsoln.

"What shall we do this morning?" said Shorty one Saturday morning to the boys who were gathered in Charles' back yard ready for their usual frolic.

"Let's build a log cabin," said Duke.

"Where will you get your logs?" asked Charlie.

"Why, can't we use cornstalks?" asked Bill.

"How are you going to make them keep together?" asked Ed.

"Can't we make a frame of some of these sticks around here?" asked Bill.

First they placed the corner posts and then made the frame. Shorty, Charles, Duke and Carlie were sent to cut the cornstalks and bring them in, while Bill, Ed and Vic, who came late, fastened the stalks on the frame and bound them with wire. They had finished half of the sides by noon, and by 2:30 they were finished. For the roof they put screens on and then threw cornstalks and grass on the screens. By 4 o'clock they had finished the roof.

After supper they came back to finish the cabin. They gathered some straw, which was scattered about and put on the ground inside the cabin. Then they got some old rugs and tacked them on the inside to keep the wind out.

By this time it was dark, so Charles got his lantern and they sat inside telling stories until bedtime. After that they had lots of fun in the cabin. Every day they would meet and enjoy themselves in the cabin. They also went hunting for paper animals hid in the bushes. They had Indian fights and hold-ups just as did the real pioneers of Nebraska.

John and Katie.

Alice Thomas, Deer Trail, Colo. Aged 10 years. Red Side.

"I'll never play with you any more," said John to Katie one day. But his mother said he must do good for evil, so he gathered some strawberries and carried a nice, large dish of them over to Katie the next day. Katie had been in the wrong. As John gave her the dish of berries her mother said, "Coals of fire." But Kate thought them better than that.

At any rate, I have heard that she tried hard to treat her Cousin John well after that. You see, John tried hard after that to be kind to his Cousin Kate. He won his hasty kindness.

Kindness does tell. Strawberries or no strawberries.

Autobiography of a Book.

By Louise Kabler, aged 13 years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.

I will tell you the story of my life. I was in a field where many plants like me grew. We were little plants with little blue flowers. One day some men came to the field and took some of us away. I was among them.

They took me to a factory, where I was cleaned and woven into a beautiful piece of linen cloth.

Then I was sent to a large store in Chicago, where I stayed for two days, when a pretty young lady came in and asked the merchant if he had some nice linen cloth. The man took out a few pieces, I among them. She took me home and made me into a beautiful dress. The lady took very good care of me and put me in a little trunk when she did not wear me. But soon I was worn out and then she put me into a sack. There I lay until one day a man came to the door and asked the lady if she had any old rags. She gave him the sack and then the man went away. I was then made into a book.

Many people have read me. On the front of the cover is written, "Helen's Babies." Now I am lying on a shelf in a library where many people come to read me and other books.

The Good Luck.

Cecil Combs. Aged 13 years. Lincoln. Red Side.

Nellie Roberts was sitting in the small kitchen mending her little brother's wornout stockings.

"Nellie," said her mother, who was in the bedroom, sick, "there is one more milk ticket in the cupboard. You had better go over to Mrs. Batman's and get some for supper."

"All right," answered Nellie, as she went out the door with the tin bucket swinging at her side. As she went along thinking of the poor circumstances they were in, she spied something on the ground. It was a purse. She picked it up and opened it. There was a calling card in it, addressed to Mrs. W. G. Batman, 1813 Van Dorn street, New York city.

Nellie caught her breath as she counted the money, $12.80 was the sum. "Shall I keep it?" she asked herself. "No, it would be dishonest."

She soon reached Mrs. Batman's house. She rang the bell. Mrs. Batman came to the door and said, "Good evening."

"Mrs. Batman have you lost anything?"

"Yes, a purse with $12.80 in it."

"Well, here it is. I found it two blocks from here."

"And you were honest enough to return it."

"Yes," Nellie answered.

"You deserve half of it," said the lady, "$6.40 in your sum."

"Oh, you are so kind," answered Nellie.

"You shall get all your milk free of charge."

This was the happiest moment of Nellie's life, and she went home thinking how happy her mother would be.

The Leaves Party.

Eugene Leggett, Aged 9 Years, St. Paul, Nebraska.

"Now, children, I am going to tell you about a dream I had when I was about your size," began Grandma Johnson as she was called throughout the little village. "One day I went out into the meadow with my brother and lay down under an apple tree while my brother mowed the hay. After a while I fell asleep, and it was not long before I was dreaming. I dreamt I was a little leaf on the tree above me. I dreamt that the wind had told me to look sharp or he would pick me and thrown me down on the ground to die. Then I was frightened and told the twig on which I grew and the twig told the branch and the branch told the tree. Then the tree sent back word not to be afraid, but to hang on tight and I should not be picked off till I wanted to. One day I saw all the leaflets putting on bright dresses of all colors and then I commenced to want to go with them. So I asked the tree if I might go, and the tree said I could, and all I had to do was to want to go and I could go. So I let go with all the other leaves and I was soon flying very merrily with the wind. Just then my brother came and I went home, but I came down again and again, but I could never finish my dream."

The Golden Goose.

Ettie Spear, Creston, Ia. Aged 11 years.

One day there was a boy who went out to chop wood for his father. He started to chop down a tree, but he could not. He went home much disappointed about it. When the father heard that he could not chop down any of the trees, he said the next to the largest boy would have to go and try to cut down some wood, but all attempts to do so failed and he had to give it up. So the next time was the youngest boy's turn. So he went and chopped down the tree and he found a golden goose sitting in the middle of the tree. He was a good ways away from his home and he had to stay at a hotel. All the people wanted one of the goose's feathers. In the morning they asked the boy for a feather, but he did not give them one. When he started for home the innkeeper followed him and one of the women tried to take a feather, but her hand stuck fast and some of the other people tried to pull her away and they stuck to her and the others stuck one after another. He kept on his journey with them following. After he got home and put the golden goose down they could move their hands away.

New Busy Bee.

Dear Junior Editor: I have been reading your page for nearly two years, but have never written. My little brother and myself would like to join the Post-Card birthday list. My brother's name is Robert S. Miller. His birthday is May 12. He will be 10 years old. My birthday is July 21. I am going to send some of the juniors post cards when I get some. I have a little sister 5 years old. Her name is Lucy, but we call her Dick. I will close now. Your new Junior,

MAUDE MILLER.

Aged 12 years. Bladen, Neb.

The Old, Old Story.

By Hazel Barnell, Lincoln, Neb. Red Side.

Dorothy lived with her father and her colored nurse. Her father was a very wealthy man.

One day as Dorothy had come from her ride on her pony with her faithful attendant, Jim, and feeling lonesome, she went up into the attic to see what she could find. She opened one of the trunks and found a dress, hat, shawl and gloves. After she had adorned herself in these she decided she would look further, and found a queer looking box. Opening this she found it to be a picture of a lady sitting in a large arm chair. "My mother," she said in trembling tones. She closed the lid and went downstairs and on into the library, where her mammy, the colored nurse, sat. While Dorothy had been upstairs the nurse had been thinking of her mistress and the happy hours spent with her. Going up to her Dorothy said, "Mammy, will you tell me all about my mother?" (For Dorothy's mother was dead.)

The nurse turned and said: "Where did you git dat dere dress, honey?"

"Why, mammy, I have been up in the attic and I found these pretty things."

"Why, dat dere dress don belong to yo' mother."

"Yes, mammy, I know, but now tell me about her."

So mammy told the old story that had been told so many times and yet it never grew old to them.

(I am a new member and would like to join the Red Side.)

Cheerful Birdie.

Mollie Corenman, Aged 12 Years, 805 South Seventh Street, Omaha. Red Side.

One day last week as I was coming home from school I seen a little bird with a broken foot lying out in the middle of the street. I felt very sorry for it, so I picked it up and carried it home. When I got home I bandaged up its foot and then gave it something to eat and drink. After it had eaten I put it in a nice soft box. In three days it got well, but I didn't want to let it free because I thought that its foot might begin to hurt again. So I took a large shoe box and put the little bird in there. I covered it up with a piece of curtain. I fed it every day and every day it grew stronger. Every morning it woke us up with its chirping, and it didn't only sing in the morning, but a whole day, so that it made our house quite cheerful. But a sad thing happened. Last Saturday while we were all playing outdoors one of our cats got into the house and tore the curtain from the box and ate up the little bird. When I came into the house I didn't hear it chirping as usual when what was my sorrow to see the torn box, and I knew that a cat had it. Now there is no more cheerful singing, but silence. I have lost a good little friend.

Naughty Tabby.

By Helen Gertrude Frandsen, 305 West Twenty-fourth Street, Kearney, Neb.

Tabby was an old cat. Now, Tabby had the habit of catching and killing birds.

One day Tabby caught a woodpecker. The woodpecker commenced to squawk and we rushed out to see what was the matter.

When we saw what Tabby had done we scolded her and took the woodpecker away from her and put it back in the tree, for it was not hurt very much. Tabby laid her ears back, dropped her tail and ran down the path to the barn.

The woodpecker crawled slowly up the tree, scolding all the way.

For, even after that, when Tabby was going along that path, the woodpecker would fly down from the tree and peck her on the back and fly up on the clothes line.

Tabby would lay her ears back, spit and lie down on the ground.

From then on the woodpecker would scold Tabby every time she saw her.

New Busy Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: I am very interested in your page and wish to join you. I am going to send you a story next week.

VERA C. ROSSETER.

Age 10 years. Valentine, Neb.

Kittie Cutie.

By Harriet L. Rosewater, Aged 8½ Years, 325 Farnam Street, Omaha. Red Side.

I was once nothing but plain, white paper. Then the printer printed me and my clothes. Then he printed something I could read and put me in a book.

After a while a lady opened the book and loosened the pages. About an hour after the lady gave the page to a little girl. (I am the little girl), who cut me out and took me home. She keeps me in a pretty box with my clothes and plays with me often and I like her.

P. S.—As told by her little mother. She is a paper doll.

Letter from Busy Bee.

David City, Neb.—Dear Busy Bees: I used to belong to your club, but I haven't written for a long time and I would like to join again. One of the Busy Bees wrote a card to me once asking me to write, and I intended to, but I lost the address. I am 12 years old and I am in the seventh grade A. I do not know much about the different sides, but I would like to join the side having the least number in it, as that will make one more to help catch up with the other side. I will have to close now. From

MARGARET HOLLAND.

Letter and Story.

KEARNEY, Neb., April 23.—Dear Busy Bees: I was very glad to see my first story in your page. I am going to send you another story, called "Naughty Tabby."

PRETTY LITTLE BUSY BEE WHO LIKES THE PAGE.

HELEN PURSELL.

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, MAY 4. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1902	Margaret Adam, 2927 Dupont St.	Dupont
1902	James Allen, 338 North 36th Ave.	Saunders
1898	Ellen Bayersdorfer, 1730 South 13th St.	Lincoln
1902	Mary Beninato, 2219 Pacific St.	Mason
1901	Clarence Binder, 2624 South 37th St.	Windsor
1903	Delia Blackwell, 924 Capitol Ave.	Cass
1900	Donna M. Blair, 2413 Pinkney St.	Lothrop
1908	Rachel Borsky, 2636 Charles St.	Long
1905	Eddie Brodkey, 510 South 25th Ave.	Mason
1901	Rena Burton, 2116 Laird St.	Lothrop
1899	Roy Edward Chambers, 4924 North 30th St.	Monmouth Park
1906	William E. Christensen, 3914 Castellar St.	Windsor
1907	Effie Clapper, 3725 North 39th St.	Fairfax
1899	Ruth Cope, 2415 South 11th St.	Bancroft
1903	Daisy Beulah Craig, 3635 Charles St.	Franklin
1897	Dorothy Crooks, 541 South 27th St.	Farnam
1904	Clinton Doane, Fort Omaha	Miller Park
1903	Julia Doyle, 1629 North 24th St.	Long
1902	Charles Fiandt, 1711 Hickory St.	Comenius
1906	Roland Galloway, 2602 Emmet St.	Lothrop
1900	Israel Goodman, 1714 South 13th St.	Lincoln
1897	Francis Hamilton, 4719 North 14th St.	Sherman
1906	Irene Hanfelt, 2825 Brown St.	Miller Park
1906	Helen Jacobson, 4131 Lafayette St.	Walnut Hill
1902	Nettie Juliano, 718 South 14th St.	Pacific
1904	Rosella Klein, 814 Hickory St.	Lincoln
1901	Esther Ling, 3337 South 24th St.	Vinton
1907	Charles McRae, 559 South 33d St.	Farnam
1905	Beulah Marshall, 1515 North 26th St.	Long
1903	Alice Elizabeth Martin, 2622 Camden Ave.	Miller Park
1905	Nancy Parson, 1939 South 8th St.	Lincoln
1899	Mary Pasha, 1426 South 11th St.	Lincoln
1898	Michael Pasha, 1456 South 11th St.	Lincoln
1903	Carrie Petra Petersen, 2908 Lake St.	Howard Kenendy
1898	Otto Pribyl, 1413 South 11th St.	Lincoln
1903	Violet Pyzer, 1224 South 17th St.	Comenius
1898	May Robertson, 46th and Saratoga Sts.	Central Park
1907	Birdie Smith, 1503 Cuming St.	Cass
1907	Glendora Stritzinger, 104 South 31st St.	Farnam
1901	Raymond Swan, 4011 Izard St.	Saunders
1901	Edna Taylor, 2525 California St.	Webster
1900	Katherine F. Tennaut, 2749 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park
1907	James Vachtrle, 3d and Spring Sts.	Bancroft
1904	Emma Vejvoda, 1708 South 1st St.	Train
1904	Harry Welch, 2807 South 32d St.	Windsor
1901	John Wiese, 1920 South 5th St.	Train
1906	George A. Winter, 4912 North 17th St.	Sherman
1903	Edmund Wood, 2803 Fowler Ave.	Saratoga

Paul Would Keep Former Wife from Seeing Children

John S. Paul, former mayor of Florence, who secured a divorce from Mrs. Nellie Paul in 1910 and was awarded the custody of three minor children, is asking the district court to prevent his former wife from visiting or interfering with the little girls. His action is in answer to Mrs. Paul's attempt last February to induce the court to award her the custody of the children.

An attempt was made by her to secure an injunction restraining the father from taking the children from Omaha, but they left for Seattle before the order was issued.

Mr. Paul has been in the city several days, spending most of his time in Florence in adjusting business affairs.

Chicago Opera House Closes for Last Time

CHICAGO, May 3.—The curtain will be rung down tonight at the Chicago opera house for the last time. The famous playhouse is to be razed to make way for a skyscraper.

Members of the last audience will be admitted by souvenir tickets, which will not be collected, and they will be handed a souvenir booklet inscribed, "First Performance, August 18, 1885; Last Performance, May 3, 1913."

The musical program will be composed of numbers from operas which had their Chicago premieres in this theater. Theatrical stars who have played in the house and who now are in the city have promised to pass in review across the stage. When the performance ends tonight the audience and actors will join in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE HAS A SMALLPOX SCARE

A case of smallpox at the Deaf and Dumb Institute resulted in orders from Health Commissioner R. W. Connell to vaccinate all the inmates and the majority of the 160 persons now in the institute were vaccinated. Two cases of smallpox appeared among the inmates and one of them was quarantined outside the institution. None of the cases at the institute will be taken to the pest house as they can be isolated at the institute.

The Persistent and Judicious Use of Newspaper Advertising is the Road to Business Success.

Club Women of York Have Last Meeting

The York Woman's Department club held the last meeting of the year in the parlors of the Congregational church on Thursday afternoon.

The meeting was largely attended and proved to be a most delightful affair. Several out-of-town guests were present who did not hesitate to say that the work of the club was unequaled in many of the larger cities. The club women of York are thoroughly earnest workers and are always trying to do things for the betterment of the city and the community at large as well as for their own individual improvement.

The department club has had signal success under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Mead, who has served as president for two years and has devoted her time and energy to the work.

After the business hour the program of the afternoon was given, consisting of musical numbers by Mrs. Loenard Childs, Mrs. Owen Price and Mrs. G. W. France, which was highly enjoyed. Interesting reports from the Fourth district convention held at Beatrice were given by Mrs. J. H. Bell, Mrs. C. F. Gilbert, Mrs. W. D. Mead and Mrs. T. F. Worthington. The district meeting was a success and the delegates were royally entertained by the people of Beatrice. After the program the women were invited to the dining room where the woman's guild of the church served a delicious banquet to over 100 guests.

HISTORIANS MEET THIS WEEK

Will Make Headquarters at High School for Three Days.

ANNUAL TEACHERS' ASSEMBLY

After Business Meeting Saturday Morning Will Have Joint Session with Mississippi Valley Association.

Arrangements are being made by the Commercial club for the sixth annual convention of the Mississippi Valley Historical association to be held in connection with a special meeting of the Nebraska State Historical society and the annual meeting of the Nebraska History Teachers' association May 8, 9 and 10.

The meetings of the three organizations will be held in the high school building, where the headquarters will be maintained.

A banquet will be given by the Commercial club in its spacious dining room Friday night, May 9, at 6:30 o'clock. General John Lee Webster will preside as toastmaster. Among the speakers will be Dr. Frederic Logan Paxson, Prof. Frank Maloy Anderson and Dr. Fred Morrow Fling.

The convention will meet in the lecture room of the high school building, General John Lee Webster presiding. The program follows:

THURSDAY, MAY 8—2:30 P. M.

"Economic Factors in the Acquisition of Louisiana," Louis Pelzer, assistant professor State University of Iowa.

"Lost Land Marks," Henry W. Yates, Omaha.

"Economic Basis of the Greenback Movement," Prof. Clyde O. Ruggles, State Normal School, Winona, Minn.

"Asa Whitney—Father of Pacific Railroads," Nelson H. Loomis, Omaha.

"A Forgotten Phase of the New England Opposition to the War of 1812," Prof. Frank Maloy Anderson, University of Minnesota.

5 P. M.

Afternoon tea at Hillside, home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Yates, 3120 Davenport street.

8 P. M.

"At the Meeting of the Trails: the Romance of a Parish Register," Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, Wisconsin Historical society.

FRIDAY, 9:30 A. M.

Annual business meeting of the Mississippi Historical society and report of the secretary-treasurer.

Reports of standing committees. Committee on historic sites, committees on the certification of high school teachers of history, committee on publication.

Reports of special committees.

Miscellaneous business.

Election of officers.

"Earthquakes in Missouri, Especially That at New Madrid in 1811," Francis A. Sampson, State Historical Society of Missouri.

2:30 P. M.

"The West During the Last Years of the Revolution," Prof. James A. James, Northwestern University.

"Nativism in the Mississippi Valley," Dr. Arthur Charles Cole, University of Illinois.

"The Indian Policy of British Columbia," Prof. William J. Trimble, Agricultural college, North Dakota.

"The Black Code in Missouri," Prof. Eugene M. Violette, State Normal School, Kirksville, Mo.

"The Aboriginal Geography of the Nebraska Country," Prof. Melvin R. Gilmore, Nebraska State Historical society.

6:30 P. M.

Banquet tendered visiting members by the Commercial club. Toast list: General John Lee Webster; Dr. Fredric Logan Paxson, Prof. Frank Maloy Anderson, Dr. Fred Morrow Fling and William F. Gurley.

SATURDAY—8:30 A. M.

Annual business meeting of the Nebraska History Teachers' association, in the high school building.

9:30 A. M.

Joint session of the teachers' section of the Mississippi Valley Historical association (Prof. Albert H. Sanford, chairman) and the Nebraska History Teachers' association (Mrs. Ada I. Atkinson, president).

"A Course in Current History," Prof. E. L. Hendricks, Warrensburg, Mo.

"A Course in Hitsory for the Grades," Miss Mattie Allen, Lincoln High school.

"Present Day English Revolutionary Movements," Prof. Howard W. Caldwell, University of Nebraska.

"An Inspector's Observation of High School History Teaching," Prof. F. C. Ensign, State University of Iowa.

Discussion, B. S. Asquith, Council Bluffs High school; Miss Anne S. Grumman, Brownell Hall, Omaha.

BURGLARS SECURE $41.05 WHILE FAMILY SLEEPS

Burglars entered the home of Benjamin Reinschreiber, 815 Georgia avenue, Friday night and secured $41.05 from the pockets of Harry Reinschreiber.

Entrance was gained through a kitchen window. None of the family was awakened and the burglars overlooked $400 more in the pockets of other members of the honusehold. The police have been notified.

MORE RAIN THAN IS NEEDED

Farmers Now Anxious for Cessation that They May Plant.

DOWNPOUR IS CONTINUOUS

Entire State is Given a Most Thorough Soaking—Small Grain Doing Well All Over the West.

Reports received at the railroad headquarters are to the effect that farmers of Nebraska and Kansas are getting more rain than they need and that they are anxious for the continuous downpour to cease.

Friday afternoon and night rain poured down on the wheat fields and in many localities in the state it was raining this morning.

The Missouri Pacific reports from one to two inches of rain along the Missouri valley from far down in Kansas and all the way to Omaha.

On the Omaha road from Omaha to Sioux City, the rain of Friday and last night approximated two to two and one-half inches and more falling.

South Platte Country.

The Burlington had from one to three inches over the entire South Platte country, down into central Kansas and over the Billings line as far west as Wyoming.

The Northwestern report shows two to three inches of rain nearly all the way from Omaha to Long Pine, with about the same amount of precipitation across from Fremont to Hastings and Superior.

Along the Northwestern there was from one to two inches over the entire country from Omaha to North Platte, with an inch or more over the country tributary to the branches north and south of the main line. From North Platte west to Cheyenne there was an inch of rain.

LIES LOOKS OVER THE WRECKAGE AT RALSTON

After going over the tornado-swept district of Ralston with the Ralston relief committee, Eugene T. Lies of Chicago, representative of the National Red Cross society, left for Chicago. The Ralston relief committee took him over the ground. Hitherto he has not been in Ralston, although he has been quite thoroughly over the ground in the storm district of Omaha. If he finds the relief committee of Ralston in need of help for the relief work he will so recommend to the Red Cross when he returns to the east.

Prevent Skin Blemishes

By Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment

They do so much to promote and maintain the purity and beauty of the complexion, hands and hair under all conditions, and are unexcelled in purity, delicacy and fragrance for the toilet and nursery.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 8R, Boston. Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

Do Bee ads get results?

The advertiser, when selecting the medium in which to place his advertising copy, wants to know whether he WILL GET RESULTS. He should know what he is getting for his money.

Here is proof conclusive that Bee ads do get results

Miss Butler, up-to-date milliner at 1512 Douglas street, ran a small hat ad in The Bee late in April. It brought her big returns in Omaha, but it also produced out-of-town business, the letter which follows here showing that Bee readers in other states buy of Omaha merchants who use The Bee.

Hilger, Mont., April 28, 1913.

Miss Butler, Omaha, Neb.

Dear Madam:—Give me your prices now on sailor hats in latest style, with telescope crown, rolled edge with band and flat bow of velvet ribbon, all black. I would like it in a Milan straw, but if you think that Milan is not firm enough for a sailor hat, what kind of straw do you suggest that will look fine and smooth and rich—also good velvet ribbon to correspond with it.

Read your ad in The Bee. If you issue catalogues containing sailor hats, send me one, please.

Yours very truly, MRS. F. W. R——

Do Bee ads get results?