

# The Busy Bees

# The Own Page

**A** SOCIETY for good manners is proposed, Busy Bees. Would you like to join?

Little boys and girls are apt to forget some days that patient mothers and teachers have instructed them in many little courtesies, which they neglect, so let us resolve ourselves into a silent society for the promotion of good manners.

There will be no officers, no dues and only an unwritten constitution that only Busy Bees who are kind, considerate, unselfish and careful of the comfort of others may belong.

The editor was delighted to receive a batch of stories this week from a group of South Side boys and girls, six in all and fully as well pleased to receive three letters from one family. These letters were written by Harold, Maurice and Mary Boyle, who live in Fremont.

Ether Wilson of the Blue Side won the prize book this week, while honorable mention was awarded to Mary Boyle and Henry Ohlsen, Jr., both of whom are on the Red Side.

## ONE OF THE LITTLE BUSY BEES AND HER PAL.



MARY LOUISE KILLEN OF LINCOLN AND HER DOG "SHEEP."

I want to make a journey. I ask the sunbeam for a lift. A little beam carries me into a cloud. The cloud is my car. The wind is the engine. I ride a long time. Sometimes I meet with North Wind—then I put on my white garment. There are many snow flakes in the air besides me. Our garments make us heavy for the car. Then we fall to the ground. We come in the night. We do not wake you up. What do you think we do? Why, we keep the grass and flowers warm. Also the roots are protected from cold by us.

**The Birds' Song.**  
By Lucile Sorneland, Aged 12 Years, Box 2, Kearney, Neb., Red Side.  
Our little bird friends are coming back again to visit until fall. A large robin was sitting on a bough chirping his sweet song, "Spring is coming, Spring is coming!"  
He seems to tell me in his sweet singing of the time that he had down south, but he also tells me he would rather be in Nebraska than any other place.  
I have a young canary bird. He is a fine singer. I put him in the window where it is bright and sunny every day.  
He sings so loud and pretty he soon has a flock of sparrows or other birds around singing, too.  
Then he will look up at them with a saucy look, with as much as to say, "What are you doing here? Did anybody invite you? If not, I think you had better go away."  
He will start eating and then the other birds will fly away.

**Bob, the Cat.**  
By Opal Horner, Aged 5 Years, R. F. D. No. 2, Kearney, Neb., Red Side.  
Bob is a very nice cat. When he was little he was not so wise. Here is the story he tells of himself:  
"I am a cat and my name is Bob. My fur is gray and it is very soft and long. I do not like anyone to pull my tail. I was very much surprised when I was in the morning I rubbed my head on cook's dress, for I want my milk. I will tell you some of the things I did when I was a kitten.  
"Once I said to myself, 'That is a big fly,' and I made a dash. It was hard work, but at last I was able to claw the fly and so get it off the pane. Just as I got it down I gave a loud cry, for it was a wasp and not a fly, and it hurt me very much. So you see I was not as wise then as I am now."

**Squirrel and Blue Jay.**  
By Jack Piper, Aged 13 Years, 2629 B Street, South Side, Omaha, Red Side.  
One day a little squirrel found a nut down under the ground. He ran with it to a high limb on an elm tree. A bluejay saw it and planned to get it. "Dear Mrs. Squirrel, how great you are at catching things! Everyone is talking about you! Let me see you do it, so I may have the honor of seeing so great an acrobat."  
The silly squirrel was flattered by the bluejay's words, and threw it up in the air. At this the crow screamed at the top of his voice. The squirrel made a desperate grab as the nut dropped past her. She sat down on a limb and made faces at him. At this the bluejay laughed and said, "You can get nuts better than you can keep them." Then he walked away, leaving the squirrel in a dazed condition.

**Dan Learns Lesson.**  
By Helen Doherty, Aged 10 Years, Lodge Pole, Neb., Red Side.  
Dan was a little boy. He was very bad, and did not mind his mother. One day he asked his mother if he could get some candy. His mother said no. Dan grew angry at this, and said he would ask his father. His father said, no. Dan thought he would get some candy somehow, so he went to his mother's pocket-book, and saw a dime. He took it, put on his cap and started for the door. His mother happened to be there when he was going. Dan said, "Out of doors to play." Then he bought some candy and ate it all. That night he was sick. Then he told his mother what he had done that day. He was very sorry, and said he would never do it again. And it was true, because he never did, and always told the truth after that.

**The Wrens.**  
By Marcella Stenger, Aged 10 Years, R. F. D. Box 2, Kearney, Neb., Red Side.  
This summer my brother and I thought that we would try to please the birds. We made three nests. We thought of days we heard singing. We thought of our wrens. We went out and looked. There were two wrens making a new home. Day after day we watched them bring sticks and other things to make their nests warm. One day they were singing so prettily that we went out to see them. They seemed very happy. We looked in their nest and saw two wee birds. Later on they went away. We hope to have them back again this summer.

**Will Write Story.**  
By Esther Page, Aged 10 Years, Harrisburg, Neb., Red Side.  
I am a new Busy Bee. I think I will join the Red Side. I am 10 years old. My birthday is August 20. I will be 11 then. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is out calling so he won't get me. I will write a story soon.

**Visits Aunt.**  
By Elsie Ketselen, Aged 9 Years, Walnut, Ia., Red Side.  
Last summer one Sunday we went out to my aunt's. We rode in an automobile and when we got there we had a big feast. After dinner we made a swing and I swung as high as the tree. Then we went in the corn crib and pulled off our shoes.

**The Jenny Wren.**  
HE boys of the manual training rooms of the public school are learning much these days about the little wren. They are told that the opinions of small, because the wren houses must be of these houses if the door is large enough to admit a sparrow. Wrens are not in speaking terms with sparrows.  
Martha W. Christianity, principal of the Mason school, is a friend of the wren. One of her wren stories she is telling her boys and girls is something like this: "Last May I took a wren house down to my cottage at Carter lake and I placed the house where Jenny Wren would see it. I had observed that wren for several weeks. When the bird saw the house I had placed, it flew around several times, went inside and then came out and flew back to its nest nearby. This wren seemed to think I had been rather late in providing the house. But it rained very hard for three days and then what do you think happened? Jenny Wren accepted my house because the bird had been thoroughly drenched.  
"A few days later my daughter heard a fluttering under the wren's nest. She called her cousin and he picked up a baby bird which he placed inside the wren's house as tenderly as he could, but he had some difficulty because the baby bird would hardly go through the door of the wren house. A few minutes later I heard Jenny Wren making an awful fuss and then I saw her drag the baby bird out and let it drop on the ground. She had killed the baby bird because it was a sparrow baby! Ralph was rather abashed of himself because he had placed a sparrow baby bird in a wren's nest."

## RHEIMS SCHOOL BOY ALWAYS PREPARED AGAINST FUMES.



RHEIMS SCHOOL BOY.

Unconcerned about the grave danger which always threatens, the Rhems schoolboy carries his poison gas mask and attends school daily. Each boy is trained in the use and care of gas masks. A weekly inspection also is made by the training staff.

shoes and stockings and waded in the corn; and then we couldn't get down. I jumped from the corn crib. Then my cousin took our picture, and then we had a big lunch. After lunch we gathered eggs and fed the chickens, and then after we did that we laid a board across a chicken house and made a see-saw. You would go as high as a tree. We went out in the field and gathered pumpkins and then we had to go home. I hope my story will be in print.

**Two Little Rose Bushes.**  
By Johanna Patis, Aged 10 Years, Kearney, Neb., R. F. D. No. 2, Buffalo.  
Once there were two little rose bushes. One always wanted everything and was always complaining about something or other. The other one was always good and happy. The selfish one said, "I will not grow up because mother always is good to my sister, and she isn't good to me so I will not grow." When the mother saw that the little rose bush was not growing, she said, "Why do you not grow, little bush?" The little bush said, "You are so good to sister and you are not good to me; I don't want to grow up." His mother said, "I will be good to you if you only will grow up." So the little bush said, "All right, I will try and grow up." After that the little bush grew and grew. His mother always was as good to him as she was to his little sister.

**Chipmunk and Acorns.**  
By Frank Smith, Aged 10 Years, Villisca.  
I would like to join the Busy Bees. I am a little boy 10 years old. So I will write you a letter. Mr. Chipmunk found some acorns in the wall. "Hol hol!" said he, "I'll tell my wife. She does eat so greedily." So he took them from his pocket and hid them safely in the dark. Then at a moment, blinking, on a bit of fallen bark, Mr. Chipmunk came to dinner next day, came without his wife. He cried, "Now, where are those acorns? I can't think to save my life." Then the little acorns laughed till they split their shells with glee. "All right, he'll never find us. We shall each become a tree."

**Sees First Robin.**  
By Leona Walter, Aged 11 Years, Wahoo, Neb., Blue Side.  
This afternoon as I was going to school I saw a robin. It was the first robin I have seen. It was very beautiful. It must have been going to build its home for it had some strings in its mouth and was flying up into a tree. I stood still and watched it. Pretty soon it came down again and got some straw and flew up again. I hurried up to it was after 1 o'clock. It believe it is the first robin of spring.

**Young Busy Bee Writes.**  
By Lauretta Miller, Clarkston, Neb., Red Side.  
I am a new Busy Bee, and I am in the second grade at school. I have missed school half a day only on account of sickness. I have a little brother. He is 4 years old. He also goes to school. We go to Sunday school every Sunday morning. I take piano lessons from Miss Sinkle.

**The Foolish Monkey.**  
By Lester Lapsius, Aged 8 Years, 2424 Q Street, South Side, Omaha, Red Side.  
One day a monkey named Hat ran away from home. He strayed into a strange house and went into the pantry.

## Stories of Nebraska History

By A. E. SKELDON

### Two Crows--Cahay Numba

Two Crows was for many years a leading chief of the Omaha tribe. He was tall, strong and very active even when he became an old man. He was born about the year 1820 and died at his home among the Blackbird Hills about the year 1888. He was a firm friend of the white people during all his long life. He fought in many battles with the Sioux and the Pawnees and good fortune kept him safe through many great dangers.  
Two Crows was famed in the tribe for his wit and shrewdness of speech. This became more and more marked as years went on and in the council all the Indians listened eagerly to hear what Two Crows would say. For they knew that he would give smart, sharp, keen points to the talk. After the Omahas had settled on their land where they now live, many white men who had married Indian wives came and settled there, too. Other persons who had both white and Indian blood also had settled there, because the land was very black and rich, and there were many beautiful springs and clear streams of water flowing through it, and plenty of timber for fuel and for building purposes. The old-fashioned Indians became very jealous of these "white Indians" and at last called a great council of the tribe to talk it over. One chief after another

rose and told the council how much trouble the white people made them. They said the Great Father gave the land to the Indians and the white people had no right to be there. They all said what a shame it was for the Omahas to marry with any other people and that none but the pure-blood Omahas Indians had any right to the land. After they had all talked until they were tired and the Indians had agreed to all they said, Two Crows, who was then a very old man, rose slowly and said:

"My friends, I agree with all that you say today. You have said it very wisely and very well. None but the pure blood Omahas have any right to the land. All the others ought to move off at once. Now, you all know that my family and Wajepa's family are the only two families of pure Omaha blood in the tribe. All the rest of you have got a little Ponca blood, or a little Sioux blood or a little Ioway blood mixed in. So now all of you move off the land and Wajepa and I will keep it for the pure Omahas."  
This unexpected turn broke up the council. What Two Crows said was true. In the Omaha tribe, a very small tribe, it had been the custom for many years for some of the young men to take their wives from the neighboring tribes. The result was that in time all the families but two had intermarried. This was very well known to all the Indians and as no one could deny what Two Crows said the discontented Indians were very glad to drop the matter.

something hard. His head hurt. He dropped his cookie, which rolled out of sight. Jack did not know he had thought himself in the looking-glass. He thought the strange monkey had hit him and taken his cookie. I think Jack would have been wiser to have let the other monkey's cookie alone, don't you? It is best not to be greedy.

Here he saw a plate of crackers. He grabbed a cracker and ran to the mirror. When he saw himself he thought it was another monkey. He hit the glass. "Ouch! quit hitting me," said he. A blister appeared on his hand.  
Morn! "Do not take what is not yours."

### A Close Shave.

By Harold Boyle, Aged 11 Years, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.  
One day my uncle and I were going through a big forest. Our team was the finest looking in the country, and we were going along on the trot when both horses stopped dead still. We heard an awful noise of cries and yells and soon caught sight of some Indians in the distance coming after us. We whipped up the horses, but the Indians were coming faster and were then only about twenty rods from us. They started to shoot arrows at us, so we climbed down in the bottom of the cart. On, on, they came, until we reached a rocky road. I thought we were gone, sure, because the busy would hit the rocks and the Indians' horses could go right between them, but all at once the horse that the chief rode fell over a rock and, of course, killed his rider. The rest of the tribe of Indians fled when they missed their leader and we returned home. My dog was there to greet us, and the Indians didn't chase us anymore because we had a fast team. I think that was a close shave, don't you? I would like to be on the Red Side.

**Frisk and Blue Jay.**  
By Florence Dennis, Aged 10 Years, South Side, Omaha, Blue Side.  
Frisk was a foolish little squirrel. He was digging for a nut he had hidden the day before.  
Blue Jay, a wise fellow, came along and said, "Ah, Mr. Squirrel, what beautiful little teeth you have! May I see them?" Frisk, flattered by Blue Jay's words, opened his mouth so that Blue Jay could see his teeth, forgetting all about his nut. Blue Jay caught the nut as it fell from the squirrel's mouth and said, "Never listen to a flatterer again."

**Jack's Mistake.**  
By Walter Van Sant, Aged 6 Years, 2415 South Side, Omaha, Red Side.  
Jack was a pet monkey who was very selfish. He would steal and was very greedy. One day Jack took a cookie and was stealing into the room to eat it, when he thought he saw another monkey with a cookie just like his. Jack was angry and thought he would make a quick jump and take the cookie from him. As he jumped he hit his head and paw against

### My Pet Horse.

By Elmer Stenger, Aged 8 Years, Columbus, Neb., R. 2, Box 15.  
One day last summer my father and brother and I went out to get the cattle. We all rode horses. I rode a horse named Nancy.  
In our pasture there was a hill. The other horses were running up the hill and my horse started too.  
It was going fast and she put down her head and I fell over her head. She stopped and waited until I got on her back again. I was not hurt a bit.  
This is a true story.

### Another Busy Bee.

By Helen Koker, Aged 9 Years, Ord, Neb., Blue Side.  
I would like to join the Busy Bee Club. I am a little girl, 9 years of age. I go to school and live on a farm. I am in the fourth grade. I hope to see my story in print.

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Get a free sample of this new buttermilk baby chick food at your dealers and just watch those chicks. Makes em husky, too.

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## Little Stories by Little Folk

### A Young Bird Lover.

By Esther Wilson, Aged 8 Years, Paris, Neb., Blue Side.  
My sister Eleanor and I belong to the Liberty Bell Bird Club and we try to help the birds all we can.  
We keep water out for them all the time and how they do enjoy it, especially on hot sunny days.  
It is such fun to see them take baths in the water, catbirds, brown thrashers, robins, woodpeckers, wrens, rose breasted grosbeaks, red birds, blue jays and others. Whenever we go away any place we have our neighbors water them for us. The red bird, blue jay, woodpecker, and of course the sparrow chickadee, etc., stay here all winter and we put sweet crumbs out for them to eat. We often see them helping themselves to the chicken feed.  
We saw a beautiful pair of cardinals in the chicken yard yesterday.  
We have a bird guide which tells about twenty-one kinds of sparrows. It also tells of eight kinds of wrens. There are the house wren, cactus wren, rock wren, short billed marsh wren, long billed marsh wren, Carolina wren, bewick wren and winter wren.  
The house wren is the one we all know so well. This is one of the best birds we can have as it feeds on insects.  
Paris made bird houses for us last spring. The door for the wrens is the size of a quarter. He put a little twig outside their door and they light on this every time they go in. I love all the birds, but my favorites are the cardinal and robins, because they never bother the other birds' nests. The robins seem to say, "Cheer up, cheer up," and the cardinal whistles cheerfully even on winter days. The cardinal and rose breasted grosbeak are cousins and the robin, catbird and brown thrasher are cousins. Mamma likes the brown thrasher because his song is so musical.  
We shall soon be waiting anxiously for the robins and blue birds.  
Last year we saw the first robin! March 22, the year before, March 3.

### The Auto Mention.

By Henry Ohlsen, Jr., Aged 19 Years, Lincoln City, Neb., Blue Side.  
There was once a little boy whose name was Bob. He was very fond of automobiles. When he would look at the "Bee" he would always look at the automobile advertisements.  
One day Bob was reading "The Bee" and he saw an advertisement for a runabout that was to be given away to the boy that got the most subscriptions for "The Omaha Bee" in two weeks.  
Then Bob ran to his mother, who was in the garden picking peas. Bob showed his mother the newspaper and she said that he could if he wished.  
"Oh, good!" cried Bob, as he ran to his home.  
All the rest of the day you could see Bob running about the streets getting subscriptions for "The Omaha Bee." At evening Bob had twenty-one subscriptions. In two weeks Bob had gotten very many subscriptions.  
He went to "The Bee's" office building and the editor said to Bob that he had won the auto.  
When Bob went home, he told his mother that "The Omaha Bee" was the best newspaper ever published.

### Catches Pet Rabbit.

By Mary Boyle, Aged 9 Years, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.  
One day as I was walking in the woods I discovered some little rabbit tracks. I thought I would look for his hole, so I followed the tracks for a long way until, what should I see hopping a short way ahead of me but a little rabbit!  
I ran and caught the little creature. It had soft, white fur and shining black eyes. He scrambled and tried to jump from my arms at first, but he was very much frightened, but I took him home. I made a little house for him and gave him some nice, fresh lettuce for supper. I called him Bunny, and he is no tame now he will hop on my hand when I feed him.

### George Washington.

By Glen Thomas, Aged 10 Years, Clark, Neb., Red Side.  
George Washington was the son of a planter in Virginia. He was born February 22, 1732. When he was getting into his father bought him a hatchet. He thanked his father and went out to try it. He went to the orchard and chopped down a little cherry tree. His father went out to look at the tree. He saw the little tree was chopped down. He went to the house and said to George, "Do you know who chopped down my cherry tree?" George said, "Yes, father, I did." His father said, "I'm glad you told the truth." When George was about 11 years old his father died. When 14 years of age he wanted to go to sea. One day he found his mother crying, and he said that she did not want him to go, so he gave up going to sea. When older he became a surveyor, and later the leader and general of the American army. He was general all through the war and finally defeated the British. George Washington, with the help of Betty Ross, was the first President of the United States. Washington was said to be "the father of his country." George Washington was our first President. He died at Mount Vernon in 1799. I'm a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Red side.

### Snow Skating Pond.

By Hazel Preston, Aged 9 Years, Lyons, Neb., Red Side.  
When the snow was melting it formed a pond in our neighbor's pasture just across the road. When it got cold it froze. It was good skating. Then it

### Trix at the Hospital.

TRIX was taken to a hospital, a dog hospital on Farnam street. The last story about Trix was of the time he ran away from home, stayed ten days somewhere, and returned one cold night when the thermometer read 2 below. The way Trix shivered at the kitchen door, he looked as if he might have been 42 below.  
Yes, he went to a hospital, but he did not have to stay. Trix was sick. He acted cross-like and nobody around the house seemed to know what ailed him. He tried to bite Daddy, Frank's pony, and even just as cross as two sticks. Arthur said he believed Trix was going to have grip. The minister called at the house and he said he believed Trix had some nervous disorder.  
"Why don't you do something for that dog?" asked the man who reads the gas meter. "I think he has gastritis," he remarked, and then Mrs. B. laughed. There was no disputing the fact that Trix was a sick dog. He even refused to eat.  
Finally Mr. B. suggested that Arthur take Trix to the dog hospital and have him examined by a dog specialist. Of course, just when Arthur wanted to take Trix to the hospital the dog was hiding somewhere, but he was found and tied to a rope and Arthur and Clayton walked about a mile to the hospital. The dog doctor, so Arthur said, gave Trix a "once over," which is a slang expression, but at a dog hospital it means he gives the dog an examination. Arthur and Clayton watched the dog doctor and were anxiously awaiting his announcement of what ailed Trix.  
"What do you think was wrong with Trix? All of the neighbors had been

### Wrong about the case.

He had distemper! Just a case of distemper. The doctor said it would not be necessary to keep Trix at the hospital. He gave the dog some medicine and the boys took him home. They were told to return to the hospital on Tuesday.  
When Tuesday arrived the streets were wet and muddy with thawing snow and ice. Trix is a very white dog, but after he had tramped around in the slush all day he looked like a black dog. So when Arthur took Trix back to the hospital he felt he had to make some excuse to the doctor on account of the muddy condition of Trix.  
"We were going to give Trix a bath, but he was away all day and we could not find him," explained Arthur.  
"Well, I hope you give him a bath before July 4, so he can get in the parade," answered the dog doctor, which made Arthur and Clayton laugh. Even Trix seemed to understand that something funny was going on, as he started to bark.  
The doctor said Trix was improving, and he did not believe it would be necessary to bring him back to the hospital. "What did that doctor mean by saying we should give Trix a bath so he could get in the parade on July 4?" asked Clayton, when they had returned home with Trix.  
"Guess he was just kidding us," replied Arthur. Then Frank drove up with the other boys and they all went to see the pony.  
"You have to wash that dog's feet before you can bring him in this clean kitchen," ordered Mrs. B., whereupon the boys took Trix to the basement and gave him a bath.

### What we have left we will spend for provisions.

We will not stay at night, but will stay all day and cook our own meals. We are also talking of going to the field next together, perhaps in our car.  
Well, I think after this happens we will all write and tell the Busy Bees about it.  
When we got home from our walk today it was almost dark. We went to League, but were so tired we could hardly stand up at all.  
The girls took me the way home, and then we gave our yells and went home happy.  
My hair is all dirty and my legs and arms are all off, and I am uncomfortable under here. One night a little doll came under here and talked with me.  
It said, "Why don't you tell the girl that owns you all about your troubles and maybe she will take you to the doll hospital and have you fixed? She took me to the doll hospital and got me fixed. So the very next day I told her my troubles and she asked her father and he said that she could, so she took me to the hospital."  
When I got there the man came and got me and took me to a bench and laid me on it and got some legs and arms and some long needles and some new hair to put on me.  
When he was through I was full of holes where the needles stuck me, but I am very comfortable now.  
The girl that owns me plays with me now.  
She puts the silk dresses on me as she does the other dolls.  
One day the dog carried me and put me under the barn floor and the girl that owns me could not find me. One day her father was cleaning out the barn. He found me under there. He took me to the house and the girl was glad to find me.  
She took me to the doll hospital again and got me fixed. The next week a little beggar came along and took me and the girl has not found me yet.

### The Owl and the Cat.

By Jennie Jurak, Aged 9 Years, 424 South Seventh Street, South Side, Omaha, Blue Side.  
An owl lived in a barn near a farm house. One day the people from the farm house put a cat in the barn to catch mice.  
Pretty soon a mouse came up and was going toward a sack of grain. The owl saw him, flew down and caught it.  
The cat seeing this, wanted the mouse for his supper.  
He told the owl that there were some robbers near the barn and that the owl should hunt and make a noise to scare them away. The owl did this and the mouse fell out of his bill. The cat picked it up and said, "Friends must not trust each other too much."

### The Daring Four.

By Frances McDonald, Aged 13 Years, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side.  
I promised to write right after I got my prize, but I didn't keep my promise. I will try to do better now. I thank you very much for the book, "Jan."  
I am going to tell you about the Daring Four. We four girls are going to have a club called "The Daring Four." My name is Dore Dore, and the other girls' names are Billy Dore, Peggy Dore and Dot Dore. We are a jolly four.  
Today we took a walk up to the sand hills, southwest from here, then back again and down to the Kikkhor river. We went about two miles all together. We are planning on camping next summer at the Chautauqua. We are going to get a large tent. It will cost about five dollars. That will be one dollar and a quarter apiece. We are starting to save our money now. We will sell tickets for the Chautauqua, and then

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"A few days later my daughter heard a fluttering under the wren's nest. She called her cousin and he picked up a baby bird which he placed inside the wren's house as tenderly as he could, but he had some difficulty because the baby bird would hardly go through the door of the wren house. A few minutes later I heard Jenny Wren making an awful fuss and then I saw her drag the baby bird out and let it drop on the ground. She had killed the baby bird because it was a sparrow baby! Ralph was rather abashed of himself because he had placed a sparrow baby bird in a wren's nest."

## Anyone Can Now Remove Wrinkles

Every Woman Should Use These Wonderful Formula Given by the American Theoretical Star, Valeska Suratt, Celebrated for Her Self-Made Beauty.

JULIET II.—It will be very easy to get rid of your blackheads in a few moments by rubbing them with a hot, wet sponge which has been sprinkled some neroline. This is especially smooth and soft. It should be secured at any drug store, or in quantities of one quart at drug stores, and is called "Valeska Suratt Face Powder."

MISS KUNICK—I always use a face powder made up according to my own formula. This is free from the extreme chalkiness found in nearly all face powders. It is exquisitely smooth and delicately scented. To my mind it surpasses any face powder sold today, even the most expensive. It is available at all drug stores, and is called "Valeska Suratt Face Powder."

MRS. F. G. A.—It is regrettable that you were not able to get from your drug-gist the spot for making my wrinkle formula. This is the only one of my special retary enclosing the price, which is fifty cents, addressing Secretary to Valeska Suratt, Thompson, Ill., Chicago. It will be sent to you at once.

WAITING—This cleans the hair and scalp more quickly and effectively than any soap or other shampoo known. It is a teaspoonful of eggol in a half cup of hot water, and wash the hair with ordinary way. It leaves the scalp cleaner and fresher than anything else you can use. It acts quickly, reduces labor, and makes the hair easy to do. It is very economical. You can get enough eggol at a moderate cost for twelve or more shampoos.

MISS INQUIRY—No one can give you an assurance that the best can be developed in many cases the results of the following formula have been very successful. This is a perfectly safe. Mix two ounces of rusetone, and half a cup of sugar, in a pint of cold water. Dissolve thoroughly. Of this take two teaspoonfuls after each meal and over the returing. It is certainly worth a trial.

ANNOUNCED—To remove those superfluous hairs from the lip and the face, brush with a face powder. This can be obtained at any drug store. It is completely dissolves the hair, and is safe. Instead of burning it off, as other hair removers do, it leaves no mark whatever, and does not reddens or irritate the skin.