

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

WHAT will the Busy Bees do this spring to help beautify their neighborhoods? I hope you will all plant gardens.

Just now we are hearing a good deal of the possibility of urging children to utilize vacant lots for gardening this spring and of the establishment of a prize fund to encourage boys and girls in this work. It would, indeed, be a great, good work to transform these hitherto unsightly spots into places of beauty and a source of joy for the balance of the summer.

All boys and girls who have had any experience in gardening bear ample testimony to the fact that the joy of discovering the very first blossom that creeps up from the soil after weeks of care is ample reward for the weeks of labor.

Then, too, gardening is most beneficial to every child's health. The contact with the soil and the hours spent in exercise out in the open, fresh air is the very best thing to bring roses into the cheeks of boys and girls.

Vance Willard, Gerald Van Vlack and Ethel May Ireland have written brief notes signifying their intention of joining the Busy Bees.

This week first prize was awarded to Helen McCormick, second prize to Myrtle Cain and honorable mention to Pearl Green, all of the Blue Side.

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Helen Harding

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 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.
- First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
- Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

(First Prize.)

Spring.
By Helen G. McCormick, Aged 12 Years, Silver Creek, Neb., Blue Side.
Spring is the best time of the year to a great number of the children. In the spring the children love to go picking the flowers. They hasten to see who can find the first violet.

The violet is the first flower to wake from its long winter nap. The violets begin to peep their little heads out from beneath the green leaves and grasses. They are loved by all the children, especially the girls.

Another early blossom is of the apple trees, pink and white flowers. They are out as soon as the sun comes and warm the baby buds.

Robin Red Breast is another early visitor and many other songsters can be heard in the trees. They soon come back from the sunny south and build their nests in the old trees they built them in the winter before.

Also, in a little while, the green fields are growing, and the corn, and wheat are waving in the soft wind and warm sun.

(Second Prize.)

Three Campers.
By Myrtle Cain, Aged 13 Years, 306 Brown St., Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.
One day a girl, my brother and I took our lunch and went for a camp. We decided we would go to the Missouri river. First we stopped at our aunt's house and got some matches.

Soon we came to the river. We gathered some sticks and Paul made a fire. We started to fix lunch when we heard a shot. We looked up and saw four men in a boat.

After lunch we slid down the hill and gathered a lot of milk weed pods and watched the ice float down the river until we were tired of watching it. Then we got our lunch boxes and started for home. We went through a large sweet potato patch and gathered lots of little shells, then we took the road which led for home. When we were within one or two blocks from home we laughed so hard we had to sit down and rest. When we got home I went to the playhouse and played for a while and then went to bed. That was the happiest day for three small campers.

(Honorable Mention.)

Has Doll Hospital.
By Pearl Green, Aged 13 Years, 1003 Archer Ave., South Omaha, Blue Side.
I have a family of dolls, which consists of eighteen. Some of them have belonged to my bigger sisters, who are too big to play with dolls.

A great many of them are torn and broken, so I made a doll hospital for them. I made it in my playroom. In one corner of the bedroom is a bureau. Nine beds are in the other part of the room. Two dolls are placed in each bed.

Every day I fix them in their beds. I put flowers in little vases by each bed. I mend one of them each day. Soon they will all be mended. I take them out for rides and walks. I am their nurse. I love to make their beds and dress them.

"Dandelion Cottage."
By Edith Kenyon, 225 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.
One day I was reading a book called "Dandelion Cottage." It was very interesting. I told some other girls to read it, and they liked it very much, so we decided to do the same as the girls in the book. So one day we all got together and went to a girl's house. She had a nice backyard, and we made something that looked like a house. Of course, we couldn't have as good a house as the one we read about, but we thought that it would do. We let the dandelions grow because we called it "Dandelion Cottage." It was shaded by trees, except in a few places. We planted some cucumbers and other things, but we were not able to see them grow very well, for some boys carelessly stepped on them. We could not have much of a playhouse, either, for the boys bothered us. So we had to give up "Dandelion Cottage."

Going Coasting.
By George Hoover, Aged 12 Years, Nickerson, Neb., Red Side.
One day a neighbor boy and I went coasting on a pasture hill. There is a pond at the bottom of the hill and we were told not to go on it. The hill was dry and we had a flexible flyer that carried us both.

The first time we coasted down we turned a corner and turned over, but it did not hurt us. We tried it over and over and the next time we came to the pond. It looked so nice that we kept on going until we got to the middle of it, when we broke in. The water was about up to my knees, so we had to go home and get on dry clothes. This spoiled the fun and taught us a good lesson.

Picking Crapes.
By Ernest Bush, Aged 12 Years, Phoenix, Neb., Red Side.
One day we thought we were all going to have some fun. So we all got a pair and went into the patch to pick crapes. There was a whole acre to pick from. The crapes were ripe and the vines were just turning red. We all got in, some and in some they had one each.

First we washed our hands and faces. Then we started to pick. We picked about a bushel each. We were very tired when we got down. We had a good time.

Stories of Nebraska History

By A. E. REEDLOW

Baron La Hontan and Mathieu Sagean

Nebraska remained an unknown land to white men for many years after Coronado marched back to the valley of the Rio Grande. The earliest Frenchmen who explored the Mississippi valley did not reach this country. They heard of it from afar by report of the Indians living near the mouth of the Missouri. Far to the north and west stretched the land and the rivers and tribes, they said. No one knew how far.

This unknown land where Nebraska now is became a fine field for romantic writers. Two of them, Baron La Hontan and Mathieu Sagean, deserve mention for their books, were for many years taken as true narratives of travels in this region.

Baron La Hontan was a soldier who came from France to Canada. In his book, printed at The Hague in 1704, he tells of a long journey made with companions in a canoe west of the Mississippi. He tells of a tribe which he calls the Esenapes, who worshiped the sun, the moon, and the stars. Beyond the Esenapes lived the Gnacatares, who lived on the shore of a great lake. Upon this lake were canoes rowed by 200 oarsmen. They had buildings three stories high and fought battles with the Spaniards of New Mexico. The great king of this country lived in a royal palace waited upon by hundreds of servants. To make this romantic story seem true La Hontan's book has a map of the region where he

now Nebraska and South Dakota. He gives pictures of the Indians who lived there and many words from their languages. None of these had any existence except in his imagination.

Mathieu Sagean's story was written by another man. It tells that Sagean was born in the Isle of Montreal in Canada, that his father and mother were faithful members of the Roman Catholic church, that he could read a little but not write, and that twenty years before he told his story he left Montreal in a bark canoe for the lakes and rivers of the great west. With a party of eleven Frenchmen and several Indians he journeyed west of the Mississippi until he came to the country of the Acaanbas, a great nation occupying a region 900 miles long. There he found cities with forts and a king who claimed to be a descendant of Montezuma who went clothed every day in a beautiful robe of ermine. In front of the king's palace were great idols many feet high. Every morning the king and his people worshipped before these idols, chanting songs from daybreak to the rising of the sun. The king's palace was three stories high and built of blocks of solid gold. He had 100,000 soldiers, three-fourths of them horsemen, who camped around the city. The women were as white and beautiful as those of Europe. The people carried on commerce with another people so far to the west that a journey there required six months of travel. Sagean saw a caravan of 3,000 cattle loaded with gold and rich fur start on its journey.

These stories of La Hontan and Sagean are not history. They are wonderful stories of imaginary countries supposed to have been located in the Nebraska region. They show how little was really known of our country at the time these stories were printed and believed.

KATHERINE WENTWORTH, 12 years old, whose aunt donated the woman's liberty bell to the suffrage cause, will cast the bell at Troy, N. Y., March 31, by turning the lever liberating the molten metal into the casting mould.

Every morning you see ladies dressed in black carrying small rugs under their arms. They are going to mass. The reason why they carry rugs under their arms is because in most of the churches there are no seats, and the stone floor is cold.

George Washington.
By Roberta Hunter, Aged 9 Years, Utica, Neb., Red Side.
George Washington was born in Virginia, February 22, 1732. His father died when he was a boy. His mother had a cold. She wanted to have the cold broken, but she was afraid that the men would not be able to do it. One day George and some other boys were playing. George said, "I am bound to break that cold." He got on and George could hardly stay on. Then the cold cleared up. Then it rained up once more, but George succeeded. George chopped his father's little cherry tree down when his father did not want him to. George Washington could jump the highest. He could wrestle the best. After one of the wars George Washington married Martha Custis.

Do you know how old George Washington would be? He would be 183 years old. When George Washington died, he was past 70 years old.

From Nemaha District.
By Eloise Conner, Aged 9 Years, Auburn, Neb., R. F. D. 3, Red Side.
We live in the country on the banks of the Nemaha river, about a mile and a half from Auburn. We go to the country school and have mountain roads all the way to school and also to town. I am in the fourth grade. I have nine studies. I have not been absent or tardy this year. I have one sister, Norma, and two brothers, Leo and Leon. We have one dog and two kittens. Our dog's name is Raymond. He is a big St. Bernard. Our kittens' names are Puff and Buff. We have a pony which we ride sometimes.



KATHERINE WENTWORTH

ple live, there are sometimes forty large rooms. You can take a street car and ride all over the city for a penny. When you get in the car you give a lady con-

Some Beauty Secrets Worth A Fortune to Every Woman

Valaska Suratt, America's Self-Made Beauty-Adress, Tells How Expensive Beauty May Be Simply and Easily Attained.
By MISS VALASKA SURATT.
Every day that is gone is gone forever, never to return. Make the most of every day. Many women spend years trying to beautify themselves and before they are through wrinkles come to eradicate all their previous efforts. The methods employed at the present day for removing wrinkles and beautifying the complexion are meager indeed. The ordinary prepared creams used for this purpose are merely weak lubricants, as many women know only too well. To do it successfully it is to apply simple white ointment, available at any drug store, or if not then get the Sulfo-Borax. It is the only thing, only the powder is used, a little water and more before using. It has the remarkable property of dissolving the hair instead of burning it, grows the hair thicker and red spot, and does not injure the most delicate skin. It removes heavy and thin hair, makes the complexion and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

THEODORA M. O.—No one can develope the bust. Some use mechanical contrivances, but these are dangerous. However, a mixture of two ounces of Fusional, one ounce of Sulfo-Borax, and a pint of cold water, taken in doses of two teaspoons after meals and one at bedtime, will increase the natural and vigorous development. This treatment has resulted very successfully in many cases.

MISS TRUFF—I am sorry you could not obtain the "Sulfo Face Powder" at your drug store, but if you will address Secret 3 to Valaska Suratt, 1500 Broadway, Chicago, and enclose fifty cents, say whether you want it white or flesh tint, my secretary will see that you get it.

THEODORA M. O.—You can stop excessive arid perspiration very quickly by simply applying hydrolyzed talc liberally to the arid spots. This is the most satisfactory article known for the purpose. It keeps the perspiration constantly under control, prevents flaking and rubbing of garments at the armpits and it immediately destroys not only all perspiration odors but other body odors as well. It is also unexcelled for perspiring feet. Hydrolyzed talc can be secured at a drug store and is very economical.—Advertisement.

MY DAISY—One of the great problems in removing stubborn hair has been to do it thoroughly, without injury to the skin or leaving a mark. The only way to do it successfully is to apply simple white ointment, available at any drug store, or if not then get the Sulfo-Borax. It is the only thing, only the powder is used, a little water and more before using. It has the remarkable property of dissolving the hair instead of burning it, grows the hair thicker and red spot, and does not injure the most delicate skin. It removes heavy and thin hair, makes the complexion and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

BERNICE T. M.—I know many women of over 50, who have made themselves look like young girls, by the simple use of the following remarkable wrinkle eradicator. The main point is that it acts promptly. You will find all deep and little wrinkles, the thousand of little cross-lines, crow's feet and the sagging of flesh will quickly disappear and that the skin will become plump, youthful and vigorous. Use two ounces of opol, which can be obtained at any drug store, and two tablespoons of glycerine in a half pint of hot water. Use of the secret of the success of this formula is in the liberal use of it. Use a lot of it at one application. It is very economical. Use it every day, all over the face. The results will not long be delayed. Begin using it today.

MISS CHAGRIN—Soap is not effective as a thorough remover of dandruff, and it is only a partial cleanser. A surprising head wash is a mixture of a teaspoonful of opol in half a cup of hot water. As it contains no alkali whatever, it actually dissolves the fatty accumulations and dandruff completely disappears. It can not be surpassed as a cleanser. It is also

helped him home. I think it was very kind of them, don't you? I hope all Busy Bees will remember to be kind to old people.

A Problem.

By Zera Fink, Aged 12 Years, Holdrege, Neb., Red Side.
Now, after years of continuous prosperity, during which time our great nation has steadily advanced, and not suffered from the evil effects of war, we have become and now rank as the greatest nation of the western hemisphere—perhaps the greatest in the world. Yet in all our commercial pomp and glory we have yet to contend with and battle with one great question, now occupying the time and interest of the greatest men of our age—a question put before the American people for them to decide which course we must, and shall, pursue to attain supremacy of the commercial world. Shall it be by peace and quiet, or by war and turmoil? It is the business and right of every American to decide. Let us, as earnest advocates of God and peace, resolve that the demon of war shall not lay his clutching fingers upon us and that our nation shall not be stultified in the eyes of our European brethren.

Three Pet Cats.

By Edna Westfield, Aged 9 Years, 2812 North Twenty-sixth Street, Omaha, Red Side.
I have three pet cats, named Spotty, Kitty Gray and Miss White. They are very playful. I like Kitty Gray the best of them all because he is such a baby. He will lay down in my lap and put his head on my arm and sleep for hours in that position.

I go to school every day, so do not have much time to hold him. Miss White is a great ratter. She is the largest of the three cats. He knows many tricks that the rest do not think of doing. Whenever Miss White gets near Spotty or Kitty Gray she will give them a dig.

My Dream.

By Mary Marshall, Aged 12 Years, 604 E. Fifteenth St., Columbia, Neb., Blue Side.
One night as I was sleeping I dreamed I was on a ship in England.
A German officer called out, "Ten minutes' time to get out." We hurried out, as we were now near land.
I was running to take shelter when I heard the cannon shoot. It was some terrible noise.
As I was running I saw a German running after me with a gun, but I found shelter. When I thought the man was gone, I peeped out and was trying to run away, when I saw him again. That time he caught me, but I was smart enough to get away from him.
Just as I was going to run away mother was calling me for school.
I call this quite an adventurous dream.

Likes His Teacher.

By Maurice Whitaker, Aged 8 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb., Red Side.
I enjoy reading this page every Sunday and would like to join the Red Side. This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Douglas.

Pleasant Outing.

By Genevieve Struthers, Aged 9 Years, Craig, Neb., Red Side.
One time last summer the Junior choir, of which I was a member, took a five days' outing at Crystal Lake. We went in bathing every day about 4 o'clock. The second day we were there three men at the lake took the crowd to Sioux City in their autos. When we first crossed the Missouri river I was frightened, but I was soon over my scare. After reaching Sioux City we were taken to see the moving pictures. Then we all went to the Ten-Cent store and bought what we

Santiago.

By Edith Weir, Aged 10 Years, 542 Dodge Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
Santiago is the capital of the Republic of Chile, a country in South America. It is about six miles from the coast. The poor people live in all parts of the city, and some of the houses have only one room. In the houses where the rich peo-

Aid Old Man.

By Mildred Hill, Aged 9 Years, 442 Jones Street, Omaha, Red Side.
One very cold day as I was coming home from school I saw an old, feeble man walking down the street. There was snow and sleet on the street, so that he slipped and fell and I think that he got hurt. But right behind him came two young men and picked him up and also

Motor Terms : A Blow-Out



World Motor Bike Free

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.

Don't Wait until the end of the month but begin now to collect bicycle pictures and certificates.