

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

LAST Saturday and Sunday, just after Dr. Connell had revoked his ruling that children should not be permitted to go to the movies because of the danger from scarlet fever, the movie palaces were thronged with little boys and girls. The thought came to me, Are you Busy Bees careful of which movie you go to see, or don't you care, just so it is a movie?

I notice that little boys enjoy the slap-stick comedy, and the wild-west stuff, the bucking bronchos and the dare-devil cowboys, while the girls witter bitterly over the poor, distressed heroine and enjoyed themselves while crying far more than the boys did.

But at the same time Busy Bees should be a little circumspect when looking over the movie program as to which one they choose to see. It would be far better for their parents to decide for them which movie they shall attend. Picturization of books which all children should read, like Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" and the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes are excellent things for school children to see and are not pernicious in their effects like some of the films which are exhibited.

Pearl Rose of the Red side won the prize book this week. Honorable mention was won by Gertrude Neuman and Ethel Kegley, these girls also representing the Red side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Prize Story. Makes Bird Calendar.

By Pearl Rose, Aged 10 Years, Lowell, Neb., Red Side.

I saw in the last Sunday's Bee the question, "Are you on the lookout, Busy Bees, for the first robin?" Yes, at school the teacher had the sixth grade make a bird calendar for March and every new bird that we see we put the name of the bird down on the day that we see it.

I will tell you the name of some of the birds I have seen. They are robins, meadowlarks and one of my schoolmates saw a brown thrush. I will be very glad when all the summer birds come back because it makes the world much happier and cheers our hearts when the birds are singing. Don't you think so, Busy Bees? And the birds singing cheers sick people's hearts.

How sad for the mother bird it must be when some cruel boys steal the eggs! I think it is very unkind for the boys to do that. Don't you? I also think people ought to be kind to the birds for their sweet songs.

The birds are kind to us in a good many ways. One way is they kill some of the insects that destroy our crops. I think the oriole is the prettiest kind of a bird there is. But there are a number of pretty birds such as the osprey, robin and blue jay.

I would like to have some of the girls of the Busy Bees write to me.

Honorable Mention. Cares for Wrens.

By Gertrude Neuman, Aged 13 Years, Schuyler, Neb., Red Side.

One nice summer day Mr. and Mrs. Wren came to our place. They were flying around looking for a place to build a nest. Then at last they found a place for a tiny little nest; it was in father's corn planter in the back yard.

There was a small hole in the side of the box where the little wren could go in and out. And they were soon very busy carrying little sticks in and laying them down so softly and nice. Then at last the little nest was done.

Then after a while she had seven little brown speckled eggs in the nest. She was busy sitting on them until they were hatched. Mr. Wren was watching very close over the funny little house and singing very happily.

After a while the nest was full of seven queer looking little babies. Mr. and Mrs. Wren were busy carrying food for them, until one day I heard Mr. and Mrs. Wren crying bitterly. I went to see what was the matter. And there the little babies were dead. I looked at them. They had smothered to death because it was so hot that day. So I ran into the house and told mamma that our little wrens were dead. Then we made a little box for them and dug a hole in the ground and then we put them in it. We felt so sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Wren.

Honorable Mention. Story of Birds.

By Ethel Kegley, Aged 10 Years, Riverdale, Neb., Red Side.

Birds are useful and beautiful. If you feed the birds they come and eat and after they have eaten the food they will sing a song for you to thank you for it.

In the winter time the birds go south because it is too cold for them in the north, but in the spring time they come back again. The sparrow and the snow-bird stay during the winter. Birds are our friends; we should all try to protect them. Some people complain because they eat their fruit, but they more than pay for all the fruit they eat by eating the harmful insects and worms. They also pay us by singing us their beautiful songs.

Surprise Party for Boy.

By Darline Swanson, Aged 9 Years, Forty-eighth and W streets, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

On March 12 we had a surprise party on a boy named Kenneth Oberger, and we had met about 3 o'clock. His sister and a girl from Iowa wanted to go outside and take a walk, so we could come up to their house. We were at a house farther down than theirs. When they went for the walk someone called up and told us we could come any time then, so we went right away in the bedroom to hide. All the time his mother said the dog was doing something in there, and she told him to go and see what it was doing. So he went, and he all shouted "Surprise," and when he came in he sat down right on the floor, and we went out to play then till our lunch was ready. When we were through eating we went out again and stayed till after 6 o'clock.

The Birds' Feeding Shelf.

By Caroline Dodge, Aged 4 Years, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side.

Under a large south window my father built a shelf. Every winter the birds and squirrels come to get food. Every morning before breakfast we put the food out. We put nuts, peanuts, bread crumbs and suet. They come soon and get it. This is our second year, and they remember where to go to get food. The flicker lives in our squirrel box, and in the morning he will come out and sit on the twig and look as if he were bowing to us. We

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



SKOELUND - Photo - Pearl Jones

But such a battle must come to an end as did this one. For daylight showed the fight put up by the steer, but also it was his last.

Dicky and Bushy Tail.

By Vera Deles Dernier, Elmwood, Neb., Aged 11 Years, Blue Side.

Dicky is a canary. He is very pretty and he can sing very nicely, which he does when he is not playing with Bushy Tail. He lives in a cage which is hung in the dining room in the winter and on the piazza in the summer on hot days.

Bushy Tail is a squirrel which lived in the woods the first couple of days of his life, but now lives in a cage like Dicky. He wears a very pretty brown coat, and his tail is so bushy that we call him "Bushy Tail."

Dicky and Bushy Tail live side by side they are great friends. Sometimes Dicky sings too loud and Bushy Tail will scold him as hard as he can. One day when I was sitting in the drawing room I heard something in the room. I paid no attention because I was so interested in the book I was reading. But when I heard something about it and will not care so much when he sees the dog.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee's page very much and would like to join.

Attack of Wolf Pack.

By Robert Reynolds, Aged 12 Years, 104 North Thirty-first Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

One evening just when the moon rose there came from across the prairie a long shrill cry. It was followed by another and another.

The rancher knew too well what those cries that cold winter eve meant. He knew what daylight would show, for the wolf pack was gathering on that cold black moonlit desert of snow.

Yet he could not see the sturdy opponent of the pack backed against a butte and using hoof and horn to defend himself. Now and then he would strike an unlucky wolf and bill or wound it.

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An Open Well.

It was a long distance to water for the settlers on the table land of Nebraska. If they went straight down it was from 50 to 100 feet of hard digging. If they went across country it was sometimes five or six miles to a running stream. Frequently they hauled water in barrels from the streams during the first year, putting in a sod crop to live on and digging in the well every hour they could spare. And they could not afford machinery these early wells were dug by hand. A stout rope and bucket with a home made crank and windlass brought the dirt up from the bottom. Sometimes this was turned by the mother and child, while the father pounded away at the bottom with pick and spade. Sometimes the well went through layers of soft and sandy soil which would cave in and bury the digger below. To prevent this a box or curbing was made with boards strongly braced inside and just large enough to fit the well. This held the wall of the soft layers firmly in place. Where the wall was hard it did not need curbing.

Digging a deep well was slow, painful and dangerous work. Months passed while the family dug and turned the windlass and wondered how much deeper the water lay. What a day of celebration when the digger struck the final blow and water flowed in about his feet! How glad the children were! All the neighbors came to taste the water and rejoice at the family's good luck. Water, common water, which people threw carelessly away, seemed to them as precious as gold.

When the well was very deep, pulling the water up by hand was too slow work, so a large wooden drum and tackle was built alongside the well. Horses or oxen were hitched to a pole fastened to the drum and driven around it in a circle. As the drum turned it wound up a long stout rope and at the other end of the rope was a barrel of water coming slowly to the top from the cool depths of the deep well.

During the drought of 1880 to 1886 many settlers on the high plains of western Nebraska left the claims where they had worked so hard and the wells they had tolled so hard to dig because they had no crops. The grass and weeds grew up about the wells, the frame and windlass disappeared, and there was a hidden open hole hundreds of feet deep. Such an open well in Custer county was the scene of a thrilling experience. The story of it was told in the Custer County Beacon of September 1, 1895, by the man who lived through it, Mr. F. W. Castin. It is given for the most part in his own words:

had them about five years, and I would be very sorry to lose them. If anything more interesting happens to them I will tell you about them.

Takes Care of Bird.

By Flossie Holloway, Aged 12 Years, Colon, Neb., Blue Side.

Last summer one day I was picking cherries and after I was about done, for it was soon dinner time, a little bird fell out of its nest. Little young one. So I picked it up and fed it some cherries; it was a little robin. Then I took a box and fixed it up for the robin and fed it crumbs and put it out in the shed. It was getting along fine. I had it about two weeks, then one morning I went out to see how it was getting along and found it dead. I buried it and plucked flowers for it and put them on its grave. I was awfully sorry when it died, because it was so pretty. I guess I will close as my letter is getting pretty long. I will join the Blue Side. This is a true story.

By Dorothy Nelson, Aged 10 Years, 2225 Lake Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Blue Side. I read the Busy Bees every Sunday. I have two brothers, the youngest is 3 years old, and his name is Chester; the eldest is 5, and his name is Wilbur. I go to the Howard Kennedy school and my teacher's name is Miss Carey, and I like her very much. I go to gymnasium at the Young Women's Christian association, and my teacher's name is Miss George. We have tumbling, ball, for our brains, folk dances, and marching in single file, two's, three's and four's.

Likes to Join Busy Bees.

By Wilbur Neilsen, Aged 5 Years, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

One Saturday when my father and I went out doors, we happened to go in our barn. There was a box of straw in the barn. I looked in the box, and what do you suppose I saw? In the box of straw there was a cat. Papa took the cat up to the house and gave it some bread and milk, and it has been with us ever since. I guess I had better close for this time. I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Red Side.

Findings a Cat.

By Lucile Boryczek, Aged 11 Years, Farwell, Neb., Blue Side.

I am a new writer. I live in Farwell, Neb. My teacher's name is Miss Beatie Harvey. Papa is building a new house. My sister, Anna, is teaching the primary school in Farwell, Neb. I am in the fifth grade. I would like to join the Blue Side. I hope Mr. Washbasket is sick when my letter is dropped in.

New Busy Bee.

By Jesse R. Weaverling, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

I have been reading the Busy Bee stories and like them very well, so I thought I would like to join the Busy Bees. I live in Omaha on Thirtieth street and attend the Windsor school. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I would like to be on the Blue side.

Man Buys Cat.

By Isadore Stein, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Once as Willie was sitting on the porch he saw a little pussy lying in the road so he ran and picked it up quickly, and brought her in his house.

New Busy Bee's Letter.

By Aema Gelsler, Aged 8 Years, Columbus, Neb., Route 1, Blue Side.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Smucker. I like

her very much. I will close. Next time I will write a story. I will join the Blue Side. I hope Mr. Washbasket is out calling.

A Faithful Dog.

By Rose Hohake, Aged 12 Years, Rockville, Neb., Blue Side.

In a large forest in France lived a poor family. The father made a little money by the sale of his fagots—enough to support his family. They had two children, Elsie and Willie. They had a large dog named Bandy. He was the best dog in France. There were many wolves in the forest. Jack went every day to his work. In the morning he would say to his wife Jenny, "Don't let Elsie and Willie go out today; keep Bandy in, too." He repeated these same words each morning. All went well till one evening Jack did not come home at the usual hour. Jenny went to the door many times and looked out. "He is very late," she said to herself. Then she called, but there was no answer. Bandy leaped on her as if to say, "Shall I go and look for him?" "Down, good dog," said Jenny. "Here, Elsie, run to the gate, and Willie go along the road and cry aloud, 'Father! Father!'" The children went and called but no answer. "I will go and find him," said Willie. "Even if the wolves do eat me." "So will I," said Elsie, and they went.

In the meantime their father had come home by a different road. "Did you meet the children?" said Jenny. "No, indeed," said Jack, "are they out?" Jack did not stop but ran as fast as he could to the spot. Bandy had gone so far ahead that Jack could not see him. Jack called, "Elsie, Willie." There was no answer. Fearing his children were lost he ran. He heard a dog bark. He ran to the spot. His axe uplifted in his hand. Bandy came up to the children, just as the wolf was going to seize them. He sprang at the wolf, barking loudly at Jack. With one blow Jack killed the wolf, but he was too late to save Bandy. The wolf had already killed him. The father and children went home all safe, but they could not help crying because they had lost a good, faithful dog. Bandy was buried at the foot of the garden. A stone was placed over his head saying these words:

"Beneath this stone there lies at rest, Bandy, of all good dogs the best." Bandy was not forgotten in that country. This is a true story.

The Birds Are Coming Soon.

By Lucile Boryczek, Aged 11 Years, Farwell, Neb., Blue Side.

Now we will hear the singing of the bluebirds, the meadow larks, robin red-breasts and the little canary birds. I think they are pretty. They came from Canary Island.

In spring the nice fresh, cool air in the morning that is good for us and everyone starts over. We are going to have a play on the last day.

Man Buys Cat.

By Isadore Stein, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Once as Willie was sitting on the porch he saw a little pussy lying in the road so he ran and picked it up quickly, and brought her in his house.

Many years passed and the pussy grew to be a large cat. One day a man came to the house and wanted something to eat. So Willie's mother gave him something to eat. The man ate about five minutes when he saw a little blue

mouse running pass him. Before he could see the mouse a cat jumped and caught the mouse. Then the man said, "You have a very spry cat. Do you want to sell it?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. And the man gave \$100 for it and they lived happy after.

A Fairy Tale.

By Charlotte McDonald, 112 N. Thirty-eighth Ave., Omaha, Neb., Aged 9, Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy named Charley. He was always doing a kind deed for some one. One day when Charley was coming home from school he saw an old woman carrying a very heavy bag. When Charley saw her he ran across the street and said, "Liddy, may I help you carry this bag?" and the lady said, "Yes, thank you; you are very kind." So he carried it to her

house and then said, "I always like to be kind." When he had laid down the bag, she said, "I thank you, but I am a fairy and you shall have a big dog and two little puppies." So he thanked her for what she had given him, and ran home.

Has Bad Scare.

By Eleanor Steiger, Aged 4 Years, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

My sister has a friend named Letitia. I like her very much. She has a pony. One day Letitia and I took a ride. We had not gone very far when the horse got frightened at something. Letitia was not holding the reins very tightly and the horse jumped and upset the buggy. We were not hurt, but frightened. I do not think I will ride with that pony again. I enjoy reading the Busy Bee's page every Sunday.

Preparedness.

PREPAREDNESS—There is only one real skin beautifier I have ever known and this will remove freckles, red spots and other blemishes so promptly as to surprise you. This is my own formula, which is as follows: Mix two tablespoonfuls of glycerine with half a pint of hot water and add one ounce of zintone, which you can obtain at the drug store. The liberal use of this gives an absolutely perfect complexion. You can positively depend upon it.

T. K. C.—I am sorry you were disappointed in not getting the sulfo solution from your druggist. My secretary will get it for you and send it if you simply address, "Secretary to Valeska Suratt, Thompson Ridge, Chicago," and enclose the price, which is one dollar.

SUSANA M. N.—My formula for removing blackheads is the only positive, quick and sure way, by sprinkling some peroxin on a sponge made wet with hot water. This rubbed on the blackheads will remove them, big and little, in a few moments. The peroxin can be obtained at any drug store.

IN DOUBT—Yes, really all face powders are too chalky, and make the face powdery. I use none but my own face powder, which has absolutely no chalkiness. It is superb in its fineness, smoothness and soft, and is undetectable. It is now obtainable at drug stores as "Valeska Suratt Face Powder," in white and flesh tints.

K. O. C.—I advise you not to use mechanical instruments for bust development. Though it is impossible to assure such a development, yet the following has been successful in many cases: A half cup of sugar and two ounces of runtons should be dissolved in half a pint of cold water and of this two teaspoonfuls taken three or four times a day. You can secure the runtons at any drug store.—Advertisement.

JUDITH K. O.—There is only one perfect hair dressing that I know of. This is eggol. By dissolving one teaspoonful of this in half a cup of hot water you have a hair and scalp cleanser which is unusually thorough and quick in removing all scurf, dirt and dead skin, leaving the hair fluffy and silky. The eggol can be secured at any drug store. It far surpasses any soap or other shampoo.

Stories of Nebraska History -:- By A. E. Sheldon

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

An Open Well.

It was a long distance to water for the settlers on the table land of Nebraska. If they went straight down it was from 50 to 100 feet of hard digging. If they went across country it was sometimes five or six miles to a running stream. Frequently they hauled water in barrels from the streams during the first year, putting in a sod crop to live on and digging in the well every hour they could spare. And they could not afford machinery these early wells were dug by hand. A stout rope and bucket with a home made crank and windlass brought the dirt up from the bottom. Sometimes this was turned by the mother and child, while the father pounded away at the bottom with pick and spade. Sometimes the well went through layers of soft and sandy soil which would cave in and bury the digger below. To prevent this a box or curbing was made with boards strongly braced inside and just large enough to fit the well. This held the wall of the soft layers firmly in place. Where the wall was hard it did not need curbing.

Digging a deep well was slow, painful and dangerous work. Months passed while the family dug and turned the windlass and wondered how much deeper the water lay. What a day of celebration when the digger struck the final blow and water flowed in about his feet! How glad the children were! All the neighbors came to taste the water and rejoice at the family's good luck. Water, common water, which people threw carelessly away, seemed to them as precious as gold.

When the well was very deep, pulling the water up by hand was too slow work, so a large wooden drum and tackle was built alongside the well. Horses or oxen were hitched to a pole fastened to the drum and driven around it in a circle. As the drum turned it wound up a long stout rope and at the other end of the rope was a barrel of water coming slowly to the top from the cool depths of the deep well.

During the drought of 1880 to 1886 many settlers on the high plains of western Nebraska left the claims where they had worked so hard and the wells they had tolled so hard to dig because they had no crops. The grass and weeds grew up about the wells, the frame and windlass disappeared, and there was a hidden open hole hundreds of feet deep. Such an open well in Custer county was the scene of a thrilling experience. The story of it was told in the Custer County Beacon of September 1, 1895, by the man who lived through it, Mr. F. W. Castin. It is given for the most part in his own words:

"While driving through the country about fifteen miles northwest of Broken Bow on the evening of August 14, I found myself on the high plains where they had my team around and started toward what looked like a good road, when one of my horses seemed to stop in a place. I got out of my wagon and started alongside the team to be sure that the road was all

right when, without a moment's notice, I became aware of the fact that I had stepped into an old well and was going down like a shot out of a gun.

"I placed my feet close together, stretched my arms straight over my head and said, 'God have mercy on me.' I did honestly believe that saved my life; but I went down, down, and it seemed to me I would never reach the bottom. The farther I went, the faster I went, and never seemed to touch the sides at all.

"I supposed, of course, it would kill me when I struck the bottom, but God had heard my prayer. I struck in the mud and water, which completely covered me over. I was considerably stunned, but was able to straighten up and get my head above water. I scrambled around and finally pulled my legs from the mud at the bottom and stood on my feet in the water, which came just up to my arms. I was very cold and tried a number of times to get out of the water, only to fall back. The curbing was somewhat slimy. I finally managed to break off a little piece of board and found a crack in which I managed to fasten it and perched myself upon it until morning.

"While sitting there I heard my team running away. In its remaining by the well was my only hope of rescue, for I was aware of the fact that I was at least a mile and a half from the nearest house and that no one knew that I was there.

"There I sat until morning. It was about 9 o'clock when I fell in and I was drenched and plastered with mud. The only serious injury I received was a badly sprained ankle, which gave me great pain. I also had a sore place in my back, which I found a number of days afterwards was a broken rib.

"As soon as daylight appeared I began to look around and take in the situation. In looking up it seemed to be at least 100 feet to the top. I learned afterwards that it was exactly 145 feet. It was curbed in places with a curb about three feet square. There would be a place curbed for about six to sixteen feet and then there would be a place not curbed at all. The curbing was perfectly tight, not a crack between the boards that I could get my fingers into, and covered with slimy mud. I at once concluded that my only chance for rescue was my knife, if it had not fallen out of my pocket while floundering in the mud. So I thrust my hand into my pocket—there it was and a good one, too. I took it and began cutting footholes in the sides of the curbing. It was very slow, but sure. I never went back a foot after I had gained it. When I would get to the top of a curbing I took the board that I had cut out and made me a seat in one corner and in this way I think I got up about fifty feet the first day.

"Some time in the afternoon I came to a curbing which I thought I could not get through. It was of solid one by six-inch boards, closely fitted together and not less than sixteen feet to the top. I made myself a good seal, fixing myself as comfortable as possible, and concluded that I must stay there and await assistance or die there. I stayed there all the next night and slept half of the time, for the night did not seem

very long. I would have been quite comfortable had I not been so wet and cold and my feet pained me terribly. The greatest drawback was that I had to do most of my climbing on one foot.

"I remained at that point the greater part of the next forenoon, calling often for help. One thing was in my favor. I was neither hungry nor thirsty. I began to give up all hopes. I thought of my wife and little boy, who were always so glad to see me when I came home from a trip. I thought how the little fellow would never see his papa or run to meet him when he returned home again.

"That was too much. I made up my mind to get out or die in the attempt. So I took a piece of board, put some sand on it, and got the point of my knife good and sharp on the sand. Then I began cutting away the curbing and making one hole after another. I cut, climbing higher and higher, and was at last on the top of the curbing. From there I would have been comfortable if my feet had not hurt me so badly. But I cut holes in the clay for my hands and feet with my knife, and finally got within sixteen feet of the top.

"Right there I had the worst obstacle I had met. It was a round curbing four feet high, perfectly smooth inside. The earth was washed out around it until the curb was only held from dropping by a little peg on one side. I knew if I tried to go up through it, it was pretty sure to break loose and go to the bottom with me. So my only chance was to go between the curb and the wall. This I was fortunate in doing. By going to work and digging away the wall in half an hour I had a hole large enough to let me pass through. After that it was but a short job to reach the top, which I did, and lay for some time exhausted.

"I knelt down and thanked Almighty God for sparing my life, as I prayed for him to do, time and again during the two days and nights that I had been in the well.

"But my troubles were not yet at an end. I was a mile and a half from a house with a well which I could not step on. I cut some large weeds and made out to hobble and crawl to the road about forty rods distant, and there I lay until nearly sundown looking for a team that never came. At last I gave up looking for anyone and started to hobble back toward the well. I got to the house, but I soon gave out and had to lie out another night.

"In the morning I felt somewhat better. Starting out again I finally arrived at the home of Charles Francis just at daylight. I was given food and drink and being bothered there for two days.

"My team was found the next day after I fell in the well. The man who found them took them to a justice of the peace, filed an estray notice and turned them into his pasture. He thus complied with the law and by so doing took away the last chance for me to be found.

The story of this escape from an open well was told in the Nebraska Legislature of 1897 by Senator Beal of Custer county. The result was that an act was passed compelling land-owners to fill such wells or the county would do it at their expense. This law has remained on our statute books ever since.

Reasons Why You Should Have An All Gas Kitchen

Read Them in the Above Cut

- The Water for all household purposes saved by simply lighting the gas.
- An absence of household mechanical light.
- Fewer spots on the kitchen allowing more time for leisure.
- A Cool Kitchen in Summer.
- Convenient to handle with greatest economy—the gas just to breathe.
- There is no cold bucket in an All-Gas Kitchen.
- Never cooking with greater ease in less time.
- Cham Fuel delivered through a pipe ready for instant use.
- No soil dirt or ash on the floor.
- Plenty of Heat when you need it by merely lighting the gas.
- Radiation or Heating Stove.

Reasons Why You Should Have An All Gas Kitchen

Read Them in the Above Cut

For your comfort and convenience we have completely remodeled our sales floor and now have on display a full line of 1916 Gas Ranges, Water Heaters, Combination Fixtures, Lamps and other Gas Appliances.

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