

The Busy Bees

:- Their Own Page

Develop Your Bust in 15 Days

TODAY we have a message from our new queen of the Busy Bees—Hester Mallory of Kearney, Neb.—and her letter is so good that she has carried off the first prize, too. The second prize goes today to Catherine Goss of Omaha, who tells the other Busy Bees about "A Maple Sugar-Lick."

Your new queen not only tells very interestingly how she spends her summer vacations, but suggests that the other Busy Bees write letters about their plans for the coming summer. That is a very good idea. Let us have some vacation letters. If you are going on a trip let the other Busy Bees know where you are going and what you are going to do when you get there. If you are going to stay at home, tell us what you are going to do at home. Above all, let us know what you did in former summers. This may give the Busy Bees ideas for their vacations this summer.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)
Letter From the Queen.
Dear Busy Bees:
As I saw in the paper I was queen of the Blue Side for four months I feel like writing you a letter.
I have a brother that is ten months old and a sister that is five.
My school is out the twenty-second of May.
I am expecting a visit from my cousin Dorothy when her school is out.
In the summer mamma fixes up a little lunch, and my sister, brother, my friend Marie and I go to the park to eat it. Before we eat we play awhile; then we eat, which generally takes us half an hour. We play again. We play, King-in-the-castle, Hide-and-go-seek, Grandma Gray, and Purr-purr-pull-away.
One of the pleasures of my vacation is a visit I take to my grandma's. I always have a fine time when I go out there. They have three kinds of swings. They also have fruit trees that we can pick the fruit off of.
I would like to read some letters from the other Busy Bees telling how they are planning to spend their vacation.
Well, I must close for this time, Your queen,
HESTER MALLORY.



HESTER MALLORY, Kearney, Neb.

(Second Prize.)
A Maple Sugar Lick.
By Catherine Goss, Aged 11 Years, 124 North Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.
Have you ever had a maple "sugar-lick"? Some children have had them, but some have never heard of it. I will tell you about one we had one snowy afternoon last winter.
We had some children over to our house and we boiled a gallon of maple syrup until it made a soft wax, when we dropped in cold water. "We put some of it on snow and let it harden and then we ate it off the snow. We let the rest boil until it was a little harder and then we took part of it and poured it over black walnut meats in a buttered pan. We stirred the rest until it grained and made maple sugar. This is called a maple "sugar-lick." Doesn't this sound good to you?
(Honorable Mention.)
My Trip to Colorado.
By Grace Moore, Aged 10 Years, Silver Creek, Neb., Blue Side.
Three years ago papa, mamma, brother and I took our first trip to Colorado. My papa's folks live there. There are big, steep mountains there. We went over Marshall pass. It was in August, and when we went over there it was so cold everybody had to put on their coats. Once we went through a big tunnel. I went to Denver also. There we saw bears, lions, tigers and Gnu's pig. They look like little rats, only they are black and white. We also stopped off at Salt Lake City. There we saw a bicycle race. There I saw Chinese. When we got to Colorado my uncle met us and took us to my grandma's house. There we stayed all night. There I saw many high mountains and other nice things. I hope to see my story in print this Sunday.

QUEEN OF THE BUSY BEES

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 500 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 sister, would be glad to hear from him.
When he got home his grandma said, "Did you mail your letter?"
He said, "Yes."
She said, "I suppose she will be glad to hear from you."
He said, "I wish she would be. I like to make her happy."
She had received the letter now. She had read it over two times and then she gave it to her aunt and told her to read it. After she had finished it Agnes asked her if she could go and live with her brother. She said she could go after two days.
She said, "I will answer my brother's letter right away, and tell him that I can come."
She went on Tuesday. Her grandma, grandpa and brother were glad to see her. They all lived happy ever after that.
I hope my story will miss the waste-paper basket.

Sally's Thanksgiving.
By Ruth L. Redfield, Aged 11 Years, 204 Binney street, Omaha, Neb.
"I wish I could have a real Thanksgiving. Aunt Jane, but there. I am always wishing for things I could not have," said Sally Bortly about a week before Thanksgiving.
Sally was 9 years old, but she was a cripple. She lived with her aunt in a small three-room cottage. Her aunt being an uneducated woman, took in washing to support herself and the child. She could hardly scrape enough together to live upon. They did not have a large Thanksgiving dinner as most other people did.
Sally was a bright, cheerful little thing and never complained.
Thanksgiving eve came. Sally had gone to bed or rather to sleep for she was always in bed. Aunt Jane was ironing with all her might, for thought she "I can buy the little darling (meaning Sally) something nice for Thanksgiving. It's little enough she—"
Knock, knock, knock, sounded on the old wooden door and Aunt Jane quite surprised to have visitors so late in the evening went to open the door.
There stood a large wheel chair piled high with baskets and bundles beside some on the ground.
After bringing them in she wondered who could have come. She noticed a card tied to the chair and she made out: "To The Little Girl and her Aunt, from a Friend."
Aunt Jane had not the slightest idea that the poor wretch she had taken in one rainy night had turned out to be the rich Mr. Sampson's grandson who had always before said what that measly little cottage doing next to his stylish residence.
Sally woke up the next morning quite happy that it was Thanksgiving, though she knew they would not have much else outside of the daily fare.
But what was that chair for that was standing beside her bed. "Yes I think I have seen that those are the kind that cripples like me ride in." But where did it come from?
"Auntie, auntie, who sent this chair? Is it for me?"
"Yes, it is dear," said Aunt Jane as much pleased as Sally, for she had not been forgotten. "And see all the things to eat for Thanksgiving too," said Aunt Jane.
So Sally had a Thanksgiving after all.

Woodland Garden at Home.
Wild flowers and plants from the woods usually do not flourish well if transplanted to the garden at home, but there is one simple and easy way in which a boy or girl can have a woodland garden which is a complete success.
To make it you will need two glass finger bowls of the clear transparent sort which come very cheap and which make each other's exact. Take these bowls half full with rich wood earth. Dig up carefully any tiny ferns or plants, the latter with or without flowers, and root them carefully in the bowl that has the earth in it. Sprinkle lightly with water and cover with the empty bowl.
Such a garden will grow and flourish and will look very sweet and cunning through the glass. It should not be watered oftener than once a month or over watering spoils it, and it should not be left uncovered.
The moisture in the bowl constantly forms in drops like dew on the roof of the little house you have formed instead of drying out. It is this dew descending which waters the finger bowl garden.

Our Friend, the Horse.
If one animal, more than any other has contributed to the welfare and happiness of mankind, it has been the horse. Forced into captivity, domesticated, and interbred, until he reveals the highest qualities of brute intelligence and beauty of form, he has been man's patient and faithful burden-bearer as well as his silent companion of the centuries. He has shared with man the hardships of exploration, the aces of chivalry, the struggle for democratic freedom, and the advance of commercial supremacy. In literature, in art, in song; in war, as well as in peace, he has stood by his master's side in the glorious descriptions of human achievement.
The history of the horse is in a large measure the history of the human race. He stands today as the highest embodi-

I Don't See Why.
By Inez Irwin, Aged 9 Years, Craig, Neb., Red Side.
Kitty Brown always wanted her own way. One morning she wanted to go to her friends and play. Her mother told her she had better stay at home. She began to pout and said: "I don't see why I can't go."
Her mother told her she could go then, if she wanted to. She went and played for a couple of hours and then went home. When she got there she found everyone

Busy Bees at School



Clifton Hill Kindergarten on Out-door Circle



Clifton Hill First Grade Boys Playing Ball

Story Telling for Children

It was the half hour consecrated to story-telling, and the little faces were bright with expectancy. Asked what story, the names of old nursery favorites, heard dozens of times before, echoed through the room. For it matters not which story! All that matters is the story-telling.
For half an hour reality in the shape of learning to read and count was to be relegated to the background, and an excursion into the fairy realms of romance to take its place. No wonder the little eyes sparkled and the lips grew tremulous with excitement! The question prompted by the sudden control of muscle and nerve suggests itself at such a time, whether the more matter-of-fact subjects of the curriculum, in the case of young children especially, could not be dealt with via the medium of story-telling. The effect would be more lasting, and the drudgery of teaching reduced to a minimum. Educationalists will smile, probably at the idea. But it is not so impracticable as it sounds, thanks to the readiness of children to participate at all times and with the least provocation in story-telling. For instance, to animate those dreary phantoms of multiplication and division, to embody in pleasing forms and attractive patronymics the grammatical boys' knows as the parts of speech, and present them as agreeable factors of school life—to be entertained and welcomed instead of shunned and disliked—would revolutionize the art of teaching. Also it would do away with the many expedients to gain and keep attention when these, at present, dry as dust formulas of school-room lore hold the field.
Then how the appetite of story-telling grows with using! One can never say when it first asserts itself. To be three years old is to be mature in the taste, and we have known our notes of two to respond to the little finger's growl, how often comes the cry, "Tell me, 'tory, please." And when was an invitation to be nursed or a summons to

bed ignored if the promise of a story was tacked on to it? What if the little eyes closed during the recital? It is no disparagement of story-telling, and only implies that nature's need has overruled the will.
A panacea of all mental ills the young-life is held to, there are certain well-merited, have not to be neglected for story-telling to be a complete success.
While indelicateness can be tolerated, and no great demand made upon construction, attempts to put a moral are apt to be resented. Flattering eulogy, and the attention wanders. Not only does this sort of thing check the free play of imagination and shatter illusions, but it induces unpleasant memories of all the possible things, mothers and grandmothers and well-meaning relatives aspect of children.
The moral of the story, if it has one—and this is by no means obligatory—will strike the child independently of any "rubbing in." Children are much quicker than we often give them credit for in selecting effects to cause. Anything colorfully dramatic or prosy is the unparadigmatic offense of story-telling. We have only to apply the touch-stone to our experience to endorse it.
It is not a matter of great importance whether the story is finished at one sitting. Anticipation of a pleasure is a stimulant to the achievement of many things, and on occasion, with children, might help in the accomplishment of the more difficult tasks. But let no one think of shirking the completion of the story. The little imaginations once fired and affections invoked by the hero, be it two or four legs, there will be no lasting peace until he is satisfactorily disposed of. On one occasion, being tired of the older favorites, we hit on the idea of a story which admitted of periodic additions, and called it "The autumn's party." Its elastic and excitement-producing properties were only exceeded by those of a popular newspaper serial. It ran many weeks, and at least had to be summarily ended by the introduction

of a party of hunters who dispatched several to oblivion and the remainder each to his own habitat. The real importance of it lay in the educational value, though this, like the moral one, was subordinated to the narrative interest. Each animal chosen by the children in turn was invited to enter the circle and relate something of its experiences of life, its habits, pastimes, food and mode of capturing it, etc. Any peculiarities of build or habits were woven into the story, whether of the defensive kind and the adaptation of their structure to their mode of life pointed out. Thus the monkey, with whose love of mischief the children were familiar, pulled the dog's tail as he passed to the place of honor, causing roars of laughter. Then came of ponderous elephant, who almost annihilated the mouse with his foot, at which the desire to be amused at the clumsiness of the pachyderm contented oddly with concern for the mouse.
Contrast, variety, humor, which is one of the most easily cultivated instruments of children, and above all plenty of action are among the indispensable elements of a good story. Nor must we forget the importance of endowing things inanimate and animal with personal attributes. It not only evokes interest, but rouses sympathy and tends to the comprehensive tolerance of another's point of view—another's predicament, for which story telling should be primarily pursued.
Thus a little impromptu story of a rhesus-like chair, one of whose legs was weak, and who grew to resent being continually sat on, might be as provocative of sympathy and pleasure as those classics of the nursery, Red Riding Hood, Hansel and Gretel, or the Three Bears. Then the personation of flowers for no things lend themselves so delightfully to personation as a source of perennial pleasure. When everything has failed to make a fitful child behave at table, the reminder that the flowers were looking at him has had an immediate effect.
And to allegory also, if not too subtle, children are surprisingly responsive.
Another feature in the telling of stories to children is the license afforded the narrator. For instance, the fact that an elephant is black and sometimes white, does not for a moment militate against his being green or blue on occasion. While monkeys having a proclivity to hang from trees by their tails amply condones the tiger doing the same, if the exigencies of the story require him to do so.

ment of physical perfection, the most delicately constructed dynamo, the most beautiful animal creation that the ingenuity of man has been able to evolve by artificial means. And what an object of emulation he is to man himself for the scientific breeding of the human race; what a beautiful example of the power of labor and love if it could be assumed by man as voluntary rather than an involuntary servitude.

Pease Porridge Hot.
Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

This simple game is played in this way: Two players sit facing each other, and at the word pease, which they say together, they strike the palms of their hands on their laps. At the word porridge, they strike their own hands together, at hot, each other's right hand, pease in the lap; porridge, own hands together; in the right hands, pot, own hands; nine, left hands; days, own hands; old, four hands strike together. Repeat the same motions for remainder of verse. This can be done very rapidly, and makes lots of fun.

I Am a Busy Bee.
By William H. Campin, 61 South Twenty-sixth Street, Blue Side.
I am a Busy Bee.
Our tales I love to see.
I like them very much;
And some of them my pity touch.

All the days of the week,
For some to write I truly seek,
In which he tells of spring.
In this golden, wondrous west.
On Sunday morn' I beat the sun
And to our front porch quickly run
To get the wrapped up Bee,
In which there's lots to interest me.

I read most all the tales
Of beasts of men or dales,
Though north and east and west,
Our paper seems the best.
I find one from the king,
In which he tells of spring.
And one from the queen,
Telling all that earth is green.
At last I find my own;
I then sit on the throne;
And it makes me very happy
To think I am a Busy Bee.
I've said nothing heretofore
To our dear editor,
We always think of you
While we write our stories too.

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 faded 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 give you the envy of your fellow-women and will give you the allurements of a perfect womanhood that will be irresistible. They say there is nothing new under the sun but

I have perfected a new treatment that I want to share with my sisters.

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

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