

The Busy Bees :: :: :: Their Own Page

Omaha Girls Rehearsing Dances for St. Patrick's Day Celebration



Helen Kramer-Eileen Edwards-Goldie Predmesky



MARY CREEDON

HELEN ADAMS

FRANCES HARRISON

Little Stories Told by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Reading.

By Hester Mallory, Aged 5 Years, 123 West Twenty-third Street, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

I spend most of my spare time reading. I am trying to get the series of the "Little Prudy" books. Every Christmas I get one. I have now "Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple," "Little Prudy's Cousin Grace" and "Little Prudy's Sister Bessie." I have read them over and over again.

I attend the model school at the state normal. I get some books at the library there and come at the public library.

When I go to my grandma's I read most of the time. Sometimes in the afternoon grandma and I go upstairs and I get one of my uncle's books that he had when he was little and grandma gets a Ladies' Home Journal to read when after a while we drop off to sleep.

My mamma had a book that she read when she was little that has in it the story of "The Goose and the Fox," which grandma reads to me every time I go out there.

I would like very much to win a prize.

(Second Prize.)

Buds of Promise.

By Edward Beckord, Aged 12 Years, Waco, Neb. Red Side.

Buds of Promise is the name of my Sunday school class. We are organized and have a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer and some committees. I am the treasurer. Our colors are purple and gold. Our motto is, "Blooming All for Jesus."

We have a party every month and a class meeting. The teacher always gives a present to the ones that have a birthday in that month. Last month the party was held on the 15th. When we all arrived we were taken into a room where there were strings running all over the room. We each took an end of a string and had to wind it up. At the end we found a valentine.

We were then given a small flag and a pin. Each in turn were blindfolded, led into a room where there was a pole covered with cotton that represented the North pole. There were three parties—Cook's, Peary's and Wellman's. I was Peary. We had to put our flag on the pole. The one who put the flag the highest discovered the North pole and got a book for a prize. A girl got it.

We were then lined up on two equal sides and were given a ball made out of cotton that represented snowballs. I was captain of one side. When one was hit he or she was to go on the other side. One counted to fifty. When she got done she had to get the most on it won. My side won.

We were then treated with candy. We played other games. The popcorn balls were hung around the room. When we bit a piece off of one without touching it with our hands we got to keep it.

For lunch we had sandwiches, ice cream and cake.

We were then told to go out doors. When we got outside small pieces of paper were thrown on us for snow. We all had a good time.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Long Base Ball.

By Agnes Mathouse, 325 South Twelfth Street, Omaha.

This game which is called "the long base ball" is a very interesting game. The girls from the fifth grade up play it at school. We play it in our play room after school and on Tuesdays and Fridays. Our teacher keeps score for us and is our umpire. I am captain on one side.

This game is played different from other base ball. There are only three bases. First the home base, second, the pitcher's base; then the long base. There can be as many on long base as it can hold.

We have a jolly time playing in doors, but when the weather is warmer we will play outdoors. I wish that some

SUCH a good time the Busy Bees have in their different pastimes after school hours! The letters today tell about the special interests of the Busy Bees. The one which takes the first prize is especially interesting. It is by Hester Mallory of Kearney, Neb., whose favorite recreation is reading. She is getting the series of the Prudy books. After reading her letter the Busy Bees will surely wish her good fortune in securing the books which her collection now lacks.

While the letters today are most of them fine, there is one letter which is troubling the Children's page editor. He remembers having read it before—not in the same words, but with the same ideas.

Perhaps the Busy Bee who wrote the story does not know that all letters to this page must be original. Only original letters are of value here. Do not write anything that you have read in some story book or any story that your teacher or mother has told you.

Your ideas, opinions and experiences are much more interesting than any story which you could retell for the Children's page. Haven't you noticed that only letters telling incidents in the lives of the Busy Bees themselves, or describing things which they themselves have seen, are awarded prizes?

There are some good bird letters today. Our bird friends will soon be with us again. Watch the birds, Busy Bees, and write the other Bees about what you see.

The new Bees today are Donald Munroe, Lillian Holstrom, Agnes Mathouse and Ruth Louis, all of Omaha, and Estella Moore of Alma, Neb. Most of them have joined the Red side.

Today's prizes go to Hester Mallory of Kearney and Edward Beckord of Waco, Neb.

Some of you girls would try this game and enjoy yourselves.

Saved.

By Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.

Many years ago, on the east shore of the Atlantic ocean, lived a little girl with her father and mother. Her name was Helen West. Helen was a very sweet and obedient child and loved by every one that knew her. She had blue eyes and brown, curly hair.

Her parents were quite poor. Her father was a sailor and so he had a little house. Just before he went away in November he got her a big St. Bernard dog that he knew would take care of her and her mother.

The dog would go every place Helen went and see that no harm came to her. It was many weary days that Helen and Jack (the dog) spent together waiting for the return of Mr. West.

Early one spring morning a rap was heard at the door and Mrs. West got up and opened it to see Mr. Day, a fisherman, standing there. She asked him to come in but he said he could not stop, as he only had a little message to leave Helen that was given him by her father. This is what it said:

"My Dear Little Daughter: I will be home tomorrow night between 6 and 7 o'clock. If you like you may be at the shore to meet me. Your Father."

"Oh, good, good, papa is coming home tomorrow night and I am to meet him," said Helen.

Mrs. West told Helen that if she was a good girl she could go.

At about 6 o'clock the next day Helen put on her little hat and she and Jack started for the shore. After they had been gone about fifteen minutes the clouds began to get black and there was going to be a storm. Helen did not know there was any danger, but Jack did and tried to get her to turn back by his whining, but she would not go.

The storm grew worse and worse until finally they lost their way. The waves beat fiercely upon the shore and Helen and the dog were almost swept away with it.

It was about 9 o'clock when the storm grew milder and they started away from the shore, and soon found a piece high up on the rocks, where they were out of danger.

When the dog knew Helen was safe, he left her, and leaped down from the rocks and started for home to get Helen's mother. She knew by his whining that he knew where Helen was, so she got her lantern and they started off.

They soon came to the spot where Helen lay asleep. Mrs. West picked her up and carried her towards the shore. Just as they got there a boat stopped and a man got out. It was Mr. West. West took him the story of Helen and he took her from her mother's arms and carried her home.

When they got there and Helen was

awakened, Mr. West told her that they did not have to live near the ocean any more, but were going to move to a quiet little farm in the country. This delighted her very much, but still more to know that her faithful dog "Jack" had saved her life.

The Sights I Saw.

By Gladys Van Ness, Aged 12 Years, 149 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

While in San Francisco, I visited the clubs. The ferris wheel circle swang and cuties are illuminated every evening, and all the lights are on the lagoon and it looks very beautiful.

At 3:30 o'clock they feed the animals. The lions roar so you can hardly hear.

The name of one of the lions is Sultan, the unfamable lion. There is a white polar bear with pictures of foobergs in its cage, and a pond of water for it to swim in. There is also a very large elephant and a dromedary with two humps on its back. A large snake is in a big glass cage, and a great many lions and tigers are there in the next cage there are all kinds of monkeys and a big baboon. There are about one hundred monkeys in one cage.

There is a small engine and cars run around the lagoon.

Then we went to Golden Gate park and visited the conservatory, where we saw many flowers and many banana trees. Then we went to the aviary, where we saw all kinds of birds. Then we went to Strawberry hill, right in the middle of Golden Gate park. On the very top of Strawberry hill is the observatory, where we could see the Golden Gate and the ocean.

We also could see Mt. Tamalpais in the distance.

That was all for that day.

Helen's Lesson.

By Meta March, Aged 10 Years, 222 U Street, South Omaha.

Once there was a little girl. Her name was Helen. Helen had a sister. Her name was Mary. Helen was naughty. Mary was older than Helen was. One afternoon Helen was sitting on the back porch. She was watching the bees. Her sister said, "Don't go near the bees because they will sting you."

"I don't care," said Helen. So she went to the bee hive and she got stung. Then she said, "I wish I had listened to what you said."

She could not write for about a month. When she went to school her teacher asked her why she did not come to school.

She said, "The bees stung me."

After this she listened to what older people said.

Tom's Lesson.

By Evelyn Bernhardt, Aged 9 Years, North Thirtieth Street, South Omaha.

One day when Tom came home from school, he said to his mother, "I'm the smartest boy in school. I'm at the head

of the classes. I can do the examples in arithmetic that the others can't.

Now I'm going to write to Aunt Lucy and tell her that I know columns by heart, and I'm half through algebra, and ask her what Cousin Felix can do.

"I hope it will not discourage Felix," said his mother.

"Oh, it will make him wish he was smart too!"

"Be wise and Aunt Lucy wrote in reply, "We are so glad that Tom is such a fine scholar. He asks what Felix can do. He can play on his violin. He can read

◆◆◆ MERER SPONG ◆◆◆ ELLANON KEATING ◆◆◆

a little Latin and talk a little French."

"Dear me," said Tom, "I am not so smart as I thought."

It seems that other boys are smart too.

I think I would like to join the Blue Side.

I am a new Busy Bee.

The Disobedient Boy.

By Edith V. Lynn, 1523 North Twenty-fourth, South Omaha, Blue Side.

There was a boy named Kenneth, and his mother was going to take him to see his aunt. So she dressed him all up and told him he could go out and play until it was time to go, but she said he should not get dirty. So he told her he would not.

Then he went out and he met his playmate, Bobbie. He asked Kenneth if he would go down to the spring with him to get some water.

Kenneth said "Yes."

So they both went down, and when they got there they thought they would play a little while in the water before they went home. While they were playing Kenneth got his clothes all wet and dirty. Then he began to cry, and Bobbie asked him what was the matter. He said he had got all wet and dirty and he could not go to his aunt's.

So they went home and Kenneth's mother gave him a spanking and put him to bed. And they did not go to visit his aunt that day.

What Became of a Poor Girl.

By Victor Elias, Aged 9 Years, 126 West Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a poor little girl named Alice. She was a very poor little girl. Her father was dead and her mother was old and very sick. So one day as she was sitting by her poor old gray-haired mother she died. How little Alice did cry.

Alice had a few cents, so she bought as many flowers as she could for what she had and went out to sell them.

She sold all but one, and could not sell this. So she sat down and cried and cried. Soon a lady came by and asked her why she was crying. Alice told her the story of what happened and that she was trying to get a few cents for bread.

The lady felt very sorry for poor Alice, so she said, "Come with me." So she went. The lady took her to her home and gave her a big dinner. She asked her if she would not stay with her. Alice said she would and so she did. Ever since Alice is a rich little girl and is having a nice time.

My Trip Across the Ocean.

By Frances Calvert, Aged 8 Years, 204 Leavenworth Street, Omaha, Aged 8 Years.

I was 5 years old when I left England. I had a very happy ten days on the water and was not seasick at all. I liked to see the seagulls as they followed the boat for the food that was thrown from it. There were church services, concerts and games on board and everything was beautiful and the first thing we saw when we came to New York was the beautiful Statute of Liberty.

Charles' Eward.

By Frances Drum, Aged 11 Years, 21 South Thirtieth Street, South Omaha.

Once there was a boy. He was very poor. He sold papers for a living. One day as he was walking he found a pocket-book and in it \$25. There was a card telling the name and address of the owner. That night he went and gave the owner the book. He was Mr. James. He gave Charles one-half of the money. Then he was very happy. He went home and went to bed. He dreamed he had very much money. He lived happy ever after.

I hope to see my story in print.

Children Will Be Seen in Folk Dances Next Sunday Night

Among the little girls who will dance at the St. Patrick's day celebration to be given by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Croighan auditorium next Sunday evening are Eileen Edwards, Helen Kramer, Goldie Predmesky, Frances Harrison, Eleanor Keating, Naomi Fowler, Mary Creedon, Helen Adams, Mildred House and Gladys Chandler.

W. J. McCram is chairman in charge of the event. The principal speech will be "The Day We Celebrate," by Patrick H. O'Donnell of Chicago.

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Greenville, Ohio.—"While attending school at Lebanon, Ohio, in 1882, there was a scurvy sore, and we were all vaccinated. Presumably from impure virus used, I became afflicted with boils, which lasted for about two years, when the affliction assumed the form of an eczema on my face, the lower part of my face being inflamed most of the time. There would be water-blisters rise up, and open, and wherever the water would touch it would burn, and cause another one to rise. After the blister would open, the place would scab over, and would burn and itch on as to be almost unbearable at times. In this way the sores would spread from one place to another, back and forth over the whole of my upper lip and chin, and at times the whole lower part of my face would be a solid sore. This condition continued for four or five years, without getting any better, and in fact got worse all the time, so much so that my wife became alarmed, and it grew fatal.

Finally I decided to try Cuticura Remedies, which I did, taking the Cuticura Resolvent internally, applying the Cuticura Ointment to the sores, and using the Cuticura Soap as a wash. In a very short time I began to notice improvements, and continued to use the Cuticura Remedies until within less than a year I was well again, and have not had a recurrence of the trouble since, which is over twenty years. I have recommended Cuticura Remedies to others ever since, and have great faith in them as remedies for skin disease."

(Signed) A. C. Brandon, Attorney-at-Law, January 17, 1911.

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Symptoms Are Warnings To Wise Men.

The publication of the prescription of a failed prescription would prove fruitless to hundreds of men if unable to recognize the necessity for its use. It is not the intention or desire of the writer to mislead, or to frighten, but to paint the picture of the sufferer by the presciently advised, but rather in the desire to state plain facts. The peculiar affliction which destroys ambition, organic strength, energy and hope is accompanied by such symptoms as: Dull, sunken eyes; thinness (or absence) of hair; frequent urination; loss of appetite; constipation; kidney derangements; a general unpropitiously for emergencies. The right kind of medical treatment will effectually overcome such warning symptoms and restore normal health. It is persistently used for a few short weeks.

Any one can buy the ingredients of this prescription, but this prescription at home as it contains no poisonous opiates whatever.

The instructions for mixing at home secretly so that no embarrassment may be felt, are as follows: First get three ounces of eyerite compound containing one ounce compound fluid balmwort; mix and let stand two hours. Then add one ounce compound essence cardiol and one ounce tincture cadomene compound. Put in caps and mix all together. The directions are to take one teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring, until brightening of the complexion and strength are restored. Even a few weeks will witness most wonderful results.

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