

Busy Bees

Their Own Page

THE biological department of the United States government has published a bulletin in which fifty species of birds are described. It tells of their habits, the value they are to the farmers, the food they eat and of their plumage. The object is to tell the public of the wonderful benefit which these little friends are to the farmer and the city folk. Even the little sparrow has his share of praise for the way in which he destroys the weeds in the summer which make so much illness. I hope the Busy Bees will remember to treat all birds with the greatest kindness. We cannot always see just how much good they do, but the government has had men investigate the many species of birds and they say that there is not a little bird that does not do its share toward helping in the world. I hope that the boys and girls will learn a lesson from the birds and each one help just a tiny bit each day to make the work a little lighter for their fathers and mothers.

The stories are splendid this week and I am so glad to have the boys and girls who live on ranches and farms send in their stories, for it teaches us many things about the country that only a very few of us city people know about. And the stories from the Omaha boys and girls are equally interesting, as it is a long time between trips to the city for some of our little country cousins. The world is always so much happier when we think of others.

ANOTHER OF THE REAL BUSY BEES OF OMAHA.



Miriam Wesner

they could go under there, so they staid there until the shower was over, then flew away home, wondering at the roes's pride for they had always been such good friends.

My Fairy Trip.

By Cecil Martin, Aged 14 Years, Hancock, Ia.
I always intended to go to France and as I had money enough I started one June morning to the seashore. We arrived safely and got on board the Siphonic, which was a very large ship. When I opened my eyes I was in a strange, but beautiful land. Little fairy people lived here and as I had on a locket they were charmed and brought me good things to eat and showed me the pretty sights which are only seen in fairyland. I saw the pretty castles of precious jewels, and then they showed me their jail, which was made of shells and moss, with a sponge with little pebbles stuck in it for the handle of the door. After they had shown me all there was to see I told them that I wanted to go home, so they said that if I would stay with them four more days they would let me go home. Their days were as long as our years, so I stayed four years and had a nice time. Then they gave me a large trunk, large enough for us to get into, and gave me a push and I slowly rose to the top of the ocean.

As I was going from fairyland to the top of the ocean I hit a great many fish and I believe a big whale ran against me because it tipped my trunk over and I had to lay on my side until I hit another fish that set me right again, and I forgot and opened the trunk and some water splashed in, but I saw a slight that was worth seeing—a fish that had on a pair of spectacles. I saw that I had broken one of the glasses, so I guess that fish will go blind in that eye. I began to get hungry so I opened my trunk again and saw a little fish peeping over my trunk. I reached out after it, but it dodged me and I reached too far and fell into the ocean. I would have drowned if I had not been close to land and some fishermen saw me and came to my rescue. But as they were trying to get me their boat tipped over, too, and somehow I got lodged in my trunk again, with a bruised head. I don't know what became of the fishermen, but I floated along until I became entangled in a rope, which was hanging from a ship. I was carried along for a day and a half and once when I became tired, I looked out of my trunk and saw the most awful looking sea monster that there is in the ocean. It nearly stuck its head into my trunk, but I closed down the lid and didn't open it again until the ship stopped and they drew up the rope, when, imagine their astonishment upon finding a trunk with me in it.

A True Snake Story.

By Florence Prescott, Aged 5 Years, Wayne, Neb. Red Side.
Once upon a time my brother and I were in the yard and we saw two birds flying around in a circle over a tree. We went down there and there was a snake in the tree. It was in the bird's nest and had a little bird in its mouth, and the rest were on the ground. I went up to the house and told mamma and she came down. The boys were coming in from the field and we called them over, and Dale got the gun and shot the snake in the head. Edward got a long stick and pulled it down. Dale got up in the tree and put the three little birds back into the nest, the one the snake had had was dead.

The Forgetful Boy.

By Gladys Nicholson, Aged 12 Years, Valley, Neb.
A little boy named Freddy when told to do anything always said, "Wait a minute." His mother and father felt very badly to think that he had such a bad habit. After he had gone to bed one night they thought of a plan to break him of this habit. They made up their minds that if he didn't come when he was called they would go right on and let him come when he was ready. If they called him to his meals and he did not come he could have a cold dinner or none at all, and if they were going somewhere and he did not come when he was called he could stay at home. They were invited to his grandma's and

to his grandma's. Oh! how sorry he was that he had not minded his mother and got to go with her. Suddenly he heard the tinkle of bells and looking out he saw his uncle with the new sleigh and good old Doll, the horse. He had begged so hard to come after Freddy that at last his mother and father consented. He told Freddy that if he would hurry they might get there in time for dinner. Freddy was soon ready and in the sleigh beside his uncle. They were just in time for dinner and everyone was glad to see Freddy. After dinner the children all played games. After that Freddy always did what he was told without saying "Wait a minute."

Her Accomplishments.

A bright little girl sitting on the front porch of her Belmont avenue home nodded pleasantly at a passing old gentleman, who smiled and said, "You're a smart little girl, aren't you?" "Yes, sir," replied the little one. "I can go to the store for bread all by myself and I can sing 'My Harem' and 'Ticky Koo.'"—Youngstown Telegram.

Magical Effect of New Face Peeler

(Woman's National Journal.)

To maintain a clear, rosy, youthful complexion, there's nothing so simple to use and yet so effective as ordinary mercuric wax, which you can get at any drug store. Just apply the wax at night as you would cold cream; in the morning wash it off with warm water. If you've never tried it you can't imagine the magical effect of this harmless home treatment. The wax causes the worn-out acid skin to come off in minute particles, a little at a time, and soon you have entirely shed the offensive cuticle. The fresh young under skin now in evidence is so healthy and girlish looking, so free from any appearance of artificiality, you wish you had heard of this marvelous complexion-renewing secret long ago. To get rid of your wrinkles, here's a formula that is wonderfully effective: 1 oz. powdered axolite, dissolved in 1 pt. witch hazel. Rubs the face in this and you will be simply astonished at the results, even after the first trial.—Advertiser.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

A Halloween Talk.

By Astrid Sorenson, Aged 15 Years, Lindsay, Neb. R. 1. Blue Side.
Ting-a-ling-a-ling. "Number 7." "Give me Mr. Black Cat's residence, please." "Hello." "Hello, Mr. Cat?" "Yes." "This is Mrs. Halloween Witch. Well, say, are you and your husband then coming with me out Halloween?" "I don't know if I am coming, because I hate to leave little Kitty alone, but my husband will come." "You can take Kitty along, surely." "Maybe I can. But what are we to do?" "We are of course going out visiting all over. We will use the moon for a flying machine to take us around." Ting-a-ling-a-ling. "Please stop ringing on the line." "Where are we to meet you and what time?" Mrs. Witch, shall I ask my cousin, Mrs. Owl, to come also?" "Sure, do that! Meet us at the old barn at 8 o'clock. I think people will have done with their chores at that time." "Alright, Mrs. Witch, we will sure be ready with supper then and be there." "Also, Mrs. Cat, we will then start our journey together with Mrs. Broomstick, Mr. Jack O'Lantern and your cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Owl. At 10 o'clock, when we are back again, I will give a midnight supper, made over a bonfire, and I guess I shall invite some more witches there." "Alright, Mrs. Cat. Thanks. Goodbye." "You are welcome. Goodbye." Ting-a-ling.

(Second Prize.)

Frans Peter Schubert.

By Esther Christiansen, Aged 13 Years, 3529 South Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Neb.
One cold winter night in 1797 in Vienna, a little child was born to Mr. Schubert. He was a poor schoolmaster and little did Mr. Schubert and his good wife dream that some day their little son would become a great musician. One day the neighbor boy was going to the piano factory, so Frans begged him if he might not go with him. At first the boy said no, but Frans pleaded so hard that at last he said he might. When it was time to go home Frans could nowhere be found in the shop. They found him in the piano room picking out the different notes on the piano keys. He was then but 7 years of age. Frans' music teacher used to come to Mr. Schubert with tears in his eyes, saying, when I come to teach your son anything I find he already knows it. Frans soon joined the choir and when he came there all the boys laughed at him, they thought he was a fool. Frans could hear them whispering and laughing at him. But when he started to sing and they heard his sweet, pure voice, the silence was broken. When Frans came to the age of 15 years his voice lost all the sweet and purity in it. He could no longer reach the high notes with ease. He was therefore compelled to leave the choir. Frans knew he must earn his living some way, and in order to do so he went to his father's school and taught the small children their A, B, C's. He did not like this very well and right after school he would hurry home and write music. One day while he was out for a walk he met a man reading Shakespeare. Soon as he was through Frans picked it up and without taking his eyes from it, read it until he could read every note by heart. After that he wrote many songs, such as "Hark, Hark the Lark." "The Hedge-grow," etc. He died in 1828, and a beautiful monument was put at the head of his grave.

(Honorable Mention.)

A Dog's Story.

By Susie Cornehan, 86 South Seventh Street, Omaha.
A fine St. Bernard dog was once badly hurt by a heavy wagon, whose wheel crushed his foot. As he limped painfully toward his home, a blacksmith saw him and pitied his pain. He called the dog to him and carefully washed and bound the wounded foot. Every day after that the dog came to the blacksmith in the early morning and held up his foot to be dressed. This continued until the foot was well again. You may be sure the dog was the blacksmith's friend after that. One morning, some months later, when the blacksmith went to his shop early in the morning, he saw two dogs waiting near the door. One was his old friend, the St. Bernard dog that he had cured. The other was a spaniel (black and white) and swollen. "Ah, my friend!" said the blacksmith, "you want me to take care of this fellow, too, do you?" The St. Bernard dog jumped and barked and wagged his tail, trying to talk in dog fashion. The blacksmith patted him and said, "That's right, old fellow! You know you could depend upon me, didn't you?" So the spaniel was cured also. I am sure the kind blacksmith was as happy as the grateful dogs.

Halloween Joys.

By Winifred Landon, Angus Street, Grains, Neb.
"Oh," cried Marion, as she rushed in from school, "Juliet Greer is going to go around with Jack-o'-lanterns and she acts like she is so big and won't invite me." "Never mind and let them talk and tease, but don't say a word and you will be rewarded well." The 23rd of October past and Marion began to wonder very much where her reward would come in. One night as she was coming home from school she saw a large pumpkin and was going to take it and then remembered that stealing would not bring a reward. Halloween night came and Marion came home from school tired and hungry. She went right to work when she heard her mamma say, "I am going down town

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 200 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 prize of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to: DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

before supper and I would like to see if you can take my place." Marion got supper and it tasted good for her tired mother. Her mother brought home many packages and hid them, because Marion's reward was nearing its time.

That night Marion washed the dishes and was wiping a cup when she heard her mother calling and ran into the room, where a group of twenty-one children surrounded her and she jumped and let the cup fall.

She took off her apron. The room was covered with autumn leaves and Jack-o'-lanterns strung around the room. After two hours of playing a lunch of pumpkin pie and everything suitable for Halloween was enjoyed and then they went out with Jack-o'-lanterns and when they returned they fished after apples in a tub of water.

Each child returned home thanking for the good time.

Moral—Patience will bring reward soon.

The Vesper Star.

By Mildred Bliss, Aged 11 Years, 2621 E Street, South Omaha, Red Side.
Many years ago the new moon was shining very brightly in the heavens and the stars trembled as if they were afraid. "What frightens you?" said the placid moon; "be calm like me." "I am freezing," said the North Star; "that is why I shake." "We are dancing," said the Seven Sisters, "and watch as closely as you wish, you can never see our beautiful golden sandals." Thus one by one they made excuses to the pale moon, who is their guardian—all but the sweet Vesper Star; who was silent. "Let the North Star shiver and the Seven Sisters dance; as for me I am sad," thought the Vesper Star. For you must know that she has a task to perform and is not allowed to sleep. She keeps careful watch over the earth by night, for the sick and sad she feels an unutterable pity, so that her heart is always throbbing with sorrow. The moon, looking toward the Vesper Star, said: "Dream on, sweet sister, for you, the noblest of all, have told me no falsehood." The moon said this because she knew that none of the stars had given a true reason for twinkling so gayly that night. They were filled with envy and were trying to be as brilliant as possible to com-

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1902	Charlotte Abrams, 2104 Douglas St.	Central
1902	Levi Abramson, 2316 North 27th St.	Howard Kennedy
1904	Angeline Anderson, 2606 Saratoga St.	Saratoga
1900	Alanson Beach, 2854 Dodge St.	Farnam
1905	Anna Bosanne, 1213 South 14th St. (rear)	Comenius
1906	Charles C. Burroughs, 2224 Fowler Ave.	Saratoga
1900	Walter Campin, 2430 Franklin St.	Long
1904	Cyrus Peter Carr, 3409 9th St.	Webster
1907	Helen Crisman, 1718 1/2 South 10th St.	Lincoln
1900	Blanche Ellen Dolan, 1220 South 6th St.	Train
1901	Abraham Dorinson, 1901 South 13th St.	Lincoln
1906	Harriet Foran	St. Peter's
1903	Elmore Frederick, 4724 North 38th Ave.	Saratoga
1899	Stanislaus Gorman	St. Peter's
1904	Eva Graham, 655 South 33d St.	Farnam
1900	Edwin West Gray, 4316 Erskine St.	Walnut Hill
1902	Vernon Johnson, 557 South 33d St.	Farnam
1899	Joseph Konvall, 417 Lincoln Ave.	Train
1899	Rosie Konvall, 417 Center St.	Train
1906	Carl Koscielski, 5095 North 40th St.	Central Park
1902	Thomas B. McAuley, 3410 Burt St.	Webster
1902	Bertha McKensie, 2220 North 18th St.	Lake
1906	Gerald R. Martin, 2920 North 25th St.	Saratoga
1902	Helen Miller, 316 North 15th St.	Cass
1899	Christ Nelsen, 2508 North 13th St.	Lake
1899	Frans Nelsen, 1015 South 22d St.	Mason
1901	Marguerita Nelson, 1934 South 29th St.	Dupont
1906	Aksel Norre, 4510 Cumins St.	Walnut Hill
1903	Cecilia O'Hare, 2422 Lear St.	Mason
1899	Harry Pendleton, 5024 Hickory St.	Beals
1901	Mary Rampack, 2216 South 25th St.	Dupont
1902	Nellie Russo, 1111 South 7th St.	Pacific
1902	Rose Schiffer, 3018 Webster St.	Webster
1905	Henry Mordeel Silver, 3432 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park
1905	Henry Calvin Smith, 1920 North 24th St.	Franklin
1905	Josephine Smith, 3210 Pinnacle St.	Druid Hill
1906	Elsie Strubling, 3224 Cumins St.	Franklin
1901	George Voss, 3120 Davenport St.	Farnam
1906	Edward Wellman, 2110 South 33d St.	Winsor
1907	Margaret Jane Whitman, 3395 Larimore Ave.	Monmouth Park
1901	Louise Wood, 2803 Fowler Ave.	Saratoga

Keep Your Hands Soft and White



Cuticura Soap And Ointment

Treatment: On retiring, soak the hands in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old glove leathers during the night.

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