

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THIS week one of the Busy Bees, who lives out in Idaho, has written an interesting story of some of the places which are near her home. I am sure all the other Busy Bees will enjoy reading her description of the wonderful falls, which are points of interest in that part of the world. While reading of these western wonders and wishing, possibly, that you could take trips to places like those described, stop and think if there isn't something you have seen recently, some pretty place near home, that would be of interest to other Bees, to whom it would be new. Two other Busy Bees have told of their pets. Certainly these good friends deserve this attention at the hands of their masters, the Busy Bees. Let us know about the tricks of your puppy. And the boys, have any of them had much luck fishing? They have not written us about it.

Busy Bees who have not yet sent in their votes for the queen and king should do so right away. If you have not a story ready to send with the votes—and some of the Bees write that they have been waiting to have a story ready to send in with their votes—write a letter telling what kind of stories you like to have the other Bees write, and why, and send that with your vote.

The prize winners this week are Laila Hinemeyer of Twin Falls, Idaho; Blanche Twiss of Shoshoni, Wyo., and Allee Davey of Davey, Neb.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

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| Jean De Long, Alsworth, Neb. | Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. | Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb. | Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. | Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. | Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. | Agnes Dampier, Bennington, Neb. | Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (Box 12, Ida. May, Central City, Neb.) | Vera Cheney, Craghton, Neb. | Louis Hahn, David City, Neb. | Rhea Fredrick, Dorchester, Neb. | Alida Hennrich, Grand Island, Neb. | Ennice Bode, Falls City, Neb. | Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb. | Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb. | Marion Cappe, Gibson, Neb. | Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. | Anna Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. | Lyla Kott, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb. | Killa Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. | Irene Costello, 15 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb. | Jessie Crawford, 46 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. | Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D. | Martin Murray, 303 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. | Hugh Hunt, Lehigh, Neb. | Hester F. Kutt, Lehigh, Neb. | Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. | Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb. | Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb. | Edythe Kemp, Lexington, Neb. | Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb. | Alice Graymeyer, 1117 L street, Lincoln. | Marian Hamilton, 723 L street, Lincoln. | Elise Hamilton, 723 L street, Lincoln. | Irene Disher, 233 L street, Lincoln. | Hughie Disher, 233 L street, Lincoln. | Charlotte Boggis, 307 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln. | Midred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb. | Helen Johnson, 534 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln. | Albina Myers, 418 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln. | Louise Slies, Lyons, Neb. | Estelle McDonald, Nebraska City, Neb. | Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb. | Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. | Luelle Haase, Norfolk, Neb. | Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb. | Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb. | Emma Marguerite, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. | Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb. | William Davis, 211 Third street, North Platte, Neb. | Louise Raabe, 263 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha. | Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha. | Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha. | Emmie Brown, 623 Boulevard, Omaha. | Helen Goodrich, 6015 Nicholas street, Omaha. | Mary Brown, 2823 Boulevard, Omaha. | Eva Hendon, 402 Dodge street, Omaha. | Lillian Witt, 413 Cass street, Omaha. | Lewis Witt, 215 North 17th street, Omaha. | Juanita Innes, 239 Fort street, Omaha. | Bessie Ruff, 184 B street, Omaha. | Meyer Cohn, 184 B street, Omaha. | Helen F. Douglas, 191 G street, Lincoln. | Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha. | Myrtle Jensen, 2909 12th street, Omaha. | Orvin Fisher, 1216 E. Eleventh, Omaha. | Midred Erickson, 276 1/2 Howard St., Omaha. | Oscar Erickson, 276 1/2 Howard St., Omaha. | Gall Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha. | Leona Carson, 124 North Locust St., Omaha. | Emerson Goodrich, 609 Nicholas, Omaha. | Maurice Johnson, 127 North Fortieth, Omaha. | Wm. Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha. | Hilsh Fisher, 1216 E. Eleventh, Omaha. | Edith Jensen, 277 Leavenworth, Omaha. | Edna Heden, 278 Chicago street, Omaha. | Mabel Shuffelt, 474 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. | Walter Johnson, 246 North Twentieth street, Omaha. | Emma Carruthers, 331 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. | Leonora Danison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha. | Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb. | Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb. | Zola Hedden, Orleans, Neb. | Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb. | Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb. | Leta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb. | Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb. | Edna Emis, Stanton, Neb. | Leona Peterson, 221 Locust St., E. Omaha. | Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska. | Clara Miller, Union, Neb. | John Robert Jones, North Loup, Neb. | Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb. | Leo Beckford, Waco, Neb. | Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb. | Klase Stansy, Wilber, Neb. | John Robertson, Winfield, Neb. | Pauline Parks, York, Neb. | Edna Behling, York, Neb. | Marie Frederick, York, Neb. | Mary Barrett, Fontanelle, Ia. | Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia. | Edna Miller, Iowa, Ia. | Blair Melior, Malvern, Ia. | Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia. | John Robertson, Malvern, Ia. | Margaret B. Witheron, Thurman, Ia. | Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 1, Box 25, Mis- sion, Ia. | Henry L. Workinger, 203 W. Huron street, Chicago. | Alfred Barry, Monarch, Wyo. Box 32. | Fred Sarr, Monarch, Wyo. | Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo. | John Barton, Monarch, Wyo. | Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo. | Pauline Squire, Grand, Wyo. | Fred Shiley, 29 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo. | Mary Edmond, Sidney, Neb. | Nettie Edmond, Sidney, Neb. | Emmie Wright, 53 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb. | Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb. | Phyllis Haag, 627 West Seventeenth street, Omaha. | Macie Moore, Silver City, Ia. | Maebel Houston, 3013 Sherman avenue, Omaha. | Dorothy Tolleson, 426 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha. | Alma Baker, Leander, Wyo. | Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb. | Elizabeth Wright, 122 South Thirty-fifth street, Omaha. | Marion Staples, 131 South Thirty-first street, Omaha. | Francis A. Doffson, Pueblo, Colo. |
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Newest Baby in Omaha Zoo



BUFFALO CALF AND ITS MOTHER AT RIVERVIEW PARK.



Little Stories by Little Folks

- 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 200 words.
 4. Original studies or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
- First and second prize of books will be given for the best two contributions to this list each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha, Neb.

Sunny Idaho.

By Laila Hinemeyer, Aged 12 Years, Twin Falls, Idaho.

I arrived at Twin Falls the 14th day of April. I came from Clarion, Neb., where I had lived for eleven years. Twin Falls is a nice city of 4,000 population. The first Sunday I was here I visited the Blue lakes, which is three miles from Twin Falls. I did not go clear down, as it is two miles by the road. The bank is 700 feet high and the farms in the canyon look like small playgrounds from the top of it.

I expect to spend some Sunday at the Blue lakes soon. I visited the Shoshone falls last Sunday. It is the most beautiful sight I ever saw. They fall 212 feet. The falls are in the Snake river, flowing over a solid bed of rock.

I walked down the foot path, which is very steep and hard to climb. Once there was an Indian that jumped from the top of the bank and went over the falls, but it did not hurt him. I live five miles from children under 15.

When the hour arrived for the circus to begin every seat was occupied by mothers, fathers, older brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and friends. (The seats were formed of long boards, supported on boxes.)

Promptly on the minute of opening the band began to play the "Star-spangled Banner," and the audience cheered till the very caavau, walls echoed the merry sound. Gowing to the unsteadiness of old Rover the lion of the circus, Jimmy Cruthers came first on the program. Fearlessly he entered the "lion's" cage and made the "lion" stand on his hind legs. Then he put a pipe in the "lion's" mouth, and the good animal smoked it. That is he held the pipe in place between his jaws and set, bating his eyes as if enjoying it. Then followed many tricks which old Rover had been taught while a puppy, and which he enjoyed going through for his beloved master Jimmy.

Great cheers and hand-clappings followed the lionmaster's performance. And after Jimmy had bowed in happy response to his many recalls he went out behind the

Pink Blossom Meets Sweet Rose

BY MARY OSKAM.

LITTLE PINK BLOSSOM sat on the window sill just outside of the sunny apartment of a most disagreeable, peevish old lady, Little Pink Blossom had been sent to the old lady by a grandaughter, and was growing happily in a deep flower pot full of rich food. When I say food for flowers I mean soil, of course, for from the soil the tender plants get their nourishment.

Well, the day Little Pink Blossom was sent to the peevish, irritable old lady—who, by the way, might have been happier and more contented had she found some charitable employment to keep her idle hands, brain and tongue busy—the dear little thing began to feel lonely. All day she was allowed to sit on the window sill, even while the cold spring winds swept across the corner of the house. And she noticed the coolness of night, too, more particularly as she sat on the sill of a second-story window, which lifted her very high above the ground, as, of course, you know.

Captain Kidd's Treasure.

By E. Robert Frady, Aged 12 Years, Oakdale, Neb.

"Ho, what's this?" asked Jack Robinson, as a number of boys were wading down Salty creek. This creek was so named because it was connected with a river that ran to the ocean and the waves often came up the river into the creek. This made the water salty. There were some salt mines near, too.

"Ah! It's nothin' but an old keg," said Carl Berry.

"Mebbe it's a keg of nails," said Harry Jackson.

"That's nothin' but a keg of dirt," drawled Ned Bixby.

"Oh, I know what it is, it's 'Captain Kidd's Treasure,'" said Jack.

"That's it all right," they all said at once.

"Let's leave on it a little," said Carl enthusiastically.

"It's been stuck here for a hundred years," said Ned.

"We bugged her that time," said Jack, with another lift.

"Here she comes," was the next exclamation. "It's deuced heavy," said Harry. "It's the money the captain sunk, all right," said Jack.

With a few more grunts and pulls they pulled it out of the sand. "But it open with this iron," said Carl. "Crack! Crack! 'Auh! Let me show you how," said Harry, taking the iron. Bang-biff-bang! "There it is! And it's a keg of stones," said Jack.

The Moon.

By George Gook, Aged 11 Years, Plainview, Neb. Red Side.

The moon is very large, though it looks small to us. Have you ever noticed the moon? Next time there is a full moon look at it good. The white spots are to represent land and where they are thickest it is mountainous and the clear places are water. The sun reflects on the moon and that makes it shine.

The stars are its sisters, brothers, neighbors, friends and enemies. The Milky Way is the moon's great grandson. I suppose she is a moon or a sun to some other earth. I do not know whether the moon is inhabited or not. I think you all have seen the eclipses of the moon.

Dandelion.

By Helen Winkelman, Aged 7 Years, 515 North Forty-third Street, Blue Side.

I have a dear little yellow kitten named Dandelion. She sleeps on my doll's cradle. She plays with her mother's tail. When I play with her she likes to hide from me.

My Little Pet Puppies.

By Ronald Otis Wyckoff, ex-King, Aged 11 Years, Wilber, Neb.

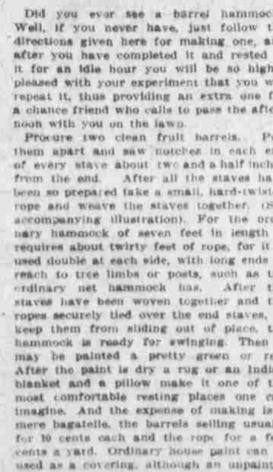
I have five little pet puppies. They are about a month old and are small. When you sit down any place they will come and bite with their little pearly teeth. Then one will get hold of your shoestring and pull at it. Another pup will come up to you and try to get the shoestring too and it will push the other one over. Then they set into a scrap. They will even get hold of a big weed and try to pull it out of the ground.

A Barrel Hammock.

Did you ever see a barrel hammock? Well, if you never have, just follow the directions given here for making one, and after you have completed it and rested in it for an idle hour you will be so highly pleased with your experiment that you will repeat it, thus providing an extra one for a chance friend who calls to pass the afternoon with you on the lawn.

Procedure: Use four barrel hoops. Pull them apart and saw notches in each end of every stave about two and a half inches from the end. After all the staves have been so prepared take a small, hard-twisted rope and weave the staves together. (See accompanying illustration.) For the ordinary hammock of seven feet in length it requires about thirty feet of rope, for it is used double at each side, with long ends to reach to tree limbs or posts, such as the ordinary net hammock has. After the staves have been woven together and the ropes securely tied over the end staves, to keep them from sliding out of place, the hammock is ready for swinging. Then it may be painted a pretty green or red.

After the paint is dry a rug or an Indian blanket and a pillow make it one of the most comfortable resting places one can imagine. And the expense of making it is mere bagatelle, the barrels selling usually for 10 cents each and the rope for a few cents a yard. Ordinary house paint can be used as a covering, although an unpainted barrel hammock is not unsightly.



RAIDS ON ICE CREAM CONES

Children's Favorite Found in Many Places to Be Dangerous to Health.

The seizure of 70,000 ice cream cones at New York last week developed the fact that the government is conducting a national crusade against impurities in this luxury of childhood.

The contaminated goods, supposed to be "pure country" are said to contain boric acid, and the quantity was unusually large because the cones were intended for the hot climate of New Orleans. They were the produce of the Consolidated Wafer company of New York, whose factories are located elsewhere, and were on the pier of the Southern Pacific company ready for loading when United States Marshal Henkel, acting on instructions from the United States District court, stopped the shipment.

Dr. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry at Washington, is responsible for the seizure. The manufacture of ice cream cones is a comparatively new industry, and little attention was paid to the product until recently, when the federal expert's attention was attracted by the injurious effect the alleged poisonous composition had on a child in an eastern city. Dr. Wiley was astonished by the result of his analysis, and at once issued orders to all his subordinates throughout the country to investigate.

Boric acid, used to preserve the cones from season to season, was found in large quantities during the preliminary chemical tests, which caused the sweeping investigation. A large amount of poisonous artificial coloring matter also was found, and some of the "gelatin" was nothing more than ordinary glue, it is said. The combination interfered with digestion, and, in sufficiently large quantities, would cause convulsions to infants.

The ingredients of the cones vary, but the composition commonly used is made up of gelatin, saccharine, flour, and a coloring matter to give the appearance of eggs having been used. If the gelatin is pure and the coloring matter is harmless, and no chemical preservative is used, no fault is found with the cones.

Dr. Andrew L. Winton, chief of the Chicago food and drug laboratory, received his orders to investigate, like the rest of Dr. Wiley's assistants, but so far has found nothing to seize in Chicago. The Illinois Pure Food commission is collaborating with him, and Commissioner of Health Evans will also take a hand.

According to a federal inspector, Dr. Winton said the use of the so-called gelatin sufficiently raw to warrant its classification as glue. Some of the coloring matter was found to be Martius yellow—a poisonous composition which gives the yellowest yellow known, and the same composition which was found in five cartloads of macaroni which Judge Landis recently ordered burned.

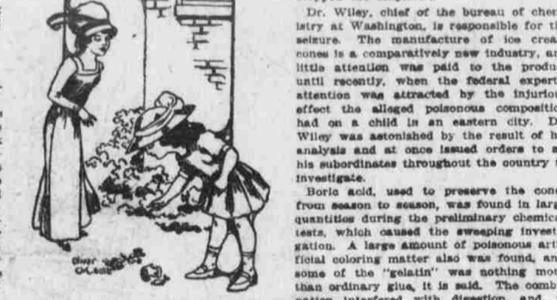
Before the enactment of the federal food and drug act of June 30, 1906, boric acid was permissible in small quantities, and was used to preserve sausage, loose oysters and Hamburger steak. Brocade of soda is the only chemical preservative allowed now. Boric acid was last found in this district several months ago, when the government authorities seized several tons of loose eggs shipped to Peoria from St. Louis.

The government also is directing its attention to "champane" wafers and other pastries and confections made similar to the cones.—Chicago Tribune.

Tommy Peter-Kin

LITTLE Tommy Peter-Kin said he thought it was a sin for boys to throw a baited hook into a pretty running brook. So that fishes swimming there might be caught thus by the snare.

He said the fishes should be told that a hook the bait did hold; and that if they cared to bite after that, they had the right! But he did not know that they can't understand what people say.



The Town Boys' Circus

By William Wallace, Jr.

THE Town Boys had arranged for a circus of their own giving. There were five "prominent performers" among the Town Boys, namely, Ted Peters, acrobat; Jimmy Cruthers, lion tamer; Frank Hay, trapeze performer; Johnny Brion, bareback equestrian; and Paul Adams, ringmaster.

The Town Boys had not a tent. They preferred a canvas wall, some five feet high, stretched about the circus arena. This idea was gotten from a wild west show which had visited the town early in the summer. And from that same wild west show, the Town Boys had learned many things. Of course, they had seen many a circus, but no circus could hope to attain the popularity with the boys that the wild west show had enjoyed.

And so the Town Boys had seen fit to wall in their arena instead of tenting it over. And this saved them much time and money, for a big tent is not to be obtained for nothing. Once these same boys tried making a circus tent, and they had worked for a month before one was completed. Another thing found to be so small that the circus performers had to do their "turns" out of doors. And the tent had no less than half a dozen old sheets (donated by the Boys' mothers), a dozen old "gunny" sacks, as many odd bits of cloth of one kind and another, and lastly, worn strips of carpet. All these had been carefully sewed together with twine, and shaped according to intended use. When the tent was duly erected on the many poles it was not one-half large enough to admit of a ring, and too low—even in the very center—to admit of a trapeze or of riding. So the tent had been abandoned and a canvas wall erected from the same sort of materials that had comprised the tent, was prepared. And how much better it was, too. It allowed of trapeze and horseback performers.

The Boys advertised the coming circus by distributing handprinted bills. Davey Jackson did the printing, for he could write as well as a regular printing press. So thought the Boys. The handbills were showy in color, for Davey possessed great ingenuity, and used colored inks, remnants of house paint, some water colors begged from his artist sister, grape juice and beet juice, with which to print the bold letters setting forth the many attractions of the coming circus.

The younger boys scattered these bills about the town, leaving one at every dwelling house door. Some were pasted with gum against fences and on the sides of trees. Thus was the circus heralded in the proper fashion.

The day of the great event arrived, clear and warm. It was the last of July, and the very best time for giving an open air performance. A parade was given in the morning, the principal street being chosen as the line of march. First in the parade came Johnny Brion, riding his fine blue



DAVEY JACKSON ACTED AS TICKETSELLER AND BUSTER STOOD AT THE DOOR.