

The Busy Bees

JUST now the Busy Bees are all looking forward to the coming of the glad Christmas holidays, and the pleasures they will then have. The editor thinks it might be a good plan for the Busy Bees to write and tell one another of what they are planning to do at Christmas time and for the days following. Not to tell what presents they propose giving, or to whom they will give, for that would be telling secrets and would destroy all the joy of the surprise that comes on Christmas morning, but to tell about plans for parties, games and the like, visits and all the interesting little things they will have in mind for making the holiday season joyous. It may be that by telling of these plans they may help one another by giving ideas. Just try it once; let each Busy Bee who has a plan in mind that isn't entirely a secret write it out and send it in to the editor right away, so that all the other Busy Bees may have the benefit of the help.

The new queen writes a gracious and grateful welcome to her subjects this week, and promises to do all she can to make her reign a success. The spirit of her letter is such as ought to be always found with the Busy Bees. It is of the sort that makes success certain.

Prizes this week are awarded to Edith Kenyon, 3229 Cuming street, Omaha; Madeline Kenyon, her sister, showing that these two Busy Bees are working hard, and deserving their success gets honorable mention, and second prize goes to Ruth Graul, Exeter, Neb.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

What Scrap Did.

By Edith Kenyon, 3229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

"Now we are going on a journey," said Mame, as she tucked both dolls into the double dolly carriage.

"Let us go," said Ruth, "down Gooseberry lane to the bobolink's nest, and count the eggs, and back by way of the old vacant house, and watch the spiders spin lace."

"How jolly!" said Mame, "and let's play we are shopping there for lace."

The sun was shining brightly, and the gooseberries were ripe and delicious. When they reached the bobolink's nest the mother bird was away, and they counted "one, two, three, four," one more egg than when they counted last, and close by the nest they found a four-leaved clover.

"Oh!" said Mame, when they reached the old empty house. "Are you afraid to go in?" "Oh, no!" said Ruth, "Mrs. Spider is the only one who lives here with some of her aunts and cousins."

They found the wind had torn away the beautiful web and Mrs. Spider was spinning a new one. They were at just the right time to see how she did it all. When they reached home both dolls were asleep and the little mothers left them in the carriage under the lilacs until luncheon was ready.

"Mame, Mame, come quick!" said Ruth. "Scrap is asleep in the doll carriage and the dolly are gone!"

They searched everywhere for them. At last they found them under the sweet-pea hedge almost torn to pieces. Scrap had shaken them until their clothes were soiled, their shoes were lost and they had scratches and bumps everywhere.

Dolly's Grandma mended the broken nose and patched the scap wounds, but Mame and Ruth washed and ironed the soiled clothes.

What do you think became of Scrap? He tried to hide because he had been so naughty, but dolly's grandma whipped him with a lily stalk and shut him in his kennel for two days, giving him nothing but marrow bones and water. When washing and ironing day was over, and the dollys were dressed in their clean clothes and Scrap was out of prison, they had good times again for Scrap had learned a lesson.

(Second Prize.)

How Jack Rabbit Lost His Tail.

By Ruth Graul, Aged 11 Years, Exeter, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a rabbit named Jack Rabbit which had ears that were no longer than a cat's and a tail that was long and bushy like a fox.

One day Jack Rabbit saw a fox coming up the road with a large string of fish. Jack Rabbit said: "Where did you get those nice fish?"

"They are trout," said the fox. "I caught them down at the mill creek."

"How did you catch them?" said Jack Rabbit.

"All you get to do is to sit on the log that lies across the creek and hang your tail down in the water from two hours after sunset until morning and you will catch more fish than you can eat in a week."

Jack Rabbit liked fish better than anything else, so he thought he would try to get some. Two hours after sunset he started out. When he got there he sat down and let his tail hang down in the water. It grew colder and colder. By and by it was morning and Jack Rabbit began to pull. But his tail was frozen fast. He did not know his tail was frozen in the water. He thought it was the fish that was so heavy he could not pull it up. So he pulled harder and harder, but his tail was stuck fast. Jack Rabbit was scared. He thought the fish would pull him in the water. He yelled for help as loud as he could.

There was an old owl in a tree near by. He heard the rabbit's call. He said to his wife: "I hear Jack Rabbit. I will go and see. He will make us a fine breakfast, all right," said Mrs. Owl. So away flew the owl to the creek. When the rabbit saw the owl he cried out: "Come out, won't you? Come and help me pull the fish out of the water."

"With pleasure," said the owl, and he flew down and began to pull. He pulled the left ear and then the right ear so long that Jack Rabbit said: "Why don't you pull at my tail?"

"All right," said the owl. So he hooked his bill around the part of that tail that was above the water and he snapped the tail off.

So this is how Jack Rabbit got his long ears and bob tail.

(Honorable Mention.)

How Bob and Jim Spent Thanksgiving.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 11 Years, 3229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Jim lived in a fine, large house and Bob lived in a shanty, for he was poor. Jim did not like to make friends with Bob because he thought that everybody would make fun of him if he walked with such a poor boy.

All the children were talking together of what they should bring to school for the poor, but not a child spoke to Bob. When Bob came home from school he went up to his mother and said, "Mother, if Jim's father, instead of giving charity would give my father a job, why, then, we wouldn't only eat on Thanksgiving."

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. Short and pointed 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 books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

but at least all the year and not starve from hunger."

"Bob, my son, you are right, but you do not understand, because if Jim's father would give your father a job, or any other rich man who would give a poor man a job, why, then, they wouldn't show up so much. For then the poor man would make money enough for themselves."

One day Bob thought he would make a visit to Jim's house. When he entered the house Bob and Jim talked awhile and then Bob said, "What are you going to have for Thanksgiving?"

"Oh, me!" asked Jim. "Why, I am going to have turkey, pie, candy and all kinds of fruit."

"Well," said Jim, "I told you what I was going to have; now you tell me what you are going to have."

Bob did not answer, for he did not know what he was going to have. But Jim broke the silence with a laugh.

"I know what you are going to have. You are going to have all kinds of dirty soap."

"Stop! Stop!" said Bob. "I didn't think a rich boy like you would talk that way. In the first place, I didn't tell you to tell me what I was going to have for dinner."

The next day when Bob and Jim came from school, Jim stood around the school yard playing with the other boys, but Bob went straight home.

"Mother," said Bob, "I had 100 in every lesson; but Jim's were very poor, for he spent his whole time teasing me for what I was going to have for Thanksgiving. But I did not pay any attention to him, but paid good attention to my work."

"Bob," said his mother, "you have surprised me by getting your lessons well today, and I have a surprise for you tomorrow."

"What is it, mother?" cried Bob.

"Do not be so excited, Bob, but be patient."

The next day, about 11 A.M., Mrs. Smith, Bob's mother, told Bob to sit down at the table. In another moment she came bringing in a turkey, pie, candy and just the things Jim mentioned that day.

"Now," said Mrs. Smith, "I will tell you the surprise; your father has a job and he earns \$25 per week, and now we won't have to eat dirty food."

Just then they heard a knock at the door. It was Jim, who stood laughing at the door, talking to another boy who was with him.

"Jim," said the boy, "I can't bear the smell of those eggs."

Mrs. Smith, who was at the door, heard Jim answer: "Those eggs only cost 10 cents per dozen. I bought them on purpose, because I did not want to spend my money on that poor old hog."

At that moment Mrs. Smith opened the door. "What do you want?" she asked. Jim handed her the eggs, for he had brought them to her.

"Thank you," she said. "I do not think you will have to bring me any more things to eat, for I have plenty," and with this she closed the door.

Jim was ashamed, so he ran home as fast as he could go. When he came home he threw the eggs into the barrel.

The next day Jim saw men working on the empty lot in front of his house. He ran up to one of the men and asked him the name of the man who owned the lot. "Mr. Smith," said the man, and went off to his work again.

When the house was finished the Smith family moved in. The next day when Bob and Jim were coming home from school, Jim asked Bob if he would come over to his house to see him. But Bob answered, "Do not think that I am going to come over to a boy's house who only likes rich people. But I will forgive you this time and be your friend."

Greetings from the Queen.

My Dear Busy Bees: I wish to thank you for the honor that you have given me in choosing me for your queen.

I shall try my hardest to watch over my new kingdom with the most of interest and I hope I shall be able to reach the high standard of our former queen.

Thanking you very much, I am your new queen, HELEN ADKINS. At home Monday, December 1.

A Christmas Riddle.

By Camilla Edholm, Aged 12 Years, 18 South Thirty-sixth Street, Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I was once your queen and I have come back on the page to greet the present queen and deliver a Christmas message which is in the form of a riddle.

First of all I am a small piece of paper nearly two inches long and one inch wide, and I carry on my back something which will make me stick closer to you than a sand burr. My face is red and green and white,

Busy Bee Who Wrote the Riddle.



CAMILLA EDHOLM.

as all things should be at Christmas time, and I remind you of snow and sleighs and Christmas trees and Santa Claus. I am very neat and trim, for I am scalloped all the way around my edge like Christmas cookies.

I have had my picture taken and there are now 500,000 of me in Nebraska, but I am also seen in other states, in fact all over this country there are people who know me and send for me to come and help them make their friends happy.

You may burn, tear, cut me up or throw me away, but although I may be destroyed my meaning never can be lost. It is something that will last forever and it is stamped right on my face where you can see it the first thing. It has helped many, many people and it will help many more.

I bring happiness and cheer to every place. I go besides the pleasures of the givers when they wrap up their Christmas packages and then put my little face where it will be seen. I am usually put on the back of the package right inside the name of my sender, but I am also found on the inside, too.

I was born about the middle of November, but you won't see me until December, when I make my first appearance. By New Year's day I shall have spread my wings and flown away and you won't see me again till next year at about the same time. Then I shall appear again with a smiling, cheerful face, but just a little bit shrunken, for you know that will be a year later and

age changes one's face quite considerably. You may find me yourself at Christmas time, that is if you will know me from my description and I hope you will, because I want you to understand my message.

Now to any Busy Bee who can guess what I am I will send a personal letter, so try and see if you do not remember me for I was here last year, too.

I wish all Busy Bees the happiest Christmas in the world, you and all your friends.

A Strange Dream.

By Edith Kenyon, 3229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Hubert was a boy about 8 years old. Herbert was a nice little boy, and had a kind father and mother and a nice home, but he always wanted to do what he pleased.

One night he had a strange dream. He dreamed he was a canary bird and had bright yellow feathers. He thought he lived in a wire cage. His mistress was very good to him, but one day his mistress left the door open and he got out.

Then he thought he was a free bird and that he flew over the rivers and fields, at last lighting on the top of a tree. Here he sang for over an hour. At last after his throat grew sore he drew up one foot and put his head under his wing and went to sleep. How long he slept he didn't know, but when he awoke he was all

covered with snow, his feet were cold, and his back was sore; he wished he was home again where he could have plenty of food to eat. Any way at home he never did have cold feet.

But it didn't take long to make up his mind, so to the window he went and tapped on the pane, but no one wanted a trust bird. He flew in a rage again toward the pane, but when he hit the pane Hubert awoke and found he had fallen out of bed.

All children who live in ease, don't think you want to do what you please. I rather, by far, be at home in my bed, so don't go from home unless you are sent.

Punishment for a Disobedient Boy.

By David C. Robel, Aged 13 Years, 625 North Thirty-ninth Street, Omaha.

Not long ago there lived a small boy whose name was George, who thought foot ball was a fine and great game. From the time he could hardly talk he always wished the time would come when he could play that game that he liked so well.

When he was 7 years old his father told him that he would get him a foot ball for Christmas. Then he was very happy.

On November 26 his father purchased from a ranch nearby two fine western horses which he and some other men were going to break and then the horses would be able to be driven. One day George thought he would like to see the horses so he asked his mother if he could go to the barn. His mother said, "George, it is too dangerous to go down there because you might get kicked and be injured for life."

George at this time went out and said to himself that he was big enough to take care of himself, so he went to the barn.

As he was going in the barn he saw the corn box nearby and thought it would be fun to let the horses eat of it, so he walked up to one of them and it became frightened—flew both of his heels up and kicked the boy in the ribs. He was then knocked unconscious and when his father came down to feed the horses he found George lying on the floor. He took him to the house and called up the doctor. When he arrived he examined the boy and found that two ribs were broken.

About two weeks from that time George asked his father if he could get his foot ball for Christmas and his father told him that the doctor said that he would never be able to play that game that he liked so well.

Many times he would watch the boys play, but he could not, all because he disobeyed his mother.

Visiting in Nebraska.

By Esther Scott, Aged 11 Years, Clark, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I live on a farm in North Dakota, but I am here visiting my grandmother. We are having fine weather. My dog's name is Don. Don is very useful. He drives the cows and horses. I have a pony, too. My pony's name is Belle. Belle is a sorrel horse. I can ride Belle. I have a cat, too. Its name is Nigger. Nigger is a black cat. Nigger can catch mice.

Joe's Errand.

By Mary C. Findley, Aged 11 Years, 3602 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Red Side.

Joe was playing in the garden when his mother called to him and asked him if he would go over to Aunt Martha's and get some butter and sugar. Since his brother Paul was gone and couldn't go to town Joe was very much pleased and started off in fine style.

By and by he came to a brook and a thin little voice said: "Come on over here and fish." So Joe got off his horse and went over and fished until he noticed a storm approaching. He gave the fish to the other boy so the folks would not suspect anything. He rode as fast as he could and got the butter and sugar and hurried off again. Although he rode very fast the storm soon overtook him. The lightning and thunder frightened both the horse and Joe. He became blinded by the rain and, tying the horse to a tree, started out in search of shelter. Before he had gone far he saw a log cabin with a group of merry children playing in front of a blazing

Their Own Page

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1905	Gladys D. Hivens, 2514 Rees St.	Mason
1904	Elizabeth Bromm, 1707 South 12th St.	Lincoln
1906	Francis Bruce Cochran, 2003 1/2 Lake St.	Lake
1904	Robert Coufal, 3319 South 20th St.	Vinton
1901	Paul Deloss Eastman, 3205 Pratt St.	Lothrop
1901	Deloss Eastman, 2205 Pratt St.	Lothrop
1899	Anthon L. Edwards, 2322 North 24th St.	Lake
1905	Harold Ewell, 3918 North 28th Ave.	Druid Hill
1904	John Grogan, 2230 South 27th St.	Dupont
1902	Helen Gutzsher, 4671 Marcy St.	Beals
1904	Sarah Hoag, 775 South 17th St.	Mason
1907	Florence M. Johnson, 4912 Woolworth Ave.	Beals
1905	Louis Kover, 116 South 2d St.	Train
1897	Katherine Krycek, 1320 Martha St.	Lincoln
1904	Anna Kunes, 1704 South 18th St.	Comenius
1901	Eleanor Line, 2521 Bristol St.	Lothrop
1900	Donald McKay, 2512 Ames Ave.	Saratoga
1898	John Moore, 2206 North 13th St.	Lake
1902	Georgia Reals, 2212 North 19th St.	Lake
1904	Rose Slama, 1253 South 16th St.	Comenius
1898	Doris Smith, 3412 Burt St.	Webster
1898	Russell Stier, 549 South 26th Ave.	Farnam
1903	Pearl Swartz, 2050 North 19th St.	Lake
1901	Cornelius Thornton, 2818 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy
1906	Tessy Walter, 1506 Webster St.	Cass
1899	George West, 3302 Lincoln Blvd.	Franklin
1902	James Wiley, 1815 Chicago St.	Central

fire. Joe knocked at the door and a kind faced woman opened the door and took him in.

The father went out and found the horse and brought it in and gave it food and shelter. The next morning he took Joe home. When he had gone Joe told his mother he would always obey her after this and never stop to play.

May and Buster.

Helen Putnam, Age 11 Years, Carson, Ia.

Once there was a little girl named May. She had a dog named Buster. May and Buster had good times to gether. One of their favorite games was hide and seek. One day they thought they would have some fun. May asked her mother if she could go and pick flowers. Her mother said she could. So May and Buster started. When they got there May made chains. She made a collar for Buster and a chain to lead him by. Then she got some flowers for her mother and started home. When she got home she gave the flowers to her mother.

One day she went over to see a little girl named Beatie. Buster went with her. They played hide and seek and other games. May stayed for dinner. She saw that Buster was well cared for. One day May got a letter asking her and Buster to come play show. All the children near were in it. Buster was to do his tricks. May had taught him many things. Buster was to wear a blanket with lace and ribbons and five bows. She was to be dressed in a pink dress with tinsel on it. The show was to be the 15th of September. It was the 10th now. Buster did his tricks and everything went on nicely. When they went home they said they never had a better time.

A Fairy Tale.

By Alice Elvira Crandall, Aged 10 Years, Chapman, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a fly and when he was asleep one morning a lady came with a fly killer and tried to kill him. But she only succeeded in knocking off one of his wings. Then he began to crawl as fast as he could to the door and when the first one went out of doors he went out too, without being seen.

Just as he got out of doors a strong wind began to blow and it took the fly away up in the air and set him on a cloud, tired out from his long journey.

As he was lying there a little bird came and tried to carry him away, but as the fly held fast to the cloud and the bird had him by the wing, the other wing was pulled off, too.

It happened that on this cloud lived the king of flies in his golden castle set with precious stones, and the walks around the castle were of silver, edged with rubies.

As the fly was starting to go and see if there was any place to stay all night he spied a note lying on the soft fluffy white cloud, and the fly read:

"Dear Postmaster—I am sending a note that if any fly that comes to the town please tell him to come to my castle."

"Yours truly,
"THE KING OF FLIES."

When the fly read this he was overjoyed and he ran as fast as he could till he reached the castle gates.

The sentinel let him pass and he was led by a messenger to the king, who ordered him to be taken to a chamber and have beautiful clothes richly embroidered with jewels and a pair of golden wings made for him.

When he was all ready and the king's orders were obeyed he was led to the fly princess, who was so beautiful that when he saw her he fell deeply in love. She also loved him, so that evening as they were sitting in the garden, she said:

"I will marry you if you, by sunrise next morning, bring me one golden apple from that tree over yonder. He said he would, for she had never had an apple from that tree and no one could get one but a fly that should come to the castle with no wings and after that the people could get all the apples they wanted from the tree.

So that night he flew up in the tree and tried to get an apple, but he could not. He tried and tried till he was so tired that he fell to the ground and went to sleep. While he was asleep he heard a little voice say:

"That ignorant fly prince will never find the way to get the apple. All he has to say is 'Golden Apple, fall to the ground,' and then one will fall."

At this the fly started and went up to the tree and said: "Golden Apple, fall to the ground."

At this one fell and at sunrise the next morning he went to the princess and gave her the apple. Then she took him to her father and when he heard that he released the tree from the enchantment's spell. He readily consented to their marriage and they lived happily ever after.

FRATTLE OF THE KIDDIES.

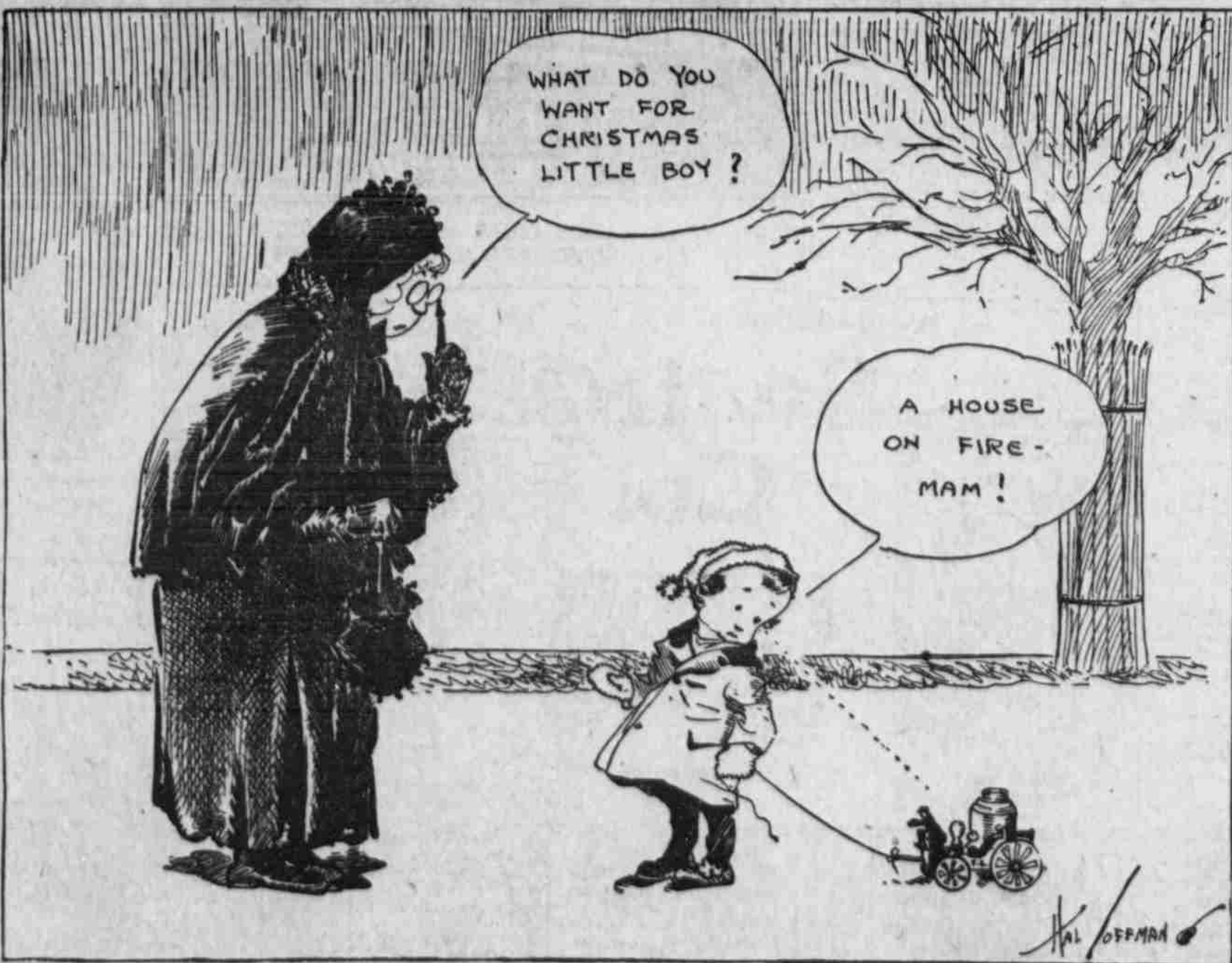
Elise—My mamma wears pretty bird feathers in her hat.
Margie—My mamma don't. My mamma belongs to the Auldible society.

"Now, children, can you name any other creature who belongs to the brute creation?"
"I can, teacher."
"Then name the creature."
"My papa. My mamma says so."

"Mamma, did your father and mother make you go to school?"
"Yes, dear."
"An' is that th' reason you make me go?"
"That's one reason, dear."

"An' have I got to take it out of my little boy th' same way to get even?"
"I guess that's what you'll be expected to do."
"Gee, I hope I'll grow up quick!"

To Help Out His Thanksgiving Gift



WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS LITTLE BOY?

A HOUSE ON FIRE - MAM!