

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

GRACE is a blond beauty who reigns supreme in the hearts of kindergartners at Cass school. She is a "co-operative" doll which was given by a kind lady who knew that there were a number of children here who had no doll with which to play at home.

Grace has worked wonders with the children. At first they used to fight to play with her, but soon teacher, Miss Laura Goetz, interfered and made strict rules and regulations as to who should be permitted to play with Grace.

"First of all, you must have clean hands. No one with dirty fingers can play with Grace," she said. Then what a scramble for soap and brushes, and now one is defied to set forth a class of cleaner-fingered kindergartners than at Cass school.

The older boys in the manual training classes have been most kind. They made a playhouse for Grace to live in, a cradle in which to rock her to sleep and a brass-bound chest for her dresses. All enjoy her very much.

Belated votes in the Busy Bee election were received for Mollie Coreman and Ethelyn Berger for queen and James Allen for king.

Reva Rosseter writes to learn whether typewritten letters are acceptable. Indeed they are, for the little boys' and girls' writing is often very difficult to decipher.

This week first prize was awarded to Lillie Myers of the Red Side, second prize to Henrietta Neuman of the Red Side, and honorable mention to Genevieve Harris of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Don't Destroy Birds.
By Lillie Myers, Aged 11 Years, Strang, Neb., Red Side.

We should not destroy a bird or its nest. Because most birds are useful to a farmer. They cheer up a person by their merry songs.

A man or boy ought not to kill a bird or destroy its nest, for they have a right to live as we have. God created them to sing for us and make the world cheerful.

Some people kill birds to get their beautiful feathers to put on women's hats. Lots of boys rob a bird's nest just to tease the mother bird. This is cruel, for when they destroy the eggs there will be less beautiful birds.

I think they ought to have a law that birds should not be killed and not robbed of their nests. If we find a little bird on the ground we should pick it up and put it back in its nest.

Furnishes Bird House.
By Henrietta Neuman, Aged 11 Years, Columbia, Neb., Red Side.

One day as I was out in the yard, I heard a sweet song. It sounded as if it were a robin. I thought sure it was not, because snow was still on the ground and the day was cold. After a while I looked up and in a large elm tree there were two robins sitting there singing. I felt sorry for them, so I went and got a bird house. I put some crumbs and some straw in it. Then mother called for me to come in the house and so I did not see my friends until the next day.

I looked in the bird house the next day and saw that they were making themselves at home. Every day after that I fed them. They would go south to spend the winter and come back for the summer. They continued doing so for three years. The fourth year I did not see my friends or rovers as I call them. But new renters occupied the house. I call them renters because they pay rent by singing such sweet songs.

PRETTY AND BRIGHT MEMBER OF THE BUSY BEES.



Henrietta Neuman, Aged 11 Years, Columbia, Neb., Red Side.

For the boys. They did not get him, but one boy stepped on his tail. At recess they set a trap, which was a string and a piece of bread tied to the string. But he never came back again after that.

Teacher said that the mouse lived under the porch and came and visited her about every night when she swept the floor. But he never came after that to visit. He had come a few times before, but that was his last visit.

Dog Has Tricks.
By Clarence McAuliffe, Aged 12 Years, 2219 Seward Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

We have a dog named "Bill." I think he acts very funny sometimes. Sometimes we say, "Poor Bill," and he cries very pitifully.

Bill always seems to be in the way. I could not say how many times he gets stepped on in a day. When he gets stepped on, he barks and comes to the person who stepped on him. This means he wants to be petted.

He likes my brother, Harold, very much. He follows him every place he can go. I think he likes my brother, because he pets him very much.

One time he ran back to where he used to live and we had a hard time getting him back. My aunt had to walk home with him, the distance being about two and one-half miles.

Waits for Stream.
By Jeannette Olliphant, Aged 9 Years, 402 Garfield Avenue, Hastings, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little country lad, about 5 years of age. His name was James Russell Nelson. Every Saturday he went where his aunt lived in the other part of the village to sell turnips and other vegetables. He always had to cross a little pool of water. Sometimes he went around the other way, which was farther. But one day it was so hot he thought that he would wait until all the recent rain or water would flow away. So he put his basket calmly down on the river's side and waited and waited. Then he turned sadly away. The summer day was gone and nothing sold either. His turnips might have gone to seed if he waited any longer, but still the river flows on forever. He went home that night and told his mother about his experience. She told him that the river would run on forever.

New Busy Bee.
By Rozie Owen, Aged 12 Years, 115 West Fifth Street, Grand Island, Neb., Blue Side.

This is the first letter I have ever written to the Busy Bees. I would like to join the Blue Side, as it is my favorite color. I am in the sixth grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Leosen. I go to the Howard school and like to go. I have three sisters and one brother.

Sabbath School Contest.
By May Scott, 525 Davenport, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

I want to tell you about our Sabbath school class. We are divided into two sides. The Blue and the Red, and are having a contest. The last time the Blue side beat, and the Red had to give a party for the Blue side. There are eighteen of us and we had our party at our teacher's home.

We have started another contest, but the Blue side is still ahead. I am on the Blue side.

Mouse Comes to School.
By Ruth Smith, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 64, Bancroft, Neb., Blue Side.

One day there was a mouse that came to school to visit. We were all sitting at our seats and studying.

I thought that it must have been our superintendent that came to visit. The door was a little open, so the mouse could get in.

There was a piece of bread that was a little larger than the mouse, and he bit it, picked it up and lifted it up so it was a little too heavy for him, so he had to drop it.

Then the teacher said the boys could try and catch it. The boys ran after him, but the little mouse was too fast.

Incident of Bad Egg.
By Elizabeth Vallandigham, Aged 12 Years, 618 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Miss Hunt, the principal of our school, said that we were going to have a vacation of one week. Of course all of the children were glad. She said that it would be from Monday till April 5. Mamma said that I could go to Ralston to spend my vacation. So I did. I had a very good time. I borrowed Harry Dyer's wagon and went rambling down the hill. It was real fun. I found a rotten egg and threw it as hard as I could, but it did not break. So I asked Harry if he would try to break it. He threw it on the other side of a fence, and didn't know there was a little boy on the other side. The egg went right on his head, but he said he didn't care. Harry and I took the wagon and went up the hill, laughing so hard that we soon got tired out and had to sit down.

ANGORA GOAT BABIES—The newcomers are full-blooded specimens, born to Mr. and Mrs. Angora, who long have been special friends to the children who visit New York's Park Zoo. They are woolly, happy, cute little white animals of extremely aristocratic appearance—as is their right, for they come from the finest breed of goats in this country.



BABY ANGORA GOATS BORN IN NEW YORK ZOO.

daily I would see the husband and wife. The wife, young, pretty and with the air of a lady—the husband somewhat older. Soon I missed the little lady and sat down to watch her. Then I ate supper and went to bed. The next morning I went out to see my rabbits. When I looked in I saw six little rabbits just like their mother.

About the Oriole.
By Emily Nightingale, Aged 9 Years, Ashland, Neb., Red Side.

The oriole is a beautiful bird. He sings songs so beautiful that people like to hear him sing. The oriole doesn't mind the winter. They live on caterpillars mostly.

They build their nest by weaving feathers and grass together. They line the bottom with hair. We like them because they sing so beautifully. The oriole builds his nest on the high part of the tree so cats and dogs can not harm them. They sing more beautifully when they are older.

Baltimore Orioles.
By Ruby A. Kenoyer, Columbus, Neb., Red Side.

One day early last spring a young couple from Baltimore moved into a house near ours. As I passed the house

excitedly. "Come."

I started on a run. Kennedy and Waters had already jumped out of the car and were also running in the direction that the aero dipped down.

"Perhaps half a mile up the creek, it had fallen with a splash, a tangled mass of wires and scrap, in the water.

Sprague, enmeshed in the debris, did not move. "But Wu, though terribly shaken, had fallen on him, and with a superhuman effort, he pulled himself together and managed painfully to crawl up the bank into the hiding rocks and underneath, before any of us arrived in either direction.

"Here it is," cried Craig, bursting through the brush.

"Dead," muttered Waters, examining Sprague. "The other's gone."

With a flash of unspoken hate, Wu crawled out from the shelter.

"Just then I arrived, with Elaine close behind me.

"Oh—I'm so glad you're safe," gasped Craig.

Elaine looked at Sprague's broken and bruised body and shuddered.

"Safe—yes," she tried to smile at Craig. "An inch is as good as a mile."

"Yes—but a lot more uncomfortable," he returned, drawing her arm into his spite of us all.

(To Be Continued.)

Stories of Nebraska History

John Colter's Escape
By A. E. SHELDON

John Colter, who first made his name in the country from the present Nebraska-Kansas line north to Canada. In this part of the early days, in the part that is now Wyoming, there occurred the remarkable escape of John Colter.

John Colter was a trapper who crossed the continent to the Pacific ocean, with Lewis and Clark. On their way back, in 1806, Colter saw no many signs of beaver on the headwaters of the Missouri that he got leave of Captain Lewis to start there and trap. This was in the east of the country of the terrible Blackfoot Indians. Captain Lewis had killed a Blackfoot warrior who was trying to steal horses and from that time the tribe hated white men and killed them without mercy.

Colter knew all this, but he loved to trap, and with another hunter named Potts, he plunged into the wilds of the best beaver streams of the Blackfoot hunting grounds. The two men knew the great risk they ran and they knew also the ways of the Indians. They set their traps at night, took them up early in the morning, and hid during the day.

Early one morning they were softly padding up a small creek in their canoe to take in some traps when they heard

green. They paint the trunks of the trees, too. In Holland they have tulips and gladioli. One time the people would wear tulips. Turkey sent them over and the people thought they were so pretty that they began to grow them.

April.
By Grace L. Moore, Aged 13 Years, 311 1/2 Ave. C, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

We are always glad when April comes, with its warm April showers.

We can see the robin finding a pleasant nesting place. We can see the little black crow flying over the harvest fields, and we hear the sweet little cry of the quail as she calls her small ones, and the meadow lark as she sits on the fence rail, calling her mate; and the black-winged hawk darting across the evening sky. Then there is the bobolink with her young, come back waiting for the yellow wheat.

Everyone should feel happy when all the birds are coming and spring is here. Let's all be happy and listen to the little birds that sing and dance in the April showers along the woodland brook and hedges.

Enjoyable Auto Trip.
By Mildred Moody, Aged 9 Years, Cedar Bluffs, Neb., Blue Side.

Last summer we took a trip to Boyd county. My two uncles and their families went with us. We started at 4 o'clock in the morning and were near Fremont when it was daylight. We rode in the car to West Point and ate our breakfast. We went about seventy-five miles, then Uncle Oscar's car stopped and he couldn't get it started. Papa and Uncle Alfred tried to get it started, but they couldn't, and so we ate dinner and Uncle Alfred pulled Uncle Oscar's car into Wisner. There a man fixed the car and we went to Creighton. When we reached Syracuse it was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

A Queenly Complexion in a Few Days' Time-- and Other Secrets

Valeksa Strutt, the Theatrical Star Gives Some of the Secrets Which Have Made Her Famous for Her Self-Made Beauty.
By MISS VALESKA SUBATT

BEAUTY is more a matter of "skin" these days, than anything else. For the reason beauty is more easily attained now than it has ever been before. Yet there are millions of women who are positively making it hard for themselves, and I might say, too, that the thousand and one preparations sold for the purpose of softening the skin are more expensive than they are worth. The trouble is that the ingredients are nearly all the same, and

Enough eggs for about a dozen of these splendid beauties are secured at any drug store at a moderate price.

WORTHY—Constant hair-falling means early baldness. You can prevent it quickly and absolutely. Hair tonics are of very little value, against this condition. A mixture of one ounce of beta-quinol with a half pint of water and half pint of alcohol, or a full pint of bay rum instead of alcohol, if used liberally used do in a short time all that you have tried to do for many months past. This gives you the hair back to the roots, gives wonderful life and vigor to hair, stops dandruff completely and you will not lose hair any more, and you will stop coming out of every combing. Try it by all means. This makes the most economical and effective hair treatment known.

MISS I. M. T.—Steaning the face is never successful against pimples. Diastling will do no good. It is also impossible to pinch out all the tiny blackheads, but you may remove them in a few moments, much to your surprise, by simply sprinkling powdered roxinon on a hot wet sponge of rubber and rubbing the face with it. You will find that the blackheads have entirely vanished, even to the most minute ones. This is a formula worth remembering and using. It never fails.

DEBORAH G.—Dissolving away superfluous or wild hair is the only way to remove them. You simply injure the skin by using the burning depilatories usually sold. The hair is dissolved and left and does not grow back. It is removed by using a simple formula which I will give you. It is very simple and you will find it very effective.

MISS X.—You are fretting too much about those wrinkles. You can now rest assured of making a wonderful difference in your appearance in a short time, by using the following formula. It is peculiar that the dealer who writes the more remarkable seems to be the effect. It rounds out the face in a surprising way. You mix this in a few moments. To half a pint of hot water, add two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and two ounces of epsom. The cream that is formed should be used daily in liberal quantities. You will find this not only far more economical than the prepared "creams" sold, but far more effective. In fact, in many cases I know the results have been most unbelievable.

MRS. ALICE M. G.—I used to hunt in vain for a cream that would practically obliterate, so had my own formula. I used up a goodly stock of "creams" at drug stores, as "Valeksa Strutt's Face Powder." It is exquisitely fine, smooth and velvety—it will be a surprise to you.

ROPHY—Instead of having your arm pits hot and winking from excessive perspiration, and having your garments faded and rined in the armpits, you can stop it quickly and have the armpits naturally fresh and dry as the back of your hand, by using my simple, scientific and safe formula. This also destroys all perspiration and other body odors at once and is splendid for perspiring feet.

MRS. F. N. G.—I am sorry to learn that you were unable to get the simple sulfo solution at the drug store. My secretary will see that you get it, however. If you will write to me, I will send you the formula which is one dollar—Advertisement.

The Exploits of Elaine

Continued from Page Ten

Gradually the drone of the aero engine grew more and more indistinct and we cautiously came out from our shelter.

Through the trees Wu Pang was now straining his eyes at the field glass, starting back to see us.

Apparently to him we had gone back because Elaine was under the umbrella, while I was speaking to her and leaning her there, although the umbrella hid her from him.

"Turn back now," cried Wu.

In a huge wide circle, like a hawk, Sprague turned, while Wu eagerly got the heavy round package of arrows ready to release. Meanwhile, I managed to get behind a big tree, where I could see but not be seen.

"Now," ground out Wu, releasing the bunch of deadly arrows.

Down they came, hurtling from the sky, piercing the gaudy umbrella in a dozen places.

Wu's exclamation of satisfaction at hitting the mark quickly turned to rage, as he peered back through his glasses.

The umbrella was smashed. But under it, transfixed by the arrows, was a scarcrow which I had arranged!

Kennedy and Waters were literally eating up the miles of good Jersey roads on their way to us.

As they neared Lakewood, Kennedy