The Busy Bees -:- Their Own Page

BOTH prize letters, and also the letter which wins honorable mention, on today's Children's page are about animals. Mollie Corenman writes about her cats and Lydia Read tells us about her dog Barney. Dorothy Switzer writes about an angleworm.

Since the Busy Bees are so interested in animals, they will be interested in reading an appeal for better treatment of animals, printed in this month's issue of the magazine published by the Society for Protection of Dumb Animals, by Mr. George Foster, a Brooklyn man, who is a sturdy champion of all four-footed kind:

"Never keep a canine or a feline if you are unable to give it sufficient food. Fresh water should be provided in a clean dish or bowl at least twice a day.

"Dogs never should be kept chained or in confinement for any great length of time; they need exercise, fresh air and sunshine almost as much as we do.

"Never allow your dog or cat to become a nuisance to your neighbors. Remember that the latter have rights that you are bound to respect. Don't allow your dog to bark at a cat, for instance, for five minutes at a time, as that is very annoying to well people and positively harmful to ill people.

"Remember, your cat cannot live by mice alone, she must have food and milk, or at least food and water. When she has kittens be sure to drown or otherwise humanely put to death all of the litter but one, saving that one to abstract the milk from its mother. It is positively cruel to the cat to destroy all of the litter. If the one kitten that is kept is not wanted after it is a month or six weeks old, it should be given to those whose business it is to take care of such animals, and they will put it to painless death."

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

A Careful Cat.

Mollie Corenman, Aged 11 Years, 805 South Seventh Street, Omaha.

We have a very nice cat and we call her kitty. Just two or three weeks ago she had four little kittens. Two of them are gray and one is pure black, while the other one is all colors.

We gave her a nice box to put her little kittens in and she liked it very much. We have a little puppy who is very playful. Whenever the mother cat went away from her little kittens the dog always went and tried to play with them, but while he was barking at them, our cat came and gave him a good scratch.

One day I wanted to go and see her little kittens, but they were not there. I hunted all over for them, but I could not find them anywhere. At last a man came in and wanted a lamp chimney and I went to the box where they were kept and to my surprise I saw the little kittens. Then I took all of the lamp chimneys out of the box and let them lie there in peace.

(Second Prize.)

Barney.

By Lydia Read, Aged 9 Years, 2964 Harney Street, Omaha.

My dog's name is Barney. His color is black except a little white spot on his neck and paw. He was 2 years old on May day, but he is very large.

He sits on his hind legs and barks until we give him a bone, then he carries it under the kitchen table. After dinner he sleeps until I come home from school.

He is very playful. When I throw a stick in the air he catches it and lies down to chew it.

I think he is a very good dog.

(Honorable Mention.)

A Funny Angleworm.

By Dorothy Switzer, Aged 9 Years, Fort Crook, Neb.

There was once an angleworm in my garden that I had hit with my spade when I was digging. It came up and dipped one of its ends into a can of brown paint and wriggled up and down on a piece of paper. When it stopped there were several pictures of big brown angleworms. Then the angleworm suddenly stopped wriggling and jumped into the air and was gone.

The May Basket.

By Molly Brown, 2212 South Fifteenth street, Omaha.

In one of the finest houses in town there were three very happy people. There were Mary, her father and her mother.

"Mary," said her father, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out a dollar, "Go buy some things and make a May basket."

Mary ran to the store, bought the things and went home. She worked all day and when it was done a finer May basket was never made. It had some flowers and candy and all sorts of good things.

"Who are you going to give it to?" asked her father.

"You may laugh at me," said Mary, "but I shall do it all the same."

"In the back there lives a little girl and her mother. They are very poor and the girl is sick. I shall give it to her."

Her father wept tears of joy for the thoughtfulness of his little girl.

When the poor little girl got the May basket she was so happy that she soon got well and she and Mary were very good friends ever after.

As for Mary, she got a $5 bill for being so kind hearted.

Mary's Luck.

By Eara Millobar, Aged 11 years, 2866 U Street, South Omaha. Blue Side.

Mary, a friend of mine, believes in an old saying. "See a pin, pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck."

It was her birthday. She was dressed up nice and was waiting for company. She made up her mind to go and take a walk until the company should arrive. Mother told her to take good care of her pretty, new dress; then she took her doll and went for a walk down the street.

In the street she saw a pin. Bending down to get it she somehow tumbled and fell in the mud.

She got up and went home crying. Mother stood at the door laughing over the funny sight. Company was there, and they were already beginning to sing to make Mary happy.

Mary walked in all muddy with her doll all black with mud. Mother told her to stop crying, and her dirty dress was soon taken off. She got another nice clean one, and another pretty new doll too. She stopped crying and had a good time, but never stopped talking about the accident. Others laughed and laughed till tears of joy came from their yes.

Skin of the Ice Cream.

By John Turley, Aged 7 Years, Hastings, Neb., Blue Side.

I like to read the stories of the Busy Bees, but have never written before.

I have a friend named John Herman. When he was a little boy he went down town. His mother bought him an ice cream cone. He had never seen one before and hallooed out to his mamma so everyone could hear him, "Shall I eat the skin too?"

I go to the North ward and am in the third grade. I am going to play ball. My father is a conductor on the Burlington route.

Our Smelter.

By Madeline Cohn, Aged 11 Years, 1362 Park Avenue, Omaha. Red Side.

The name I have given to my story seems rather peculiar, but it is just a little reminder that the great smelter in this city does belong to our city. As long as we are Omaha people, let us distinguish this feature from the same of other cities by "our smelter."

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to gain admittance to this place. Rather my father and mother, who took my brother and sister and friend and myself to see it. The manager took us around and explained all.

We first went to the room where the day's output of silver was. There were over eighty cakes of silver, each cake about six times the size of a brick, and each weighing seventy pounds. It seemed to be light until you tried to lift it, but lift it we could not. The metal was soft, and we saw the man take a hammer and some metal stamps and pound the impression on them.

When we left the manager said they put out more silver in one day than Germany and Austria put together. As they alternate, gold today, silver tomorrow, we did not see any gold fixed.

We next visited a room in which they were making a bi-product called blue vitriol. By-products are the mixing together of the leftovers of the other minerals. When the good is taken away from by-products, nothing is left but stone. This is thrown away and called slag. The blue vitriol comes in little lumps about one square inch big and looks like any common blue glass, except that they are rough and irregular.

We then passed into a large room, where they make lead. We saw the furnaces pour forth the liquid lead, which looked like a red stream of fire. There is a whole line of molds connected with chains and constantly moving past the fork of pipes which fills six at a time and is then lifted to wait for the next six; then up and down a little arrangement that looks like a roller coaster. These chains of molds work like the chains on a bicycle. On the side opposite to the filling (since they become hard before they reach this place) the chain is turned over and a man with a poker hits the cake of lead, which then falls down onto a cart placed under it to catch it.

Twenty cakes of lead go on one cart, then the cart is taken and emptied onto the freight train, which is right beside it. There are twenty carloads of lead shipped from this smelter in one day.

We saw them make zinc, which is familiar to all, and antimony, a cheap metal which is used on coffins and such things, where it will be nickel-plated, and copper, which is also familiar, made in like manner. There were so many by-products that I would not be able to tell you their names nor how they are made.

When we were done the manager took us to his office. We there saw samples of all that we had seen and not seen—tin, gold and gold dust among the latter. We went through the building that the office was in and saw chemists with their various scales weighing the smallest hair of gold, silver, etc.

It was a delightful visit, and as it would be selfish to keep it to myself, I send it in story form to the Busy Bees.

Taught Her a Lesson.

By Marjorie Britton, 1403 High Street, Council Bluffs, Ia., Aged 14 Years.

A long time ago there lived a little girl named Mary Roarty, who was very proud. Coming home from school one day with another girl, they were talking.

Ellen said: "I am going to be a nurse when I get big and take care of sick soldiers."

Mary said, "I am going to have a maid and have everything pretty."

Ellen, seeing how Mary was acting, said: "The Lord loves those who do good things for others and not think so much about themselves."

The next day the teacher asked each what she was going to be when she got big. It came to Mary's turn.

"O, I am going to help the poor," said Mary.

Ellen, hearing this, thought, "It has taught her a lesson."

Our Last Day of School.

By Edith Carlson, Aged 12, Witten, S. D. Blue side.

Our school term is all over. It started September 4.

The children here do not come to school very regular. They are not so particular out here as they are in Omaha. They do not have to bring notes to school to show why they were absent or tardy.

At Christmas we had two weeks' vacation. We were going to have a program, but our teacher got sick, so we could not have it. That is all the vacation we had. We had examination every month.

Our last day of school was April 26. We had a large program in the evening. The school house was just crowded with people. Everybody seemed to think the children did their parts fine. There were some grown people that took part in the program. When the program was over everybody had some lunch and then they had music and a dance.

Our teacher's name was Miss Harriet Elder. I was in the seventh grade, but I do not know yet whether I will pass, because our papers had to be signed by the superintendent and we had not received our papers yet.

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 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Experience of a Grain of Wheat.

By Sarah Dindale, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb. Red Side.

Once when I was a little kernel of wheat a farmer put me in a big machine and threw me in the dark ground. There I was nearly smothered and could not see. One bright summer day the sun was very hot so I thought I would push away the sand and come out.

One day I became quite green and I was already three feet high when the farmer came and cut my head off.

Oh! I though that was something terrible; but that was not all. I was thrown with straw and dirt into a wagon.

About a week later they threw me from the wagon into a large machine which made very much noise.

Then I was cast into a big trough from which a slipped into a nice, clean wagon. At that time I was feeling just fine.

Now I thought I was so grand, but I did not have time to think long before I was placed in a big machine and ground into a white powder and dropped into a sack. The miller put me in a wagon and took me to the store. I enjoyed myself very much hearing little children and seeing them doing their shopping.

Early one bright morning I was taken off the shelf and placed in a grocer's wagon. The grocer took me and sat me in a kitchen and from there I was placed in a pantry. I stayed in the pantry quite a while, when the naughty mice came and bit holes in the sack.

One morning the cook shook me into a sieve. She mixed me with some sticky stuff which they called yeast. Then she put some water and salt on me.

The water felt fine, but the salt felt very funny. She took me in her hands and started to push me this way and then that. Soon the cook made me long and narrow and put me in a pan.

I though after such hard life that my trouble would be over, but alas! she laid me on the warm stove. I though surely I should burst, but I did not. She then placed me in an awfully hot place and shut the little door on me. It was very hot in there. Soon she looked at me and I was brown. During all this time I suffered terrible pain.

She then took me out of the pan and put me on a plate to cool.

After a while the children coming home from school saw me and explaimed: "Oh! what beautiful bread. I am so hungry."

Then taking a large carving knife she cut me in about a dozen pieces and put the rest of me away.

The children were quite delighted when they smelled fresh bread and ran and put jelly on me.

They ate me up and that was the end of my merry life.

I hope this letter will escape the waste basket.

Control of the Ball.

The first necessity for a pitcher is to have control of the ball, says Christy Mathewson in St. Nicholas. That can't be emphasized too strongly. A boy may be able to throw all the curves imaginable, but if he can't put the ball where he wants it, the batters keep walking around the bases, and he will never win any ball games. Therefore, they should practice accuracy until they can place the ball just where they want to send it. Let them pitch to another boy, with a barn or a fence as a backstop, and try to put one high over the inside of the plate, next low over the inside, and then high over the outside, and again low over the outside, and keep up this practice patiently until mastery of the control of the ball is obtained. A boy will find that even if he can't pitch a curve, but has good control, he will be able to win many more ball games than if he has a lot of benders, but no ability to put the ball where he wants it.

Merry-Go-Round.

A few small boys got a board, twelve feet long, twelve inches wide and two inches thick; also a round post six feet long and a spike twelve inches long. They drove the post into the ground to a depth of three feet, made a hole through the center of the board to allow the spike to go round easily, and nailed it to the top of the post. Two of them would sit on the ends of the boards, while a third would push them around in a circle. The boys were pretty well satisfied until I took an old bicycle and fastened it to one end and let one of the boys run it around in a circle. All the boys then wanted to run it around in a circle; so the girls had the other end to themselves. Any boy with a little knowledge of tools could make a merry-go-round of this kind in about an hour, and be the envy of the neighborhood.

A New Busy Bee.

To the Editor:

I have been reading the Busy Bees' page and I am very interested in it. I would like to join the Blue side.

I am sending in my first story and hope that it will be in print next Sunday.

Yours truly, LYDIA READ,
Aged 9 Years, 2964 Harney Street.
Omaha, Neb., May 2, 1912.

Athletics in the Navy.

Some of the big men in our navy have been making a study of the effects of athletics on men in Uncle Sam's naval schools, and they say that spectacular and competitive athletics are bad for them. Too many of the men have serious after affects from the long, severe course of fitting themselves to lead in physical sports. Once the men are on the sea conditions are such that the system of exercises cannot be kept up. The excessively developed muscles in the framework and vitals of these athletes tend to degenerate when exercises are left off. Leading athletes become too fat actually lose strength from the muscles going backward instead of staying at a standstill.

Busy Bee Prepares for Coming of Some Visitors

GRACE JOHNSON.

Joins the Hive.

Dear Editor: I read the Busy Bees' stories every Sunday. I would like to join the hive. Kindly accept me as a subject of the Blue side. I hope to see my letter in print. ELLA MILLOBAR.

How Chinese Fish.

The Chinese are the only people in the world who fish with an unbaited hook. The fish become impaled on a line of these hooks drawn through the water.

Temperature of the Earth.

The temperature increases about one degree for every sixty feet as we penetrate into the interior of the earth.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"How does it happen that you are five minutes late at school this morning?" the teacher asked, severely.

"Please, ma'am," said William, "I must have overwashed myself."

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "there was Damocles—what was it hung over his head, suspended by a hair?"

"Absalom!" cried Johnny, delighted to think that the teacher had given him an easy one.

"Did your father punish you for not chopping the wood?" asked one small boy.

"Yes," replied the other. "But I don't know that it wasn't all for the best. Father and I passed less than twenty minutes in the woodshed and I am sure it would have taken at least three hours to chop the wood."

Mother—Why, what is the matter, Johnny? What are you crying about?

Johnny—Teacher made me sit in her chair on the platform today, just because I whispered once.

Mother—Well, I don't see anything dreadful in that. You have had to sit there before.

Johnny—But there was tacks in her chair today! I'd just put 'em there for her to sit on.

Small Arthur complained of feeling badly and his father said he might be taking the chickenpox, then prevalent in the neighborhood, but Arthur laughed at the idea.

Next morning he came downstairs, looking very serious, and said: "You're right, papa; it's the chickenpox; I found a feather in the bed."

"Whose little chap are you?" queried the physician of a bright youngster.

"I's mamma's," was the reply, "Whose big guy are you?"

An old gentleman who had just finished shaving himself said to his little grandson: "Come here, Charlie, and I'll shave you, too."

"You can't shave me, grandpa," replied the boy, "'cause my whiskers are not ripe yet."

One day small Harry saw a turkey gobbler strutting around in a neighbor's back yard—the first he had ever seen.

"Oh, mamma," he called, "come out here and see the big red nosed chicken with a folding fan!"

Every member of the household seemed to be very busy and no one was paying any attention to 4-year-old May. After searching in vain for some one to entertain her, she said with a sigh: "Oh, dear; I wish I could find somebody to leave myself with."

Kathryn, aged 5, was vainly trying to thread a needle. "Mamma," she asked, "don't they call the hole in a needle an eye?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother.

"Well," continued the little miss, "I'll bet this old needle is cross-eyed."

"I'm surprised, Tommy," said the father reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to strike any one smaller than yourself?"

"Yes," answered Tommy. "But when you spanked me yesterday I was too polite to mention it."

Neighbor—Bobby, I hear you have a new brother at your house. How do you speak of him—"boy baby" or "baby boy?" Which is correct?

Bobby (with a snort)—Neither one! I wanted a girl!

Mother—Willie, have you eaten all that candy without even thinking of your little sister?

Willie—Oh, no, ma! I was thinking about her the whole time, afraid she'd come before I had finished.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Cleland B. McAfee, pastor of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, has been elected professor of systematic theology in the McCormick Theological seminary, Chicago. He was formerly stationed in Chicago.

Rev. G. M. Walker, a preacher at several country churches in Howard county, Missouri, has walked 13,000 miles since he began his quest for converts in the county sixteen years ago. Once during the last winter he was obliged to wade an icy creek to fill an engagement twenty-five miles away, where the offerings were $2.65.

Another world-famed structure now threatens to fall. This is the sixth century dome of St. Sophia in Constantinople. The Turkish authorities are making some attempts to save it, but their efforts are clumsy and inefficient. In fifteen or twenty years, it is feared, if Turkish methods are persisted in the dome will break down.

The Cathedral league of the Episcopal diocese of New York at its annual meeting in the synod house in the cathedral grounds last week laid plans for raising more than $5,000,000 this year to push forward construction work on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine to completion and to make many needed improvements.

The congregation of the Church of the Assumption, Topeka, Kan., has just celebrated the golden jubilee of the parish. Very Rev. F. M. Hayden, who conducted the jubilee services, has been pastor of the church for twenty-five years and assistant pastor for many years before.

Bowels are Basis of Child Health

The careful mother, who watches closely the physical peculiarities of her children, will soon discover that the most important thing in connection with a child's constant good health is to keep the bowels regularly open. Sluggish bowels will be followed by loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder.

At the first sign of such disorder give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring and repeat the dose the following night if necessary—more than that will scarcely be needed. You will find that the child will recover its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

This remedy is a vast improvement over salts, cathartics, laxative waters and similar things, which are altogether too powerful for a child. The homes of Mrs. J. L. Strong, 304 No. Logan St., Clarinda, Iowa, and Mrs. Beet Fry, 1013 W. 3d St., Ottumwa, Iowa, are always supplied with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and with them, as with thousands of others, there is no substitute for this grand laxative. It is really more than a laxative, for it contains tonic properties which help to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels so that after a brief use of it all laxatives can be dispensed with and nature will do its own work.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 405 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

Develop Your Bust In 15 Days.

A Full Firm Bust is Worth More to a Woman Than Beauty

I don't care how thin you are, how old you are, how fallen and flaccid are the lines of your figure or how flat your chest is I can give you a full, firm, youthful bust quickly, that will be the envy of your fellow-women and will give you the allurements of a perfect womanhood that will be irresistible.

Develop Bust New Way

They say there is nothing new under the sun, but I have perfected a treatment that I want to share with my sisters. What it did for me it can and will do for you, and I now offer it to you.

Others offer to build up your figure with drugs, greasy skin foods, creams, dieting, massage and expensive instruments and devices. I have done away with all these injurious methods and have given a legion of women a luxuriant natural development by a treatment never before offered the public. No massaging, nothing to take, nothing to wear.

I was skinny, scrawny, flat and unattractive to men. Now I claim to be the highest priced artist's model in the United States, and what I did for myself I can do for you.

I don't care what your age may be, I ask only that you be at least sixteen and not an invalid, and I will undertake to develop your bust in two weeks. All I ask is five or ten minutes of your time every day.

Write to me Today for my Treatment

It will only cost you a penny for a postcard and I will mail you this wonderful information in a plain cover so that no one will know your secret.

Don't let a false pride and a silly sense of shame keep you from enjoying to the full the charms you should have to be a perfect specimen of womanhood. Let me help you. Your communication shall be held in absolute confidence and secrecy. Write me today.

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PRINCESS TOKIO

New Method of Removing Wrinkles. No Worthless Creams, No Plasters, No Massage, No Masks, No Rollers, No Medicine — Absolutely New Treatment, Never Before Offered by Others in America.

Did you ever meet a Japanese woman with clouded complexion? Did you ever see one with wrinkles, irrespective of age? Then learn how they achieve and maintain these lines of splendid feminine beauty. For the first time in America, the Princess Tokio treatment is being made known, and it is a revelation. Never before have Christian women been able to solve the secrets of these oriental beauties, whose fame and forms have been the marvel through ages. But at last the treasure-trove has been unlocked, and there is set before every American lady who writes immediately, the full knowledge about this wonderful new method.

The Princess Tokio Wrinkle Book is a message full of sisterly feeling and sympathy for the American ladies. It tells, without hesitation, all about the Princess Tokio new treatment for removing wrinkles without harmful creams, pastes, lotions, or plasters, or mechanical appliances.

From the glowing letters of praise pouring in, it is evident that this remarkable remedy has created a veritable sensation and furnop in the fashionable homes where prominent society women and actresses adopt this method of remaining young looking, banishing all signs of age.

Not Sent to Ladies Over 70.

This Princess Tokio book is FREE to every lady who writes, except those over seventy years of age. To these the Princess Tokio method extends no hope, for they have neglected themselves for such a long period, it is impossible to benefit through this knowledge after 70 years of age.

If you are a matron, would you like to look like a girl again? If you are fifty years of age, would you wish to look like a splendid young woman of twenty-five? If you are forty, would you like to look like a girl just out of her teens? Then to you this book will be of great value.

No money will be accepted for the Princess Tokio Book about wrinkles. It will be given to you FREE, SEALED PRIVATELY, by one who believes that there has dawned the most splendid day for American women of all ages up to seventy. It is a message of the most hearty good cheer, and so unlike anything American. It is a treat in its unique contents. All you need do is say for a FREE copy, addressing Princess Tokio, R. C., Suite 1126 Central Bank Building, Denver, Colo.

It tells how to remove every wrinkle by entirely new treatment in only eight days.

N. B.—Arrangements have been made whereby all our readers may receive all that is offered free and you must enclose a stamp to prove you are really in need of a quick wrinkle remover.

Can your little boy do this? Tell him to eat lots of Trix and he can do it too.

A delicious breakfast dish

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Scientifically blended from wheat, rice and barley. Easy to digest and highly nutritious.

If your grocer is not yet supplied, telephone Douglas 3686 and a package will be delivered to you.

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