The Busy Bees ⁘ ⁘ ⁘ ⁘ Their Own Page

THE BUSY BEES are to enjoy as part of their own page, an interesting feature—a weekly installment of the History and Stories of Nebraska, compiled by Addison E. Sheldon of the University of Nebraska.

The study of history ought to be of vital interest to all Busy Bees. History does not necessarily mean the study of dry, uninteresting facts of persons and places that concern no one of us. Rather, it is intended that the study of history should aid us in gaining a proper perspective of things as they are today. A knowledge of historical events aids us too in most any line of reading that we would wish to take up, since historical allusions are so frequent.

So a knowledge of the history of early Nebraska, intimately interwoven with the lives of its pioneers, of whom some of you are descendants, will not be amiss, and since the history was made, perhaps, in the localities in which some of you live, I am sure this feature of the page will prove doubly interesting.

This week, first prize was awarded to Helen Ballou of the Blue Side; second prize to Helen Vais of the Red Side, and honorable mention to Ethel Lulu Pyle of the Red Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

My Journey South.

By Helen Ballou, Aged 10 Years. 1421 K. Street, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a robin. I will tell you of my journey south.

One day in November I flew high in the air and saw the snow coming. I started on my journey. I soon met friends that I knew. We began to talk. When night came we were tired. We looked at the trees, but they were nearly bare. We flew all night.

The next morning we saw some small children setting a box of crumbs on the porch. Then they called, "birdie, birdie." We flew down and ate some. Then some more birds came. We soon ate enough and started on our journey.

When we were nearly to the south we met another family. They traveled the rest of the way with us and when we got there, they built nests next to our nest.

I will write and tell you of my journey north later.

(Second Prize.)

A Doll Wedding.

By Helen Vais, Aged 12 Years. Clarkson, Neb. Red Side.

I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

I will tell the Busy Bees about a doll's wedding. My sister, Clara, and her friend had it prepared many weeks before. Her friend brought her doll's dishes, three cakes, small enough for one person, a small amount of cabbage, dumplings, meat and coffee, a pan full of peanuts and many other things.

The preacher was a fat woman doll with a large cross pinned to herself and almost as large as she was.

The bride and bridegroom were very stylishly dressed and had many bridesmaids.

The cook was a very large doll with a white cap and apron.

After they came from church they took turns in eating, three at a time. The preacher ate very much. After the dinner was eaten we played they had many pictures taken. They went for their trip to London.

Makes Doll's House.

By Ethel Lulu Pyle, Aged 10 Years. 712 North Eleventh Street, Beatrice, Neb. Red Side.

I made me a doll house for my kewpie doll. I love my doll and doll house. I call her "Violet."

I made four rooms in it—a bedroom, kitchen, dining room and parlor.

My kewpie, or "Violet," has lots of dresses. I made her a raincoat out of an old one. It looks very well on her. I also made her a hat. I put a feather on it and forget-me-nots. I think it is very pretty. I like all of her clothes.

A Day with the Threshers.

By Herbert Edee, Aged 12 Years, Pawnee City, Neb. Red Side.

One day I went out into the country to watch the threshers. It was only about a mile and a half's walk. When I got there they were setting for the second time. The day was very windy and the chaff blew to the south and it looked like a snowstorm. The wagons for catching the threshed grain were on the north side of the machine, so the horses were not bothered very much.

I watched them pitch the bundles for quite a while, when one of the men on top of the grain stack fell and hurt his foot so badly that he could not go up again. One of the men who was hauling the grain had to go up. There was no one there to take his place so the man asked me if I could do his hauling for him. He asked me if I was used to driving a team and I told him no, but I would try. When the wagon was full I started for the elevator. When we got to the railroad track a train was just passing. One of the horses shied, but the other one held it back. With this exception I did not have any more trouble that day.

Tells of Playmates.

By Gayle Boileau, Aged 10 Years, Henderson, Ia. Red Side.

I had a little white neighbor girl 4 years old and her name was Rosa and a little colored neighbor 4 years old and her name was Mary Ann. They were at my place and they were playing on the porch. At once I heard one of them scream. I ran out and there was Mary Ann with soap in her eyes and sand in her mouth and screaming as loud as she could. Rosa said she did not mean to hurt her only wanting to get the black off.

The Penny's Travels.

By Edmund Hald, Aged 11 Years, Sumner, Neb. Blue Side.

I am only a small copper penny, but I have traveled a very great deal.

I was made in a large city and my first owner was a very rich man who gave me to his little girl who put me in her bank with many others like me. I stayed there a very long time, but after a while she took me out with the others and bought a doll for her little sister.

The man she gave me to kept me a while and then I slipped out of his pocket and rolled into the grass under a dandelion.

I was found by a gentleman who was going to spend the winter abroad. He had been there only a short time when I fell out of his pocket as he took his handkerchief out.

The natives of the country found me, but they thought I was worthless. Nevertheless I was carried around a while by a small boy who bought some candy from an American he met with me.

The American proved to be the very man that brought me over and when he saw me he said, "Why what is an American penny doing here?" He resolved to keep me. I am now in the United States and with the man who had me in the other country. I do not know when I will be traveling again, but I would like to stay here.

New Busy Bee.

By Lucy Deck, Aged 10 Years, Arcadia, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to join the Blue Side for I think they are winning.

I go to the Arcadia public school. I am in the fifth grade and my teacher's name is Miss Laura Penney.

My letter is getting long so I must close

Just Getting Acquainted.

By Ethel Loomis, Aged 8 Years. Fairmont, Neb. Red Side.

This is the first time I have seen the Busy Bee page.

I will look for the Busy Bee Page every Sunday.

I go to the Fairmont High school.

I have two little sisters named Dorothy and Marion.

I take music lessons on the piano.

I do hope to see my letter in the paper next Sunday.

The Officer's Story.

By Brunhild Reesberg, Aged 12 Years. Denison, Ia. Blue Side.

Come, my beloved friends and animals, and I will tell you a wonderful story. Last night when all humans were asleep and all toys were alive, I told my faithful soldiers to come out and drill.

We had just come to this place and did not know very many people.

We were drilling when Mrs. Noah and her dog came out, and they stopped to watch my soldiers drill.

Suddenly I heard a familiar voice, it was that of Mihrafruz, the beautiful French doll. She was running towards Mrs. Noah. I told my soldiers to salute her and they all did.

While we were watching the beautiful Mihrafruz, I heard a scratching at the door and suddenly it flew open and in rushed the biggest monster I have ever seen.

He looked around and then he spied Mihrafruz. He rushed towards her, but I rushed forward waving my sword and shouting to my soldiers, "Ready! Aim!" Every gun was brought to a shoulder and pointed at the savage monster. "F——" I began, but before I could give the last order, I heard a noise from the hall, "Bow-wow-wow," and then the master's voice said, "King, go to your box; kitty, go to your basket."

Then all was quiet again because a human voice had turned us all into lifeless toys again.

Valentine Day.

By Charles L. Humes, Aged 8 Years. Waterloo, Neb. Blue Side.

We had a lovely time on Valentine day. We drew names and had to get them a valentine. I got ten valentines and sent seven valentines. We also had a valentine box. Our teacher received thirty-six. I am in the third grade at school.

The Pigs.

By Fern Peterson, Aged 8 Years, Eighteenth Street and Second Avenue, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

Now where did the little fellow come from?

The one who is sitting all alone with the other little pigs and their mamma looking at him. He surely doesn't belong to their family.

Perhaps he's the one we've just been talking about.

Anyway, I think he isn't wanted here. Mamma pig says he might quarrel with her children and that she could never have. I'm afraid he is lost. He looks so sad. But I think he'll be able to get back home.

Cheer up little pig and don't you cry. You can find your mamma. I guess if you try. I thank you very much for the book. I like it very well.

Inconsiderate Son.

By Cleophus Kelly, Aged 10 Years. 28 P Street, South Omaha. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a boy whose name was John. John did not like to do what his mother told him to do. He always would say, "Wait a minute." One day his mother said, "Please, John, go and get me a bucket of coal," and he said, "Don't bother me; I'm reading." His sister May said, "I will go and get it, then." So she did and when John saw her bringing it in he felt ashamed and always brought it in after that.

Abraham Lincoln.

By Helen Pursell, Aged 9 Years, 2504 Hartman Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809. His family was very poor. They lived in a little log cabin. The little cabin had only one room. There were cracks between the logs, where the wind and rain came in. There was only a square hole for the window. It had no glass. There was no door. Deer skins hung by the doors and window.

Mrs. Lincoln taught Abraham and his sister to read in the Bible. When Lincoln was 4 years old a school was started. Such a queer little school house as it was! It was only a little log cabin, with log seats and the windows were made of greased paper.

Lincoln knew and loved the wild things of the forest. He was always kind to animals. The first story he ever wrote was on cruelty to animals. He loved books and would walk miles to get them. Once he borrowed an old arithmetic, and, just think, he copied all that arithmetic to have one of his own!

He never cheated or told a lie and was always kind and loving. He grew up to be a wise and noble man and loved by the whole world.

Is Paid for Eggs.

By Wilford Laitz, Aged 11 Years, Smith Center, Kan. Red Side.

One day when I was out around the barnyard I found an egg. This being about the first egg I gathered, I picked it up and ran into the house and said, "Mamma! mamma!" "What, dear?" she said. "I have something; guess what it is." She did not know, so I told her and she was surprised. For a few days I kept getting one egg, but later I got more. I only have seven hens, but I take very good care of them. Mamma and papa pay me 2 cents apiece for the eggs, if I take good care of them. They are all mine.

Joins the Busy Bees.

By Julius Bostwick, Aged 9 Years, Crescent, Ia. Blue Side.

This is my first letter to this happy page. I have been reading the stories and thought I would write. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother's name is Ervin and my sisters' names are Ruth and Irene. My brother goes to high school in Council Bluffs. This is his first year. My sisters are both in the sixth grade. I am in the third grade. I like my teacher, Miss Brownell. Friday at school we had a program. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to see my letter in print.

Cotton.

By Minnie Nunemann, Aged 11 Years, West Point, Neb. Red Side.

The cotton plant is a shrub which grows in warm countries. The shrubs are planted in rows like corn, and grow from four to seven feet high.

The plant begins to flower in June. When the pretty petals drop off, small green pods or bolls remain. The bolls grow until they are nearly as large as hen's eggs. The hot sun makes them hard and brown.

Around the seeds of the plant there is a soft woolly down, which we call cotton. As soon as the cotton seeds are ripe the brown bolls split, and the white cotton bursts out.

What a pretty sight a cotton field is when the cotton is ready for picking. Each plant looks as if it were covered with little snow balls. Men and women are busy picking the white cotton, and carrying it away in baskets.

The cotton is then taken to a mill and put into a machine which picks out the seed. Do you know what this machine is called? It is called a cotton gin.

After the seeds are taken out, the cotton is put in large bales, ready to be sent away to the great cotton mills. There it is spun and woven into cloth. The many pretty kinds of calico you see are made from cotton cloth printed in different colors.

There is something else made from cotton besides cloth. Some paper used by printers is made from cotton rags. The old cotton clothes which we give to the ragman are used for this purpose.

"Don't Care" and "I'll Try."

By Faye Rosalyn Heribert, Aged 10 Years. Oakland, Neb.

Once upon a time there were two children playing. They were brother and sister. The brother caught hold of her necklace of beads. She tried to hold them, but they were broken. The beads rolled all over the floor. The girl's eyes were filled with tears and she could not see to pick them up. She asked her brother to help her, but he said, "I don't care." Down came the evil spirit on his shoulders. He had a frown on his face and you would have hardly thought that of the boy when he was playing so nicely a moment ago. Then a bright spirit named, "I'll Try," came by and saw the boy, for the boy was beginning to feel sorry for his sister, but he could not help her, for "Don't Care," was still on his shoulders. The bright spirit touched the dark one and he fell off again. The sister said, "please help me," and the boy said, I'll try." The girl dried her tears and they found the beads and strung them and then played happily.

Going Fishing.

By Donald Humes, Aged 10 Years, Waterloo, Neb. Blue Side.

One windy day we were going down to our other place. We thought we would take our poles and lines and fish awhile. When we got down we stopped at the ditch, and I caught two carp that weighed about one pound each, and my brother caught one that weighed about two pounds, and then we went home and had them for supper.

St. Valentine.

By Frances McDonald, Aged 12 Years. Tilden, Neb. Blue Side.

On a beautiful road leading to Rome lived a man who had a beautiful daughter, who was the joy of his life. She had beautiful eyes and loved nature, but one day, all of a sudden, she went blind and when she could not see the light she cried out in misery for the gods to help her, but no help came.

St. Valentine lived near and he also believed in the idols. But one day, as he took a walk, he met with some missionaries, who went about preaching of the true God and St. Valentine turned to the worship of God.

Now the king was angry and had his friend, the man with the blind daughter, to turn Valentine's worship again.

But Valentine prayed to God to help the blind girl and restore her sight to her and it was done and then they worshipped God, too.

After a while they were all three beheaded by the king. This is why we celebrate St. Valentine's Day.

A Birds' Feast.

By Rozella Klein, 814 Hickory Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

I have not written for a long time, so I will write and tell how I gave a feast for the birds.

My cousin and I were enjoying ourselves by watching the people pass by on the streets. Just then we saw a flock of birds.

"Oh!" exclaimed my cousin. "Let us get some straw and some crumbs and make a feast for them."

I did just as she said and I gave it to them, and you ought to have seen how happy they were.

Ten Little Angels.

By Nora Mach, Aged 9 Years. Red Side.

Once upon a time there were ten little Angles and a bad girl. One day the bad little girl said, "I don't want to help my mother. I will go out and play." As she was sitting under the tree she saw a little angel. She said, "I am Kindness, and my sisters are Goodness, Happiness, Cleanliness, Thoughtful, Sweetness, Helpful, Disobedience, Good and Habits. If you don't do seven of these things something bad will happen." "Go on away," cried the girl; "I will not do any." Then everything turned dark and she saw three little men. They pinched her and pulled her hair. She cried out. "Let me out and I will do everything that the ten angels want me to do." Then she awoke and saw she was in the garden. She ran home and began to help her mother and she was kind, good, happy, thoughtful, sweet, helpful, obedient and had good habits.

Snowbirds.

By Helen Muller, Aged 11 Years, Crawford, Neb. Red Side.

One morning I saw some snowbirds fluttering around in the yard. I went out and took them some bread crumbs, of which they ate heartily. After a while when I looked out, the birds were gone and there were no bread crumbs to be seen.

This is my first story to the Busy Bee page and I hope to see my letter in print.

A Surprise Party.

By Clarice Gramley, Aged 8 Years. West Twenty-ninth Street, Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

We came to Kearney to live September, 1914. I am in the third grade at the Whittier school and there are forty-two in my class.

My mamma thought a good way for me to become better acquainted with the girls in my class would be to give me a party on my birthday, but she did not tell me anything about it. With the help of my older sisters she sent out invitations to all the girls before my birthday, as my birthday came on December 3. In the afternoon came fourteen of my class girls. Each brought me a pretty present. I was really surprised. We played games. Mamma and sisters served refreshments, and it came time for them to go home and we were all better acquainted.

This Little Girl is a Real Business Woman

If there is a more contented and useful and enterprising girl in Nebraska than Paulina Burkett of Herman, Neb., people haven't heard about her.

My, my, my, what a little worker she is.

And she has money in the bank and a nice little bank book. And she's in business for herself—raising chickens and selling them. And she puts advertisements in the papers for people to buy her chickens. You can just believe Pauline knows which are the best papers to advertise in to get results. Not long ago she put her advertisement in The Twentieth Century Farmer and she sold 163 chickens at $1 each. She has fine pure-bred White Leghorn chickens and she has a lot of them.

Now you probably think Pauline is about 25 or 30 years old. Well, she is not. She is only 13.

Think of it. Only 13 years old and doing all these things. Advertising just like some big business house. Walking into a bank with her bank book and depositing rolls of bills and bags of nickels and dimes and dollars. Writing her checks and signing them "Pauline Burkett" just like John D. Rockefeller.

Isn't it wonderful?

Had Six Thousand Votes.

Pauline was one of the leading contestants in the recent bee bicycle contest. She had over 6,000 votes to her credit. She didn't win the bicycle, but that was largely because she tried to do all the vote-getting herself. She didn't get enough other people to help her. Why, during those awfully snowy days she was out in the country, ploughing through snow drifts and getting subscriptions for The Bee.

No, she didn't win the bicycle. But what does Pauline care for a bicycle? What would John D. Rockefeller care for a bicycle?

Pauline Burkett

Well, sir, when a girl has a good sized bank account and advertises her chickens in the papers and sells $163 worth of them from one advertisement—why you don't know what to think.

Probably Pauline will be a millionaire some day and will have a grand big home in New York and one in Paris and her private yacht. And then you'll read about her in the society columns like this:

"Miss Pauline Burkett, the millionairess, entertained at her magnificent home on Fifth avenue, New York City, yesterday afternoon. Miss Burkett was dressed in a lovely imported gown trimmed in gold lace and diamonds and pearls. The affair was in honor of his majesty the king of England and her majesty the queen of England and his royal highness the prince of Wales, who are visiting in this country.

"Among those present in addition to their majesties and his royal highness were the following: The president of the United States and his wife, the ambassador from England and his wife, United States Senators Smith, Jones, Higgins, Thomas, Hunter, Dowd and Griswold and their wives and a large number of less important persons like governors and congressmen, with lots of millionaires."

Well, that would look pretty nice in the paper, wouldn't it? Pauline wouldn't like that sort of thing probably. In the first place she says she would rather live where she does live than any other place in the world. And she would rather have the friends she does have than senators and millionaires, yes even than kings and queens and royal highnesses.

In other words, Pauline is contented. And do you know why she is contented, Johnnie and Susie?

She is contented because she has work to do and she is doing it. She isn't complaining because someone else in the world has things easier than she has. Instead of that she is happy because she has so many things to be thankful for.

There's the secret of Pauline's contentment.

The History of Nebraska

By A. E. SHELDON

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

The Story of Coronado

Francisco Vasquez Coronado and his soldiers were the first white men to visit the Nebraska-Kansas plains. Coronado was a Spanish general who came to Mexico to seek his fortune in the New World. While there wonderful stories were brought by Fray Marsos, a monk, who had traveled 1,000 miles north, into the country now called Arizona. In that land it was said were the Seven Cities of Cibola, with houses built of stone many stories high, and great abundance of gold and silver, turquoises, cloth, sheep, cows and tame partridges. All the Spaniards in Mexico were eager to take possession of such a wonderful land and to seize its riches. Coronado was the lucky man who was made general of the army which was sent out to conquer these famous seven cities. Three hundred Spaniards on horseback and 1,000 Indians with a long train of horses and cattle carrying food and ammunition, started in February, 1540, on this fine errand. After a long and hard journey across the desert the army arrived at the towns of the Zuni and Hopi Indians in Arizona. They found what one finds today—a desert with houses made of sun-baked mud, the homes of poor and peaceful Indians who make pottery and weave a little cloth and raise corn and beans and fowls. The riches and splendor of the wonderful Seven Cities of Cibola were a dream of the desert. Like many other things in life, the farther off, the more wonderful—the nearer, the more common.

At this time Coronado heard for the first time the story of the land of Quivira, far to the northeast. An Indian slave whom the Spaniards called the Turk, because they said he looked like a Turk, told the story. His home was far out on the plains, but he had been captured by the Pueblo Indians and held as a slave. It is supposed that he was a Pawnee Indian, for the Pawnees wore their hair in a peculiar way so that they resembled Turks. The story of Quivira told by the Indian slave was of a wonderful land far across the plains. There was a river six miles wide, and in it were fishes as big as horses and upon it floated many great canoes with twenty rowers on a side. Some of these canoes carried sails and the lords sat under awnings upon them, while the prows bore golden eagles. The king of Quivira, Tatarrax, slept under a great tree with golden bells on the branches. These bells swung to and from in the winds which always blew, and their music lulled the king to sleep. The common people in Quivira had dishes of plated ware and the jugs and bowls were of gold. The king of Quivira worshiped a cross of gold and an image of a woman, the goddess of heaven.

Stories like these filled the hearts of the Spaniards with longing to reach the land of Quivira and to help the people there to take care of its riches. On the 23d of April, 1541, Coronado and his army marched away from the Rio Grande valley, guided by the Turk and by another Indian from the same region, whom they called Isopete. For thirty-five days they traveled out upon the high plains. These were so nearly level they could look as far as the eye would pierce and see no hill. They found great herds of buffaloes, or "humpbacked cows," as they called them, on these plains, and Indians who traveled around among these cows, killing them for their flesh and skins—eating the flesh raw and making the skins into tents and clothing. The Indians had dogs to pull their tents from place to place and had never seen horses until the Spaniards came. The Spanish army saw for the first time the American buffalo. None of these Indians who hunted the cows had ever heard of the rich land of Quivira with its gold and silver, its great canoes and its king. Here the two guides began to tell different stories and confessed that the houses in Quivira were not quite so large as they had said and the people not so rich.

Coronado and his army had eaten all the corn they had brought with them for food. The land of Quivira was still said to be far to the north. A council was held and it was determined to send the army back to the Rio Grande, while Coronado with thirty horsemen and two guides pushed on to find Quivira. So the army went back and Coronado with his thirty men traveled on, eating nothing but buffalo meat. After crossing a great river, supposed to be the Arkansas, they came to the country of Quivira, forty-two days after parting from the army, or seventy-seven days after leaving the Rio Grande.

Coronado says in his letter to the king of Spain: "Where I reached Quivira it was in the fortieth degree (of latitude)." The fortieth degree forms the state line between Nebraska and Kansas. This would make Quivira in the Republican valley. Coronado found no gold, no silver, no bells tinkling from the trees, no fishes big as horses and no boats with golden prows. He found Indians living in grass huts, growing corn and beans and melons, eating raw buffalo meat and cutting it with stone knives. There were twenty-five of these grass hut villages and the only metal seen in them was a piece of copper worn by a chief around his neck. Coronado went on for seventy-five miles through the villages of Quivira and came to the country called Harahey. The chief of Harahey met them with 200 men, all naked, with bows and arrows and "some sort of things on their heads," which probably means the way they put up their hair, and suggests that they were Pawnees. Here the Turk confessed he had lied to the Spaniards about the riches of Quivira in order to lead the army off on the trackless plains, where it would perish. "We strangled him that night so that he never waked up," is the way one of the Spaniards tells the story of what happened to the Turk.

Coronado spent a month in Quivira and Harahey. He wrote that the country was the best he had seen since leaving Spain, for the land was very fat and black and well watered with rivulets and springs and rivers. He found nuts and plums and very good sweet grapes and mulberries to eat, and plenty of grass and wild flax and sumach. The Spaniards held a council and resolved to go back to Mexico, for they feared trying to winter in the country so far from the rest of the army. So Coronado raised a great cross and at the foot of it he made some letters with a chisel, which said that Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, general of the army, had arrived there. The Spaniards then marched away in the month of August, 1541, almost 400 years ago, and left the land of Quivira with its fat, black soil, its beautiful rivulets and springs and rivers, its great prairies of grass and its nuts, plums, good sweet grapes and mulberries, its queer cows with humped backs and its Indians living in grass huts and eating raw buffalo meat. And no one has yet found the great cross the Spaniards raised with the name of Coronado upon it. Nor has any one yet found the tree covered with golden bells under which Tatarrax, the great king of Quivira, sleeps, lulled by the music of the bells.

Busy Bee Boys and Girls

We told you last Sunday that we would give you another bicycle. It is just like the first one, a famous

WORLD MOTOR BIKE

It has a 20-inch Frame with Coaster Brake. Motor Bike Handle Bars, Eagle Diamond Saddle, Motor Bike Pedals, Motor Bike Grip, Luggage Carrier Holder, Folding Stand, Front and Rear Wheel Guards, Truss Frame and Front Fork.

A picture of the bicycle will be in The Bee every day. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office, Saturday, April 10.

The bicycle will be given Free to the boy or girl that sends us the most pictures before 4 p. m., Saturday, April 10.

Subscribers can help the children in the contest by asking for picture certificates when they pay their subscription. We give a certificate good for 100 pictures for every dollar paid.

Quick Removal of Wrinkles Is Now Assured—Some Other Beauty Secrets

Valeska Suratt, America's Self-Made Beauty Actress, Gives Startling Secrets for the Attainment of Quick Beauty.

By VALESKA SURATT

THE removal of wrinkles is no longer a problem. Of course there are many prepared creams which are sold for the purpose, but the experience of most women with these feeble agencies has usually been one of keen disappointment. The loss of precious time in such cases is particularly deplorable. What every woman wants and can now obtain is the quick removal of wrinkles, not a process requiring almost a year if at all, but one which will show wonderful results in a few weeks' time. The following formula

"The Way This Secret Removes Wrinkles and Sagging of Flesh Is Truly Remarkable."

is one which does this in a very amazing way. You make this yourself at home in a very few moments by dissolving two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and two ounces of aptol in half a pint of hot water. The satiny cream which results removes wrinkles almost magically. This secret is one of the most valuable I know. Large and small wrinkles, crow's feet, lines of age and sagging of flesh, all disappear quickly and completely transform one's appearance from age to youth.

* * *

ERNESTINE M.—The prevalence of falling hair is alarming among all classes of women. Dandruff is one of the main causes of it. Another cause is lack of nourishment of the hair-roots. The ordinary hair tonics bought these days merely stimulate for the time being. These can not stop dandruff or make hair grow. What is needed is to supply the necessary nutriment so that the tissues of the scalp and hair roots may return to their original condition of vigor and health. For this purpose nothing is so remarkably effective as a mixture of one ounce of betaquinol, half a pint of alcohol and half a pint of water (or with a full pint of bay rum instead of water and alcohol, if preferred). This costs less than any prepared hair-tonic and its results in forcing hair to grow, stopping dandruff and the falling of hair are very remarkable and rapid.

* * *

MRS. S. O. B.—Simply use this cream every day on your face, arms, hands, neck and shoulders, and in a very short time you will find the most decided change in your complexion. It never fails. All red spots, freckles and blemishes vanish, producing a most exquisite purity and tint to the skin. It is the beautifier without a peer, and is very economical. Mix one tablespoonful of glycerine in a pint of hot water and add one ounce of zintone which can be secured at any drug store. This is done in a few moments. You will need nothing else to make your complexion fascinating.

* * *

HESTER C. S.—Developing the bust is a difficult matter and cannot always be assured. However, a mixture of two or three ounces of puetone and half a cup of sugar in a pint of cold water, and taken in two teaspoonfuls after each meal and before retiring, is the best and surest means known for the purpose. Do not use pills, or mechanical appliances.

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MISS T. R.—A teaspoonful of eggol in half a cup of hot water makes an amazingly rich and effective head wash and dandruff remover. The action of this shampoo is to dissolve every particle of dandruff and fatty accumulation, which soap does not because of the alkali it contains. This is the only head wash that acts on this principle. It makes the scalp extraordinarily clean, and the hair silky and easy to do up. This is very economical as enough eggol can be secured for a very modest price at any drug store to furnish a dozen or more of these unusual shampoos. It is in fact a real necessity to hair health.

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MISS F. O. N.—I agree with you. Nearly all face powders are too chalky, and make the face "powdery." I use none but my own face powder, which has absolutely no chalkiness. It is superb in its fineness, smoothness and scent, and is indetectable. It is now obtainable at drug stores as "Valeska Suratt Face Powder."

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MARY JANE E.—The removal of superfluous hairs is accomplished more easily, quickly and thoroughly by the use of simple sulfo solution than by any other means. This simply dissolves away the hair instead of burning it off as do other depilatories. It never leaves a mark, never fails and never harms the most delicate skin. Any druggist can supply you with the simple sulfo solution or if he hasn't it, get the sulfo powder. It's the same thing except that you just wet it with a little water before applying it.

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ARABELLA M.—No. Face steaming will not remove blackheads. You can get rid of them completely in a few minutes by simply rubbing them with some powdered neroxin, sprinkled on a sponge made wet with hot water. Any drug store can supply you with the neroxin. Every blackhead will disappear by using this remarkable formula.

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MISS T. H. N.—I am sorry you were disappointed in not getting the zintone from your druggist. My secretary will get it for you and send it on if you simply address, "Secretary to Valeska Suratt, Thompson Bldg., Chicago," and enclose the price, which is fifty cents.

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MRS. R. O. B.—Excessive and unnatural arm-pit perspiration from which so many women suffer at all seasons is at once relieved by the simple use of hydrolized talc, which can be obtained at any pharmacy. It also destroys all perspiration odors instantly and all other body odors. It will prevent that terrible soppy condition under the arms. It saves your garments and relieves you of much embarrassment.—Advertisement