The Busy Bees -:- Their Own Page

THE best letters sent the Children's page this time are so good that it was more than your editor could do to choose the very best. He had to call in outside aid to make the decision. The result is what you see on the page today. Of the three refreshingly interesting stories on travels the first place goes to Gertrude Koenig, who tells us about the "Small Islands in the Zuyder Zee"; the second to Elizabeth Robertson, who writes of the "Bears in Yellowstone Park"; the third to Alfred Mayer, who continues his series of entertaining articles about the cities he has visited abroad.

From Alfred Mayer we have also a word of greeting to the Red side, of which he was king from January 1 to May 1, and under whose leadership the Reds won more prizes than the Blues. It is no wonder that he is proud to have the Red side ahead. And now the Blue side must try its best to win the banner by next September. Today there is inspiration for the Blues in the fact that "Blue" Bees have carried off the prizes. One of these, Elizabeth Robertson, is a new Bee. The other new Busy Bee today is also joining the Blue side—Myrtle Natt of Oakland, Neb.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

The Zuyder Zee.

By Gertrude Koenig, Aged 11 Years, 126 North Thirty-first Avenue. Blue Side.

We arrived at Amsterdam and went to the Victoria hotel, which is across the street from the station. We cleaned up and had supper.

We had a good sleep and then had breakfast. For breakfast we had all kinds of cheese. I suppose you think it very funny to have cheese for breakfast.

In the morning after breakfast we went to see some very small islands, one of which is named Marken.

These islands are so small that you can see the sea from the middle of the island.

They carry hay on a boat in the canal, which is only large enough for a boat. They pull it along because they could not paddle it along.

We now arrive at Edam, which is a small village where they make the celebrated Edam cheese. We wanted to take the pictures of some Dutch people, or rather girls and boys, and they said, "Money."

We travel on to Wollendam, where a great many herrings are canned.

Traveling on we reach Marken, which has only one tree on the whole island.

In the spring when the Zuyder Zee rises the people have to move upstairs because it rises so high. I shall finish telling of these islands another Sunday. I hope to see my story in print.

(Second Prize.)

Bears in Yellowstone Park.

By Elizabeth Robertson, 2124 Dodge Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

After a long day's journey we stop at the hotel over night and after we have our supper we go out to see the bears.

In back of the hotel is where the garbage is dumped and the bears come there every night to get their supper.

While the black grizzlies are peacefully eating their supper the silver tips (which rule over the other bears) run down the hill and pounce upon them. Then there is a great scatter and the black bears are up the trees in a moment. They go up there for safety, because after the silver tips are 5 months old they cannot climb trees.

Then the silver tips eat their supper, and after awhile the black bears come around, and even if the silver tips raise their heads the other bears dodge and run for a tree.

All around the dump are people standing and there are guards with guns to prevent anyone from being hurt.

I hope that my letter does not become friendly with the waste basket.

I am a new Busy Bee and wish to join the Blue Side.

(Honorable Mention).

Berlin, the Capital of Germany.

By Alfred Mayer, Aged 11 Years, Omaha. Red Side.

We are now in Berlin on our way to the Hotel Saxonia on Potsdam Strasse.

As we go through the Brandenburger, we wonder how it was ever brought from Berlin to Paris and then back to Berlin again, but ti was and it was done in 1870.

After we are in our rooms and are rested we take a walk down the street called Unter den Linden so called because trees are on both sides and there is a road for people on horseback and carriages.

Next we visited the armory where all the cannons and old relics are kept. We see relics of the war of 1870 and many new models of different things such as balloons, aeroplanes, all kinds of dreadnoughts, and all the newest German inventions.

In the afternoon we went to see the emperor's palace.

We walked in the entrance from a court. A cannon is right in the middle of the court. Then for the first time we noticed how beautiful everything is. The chairs look like gold, the way the dance hall is decorated it looks like crystal. Then we walked up some stairs and came to the picture gallery where everything is decorated with all different colors. Nearly every beautiful picture you could want to see is here. Then we went to the private theater. Whenever the emperor wants to see a show instead of instead of going to it, the show comes to him and he with his royal family see it privately.

Bob.

By Myrtle Natt, aged 11 years, Oakland, Neb., R. F. D. 4, Box 48.

Bob is our dog. He is black and tan, and white. His fur is not very long, but it is soft and warm.

He has freedom most of the day, but at night we tie him up. He is one or two months old so we feed him mostly on milk. I have read that it is not good to overfeed dogs.

We try to teach him to do tricks. He can do a few now. He shakes hands with people. We try to teach him to sit on his hind legs. Bob is very lively.

He is very playful, but he does not do much mischief. He doesn't try to follow us to school. He likes to play with the small chickens. He follows us about the farm. I am very fond of dogs.

I am a new Bee. I should like to join the blue side. I hope to see my letter in print.

A Smart Dog.

By Molly Brown, Aged 11 Years, 2213 South Fifteenth Street. Blue Side.

We have a dog.

One day we all were eating supper. Our little dog went in the cellar and made a little bed. When I went in the cellar I saw him.

He sleeps in the cellar and in the morning scratches on the cellar door and when we let him out he will jump up and play and then run outside with other dogs and then come in and lie down.

A Rainy Day.

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

On a Saturday morning last September the sun rose brightly over the hills.

Around noon the sky became dark and we thought we would have a big storm. The dark clouds began to gather quicky. My sisters and I had gone over to our neighbors to play "jacks."

Suddenly the wind began to blow hard and the rain came down in torrents. We all rushed to close the open windows and doors, but the wind blew so hard that it took three people to close them.

It was thundering and lightning and my youngest sister and I became frightened because mamma was home all alone in this terrible storm. We were afraid to use the telephone because it was lightning. We could not go home in the pouring rain, so we had to be satisfied.

We stood by the parlor windows watching the rain run down the streets.

About two hours later the sky got clearer in the east. It was still raining, but we were able to go home.

We hurried as fast as we could go and reached home in a few minutes. We were glad to get home, for mamma then told us of her experience.

Our Feathered Friends.

By Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 5004 Chicago Street, Dundee, Neb. Red Side.

This time of the year is indeed an excellent time to study birds, as this is the time when all our little feathered friends, or benefactors, as we may call them, are coming from the beautiful south to summer here.

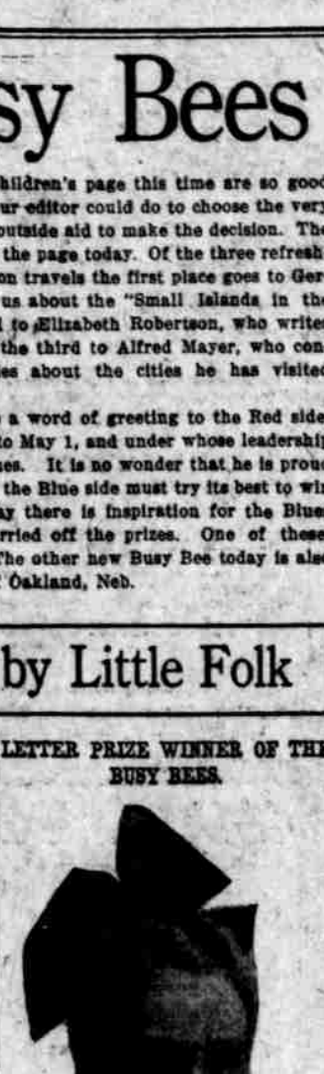
We have taken up the study of birds in school and I find them very interesting.

Among the birds we have studied, the goldfinch, the Oriole, the robin, the woodpecker, the bluejay, the meadowlark and various other birds.

One of my favorite birds is the oriole. This particular little bird's wardrobe consists of a beautiful jet black and bright orange coat. He received his name from Lord Baltimore, whose coat of arms was orange and black.

One of the most interesting things about orioles is the picturesque nest which they build. They fasten it between two twigs of a tree, thus making a comfortable nest for the little ones.

LETTER PRIZE WINNER OF THE BUSY BEES.



Elizabeth Robertson

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 350 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.

The Golden Orange.

By Ruth Rhodes, Lander Wyo. Aged 10 Years. Red Side.

Down in the southern part of California are many kinds of fruit and among them are oranges which grow in large groves. The owner of one of these groves is a man named Mr. West who has a wife and two children, Donald, aged 12, and Marion, aged 10.

One day Mr. West went out to inspect his oranges and, as he neared his best tree, his eye caught sight of an extra large orange which was nearly as big as a pumpkin.

"I must take it home and show it to my family," he said. "Gracious, such a large one."

So saying, he dagged the tree of its largest burden, and, with the enormous fruit in his hand, started homeward very happily.

But after he had gone a few steps he was much astonished to see the orange suddenly jump from his arms, roll down the road, and become lost to sight. But upon arriving home he perceived the orange in a fruit dish on the table.

The next morning when his wife saw it she said, "We will cut it into four pieces and shall each have a piece."

Then she took a knife and started to cut the orange, when, behold! There stood a little fairy exactly five inches tall, who was clothed from head to foot in orange colored clothes and facing Marion, is said, "As you are the only one in this house who believes in me, you shall be granted three wishes.

Then Marion said, "I wish that the orange from which you just appeared might be of pure gold, I wish that you might always stay with me and grant my wishes, and lastly I wish that my mother, father and brother and myself might always be rich and happy.

"Your wishes are granted," said the fairy waving a diamond wand; and the magic orange immediately turned to pure gold.

This happy family still lives in California and they have always been glad that Marion believed in fairies.

A Trip.

By Catherine Goss, Aged 11 Years, 126 North Thirty-first Avenue, Omaha.

We started for California on the Los Angeles limited Friday noon, June 17, 1909. We arrived at Los Angeles Monday at 8 p. m.

We went to Hermosa beach, a beach twenty-two miles from Los Angeles and in Santa Monica bay. The beach is a quiet residence place, but near Venice, a place like Coney Island. It is a mile and one-half from Redondo beach, a shippoint, and the situation of the largest salt water plunge in the world.

We stayed at Hermosa beach until Friday, August 23, and then we left Los Angeles for San Francisco, arriving there Saturday morning. We stayed at the Hotel St. Francis, Saturday at 8 p. m. we left for Seattle, Wash.

On the way we stopped at Shasta Springs for about ten minutes, got off the train and went to many springs and drank many kinds of mineral water. We took a large cup to fill with the mineral water to take on the train.

Then we went to Portland, Ore., and stayed about three hours. We saw many magnificent roses. Portland is called the "City of Roses."

We arrived at Seattle Monday and stayed until Saturday at the Hotel Sorrento. One day of the week we sailed on Puget Sound to Victoria on Vancouver island. We saw dry docks where they clean ships and many other things. We went back to Seattle and visited the Alaska-Yukon exposition. We stayed until Saturday and then came home.

Note from Past King.

By Alfred Mayer, 403 Georgia Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees:

I am very glad our side won (Red Side). And I hope we will keep on doing so.

I am going to keep on writing until I am through with my stories about Europe.

I hope the new king and queen will have a very pleasant reign and hear that we are doing our duty by writing often.

And I wish to thank the Busy Bees for there loyalty to me.

Roxy.

By Louise Timme, aged 11 years, 4204 Miami street, Omaha. Blue Side.

We had a pet dog whose name was Roxy. He was very nice and did not bite. When we said we were going to have company he would go to the car line to meet them.

One day grandmother was coming, so Roxy went to the car line and came back with grandma.

When my cousins come down to play with us they would stay awhile and then take Roxy home with them. He came home afterward.

One day my brother took him to the store. When they were out of the store Roxy got run over by an automobile.

They took him home and buried him under an apple tree.

USEFUL, BUT NOT ESSENTIAL

Training in Cooking Can Be Discounted Are Shown.

True to her German education Mme. Gadski is a hausfrau. She is proud of it, and those who know her only as the immaculate prima donna who sings in the Metropolitan opera would be surprised if they could see her during the summer at her home in Berlin, busy in her kitchen, supervising the cooking of her favorite dishes.

Mme. Gadski is proud of the fact that she knows how to cook, and she considers it an interesting fad, but no more. For while there may be moments in everyone's life when the ability to prepare a meal may be very useful, such moments are not usually the most crucial ones in a person's career.

Mme. Gadski is of the opinion that both girls and boys should specialize and concentrate their efforts on some one subject. If why others, such as carpentering, cooking, embroidery, bookbinding, etc., can be learned on the side and without effort, they should, of course, be acquired. "Learn all you can, especially if it may be learned without effort—it may come in handy some day," the prima donna asserts, "but such accomplishments are not vital factors in the success or failure of the boy or girl.

"You say the girl's work is marriage—that she should be trained for it. Lieber himmel! Is marriage the same as for a man to engage a cook? Is cooking synonymous with the noblest thing in life? No! No!

"I am not speaking of the working girls who marry working men and who must themselves do all the housework. For such girls cooking is useful and there should be plenty of schools where they could learn it. But don't tell me that the average American woman who has a servant or two would be a better mother and wife if she pottered around the kitchen all day. On the contrary she would be wasting her time.

"The woman who is at the head of a house is like the man who is at the head of a large business concern. That man is not expected to do the typewriting himself—as a matter of fact most business men could never handle a typewriter properly not take down a letter in shorthand. Yet they are excellent administrators—and they know when a letter has not been correctly written.

"The same principle applies to a woman. She must have enough judgment to tell when the dinner is badly prepared and she must be able to suggest remedies, but it it not expected that she should know how to take the cook's place. Her duty, when you come down to it, is much more to know how to spend money wisely.

"In other words, instead of writing long magazine articles about turning girls' college into schools of domestic science, so as to prepare the girls for life! I wonder if it would not be better to advocate that every daughter in a family be put to managing the household now and then. The experience of balancing accounts, or arranging menus, of arguing with tradespeople, would, I think, prove far more valuable to the future wife than the knowledge of how to bake parkerhouse rolls or chocolate layer cake."

Busy Bee Abroad

Alice Wiese, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wiese of Omaha, one of the brightest of the Busy Bees, has just returned from a winter trip to Holland and Germany. She saw much that is of interest to all while there, and had her picture taken while in Amsterdam. Alice will very likely write some interesting letters to the Busy Bees about what she saw while in Europe.

Sanctity of Marriage

BY THE GENTLEWOMAN.

In these days of iconoclasm, when irresponsible writers of a certain school seem to find their chief delight in pulling down all fabrics of belief and giving he nothing in their place, it is small wonder that one of the most ancient of all the world's ceremonies should be made the subject of a sneer. One cannot but regard with apprehension the lightness with which the marriage vow is held, and the growing tendency to contract is without the santifying environment of a religious service.

The flippancy with which the subject is discussed by modern playrights, who claim to be in the van of the "intellectual movement," whatever that may mean, is also a reason for disquietude. At the present moment on the stage the plays are permitted to be acted in which the whole theory of marital fidelity is made the subject of hilarious banter, and audiences are made to laugh incontinently at situations in which husbands and wives hold up to ridicule the sanctity of the marriage tie.

The type of playwright to which I refer does not, it is true, pose as a teacher. He claims to mirror the tendencies of the age, and he generally tries to make as much as he can out of it. He finds that the pruriency pays, and it is lamentable to think that while the censor objects to a scene in a play written by an earnest man with the object of stamping out a growing evil, he will lightly pass a work in which the most sacred relationships of human life are treated with a disgusting levity. This form of entertainment naturally encourages the growth of a sceptical attitude toward marriage and all that it means. It leads to the belief so prevalent in this country that marriage is not a contract within the meaning of the constitutional law or any other law; that it can be entered into lightly and broken as lightly on the flimsiest of pretexts.

What is the effect of all this upon the nation? Does it tend toward an uplifting of the home into a serene atmosphere of the domestic joy and happiness and to mutual respect and love between man and wife? Does it not rather result in a soul-destroying scepticism, in which all human relationships, besides marriage, are regarded as of little value? Does it not account for the hundreds of cases of domestic unhappiness which are found in our law courts, from the highest tribunals to the lowest?

If marriage is regarded as a civil act, pure and simple, it is likely to become a thing of the earth earthly, a thing of laxity and irresponsibility. If, on the other hand, it is looked upon as it should be, as one of the sacred ceremonies of our lives, charged with mysterious emanating from the Divine source of all things, carrying with it obligations not only to the participators, but to the race and the nation, then does its influence which it builds up will have its foundations in righteousness.

The Peevish Child Needs a Laxative

It is natural for a child to laugh and play and when it sulks drowsily or cries you may depend on it something physical is the matter. If you see no evidence of a serious ailment you will not be wrong if you quietly give it a dose of mild laxative that evening on putting it to bed.

The remedy most generally recommended for this purpose is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which mothers throughout the country have been giving their children for a quarter of a century. Today thousands of families are using it where hundreds used it then, and there must be good reason for this word of mouth recommendation.

It is admittedly the perfect laxative for children, women, old people and all others who need a gentle bowel stimulant and not a violent salt, cathartic pill or doctored water. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will act gently, and when taken before retiring will bring complete satisfaction in the morning. After a short use of this remedy all forms of outside aid can be dispensed with and nature will again act alone.

All classes of good American people keep it in the home for like of the stomach, liver and bowels, and among the thousands who have written the doctor that they will never be without it are Mrs. Mary J. Paddock, Manchester, Iowa, and Mrs. H. Scoville, Osceola, Iowa. A dose of it has saved many a person from serious illness.

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.

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This book is only for persons who wish to remove their wrinkles. Not sent to children or curiosity seekers.

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Did you ever see a Japanese woman with a 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 methods are being made known, and they are a revelation. Never before have Christian women been able to solve the secrets of these oriental beauties, whose faces and forms have been the marvel through the ages. But at last the treasure-trove has been unlocked, and there is not, before every American lady who writes immediately, the full knowledge of these methods.

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 method of removing wrinkles without harmful creams, pastes, lotions, or plasters, or mechanical appliances.

Reports from all over America prove conclusively the wonderful excellence of this remarkable new treatment and it is simply astonishing the thousands of letters being received from grateful women. A letter today from Mrs. H. E. Campbell states she used this treatment for two weeks and her wrinkles are all gone, and she further states that her face is as smooth as it was when she was a girl and that she is so happy that she cannot say too much in praise of this remarkable new treatment.

Ada Costello of Texas states that she used the treatment eight days and her face is entirely free of wrinkles and she is so delighted that she has found something that will keep her young longer.

A letter just received at this office from Mrs. A. L. Marvin, away off in Canada, states that she was delighted with this new combination wrinkle treatment. That it removed all her wrinkles and leaves the face smooth as An infant's and makes the skin fresh and young looking.

Mrs. E. W. Jones in her letter states: "The Princess Tokio Wrinkle Treatment is excellent." She further states that it not only removed her wrinkles, but made her face so soft and smooth as velvet, and that she never before found a remedy which would make her young looking, and that she tried Chicago and New York treatments without success.

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

Not Sent to Ladies Over 70

The Princess Tokio book is free to every lady who writes, except those over seventy years of age. To those the Princess Tokio methods extend 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 inestimable value. Keep that in mind. There is no charge for the Princess Tokio Wrinkle Book. It is a rare message for ladies seeking to learn of the new way to remove wrinkles and regain a restful face.

SEND NO MONEY

Under no circumstances will money be accepted for the Princess Tokio Book about wrinkles. It is yours absolutely free. It will be given to you with a willing hand, 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 an unlike anything American. It is a treat to its direct instructions. All you need do is to send and ask for a FREE copy, addressing the Princess Tokio S. C., Suite 2001, Chamber Bank Building, Denver, Colo.

You may rest assured that this book will be sent to a plain wrapper.

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

M. H. 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.

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