

Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

THE new year brings to the Busy Bees a new king and queen. Miss Helena Chase received the greatest number of votes and the honor of being queen of the Blue side will be hers for the next four months.

Alfred Mayer will be the king of the Red side, as it was his good fortune to receive the heaviest vote for the king.

While Helena has not written quite as often for the Busy Bee page, she has written for several other pages and will make a most charming little queen.

Alfred has written for the page for many years and is most deserving of the honor.

One of the new resolutions of the new rulers should be to keep up the good work of the young queen and king who have just retired. Both Mildred White and Walter Averill were most loyal to their subjects, and rarely a week passed that a story or letter was not received from them.

Both the Blue and Red side are commencing the new year in the right way, for there are new Busy Bees writing for the page, and each side has won a prize for the first Sunday of the new year.

New Queen of Busy Bees



HELENA CHASE

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Billie and Polly's New Year.
By Dorothy E. Judson, Aged 13 Years, 123 South South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

It was New Year's eve and Mr. and Mrs. Hamble were getting ready to go to a party to see the "Old Year Out and the New Year In."

Billie and Polly were Mr. and Mrs. Hamble's little children. They were twins and both were five years old. They could not see the "Old Year Out and the New Year In" their mother and father had told them (as they both begged very hard). So they watched their parents getting ready with sad little faces for they thought to see the "Old Year Out and the New Year In" was the most wonderful thing that could happen.

When it was time to leave, Mr. and Mrs. Hamble bid good-bye to the children, telling them to go to bed early and sleep tight. At eight o'clock Polly and Billie strode off to bed. "Be sure and wake me up, Billie," called out Polly, after they were both tucked into their little beds. "Yes, I will," answered Billie. Now Billie and Polly had decided that they must see the "Old Year Out and the New Year In," so they planned that at eleven o'clock they would get out of bed and look out of the window and watch it.

Finally eleven o'clock came and as soon as Billie heard the clock strike the time he bounced out of bed and ran into Polly's bed room (for he had been listening for the clock to strike for a long time). After he woke her up they both went over and looked out of the window. But they did not see anything that seemed as wonderful as they thought of seeing. (Their thoughts were that they should see fireworks, etc.)

"Maybe we could see better if we went up on the third floor," said Billie.

"Yes, maybe," said Polly. "But aren't there boys up there?"

"Oh! there are sometimes, but they wouldn't be there tonight; they would be out seeing the new year come in."

"Well of course they are; come on let's go," said Polly.

So the twins ran up to the third floor. They sat and watched by the window for a long time, but did not see anything like fireworks. They finally fell asleep, and when Mr. and Mrs. Hamble came home they could not find any little Polly and Billie. But seeing the doors were open to the third floor finally discovered their little twins fast asleep by the window.

In the morning Billie and Polly found themselves snug in their little beds, and they heard their father's merry call, "Happy New Year."

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.

I took a shoe box and made a hole in it for a door, put some hay and feathers in it and then put it up in a tree. The next morning I looked in and there were two little sparrows in it making a nest, but to my surprise the next morning I wanted to look at it, but I didn't see it, and as I looked on the ground I saw the box, torn, and the two little birds dead. Then I took them up and buried them and on a piece of board I painted, "Here lies dead two little sparrows."

The Honest Man.

By Esther Mitchell, Aged 11 Years, Belgrade, Neb., Red Side.

A granger one day called upon a neighbor who had money in the bank and who was also very fond of hunting. The granger complained that his wheat had been so mashed down and cut up by his neighbor's dogs that he believed that in some parts of his upper forty there would not be more than half a crop, and that was why he was there, for the purpose of making a kick about it.

"Well, my granger friend," said the man with the money, "if you will give me an idea of how much wheat my dogs destroyed I will gladly pay you for it."

"With the help of a friend of mine," said the granger, "I have made an estimate, and I think \$100 will make me easy."

The hunter gave him a check for the amount and the granger went direct to the village and got it cashed.

When the time for harvesting came the granger found that the crop on the upper forty was by far the best on the place. After harvest he went back to the hunter and said:

"Do you recollect about that hundred you paid me?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it quite well; what about it?"

"Well, I will tell you. I find after threshing that part of the field your dogs mashed down the wheat turned out great. Actually, it ran fifty bushels to the acre and beats anything I ever saw. Now I want to return that \$100 and add \$200 to it, just to show you that I am a good fellow."

When the granger had finished the hunter dropped dead.

The Lighthouse Girl.

Helen Swanson, Aged 12 Years, 324 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Edna was a lighthouse girl, as her father kept a lighthouse. Edna lived with her father and kept house for him.

One bright morning her father said that he would go ashore to get some flour, as they hadn't any left. He thought he would be home about noon.

Edna busied herself by getting dinner for her father. Her father did not come. The afternoon soon wore away and still her father didn't come. The sun went down in the west, but still he didn't come. It was very dark now and she became worried about him. There was no light to be seen around from the lighthouse.

A thought came to Edna that the lamp was not lit on top of the lighthouse. Could she climb the ladder and light it? Yes, she could try. It was a great difficulty, but she finally succeeded. Soon she heard splashing of oars outside. She looked out of the window and sure enough it was her father.

"Who lit the lamp?" was his first question.

"I did, father," she replied.

"I would not have been home if it wasn't for you. A storm is coming and you saved me. God bless you," he said.

An Indian Picnic.

By Mary Davis, Aged 11 Years, Gibbon, Neb., Red Side.

There were about thirty of us dressed as Indians that left the chautauqua tent two years ago last August. The Indian teacher and the chautauqua manager were with us. We went into the town and in a place that we could be observed by everyone we gave some of our war whoops and Indian dances. We were divided into sides or war parties and each side had a leader and a different warwhoop.

We went to a place in the woods where we built a fire and took sticks and put beefsteak on them and roasted the beefsteak this way. We put some corn and potatoes in the coals and roasted them.

One boy brought a turnip and we tried to roast it, but it burned up before we could get it out of the fire.

We all enjoyed a half cooked dinner and when we got home all were as cross as bears and it is said some of them made a few trips to the doctor.

The New Year's Donkey.

By William Spengenberg, Aged 9 Years, 242 South Twentieth Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

When I was a little boy my mother told me I had to go to bed early or the New Year would not bring me anything. So I went to bed and when I woke up in the morning I heard voices calling "Happy New Year," and I said, "The same to you." And when I came into the dining room there were nuts and candies

and fruits, and when I asked who gave them to me, they exclaimed, "The New Year Donkey." And I asked when he came. They said at midnight or 12 o'clock. Then I asked, "How did you hear him?" and then my mother said the donkey said that he wanted to say to her that he got a note to bring some nuts here. "All right," and she ran and got a pan and took some nuts, because the donkey did not have any hands, and after she had taken some the donkey said, "He haw," and was off.

A Dog.

By Izetta R. Smith, Aged 9 Years, 327 S. Thirty-third St., Omaha, Blue Side.

My brother and I have a dog. He is two feet high and weighs sixty pounds. He is an English bulldog and is all white but a little brown spot on his side. My brother never would touch a dog until he saw this one. We bought him at York, Neb., about 14 miles from Omaha. It was my uncle's. Papa will put a ladder by the garage and a stick at the top and the dog will run up the ladder and get the stick and jump down. And he will run after a stick and you have to catch him before he will give it up. Well, I must close, but I will write again about him.

Our Canary Bird.

Molly Brown, Aged 11 Years, 222 South Fifteenth Street, Blue Side.

When we lived in Chicago we had a little canary bird. It was my favorite pet. We lived in the midst of a park. One day we all went into the park and took the canary in the house. It had a little swing in its cage. We left for home at 2 o'clock and had a good time. At 10 o'clock we went home. When I got in the door I ran to see my pet, but alas, it was hanging on the awning. I made a little grave and put my pet in it. I covered it with flowers, and every day I went to see the little grave and put fresh flowers on it. This is a true story.

A New Busy Bee.

BENKELMAN, Neb., Dec. 29, 1912.—Dear Busy Bees: I think I would like to write some stories, too. I would like to be long to the red side. Yours truly, Aged 9 years, RUTH TRILEY.

Another New Busy Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join the Blue side. I read your stories every

It is Fine to Be "Natural"

Marguerite Le Fur, the well-known French writer, recounts in an article in the *Le Mercure de France* how for the purposes of investigation she recently paid a visit to the Freyabend Society of Men and Women, founded three years ago in Berlin by Dr. Kuster for the exercise of sports and games in a state of nature.

The Freyabend possesses at Lankwitz, on the outskirts of the German capital, a large park, securely closed in from the eyes of the curious and containing level fields, shady alleys and swimming ponds. Here the members, who belong about equally to both sexes, meet together several times a week, when the weather is sufficiently mild.

Mme. Le Fur states that, after long conversation with the founder, during which she became convinced of the absolute purity of both the ideals and the practice of the society, she decided to accept Dr. Kuster's invitation to see for herself what it was like. She accordingly joined the club, and one fine morning

journeyed to the park, where the Freyabend have their air baths. She describes her own experiences thus:

"I wandered across the sunny lawns and along the shaded paths, experiencing intense childish pleasure at feeling myself nearer the flowers, trees and streams.

"Joyous and free like the light where-with I was bathed and penetrated, I found in myself unsuspected treasures of sympathy and goodness, and had an intense impression of participating in the unity and harmony of things.

"Having lost my false shame, I feel myself freed once and for all from the false ideas which centuries of convention had implanted in me, and now I realize that truth is essentially chaste, that the admiration of beauty may be devoid of morbidity, and, in fact, believe that I thus acquired a little of the antique and happy naïveté of the women of Hellas."

Mme. Le Fur adds that on one of these occasions was there the slightest breach of modesty by anybody.—New York Times.

A WOMAN'S WISDOM.

The worried mother wakes up to hear her baby's heavy breathing—a little cough—perhaps the croup or whooping cough. She does not want to send for the doctor when perhaps the trouble does not amount to much. Finally she thinks of that medical book her father gave her, *The Common Sense Medical Adviser*, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. She says "just the thing to find out what is the matter with the little dear." Two million households in this country own one—and it's to be had for only 31c. in stamps—1,000 pages in splendid cloth binding. A good family adviser in any emergency. It is for either sex. This is what many women write Dr. Pierce—in respect to his "Favorite Prescription," a remedy which has cured thousands of melancholy and miserable women cheerful and happy, by curing the painful womanly diseases which undermine a woman's health and strength.

"My desire is to write a few lines to let you know what your valuable medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. MARGARET ZUERCHER, of 323 S. Benton Street, Baltimore, Md. "Before the doctor came to our house I was a very sick woman. I wrote you for advice which was kindly given and which made me a different woman in a short time. After taking the first bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' I began improving so that I hardly knew I was in such a condition. I did my own housework—washing and ironing, cooking, sewing, and the worst of all nursed three children who had whooping cough. I hardly knew of the advent ten minutes before—so easy was it. The baby is as fat as a butterball. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine for any woman to take when in this condition. I recommend it to all my friends."



Mrs. Zuercher and Baby.

It Happened in the Ungraded Room

How the Teacher Taught Giuseppe to Step Lightly

"Please come to the office" read the note which a child handed to the teacher of the ungraded room as the class marched in from a lesson in the manual training department.

The teacher wrinkled her eyebrows. She was a new teacher and a summons to the office during school time rather worried her.

"What does the principal want?" she queried. Roy, the Danish boy, brokenly explained that Giuseppe had been making

a noise on the stairs.

The dark eyes of the Italian flashed and his fists clenched. He had not understood the accusation, but he had judged rightly that he was being accused. He tapped his friend Mike on the shoulder and, moving his head in Roy's direction, broke into an Italian trade.

"What does Giuseppe want?" asked the teacher.

"Giuseppe say he fight Roy."

The teacher shook her head. These aliens were so hot headed against each other and it was no slight task to appease their wrath. Giuseppe's eyes now filled with tears, whether of anger or remorse the teacher could not interpret.

On this scene the principal appeared to discover why the summons had been ignored.

"You make too much noise in the halls," she said to Giuseppe in perfect English. Again was Giuseppe at a loss for the charge, but he realized he was not being praised. He shrugged his shoulders sullenly.

"Make him understand," said the bewildered principal. And the young teacher walked heavily across the floor, meanwhile shaking her head at Giuseppe and her finger at the floor, while her vocal chords shrieked, "No good, no good!"

A light of intelligence flashed across Giuseppe's countenance, only to be instantly expelled by a look of gloom. Again the sullen shrug of the shoulders and a muttering of "No, no."

"Come here, Giuseppe," coaxed the teacher. "This a way walk," said she as she tip-toed across the room. Giuseppe followed in his ill-fitting heavy shoes, making as little noise as does an auto of ancient vintage. The effort put forth was worthy of a greater reward, and the principal forgave the earlier misdeed.

But Giuseppe, who had a sensitive soul under his lazy, play-loving exterior, was not satisfied. His eyes filled with tears and his limited English murmured: "Alla right, alla right," but his expressive shoulders indicated "Alla wrong!"



PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS

"Pa, what's a genius?"
"Ask your mother; she married one."
"Why, I didn't know ma had been married twice."

Mamma—If your dollie has been naughty, why don't you give her a spanking?
Small Sadie—'Cause I don't believe in that kind of nonsense.

Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me what causes darkness?
Tommy—Yes, ma'am; the gas companies.

Teacher—Why do you think they cause it?
Tommy—'Cause they need the money.

Little Lola—Where are you going Aunt Josie?
Aunt Josie—To the professor's, dear, to take a fencing lesson.

Little Lola—Please take me with you, auntie. I want to see you climb a fence.

One day small Elmer had been very naughty and his mother sent him for a switch with which he was to be punished. Soon he returned and said:
"Mamma, I couldn't find a switch; but here's a stone I'll let you throw at me."

"Willie," said the teacher, "is there any difference between the words 'sufficient' and 'enough'?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Willie. "Sufficient is when mamma thinks I've eaten enough pie, and 'enough' is when I think I have eaten sufficient."

At a domestic economy lesson little Emily was asked to state briefly the best way to keep milk from souring.
Her answer was certainly brief and to the point. It ran: "You should leave it in the cow."

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, according to the Newark Star: "You should not attempt any flight of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writing or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice one bright lad turned in the following: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner."

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