

# Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

**B**USY BEES will be delighted to know that a great deal of interest has been taken in their page and several new Busy Bees have joined this week.

Miss Helena Modjeska Chase is one of the new Busy Bees to send in a story this week. Helena has written for many papers before and published a magazine for her young friends at one time, and we are glad to know that she has taken an interest in the stories of the young folks on this page. She has just joined the Red Side and is enthusiastic about the side winning.

Among the new Busy Bees are many who live out of the city, and it is always nice to know that the stories and letters of the Busy Bees are read by boys and girls out of the city as well as in the city.

The Busy Bees must think whom they would like for their new king and queen, for January 1 will be the time when new rulers must be elected. It will not be long until Santa Claus makes his annual visit, and I hope some of the Busy Bees will write some stories for the holidays and what they expect to do on Christmas day.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### Our Hospital.

By Mollie Coreman, 806 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: As I haven't written for quite a while I thought I would write today. The thing I am going to talk about is our hospital for animals. For the hospital we had two rooms, but they used to be our playhouse. We fixed them up and I think they are beautiful enough for an animal. The first animal we found was a fly with a crushed wing. I took it in our hospital and I did the best I could for it, but it was of no use, for it died. Then I took a little match box for a coffin and decorated it up and then we buried it. The next thing we got was a bird which also had a broken wing, but I do not know what its name was. The first thing I did was to bathe it, then I gave it something to eat and drink. After it had eaten I covered it all up and laid it in a nice, soft box. After five weeks I let it loose and I haven't seen it since then. But the only hurt things I could find were flies and ants, but I got tired of them and my hospital; but if I could have got birds or something else I wouldn't have got tired. I think I will close now as my letter is getting long.

### A Story About Thanksgiving.

By Grace Moore, Aged 10 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.  
Dear Editor and Busy Bees: I am not going anywhere, because I have no grandparents or uncles or aunts close by. But I will be in the country, and I don't think I will have turkey. Turkeys are quite large. They are brown, black and white. We mostly always have turkey for Thanksgiving or Christmas. The pilgrims used to eat wild turkey, and that is how we got them.  
Pumpkins grow on vines. They are kind of a yellowish orange. We make pies out of them and also jack o' lanterns. The way I make my jack o' lanterns, I take a knife and take out all the seeds and make eyes, nose and mouth. I hope all the Busy Bees and editor will have a good dinner and go to their grandmas. I hope you have as good a dinner and time as the pilgrims did at their big feast. I hope the Blues will hurry and write more stories, for there were only two Blues who wrote last Sunday. From your loving Junior, Grace Moore.

### The History of a Ring.

By Amy Swice, Aged 10 Years, 2314 F Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.  
I was once a little piece of gold dust, and my companions lived in the bottom of a mountain stream.  
One day some men came to get a drink from the stream and saw us shining in the bright sunshine. "Gold," they cried. Then they brought a pan with wire in the bottom called a shaker and dipped handfuls of dirt and sand out of the stream. Then they shook it back and forth until they had all the dirt washed away. They put me into a bag with lots of other pieces of gold.  
Then I was taken to a factory, where I was melted and placed in a mold to cool. I laid there some time when I was taken on a train to another factory, where I was mixed with copper and silver. I was heated again and put into a mold unlike the other. When I was cool they took me out and put me into a box with other rings and shipped me to a jewelry store.  
A jeweler put a beautiful stone in me called a diamond. I was very beautiful and ladies often admired me.  
At last I was bought by a lovely lady, who put me on her slender white fingers. I am very happy now and am taken once a month to the jeweler, who cleans me and makes me shine. Every night I sleep in a velvet box.  
P. S.—I am a new Bee.

### A Visit to Niagara Falls.

By Goldie Truesdell, Aged 12 Years, Fremont, Neb. Blue Side.  
We boarded a street car in the morning at about 12:30 o'clock. After riding past many gorgeous fields of daisies and clover we arrived at the custom house. Those who had any baggage were compelled to yield it to the custom officers, but we had none so we were allowed to take the next car to cross the Niagara river, just below the falls, arriving at a small station.  
In one part of the station was a place where one might buy trinkets, post cards and souvenirs. One thing that interested me very much was an alligator's egg with the alligator partly out. The egg was about as large as a duck's egg. The woman who had charge of the place told me that the alligator had come out of the egg, but had died soon after. A man standing there had put it back into the shell as far as it would go, making it appear that the animal had died while coming out.  
The falls were very interesting also. The Horseshoe falls appeared to be about 100 feet in height, but in reality were 154 feet high. The mist rose from the falls, making the land on the Canadian side as if raining continually and one is almost compelled to wear water-proof garments in order to keep dry.  
When the sun shines on the falls a large rainbow may be seen, altogether making a very pretty sight.  
We then boarded another car on our homeward journey. We went around the Royal gorge. The water was dashing angrily against the rocks. Part of the time we were riding on a steep embankment that was at least 300 feet above the level of the water; other times going so near, the waves lashing against the rocks

## New Busy Bee Queen



—Heyn Photo. HELENA CHASE.

### A Watch as a Reward.

By Martha Harder, Aged 12 Years, Scribner, Neb. Red Side.  
Once upon a time there lived with her parents a little girl of 8 years. They lived about three miles from a little village. On one side of their farm was a small railroad bridge, over which the trains ran every day. It was very much fun for the little girls to watch the cars go by. Each morning and evening the little girl would be at the track to watch for the cars and wave at the passengers that were looking that way.  
The night before there had been a heavy fall of rain and the small bridge had been washed away.  
The next morning when the little girl went to the track she found that the bridge had been washed out. She did not see the train coming in the distance. She was puzzled. What should she do? She knew the train would be coming in a few minutes. Just then she thought of taking off her red petticoat and running down the track in the direction in which the train should come and wave her petticoat. She did so, and no sooner had she started than here came the train.  
She waved her petticoat as hard as she could, but the engineer did not see her at first. Then she began to shout "Stop, stop, the bridge is gone!" and wave her petticoat at the same time, until the train stopped.  
All the people on board were very happy and decided to buy her a present for saving so many lives. About a week after this she received a beautiful gold watch with these words on it: "A Reward for Saving Lives."

### The White Bear.

By Marie Kuhry, Aged 11 Years, Box 614, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side.  
When my grandfather was a small boy his home was in Wisconsin, not far from Milwaukee. In those days that state wasn't very thickly settled and there was a great deal of timber and woods, which many wild animals roamed through.  
His father was very anxious for all his boys to be brave, so one evening he sent my grandfather on an errand to a neighbor. He had to pass through a woods. He arrived at the neighbor's house safe, but on his way back he saw what he thought was a white bear standing right in the path.  
Grandfather was not a bit afraid. He looked around to see what he could get to kill the bear with. Soon he found a big fence rail, which he raised up and hit the white bear across the back. Then grandfather's father called to him to stop and the white bear proved to be his father under a white sheet.  
Grandfather was very sorry afterwards, for he had broken three of his father's ribs; but grandfather proved that he wasn't afraid of white bears.

### The Sandpiper's Nest.

By Louise Kahler, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.  
One lovely day in June, when I was wandering up and down the field looking for flowers, I heard a cry of distress. In a moment a little sandpiper crept from under a bush, dragging itself along, as if every bone in its body was broken, its wings drooped and its legs hung as if almost lifeless. It uttered cries of pain and kept just out of the reach of my hand, fluttering along as if wounded. Suddenly I remembered that this was only the sandpiper's way of concealing from me a nest. Her object was to make me follow her, by pretending she could not fly, and so lead me away from her treasure.  
Then I carefully looked around for the nest, and soon found it. Mrs. Sandpiper had only drawn together a few leaves, brown and glossy, a little green moss and a twig or two, and that was a pretty nice house for Mrs. Sandpiper. Four eggs about as large as those of a robin's were within. They were a pale green like the moss, with brown spots on them. I soon went away for the mother was becoming very frightened.

### A Kind Lady.

By Viola Stotzel, Aged 12 Years, Scribner, Neb. Red Side.  
Once upon a time there was a lady that was rich and loved children well. One day when she was going uptown she met a little girl who was poor. She stopped and asked the little girl her name. The little girl said she didn't know her name, but the men called her Reddy. The lady asked the girl who called her Reddy. She said the men in the saloon. This surprised the lady and she asked the little girl what she did in the saloon. She said her father was a drunkard and she had to stay with him because her mother was dead. The lady felt sorry for the little girl and she asked her if her father had a house or where they lived. The little girl said they didn't have a house, but he always stayed in the saloon, and she had to, too. This made the lady feel as if she would like to have the little girl. She asked the little girl if she would like to stay with her. The little girl said she would, but didn't know whether her father would let her. The lady said, "You go and get your father and bring him to me. I will ask him." So the little girl ran as fast as she could and brought her father to her. The lady asked him if she could have the little girl and at first he said no. Then the lady said, "If you let me have her I will give you \$100 and I promise that your little girl will be happy and never want anything but what I will get her. Another thing that I want to say is my name is Mrs. Brown. My husband died four years ago. Perhaps you know him." After a while he said he used to know him when he saw him, but that was all. Then they said goodbye and the little girl ran along the side of the lady. When the lady got home she said to the little girl, "Stay here and I will go uptown and get your some new clothes." So the lady kissed the girl goodbye and went uptown. When she got back the little girl was so happy to see all her new clothes that she jumped up and kissed her again and again. Then Mrs. Brown called the little girl Alice and from then on she was very happy. In time she grew to be very good looking and when she was 20 years old she got married to a very wealthy young man.

### Freiburg, Germany.

By Julius Frank, Aged 12 Years, 824 South Eleventh Street, Blue Side.  
Freiburg is a delightful city of about 5,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on the River Dreisam at the foot of the Black Forest. It is the chief city of the upper Rhenish province of Baden, the seat of the well known university, attended by about 1,900 students, many of whom are Americans and well known by tourists as a starting place for excursions into the Black Forest and down the Rhine valley. A very great number of hotels in Freiburg cater to the large traveling public, and many American canned goods are to be found on their menus. The better class of stores in Freiburg likewise are well stocked with American goods and before leaving the city, I was sure that American tourists passing that way would be reminded of home.

### A Thanksgiving Dinner.

By Elva Ohlsen, Aged 9 Years, Loup City, Neb. Red Side.  
We were invited for dinner to a friend's out in the country. They had many turkeys, and we would make them very mad. Before dinner we played out doors. We saw some nice pumpkin pies in the pantry. Oh! they looked good. Johnny took a little piece off of one pie and mother thought nice had been at it, so she threw it away. It was a very nice dinner, indeed.

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## The Doctor's Advice

By Dr. Lewis Baker

The questions answered below are general in character, the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature. Those wishing further advice from me, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Bldg., College-Elwood Sts., Dayton, O., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Full names and addresses must be given, but only initials or fictitious name will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any well stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

Send to all who suffer with any disease of the scalp.

"Mrs. A. F." writes: "Really if I could find a true remedy to increase my weight, I should be the happiest woman alive. I am so thin and weary, it is a shame. Why can not I be like other women? I do not work hard and have a good home."

Answer: You can "be like other women" if you will follow my advice, which is to use three grain hypo-phosphate packed in sealed capsules with directions, and now widely prescribed by intelligent physicians everywhere. They improve the nutrition, add red blood corpuscles to the blood, improve the complexion, but thorough and regular use must follow to get these good results.

"Mr. Ben" writes: "My joints are becoming so stiff from rheumatism that I can scarcely walk. Is there any help for me?"

Answer: Of course there is help for you and for all others who suffer from rheumatism. Take the following and you will be entirely cured. Iodide of potassium, 1 dram; sodium salicylate, 4 drams; wine of colchicum, 1 oz.; comp. essence cardui, 1 oz.; comp. fluid balsam, 1 oz.; and syrup sarsaparilla, 8 oz. Mix and take a teaspoonful at meal time and again at bed time.

"Mary J." says: "Every winter I have a cold which lasts till spring. I have tried several doctors' prescriptions, but they do no good for me. Can you help me?"

Answer: The best medicine to relieve colds and coughs is made by mixing the contents of a 1/2 oz. tin of essence of mentha with 1/2 oz. of honey or home made sugar syrup. Full directions for making are given on the bottle and also how to take it. It will find its way to cure your cough in a very few days and it is perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

"Miss A." writes: "I have a very bad case of dyspepsia. I am afraid to eat a hearty meal. My breath is bad and I am cross and irritable most of the time."

Answer: If you will get the following tablets and take according to directions, you will soon be rid of all distress in your stomach. It will also help your constipation. They are called Tablets Triophrin and are packed in sealed cartons. If this trouble is allowed to stand it will cause appendicitis, so begin taking at once.

"Helen" writes: "Please tell me what to do to gain an appetite. I cannot eat and am thin and nervous."

Answer: You need a good system tonic and the best one that I could tell you of is: Syrup Hypophosphate Comp. One, 1/2 ounce capsules. Mix and always shake well before using. Take a teaspoonful before meals for several weeks. And you will find this will cure your whole nervous system will be restored to its natural state.

Send \$1.00 for Dr. Lewis Baker's Book on Health and Beauty.

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## Busy Bee Queen Writes of a Little Girl and Her Doll

### A Nice Surprise.

By Helena Chase, Aged 12 Years, 301 South Thirty-third Street, Omaha, Red Side.  
Mary sat by her window, thinking. She wished her mother and father had not gone to the Philippines, because she was so lonesome. Minnie, her nurse, always thought there was "sumthin' th' matter with th' child" when Mary told her thoughts. While Mary was thinking she fell asleep and dreamed there was a beautiful angel called Night. Night carried a veil, which she spread over the earth every evening to put the little children to sleep. When she wept her tears formed dew and often small lakes. Her sister was a beautiful maiden with long, golden tresses, which we call sunbeams. She wore a pale blue dress to match her eyes.  
The maiden Day carried a wallet full of magic seeds. She dropped a few every year. These formed all the wild flowers and trees, except the bluebell, which was formed by the blue when a hole was out in the sky to let the moon come through.  
Day had a sister called Life, who brought all the babies to earth. Mary heard Life say that she had been a good girl and ought to have a baby sister. Just then she woke up and saw her mother and father standing by her, and Minnie holding twin babies 3 months old. "Oh, mother and daddy! And I was dreaming!" she said.  
"No, dearie," they answered. "And we



The little girl and her doll that I am writing about