

The Busy Bees

How many of the Busy Bees, I wonder, have ever heard the story of the Easter Lily? Of course you all know what this beautiful flower looks like and that it always blooms at Easter time.

Little Stories by Little Folk

The Play.

By Blanche Johnson, 234 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb. Side.

"Children," said the clear voice of Miss Herford, one afternoon near the close of the season, "I have decided to give a little play to celebrate the close of school, would you like it?"

"Like it," echoed the children, "of course we would."

The next day Miss Herford gave out neatly written sheets of paper, containing the parts and the names of those who were to play them, and that same evening a group of girls stood drooping over the one of which would be chosen to play the leading part, which Miss Herford said would be given out the following day.

"Dear me," said Margaret Kerly, "of course I should love to be chosen to be the fairy queen, but just think if you should forget your part!"

"I don't care who gets it just so Hazel Smith won't," cried Dorothy Pryor.

Now, Hazel Smith was a new pupil in the little Redford county school and had come from New York to this little mountain town where it was thought that the fine climate would help her falling health.

When Hazel had entered the school she had proved herself so disagreeable to all the children that the soon found herself out of all the merry-making, but Miss Herford was charmed with Hazel and she was fast becoming a favorite with the teacher, so that now she stood a large chance of having the coveted part.

"Why, what's all the gossip between the ladies?" laughed Bob Stone, who was a jolly boy, and who had been chosen king in the play.

"Oh, Bob!" exclaimed pretty Patty Weld, "we are so afraid that Hazel Smith will be chosen queen in our play."

"The queen," echoed Bob, and made a wry face. "Well, so long girls, see you tomorrow," he cried, and made a hasty exit.

The little party soon broke up and the girls walked slowly home still talking of the play.

It was a week later, the day of the play, Hazel, as the girls had said, had been chosen queen. Everything was in readiness and the stage, with the children's help, had been changed into a forest glen ready for a dance of the fairies. Many of the small actors were arriving and all was in excitement. Margaret, Dorothy and Patty were some of the early arrivals, and now they were ready to appear on the stage. The three had costumes alike except for the coloring. Patty's was a fluffy light yellow, which suited her dark complexion, Dorothy had pink and Margaret a light shade of blue, and together presented a pretty trio. Just then Bob sauntered up.

"Ten minutes more and the curtain goes up—scared?" he asked.

"No," said Patty, "could do two parts, and, by the way, I know two, mine and Hazel's," but her speech was stopped by the appearance of Hazel, whose eyes showed she had been crying.

"Why, Hazel, what's the matter?" cried the busy Miss Herford. "Tell me."

"Oh, I've forgotten my part. I can't think of a word," sobbed Hazel.

"Now my play is ruined," exclaimed the horrified teacher, "and nobody knows her part."

"Oh, Miss Herford, Patty knows every word of it," said Margaret.

"Patty, do you? Can you say it all?" she cried.

"Yes I can," said Patty. And already Miss Herford had taken off the fairy costume and Patty had the right one on.

"Get in line, quick," Miss Herford said, and when the line marched it was headed by Bob and Patty, and Rob's face had a grin on it which would not have been there had Hazel been taking the part.

Is Your Child's Tongue Coated

If cross, feverish, bilious, stomach sour, give "Syrup of Figs" to clean its little clogged-up bowels.

Mother! Don't scold your cross, peevish child! Look at the tongue! See if it is white, yellow and coated! If your child is listless, drooping, isn't sleeping well, is restless, doesn't eat heartily, if it is cross, irritable out of sorts with everybody, stomach sour, feverish, breath bad, has stomachache, diarrhoea, sore throat, or is full of colic, it means the little one's stomach, liver and 30 feet of bowels are filled with poisons and foul, constipated waste matter and need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

Give a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, undigested food and sour bile will gently move on and out of its little waste clogged bowels without nausea, griping or weakness, and you will surely have a well, happy and smiling child again shortly.

With Syrup of Figs you are not dragging your children being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and astringents it cannot be harmful, besides they dearly love its delicious taste.

Mothers should always keep Syrup of Figs handy. It is the only stomach, liver and bowel cleanser and regularizer—a little given today will save a sick child tomorrow.

Full directions for children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the package.

Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," prepared by the California Fig Syrup Co. This is the distinctive taste, genuine old-fashioned.

A New Busy Bee.

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 exceed 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
7. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, Omaha, Neb.

Fremont Busy Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my third letter to the Busy Bees page. I am in the eighth A grade. I read the stories in the children's page every Sunday and think they are nice. I am sending in the biography of St. Patrick, as St. Patrick's day is drawing near, and I hope to see it in print. Yours truly, LENOIRA TALLEY, Fremont, Neb., Nov. 19.

St. Patrick was born in the year 387 at Banavem, Taberna, (Sasale), Scotland. His father was a deacon of a church. When Patrick was 16 years old he was captured by some pirates and carried to Ireland, where he was sold as a slave to Miline, chiefman of North Daivadia in the County Antrim, northern Ireland. He lived as a slave six years, employed in tending cattle. His sad condition led him to find consolation in God. He then took courage and fled from his master. He went 200 miles south and found a ship about to sail for France, and after a little discussion was taken on board as a servant, and after a journey of three days landed at the mouth of the Loire. Then for twenty-eight days he traversed a wild country with the ship's crew until they came to Marcellus. Here he parted from his companions and went to Tours, where the famous Martin was bishop. His mother was sister to St. Martin, and so he lived with him for four years. But his desire to preach the gospel was so strong that he went to Auxerre, in France, to be consecrated by Bishop Amator. In the year 406 he started his missionary work in Ireland, with which he had much success. Once upon a royal company was on the verge of attack, St. Patrick preaching the gospel he sang a hymn called the "Breastplate." His opponents took him and his companions for wild tawn in disguise and fled, "leaving him to freedom. He wrote many interesting poems on his "faith," for which he was especially noted. One year he converted many people by his preaching and among them were many English nobles. And ever since the year 463, when he died, we keep March 17 sacred in his honor.

(Honorable Mention.)

Katherine's Three Wishes.

By James Wengert, Mapleton, Ia. Blue Side.

Katherine was a small girl that had nearly everything a small girl can have. She got her playthings mainly by wish. One day she decided she wanted a dog. She cried and tumbled until her father brought her the biggest dog in town, but he first made her promise that she would not wish for anything again for a month. This she did readily enough, but the very next day she asked her father to buy her a collar for Rover, for that is what she named the dog. But her father said, "No, I will not buy the dog a collar until the month is up." This made Katherine very mad, and when she cried neither her aunt Jane or her father or mother would pay any attention to her. That afternoon Katherine thought she would run off with Rover for she had decided that no one liked her. So she set out for the North Pole, for she had heard that it was very far off and there no one would find her and her father would be very sorry he had not bought her the dog collar. But before she had gone very far she got very tired, so she sat down on the sidewalk and leaning her head on Rover she went to sleep. Her father happened to come along soon and he guessed her troubles very soon. He picked her up and carried her home, where he put her in as near the same position as he could. Like she was when he found her. Then he went into the next room and found Katherine's mother talking about something to the neighbor. It was a plan of dressing up like a fairy and trying to cure Katherine of her wishing. It was accepted and the neighbor dressed up like a fairy, went into the room where Katherine was and woke her up. The first thing Katherine said was, "Who brought me here?" "I did," said the fairy. "Who are you?" said Katherine. "I am the fairy of good wishes," said the neighbor. "Oh," said Katherine, "and where are my mother and father and Aunt Jane?" They are many miles from here and they cannot come back without my power," said the fairy. "And they can come if I give you three wishes, which I am going to do. Now you may wish."

"I want a—"

"Better be careful," said the fairy.

"Oh, please have my papa come," said Katherine.

"Papa, come," said the fairy, and papa stepped into the room.

"Now, have mama come, then have Aunt Jane come," said Katherine.

"Mama come," said the fairy. "Aunt Jane come," said the fairy. "And mama and Aunt Jane came into the room. After the fairy had gone Katherine said, "I wish I had wished you all at once I wish I would have two more wishes."

"Yes," said her father, "that would have been a better plan."

My Dear Busy Bees: I read the stories

BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEE WHO LOVES THE WORK.

By Irene Grant, Bennington, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a man and his wife who were very rich and lived in a lovely house, but they were never contented, they always wanted more money. Mr. Roberts (for that was the man's name) mother lived with them and they thought that she was very rich; they always treated her with great respect. They thought that this would induce her to leave them all her money.

She had very much money, but she kept only seventy-five (75) dollars in the bank in the town where she lived. She kept the rest of her money in a bank that was located in a large town about fifteen miles from her home. Sometime in the town where she lived had a large fire in Somerset. Several buildings burned and among them was the bank in which Mrs. Roberts kept her money.

When she told Mr. Roberts and his wife about all of the money that she had put in the bank was burned, she said that she was very angry for they knew that she was worth thousands of dollars. From that time they treated her with anything but respect, for they thought that they would not get anything. They thought of this night and day and it made them still more angry. At last they went so far as to make her get out of a wooden box.

This grieved Mrs. Roberts so much that her time to stay on earth was almost up, so one day she went to the lawyer and had her will made. It showed that she had divided all of her money except a few hundred dollars between her other sons and daughters.

About two weeks after this she took sick, but Mr. Roberts and his wife only laughed at her and said that she only tried to be sick. But they were mistaken here, for she died about a week later. When they found that this little girl was all they were to get, it made them very angry. But this had taught them to never treat people nice because they are looking for money. They were contented with what money they had after that.

When Agnes Tried to Skate.

By Dorothy M. Patty, Aged 10 Years, Fremont, Neb.

"Mamma, will you get my roller skates out?"

"What do you want with them, dear?" said her mother. "Oh, mamma, all the girls are skating and I've never skated on my roller skates."

"Well, I guess we can this time," said Mr. Jackson.

"No, father, let us wait until summer. Then we will have a better chance."

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LESTER ANDERSON.

Pretty soon a boy came running through the woods and saw to her and he soon got her out and brought Mary to the shore with her. They took Ruth home and her father gave the little boy a rich reward. The little boy's name was Jack Jones. Ruth did not go near the lake again after that, nor did she coax Mary to do wrong again.

Rover and His Master Hans.

By Anna Glover, Aged 12 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

There once lived in Holland a bright little boy of 8 years. He was in the fourth grade at school and was liked by all.

Hans for that was the boy's name, had a dog which he named Rover. Rover was a spotted dog of three colors. His nose and forehead were of white and his back and neck of brown and black.

One bright day in March Hans asked permission of his father to go to the seashore and wait till his father came back with his boat.

Hans' father was a good sailor and was often hired to go on long fishing trips to help row the boats.

Hans started from home about 4 o'clock and reached the seashore about ten minutes after 4.

He met three boys who were going to watch the fishing boats come in, too. The boys' names were Fritz, Theodore and Heine Schmidt.

The boys climbed upon the dike and looked all around to see if any of the fishing boats were in sight. At once Heine interrupted the conversation between the other boys. He saw in the north that many large waves were flying in the air.

He told the boys that it meant a storm. The boys looked to see if it could be so. Sure enough the waves came rolling. The boys said they thought they would tell some watchmen, so they ran off.

The boys had just gotten down when a loud splash came against the dike. The boys ran to tell the watchmen, but before they could get back to the dike Rover had found a hole and stood barking at the place. The people ran from all sides, coming to help keep the water out.

If Rover had not barked before the people had seen the place, the hole might have been so large that it could hardly be patched.

Rover was patted after this good deed and was talked of in all the homes.

A Kind Act.

By Marie H. Ninger, Aged 14 Years, Humboldt, Neb. Blue Side.

Before his death Mr. Hannes, who was an old soldier of the civil war, told me many stories.

He was one of the soldiers who marched with Sherman to the sea. Here in one of the stories he told me, which happened as they were marching through a dark forest. I am sure you will be as delighted to read it as I was to listen to it.

"One day when we were marching through a rather gloomy forest I was surprised to see a poor, trembling Confederate soldier hiding in the bushes which grew thick on each side of our path. He looked so pitiful a sight that I felt sorry for him, so I did not tell the rest of my comrades, for I knew that they would be sure to hang him.

"But it happened that my companion had also seen him, so after whispering to him, for I could not talk out loud, I persuaded him to tell anybody.

"We marched on past the soldier, leaving him, thinking, perhaps, of the narrow escape he had had, and that we had no eyes.

My Hunting Trip.

By Lionel Branson, Aged 12 Years, Eddyville, Neb. Red Side.

One day my brothers were going hunting with them. I said I would go hunting with them. I said I would go hunting with them. I said I would go hunting with them.

"The Word of God."

By Betty Marshall, 22 North Thirteenth Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red Side.

"Henry, what book is that you have in your hand?" asked Mrs. Thomas, Henry's mother.

"It is the Bible, mother," answered Henry.

"Why, yes it is—"

"And my little boy to treat so roughly the book containing God's holy word?" Henry's face grew serious.

"Oh, I forgot," he said, and laid the book carefully away.

"Try and not forget again, my son. If you treat this book so lightly now, when you become a man you may as lightly esteem its holy truths, and then you could never live in heaven with the angels. No one goes to heaven who does not love and reverence the word of God, which is holy in every jot and tittle."

A True Story.

By Eunice Skeketter, Aged 10 Years, Gretna, Neb.

Today is the eighteenth of March. A year ago today was a day I shall never forget.

I was at school and with the rest of the scholars was studying my lessons, when a wagon drove up with four men in it. One of them was Roy Hunt, the driver and owner of the team and wagon; the other three were Grep, Howard and Morley, the convicts who broke out of the state's prison at Lincoln. At first they stopped, but in a moment or so they drove on, and then close behind them came a big crowd, who we soon found out were a posse after them. At first we did not know who was who or what was what, until one of the school

A Happy Accident.

By Della Cupt, Aged 12 Years, Ravenna, Neb. Blue Side.

At 6 o'clock Jimmy closed his "Shoe Shining Parlor" and started through the snowy streets for home. Coming across Washington avenue care had to be taken on account of the many vehicles. But Jimmy thought little of this and with all the confidence of a street urchin in his own ability he started to cross. Half way over the icy pavement and directly in the path of an automobile he slipped and fell. Before the horror-stricken

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, MARCH 23. "This is the day we celebrate."

Table listing names and addresses of children for the Little Folks Birthday Book. Includes names like Louisa Baker, Arthur Henry Banan, Jerome Battles, etc.

Wandering.

By Betty Kennedy, Aged 10 Years, 214 North Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha.

I know of a place where the grass is green, and the sky is a grayish blue; where a few little clouds are floating about, and the sun is just setting, too.

A Busy Bee.

By KEARNEY, Neb. March 12.—Dear Busy Bees: I have read the children's page so much I thought I would like to join the Busy Bees on the Red Side. My age is 9 years. Yours truly, ALICE WINN.

Another Busy Bee.

OSAWATOMIE, Kan., March 8.—To the Busy Bee Editor: Dear Sir—I desire to join the Red Side of the Busy Bees. My name is Harold Dyer and I live in Osawatomie, Kan. I will be 11 years old the 23rd day of May. I am sending a story entitled, "The Boy Scouts of Osawatomie, Second hike." Respectfully yours, HAROLD DYER.

KEEP Your Skin Clear, your scalp clean, your hair from falling, your hands soft and white by daily use in the toilet of Cuticura Soap with occasional use of Cuticura Ointment.

No other emollients do so much to promote and maintain the purity and beauty of the complexion, hands and hair under all conditions. No others excel them in purity, delicacy and fragrance.

Liberal sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book free. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 18, Boston. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world.

Health and Beauty Hints

By Mrs. Mae Martyn

Margaret: You can overcome the lifeless, "straggling," brittle condition of your hair and make it soft, brilliant and luxuriant again by the use of this simple quinine tonic. Get one ounce of quinine from your druggist, dissolve in half-pint alcohol, add 5 pint water. Vigorous scalp massage with this tonic will stimulate roots and tissues to healthy action, and the hair will regain former color, gloss and life.

Maid: Get a small, original package of pyroxin and apply some occasionally at wash-roots with thumb and fore-finger. This makes short, straight eyelashes grow long and curly. Rubbing pyroxin on eyebrows with forefinger will cause them to come in thick and beautifully. Be careful and don't get any pyroxin where no hair is wanted.

Grace M.: I know you will like delatone for removing superfluous hairs. With a little water make enough paste to cover the hairs; let remain two or three minutes, then rub off, wash the skin and every trace of hair will have vanished. This is an inexpensive, painless way to remove hair or fuzz and no harm results from its use.

Irene: Impurities in the blood cause the condition of which you speak and until this is corrected you can hope for no relief. An economical old-fashioned tonic and system regulator can be made at home by dissolving one ounce of karo in a half-pint alcohol, then adding a half-ounce sugar and enough hot water to make a quart. A tablespoonful before each meal soon rid the blood of poisonous accumulations and gives you strength and energy. When the blood is cleansed of impurities the skin becomes clear and the complexion takes on a healthy tint.

Miss G.: No, I would not use paint of any make. Rouge and powder only cover defect—a spruce lotion removes them; tones the skin, permits the pores to

Dorothy: Do not worry about your flesh. Reduction is no longer the result of painful dieting and tiring exercise. The sufferer from too much flesh now uses this simple, home-made and positively harmless, fat-dissolver, which leaves the flesh firm and the skin free from wrinkles. Dissolve four ounces of parrotin in 1 1/2 pints of hot water and take a tablespoonful before meals. This results in reduction without discomfort and the action is permanent. Read Mrs. Martyn's book, "Beauty," 25-Cent.