

The Little Busy Bees' Own Page

THERE are fewer letters on the Children's page today than there have been for several months. Surely the Busy Bees are not losing interest in their very own page. Perhaps their attention is entirely taken up with the beginning of school and that when they settle down to the regular routine of school work, they will have some leisure to give to letter writing.

Of course, the Busy Bees should not neglect studies for pleasure. School is the principal business right now. But out of business hours, Busy Bees, remember the Children's page.

Writing for the Children's page is a good thing for the Busy Bees because it gives them practice in composing letters and stories which have a definite purpose—to interest all the other Busy Bees. And who knows but what some of the authors and authoresses of the future will be developed through writing for the Children's page?

Reading the Children's page broadens the interests of the Busy Bees because it enables them to learn what boys and girls in different parts of the country are doing and thinking about. There is a Busy Bee away out in Washington state who is very interested in reading what Bees in Nebraska are doing. There is a Busy Bee down in Oklahoma who enjoys nothing better than finding out from the Children's page what boys and girls in Iowa, Wyoming and all the other states are thinking about.

Today the prizes go to Thelma Fredericks and Gladys Edelman.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

My Story.

By Thelma Fredericks, Aged 12 Years, 322 East Fifth Street, Grand Island, Neb.
I am a little kitten and was born in a barn with my brothers and sisters. My mother was a Maltese cat and she was very good to catch rats.

The man who owned her was a very kind man and he kept her because she was so good to catch rats and mice. He ran a livery stable and he didn't like rats because they ate his corn, wheat and oats.

My mother's name was Nancy, and she liked the horses, and one of her favorites was named Beauty. She would go up on Beauty's neck and go to sleep there. When I was a few weeks old I was given to a little girl. She was a very nice little girl and took me in the house and gave me some milk. She named me Pansy. I am gray with a white face and in the center of my forehead is a little mark like a pawsy.

I lived a very happy life with this little girl, but soon she had to go away, and she gave me to a friend of hers. This little girl lived in the country. I enjoyed playing in the fields with her and she taught me some tricks. Her name was Dorothy and she called me Pansy. I am now a big cat and have some kittens of my own. I still live with Dorothy and she thinks a lot of my little kittens. This is the end of my story.

(Second Prize.)

A Letter.

By Gladys Edelman, Aged 12 Years, Scribner, Neb.
Dear Friends: I like to read stories, so I think that I must help the other children too in writing stories on the Busy Bee page.

I am in the eighth grade and study arithmetic, reading, physiology, grammar, geography and history at present, and after awhile we will study agriculture also. Our teacher's name is Miss Wilkins. Our principal is Mr. Garrett. We have eleven grades and seven teachers. The school gave a cantata in February. I was in with some other girls who represented Indian girls. We made ourselves some dresses, leggings and moccasins. There were twelve of us. I had my picture taken in my suit yesterday. We gave our cantata over last week at stock show time. We Indians got first prize, but have not found out yet what it was. Scribner has a good high school team. One time we played ball with Hooper. We won by a score of 9 to 6. About 100 people went to Hooper from here.

When we had patrons' day Hooper came to Scribner and we won again by a score of 11 to 1. Arlington also played that day and Scribner won, 7 to 1. We have a basketball team. It played with Hooper, too, and we won by a score of 5 to 1. So we won three games that afternoon.

I love to watch a ball game and basketball. I suppose by the time I get this written it will be 200 words. If some of the Busy Bees will write me letters I will kindly answer them, as I like to get acquainted with them.

(Honorable Mention.)

My Trip to Morris.

By Frances Alena Shelton, Aged 12 Years, Box M, Cheyenne, Okla. Red Side.
Last year about this time I began school in Morris, Okla., twelve miles north and eighteen miles west of here. At that time I had a dear young married sister living there.

Her husband had charge of the telephone works, and as the place was strange and new, and my big curly-haired brother-in-law had to be away sometimes quite late, they asked mamma to please let me come and go to school from their home. So mamma just got me ready and we loaded up my belongings and drove our Topsy horse over the country to their place.

They were doing housekeeping on the second floor of the same building where the telephone office was. On the

first floor was a large dry goods store, also a big grocery department. And the second floor had been had out for small families. So, after I had been over there three months the other nice young couples moved up.

Then my sister was not so lonesome any more and she had gotten acquainted and was not afraid. So my mamma thought I had best come home again, as she, too, was all alone when my step father was away to his store, as he is a furniture dealer and undertaker.

Now, it is of my trip going down and of the trip coming back I wish to tell about. Well, mamma and I left here at 6 in the morning and went one mile north till we came to the cross road. Then we turned west.

The roads were in fine shape, only a little dusty. Our Topsy horse did not know like our loading up. She seemed to know we were dividing our family up, and every time she got a chance she would try to turn to the east or south. On our left we soon came in sight of a little town called Council Hill, for it is built near the beautiful mounds.

Way up on one of these mounds is a dear, beautiful tree that you can see for miles. On another mound are two trees. I call them twins. And all around those mounds are hundreds of cattle, cotton fields and little colored children with their sacks swinging over their shoulders picking the little white cotton balls, and such nice cornfields, with ears dangling from the stalk, a good foot long on an average.

Then about noon we came into a town called Hitchita. Here we fed and watered our Topsy horse and ate our dinner. Then we turned north from there and came out into a thick wood—but such a clean, beautiful wood. About the time we thought the trip almost a parade, the big flies began on our dear old Topsy horse. She kept her tail busy and we kept a brush busy, too. Besides those big ones were the little green nit flies. This lasted for about five miles.

Then we came out to a beautiful opening with the oil fields in sight. Each oil well has a large derrick built up, running several hundred feet in the air. Then there are big oil tanks sitting around which hold hundreds of barrels of oil. One of these big wells is at this present time on fire and we can see the blaze leaping in the air from here, over twenty miles away.

At half past 3 o'clock we arrived in Morris to see the glad arms of my sister stretched to meet us. This being Saturday, mamma stayed over Sunday to let the horse rest up and also to visit a day. Monday morning she left for her home and reached it at high noon, and phoned right back to us. We were glad to hear her voice and know she was safe.

Well, going back when she came after me was about the same, only our Topsy horse got sick and was over from daylight to 5 o'clock that evening on the road.

We met two big negroes and also a wagon load of Indiana, which gave us quite a scare, so we felt sick, too, when we got back. Would tell more but this story is too long now. That dear sister is dead now and it left me lonesome and sad. We have her sweet little boy. He is seven months old. His name is Henry.

More About Lincoln Park.

By Mildred White, Aged 10 Years, 311 North Twenty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

One morning when I was visiting in Chicago, we went downtown shopping. Then took a launch at the drainage canal to Lincoln park.

We enjoyed the ride as it was cool on the water. After landing we went to the children's sanitarium. This sanitarium was for poor sick children. They doctor and nurse them. We enjoyed looking at the babies in little hammocks, and some comfortably asleep in their beds.

After a while we went to the conservatory building. The building is beautifully built of glass. It is upon a little terrace.

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SUNDAY,

September 23, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Arthur Loomis Arth, 211 South Thirty-second Ave.	High	1897
Miriam N. Bassett, 809 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1901
George Bennett, 1016 South Eleventh St.	Pacific	1895
Helen Bosler, 4809 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1896
Vivian Bovel, 3907 Wirt St.	Clifton Hill	1901
Theodore E. Burdin, 4608 North Twenty-second St.	Saratoga	1904
Walter Calif, 713 South Thirty-fourth St.	Columbian	1901
Victor Carlson, 2228 Ohio St.	Lake	1898
John Connor, 3806 North Twenty-second St.	Lothrop	1904
Ruth De Lee, 2409 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1902
Quito Eddy, 2306 Wirt St.	Central	1896
Grace M. Fleming, 4235 Dodge St.	Central	1896
Camille Furay, Fifty-ninth and Center Sts.	Beals	1900
Robert Gannon, 2610 Cumling St.	Webster	1903
Esther Garrard, 3211 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1895
Marrav Gault, 3419 Pine St.	Windsor	1901
Ada Hillebrand, 1047 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1900
Annie Horn, 421 Central Blvd.	Webster	1903
Milton Howland, 2329 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1899
Irving Johnson, 2709 Caldwell St.	Long	1903
Emma Kreyenberg, 535 South Twenty-seventh St.	High	1893
Francis S. Lacy, 704 South Thirty-first St.	Farnam	1894
William Lundquist, 2812 Webster St.	Webster	1901
Barbara Lindmier, 2439 Ellison Ave.	Miller Park	1904
Frank A. Martin, Thirty-seventh and Manderson St.	Dupont	1899
Raymond Medlin, 2623 North Twentieth St.	Walnut Hill	1901
Pearl M. Nichols, 2010 Grace St.	Lake	1903
Alfred Nuess, 324 North Twenty-fifth St.	Long	1896
James Nusarallah, 1122 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1899
Carl Emil Olsen, 618 North Eighteenth St.	Casa	1898
Odessa B. Peake, 1921 South Thirty-fifth Ave.	Windsor	1898
Alvin Peterson, 1320 North Thirty-second St.	Franklin	1895
Johannes P. Peterson, 3740 South Seventeenth St.	Vinton	1896
Faustine L. Potts, 3034 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1905
Roswell Potts, 3034 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1900
Charles H. Redgwick, 1206 South Twenty-seventh Park	Park	1905
Philip Rich, 4723 North Fourteenth St.	Sherman	1902
Leona Richmond, 2767 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1903
Lorene Rosenstock, 3306 Harney St.	Columbian	1896
Gertrude M. Rylen, 2409 Davenport St.	Central	1897
Ralph Segelberg, 1918 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1903
Thelma Skaff, 413 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1902
Percy L. Sommer, 2814 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1900
Raymond Strain, 624 South Twentieth St.	Leavenworth	1899
Katherine Thatcher, 1336 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1904
James Vanhauer, 2036 Elm St.	Castellar	1896
Edward Voleak, 519 Hickory St.	Train	1900
Florence Wade, 124 North Twenty-fourth St.	High	1896
Dorothy Wahlgren, 528 North Thirty-second St.	Webster	1896
Margaret Williams, 102 South Thirty-fifth Ave.	Columbian	1897
Stan. Wojtowicz, 2513 South Twenty-sixth St.	Im. Conception	1902

There were gardens of geraniums and foliage all around it, also, there was a beautiful fountain, throwing its spray of water. On entering the building all we could see from top to bottom was palms and ferns of every imaginable kind.

After seeing all the flowers we got some peanuts and fed the squirrels. Once in a while we would see a squirrel burrow in the ground and bury one or two. They were so tame that they would eat right out of our hands. As it was getting late we took the path homeward.

Mamma Was Married.

By Marie Elias, Aged 12 Years, 1506 William Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
Little Elsie was 19 years old and possessed a big number of sisters, one of whom was just passing through the throes of an engagement. The word "engaged" worried Elsie, who knew but one meaning for the word.

One day a stranger rang the door bell and it fell to Elsie to open the door. "Good morning, little girl; is your mamma at home, and may I see her?" "Why, I could take your message to her."

"Oh, your mamma's engaged?" explained the stranger. "No—no, Mamma's married."

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Howsoever, that rather-have-the-money part has nothing at all to do with the fact, relates the New York Telegram, that on our Broadway in the full light of an August afternoon two \$5.00 garters changed—changed, that is to say, hands.

Miss Norma Thomas, of the stage, you know, that girl that can be unlucky and lucky at the same time, such as being hurt in an automobile accident and then get \$10,000 from the careless railroad company. And then you must know also that she's pretty and that she was in "The Echo" and that she was proposed to by a rich man old enough to be her big brother—you know all about that, for it's been in the papers.

Well, you see, Miss Norma Thomas, who lives with her folks at 35 Schermerhorn street, in Brooklyn, wasn't quite sure she wanted to marry Franklin Logan of Toledo, although Mr. Logan was held to be a pretty important wester for a man of 45 years old. He was decidedly

nice, everybody agreed to that. But Miss Norma Thomas, being only 19 years old, naturally wanted to think it over.

So when Mr. Logan left for Europe earlier in the summer he hadn't anything more definite than a think-it-over promise.

When the big Olympic warped into its dock—they invariably warp in, these ships—Mr. Logan tripped down the gang-plank and made for a telephone.

Arrangements were soon made, and in the afternoon a luncheon for Miss Norma Thomas and three of her female friends

was spread in a cool corner—the cool is put in to make it read sleek—and Mr. Logan and all of 'em sat down.

When the luncheon had just passed the olive salad out came a box from Mr. Logan's pocket. Out from the box came two of the glittering things you ever saw.

They were the \$5.00 garters.

Miss Norma Thomas is not naturally skeptical, but to see garters with glittering windows in them and good chains that reach, oh, ever so far toward the north—well she couldn't believe them diamonds.

Mr. Logan naturally wanted to know just where he stood as a prospective husband, and users had to be some—you'll pardon us, won't you, whispering, not about the \$5.00, or rather the \$10.00, garters, but about Mr. Cupid.

It seemed to the others that Mr. Logan was not so happy as he might have been, but he was one of those good, game fellows who say, "Oh, that'll be all right," and the whispering was soon over.

On rainy days perhaps you may have a chance to see Miss Norma Thomas carrying an umbrella.



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