

# The Busy Bees

**M**ANY Busy Bees live in the city and some live in the country. There are a few, however, whose homes are located at army posts. Their life is quite the same as other children, yet the surroundings are very different. They live in the homes of the brave men who are ready always to fight for and serve their country. If you were to talk to some of these little people they would soon tell you that their homes were called quarters at the fort. Katherine and John Nesbitt are brother and sister and they are now living at Fort Crook. When Katherine was writing a story not long ago for the Busy Bee page, she spoke of the corral. I wonder if many Busy Bees know what a corral is? The corral is a stable on the fort grounds where the horses of the army are kept. The little children who live at army posts know just how the soldiers live and see how quickly they obey orders.

Miss Mildred White, who is a former queen, called at the office of the editor this week. She says that she is busy taking music lessons.

Miss Dorothy Judson of the Busy Bees, has written a story for the page this week. Dorothy wrote her story while she was visiting in Minneapolis. She is now going through Yellowstone park, where she is seeing some of the wonders of our great national park. We will hope that she will write a story of her trip when she comes home.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### Beesie's Party.

By Lucile Beale, Emerson, Ia. Aged 12, Years, Blue Side.

One day when the sun was shining brightly, Little Beesie asked her mother if she could ask her little friend, Alice, to come and play with her. Her mother said that she might. Now, Alice was a little girl eight years old, with a sweet, friendly way. Alice's mother was going to have company and told her the minute stay at home with Beesie. So Alice went over to Beesie's home. She told her how long she could stay. The girls got their dollies out and played with them. The time slipped away very fast. Beesie's mother called Alice when it was time to go home. Alice got up to go home when Beesie said, "your mother won't care if you stayed a little longer." So Alice stayed another hour and when Alice got home her mother said: "I was going to let you have a party, but now I won't because you disobeyed your mother." And that was a lesson taught Alice.

(Second Prize.)

### Leo and the Cats.

By William Simon, Aged 12 Years, 106 North Nineteenth, Omaha, Red Side.

There was once a boy named Leo. He was 10 years old. One day, while going into the woods, Leo saw a large hole inside of a hill. From the hole came a noise like the mew of a cat. Looking into the hole he saw two spotted kittens. "What beauties," he said. I've heard mamma say she needed a cat at home. They are from some wild animal." On taking them home, an Indian, who was sharpening an ax near Leo's home. When the Indian saw Leo with the two dangerous kittens in his arms he said: "Drop them. They are the cats of jaguars."

Leo fled away like a rabbit, and his eyes sparkled like diamonds. Leo then ran for the bridge. When the Indian said drop them, Leo fell so. He saw the animals five yards back of him. The Indian said drop the other, but Leo refused. The jaguar had one claw then buried in the boy's foot. The Indian picked up the ax and hit the jaguar over the head and he then left loose and the Indian started to cut the bridge, which was made of two trees laid together. And then the other jaguar came up. Just as the other was half way across the bridge the bridge broke and he fell into the deep valley below. Leo was thus saved. He has never thought of bringing those kind of cats to the house since.

(Honorable Mention.)

### The Faithful Horse.

By Lena Perle, Aged 9 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a faithful horse. The man being poor could not support the horse, so one day the master said to the horse, "If you will bring a lion to my house, I will keep you as long as you live." The horse went away very sad because he knew he was too old to catch a lion, while he was walking through the woods he met a fox. "What is the matter?" said the fox to the horse. So then he told the fox his troubles. The fox hearing this said he would try to help him out. "Now," said the fox, "I will hide and you must lie down and pretend as if you were dead." The horse obeying lay down in the path of the lion. Then the lion coming through the path saw the horse and thought he would have a good meal. While the lion approached the horse the fox jumped out of the brush and told the lion if he would take the lion to the barn's stall, he would have a better meal. The lion obeying the fox tied his tail to the horse's tail, just as soon as he had done this the fox cried, "Get up." The horse got up on his feet and started on a full gallop dragging the lion behind him. He reached his master's house and his master seeing the lion dead from being dragged so long, untied the tail and took the horse and patted him on the back and said he was a very faithful horse. The master took the lion's skin and made a beautiful rug. And ever after he took good care of the horse and kept him as long as he lived.

(Honorable Mention.)

### Elizabeth's Rosy Cheeks.

By Dorothy Judson, 123 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha.

"Oh, dear, I do wish I had rosy cheeks," sighed Elizabeth Forsman one morning as she was sitting in front of her mirror, dressing for the day. "Other girls have rosy cheeks, I do not see why I should not have them," continued Elizabeth with pouted lips.

A few days after this Elizabeth received an invitation to a large party. When dressing for this party how she longed for pink cheeks, when all of a sudden Elizabeth thought of a fine idea and stole into her play-room and brought back her little paint box. Then she took the soft brush, dipped it into the red paint and gently smoothed it over her two little cheeks. "Oh! how pretty I look now," said Elizabeth, jumping up and down with joy.

But when she arrived at the party how the girls all stared at her and gathered together in groups and talked about her. Four little Elizabeth, how uncomfortable she felt. And when she went

got her parcel, and on her way she met a girl who said, "Looky, here that mouse has chewed a hole in my new parcel."

It was true.

Betty stood talking with the girl for a while, then she suddenly remembered her aunt's parcel, she said goodbye to the girl and ran to get her own parcel.

She put it up, there in the top was a large jagged hole.

Betty ran home crying, and meeting her aunt in the doorway, she sobbed out the whole story.

Her aunt was silent for a minute then she said, "Betty, I am sorry my parcel is ruined, for it was a very dear present, but I would rather my namesake truthful than all the blue silk parcels in the world."

And Betty was comforted.

### A Trip to Balston.

By Mildred White, Aged 12 Years, 604 Chicago Street, Blue Side.

One of the members of the West End Mothers' Culture club invited the members and their children to spend the day at her summer cottage in Balston.

As my mother is a member of this club I was fortunate to be asked. We met at the corner of Twenty-fourth and Farnam at 10 a. m. on Friday. There were nineteen children and fourteen mothers. We rode to the corner of Twenty-fourth and N street, where we took the suburban car to Balston.

Over hills and vales, past corn fields and farm houses, we went. Everything looked bright and green.

Finally we arrived at the small Italian station, where there was a grand skirmin for bundles and picnic baskets.

We had to walk about three blocks in the hot sun of noon.

The hostess met us on the road and led us through a cool, inviting grove to her summer home which was built on the side of a hill among the trees.

We rested a short time and were then shown through the cottage.

It was larger than the ordinary summer home and far more convenient, for it had electric lights, a sewing machine run by electricity, an electric stove and many other conveniences.

While we were inspecting the house several mothers were preparing the lunch. The children ate on the grass and had a general good time.

The rest of the day was spent in games and trying to keep cool.

After our second lunch (supper) we boarded the car again and were soon on our way home.

P. S.—Blues, keep up courage and win.

### A Good Time.

Mildred Holbert Plainview, Neb., Red Side.

May was anxious to have school let out so she could go on the picnic by the seashore.

She was a poor girl and she was to take a little lame girl there to spend the summer. At last the time came, so she packed her grip and wheeled the other girl around, whose name was Helen.

When they got there every one was hurrying toward the sea shore. Helen and May followed the people and soon they saw the cottage where they were to stay and went in and rested.

The next day they started out to explore, and all at once May saw a small girl crying for help in the water. May ran to the place and took a branch of a tree and gave it to the little girl. At last the little girl's head was seen and they pulled her out.

The girl's father had seen May save his daughter, and thought it a brave thing. He gave May \$100 for saving his daughter.

When May came home she gave her mother the money and her mother bought a sewing machine with some of the money and she took in sewing.

May and her mother lived happy ever after.

### The Lilac Bush.

By Tina Altshuler, Aged 9 Years, 234 North 14th, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a lilac bush. Usually it bloomed a few days before Easter, but this year it made up its mind not to bloom at all. Every day Edith (for that was the girl's name),

# Brother and Sister Are Busy Bees



would look at it and never would have a bud on. "Oh," sighed Edith the day before Easter, "we won't have any lilacs for Lucille, the little lame girl," and every day she used to ask Edith how the bush was getting along. The bush always heard this and he said to himself, "I am not going to bloom for that old—"

and he almost said "old lame girl," but he hesitated. "Should I bloom this year or not?" the lilac bush would ask himself. He kept thinking it over and over again and finally said, "I will surprise the little lame girl and Edith and bloom tomorrow for Easter." So that evening he got ready preparing to bloom and in the morning to Edith's surprise the bush was full of beautiful lilacs and the bush sighed and was very happy.

### A Trip to the Mountains.

By Helen Frandsen, Aged 13 Years, 236 West Twenty-fourth Street, Kearney, Neb., Blue Side.

"Hurrah!" cried Howard as he ran into the dining room one morning. "This is the day we start on our trip."

Gertrude, who was sitting by the window, turned as her brother came in. "Yes, it will be delightful," she said, "and I am anxious to start."

"Children," called Mrs. Watson from the hall, "the carriage is at the door."

"Hip, hurrah!" cried Howard when they were fairly on their way. "I just love to ride on the train."

"So do I," cried Gertrude.

"Now they are flying along at a rapid pace, passing buildings, fields, pastures and many other things of interest."

"We are now at the Rocky mountains," said Mr. Watson.

"Why papa," said Gertrude, "the air is getting cooler."

"Yes, we are ascending the mountains," said her father.

They are getting higher every minute, and they have to put on winter clothes to keep from freezing. The air is getting thin and they can hardly breathe.

Now they are descending the mountain and are on the other side. In the far distance is visible the coast line.

They have reached the hotel and are glad to rest, eat and chat with their friends.

They are going to spend the summer in the Rockies.

Ascending, descending, twining, crossing and riding through the mountains all summer.

The summer is now over and they are going home.

The children are sorry to say good-bye to the Rockies.

P. S.—Will try to write oftener to the Busy Bee Page.

## Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, JULY 27. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1901.....	Jean Argersinger, 1709 Jackson St.....	Central
1906.....	Mildred Ayer, 2445 Pratt St.....	Lothrop
1901.....	Ruth Amelia Ball, 2626 Capitol Ave.....	Central
1907.....	Evelyn Bellman, 1599 Locust St.....	Lake
1907.....	Ruby Boye, 2807 Miami St.....	Howard Kennedy
1907.....	Frederick Bradford, 1817 Miami St.....	Lake
1896.....	Joiner Casady, 4808 Douglas St.....	Saunders
1897.....	Ying Chin, 1204 Douglas St.....	Cass
1907.....	Albert Cole, 5405 North 35th St.....	C. P. Annex
1905.....	Arthur Clarke Conrey, 2463 Leavenworth St.....	Mason
1898.....	Clarence Cramer, 2824 Ruggles St.....	Lothrop
1901.....	Cedella Dodge, 2106 Vinth St.....	Vinton
1900.....	Anna Ferryman, 1704 South 25th Ave.....	Park
1906.....	Dorothy Fitcher, 1711 Davenport St.....	Long
1899.....	Oscar Grim, 1213 South 24th St.....	Mason
1900.....	Ester Hanson, 2510 Isard St.....	Webster
1900.....	Marion L. Heaton, 3507 Hamilton St.....	Franklin
1907.....	Dorothea Hecox, 16th and Webster Sts.....	Cass
1907.....	Abraham Holdberg, 503 South 24th St.....	Central
1900.....	Marion Ina, 2913 South 27th St.....	Dupont
1904.....	Viggo Jensen, 2807 Burdette St.....	Long
1897.....	George William Johnson, 2901 Pinkney St.....	Howard Kennedy
1905.....	Helen Jurgeman, 211 South 29th St.....	Farnam
1891.....	Ethel Laushman, 403 William St.....	Train
1898.....	Lloyd Beatrice, 2632 Chicago St.....	Webster
1901.....	Nora McDermott, 722 Pierce St.....	Pacific
1905.....	James Melchior, 1205 South 2d St.....	Train
1907.....	Everett Meyer, 1711 Davenport St.....	Central
1905.....	Edward Nash, 38th and Burt Sts.....	Saunders
1904.....	Frank Olsen, 2624 South 34th St.....	Windsor
1901.....	Forrest Perrin, 4001 Charles St.....	Walnut Hill
1905.....	Ellen Schrick, 2031 North 19th St.....	Lake
1905.....	Earl Schultz, 3328 South 25th St.....	Vinton
1899.....	Sarah Sidman, 1415 Cass St.....	Cass
1900.....	Hazel Smith, 2201 North 21st St.....	Lake
1903.....	Otto Swenson, 1802 North 35th St.....	Franklin
1906.....	Mary H. Tromberger, 3510 North 30th St.....	Druid Hill
1902.....	Doris Walsh, 3519 Lafayette Ave.....	Franklin
1904.....	George Walther, 313 South 38th St.....	Columbian
1906.....	Winhelm Welland, 1816 Ontario St.....	Vinton
1904.....	Arminata Wilds, 1217 Pacific St.....	Pacific
1904.....	Dollie Woods, 1814 Grace St.....	Lake

become very hungry. The fairies took them in the dining room, then they pressed on a button and table and chairs came forth. They pressed another button and servants advanced with dishes and began to spread the table.

After the feast they thought it was getting late. The very same fairy that brought them hither took them back home. He then bade them good-bye and flew back to Fairyland.

The next morning they told their mother of their wonderful journey during the evening. Their mother said they could have another journey tonight.

### A Snake Story.

By Mary Tague, Aged 12 Years, 709 Ninth Avenue, Shandolph, Ia. Blue Side.

"I'm sure there is a story connected with that four-foot snake hung up in the shed. Please tell it to us, grand-father," said Ted and Ned. Ted and Ned were twins who were visiting their grandfather in Wyoming who owned a large ranch.

"That's so, boys. I plumb forgot about that snake story or I mighter told yuh about that long time ago," said grandfather.

"Well, yuh see 'twas this way. When me and Dick Owens go rattle snake huntin', we rattle and skins of them snakes was worth a tole'ble lot of money. So one mornin' we set off good an' early, 'long 'bout 4 'clock. Wall, sir, I'd alse been afeard of snakes an' I determined to cut that foolhessness. Wall, as we got about half way between forest and ranch I heard a rattlin' behind us. I looked 'roun' an' there was that rattler yuh seed hangin' up in the shed, jest ready to spring on us. We started to run, but he was quicker 'n we was, so I jest turned around an' shot 'im. I couldn't make a lot of money off 'im, but I didn't want to, cause he was the first snake I'd ever killed. I was 13 then and I'm 19 now and I've kep' 'im all these years."

"Say, grandpa," said the boys when he was through, "that was the best story yuh have ever told us. We're going to look up something else for you to tell about tomorrow night."

Those boys are men now, but they still claim that that was the best story grandfather ever told them.

P. S. Blues, don't let the Reds get ahead of us.

### A Beautiful Cherry.

By Alice Elvira Crandell, Aged 9 Years, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to write a story about a cherry which was very proud. I think all the Busy Bees whose parents have cherry trees are very busy picking cherries, for I am. We have five cherry trees, four apple trees and one peach tree. Well, dear Busy Bees, I will now begin my story.

Once upon a time there was a very pretty cherry tree which grew in the center of an orchard. It bore beautiful blossoms. One was more beautiful than all the others. This blossom was very proud. She knew it and so thought she was above the rest. One day it was very surprised to find that it had changed from a blossom to a little green cherry. It grew more every day. One day the children were very surprised to see it very nearly ripe. They remarked how beautiful and large. But, alas, poor cherry! One day an insect made a hole clear through it. It began to wither away, but one day a bird came and plucked it. The rest of the cherries were plucked by the children. This was the end of the beautiful cherry. Let this be our motto: "Never be proud if you are beautiful, but gentle and kind. Then we may be able to do good in some way."

### FACE DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA

810 East Elm St., Streator, Ill.—"A running sore broke out above my right eye, which spread over my entire face. It started as a small pimple. I scratched it open and the contents of this small pimple ran down my face. Whenever this ran a new sore appeared. They itched and burned terribly; I couldn't touch my face it burned so. I disfigured my face terribly and I couldn't be seen for everyone was afraid of it. It looked like a disease of some kind; it was all red and a heavy white crust on it. Everybody kept out of my way, afraid it would spread. I lost rest at night and I couldn't bear to have anything touch my face, not even the pillow. I had to lie on the back of the head. I was always glad when morning came so I could get up. It was extremely painful."

"I used ———— salve with small results. At last I thought of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I commenced using them. I used the sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, one twenty-five-cent cake of Cuticura Soap and a half box of the fifty-cent size of Cuticura Ointment. It took three weeks to complete the cure." (Signed) Miss Caroline Miller, Apr. 30, 1913.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 23-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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### Health and Beauty Answers

BY MISS MAE MARTIN

**Acne:** The unlovely condition of your face is due to the pores and greasy or oily matter which accumulates in the pores of your face. Use a good quality soap in water or put hot water or witch hazel, and add 2 teaspoonfuls of borax to a quart of water. Wash quickly after being applied and give to the skin an exquisite tint and a healthy complexion. The apparatus which cannot be detected when on and will make rough, oily, "muddy" skin smooth and clear. Use it for freckles, tan and sunburn.

**Jaundice:** That unbecoming fuzz on your cheeks will vanish after use application of this old-fashioned cleanser and toner. Use it for freckles, tan and sunburn. After it is on for 2 or 3 minutes, wash off with clean water. It will be smooth and clear. This method is unobtrusive, but is sure to get results.

**Mrs. Geo.:** You can have pretty eyebrows and lashes by rubbing a little glycerine on your eyebrows nightly, and after a few days they will be thick and dark. Use this old-fashioned cleanser and toner and don't get any more of your hair is wanted.

**Frankie:** From what you say, I believe your weakness and lagging are traceable to your anemic condition. Make up and use this old-fashioned cleanser and toner and your health and strength will soon return. Dissolve 1 ounce of alum in a pint of alcohol (never use whiskey), then add 1 cupful sugar and hot water to make a quart and take of this 1 tablespoonful three times a day. This ride the blood of poisonous accumulations, builds up worn tissues and fortifies the body against disease. The balsamic tonic is especially good for banishing pimples, blotches, "mudiness" and other complexion blemishes, and after a regular course of this treatment your skin will be clear and soft.

**Miss:** You had better be content and satisfied. Try this simple home-remedy: In 1 pint clear water dissolve 1 ounce of cream of tartar. Drop the solution each day. This will relieve inflammation and take out the soreness. If after this is done, your vision still remains blurred, you of course will require glasses.

**The crystal eye-tonic** is excellent for granulated eyelids and weak, watery eyes.

**Miss G.:** The cause of your hair being streaky and unmanageable has doubtless its use of soap or some other harmful thing for shampooing. Cleanse your scalp and hair with a solution of camphor and water, or a tea-quantity of it in a cup of hot water and you will have simple and healthy hair. Use this delicate white, thick, lather. This dissolves every atom of dirt, dandruff and scales, and rinsing leaves the hair and scalp wonderfully clean. After a canthor shampoo the head feels good and the hair grows quickly without streaking and is soft, shiny and easy to do up.

**Alma:** You can soon get rid of that burdensome fat if you face the parous treatment, made by dissolving a strain of iodine in 15 pints hot water. Strain through a cloth and use before each meal. This parous treatment is entirely harmless and reduces the weight without resorting to dieting or tireless exercises.

**Frankie:** You can cure your hair troubles. Use a plain quinine hair-tonic and you will soon restore your hair to its former luster and softness. To make the tonic add 1 ounce quinine to 1 pint alcohol, then 1 pint water. Apply regularly, wash the hair with quinine and brush with a hairbrush. This will condition and when your scalp and hair roots are healthy and vigorous, a beautiful growth of beautiful hair is sure to result.

**Bore:** You can quickly remove wrinkles and keep the face velvety and smooth at very little cost by making at home and using regularly this stressless vegetable jelly-cream, which does not grow hair. Get from your druggist 1 ounce salicylic acid and dissolve it in 1 pint of cold water (or whisky). Add 1 ounce of glycerine. Stir and let stand one day. Apply to wrinkled skin face and neck thoroughly night, then wash off and use more of the cream as a massage. This treatment will remove and prevent the most chronic wrinkles of the face to a very extent.

Read Mrs. Martyn's book, "Beauty," at once.