

The Little Busy Bees :: Their Own Page

EAR BUSY BEES: Letters about George Washington whose birthday we celebrate Thursday poured in all week. They are interesting. They show that you know a good deal about our great general and president and that you were interested in your subject.

Many Busy Bees have written lately asking information about the Children's page. The only thing necessary to join the Busy Bees of the Children's page is to write a letter saying that you wish to belong to our hive. There are two sides—Red and Blue—each of which tries to win more prizes than the other. A new Bee may join whichever side he or she chooses. Every four months the Bees elect a king and queen to lead them. At the time the king and queen are announced, the number of prizes won by the Red and Blue sides in the last four months is also announced.

The two new Bees in Bellevue ask if they shall come for their prizes. No. Prizes are mailed to winners. If at the end of three weeks your prize does not come, you may know that there has been some mistake and you should either write, telephone or come to the office to inquire about it.

The prize winners today are Rose Murray and Dorothy Darlow.

Where are our boys?

The new Bees today are Lutie DeLoz of Omaha and Eva Hugenberg of South Omaha.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

George Washington's Boyhood.
By Rose Murray. Aged 7 Years, 1125 North Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

George Washington was born in Virginia February 22, 1732, and died December 14, 1799. George Washington was always a truthful boy. One day he cut down his father's cherry tree. When his father asked him who did it, he answered, "I did it with my hatchet." Father's favorite colt.

George's mother had a favorite colt that was feeding in the pasture. This colt was very wild because it was not yet broken in. George and some other boys were playing in the pasture. The other boys dared George to ride the colt. George would not take a dare, so he got on the colt's back. It plunged and reared till it fell and broke a blood vessel, dying instantly. George did not know what to do. The boys said not to tell his mother. The boys were frightened and ran home.

George went into the house, and told his mother what had happened.

His mother said, "I am sorry you killed the colt, but I would rather lose a hundred colts than have you tell one."

(Second Prize.)

George Washington.
By Dorothy A. Darlow. Aged 12 Years, 308 South Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha.

Very many years ago, on the twenty-second day of February of the year 1732, a little child was born in an old-fashioned farm house in Virginia. The name of the little boy's father was Augustine Washington and his mother's name was Mary.

The boy grew up to be obedient, truthful and honest. He could run the fastest and climb the highest of all his playmates.

When George was 16 years old he gave up going to school and became a surveyor. This work kept him out of doors most of the time, and made him very strong and healthy.

One day when he was surveying the land, he heard there was a quarrel between two nations, France and England. He tried to settle this quarrel but the French soldiers would not have it at the English wished them to. They built forts in the country and said they meant to keep it all for the king of France. It was a long and dangerous journey that George Washington made. But at last he came back safely.

Washington soon set out again, this time with a party of soldiers. He fought with the French and Indians, but there were too many of them for his men. The king of England was very angry when he heard about the French soldiers. He determined to drive them away, and sent soldiers from England to fight them. In the end the French were defeated.

One December day George Washington got a bad cold and two days later died. It was indeed a sad day on December 12, 1770.

(Honorable Mention.)

Incidents in Washington's Life.
By Mildred White. Aged 11 Years, 5004 Hinman Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

George Washington was born in Virginia in the year 1732 and on the 22d day of February.

In one of his school books he wrote many good rules or sayings. Here is one: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Here is one of the many examples of his truthfulness: One morning George Washington and his brothers were out in the pasture. George noticed his mother's favorite colt which had never been tamed to the saddle prancing about and kicking up his heels.

"Boys," he said, "if you will put a bridle on him I'll ride him."

The boys finally managed to get him into one corner and to slip the bridle on him. With a leap George seated himself firmly on the colt's back. Wild with rage the colt jumped, reared, plunged and did everything in his power to throw his rider. It was all in vain. He might as well have tried to throw off his own skin. At last with one fatal bound the animal burst a blood vessel and fell dead.

The battle was over, George was victor, but it had cost the life of Mrs. Washington's favorite colt. When they went to breakfast that morning their mother knowing they had been out in the pasture knew her colt was getting on.

"He is dead mother. I killed him."

"Dead!"

For a moment her face flushed with anger. Then it changed and she said, "Though I regret the loss of my favorite I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

When this great and noble man died England and France joined America in mourning for him.

When Lafayette, a young Frenchman who aided us in the revolutionary war, came back here he went down into Washington's vault and shed tears of gratitude to think that he had known Washington and that Washington had been his friend.

Life of George Washington.

By Eva Hugenberg. Aged 12 Years, 1125 North Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

George Washington was born February 22, 1732, in a small place called Bridges Creek, near the banks of the beautiful Potomac river in Virginia.

When he was a boy he was fond of playing games and sports. He liked to

These Kiddies Had a Valentine Party



Mrs. Henry Lehman gave a children's valentine party Wednesday afternoon at her home in honor of her granddaughter, Frances Stannard of Cincinnati. The rooms were decorated with garlands and

smilax, roses and red paper hearts. Valentine boxes filled with candy were the favors and those present were Miss Friedline's bed with Snip and Snap, the kittens, running about playing with ball, but suddenly Snap disappeared, while Snip, in great distress was looking everywhere for him.

Sarah meanwhile was trying to smooth down a bunch on the bed. She shook it and a heap of fur came tumbling to the floor. She picked it up and began stroking it, but for this the kitten only gave her a scratch on the nose.

"You naughty kitten," she said, putting him down, "but I love you just the same."

There is a large mattress and a rug under him. He follows me out to play when I've got my sled and he pulls me. Of course I don't harness him up; it hurts his neck. He just pulls forward.

Keep Telling Story of Washington
By Marie Bourdelais. Aged 12 Years, Thurston, Neb., R.R. 1, Blue Side.

Two little boys from the kindergarten went into the barber's shop to have their hair cut. Two men were waiting their turn.

The barber said to one of the boys: "Run over to the store across the street and see if my assistant is there. Tell him to hurry because there are four men waiting."

The boys went, found the man and gave the message, except he said there were two men waiting.

Then he added: "The barber told me to say four men but I wasn't going to tell a lie for two men."

"Why not?" asked the man.

"Why?" responded the boy, "don't you suppose we have a picture of George Washington over in our kindergarten?"

The teacher declares that she shall tell the story of the cherry tree with renewed interest and frequency.

The Naughty Kitten.

By Mildred F. Voigt. Aged 11 Years, Davenport, Neb.

One morning Sarah, the maid, and little Ross were making the beds. Sarah was a faithful old lady who had worked for Miss Friedline for about twenty years.

Little Ross and Sarah were making Miss Friedline's bed with Snip and Snap, the kittens, running about playing with ball, but suddenly Snap disappeared, while Snip, in great distress was looking everywhere for him.

Sarah meanwhile was trying to smooth down a bunch on the bed. She shook it and a heap of fur came tumbling to the floor. She picked it up and began stroking it, but for this the kitten only gave her a scratch on the nose.

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CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

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The Doctor's Advice

by Dr. Lewis Baker



The questions answered below are general in character, the symptoms or diseases named are typical and will apply to any case of similar nature.

Those wishing further advice, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Blvd., College-Belwood Sts., Dayton, Ohio, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given, but only initials or fictitious names will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any well-stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

They can be bought at any drug store in sealed tubes with full directions for using. I have found them the most reliable and gratifying curvature.

A. L. U.—I advise you to get the following ingredients and mix at home in a small glass of hawthorn: Three cubes of saponin; 1 dram; comp. fluid hawthorn, 1 oz.; and tincture rhubarb aromatic, 3 drams. Mix in water and give 10 drops once hour before meals.

"Speaker" writes: "I am troubled with a tickling sensation after speaking, which is accompanied with a slight cough and soreness. Can I get relief?"

Answer: You will not only be relieved but will be cured by the following: Ark druggist for 3 oz. bottle of essence monilia. This can be taken pure or can be made into a fine pint of essence. Put this essence on the bottle for masking. As it approaches Washington's friend said, "You are my prisoner." Washington said, "I believe not." His friend quickly saw that it was Washington's troops dressed up as British. It was afterward known that this friend was to receive a large sum of money for the capture of Washington.

Our Little Dogs.

By Ardath McBride, Aged 9 Years, South Omaha.

We have two dogs, Duke and Jack. Duke is 4 or 5 months and Jack is 7 years old. Duke is white and Jack is black. Duke is a bulldog and Jack is a pug dog.

Jack stays in the house and Duke does not. Jack is our family pet.

I do not remember when Jack was born, for I was only 2 years old; but I do when Duke was born.

The two dogs are about the same height, but they will not stay that way, for Duke is growing very fast. They were playing for a long time Thursday morning. They were feeling good, I guess. We are thinking of selling Duke.

We gave Duke a bath for the first time. He liked it. He looks like a snowball, he is white.

Jack can do many tricks, but Duke cannot. We are going to train him to be a watch dog and teach him some tricks. We have a little cart and harness. He is going to learn to pull.

FRIEDA ZIEMAN.

And in Hungary, Frieda tells us, the little girls are very industrious. They learn to cook when they are very young and do not play all the time as they do here. Frieda's old grandmother taught her to hem when she was only 7 years old. She also taught Frieda to embroider in many pretty patterns.

Sometimes when Frieda gets letters from her cousins in the old country she is rather homesick to be there. But she likes this country very much and is a royal young American.

caused George's military spirit, which he seemed to inherit from his father's people to be aroused. His parents gave him a good education and the other strong points of his character and splendid physique brought him into the prominent place which he so well filled in the early history of the United States.

This is a true story.

A Stolen Turkey.

By Olive Frater, Aged 10 Years, Du Bois, Neb., Blue Side.

In November, 1858, a tramp was going through a small town in South Dakota. He was very hungry and out of work. He had stopped at several places and asked for food, but was turned away.

He went up to a kitchen door intending to ask for food, but no one was in the kitchen. The door being open, he saw a large turkey just taken from the oven. He thought he would go in and help himself. He picked up the turkey and laid it in a basket and placed some biscuits around it and skipped out. He said he never stopped until he got away from town. And then he ate all he wanted.

This is a true story.

Tobby.

By Leona Johnston, Aged 10 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

Tobby is our pet dog. He is white with a black spot on the side of his body.

He sleeps down cellar in a wheelbarrow.

Washington's Keenness.

By Leon Kahn, Aged 14 Years, 621 South Twenty-ninth Street, Omaha.

Washington was a very clever man.

He was very clever when he was camped near West Point.

Washington had a friend whom he took much interest in. One day this friend invited Washington to dinner and told him to be there at 3 o'clock, but Wash-

ington went earlier than he was supposed to. When Washington arrived his friend greeted him.

They were both standing on the porch and his friend kept looking all around, as if looking for something. Suddenly approaching in the distance was a troop of cavalry. As it approached Washington's friend said, "You are my prisoner."

Washington said, "I believe not." His friend quickly saw that it was Washington's troops dressed up as British. It was afterward known that this friend was to receive a large sum of money for the capture of Washington.

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What Our School Children Are Doing--XXXI



FIRST A CLASS AT THE WINDSOR SCHOOL

Health and Beauty Helps

BY MRS. MARIE MARTYN.

Louise: Face powder is very bad to use. It looks bad and leaves bad red marks. The woman who uses face powder eventually gets wrinkles in her face, causes fine wrinkles and other age-marks. Leave it alone if you will be beautiful.

Dissolve 4 ounces of spumaria in 1/2-pint water. Add 1/2 oz. of glycerine and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. This is the finest skin-whitener available.