

The Busy Bees

Most Beautiful Child in Missouri



CLOVER HAVENS, Pretty Omaha Miss Wins Honors in Missouri Contest.

Their Own Page

IT IS now time to elect a new queen and king of the Busy Bee page and many names have been suggested. Milton Rogers has received already several votes for king and Helen Adkins, Madeline Kenyon, Alice Thomas and Ellen Elliott have all received votes for queen. The votes must be sent to the office and in the hands of the editor of the page by Wednesday, November 26, and the name of the royal rulers will be announced in the following Sunday Bee.

Not long ago a Busy Bee called at the office to say that one of the prize winners had copied a story word for word from a reader and had claimed it as original. It is with deep regret that we hear such things, but know that it must have been a mistake on the part of the Busy Bee who did this. Perhaps some of the Busy Bees do not understand that the stories are to be original. There are so many things to write about now that no boy nor girl needs to copy a story from a book. Just keep your eyes open and see things that your pets do and you will find splendid subjects to write about. The stories that were written about Thanksgiving day are very good and I hope that there will be others written telling how they spent the day.

Do not forget to send your vote in for the new king and queen.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

The Folkung Model.

By Milton Rogers, Aged 14 Years, 3718 Dewey Avenue.

In the little province of Falkoping, off the northwest coast of Norway, there lived a young lad named Carl Folkung, with his aged father, Gustav Folkung. They lived alone on the side of Mount Torpa. In the southeastern part of the little province, so they were quite near to Norway.

King Christian II of Norway lived in the royal palace at Christiania, and his palace, thought grand years ago, was sadly in need of repairs. After much thought, the king had decided to erect a new palace. As a result, he offered a prize of 1,000 specie dollars to the person building the finest model of a palace, to be complete in every detail, only on a very small scale. The people of Sweden and all the neighboring islands and provinces were invited to compete. As a result Falkoping was in the limits, and Karl with the greatest of excitement came home with the fine news. The lad told the father and then exclaimed:

"Ah, papa, to think, 1,000 specie dollars for the finest model. Why, father, why can't you try?"

"Karl, you know my days of building are over. I used to be quite a builder and designer, I must admit, but those days are over," said Gustav, thoughtfully.

"But, papa, remember the clock you whittled out of wood. Why, father, I think you could make a fine one." So they talked it over. Gustav was doubtful at first, but, helped by the lad's enthusiasm, he finally gave in.

"Well, Karl, perhaps I can," the old man mused on.

"Why, father, I know you can," replied the lad eagerly.

"But, Karl, look at the difficulties facing us. We have no money for paint or fancy fixtures, such as we must have," reminded the father.

"Ah, papa, there you are mistaken; most people will do such foolish things, but if we would build a strong, beautiful and graceful model, with plenty of room, in small space, I think we can make a much better one than the ones who put on fancy fixtures and such."

"Karl, my boy, I believe you are right. As I am lame, I can work at home most of the day. You must put your next week's money into the necessary articles, such as glue, small nails, etc. And in about one week, when we have drawn the plans, you can gather some straight pine boughs for me to make the model with. We must work hard for we have only until November 1st to bring the completed model to Christiania."

The father planned, the boy worked, each rafter and board must be, said the eager, confident lad.

"Yes, Karl, and, my boy, by trusting in God I think we can make our model one of the finest. So every evening let us pray faithfully for the Almighty's help to make our model a fine one."

That every night they started on the plans and in less than a week they were starting the construction of the model palace. All the people of Norway, who had any knowledge at all of construction, were trying their best to make theirs the finest model and some were truly grand. Each week all of the boy's earnings that could be saved were kept, and when the model was finished they started forth with the precious palace. The people from all over took their models. The judges were famous builders, known the world over. It took many days to decide, but finally to the surprise of the people after long consideration, their choice was the low and stately Folkung model. Amid cheers from the crowd gathered around the two Folkungs carried away their prize to their home in Mount Torpa.

(Second Prize.)

The Stone in the Road.

By Biale Corenman, 566 South Eleventh Street, Omaha.

There was once a very rich man who lived in a beautiful castle near a village. He loved the people who lived in the village and tried to help them. He planted beautiful trees near their houses and made penicils for their children and every Christmas he gave them a Christmas tree.

But the people did not love to work. They were very unhappy because they, too, were not rich like their friend in the castle. One day this man got up very early in the morning and placed a large stone in the road that led past his home. Then he hid himself behind the hedge and waited to see what would happen. By and by a poor man came along, driving a cow. He scolded because the stone lay in his path, but he walked around it and went on his way. Then a farmer came, on his way to the mill. He complained because the stone was there, but he, too, drove around it and went on his way.

So the day passed. Every one who came by scolded because the stone lay in the road, but nobody touched it. At last, just at nightfall, the miller's boy came past. He was a hard working fellow and was very tired because he had been busy since early morning at the mill. But he said to himself, "It is almost dark. Somebody may fall over this stone in the night and perhaps be badly hurt. I will move it out of the way." So he tugged at the heavy stone. It was hard to move, but he pulled and pushed and lifted until at last he moved it from its place. To his surprise he found a bag lying beneath it. He lifted the bag. Upon it was written: "This gold

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. Punctuated and polished 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 \$2.00 will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

belongs to the one who moves the stone."

The miller's boy went home with a happy heart and the rich man went back to his castle. He was glad indeed that he had found some one who was not afraid to do hard things.

(Honorable Mention.)

Dorothy's Thanksgiving.

By Edna Mae Snyder, Aged 12 Years, 984 East Center Street, Provo, Utah, Blue Side.

It was a stormy Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Brown and her little daughter, Dorothy, were sitting by the stove, thinking of the pleasures the wealthy people were having. Dorothy said to her mother: "Mamma, don't you wish we were rich enough to have a big, fat turkey, pie and cake?"

"Yes, said Mrs. Brown. I wish for your sake that we had a nice Thanksgiving dinner, dear, but do not be discouraged, for the Lord will help us when we are in need. We should not be unthankful when we have a loaf of bread. Think of the poor little children who have not even a home."

"Time seemed to pass slowly in the lonely little cabin. It was 11 o'clock. "Are you ready for your luncheon of bread and milk?" asked Mrs. Brown of Dorothy, and at that moment there was a knock at the door. The little girl quickly opened it. On the doorstep was a basket covered with snow. She took it to her mother and, to their surprise, there was a Thanksgiving dinner, all warm and nice—a turkey, a pie and cake (and other things). They were very thankful and said it truly is a day of thanksgiving and the Lord had not forgotten them.

A Sick Monkey.

By Mary Lippold, Aged 10 Years, Avoca, Ia.

Once upon a time there was a monkey family. They had one child. The child became very sick. His mother and father felt very bad about it. He could not sleep for pain. There was no one to help him but his mother and father. They could not do much because they felt so bad about it. One night when the little monkey lay on his bed of straw and began to moan his mother thought sure he would die. She took the best care of him she could. After a while he began to get a little better. He would sleep and eat a little. He got better every day. His mother was very glad that he was getting better. At last he was well. He could play in the woods and he could bring chestnuts to his parents.

He went out to hunt a home for himself and found a mate. They lived happily all the rest of their lives. They would go to visit their parents, relations and friends.

A Thanksgiving Alone.

By Grace Moore, Aged 12 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.

It was on Thanksgiving morning about 10 o'clock, when little 3-year-old Marion was playing in her grandpa's old sled. With her doll baby she was playing that she was grandma going to town with her doll. She soon got tired playing, so she climbed out and went down the road; she thought she would play as though she was going walking. She kept on walking till she came to a woods where there were many birds and rabbits, so when she saw a pile of leaves she laid down and soon fell asleep. Soon there came little birds which threw leaves upon her. It was beginning to turn cold and

May.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Colo.

May was a sweet little girl, but she had one bad habit, that was when she

Little Folks Birthday Book



SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year	Name and Address	School
1903	Tina Altschuler, 2304 North 21st St.	Lake
1898	Maud Blackstone, 2428 Erskine St.	Lake
1904	Lesley Brainard, 2518 Fort St.	Miller Park
1902	Frances E. Calvert, 4236 Dewey Ave.	Columbian
1907	Margaret Carmichael, 3645 California St.	Saunders
1903	Laura Church, 3171 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park
1906	Elsie Pearl Dorrance, 4706 North 30th St.	Monmouth Park
1903	James Willard Elwood, 2102 Wirt St.	Lothrop
1903	Charles Fellman, 605 South 13th St.	Cass
1905	Mary L. Goerne, 4138 Burdette St.	Clifton Hill
1903	Ada Marie Hall, 1824 Locust St.	Lothrop
1899	J. Doane Harrison, 4603 North 29th St.	Monmouth Park
1906	Jeromi Held, 974 North 25th St.	Kellom
1900	Rosie Kish, 1319 South 3d St.	Train
1904	Mary Kucerik, 2807 Dupont St.	Dupont
1902	Zella Neff, 2312 1/2 Davenport St.	Webster
1900	Will Racusin, 1201 North 24th St.	Cass
1904	Charles Ross, 4019 Dodge St.	St. Cecilia's
1900	Clemence Carl Thorson, 2757 Webster St.	Webster
1906	Victor Lee Vallery, 417 North 25th St.	Central
1905	Patsy Vendetti, 2235 Pierce St.	Mason

mother and May were building some card houses. Just as they were putting on the third floor down went the house and before Mary could scream her sweet, dear mother was on the floor screaming and pleading for her heels. Poor little May went up to her mother. "Mamma, dear," she said, "don't! I will not do that again." And every time she gets cross she will look at her mother and say: "I'm not going to act bad, mamma, and she never did."

A Thanksgiving Story.

By Helen Swanson, Aged 12 Years, 384 North Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

It was Halloween and Dick could not go out that evening because his little sister, who was but 4 years old, was sick abed. He felt very sorry, but said nothing because he knew mother knew best.

His little sister could not talk plain and so no one could understand her. But Dick Perkins could.

"Oh, I've got a good thing to make the night go fast," suggested little Mary.

"Oh, what is it, sister?" said Dick, who was willing to do anything to make his sister well again.

"You know them, them funny stories about witches, ghosts and my little black cat who is out in the barn."

"That is a good thing," thought he to himself. "Mother said supper was waiting father."

"All right, son," said his father. Supper was over and while mother was washing the dishes he thought he would tell Mary some stories.

He got about the middle of the story and the door bell rang.

"Son, go answer the door."

"All right," said little Dick, who was half frightened out of his boots.

"Maybe," she started.

"Hurry, son." All right and down the stairs he flew. And to his surprise there were all his little friends and also Mary's.

Mary was sat up in a chair and then they all started to play games and tell stories about ghosts.

At 9 o'clock luncheon was served. When the children went home they said that was the happiest evening they had ever spent together. Dick thought so, too.

A Kind Man.

By Mollie Corenman, 535 South Seventh Street, Omaha.

One of the kindest men to animals is my father. I will tell you some kind things that he has done: One day last winter while we were eating our supper, we heard a kitten meowing piteously out in the snow. We thought that it was one of our cats, so I opened the door, and a strange cat ran in. As he had four cats then we didn't want this cat, so my brother threw it out. But it meowed so very piteously that my father opened the door and let it in again. My mother didn't want it, but my father said it would be a pity to let it die out in the snow. At last my mother consented and gave it something to eat. It slept in a back of the stove. The next morning we took it in our store and it soon became a great pet. One day a woman came into

HE DELIGHTS IN WRITING FOR THE BUSY BEE PAGE.



MILTON ROGERS.

our store and asked us if she could have the cat. My father said he would give it to her if she would take good care of it. She promised she would and we gave her the cat, and we haven't seen it since.

One day last summer our mother cat had five kittens. They were very cute. In a few weeks they had their eyes open and could play and run. One day we heard one of them meowing so that it could be heard all over the store. My father looked all around but couldn't find it. Then he happened to go by a box where we kept our lamp chimneys. He looked into the box and what was his surprise to see a little kitten with its head in a lamp chimney. He tried every kind of a way to get it out, but couldn't. At last he broke the glass and set the little captive free. We could never find out how it got its head in that lamp-chimney and couldn't get it out.

My father has had many horses and not one has felt the touch of a whip from him. There are only a few kind things, and if I wanted to tell you everything I would have to fill a book. I wish that every man in the world would be as kind to animals as my own dear father, don't you?

The New Year Present.

By Gladys Heckman, Aged 9 Years, Ames, Neb.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Betty Brown. She and her mother lived alone close to a road. One night before New Year's day she got a doll and it had pretty blue eyes and long black hair and nearly as

large as she was herself. When the doll was old she put it in the trunk and would never take it out of the trunk. One day she was very lonesome and she looked around and saw her prettiest doll and she took it and then she thought of the old doll, which had been in the trunk so long. So she took the old doll and she and the dolls had a great time.

Out Camping.

Gladys Tittel, Aged 12 Years, 646 Bryan Street, Benson, Neb.

"Ow! Ow!" cried Alice. Four girls had went out camping in Alice's grand-father's woods. Ellen was the house-keeper. The house was built of logs, which Alice's father had built when a boy.

Ruth was a water maiden. May was a wood carrier. Alice was cook. We find her this morning burning her fingers as usual.

After breakfast they took baskets and went after walnuts. "Oh," cried Alice, "there is grandpa's cow. Wait, I'll be back." The girls wondered at this but Alice was soon back with a cup and pan. "I'm going to milk the cow," she said.

But, alas, when the pail was filled a fly lit on the cow's side. And in trying to get the fly off she hit Alice on the face. Alice was so taken by surprise she kicked the pail over.

Ruth then milked while May kept the flies off. "How shall we drink it. You don't expect us to drink out of the pail, do you?"

"Why, no," said Alice, but as she went to get the cup it was broken in two. So they drank out of the pieces. Then they gathered the nuts and went back to camp. But, oh, what was that animal sitting in the door? But then May went nearer and found it was nothing but a little white kitten.

It proved to be a very good playmate.

A Tiger Hunt in India.

By Della Marzen, Aged 13 Years, 204 North Twenty-eighth Avenue, Omaha.

The elephants were ready, packed and strapped, and their mahouts were in their places. Mr. De Long, an American guest at the rajah's palace, and the rest got upon their elephants and they were off to hunt tigers by the river.

It was about noon and they hurried down through the thick, spiny grass to the dirty river by which so many tigers lived. About an hour after they started the elephants trumpeting about a mile down the river in a way which signalled that a tiger was cornered. It was a few feet from them when their leader called out to fire. The tiger, a great big fellow, was shot in the shoulder and fell. The men all got down from their seats and the first question was, "Whose bullet was it?" Their host then asked, "Mr. De Long, was it your bullet that killed it?" "Yes, sir," he answered; "I am positive it was." "Mr. Kloeska, was it yours?" The questioned answered, "Yes, sir; I am sure it was my bullet." It was soon discovered, however, that Mr. De Long had killed the tiger, and the skin hangs in his New England home today.

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