

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

ALICE ELVIRA CRANDELL, of Chapman, Neb., and **Burt Vierling** of Omaha are the new King and Queen of the Busy Bees for a reign of four months.

The new queen is 11 years old and won the attention of the Busy Bees by her sequel to that engrossing story, "Black Beauty," which she has been writing and sending in to the page, a chapter each week. Alice also organized a branch of the Liberty Bell Bird club, which has for its motto "Protect Our Feathered Friends." The members go on expeditions to study and sketch birds. They also put up bird houses for their little friends.

Alice is also ambitious as a musician. She is studying the piano and travels to Grand Island, a distance of about twenty miles, to take her music lessons. She formerly lived in Omaha and often comes here to visit her grandfather, C. F. Wheeler.

Burt Vierling, the new king, is "a typical boy," says his mother. "He is interested in all the out-door sports in which all boys revel, but especially in a base ball fan. He plays ball most all the time, but when he isn't playing ball he is reading."

Burt has a very fine library, for his parents supply him with every book in which he is interested. Last summer he was taught how to swim and plans to continue it at Carter lake this summer. He, too, is 11 years old and is in the fourth grade at Saunders school.

This week we are printing a packet of letters that fifth grade students of Miss Lena M. Freiday at Shelby, Neb., wrote and requested their teacher to send in. Two of them were prize winners.

First prize was awarded to Harman Augustine; second prize to George Blevins and honorable mention to William Grevason, all of them boys of 10 years of age and all belonging to the Red Side.

New King and Queen of the Busy Bees



Burt Vierling

Alice Elvira Crandell

Little Stories by Little Folk

Raises Chickens.

By Herman Augustine, Aged 10 Years, Shelby, Neb. Red Side.
A thought I would write to the readers of The Bee about my chickens. I have 30 of them. I feed and water them myself, and get about thirty eggs a day. When it is warm I do not feed them so much, because they can get out and peck. I get about ninety eggs a day in summer time.

I had three bantams, but they fought the others so much that I had to sell them. I like to keep chickens because they are so good to eat. This year I sold ten of them for \$1 each.

We have an old hen down collar hatching now. She set on fifteen eggs and has thirteen chicks already. I fear that if it keeps on snowing my mother will have to knit socks for them.

Trip to South Dakota.
By George Blevins, Aged 10 Years, Shelby, Neb. Red Side.
About half the way was so hilly that we were started up one hill before we were down the last one. Then the road turned in among buttes and bluffs which seemed almost as large as little mountains.

Later we came to a plain, then we thought our troubles had ended, as we did not see any hills before us, but we hardly had time to think before we came to a mud hole or sort of a pond which extended clear across the road. My father said it was not deep and would be easily crossed. When we got half way through this water the front wheels skidded into the middle of the puddle and here we were stuck.

With all our hill and mud experiences, every one of us enjoyed the trip very much, and I wish all the Busy Bees could have been along.

Birds to Exposition.
By William Grevason, Aged 10 Years, Red Side.
I am a brown robin and love to travel, and fly high over the mountains. One day when I was in the sunny south with my mother, she told me of California, and of the exposition which is in California, the Panama exposition.

I decided to see the wonderful cities of San Francisco and San Diego. A few of my companions went with me. On our way we passed orange groves and prune and pear trees. The first week it was very nice and warm, but the next week it was stormy, and I was very much afraid, and had it not been for my brave companions I would have lost patience and turned back, but they calmed me down and I forgot my fear. About six weeks we reached the city of San Diego.

I flew down where some children could pet me, and one chubby boy said: "You, too, have come to see the wonderful sights." I nodded as if to say, "Yes, sir." This city was too large and exciting for a poor robin who had lived in the far south in a small village.

So urging my companions to come back with me to the south, they accepted, and in a few weeks we were again in our dear little village and a quiet and peaceful village it is.

Has Planted Garden.
By Alice Cowan, Aged 8 Years, Missouri Valley, Ia. Red Side.
I read the children's page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I wish to join the Red Side. I have planted my garden. I go to school and am in the third grade. I have two dolls; their names are Florence and Alice Marie. Florence was 2 years old last Christmas. Alice Marie is a quite small doll. I got her from Christmas. She came from Ireland. I am trying to get a button for writing from the Palmer Method company in Cedar Rapids.

Likes Prize Books.
By Grace L. Moore, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.
I appreciate the books that you sent me and I wish to thank you for them. I have won four or five and have read them all and think them all very interesting.

I love to write to your page and read all the stories that the others write. I love the little birds and like to help all dumb creatures.
Helen McCormick is my little school-mate.
I also wrote a little story called "April" for the page.

Makes Doll Hospital.
By Christina Grevason, Aged 9 Years, Red Side.
I have many dolls, some of which belonged to my older sisters, and as they

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.
- First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
- Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Do Not Care to Play with Them, They Give Them to Me.

I have one doll and her name is Ruth. I love her best of all because she has no eyes and her one leg is off. The day her eyes fell out and the one leg came off I sobbed very bitterly, as I love my dolls. I did not know how to doctor her, so my papa said I might make a doll hospital for all my dolls who are sick or have been injured. I have now six patients to care for. Some are not mine, but my neighbors' little dolls who are ill. I love my doll hospital as children love their play houses.

I Am the Nurse to the Dolls and my Doll Ruth will Soon be Well.

One day mamma and papa went to town. My four girls stayed home alone. Mamma and papa left at 9 o'clock in the morning. As they were gone about an hour a man came. He wanted to talk with papa. We told him he wasn't home, but he wouldn't go away. So about 2 o'clock papa and mamma came home. We were all very glad because we were afraid.

Likes Prize Books.

By Mary Grevason, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.
Dear Editor: I received my book Monday and I like it very much. I have now two prize books. "Short Plays" was the first one I got and "Amarilly of Clotheville Alley" is the second one. I appreciate them very much.

A Rainy Day.

On a rainy day, little May Cox and her brother, Raymond, were thinking what they could do or play. Then all at once Raymond spoke up and said: "Let's play marbles." Then their mother laughed, for she knew girls didn't play marbles. "Oh, I know! Play dolls." Their mother smiled and said they might play both. She gave them the lotto box and they played lotto all of the day. Then after a while their mother made them a plate of fudge, for they were such good children.

Knows Several Busy Bees.

By Viola Dindricksen, Aged 9 Years, Brown Street, Omaha. Blue Side.
I have five pet cats and two pet dogs. The dogs' names are Sport and Shep, and the cats have no names. I know four Busy Bees. Their names are Mary Fisher and Margaret Fischer and Minnie Dindricksen and Clara Dindricksen. I have no sisters or brothers. We live on a farm. There are lots of little boys and girls my age that write to the Busy Bee page. I love to see my letter or story in the paper. My birthday is January 18. We are about five miles from the nearest town.

The Nut Hunt.

By Myrtle Cain, Aged 13 Years, 2616 Brown Street, Omaha. Blue Side.
One day last summer my mother, my brother, my sister and I went out with a soldier and his wife in a government wagon to find some nuts. We passed many beautiful roads and places which made us want to stop and look around. When we came to the Calhoun road we got out of the wagon, crossed a little stream and climbed a high hill, but could not find one nut, but we saw a lot of squirrels. Then we went to lunch. Of course we had no table or chairs, but a tablecloth, which we spread out. After lunch we found some wild grapes which looked like a swine. There I sat and swung till a man came along and another asked if there were any hazelnut trees around. The man answered: "There is a lot of nut bushes over on my ground." So off we went and gathered a lot of nuts.

home. We passed some little farm cottages where the people were sitting out of doors. When we came into Florence we passed the water works, which was very beautiful.

Flying a Kite.

By Burt Vierling, 4106 Dodge Street, Omaha. Red Side.
One day a boy and I made a kite. This kite was not very big and we had a hard time in getting it up. But when we did it pulled so hard that when we got to let out more string it slipped and almost out our fingers off. After we had got it up we had two whole balls of string out. Once there was a slackening in the breeze and the kite started to come down, but we ran back and it went so fast that it just looped the loop.

Rides Own Pony.

By Ella Andersen, Aged 11 Years, Elk-horn, Neb. Blue Side.
I have a horse named Bill. I ride him to school every morning and then I turn him loose and he goes home again. Two weeks ago the snow was so deep that he fell down, so I had to run up to a neighbor and phone home. Then my papa came and helped him up. Now I have another pony to ride.

Washington and Cherry Tree.

By Irene Wortman, Aged 7 Years, Elm Creek, Neb. Blue Side.
George Washington was much like other boys. One year his father gave him a new hatchet. He went out to look for something to chop. He might have found his mother's woodpile. He did not think of that. He wandered out into the orchard. There were some young cherry trees there. It was winter. The young trees had not yet come out. He tried his hatchet on the first one he came to. He chopped and chopped. His hatchet was sharp. He thought, what fine work this is! But it was death to the tree. The next day Mr. Washington went into his orchard. He wanted to see if there were any signs of spring. He looked to see how the young trees were getting along. There was one of the finest getting to death. Mr. Washington was very angry. He walked into the house and asked, "Who killed that cherry tree?" "George stood up bravely. He said, 'I did it with my hatchet.' His father thought the hatchet might have been used in some better way, but he was proud of his truth-telling boy.

Our School Garden.

By Vera Pilon, Aged 10 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. R. F. D. No. 4. Red Side.
One day at school my teacher said we children might plant a garden. So the boys brought a rake and a shovel. The girls gathered sticks to put around it and took the axe and drove them into the ground. The next day we brought radish seed, turnips, beets, onions and potatoes. There were twelve beds of vegetables and one bed of flowers.

Skating Favorite Sport.

By Frieda Singple, Aged 11 Years, Bancroft, Neb. Blue Side.
I go to school and have a good time. I am in the sixth grade. I have one sister and two brothers. I like to read the Busy Bee page very much. I go roller skating about every night with my cousin or some of my best friends.

Masquerade on Rainy Day.

By Reva Rosetter, Aged 12 Years, Valonia, Neb. Blue Side.
Wanda and Marcelle were in a very bad humor. They had planned a picnic for Thursday, and of course it had to rain. "Let's make candy," suggested Wanda. "Cherry? Oh, no, we have got fudge left over from last night. Any way, I'm sick of making candy," Marcelle replied. Just then the door bell rang. It was Joe and Margaret. "Oh, what can we do? There is no fun in the house upon a rainy day," said Wanda. "Listen," said grandma, who had overheard the last remark. "Listen, and I will tell you what your mother and your Aunt Clara used to do on a rainy day. They went up and rummaged in the attic. Why, here's John, who wants something to do. Well, why not go up in the attic with the girls?" "Three cheers for grandma," shouted John. The children climbed the three flights of stairs and reached the attic. They each chose a trunk, opened them and began to rummage. Chimes of "Ohs" and "Ahs" greeted each new discovery. "Let's dress up," suggested Wanda. So they started to dress. Marcelle put on the pink slippers and a wig. Margaret found a lion dress she liked. She also put on a long, old-fashioned duster and a wig. Wanda found a blue polka dot dress, black slippers and a wig. And John found a green velvet suit with large white cuffs

and collar. He put on a wig much too large for him. Then they filed slowly down stairs. Marcelle went in first. "Mercy, child," said grandma, "I thought your great grandmother had stepped out of her frame." Then the rest of the children came in. Their mother came in and played a tune. The children danced some old-fashioned dances. Pretty soon mother got up and went out. Soon she returned with all sorts of goodies for the children.

Bathing the Dog.

By Wilma Pike, Aged 11 Years, Shelby, Neb. Blue Side.
One day I went out in the country. When I got into the house I heard something bark. I looked around and saw a dog sitting in the tub. The lady was washing the little dog. So I stopped and looked at it a little while. When she was done she told the dog to stand upon the chair so the sun could shine on him. The dog sat on the chair until the lady came and told him he could get down. The dog jumped down and went out into the yard, where you could hardly tell him from the snow he was so white. He could also stand up and walk around the house, and had the sharpest bark—it would make you jump if you heard it. His name is "Snowy." We like to play with him very much.

End of Smart Rat.

By Jack Elyer, Aged 11 Years, Shelby, Neb. Red Side.
When I was a little rat I would sometimes go up in the pantry and steal cheese. One day the maid saw me there, but she ran as fast as she could to get out of my sight. I had to laugh at her for she looked so funny. Then I ran off to have some more fun. I went in the room where some women were seated. Here I played along the side of the room until the women saw me and began to scream. Everybody jumped up to find out what was the matter, but they did not see me, because I had gone. One day I got hold of some poison, but it did not hurt me very much, as it was mouse poison and not strong enough to kill a nice rat like me. Finally the cat ate me up, and after that I did not eat any more of the maid's cheese.

Cat Tom and Dog Jerry.

By Donald Woodward, Aged 10 Years, Shelby, Neb. Red Side.
One night my papa called up and told me to go to the train and get something. I went over and brought home a basket. I did not know then what was in it, but when I opened it, I found a little dog. When I took him out, he went over and got himself slipped by the cat until he went away. The next day we had the cat stand on his hind legs and we tried to make the dog stand up also, but he could not, so after that he went over and knocked Tom down every time he himself, could not stand up.

Wants to Raise Chickens.

By Daniel Cowan, Aged 10 Years, Missouri Valley, Ia. Blue Side.
I am going to plant a garden and raise a lot of vegetables. Then I will sell them and earn money to buy some chickens and raise a lot of them. I wish to join the Blue Side.

Rhymes About Pet.

By Gladys Irene Dillon, Aged 13 Years, Benson, Neb. Blue Side.
I have a pony which is very tame. He follows me around. His name is Bert. I have many good times riding on my pony. In summer I take the cows down to a pasture a mile from our home. I wish to join the Blue Side, because my favorite color is blue. Here's some of my "poetry":
I have an educated pony,
And his name is Bert.
He doesn't kick me,
Because he knows it will hurt.
I have a little pig
And I can't ride.
He can't kick me,
Because he's a runt.

Bear Punished.

By Henry Wahlendorf, Aged 12 Years, Anoka, Neb. Red Side.
Once there lived a big brown bear in the woods near a farmhouse, where he would catch all the chickens, ducks and turkeys that came near his den. One of the farmer's sons saw the bear coming directly toward the house. He hurried to get a kettle of hot water, which he placed in front of the porch. Then the brown bear came running as fast as he could to see what it was. When he reached the place he put his paw on the kettle and his nose in the kettle to smell the steam. He then burned his nose so badly that he jumped

from the porch and spilled all the hot water on his paws. Then he ran for the woods. The little children, who were looking out of the window, saw him limping and heard him howling with all his might. Then the little children laughed and said that the big brown bear would never come to visit them again.

Vacation in Illinois.

By Robert L. Dalton, Aged 8 Years, Holdrege, Neb. Blue Side.
This is my first letter. I am 8 years old and would like to join the Busy Bees. I like to read the stories in the paper, and would like to tell you about a vacation to Illinois I took last summer. My Uncle and two ten year olds. They were white and very dirty, and we did not want them in the yard, so we put them in the pen and they jumped out again. I went to the corn crib and got corn for them, and then they went to sleep.

My Chickens.

By Ella Andersen, Aged 13 Years, Elk-horn, Neb. Blue Side.
My aunt has a little bunch of Bantams. They lay eggs a little larger than a pigeon egg. So last fall she gave me a pair, but as winter was coming I did not know where to put them. So I put them in the hog house, but now I had a house made for them. I put a fence around it. At first they jumped out. They are getting tamer now. The little hen lays an egg every day. She will soon want to set and hatch some little chicks. I will then write and tell how many I have then.

Little Business Woman.

By Mary Anderson, Aged 13 Years, 2304 Maple Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.
This summer I hope to be a very Busy Bee, because I got an inspiration from the girl who earned \$103 by selling chickens. This summer I am going to raise a vegetable garden and sell the things I raise. As my name is "Mary Contrary," I am going to raise a flower bed also. I am going to start as soon as the weather gets better and shows more signs of spring.

Sing Songs at School.

By Frederick Karwar, Aged 8 Years, Benedict, Neb. Red Side.
Our school had a program. We had quite a few songs. Among them were: "America, America for Me," "The Dancing Bears," "Dolly and Me" and "Soldiers of Peace." I am in the fourth grade. Hope Mr. Rabbit will have lots of eggs for you.

Woodpecker's Nest.

By Lollita Hanson, Aged 11 Years, 712 West First Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue Side.
One morning we were started by a knocking which kept up for some time during the day. We would look out of the door, but could see nothing. We went in the house and the knocking was again heard. A few days after that we saw it, a woodpecker and his mate, who were pecking a hole in one of our trees, which was going to be their nest. Many times after that we heard the knocking. When winter came they went away, and the snow was moved in their nest. When spring came the woodpeckers came back and threw the sparrows out of their nest, and we are looking for them to come back this year.

View from Home.

By Doris Wheeler, Aged 10 Years, Missouri Valley, Ia. Red Side.
From the front windows of the flat in which I live, you can see the people downtown, and automobiles, and in summer especially, the people are always downtown. From the back windows the railroad yards can be seen. Also, the hills are seen plainly in the distance. The hills are covered with snow in the winter time and look real pretty. In the night you can see the lanterns of the switchmen swinging around.

Young Busy Bee.

By Louisa Anderson, Aged 7 Years, Elk-horn, Neb. Red Side.
This is the first time I have written to The Bee. I read it every Sunday. I will write about my pets next time. I hope my story will be in print.

Story of Pet Kitten.

By Mildred Pike, Aged 9 Years, Missouri Valley, Ia. Red Side.
I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday, as soon as papa brings home the paper. I had the dearest little kitty. Her name was Margaret Elizabeth. She was a great pet of the whole family. I used to dress her in my doll's clothes and take her out in the doll carriage and she would sit just as still as could be. One day I took her in the carriage down to have her picture taken. I am wearing her picture in my pocket. Last winter I had the tonsillitis and had the kitten with me all the time for company. But one morning her throat was all swollen up and before night she died and we buried her under 'the aynring bush. I wish I had another kitten just like her.

Trip to California.

By Julia Picard, Aged 8 Years, Geneva, Neb. Blue Side.
My papa, mamma, little sister and I left Geneva on Wednesday morning and rode all day and night until we got to Denver. Here I went out to the park and fed the monkeys and ducks on the lakes and saw the animals. Then we went on to Colorado Springs, and then saw the Royal Gorge. At Salt Lake City we saw the temple and heard the pigeons in the tabernacle. After that we came to some bad looking country until we crossed the mountains and stopped at a nice city where I saw the first orange trees and palms. When we got to Long Beach we saw the ocean and got off to visit my uncle and aunt. I had several boat rides and went to an island to gather shells. We next went to see the exposition at San Francisco and crossed on a ferry. The buildings and grounds are beautiful and I wish every one could see them.

Very Youngest Busy Bee.

By Lawrence Dreyer, Aged 4 Years, Walnut Ja. Red Side.
If I am not too small I would like to join the Red Side. My Uncle Theo and mamma read the stories of the Busy Bee to me every Sunday, because I was them to. I am going to start to school in September. I will be 5 years old on August 25. I go to Sunday school every Sunday.

Stories of Nebraska History

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

How the Spanish Flag Came Down

On July 15, 1881, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike with twenty-one men left St. Louis on an expedition to explore the plains and find a road to Santa Fe. After a long march across Missouri and Kansas he arrived, September 23, in the Republican valley near the border of Nebraska. Here he found the great village of the Pawnee republic numbering nearly 5,000 people. He also found that a party of 500 Spanish cavalry from Santa Fe had visited the village three or four weeks before. The Spanish commander had given the Pawnee presents, had promised to open a road for trade and had left with them a Spanish flag, which was flying from a pole in front of the Pawnee chief's lodge. Lieutenant Pike held a grand council with the Pawnees on September 29, and told them that they must hand down the Stars and Stripes, for their land no longer belonged to Spain, but was a part of the United States. The chiefs were silent, for the Spaniards had come with a great force on horseback bringing many presents, while the American lieutenant had only twenty-one men on foot. All around were hundreds of Pawnee warriors ready for battle. The young American lieutenant, pointing at the Spanish flag, said that the Pawnee nation could not have two fathers, they must either be the children of the Spanish king or acknowledge their American father. After a long silence an old Indian rose went to the door of the lodge, took down the Spanish flag, brought it to Lieutenant Pike and laid it at his feet. He then took the American flag and raised it on the staff where the Spanish flag had floated. It is believed by some that the place where this took place is about eight miles southeast of Hardy, Neb., just across the Nebraska line in Kansas. Here is the site of a large Pawnee village, stretching for several miles along the banks of the Republican river, and here in September, 1893, the state of Kansas raised a flag and erected a monument to mark the spot where, 100 years ago, the Spanish flag came down and the Stars and Stripes were raised. There are others who believe that the Spanish flag came down in what is now Nebraska, and that the site of an ancient Pawnee village some miles further up the Republican river is the place where Lieutenant Pike and his little company of soldiers saw the American flag raised over the Pawnee nation. Whether the spot where the Spanish flag came down is in Kansas or in Nebraska is not important. The Spanish flag came down forever and in its place rose the Stars and Stripes. This brave deed of the young lieutenant and his men deserves to be honored in history.

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Wrinkles Big and Wrinkles Little Go Quickly

Some Startling Beauty Secrets.

Genus of Secret Information on Beauty, by Valeria Suratt, whose fame as America's Self-Made Beauty-Queen, is World-Wide.

MISS VALERIA SURATT.
NOT so much the big wrinkles, but the little ones, are what rob the face of its youthful appearance. No matter how faithfully and vigorously you may engage in massaging the face, they will be no perceptible result. This is why this article is used. Nearly all creams sold for this purpose in the stores have the same basic ingredients. This is why perhaps you have experienced but little improvement with one cream over another. Every woman should as well know now as later that the cost of prepared cream is too high to allow their use being liberal and unstinted, as it should be to produce results. Furthermore, their ingredients are usually lacking in effect, because these ingredients must be cheap, otherwise there is no profit in their sale. If you will make up your mind to make up your own cream, which you can do in a few moments as follows, you will have a remarkable wrinkle eradicator, one that works quickly and surely, and it will cost you far less than any prepared cream you can buy. Furthermore, you will get the results desired. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and two ounces of eptol in half a pint of water. This mixture, which you use every day will produce a startling change in a short time, making the face plump and youthful to a marked degree. Dissolve two ounces of hair roots and scalp tissues. The result is that dandruff is absolutely stopped, the hair roots regain their youthful vigor, hair grows quickly and luxuriantly, often several inches a month, and it takes on a very silky and healthy gloss. There is nothing so satisfactory as this. Instead, This makes a very economical hair treatment, is mixed in a few moments, and cannot be surpassed. Use liberally. Any drug store can supply you with the beta-quinol.

MELICENT R.—Yes, you can stop falling of hair very quickly. Here is a formula which produces marked changes in the hair roots and scalp tissues. The result is that dandruff is absolutely stopped, the hair roots regain their youthful vigor, hair grows quickly and luxuriantly, often several inches a month, and it takes on a very silky and healthy gloss. There is nothing so satisfactory as this. Instead, This makes a very economical hair treatment, is mixed in a few moments, and cannot be surpassed. Use liberally. Any drug store can supply you with the beta-quinol.

MRS. T. L. M.—Simple sulfo solution is the only thing that will remove superfluous hair successfully. This is because it is the only thing that dissolves the hair instead of burning it off, as other depilatories do. It does not leave a mark or redness on the skin, but leaves it clear, soft and smooth. Use it on any part of the body, no matter how delicate the skin. It never falls and works in a few moments. The simple sulfo solution can be secured at any drug store, or if you desire get the sulfo powder, which has the same result, and which you simply wet with a little water before applying.

MRS. X. O.—It is remarkable, but true, that you can get rid of blackheads in a few minutes. Sprinkle some norexin on a sponge which you have wet with water, and rub this on the blackheads. In a few minutes they will be all gone. Repeat this four or five times. Blackheads which it is impossible to pinch out. Never pinch out blackheads.

MISS P. O. G.—The best face powder is one whose use is practically independent of that of the skin. It is not sticky. Nearly all face powders fall in this. They are too chalky. I had my own formula made up, and it is now obtainable at drug stores as "Valeria Suratt Face Powder." It is extraordinary in fineness, is free from chalkiness, and I can say it is superior to the best you ever know.

MRS. T. N. P.—The liquid and powders sold for excessive perspiration are usually but momentary in effect. Applying hydrolyzed talc to the armpits keeps these fresh and dry all the time, and you will not have your armpits wet and your dress-shirts curl up like ropes. It will save the damage to your garments through fading and rotting of the fabric. Hydrolyzed talc can be secured at any drug store. It destroys all odors at once. It is also the best thing known for perspiring feet.—Advertisement.