

# The Busy Bees

HOW many of the Busy Bees are ready for Christmas? The children, who live in the city and have been in the shops to see the wonderful toys and novelties, should write stories about them for the children who will not be able to go to the stores. The Busy Bee editor hopes that the children are thinking more about what they will give to others than they are about things for themselves. Each Busy Bee should give at least one Christmas gift to some child who would not otherwise receive very many gifts.

Some of the young writers for the Children's page do not understand that the stories must be original and not copied. The children must try to think out the stories for themselves and write something entirely different from the book stories if they can.

One Busy Bee writes that she would like to write a continued story in two parts, the editor thinks that most of the children prefer the short stories. It is also difficult to use illustrations for stories. If any of the Busy Bees have pictures of themselves we would be glad to have them for the page.

Prizes this week are awarded to Howard Donald McEachen and Bethene Donaldson, Honorable Mention to the King of the Busy Bees Milton Rogers. All three are on the Red Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### Seeing a Whale.

By Howard Donald McEachen, Age 10 Years, Wayne, Neb. Red Side.

Out in Long Beach, Cal., last winter I saw a whale. It was named the California Gray whale. It was forty feet long and ten feet in diameter. It was caught by the Campaign boat. They shot explosive shells and threw harpoons into it. They had it on a flatboat, and charged 25 cents to see it. A lot of people came to see it. These were the people who came to see the whale. The whale had long teeth that looked like tooth brushes. The owners sold its teeth for souvenirs. After that they took the whale away and took the oil out of it and sold the oil for a lot of money. And I never saw the whale after that.

(Second Prize.)

### May's Dream.

By Bethene Donaldson, Council Bluffs, Ia., R. F. D. No. 4, Red Side.

It was two days before Christmas and May was wishing she would get a big doll from Santa Claus. She wanted her doll to go to sleep and have real hair and eyelashes. May's mother had told her to write a letter to Santa Claus and tell him what she wanted, so May got out her paper and ink and asked Santa Claus for the doll and some candy and nuts. She had just finished her letter the same time that the postman came and she sent it away. That night when May was tucked in her bed and her little lamp blown out she thought over all the things she had done during the day when all at once she saw Santa Claus peering through the door and he said, "What do you come for my mouse and see all the toys before Christmas and I will bring you home Christmas eve." May was very glad of the chance to visit Santa Claus, so she jumped out of bed and dressed and went out with Santa Claus to his sleigh, where he wrapped her up in his fur laprobe and they went spinning through the air. In a few minutes they arrived at a beautiful palace, where Santa stopped his reindeers and jumped out of his sleigh and took May by the hand and led her into his palace, where she saw the prettiest toys she had ever seen. Santa took her through all his work rooms and all his little workers were glad to see her and when at last it was time for her to go home she was very sorry to leave them. Santa took her home and filled her stockings with all the things she wanted and first thing she knew she was in her little white bed just as she had left it.

(Honorable Mention)

### How "Scat" Tarkington Got His Turkey.

By Milton Rogers, Age 14 Years, Omaha, Red Side.

Sebastian Catewater Ardlius Tarkington was his name. He was a lad with quite an ingenious mind; for instance, to get some "kids" to pile up his wood he would give the one that did the most work a genuine "monkey." As a result, the kids were soon overflowing. He lived with his distracted mother and his worried father in the little town of Dottingham in the state of Ohio. It was early fall, the first of September, when, to the surprise of the "kids" of the town, lazy "Scat" went to work in the grocery store. The kids called him "Scat," for the initials of his name spelled "Scat" and at his first appearance in the school room he came with the lunch box end covered with his initials that spelled S-C-A-T. "Scat" himself didn't know why he went to work except that the autumn weather made him feel energetic.

Now as any boy knows that early in the fall they begin asking about the turkey for Thanksgiving and so "Scat" was real nice and early with his question. And too soon to his dismay he found that the family could not afford a turkey. Now a turkey, in "Scat's" estimation, was everything on earth. He would rather have that than to beat up "Stag" Tim, the envy of the school in fighting. Yet he hated to part with his week's earnings, so when the news reached his ears his ingenious mind set to work to find some way to get that turkey without pay. Finally he found a way and was soon at the plot. His first move was to ask the grocer this question: "How many parts to a turkey?" The grocer thought, and then replied, "Well, there are ten parts to the chicken, 'Scat,' ten main parts." "But a turkey Mike, don't mean a chicken," said "Scat." "Oh," the grocer smiled. "They both have the same ten parts." "Scat." Days passed, then one day, "How much would each part be worth." This question came out of a clear sky and the grocer was somewhat taken back at it, but he replied, "Well 'Scat,' a turkey is worth about \$2.00, so each part would be worth 20 cents." "Scat" was somewhat taken back at the price, but undaunted with the turkey vision in his mind he went on with his plan. "Scat" worked hard all September and to the puzzled grocer every so often "Scat" would do an extra errand and then come back to the grocer and ask, "Well, Mike, how much was that errand worth." He would tell "Scat" and then every night

## DUNDEE BUSY BEE WHO LIKES THE PAGE.



ALICE SOHLINGER.

up, looked around and uttered this word: "Goak." He picked up the mittens and musical instruments and then plodded on. They finally reached their dormitory at about 4:30 in the morning. No more dirty, bedraggled, sleepy fellows could be found if you tried.

### The Babies.

Mildred Scott, Age 13, Clarks Neb. Harry Browne and Rose Swift had moved into their new homes at the same time at Cleveland. The two families had known each other for years. Mr. Browne and Mr. Swift had bought a new farm apiece, six miles west of Cleveland. One farm was on one side of the road and the other farm was on the other. There was a school house up the road a mile and north a mile. Their father

said that was where they were to go. A railroad ran along by the school house, the children were forbidden to play on the tracks, but sometimes they did. The children were 12 years old and the only children in the two families. They had a pony apiece and a dog. The children could row a boat and swim as well as anyone. They were not afraid of anything.

At school the boys called Harry a "girl boy," because he played with Rose, and they called Rose a "tom boy girl," because she played with Harry, and also called them babies. Finally they would not play with them at all. They took their ponies to school and took rides at noon. One day they did not take their ride, so they were setting on the school house steps watching the other children at play. When the whistle of the train made the children start, they were going to watch the train go by, and all at once two little heads came up on the other side of the track. Two of the smaller children had gone to pick flower and now were on the track. The train was almost on them. The rest of the children and the teacher stood in silence, white to the tips of their fingers. When like a flash Harry and Rose were off running toward the track. The train was about fifty yards away and Harry and Rose were ten yards away. The train was almost on them. Harry snatched one and Rose the other, and jumped just as the train went by. Harry and Rose got a medal for their bravery, and never were laughed at again.

### How the Oak Tree Became King.

By Mollie Corenman, Age 13 Years, 808 South Seventy Street, Omaha, Neb. Long ago, in the days forgotten, the oak was a small, plain tree that grew alone in the forest. No one ever stopped to look at it. Its body was bent by the fierce winds that blew; its leaves were simple and coarse, and for acorns it had only rough little balls. But the flowers that grew at its feet knew the little oak tree, and thanked it every day for its kindly shade. The oak tree spread its leaves and branches to sift the sunshine and rain, that they might fall lightly on the tender blossoms. When it looked down in their upturned faces, the little oak quivered through every leaf and softly murmured in the breeze, "The

sweet to live for the flowers I love." And the little birds knew the oak tree. They loved to nest in its branches. "Rap, rap, rap," knocked the little woodpecker one bright spring morning. "May I, too, have a home with you?" "Oh, do not let it in!" cried a shrill little voice. "It will pick a hole in your side!" The oak tree paused while each leaf held its breath, then sweetly murmured, "The woodpecker must have a home," and clearly called, "Come in." Then the woodpecker picked out the wood from the oak with its strong, sharp bill till it had made a hole large enough for its nest, and the oak tree was glad because the woodpecker had found a home.

The little squirrel knew the kind oak tree, which dropped down acorns for it. The cold days were coming and it must gather its winter store. So it ran away to the friendly oak and asked for all the acorns it could spare. "Do not give your acorns," piped a thin voice, "they will be your little folks next year." Then the oak tree trembled through all its leaves, but it answered, "The long, cold winter is coming and the little squirrels must have food." Then it shook down its acorns and said, "Here, little squirrel, take them all. May you be warm and happy through the wild winter!" And the little squirrel took the acorns and carried them away to its winter home. The cold days came, the birds flew away, the flowers and leaves slept under the snow, and the oak was alone.

Then, one evening, as dusk was gathering in the woods, a traveler came through the forest. He was numb with cold and far from home. As he came near, the oak tree heard him say: "What shall I do? I must surely perish with cold in the night that is coming on." And the oak tree reached out its twigs to touch the traveler. "Oh, do not do this!" shrieked the wind. But the oak tree listened not. "Good traveler," it said, "take me, and build a fire to warm you through the night, and do not die." So the traveler cut down the branches of the oak tree and built a fire and warmed himself and laid him down and slept. The fire burned on and grew brighter in the dark. The flames rose higher and higher, and in the flames a tree arose that grew, and grew-larger than all the forest trees and above their heads. And by the firelight, all that night, the fairies worked making the leaves for the wondrous tree. They wove them of glossy green and cut them in fairy patterns like no other leaves that grew in all the forest. And other fairies set themselves to carving acorns of rare beauty for the tree. The light grew and faded, and faded and then grew till in the burst of morning's sunrise stood the grand oak tree, its mighty branches clothed in living green and a hundred acorns hanging from its twigs. Sweet birds sang among its leaves, and fair flowers blossomed at its feet. A voice was heard through all the forest, saying, "Behold, your king!" and such true echoed back, "Behold, the king!"

### The Cuban Bananas.

By Ethel Bergner, 905 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Age 12 Years, Blue Side.

In Cuba the men were busy gathering and packing away the bananas. Later these bananas were sent to Elmhurst, N. Y., and were sent to a store where they were hung up near a counter on which were apples, oranges, figs, dates, candy, cookies and pomegranates.

A boy perhaps about 10 years old was sitting at a table writing in a book when the door opened and in came two children, a boy and a girl. They were richly dressed, as the girl had on a red cloak and hood with large rosettes and red leggings. She carried a purse and around her neck was a fine mink fur and in her hand was the muff. The boy had on a warm brown suit and leggings and a white and blue cap. These children were twins and the only children of a rich merchant. They were Kate and Robert Maxwell.

Kate now went up to the boy sitting at the table and said: "I will take two dozen bananas and a fancy basket of apples and oranges, and some dates, and some pomegranates. Please send the

# Their Own Page

## Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1904	Dorothy Barber, 4152 Davenport St.	Saunders
1906	Samuel Allen Beach, 1008 Georgia Ave.	Park
1906	Rachel Bender, 1315 Canton St.	Edward Rosewater
1898	Frieda W. Braun, 1121 South 7th St.	Pacific
1902	Arthur Campbell, 3323 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy
1897	Ford Deerson, 4208 North 25th Ave.	Saratoga
1901	Harold A. Delano, 2418 Jones St.	Mason
1900	Allen Emmons, 3443 Grand Ave.	Central Park
1897	Louise Gibilisco, 1213 Pierce St.	Pacific
1906	Elma Goodwin, 1325 South 33d St.	Park
1903	Edward Holyoke, 629 North 47th St.	Saunders
1900	Vernon Hughes, 1517 North 18th St.	Kellom
1902	Frederick Irwin, 4609 Capitol Ave.	Saunders
1899	Clyde Jensen, 2420 Wirt St.	Lothrop
1905	Louise Koriako, 1411 South 16th St.	Comenius
1898	Louise Krause, 2314 South Blvd.	Vinton
1905	Rose Kurz, 2207 South 13th St.	Lincoln
1903	Bernice Langevin, 1605 South 25th St.	Mason
1906	Gall Livesay, 2810 Capitol Ave.	Farmam
1904	Chester Paul McAuliffe, 3219 Seward St.	St. Cecilia's
1906	Luther Maxwell, 2928 Vinton St.	Vinton
1900	Helen Maxwell, 2734 South 12th St.	Bancroft
1900	Florence Meade, 506 South 19th St.	Central
1901	Emily Mesticky, 1512 1/2 William St.	Comenius
1898	Ernest Nordin, 2527 South 10th St.	Bancroft
1903	Harold Prohaska, 1422 South 5th St.	Train
1903	Clement Putney, 3814 Brown St.	Central Park
1903	Louis Clarence Rasmussen, 510 Poppleton Ave.	Train
1901	Dorothy Camille Shaw, 3329 Cuming St.	Franklin
1899	James Sullivan, 2223 Larimore Ave.	Saratoga
1904	Mable Tullis, 1411 South 16th St.	Comenius
1896	Bertha Wangberg, 2810 Ames Ave.	Saratoga
1899	Isadore White, 317 South 11th St.	Pacific

basket of fruit to Mr. Maxwell, South Fifth avenue. But we will carry the bananas." Then Kate gave the boy the money and they left the store. They got in the carriage that was waiting for them.

After they had rode about three blocks they saw a little lame boy sitting on a bench beside two little girls. They were all poorly clad and looked hungry, so Kate gave the bananas to the oldest girl and Robert gave some money to the boy, and promising to come to their homes some time, they rode home.

When they got home Kate told her father all about the children and so they put on their cloaks again and went down town. The children were then clothed nicely and warmly, so they took them to a restaurant and bought them a supper.

After that Kate and Robert visited the poor in the dirty tenement houses, but they found that the lame boy and his two sisters were the cleanest children and had the cleanest home of any suite of rooms or one room that they had visited.

### The Kingbird.

By Iona Anderson, Weston, Ia., Box 92, Blue Side.

The chief of fly catchers in this region is the plucky little kingbird. He is a silver-gray bird, with a white breast and a white tipped tail. He lives almost altogether on insects, which he catches on the wing, with a few seeds and a little fruit for dessert. A flash of his soft, gray wings, a click of his bill and the beetle or fly has met its doom, while the kingbird circles back to its watching place. He can see an insect over 100 feet away, which is more than we can do.

There is a strong prejudice against the kingbird, as he is supposed to prey on honey bees. In fact, the kingbird is also known as the "bee martin." This superstition has about as much foundation as the old belief that tomatoes are poisonous. Sometimes tomatoes do disagree with one, but not often; also kingbirds

sometimes catch bees, but it seems to be entirely accidental. Government and other experts have made thorough tests and find that bees are eaten once in a while, but the workers that carry the stings almost never. It is probably a most unpleasant surprise to the king bird when he gets one.

"But," says one man, "I have seen a king bird sit in front of a hive and catch the bees as they fly in and out." "Oh, no, you have not. What the king bird was eating were the robber flies. So, you see, you wronged a good friend, after all, for he was protecting the bees instead of destroying them."

### Kindness to Birds.

By Vera Kindel, Age 9 Years, 302 South Thirty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bees and wish to be on the Red side.

Once in a lonely wood there lived an old man and an old lady. They had two children named Ruth and Carl. They both loved birds and flowers.

One day Ruth saw a man starting to shoot a bird and she told him not to, because the birds have a right to live as well as we, and how would you like it if every body tried to shoot you.

Then the man saw his mistake and said: "You have taught me a lesson which I shall never forget." He then gave Ruth \$100 and she was happy. Her father and mother then bought clothes and shoes for the children and both of them started to school and were happy ever after.

### A Story About Christmas.

By Mary Slepchak, Age 12 Years, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee.

I cannot wait until Christmas day. I wonder what will Santa Claus give me this Christmas? I wish he would give me a big doll and a doll buggy and things that have little paper rings and watches. I do not care for anything else if Santa Claus will give me these toys I will give him a box of dimes for some poor people, so that Santa Claus will give them those things.

I wish you a Merry Christmas for all the year.

### Bethene's Dream.

By Vera Prior, Age 9 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia., R. F. D. 4, Blue Side.

It was the night before Christmas, and Bethene said that she dreamt that Santa Claus was going to bring her a big doll and handkerchiefs, and she did not want anything else, but Santa Claus brought her a book and some hair ribbons; and he brought her some dresses, and she said he was a good man. And I will tell you what I dreamed. I dreamed that Santa Claus was going to bring me a big doll and a handkerchief. I will tell you that he is dressed in fur and he comes in a sled and sometimes an airship.

### My Thanksgiving.

By Genevieve Ross, Age 9 Years, Lyons, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I have not written you for so long I will write about my Thanksgiving. My aunt and uncle were here. They have two little girls and they are so sweet. Their names are Ardith and Mariam. My aunt came up Wednesday night and my uncle came Thanksgiving day. When my uncle went home I went with them. It was 5 o'clock when we got down to my aunt's house. My uncle lives in Lyons.

### The Baby and the Kittens.

By Charlie Althoff, Age 10 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia., Blue Side.

I have a little baby brother at home and a black and white kitten, and at meal time the little kitten sits at the door waiting until my little baby brother comes to the door to let her in for her meal. When she gets through with her meal she goes to my little baby brother to play with him, and my little brother lays down and lays his head on the little kitten. He plays horse with his little kitten and he plays with her the most and he likes his kitten the best.

### A Letter.

By Bethel Seymour, Age 9 Years, Bennington, Neb. Blue Side.

I would like to be a Busy Bee. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. I am very busy getting ready for our Christmas program. I have one sister. Her name is Gladys. She is in the primary class. Hoping I will escape the waste basket. I am yours truly,

BETHEL SEYMOUR.

## Earned Money by Being Brave Little Girl

Frances Ellick, 7 years of age, is being admired and envied by all her little playmates in Dundee, because of her remarkable nerve and fortitude while undergoing a long and painful treatment to prevent hydrophobia. She was bitten November 15 by a bullock which had gone mad with a bad case of rabies. Her father and mother are Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Ellick, 535 Davenport street.



FRANCES ELLICK.

To make sure that the disease should not develop in the little girl's system and cause her death, Dr. E. T. Manning, the family physician, used a sharp hypodermic needle to inject a preventive vaccine into her arm every evening. Her father promised to give her a coin every time she did not cry during the treatment.

The little miss made a chart, with a line for each day of the three weeks' treatment, and ruled it in two columns heading on "cried" and the other "didn't cry." She kept the record herself and took pride in being able to record the fact that nearly every time she bravely refrained from tears, even though the injection of the sharp needle deep into her muscles was quite painful and had to be repeated every day.

She was pronounced cured a few days ago and now she is keeping the chart as a souvenir, and also as the basis of a snug claim on her daddy's pocketbook. As a special reward for her fortitude, her father took her with him on a trip to Lincoln and back recently. Frances will use the coin she earned by not crying, for the purpose of buying Christmas presents.

## Is Edgar Dear?

