

The Busy Bees

The Blues won by a large majority over the Reds and now we have new rulers, Miss Helen Adkins as queen and Master Milton Rogers as king.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize) Our New Neighbors. By Helen Tagwerker, Age 12, Columbus, Neb.

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.

This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bees. We have some new neighbors near our home.

the most intelligent and refined of any nation. This is not true of the middle and lower classes.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

(Second Prize) The Wood Nymphs. By Abbott Fraser, Aged 3 Years, Broken Bow, Neb.

In her earlier years Miss Huntley gave evidence of uncommon abilities; and after receiving the best advantages of education, she put in execution a plan which she had long contemplated.

The sun was just rising as the nymphs scampered away into the gloomy wood. "I wish that old Mr. Sun had not come out so soon," said Ruby.

"Oh, I wonder what has happened to Ruby?" said Pearl. "I know," came a voice from the wood.

(Honorable Mention) The Thieving Jackdaw. By Edith Kenyon, 323 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

"Why," said Jane, the maid, as she came through the door and looked at the breakfast table which stood with the cloth spread and the dishes on it.

The volume was well received and led to the author's engagement as a contributor to various periodicals.

When the wood nymphs would ask him why he didn't like the old witch he would say, "Well, I don't just know myself."

An Equal Exchange. By William Stockham, Aged 12 Years, 46 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

One bright summer afternoon in a pretty residence district in the town of Quincy, Ill., there appeared an organ grinder with a monkey attired in a saucy red jacket and a little red hat.

In a hole under the tiles they found the spoon which he had stolen that morning, and a great many other things were found.

London, England. By Inez Roberts, 401 Charles Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

The castle has many towers and turrets and its gray stone walls are half covered with ivy.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Esther Christensen, Aged 13 Years, 339 South Lincoln Street, Omaha.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., on July 4, 1804.

The happiest years of his boyhood were spent at his uncle's home in the forest of Maine.

Ochiltree Twins Entertain Young Friends on Their Birthday



FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. CARL OCHILTREE, 1915 SPENCER STREET, GIVE A PARTY. Top Row—Irving Baker, Raymond Russell, Helen Baker, Mary Helmer, Middle Row—Lucile Higbee, Geraldine Edwards, Eleanor Knapp, Joey Rushton, Margaret Cuthers, Jimmie Rushton, Richard Pierce, Dorothy White. Bottom Row—Donald Johnston, Marjorie Ochiltree, Myrtle Ochiltree, Richard Johnston.

alone by night and wrote wild tales by day.

He burned most of the stories, but some of them were published in various magazines. No one seemed to read them, however, and no one seemed to know that he wrote them.

A Child's Lesson.

By Margaret Parish, Aged 13 Years, 2618 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.

On a hot day in August, two little brothers were enjoying the outer sports of the country.

The First Thanksgiving.

By Marjorie Shipman, Sidney, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: As I have not written to you for quite a while I will write and tell you of "The First Thanksgiving."

The Pilgrims' first home was in the southern part of England, where they lived under very strict laws.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

By Grace Moore, Aged 13 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a beautiful morning in November when old Mr. Gobbler got up with his large fan in the air, knowing it was going to be Thanksgiving.

A Place for Everything.

Madeline Kenyon, Aged 12 Years, 323 Cuming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

One day a little girl by the name of Mary came over to another little girl whose name was Sarah.

ble, Sarah," said Mary. "I can never find my mine."

"Why is it, Mary, you can never find it?" asked Sarah.

Thanksgiving Morning.

By Alice Lowry, Aged 9 Years, Fort Crook, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived an old lady and man in a little cottage which stood by the roadside.

"I am willing to lend mine to you, but I would very much like to know why you come to me to borrow so often."

"Because," said Mary, "you never lose any of your things, and always know where to find them."

"I will tell you the secret," said Sarah, beginning her story.

"O Sarah! who wants to run and put everything away as soon as she has used it as if her life depended upon it?"

"Our life does not depend upon it, but our comfort does surely," said Sarah.

"Well Sarah," said Mary, "I will never borrow of you again, you may depend upon it."

"You are not offended with me, I hope," said Sarah.

"No," said Mary, "but I am ashamed. Before night I will have a place for every thing, and then I will keep every thing in its place."

"You have taught me a lesson that I shall remember."

Our Pet Rabbit.

By Ida Quinn, Elk Horn, Neb. Blue Side.

One day our hired man caught a little rabbit while he was shucking corn. He brought it home and gave it to my little brother.

Her mother patted Rover and she was so glad that he saved Dorothy's life that she bought him a new collar and had engraved on it, "Faithful." After that Rover was always called Faithful.

Little Folks Birthday Book

Table with columns: Year, Name and Address, School. Lists names and addresses of children for the November 30 birthday celebration.

pulled down the shade. She took the doll in her arms, saying, "You darling! Did he break your finger and tear your dress? Never mind, mother'll mend them."

Saved.

By Mary Doll, Aged 10 Years, Avoca, Ia. Once upon a time there was a famous St. Bernard dog. He belonged to a poor peasant.

One day the peasant went fishing. He took the dog and the little girl with him. The man went down the river bank a little farther and told the girl to stay with the dog while he went to hunt a good fishing place.

Robert's Pet Rabbit.

By Myrtle Heckman, Aged 8 Years, Ames, Neb.

Once upon a time Robert was going to school. On the way he found a little rabbit lying on the ground fast asleep.

He made a little house for it. Then he went to the garden and picked some cabbage leaves and some lettuce. He fed it to his rabbit. He said, "I will name him Bunny."

One day when he came home from school he looked in the house for Bunny. He could not find him. He looked every place but the barn. He started to the barn, there Bunny lay dead.

A Burrow.

By Herman Goebel, Aged 14 Years, Riverton, Neb.

I have a donkey; its name is Siccum. It is about five feet high. I use it to pump water.

"When I don't ride or drive it runs on the wheel. It is as fat as a tick. I rode it Sunday about two miles south to see one of my friends.

"I will tell you the secret," said Sarah, beginning her story. "I have a place for every thing, and I put every thing in its place when I have finished using it."

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New Busy Bee.

By Pearl White, Aged 13 Years, 523 South Thirteenth Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join the Busy Bee club in the sixth grade. The school I go to is the Madison school.

FRATILE OF THE KIDDIES.

Caller—I hear your father is sick. What seems to be the trouble?

Little Fred—Two doctors and a nurse.

"Willie," said the teacher, "can you tell me how the poet Milton was afflicted?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "He was afflicted with a mania for writing poetry."

Little George (to physician)—Say, I don't think you look like a duck.

Doctor—Who said I did?

Little George—Nobody. But mamma told papa you was an old quack.

"My gracious, boy," said the uncle, "you do certainly eat an awful lot for a little pup!"

"Well, sir," replied the boy, "maybe I'm not so little as I look from the outside."

"Now, Thomas," said the teacher to a small pupil in the primary class, "can you tell me what moss is?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little fellow; "it's something that a rolling stone does not gather."

Little Eric had dropped a basket containing some eggs on his way home from the grocery.

"How many did you break?" asked his mother.

"I didn't break any," replied Eric, "but the hulls came off two or three."

Minnie, aged 5, had been to Sunday school, and upon her return her little brother asked what she had learned there.

"Why, I learned that all our days are numbered," was the reply.

"Hub!" exclaimed the small interrogator, "anybody who has seen a calendar ought to know that much."

By Edith Kenyon, 323 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

In the shop window was a beautiful doll with one outstretched arm on which was a dangling ticket which bore the words: "Only Five Dollars. Only five dollars." A shabby looking girl with pressed nose against the window exclaimed, "As if anybody had \$5."

The doll smiled at her as if to say: "Please buy me, I do want a home and mother."

That night the boy went to pull down the shade and Miss Dollie fell. The boy picked her up and her finger was broken and her dress was torn. He put her on the wrong shelf; next to her stood a wooden doll and the wooden doll changed tickets with her. The wooden doll's ticket was only 50 cents. In the morning the little shabby looking girl came and seeing 50 cents on the doll's ticket took the amount from an old pocketbook and went in and bought it from the boy who

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