

Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

YOUR queen of the Busy Bees has written such a good account of Ak-Sar-Ben that it almost makes up for the lack of letters on this subject.

Now that the excitement of the Ak-Sar-Ben festival is over and all are settled down to work again, let us have another contest on a special subject. This time it will be on your favorite study in school. The boys and girls of the Children's department of the Brooklyn Eagle had a contest of this kind recently and it was very interesting. Each one wrote about the study he liked most and the best letters received prizes.

Which study does each Busy Bee like most? Is it history, which tells the story of the events which have taken place since the beginning of nations and states; is it geography, the description of the world itself, its people and its products; is it nature study, about the creation, the flowers, trees, birds, insects, soils, rocks and other things by which we are surrounded; is it arithmetic, grammar, reading, spelling, drawing, music?

Write about your favorite study, telling why you like it best. The best letters will receive prizes. This is a subject about which everyone of you can write, and so let us have many letters.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Rainy Saturday Evenings.

By Nellie Snyder, Aged 14 Years, Provo, Utah, Blue Side.

On rainy Saturday evenings or during the winter, when it is too cold to be out doors, we have great times. Gathered about a blazing fire place, we roast apples, pop corn, crack nuts and tell stories and jokes.

Sometimes we turn the lights off, sit on the floor by the fire, and listen to the rain pattering against the windows or the wind howling through the trees.

When the smaller children are tired of jokes and apples, we go to the kitchen and make candy and such dandy times as we have stretching it.

The children are no longer sleepy, but could pull candy for hours if it were not bed time.

But this is not all; we have music from the piano, mandolin or phonograph and also play games.

(Second Prize.)

Ak-Sar-Ben.

By Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 604 Chicago Street, Blue Side.

Ak-Sar-Ben started in the year 1885, when several energetic businessmen thought up this plan to create business and bring visitors from the neighboring states and all surrounding country to our city.

One clever man thought of the name Ak-Sar-Ben or Nebraska spelled backwards. To this day the festivities which are now taking place bear this name.

People come miles to see the sights and spend money.

The downtown district is beautifully decorated with Ak-Sar-Ben colors, red, yellow and green, and electric lights illuminate the streets at night.

Crowds go in and out of the carnival, which is also an amusement and a place of merry-making, where mostly young people throw candy and have a good time in general. There is a midway in the grounds, where shows of all kinds are going on all the time. Some are instructive, some good and others not so good.

Lunch counters are on all sides, also stands where one can buy peanuts, popcorn and red lemonade or cider.

There also are all kinds of booths where one can buy souvenirs and chances on different articles.

I have visited the grounds when I could scarcely push my way through the mass of people. Young and old alike enjoy the festivities.

The Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, as they call themselves, have also devised the plan of street parades as a means of entertaining visitors and our own citizens.

Each year seems more successful than the year before and people come miles to see the now famous parades.

Tuesday afternoon of this week was the first daylight parade this year. It was the floral parade. The schools closed at noon to give the children an opportunity to go.

The day was an ideal one and before I knew it I was amidst a thronging crowd pushing my way from Sixteenth and Farnaw to Douglas.

I viewed the parade from Brandeis second story window over the corner entrance.

While I was waiting I looked down upon the hurrying, crowding throng of people. It seemed as if everybody was going in opposite directions.

Finally after a good deal of impatience we caught a glimpse of yellow. When in full sight the spectacle which met our eyes was beautiful. It proved to be a large car all yellow flowers, another red poppies and still another green. In these the board of governors rode. All the cars were beautiful, some more original than others. The women were gowned to harmonize with the cars they drove.

One that appealed to me was decorated with pond lilies and was driven by a frog. Another original car was a basket of real American Beauty roses. It would be hard to judge which was the most beautiful.

(Honorable Mention.)

My Trip to Japan.

By Mary Hobson, Aged 9 Years, Ainsley, Neb.

When I went to Japan I went with mamma, the Junior society and our Junior superintendent, Marietta Carothera. We went by the Pacific ocean and stopped at the Sandwich Islands a few days, where we picked many beautiful flowers and saw the volcano, which is sometimes called the Lake of Fire.

But we soon sailed on to Japan. We landed at Yokohama and took one of the brown man ponies and the two-wheeled cart or jinricksha and went flying through the streets.

When we came to the place we wanted to stop we did not have to say, "Whoa, Billy, whoa!" We just said "Stop!" and he did. We paid him then with money that had a hole in it.

We knocked at the door of the house and we took off our shoes and left on our hats, and the door was opened by a neat little brown woman, who bade us come in.

We went in and looked around and saw no chairs, so sat on the floor. Our hostess served tea, cakes and beans to us, and we had a look at the stove she cooked them on. It looks like a bowl with a piece broken out of it. They burn charcoal in it and it makes a smokeless fire. The tea was served in five cups with one saucer with a hole in the bottom. There was soft white matting on the floor, beautiful vases with lovely flowers in them.

We chatted gaily with our hostess and were sorry to go, but had to as our ship was ready to sail.

I would like to see my story in print.

ONE OF THE NEWEST OF THE BUSY BEES.



CLARENCE MAULIFFE.

My Pet Dog.

By Dorothy May, Aged 9 Years, 812 Eighth Street, Fairbury, Neb.

Once I had a pet dog and he liked to bark when I came home from school, he would come running to the gate to meet me.

One day he followed me to school and I told him to go home, but he wouldn't do it. I asked the teacher if I could take him home. She said I might if I would hurry for it was almost time for the last bell to ring.

So I took him home for I only lived a half block away. Just as I reached the house the last bell began to ring. Then I put him down and began to run for the school house. I got there just as the bell stopped. I looked back and I saw him coming. I did not say anything and the next day I did not find him in his place and I did not see him any more.

Good Time at a Party.

By Marie Koelber, Aged 10 Years, Hillrose, Colo., Blue Side.

A couple of weeks ago one of our friends had a party. We all went and had a good time.

When we got there we went to the swing and some boys took it away from us. Then we played "pump-pump-pull-away." When we got tired of playing it we went in the house and listened to the phonograph and then ate supper. After supper we played "wolf-and-sheep."

After we got through playing it we took our horse and buggy and we children went riding. We came to a house where some men were playing a harp. We

stopped and listened a little while and then went back. When we got back we were ready to go home. I hope the Busy Bees will enjoy my story.

My Vacation.

By Grace Moore, Aged 10 Years, Silver Creek, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I am home now and am going to school again.

I stayed seven weeks and at the last got homesick. And when I got home there were four kittens. One died and now we have three.

This year I am in the fifth grade. I like my teacher very well. Her name is Ethel Don. I went to the state fair two days. We stayed one night for the show and fireworks. It was very good. One man rode a buffalo and also rode bronchos. I suppose some of you were there.

When I was out in the country with my grandpa I went to Crete in an auto. I think I will stop till the next time I write. I hope my story will miss the waste basket.

Mary's Doll.

By Gertrude Altman, 1813 Willis Avenue, Omaha, Aged 10 Years.

Every day Mary and her father and brother go to the sea coast for moss. One day when Mary was on the coast hunting for moss she saw something pink. She picked it up, and it was a doll. Mary ran to her father and showed him the doll.

"We will stop at the hotel on our way back," said her father. "Maybe a girl from the hotel lost it here."

When they reached the hotel a little girl was playing outdoors. They asked her if it was hers. The girl said, "Yes." The little girl asked Mary if she had any dolls. "Only one, and it is a corncob dolly," said Mary. The girl told Mary she could keep the doll because she had more.

A New Busy Bee.

OMAHA, Sept. 28.—This is my first letter to the Busy Bees, and hope I win a prize. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. I am taking music lessons and like it real well.

I did not go to the carnival on children's day because it looked like rain. I hope it will be nice this week so I can go. I hope I can see all the parades. Last year I did not go to the carnival, but I saw the parades.

I hope the waste basket isn't around. CLARENCE MAULIFFE, 315 Seward Street.

Game of Proverbs.

One of the party leaves the room and the remainder agree upon a proverb, the words of which are divided among them. If there are more persons than words, let the same words be taken by two or three, but the words must not exceed the number of players, as no one may say two words at once.

The leader, standing near the door, gives the word of command: "When I drop my handkerchief each one of you must shout his or her word, and you (to the party entering the room) must guess the proverb chosen from the dit."

This is a very amusing game, and proverbs should be chosen, if possible, that are short, so that each word may have a good long chorus.

If the guesser can name the speaker whose voice or word gave him a clue to the right guess, that one must leave the room the next time; if he does not guess correctly, he must go out again; if he cannot name anyone in particular who led to a correct guess, the next one going out must depend upon the good nature of the company.

Unexplored Country.

Despite the wonderful advance of exploration in various parts of the world, the Royal Geographical society of London has recently declared that no fewer than 20,000,000 square miles of the earth yet remain unexplored.

Africa has the largest unexplored area, nearly 6,500,000 square miles; while North America contains no fewer than 1,900,000 square miles of virgin territory. The largest continuous stretch of unexplored country is in Liberia, Africa. The

tract consists of about 20,000 miles, all of which is within 200 miles of the sea.

Regions adjoining the Congo, the basin of the Upper Nile, parts of Morocco, Abyssinia, Somaliland, have yet to be surveyed, mapped out, and, if suitable, commercially exploited.

The Birds, Our Protectors.

Mr. Treadwell of the Boston Society of Natural History, reports that he fed a young robin sixty-eight angle or earth worms in one day. A young crow will eat twice its weight of earth worms a day. Think what this means to the gardener, young or old!

In the crop of a nighthawk were found 500 mosquitoes. That bird did the duty of tencore screens! Think of the discomfort, to say nothing of the disease, he prevented!

In view of these facts, one is almost willing to accept the statement of a well-known French scientist, who has asserted that without birds to check the ravages of insects, human life would vanish from this planet in the space of nine years. But for the vegetation, the insects would perish; but for the insects the birds would perish; and but for the birds vegetation would be destroyed. Nature has, therefore, formed a delicate balance of power which cannot be disturbed without bringing great loss and unhappiness to the world.—Home Progress.

Uncle Sam's "Cold Storage" Cats.

Uncle Sam maintains in the Philippine Islands a small army of "cold storage" cats. Their upkeep costs the government about \$15 a year each. In an immense cold storage depot at Manila quantities of provisions are kept, and it is necessary to have cats to protect them from an invasion of vermin.

Felines raised in the tropics could not endure the constant cold that they would be subjected to in the depot, so it is necessary to import a special breed of cold storage cats that have been developed in the warehouses of an American packing company. These cold storage cats are short-tailed, chubby, with long and heavy fur.

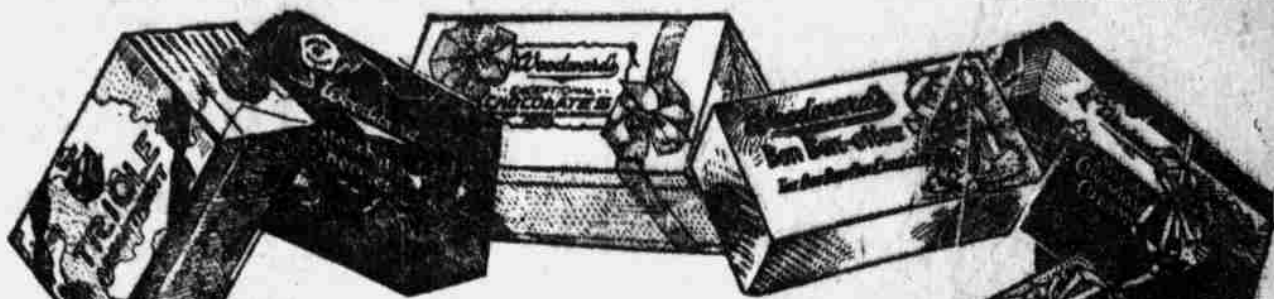
At last accounts they were making good in the Philippine warehouses. But fancy the feelings of one of these feline Eskimos if she should happen to escape from cold storage and get lost in the seething streets of Manila!

Big Bell in Moscow.

The largest bell in the great bell at Moscow, which is eighty-six feet in circumference at the bottom, over twenty-one feet high and twenty-three inches thick at the top. Its weight has been computed at 217 tons. It has never been hung.

Largest Trees in World.

The largest trees in the world are undoubtedly the giant redwoods of California. One of these, in Tulare county, has at the base a circumference of 108 feet, and at a point twelve feet from the ground a circumference of seventy-six feet.



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Exceptional, Contains Two Trays—

An exceptional assortment of Nut-Centers, Fruit Centers, Nut Straws, Caramels, Nougats, Wafers.

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