ANGORA GOAT BABIES-The newcomers are full-

blooded specimens, born to Mr. and Mrs. Angora, who long have been special friends to the children who visit New

York's Park Zoo. They are wooly, happy, cute little white

animals of extremely aristocratic appearance -as is their

right, for they come from the finest breed of goats in this

The Busy Bees



RACE is a blond beauty who reigns supreme in the hearts of tion of one week. Of course all of the kindergartners at Cass school. She is a "co-operative" doll would be from Monday till April is Manima said that I could go to Raiston a number of children here who had no doll with which to to spend my vacation. So I did. I had a

they used to fight to play with her, but soon teacher, Miss and threw it as hard as I could but it Laura Goetz, interfered and made strict rules and regulations as to who did not break, so I asked Harry if he should be permitted to play with Grace.

"First of all, you must have clean hands. No one with dirty fingers other side of a rence, and didn't know can play with Grace," she said. Then what a scramble for soap and brush The egs went right on his head, but he ensued, and now one is defied to set forth a class of cleaner-fingered said be didn't care. Harry and I took kindergartners than at Cass school.

The older boys in the manual training classes have been most kind. They made a playhouse for Grace to live in, a cradle in which to rock her to sleep and a brass-bound chest for her dresses. All enjoy her very much,

Belated votes in the Busy Bee election were received for Mollie Corenman and Ethelyn Berger for queen and James Allen for king.

Reva Rosseter writes to learn whether typewritten letters are accepta-Indeed they are, for the little boys' and girls' writing is often very difficult to decipher.

This week first prize was awarded to Lillie Myers of the Red Side, second prize to Henrietta Neuman of the Red Side, and honorable mention to Genevieve Harris of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

PRETTY AND BRIGHT MEMBER

OF THE BUSY BEES.

but that was his last visit.

Dog Has Tricks.

By Clarence McAuliffe, Aged 12 Years, 2219 Seward Street, Omaha, Neb.

We have a dog named "Bill."

much. He follows him every place he

One time he ran back to where he

Waits for Stream.

By Jeannette Oliphant, Aged 9 Years, 402 Garrield Avenue, Hastings, Neb. Red Side.

around the other way, which was

farther. But one day it was so hot

home that night and told his mother

about his experience. She told him that the river would run on forever.

Boosts Home Town.

By Theodore Vaughn, Aged 12 Years Walnut Ia. Red Side.

I have been a reader of the Busy Bee's

page for a long time and would like to

My Pet Horse.

By Leona Rosler, Aged 11, Wann, Neb. Blue Side.

I have a pet horse, just the same age as

him. He will lay down and groan as if

Papa lets us children drive him to Sun-

Incident of Bad Egg.

he was sick for us or let us get on him.

several years.

day school sometimes.

he thought that he would wait until all

Don't Destroy Birds.

By Lillie Myers, Aged Il Years, Strang, Neb. Red Side, We should not destroy a bird or its nest. Because most birds are useful to farmer. They cheer up a person by their merry aongs.

A man or boy ought not kill a bird or destroy its nest, for they have a right to live as we have. God created them to sing for us and make the world cheer-

Some people kill birds to get their beautiful feathers to put on women's hats. Lots of boys rob a bird's nest just to tease the mother bird. This is cruel, for when they destroy the eggs there will be less beautiful birds.

I think they ought to have a law that birds should not be killed and not rebbed of their nests. If we find a little bird on the ground we should pick it up and put it back in its nest.

Furnishes Bird House.

By Henrietta Neuman, Aged Il Years, Columbus, Neb. Red Side. One day as I was out in the yard, I heard a sweet song. It sounded as if it were a robin. I thought sure it was not, because snow was still on the ground and the day was cold. After a while I tooked up and in a large elm tree there were two robins sitting there singing. I felt sorry for them, so I went and got a bird house. I put some crumbs and some straw in it. Then mother cailed for me to come in the house and so I did not see my friends until the next

I looked in the bird house the next day and saw that they were making themselves at home. Every day after that I for the boys. They did not get him, but fed them. They would go south to spend one boy stepped on his tail, the winter and come back for the summer. They continued doing so for three string and a piece of bread tied to the The fourth year I did not see string. But he never came back again my friends or renters as I call them. after that. But new renters occupied the house. I Teacher said that the mouse lived uncall them renters because they pay rent by ainging such sweet songs.

> (Honorable Mention.) Helping Others.

By Genevieve Harris, Aged 10 Years, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. One day a little girl from the library was waiting for her car.

A boy came up to her. His clothes were shabby and he carried a gunny sack, evidently very heavy. He asked: think he acts very funny sometimes. "How far is it to Benson?" "Its about Sometimes we say, "Poor Bill," and he five miles," said the little girl. "Five crys very pitifully. miles," he repeated after her. "Is it that Bill always seems to be in the way walk. The conductor said my transfer stepped on in a day. When he gets

The little girl had but one nickel to person who stepped on him. This means get home on. She could not give him he wants to be petted. her carfare, so she could not help him. He likes my brother, Harold, very can go. I think he likes my brother, be-

The car was there. The girl got on. When the girl handed her nickel to the cause he pets him very much. conductor she said: "There was a little hoy who said he had to go to Benson used to live and we had a hard time before night. Another conductor said getting him back. My aunt had to walk his transfer was no good. He had no nickel and could not ride on the car." two and one-half miles. 'Why didn't you tell him to come on. I'd have let him ride," said the conductor "I thought you would have," she said

"There he is now." The car had reached the middle of the block. Sure, sure enough there was the little boy with his heavy load trudging country lad, about 9 years of age. His

The conductor beckoned to him.

gratitude. That was the way this girl helped the

New Busy Bee. By Rexie Owen, Aged 12 Years, 115 West Fifth Street, Grand Island, Neb.

Blue Side.

Blue Side.

on the river's side and waited and This is the first letter I have over written to the Busy Bees. I would like to walted. Then he turned sadly away. The join the Blue side, as it is my favorite summer day was gone and nothing sold color. I am in the sixth grade in school, either. His turnips might have gone to My teacher's name is Miss Leisen. I go seed if he waited any longer, but still to the Howard school and like to go. I the river flows on forever. He went

Sabbath School Contest.

have three sisters and one brother.

By May Scott, 303 Davenport, Omaha, Blue Side. . I want to tell you about our Sabbath school class. We are divided into two sides. The Blue and the Red, and are having a contest. The last time the Blue side beat, and the Red had to give Join the Red side. a party for the Blue side. There are eighteen of us and we had our party at our teacher's home.

new school house, several stores, restaurants, barber shops, cafes, hard-ware, jewelry and all kinds of business We have started another contest, but the Blue side is still ahead. I am on

Mouse Comes to School.

By Ruth Sm'th R. F. D. No. 2 Box 64, Bancroft, Neb., Blue Side.

One day there was a mouse that came to school to visit. We were all sitting at our seats and studying. I thought that it must have been ou superintendent that came to visit. The

door was a little open, so the mouse could get in. There was a piece of bread that was

a little larger than the mouse, and he hit it, picked it up and lifted it up and it was a little too heavy for him, so he By Elizabeth Vallandingham, Aned 12 Years 616 North Thirtieth Street, Omahs, Neb. Blue Side. Miss Hunt, the principal of our school.

Then the teacher said the boys could try and catch it. The boys ran after him, but the little mouse was too fast said that we were going to have a vaca-

cery good time. I berrie ed Harry Dyer's Grace has worked wonders with the children. At first wagon and went rumbling down the bill would try to broak it. He threw it on the the wagon and went up the hill, laughing so hard that we soon got tired out and had to sit down

The Deserted Castle

By Duica Regert, Aged I Years, Herman, Neb. Red Side. Once upon a time there was a young prince. He was riding along when he came to a great forest. The trees were so high he could not see above them. He made up his mind he would find out what was in there. He forced his way through and finally he came to a beautiful castle. As the prince did not see any one about the castle, he went inside and found that it was deserted. He went ack and was married to a princess. The rince took the princess to the castle and they lived happy ever after.

I am 7 years old and I am in the third grade. I have four studies and they are reading, arithmetic, language and spelling. I am in a fourth grade reader and fourth grade arithmetic. My teacher puts our language on the blackboard. I have spelling out of my reader.

By Dorothy Darlow, 38 South Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha. Blue Side. What is worse than raining cats and logs? Hailing omnibuses. Why is an author the most wonderful

man in the world? Bacause his tail (tale) omes out of his head. When is a roldier charitable? When he

resents arms. Why are your nose and chin always at variance. Because words are continually

passing between them. Why is the nose on your face like the v" in civility? Because it is between the two eyes.

When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it. When Charles I was beheaded, of what dish did the executioner dine, and where? He took a chop at the King's Head. What's the difference between a bee and a donkey? One gets all the honey, the other gets all the whacks (wax),

The Easter Program. By Albert Sudman, Aged 10 Years, Sar-ben, Neb. Elus Side.

Easter night the Lutheran Sunday chool of Paxton had an Easter program. There was not an adult on the program. There were about twenty-five boys and girls on the program. Two of my brothers, my sister and I took part in the program, which consisted of recitations, exercises, solos and songs. I was in an exercise and some songs.

The church was full of people. It was decorated very prettily. The platform was draped with white bunting and purple and white flowers. The front was decorated with a cross and lines. At recess they set a trap, which was a program was very good.

> Story of Pet Rabbits. By Hunter B. Crosby, Sutherland, Neb.

Once upon a time when I lived in about every night when she swept the Pomona, Cal. I had two pet rabbits. floor. But he never came after that to They were white with pink eyes. I had visit. He had come a few times before, them in a box under an orange tree, There were roses all around the box. One evening when I was coming home from school I went to see my rabbits. I looked in and saw her making a nest. I rat down to watch her. Then I ate supper and went to bed. The next morning I went out to see my rabbits. When I looked in I saw six little rabbits just like their mother

About the Oriole.

Well, I suppose I will have to I could not say how many times he gets By Emily Nightingale, Aged 9 Years,

When he gets Ashland, Neb. Red Side. stepped on, he barks and comes to the The oriole is a beautiful bird. sings songs so beautiful that people like

to hear him sing. The oriole doesn't mind the winter. They live on caterpillars mostly. They build their nest by weaving feathers and grass together. They line because that is my favorite color. the bottom with hair. We like them be-

cause they sing so beautifully. The bits and a pony, Bob I ride to school oriole huilds his nest on the high every day. He is gray, I go to Bluff home with him, the distance being about part of the tree so cats and dogs can not University school. I am in the seventh harm them. They sing more beautifully grade. My teacher's name is Helen Herwhen they are older. Bucking Sheep.

By Malvin Moody, Aged 12 Years, Cedar Bluffs, Neb. Blue Side. I live on the farm and have three sheep.

Once upon a time there was a little One day my friend was over to our place. name was James Russell Nelson. Every We caught one of our sheep and I got Saturday he went where his aunt lived on his back. We let him go and I fell He came. His face and eyes show with in the other part of the village to sell off. Then we caught him and put him turnips and other vegetables. He alin a shed, had to cross a little pool water. Sometimes he went

Baltimore Orioles. By Ruby A. Kenoyer, Columbus, Neb. Red Bide.

sir of a lady-the husband somewhat old Valentine was dead. Then everyolder. Soon I missed the little lady and one said that such a kind man was good only husband worked in the garden. enough to be called a saint. And from as I was passing by I thought I would Saint Valentine. look in the window, and, behold, I saw the mother feeding two little bables. I

could hardly tell the other children. I by Marile Desler, Aged 10 Years, Ben-was so excited and happy about our nington, Neb. Blue Side.

I have been reading the Busy Bee page

Rides Pony to School. By Agnar Anderson, Aged 12, Marquette, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written. read the Busy Bees' page every Monday. I would like to join the Blue side I have several pets. I have nine rabgren. I will close, as my story is getting long.

St. Valentine.

By Amy Brown, Aged 10 Years, Arnold, Neb., Blue Side. Long ago there lived a priest named Valentine. He was noted for his kindness and love. He was especially fond of children. When he became old he felt very sad that he could not help the people. The people felt very sad, the people. The people to the was too old By Pern Peterson, Aged 2 Years, Kearney too, for they knew that he was too old By Pern Peterson, Aged 2 Years, Kearney Neb., Red Side. to get about. Then he thought he would write little messages to them. When One day early last spring a young the children were sick they would say: because it is wet there and they will last couple from Baltimore moved into a "I think Pather Valentine might send longer than the wooden ones. They paint house near ours. As I passed the house me a little letter today." But after a their houses bright red, yellow, blue or

daily I would see the husband and wife. time no more letters were received, and The wife, young, pretty and with the soon the news went abroad that good o'clock in the forencon. It went on for some time, till one day that day to this he has been known as

BABY ANGORA GOATS BORN IN NEWYORK ZOO!

Finds Many Easter Eggs.

every Sunday and like it very much. I am interested in the stories and letters. I have seven brothers and three sisters go to school every day and have only missed four days this term, as I was sick, My teacher's name is Miss Ida Pearl tumner. I like her very much-We found thirty-three Easter eggs.

Trapping Gophers.

By Hernard Carroll, Palmer, Neb., Red Side. Every summer I trap gophers. Papa gives me a nickel apiece for them, and save it for the Fourth of July. I got to cents last year.

I will tell you how I do it. First I find a hole with fresh dirt in it, then I dig down a ways and dig a round place big enough for a trap, then I drop corn on it and scatter corn around. I have caught two this year siready. I only have one trap.

Tulips in Holland.

In Holland the roofs are made of tiles

Gradually the drone of the aero engine heard, above the noise of the car, a excitedly. "Come. grew more and more indistinct and we familiar sound. cautiously came out from our shelter. Through the trees Wu Fang was now about. Hear it?"

straining his eyes at the field glass, staring back to see us. Apparently to him we had gone back and Elaine was under the umbrella, while plane gun. I live in Walnut. It is a nice, clean, I was speaking to her and leaving her little country town. It has electroliers, a there, although the umbrella hid her

"Turn back now," cried Wu. In a huge wide circle, like a hawk, that makes up a nice little town. It Sprague turned, while Wu eagerly got also has many nice residences. My papa the heavy round package of arrows ready is the city marshal and has been for to release. Meanwhile, I managed to get behind a big tree, where I could see but over uneasily at the gyroscope stabilizer. not be seen.

"Now," ground out Wu, releasing the bunch of deadly arrows. Down they came, hurling from the sky, piercing the gaudy umbrella in a dozen stopped the little flywheel inside. Instead myself. We all think a great deal of places.

Wu's exclamation of satisfaction at hit- bilizer was a positive menace. he peered back through his glasses. it, transfixed by the arrows, was a scare- had been necessary. It had hit the stacrow which I had arranged!

As they neared Lakewood, Kennedy

"Stop!" he cried, "there's an aeroplane It was quite plain to them now that the car had stopped. Kennedy and

The Exploits of Elaine

As this terror in the air made off from us, Craig caught a glimpse of it, heaving in sight.

"Fire!" Craig directed as they up-

proached close The nero gun barked hoarsely. Again and again it sent out shots. "The devils!" growled Sprague, looking

"They have an aero gun-they've hit One shot had indeed penetrated the vacuum case of the gyroscope and of being an aid to safety, now the sta-

ting the mark quickly turned to rage, as he peered back through his risasses as Sprague tried to catch it. More shots The umbrella was smashed. But under rang out from Kennedy. But only one

biliner. Suddenly, to the surprise of Elaine Kennedy and Waters were literally eat- Mr. Brown and myself, who had no idea ing up the miles of good Jersey roads on Kennedy was so close, we saw the acroplane awoop down. "Something's wrong with it," I cried

Waters set to work adjusting the aero- had fallen with a splash, a tangled mass

gether and managed painfully to crawl

bruised body and shuddered "Safe-yes," she tried to smile at Craig. An inch is as good as a mile." "Yes-but a lot more uncomfortable,"

spite of us all. (To Be Continued.)

Stories of Nebraska History

Their Own Page

By A. E. SHELDON

John Colter's Escape

the continent to the Pacific ocean with it, but was himself anot full of arrows. Lewis and Clark, On their way back, in The Indians now took Colter, strapped the Latter saw to many signs or beaver him, and began to talk about how they

morning, and hid during the day,

green. They paint the trunks of the trees, too. In Holland they have tallps and gladiolas. One time the people went

widt over tulips. Turkey sent them over

and the people thought they were so

pretty that they began to grow them. April.

By Grace 1, Moore, Aged 13 Years, 80, ver Creek, Neb. 18tte Side. We are always glad when April comes,

with its warm April showers. We can see the robin finding a pleasand we hear the sweet little cry of the meadow lark as she sits on the fence rail, calling her mate; and the blackyoung, come back waiting for the yellow wheat.

Everyone should feel happy when all the birds are coming and spring is here. Let's all be happy and listen to the little birds that sing and dance in the April showers along the woodland brook and

Enjoyable Auto Trip.

car and we went to Creighton. When fearless and strong. we reached Spencer it was about 11 A week later he reached the trading

The lies will publish chapters from the distant, a trampling on the bank Calter seld. The lies will publish chapters from the distant, and wanted to go back. Putts from week to week. more strokes of the puddle and they were surrounded on both shores by hundreds taska, while first make on the sump, of Blackfoot warriors, who made almost sences an rev country from the present to the trappers to come to them. Since htuska-Kansan Lie totch to Canada. They could not escape Coller turned the In this that Keeraska of the early days, came toward spece. As they came to in the part Best is now amonana, there and an Indian seized Peter rifle, but occurred the remarkable escape of John Coiter, who was a very strong man. John clier was a trapper who crossed Potts. The latter killed an indish with wrested it from him and handed it to

on the neadwaters of the Miscouri that would all him. At first they were goest he got leave of Captain Lowis to stay to put also up as a mark to be shot at, there and trap. This was in its heart but the chief, desiring to have greater o, the country of the terrible education sport, asked Colter it he could run fast, incians, captain lawis had billed a Coller endershoot enough of their fanthackfoot warrier who was trying to guage to tell him that he was a very sical horses, and from that time the poor runner, although he was one of the trabe bated white men and killed them swiftest runners grieng the hunters. Then the shief look him out on the Coner knew all this, but he leved to prairie a few hundred yards and turned trap, and with another hunter named him loose to run for his life. The Indians Potis, he plunged into the wilds of the gave their war-whoop and started after best beaver streams of the Duckfoot him. Colter ran straight across an open huntims prounds. The two men knew the plain toward the Jefferson river, etc. areat risk they ran and they know also miles away. The plain was covered with the ways of the Ind ens. They set their cactus, and at every jump the bare feet traps at night, took them up early in the of the naked man were filled with cactus thorns. On Colter van swifter than he Early one morning they were noftly had ever before run in his life with those paddling up a small creek in their cance hundreds of Hisckfoot warriors after to take in some traps when they hears him. He had ran nears half way across the plain before he darked to look back over his shoulder. He saw that he had far outron all the Indians except one, who carried a spear and was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

A faint hope now rose in Colter's heart, but he had run so hard that blood gushed from his nose and covered his body. He ran on until within a mile of the river, when he heard the steps of the Indian with the spear close behind him and, turning his head, saw he was not more than twenty yards away. Colter stopped suddenly, turned around and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised, tried to stop also, but was so exhausted that he ant nesting place. We can see the big fell to the ground and broke his spear. black crow flying over the harvest fleids. Colter at once picked up the point of the quail as she calls her small once, and the the earth. He then ran on, while the other Indians came up to their dead comwinxed hawk darting across the evening Colter, using every moment, soon gained sky. Then there is the bobolink with her the shelter of the trees on the bank and plunged into the river.

A little below was an island, at the upper end of which was a great raft of driftwood in the water. Colter dived under this raft and after some trouble got his head above the water between large logs which screened him from view. He had hardly done this when the indians came down the river bank yelling like fiends. They hunted the shores, Ey Mildred Moody, Aced 9 Years, Cedar walked out on the raft of driftwood over Bluffs, Neb., Blue Side. Colter's head, pulling the logs and reconstruction. Colter's head, pulling the logs and peer-Last summer we took a trip to Boyd ing among them for hours. Once Colter county. My two uncles and their fami- thought they were about to set the raft lies went with us. We started at 4 on fire. Not until after dark, when the o'clock in the morning and were near Indians were no longer heard, did Colter Fremont when it was daylight. We rode dure to venture from his hiding place. He in the car to West Point and ate our swam down the river a long distance. breakfast. We went about seventy-five then came out on the bank. He was miles, then Uncle Oscar's car stopped alone in the wilderness, naked, without and he couldn't get it started. Papa and a weapon and with his feet torn to pieces. Uncle Alfred tried to get it started, but by the sharp cactus thorns. He was they couldn't, and so we ate dinner and hundreds of miles from the nearest trad-Uncle Alfred pulled Uncle Oscar's car ing post on the Yellowatone, in a country into Wisner. There a man fixed the of hostile savages. But he was alive and

post, sunburnt and starving, but saved,

A Queenly Complexion in a Few Days' Time--- and Other Beauty

By MINS VALESKA SUBATT

By MINS VALESMA SUBATT

BLAUTY is more a matter of "skin"
these days, than anything else. For
this reason beauty is more easy to
attain now than it has ever been before.
Yet there are millions of women who are
positively making it hard for themselves,
and I might say, too, that the thousand
and one preparations sold for the purpose
of beautifying the skin help to make it
hard instead of easy for the women
themselves. The trouble is that the ingredients are nearly all the same, and



"A Secret Whose Results Can Be Seen in Your Mirror in a Short Time." Continued from Page Ten

Continued from Page Ten

Excitedly "Come."

I started on a run.

Kepnedy and Waters had already jumped out of the car and were also running in the direction that the aero dipped down.

Perhaps hair a mile up the creek, it had fallen with a splash, a unified mass of wires and scrap, in the water.

Sprague, enmeshed in the debris, did not move. But Wu, though terribly shaken, had fallen on him, and with a superhuman effort, he pulled himself together and managed painfully to craw!

Mix one treatile them all. Besides, a skin beautifying cream should be used more likelying cream should be used more likelying cream should be used more likelying cream should be used more likely in a sure likely in a sure likely in a sure likelying cream should be used more likely in a sure likely in a sure likely in a sure likely in a sure likely perfect to the sure likely likely perfect tint, purity and clearness of the skin. The zintone can be secured at any drug store.

MISS X.—You are fretting too much

gether and managed painfully to crawl up the bank, into the hiding rocks and underbrush, before any of us arrived in either direction.

"Here it is," cried Craig, bursting through the brush.

"Dead," multicred Waters, examining Sirague. "The other's gone."

With a flash of unspeakable hate, we crawled off in the shelter.

Just then I arrived, with Elaine close behind me

"Oh-I'm so glad you're safe," gasped Craig.

Elaine looked at Sprague's broken and believed bade and another the shelter.

Elaine looked at Sprague's broken and brusted bade and another the shelter.

INEZ P. T.—No matter how hard you splended for perspiring feet.

MRS ALICE M, G.—I used to hunt in about those wrinking to can now rest about that had no wain for a face bowder that had no valin for a face bowder MISS X - You are fretting too much

INEZ P. T.—No matter how hard you scrub the scalo and what kind of soap you use, you will never be able to remove dandruff. A teaspoonful of ergol in half a cup of hot water has a peculiar chemical action in that it dissolves all fatty accumulations and dandruff scales. As a bend-wash and shampoo it simply has no equal. The lather is wonderfully tich and it leaves the hair easy to do up. he returned, drawing her arm into his in

Valeska Suratt, the Theatrical Star Enough eggol for about a dozen of these Gives Some of the Secrets Which splendid head-washes can be secured at Made Hear Famous for Mer Self- any drug store at a moderate price.

worthy—Constant hair-failing means early baidness. You can prevent it quickly and absolutely. Hair tonices are of very little, if any, value, against this condition. A mixture of one ounce of beta-quinol with a haif pint of water and a haif pint of alcohol, or a full pint of bay run instead if desired, will when liberally used do in a short time all that you have tried to do for many months past. This gives intense nourishment to the hair roots, gives wonderful life and vigor to hair, stops dandruff completely and you will no longer find handfuls of hair coming out at every combing. Try it by all means. This makes the most economical and effective hair treatment known.

MISS I. M. T.—Steaming the face is never successful against blackheads. Dieting will do no good. It is also impossible to pinch out all the tiny blackheads, but you may remove them all in a few moments, much to your surprise, by simply sprinkling powdered neroxin on a hot wet sponge and rubbing the blackheads with it. You will find that the blackheads have entirely vanished, even to the most minute ones. This is a formula worth remembering and using. It never fails.

DEEGRAH G. S.—Dissolving away superflueus or wild hairs is the only way to remove them. You simply injure the skin by using the burning desplatories usually sold. By using simple sulfo solution the hair is completely and thoroughly dissolved away, no mark or red spot as left and no one can tell you have used anything for removing superflueus hair. No matter how stiff, or soft, how heavy or light the hair, or whether the skin is extremely sensitive or not, it removes the hair perfectly and in a few moments. Your drugsist will supply you with the simple sulfo solution, or if he hasn't it, set the sulfo powder which you simply wet with a little water lust before you supply it.

WILLING—If anything can develop the bust this certainly should, as it has

will with the certainty should, as it has been very successful in many case, though of course you know that development cannot always be assured. Add two ounces of ruetone and half a cup of sugar to a half pint of cold water. Mix thoroughly and take two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime. I would not advise the use of tablets, pills or mechanical instruments. The formula given above is perfectly and. above is perfectly anfe-

MRS ALICE M. G.-I used to hunt in vain for a face bowder that had no chalkiness, and that would be practically

pile bot and wringing wet from excessive perspiration, and having your garments faded and reined in the bargain, you can stop it quickly and have the arm-pits as naturally fresh and dry as the back of your hands if you will simply use hydro-lized tale. This also destroys all recapir-ation and other body odors at once and is splendid for perspiring feet.

MRS. F. N. G.—I am sorry to learn that you were unable to bet the simple suifo solution at the drug store. My secretary will see that you get it, however, if you will write "Secretary to Valeska Surati." Thom:son Bid. Chicago." and enclose the price, which is one collar.—Advertisement.