

The Busy Bees - Their Own Page

A VERY interesting letter today—and the one which wins first prize—is that by Goldie Truesdale of Fremont, who tells us about an animal hospital which she and one of her friends have established. This Busy Bee and her friend and other Busy Bees who are interested in the welfare of animals would be glad to hear about the really-truly hospital for animals in New York City.

W. H. Teppe, who has recently come to Omaha to be secretary to Dean J. A. Tancock, president of the Omaha Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals, says that in New York, and also in London, the animal hospitals are well equipped for caring for injured, ill or aged brutes.

"These cities also have ambulances for the express purpose of carrying the suffering animals to the hospital," says Mr. Teppe. "The ambulances are big and have padded sides so that the animals may be as comfortable as possible. The men who have charge of the animals are kind, careful attendants in uniforms and are called burghsmen."

Mr. Teppe says that there is much neglect of animals in this part of the country and he would not doubt be glad to know of the interest of the Busy Bees in regard to the dumb creatures.



WILLIAM CAMPEN—An Ex-Busy Bee

William Campen has just passed his fifteenth birthday and so is ineligible to write for the Children's Page any more, but he will continue to be interested in the letters of the other Busy Bees.

Mamma was delighted with the bouquet we brought home. I have not been a regular writer, but since school let out I will try to write more.

Rebecca.
By Lydia Reed. Aged 9 years. 2964 Harvey Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
Mr. Dudley owned a large racer named Rebecca. Its color was a dark chestnut brown. Mr. Dudley was a faithful master and always saw to it that the horse had the best of care.

Carlo.
By Mary Hobson, Ansley, Neb. Blue Side.
Carlo is a big Newfoundland dog. He has soft brown eyes and is so tall that little Isabelle can ride on his back. She loves him very much and he is her only playmate.

Isabelle and Carlo live in the country.
They race in the fields, lie in the alfalfa and watch the men harvest.
Isabelle had had scarlet fever when they moved on the farm. Now, thanks to the races with Carlo, she has rosy cheeks. These are some of the tricks Isabelle has taught Carlo to do. She throws her rubber ball and Carlo catches it and rolls it back to her with his paw.
They also have splendid games of hide and go-seek together. First Isabelle hides and Carlo will find her, then she finds him.
One morning Carlo went upstairs where Isabelle was asleep. First he licked her hands, but she did not awake. Then he pulled at the covers, but she slept on.
Then he gave a loud, long bark, and Isabelle sat up and said, "Why Carlo, you dear old fellow, are you ready for a romp so early?"

On the Farm.
By Yette Levy. Aged 5 years. Hastings, Neb. Blue Side.
My sister and I take turns going with papa to the farm. Last time I went, my two big sisters went too. We went in an automobile.
They have large orchards there. There are some of the trees they have: Apple, cherry, and mulberry. They have chickens, horses, buggies, cows, and pigs.
As soon as we got out there we had some nice, cold, sweet, milk.
They were thrashing when we got there. It comes of a little opening place. There was a little girl there. We had lots of fun playing with the chickens.
Nowhere does a meal taste better than on the farm.
The trip home was a beautiful one.

Camping Out.
By Arthur R. Mason. Aged 14 years. 1502 North Irving Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.
By Arthur M. Mason aged 14 years, 1256 North Irving street, Fremont Neb., Red side.
"Forward march," shouts the leader. "Tum, tum, tum," grumbles the snare drum, as a crowd of boys starts on a trip through the mountains.
They were to be gone one week. These boys every year start at this time for a week-end trip, carrying only the baggage they need.
As it was early in the morning the trees looked fresh and green, while the birds and squirrels flew and frisked around having the time of their life.
The boys crossed a merry little brook, babbling along. The water was so clear that you could see the bottom of it, and all the fishes, which darted here and there.
They passed by the fields watching the men work.
Far off in a field they saw an artist painting the scenery, putting in cows and horses where there were none. He showed them some of his drawings.
They saw a great many things in their journey. They camped out under the skies every night, and in the daytime swimming in every creek they came to in the seven days.
On the seventh evening saw them at home again all very happy, telling the stories of what they saw on the trip.

My Dress.
By Gertrude Miller. Aged 11 years. 421 West Twenty-second Street, Kearney, Neb.
One Saturday a girl friend of mine and I decided that we would get us some cloth and make us a dress. So the next day I went over to my friend's for her to go down town and get the cloth. We tried to get an excuse to go down and so she broke her croquet mallet and had to take it down town to have it fixed.
That evening she came over and we sewed until 9 o'clock. Then we went to bed. She stayed all night with me.
I have heard that if you begin anything on Friday and do not finish it the same day, you would have bad dreams that night. But that did not prove true in our case.
At 9 o'clock in the morning we went back to her house. We sewed all morning. I stayed there for lunch and at 6 o'clock that evening we each had a dress

HANDS BURNING, ITCHING, DISFIGURED
Cracked and Swollen. Could Not Sleep. For 2 Years Nobody Could Cure His Eczema. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.
905 Lowell Place, Chicago, Ill.—"The trouble began by my hands burning and itching and I rubbed and scratched them till one day I saw little red sores coming out. My hands were disfigured and swollen, and troubled me so that I could not sleep. They were cracked and when the small sores broke a white matter would come out. I could not do any hard work; if I did the sores would come out worse.
"For two years nobody could cure my eczema, until one day I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used warm water with the Cuticura Soap and after that I put the Cuticura Ointment on my hands twice a day for about five or six months when I was completely cured." (Signed) Sam Marcus, Nov. 25, 1911.

SCRATCHED UNTIL BLOOD RAN
Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured Little Girl.
2046 E. Ann St., Philadelphia, Pa.—"My little girl's trouble commenced with pimples on her face. Finally she got them behind her shoulders, then in her hair. At night they seemed worse. They itched and burned, and she scratched until blood ran from them. She had long light curls and when they got in her hair I was afraid I would have to have her hair cut. She was nearly crazy. The blood ran down her face and back. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and had not used quite two boxes when she was cured. I think Cuticura Soap and Ointment are worth their weight in gold." (Signed) Mrs. E. A. Cade, Sept. 26, 1911.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. Sample of each mailed free, with 22-p. book. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. T, Boston. Tender-faced men should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick.

to harness Rebecca and in a short time Mr. Dudley returned with the doctor. The people around about could not thank Mr. Dudley enough for going for the doctor, for with the speed of Rebecca the boy's life was saved.

CHASING A FUGITIVE MONKEY
Animal Takes a Stroll Among the Fashionables on New York's Fifth Avenue.

Big game hunters, like Colonel Roosevelt and Paul J. Rainey, never had a livelier time in African jungles than was enjoyed by a posse of several hundred persons who sought to arrest the progress of an itinerant baboon, five feet tall, in Herald Square, New York. That the fugitive monkey, which had left its quarters in the White Rats storage warehouse, 141 West Thirty-third street, just to go on a bit of a stroll, derived as much satisfaction from the occasion as did her pursuers is doubtful. However, she only forgot her manners long enough to nip a too-familiar youth in the left leg.

Empress 11, which is the baboon's name, is the property of C. L. Norris, an animal trainer in vaudeville. George Setler is her constant attendant in the warehouse. Setler says Empress is a well-behaved creature usually, but naturally when she found one of the bars of her cage loose she just pushed it to one side, slid out and down the stairs and so reached the street. Scattering screaming women and children before her, the monkey leaped alone Thirty-third street and turned north on Sixth avenue. By the time she reached Thirty-fifth street a crowd of men and boys were at her heels, but Empress plainly showed them her wish to be left alone. To get away from the mob, she started across Thirty-fifth street toward Fifth avenue, much to the annoyance of an immaculate special policeman of the Fifth avenue squad, who could not remember what the regulations called for in the case of runaway baboons.

Before Empress had got near him, however, Arthur Mason, 15 years old, of 301 East Thirty-third street, seized the monkey's long, furry tail, an act which so vexed the owner of the tail that she turned and relieved Mason of a slice of his left leg. Then, regardless of a sign reading "No peddlers, beggars or vagrants allowed," she retreated to the hall of 30 West Thirty-fifth street, chattered menacingly at the posse, and defied every janitor of that house. Patrolman Terry of traffic squad C joined the hunters just then, however, and, without more ado, drew his revolver and leveled it at Empress' head.

In another second he would have pulled the trigger and there would have been mourning in monkeyland had not Setler, agitated into excessive perspiration, rushed up and pushed the pistol aside. With a glance of scorn at the posse Setler thereupon walked calmly to the snarling ape, lifted her up in his arms, tucked her tail into his coat pocket and started off with her to the warehouse.—New York Press.

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

Superfluous Hair DeMiracle

Removes It Quickly With Certainty and Absolute Safety.

This perfect method for removing superfluous hair is the cleanest and most convenient to use. It is decidedly the surest, safest, quickest and most inexpensive depilatory known. It is acknowledged the world over by eminent authorities as the only absolutely non-poisonous preparation that dissolves hair, thereby taking the vitality out of it, consequently retarding and preventing an increased growth.

Remember, real danger and disfigurement lurk in the use of so-called superfluous hair "cures." The real harm does not always manifest itself with the first few applications, but the injury is plainly noticeable after frequent and continued use. Furthermore, after each removal the hair grows out again more rapidly, coarser and stiffer than before, and eventually it will become so coarse that no preparation will be strong enough to remove it without ruining the skin.

No stronger argument can be advanced that DeMiracle is the only satisfactory and reliable superfluous hair remover ever offered the public than the fact that it has stood the test of time. It was the largest selling depilatory ten years ago and more of it has been sold each year since than the combined sales of the nostrums. The mere fact that fake-dangerous preparations are short-lived, should alone be sufficient warning to avoid the use of any depilatory but that of proven merit.

Don't be deceived or deluded by alluring and impossible claims of impostors. Tell any one of them that DeMiracle Chemical Company will forfeit Five Thousand Dollars if it can be proven that their so-called superfluous hair "cures" ever eradicated one single growth of superfluous hair.

All reliable dealers sell and recommend DeMiracle, knowing it to be the best and safest depilatory. Some unprincipled ones will tell you that they cannot procure it so that they may more easily influence you to purchase their own or possibly some other dangerous, worthless substitute under another label for a few cents more profit. To protect you from just such imposition, if your dealer will not supply you, mail us \$1.00 and we will send you, all charges paid, in plain, sealed wrapper, a \$1.00 bottle of DeMiracle, and we will make you a present of a full-size jar of DeMiracle Cream. If you care to, give us the name of the dealer who tries to sell you a "just as good" imitation or substitute.

Remember, DeMiracle is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by reputable physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals, prominent magazines and newspapers. And, mind you, every one is genuine; if they were not, we could be compelled by law to discontinue publishing them.

Write for free booklet, which will be mailed, sealed in plain envelope. DeMiracle Chemical Company, Dept. 68 Park Ave., 129th and 130th Streets, New York. You can always procure DeMiracle without argument in Omaha from Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. and Loyal Pharmacy.

Health and Beauty Advice

BY MRS. MAE MARTYN

X. T. Large pores, I know, are disfiguring. However, you can soon reduce them if you use an almosin cream-jelly, the recipe for which I give. Put 2 teaspoonfuls glycerine in ½ pint cold water, then add 1 ounce almosin. When thoroughly dissolved it ready to use. This almosin cream-jelly should be applied plentifully and rubbed in well. After using the cream-jelly, while you will find pimples and blackheads will have vanished and the skin once rough, oily and blotchy will be of a velvety softness, clear and beautiful. The almosin cream-jelly is unerring in protecting the skin from freckles, tan and sunburn.

A. G. B. Dieting is a cruel method of flesh reduction and a needless torture, because with a hernia solution, made by dissolving 4 ounces parmitin in ½ pint hot water, you can reduce your weight without suffering or inconvenience. Take a tablespoonful before each meal, and gradually dissolves the fatty tissues without possible injury, and when your weight is firm you want it, the flesh will be firm and the skin free from wrinkles.

Mrs. A. D. Don't experiment with alleged "hair-tonics" because they may streak the hair. If your scalp is lifeless and scaly, you should shampoo with canthrox, then apply a little of the quinquina tonic, made by pouring 1 pint water in ½ pint alcohol, to which is then added 1 ounce quinquina. Occasional applications of this home-made tonic solve 4 ounces spumax in ½ pint white hazel (or hot water) and add 2 teaspoonfuls glycerine. Apply this sparingly to the skin and rub lightly until dry. The spumax lotion imparts a velvety smoothness and exquisite tint to the skin and ridges it of impurities and unnatural conditions. It is especially nice for hot weather use, as it does not spot nor streak from perspiration and is invisible when on.

Rena W. Inflamed eyes greatly detract from physical charms, and unless this condition is corrected it may be necessary to wear glasses. Make up and use this inexpensive, harmless eye-tonic: In a pint cold, clear water dissolve 1 ounce pyroxin daily to lash-roots with thumb and forefinger and your stubby eyelashes will grow long and beautiful. By putting pyroxin on eyebrows with forefinger you can make them come thick and silky. Don't get any pyroxin where hair is not wanted.

Thick, Glossy Hair is a "Joy Forever"

Keep yours so. Nature had it started right, but if for want of proper attention, your hair has lost its natural color, its silky softness—if it looks dead—call on your druggist—tell him you want to assist nature with a fifty cent bottle of

Q-Ban Hair Restorer

SPECIAL NOTICE: A postal card in each package entitles you to a series of illustrated lectures on the "Care and Treatment of Hair and Scalp." These lectures are full of useful information. Be sure to get them.

HESSIG-ELLIS DRUG CO. Memphis, Tenn.

The Peevish Child Needs a Laxative

It is natural for a child to laugh and play when it sulks drowsily or cries 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 ills of the stomach, liver and bowels, and among the thousands who have written the doctor that they will never be without are Mrs. Mary J. Paddock, Manchester, Iowa, and Mrs. H. Scovill, Osceola, Iowa. They both have saved many a person from a serious illness.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a drugist 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, 406 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

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There is music, dancing, boating, bathing, riding, driving—every outdoor game. Grounds of hotel adjoin the great South Parks, famous for their golf links, tennis courts, lagoons, boulevards, etc.

Plenty of restful secluded spots for those who seek quiet. Summer guests, tourists and transients always find true hospitality at the

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In the Pine Regions of Northern Minnesota 200 miles from the Twin Cities on the Great Northern. Best Muscullonge fishing in the Northwest. We have just opened a new Pine Cone Camp. All kinds of game in season. Free Booklets.

J. A. MAHON & SONS, Prop.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)
An Animal Hospital.
By Goldie Truesdale. Aged 12 Years. 1512 Main Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue Side.
One day I was reading a story of the number of animals and insects that were hurt by heartless people and I thought it would be interesting to start a hospital for animals. So I told one of my friends about it and she thought so too. That afternoon we procured a large dry goods box for our hospital. We took the boards off of the top which we covered with screen. Then we lined our box with cotton. After we finished our house we had to find something to put in it.

The first thing I found was a little black chicken that had been pecked by the old hens. It wasn't more than a week old but its head was all bleeding and swollen and it died the next day. We buried in it a little place behind the house we use as a cemetery.
Then I found a cat that had its leg broken. It was a cat that had been white once but it was so dirty that one wouldn't know what color it was. I took a sponge and washed it's leg off. Then I saturated a ball of cotton, with Pond's Extract. I took a piece of soft cloth and bound the cotton on. After the cat got better we gave it a good bath and found it was a very pretty white one. We found it to a girl that we knew would take care of it.

The next thing we found was a butterfly that had one of its wings torn. It died the next day though.
Now we have a robin that had almost all of its feathers gone from its left side, and the left side of its tail. I hope it gets well soon though.
We have had a great deal of pleasure from our animal hospital and we hope to keep it up all summer.

(Second Prize.)
Battle of Bourke Park.
PARODY.
By Ralph F. Cohn. Aged 10, 1202 Park Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.
Four-score and five minutes ago Park school brought forth a new team. Excellent in jumping and dedicated to the proposition that Park's team is unequalled.

Saturday we were engaged in a proof of unequalness. We have yelled to cheer that team that it might win. It is altogether proper that Park's team should win; but in a larger sense we can not win, we can not be joyful without other teams getting mad.
The fine team boys living (and dead), who contested here have scored very high that Lothrop might not win.
The world will little note nor long remember what many did there; but can never forget what Bruce, Lيمان, Fred Haines, or Freddie Burkquist did there.
It were better for us to have gone home with Park in second place to which the team had so far so nobly advanced. It was better to leave the then unfinished work of the great task remaining before the team, and from this honored team we take increased points.

We here highly resolve that next year Park shall have a new team, and that these hall marks under Carns shall not perish from the school.

(Honorable Mention).
The Stray Kitten.
By Paul Byrne. Aged 10 years. Lexington, Neb.
One time when my sister and I were going to town we found a stray kitten. It was raining when we found it. I put it under my coat and took it home. It was so thin that you could almost see through it. We fed it milk and bread. It ate so much of it that it swelled up and looked almost like a puff ball.
He's a very playful little cat and is showing signs of becoming a good mouser.

We will give him a good home and plenty to eat as long as he makes his home with us. When you rub his back in the day time you can hear parks. In the dark they are bright sparks that look like fire.
This is my first letter to The Bee and I hope to see it in print.

The May Festival.
By Rose Murray. Aged 8 years. Omaha, Blue Side.
On Friday, May 31, Franklin school went to Bemis park and had a May festival. There were crowds of people to see us. They were our parents and friends.
The upper grades sang the songs: America, May Morning, Away to the Fields and the Star Spangled Banner. When they sang "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner" the children of the lower grades waved their flags. There were many pretty folk dances. Our room had the Dutch "Klappanz". The Seventh grade wound the May pole.
The part of the perk where we had our festival was nicely decorated with large and small flags. It was a beautiful day and I think we had a very nice time.

Hunting.
By Olaf Olson. Aged 12 years. Brown Park, Fifteenth and P Streets, Omaha, Neb.
It was one cold morning in January when five of us went out camping in the back part of the Main. We took supplies enough to last us one week. Each of us had a gun and a trap. We also had one dog named Grip.
Grip was a very powerful dog. None of us cared to provoke him too far. One

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.