

Busy Bees - Their Own Page

SHE is truly a real little queen, this little girl who has for her subjects the members of the Blue Side, and each week her inquiries for her people are most solicitous as to the messages from them. Each story which has been sent in the week before has been read by this little lady and it is with the greatest pride that she tells what has pleased her most and the things that she thinks will interest her readers. She is a very proud little queen and is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the time when all Busy Bees will know one another.

Equally as much can be said for the young king of the busy Bees and he shows his manliness when he demands to know why a subject leaves his side to join the Blues. Rarely does he allow a week to pass without a letter or story to the Busy Bees.

They are both truly loyal rulers and when the time comes to elect a new king and queen it is to be hoped that another young boy and girl can be found who will be as interested in the welfare of the Busy Bees. By the way, another election will take place the first of the year and the Busy Bees must be thinking of whom they will elect to these high offices.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Old Faithful.

Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 2094 Chicago Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

There was great disturbance in the Spencer household, for Henry, the oldest boy, had brought home a large St. Bernard dog whose left front foot had been crushed. The dog shrank from them as if afraid, but when they spoke kindly to him he seemed very much relieved. They took him to a kennel in the back yard, where the dog that just a few weeks before had died, had lived. He was made comfortable and a plate of meat was set before him. He ate greedily, as if he had not had anything to eat for some time. They left him and went into the house.

"Where did you find the dog, and how?" asked Ellen, his youngest sister.

"He was standing in front of the shop when I came out. His large, intelligent eyes attracted my attention. Then I noticed that he limped slightly, and I felt so sorry for him that I let him follow me."

"They decided to keep him till they found his owner. One of them suggested that they name him 'Old Faithful,' and they all agreed, little dreaming that he would ever prove worthy of the name.

They had kept him about a month and he had grown strong and his long, shaggy hair shone like gold. All went to bed early one night and Old Faithful was left to roam about the house or sleep just as he chose.

That night he did not seem to care to sleep, so he started on his usual route to see if all was well. As he neared the kitchen he thought he smelt smoke. Sure enough when he reached the kitchen he saw a little tiny tongue of flame creeping up the wall. It grew larger until as Old Faithful turned to go back he found his way blocked by the huge cloud of smoke. He could think of no way to give the alarm, for the folks slept on the third floor. He only had a few moments, but at last he had a plan. He jumped to the open window, leaped out and in a few moments had all the neighbors there. The firemen came just in time. If Old Faithful had waited it would have been too late.

He was badly scorched, but triumphant. He was given a beautiful collar with the words, "Bravery always receives a reward" on it.

(Second Prize.)

My Visit to Lincoln.

By Katherine A. Wisman, Aged 9 Years, 304 California Street, Omaha.

One Sunday morning very early we took the train for Lincoln. It was the first time I had ever been there, so I enjoyed the trip very much. It took us two hours to get there. We crossed the Platte River not very far from Ashland. It is full of sand bars. Just outside of Lincoln we saw a Shetland pony farm and the State fair grounds. Arriving at Lincoln my uncle met us at the train and took us up to his rooms. After resting and removing the soot from our hands and faces we went to the Christian Science church, which my uncle had been working on. It is a very beautiful church. After that we went to the hotel for dinner, which consisted of chicken soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, ice cream, cake, ice tea and the usual side dishes. Then we took the car for the State Agricultural school. We saw a great big bull which weighed 1500 pounds. It is the biggest one in Nebraska. We saw some Jersey calves that were very cute. Then we took the car to College View and saw Bryan's home and many other beautiful homes. When we got back to Lincoln we intended to go to Capital beach, but as it was so late we had to take the train home. It was the hottest day of the year that I spent in Lincoln, but I enjoyed it.

P. S.—I am a new Bee.

Beauty and Sparkle.

By Lloyd Fletcher, Aged 11 Years, Arlington, Neb. Blue Side.

Beauty and Sparkle were two cars of horn in Mr. Brown's corn field. They heard Mr. Brown say he would start shucking in the morning.

When he came to Beauty and Sparkle he said, "Oh, look at these two pretty ears of corn. I shall take them to the barn show this fall."

When Beauty saw the ugly old hawk she said, "Oh, they are going to tear my new white coat all to pieces."

When Mr. Brown got through shucking he took Beauty and Sparkle to the corn show. They took first prize.

Mr. Brown received a nice, big pig for it and a new Bee.

Two Days of Fun.

By Carl Wynant, Aged 12 Years, 2411 California St., Omaha, Red Side.

During my two days' vacation my friend and I Hoagland, my two cousins Jack and Tom, by brother and I went on an outing to our houseboat on Carter lake.

We started about 8 o'clock Thursday morning with all our gear and bedding. We were soon down there and the first thing we did was to make a fire in the stove. Paul and I were going to go up to the railroad tracks to find some coal. We were going to take a short cut to get there and we got stuck in the mud and had to go back. After a little while we had dinner, which consisted of beans, bacon, bread and butter, coffee and cream pie. After dinner we tried to fish, but did not catch a bit.

When bedtime came we put two cot-beds on the floor and one on the lounge. Paul was going to tend to the fire and at 2 o'clock in the morning he woke us all up and told us the fire had gone out, so he made another one and we all went to

the home of Elizabeth Kern at 5 o'clock," so read the invitation.

"Oh, mamma, won't it be grand," shouted Marion. "May I go?"

"Certainly, dear," answered Mrs. Gibbs. "Now, let's see how you can be dressed."

After both had thought most earnestly, Marion decided to dress as a witch.

On Halloween night Elizabeth's attic was a sight that would make chills run up and down anyone's back. The floor was covered with straw and every step they took their feet sank way down.

In one corner of the dingy room stood a pumpkin on a pole covered with a sheet.

When the guests arrived a ghost met them and ushered them upstairs. She then ushered them into a little room where an old woman with silvery hair and piercing eyes sat before a fire, over which a kettle was boiling. She told horrible fortunes. From this room they were ushered into a room with a bright fire blazing in the fireplace. The guests all sat around it and told ghost stories. Then they took off their masks.

The cakes were served. The guests all ate around it in the form of cats.

As they were about ready to go home the hostess awarded Marion with a prize because she was dressed the best.

When the guests passed out the door they received large pumpkins filled with candy.

Hallowe'en Fun.

By Emma Julia Read, Aged 7 Years, 2544 Harney Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Hallowe'en night a crowd of boys and girls decided to go out to have some fun.

They came to our house and soaped the windows and ran a tick-tack on the window.

They were all dressed like ghosts and when they rang the doorbell mamma thought it was papa. She went to the door. They shouted and threw corn on the porch.

They put a big barrelful of ashes on our back porch, but we did not know it till next morning when mamma went to the door to let the grocery man in.

They stayed around our house for a long time, but soon we heard them shouting on the next street.

James S. Sherman.

By Robert Montgomery, Aged 11 Years, 256 Pratt Street, Omaha.

When I was in Washington, D. C., Senator Smith of Michigan took me to the capital and to meet Vice President Sherman, who wanted to know if I played base ball. I said, no, but that I was interested in foot ball and he told me that his boy had been hurt playing and that it was pretty dangerous game.

He was very nice and did not act as though he was being nice just to be polite.

He was called "Sunny Jim" by some people in Washington because of his sunny and cordial disposition, but when he presided over the senate he was addressed as "Mr. President."

Lucy's Lesson.

By Helen Fifield, Aged 12 Years, Grade Sixth A, Grant's Pass, Ore. Red Side.

Lucy was a girl about 12 years old. Her mother was very poor and had to work hard for a living as Lucy was fatherless. Sugar was very high-priced. Lucy's mother always bought her sugar in lumps because it was cheaper.

One day Mrs. Call, her mother, ran out of sugar. She just had to have some. She did not have enough money to buy it. She got some from Lucy's purse.

"Lucy, come go to the store and get me some sugar," said her mother.

"Oh, I don't want to," sighed Lucy.

"You will want to eat it, though," returned her mother.

So she went. When she returned her mother said,

"Now, I want you children to keep out of the sugar this time."

Lucy did not do as her mother told her. Her little sister kept telling her to keep out of the sugar. But she wouldn't. Lucy took one more piece and went out to play. While she was gone her little sister put a lump of soda in the sack of sugar.

Very soon Lucy came in to get another lump of sugar. This time she got the lump of soda. She put the soda in her mouth all at once. Pretty soon she ran out of doors and began to spit. She then ran to the water bucket and got a drink.

"Oh, ho, it serves you right; maybe you won't get into the sugar again, will you?" laughed her little sister.

Lucy never got into the sugar again, and she asked her mother to forgive her, which she did. She was always sorry

after that. This taught Lucy a lesson—that she should always obey her mother.

Our Bunker Hill.

By Edda Mae Snyder, Aged 10 Years, Provo City, Utah, Blue Side.

Papa was having a cellar built and the ground that was dug was thrown to one side, making a large pile of dirt and we call that our Bunker Hill.

We certainly have great times playing on it. Our favorite game is war.

We choose even sides and the side that can keep the other away from out battlefield wins.

We also play with wooden swords and guns, which makes it seem more real.

There are generals, captains and common soldiers—just like real wars. Sometimes when the other side is becoming too desperate we seek a place of safety—our barn, where we are no longer afraid of the other soldiers.

Having Fun.

By Mildred Wolford, Aged 11 Years, 2222 South Thirty-third Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Hello, Busy Bees, I'm here again with my story for the Blues. I always remember the motto, "Try, try again." Now, I will write about the fun we are having at school nowadays.

I am in sixth A at school and, oh, the fun we do have, at recess and at noon. We play "pump-pump-pull-away," if you don't come, we'll pull you away," but sometimes we play "ball in the ring," which I suppose all the boys know.

I have many friends, but my chum I like best of all. Her name is Ruth Griffen. We go together all the time and always divide our things between us.

A Letter from a New Busy Bee.

By Helen Fifield, Aged 12 Years, 254 North Tenth Street, Grant's Pass, Ore.

Dear Editor: I am sending you a story and a sketch which I hope to see in print next Sunday. I used to live in Nebraska. I have an aunt living in Omaha who sends me The Omaha Sunday Bee. I always read the stories, and I like them very much. I live in Grant's Pass, Ore., a city of about 4,000 people. We have four large brick school houses. I like to live here because it never gets cold. We have lots of fruit and many green hills surrounding our city.

Letter from Busy Bee.

By Marjorie Shipman, Aged 11 Years, Sidney, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I have been reading your stories and I am always glad when Sunday comes so that after Sunday school is over I can come home and read your stories. It is hard to know which side to be on. Sometimes I think I'll be on the Red side and other times the Blue side. But I've made up my mind to be on the Blue side.

I hope this will miss the waste paper basket. I will close.

My Opinion of This Stubborn Fight.

By Allene Averill, Aged 4 Years, 214 Chicago Street, Omaha, Red Side.

I think that the Red and Blue sides are having a close and hard race, don't you? I feel that the Red side is going to beat the Blues. I hope they do. I think there are some good writers on our side. Why don't the Reds try to get some more good story writers on our side. If they would and write stories more often the Reds would win. Do this, will you, Reds?

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Finnegan Laments Passing of Overcrowded Street Car



It's just a little story I have here, folks, a heart story and it's about the wretched and fast disappearing pick-pocket. It's called vividly to my mind by the fight for more street cars in Omaha, and it brings tears to my eyes to think of it.

Time was when the mighty pick-pocket ruled Omaha with a hand that hundreds will swear was light. In theaters, at street fairs and churches they worked. M'lady's purse, the deacon's wallet, the capitalist's "poke" and the laborer's envelope were all fair prey. And the profession ranked high with art, law and medicine. In those days the skilled pick-pocket moved in the best of society and the best people in town paid tribute to him.

But now! The profession has come to decay. Like the mighty red men of the plains, only a few remain, the last remnants of nobility.

No more is there a man in the profession who can eul a poke in a particularly deftly gipped a sign from the major's

bosom at a fair ground on a poor box office day. Only the dregs of the profession are left to this generation now and they too will soon depart forever. Times poor men have families to support. To them the crowded street cars alone offer a source of livelihood. From the tired shop girl and sleep commuter must they glean their daily bread.

A life of wretchedness these men live. Instead of a 30 room castle filled with servants as in the generation past, the pick-pocket of today must come home in a cheap taxi and push a half dozen butlers and footmen out of his way before he can enjoy his evenings in his own splendid ten room and bath bungalow in the Nob Hill district.

All the pick-pockets of today gets to eat is a loaf of eight to nine ton pus, fresh like common stock, while his table is decorated with 15 a ton hard coal.

And yet there are people in Omaha who want more cars and they take the bread from the mouths of the last of a vanishing, yet still respected profession. Yes.