

JUVENILE costume parties furnish a great deal of pleasure to the children and all the grown-ups who have anything to do with them. Recently the Busy Bee editor was shown a picture of two beautiful little children who had won prizes at such a party. The little girl was dressed as the Goddess of Liberty and the little boy as Uncle Sam, and a laugh-provoking couple they did make.

Among the costumes which are popular for such affairs are fairy, snow queen, clown, cowboy, Marie Antoinette, peasant children, court singer, little Lord Fauntleroy, characters of the nursery rhymes, such as Bo-peep, Jack Horner and Jack Rabbit and pickaninnies, German, Dutch and Japanese children.

For these parties children express great satisfaction with the adaptability of crepe paper, which furnishes the material for most of these costumes.

Generally prizes are offered for the most original costume or the one which the wearer best carries out by his manner. Perhaps some of the Busy Bees have attended these costume or masque parties and will write interesting letters telling the Busy Bee readers all about them.

This week first prize was awarded to Ruth Plummer, second prize to Helena Gifford and honorable mention to Alice Thomas, all of the Blue Side. The Red Side will have to work hard to offset this record.

Kindergartners at Saunders School Have a Pumpkin Party



A unique Halloween party was given last week in the kindergarten at Saunders school. With high peaked black caps on their heads, the delighted little ones ran into the darkened room from the hall singing a Brownie song and ranged around the circle of tables. Joining hands they danced the Brownie dance.

Several of the Brownies entered the circle to take their places at tables placed there. The children had brought all their pumpkins from home and these with lights burning, and the other lantern and witch decorations made the room gay. Miss Hibbard is very clever and resourceful and enjoys getting up these surprises for her little charges and

she and Miss Williams worked early and late preparing for it. When the children sat down each found at their place a big popcorn ball and the cutest witch in black gown and cap and investigation disclosed a stick of toothsome candy. Even the absentees were remembered little neighbors carrying a witch and popcorn ball to those unable to be present.

her. She was an aged woman of 70 years. She was all tired out and had walked four miles through the hot sun. She told mamma she had knocked, but no one came to the door, so she went in. She was so tired that she thought she would lie down a minute, but had fallen asleep. She had been awakened by the screams.

Mrs. Newton then stayed all night and all the next day, which was Wednesday. Thursday she took her to town and she went on the train to Red Oak, where her family lived.

This is a true story and I hope it is published. I hope the Busy Bees have a fine time Halloween.

A Wish.

By Doris Rich, Aged 10 years, 132 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Red Side. As I sit watching for the paper to come, I have a thought which keeps me thinking all the time. The thought that I am thinking is more of a wish than a thought. The wish is that I could win the doll, for

I have a nice room all furnished completely for a queen, as the doll is going to be. I hope to win the doll.

A Kiss for a Blow.

By Lottie De Lor, Aged 12 years, 1125 North Eighteenth street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Two little girls, Jennie and Alice, were playing house, when Alice went in and got a little pie that her mother baked for her.

"This is mine, so three-fourths of it is mine," said Alice.

"No, I want one-half and you take one-half," said Jennie.

"Then I shall slap you and I won't play," said Alice.

An she slapped Jennie on the face. The next day was Alice's birthday. Jennie came over and kissed Alice, and for a birthday gift gave her a little book with the words on it "A Kiss for a Blow." It was written by H. C. Wills.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize)

A Halloween Party.

By Ruth Plummer, Aged 9 Years, Tekamah, Neb. Blue Side.

Saturday night we had a Halloween party over to a neighbor's house, and we roasted wienies and played games. In one of the games we dived for apples in a pan of water.

Then we put some apples on a string and put our hands behind us and tried to bite them.

Then we played another game where two of the girls gave the rest of us names and then said to the one we named Rose, "Go get the stick of wood!" And they fooled us and named us all Rose, and we all ran. Then we roasted wienies and ate them and went home.

This is my first attempt to write to a paper so hope to see it in print. I wish to join the Blue Side.

(Second Prize)

The Christmas Ship.

By Helena Gifford, Aged 9 Years, 1205 Jones Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Oh, children! ne'er forget Your brothers far away; In sadness they are waiting For the dawn of Christmas day.

They think of themselves As orphans, hungry for love; But again they soon will think Of the God above.

The Christmas Ship will greet them— Something they ne'er had dreamed; It will be wondrous of wonders, And like magic beamed.

(Honorable Mention)

On Halloween.

By Alice Thomas, Deer Trail, Colo., Box 125, Blue Side.

Last night I dressed up as a witch and my sister as a ghost and a friend as a ghost, and I was riding a broom. We bobbed for apples, pinned the cup on the wall and tin-tin. We had lots of fun. The boys in town rolled things around.

In a little town like Deer Trail we have no policeman, locky for the boys, but not for other people. We are all getting up and thinking of our Christmas plans. Pretty soon Christmas will be planning its way through other things, such as Thanksgiving. Goodbye for this time.

The Farmer.

By Maurice Fleischman, 1434 North Seventeenth Street Omaha, Red Side.

Mr. Brown had a very good reason for not digging up all of Mr. Hitchcock's traps after he found them. He was about to dig them up, just to show Mr. Hitchcock's boy how little he was afraid of

BUSY BEE TAKES PRIDE IN HER PAGE.



Florence Seward

any traps he might set, when an idea came to him that made him grin. A sly, crafty grin it was.

Mr. Old Man Hitchcock was still grinning as he sat watching jolly, round, red Mr. Sun drop slowly behind the purple hills and old Mother West Wind follow him, taking her children the merry little breezes with her in the big bag she had.

The Lost Child.

By Katharine Young, Aged 10 Years, 308 South Thirty-first Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

There was once a little girl whose name was Dorothy. She lived with her grandmother and father on the edge of the woods. One day she went outdoors to play in the woods. When she was playing she kept going back into the woods when she did not know it.

It was a very cold day in December. There was a lot of snow on the ground. Pretty soon she began to be very cold. She thought that she would go back home. When she looked for the path she

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.

could not find it. She thought that she had gone a little to the right, but she could not find the path anywhere. Pretty soon she became tired and she could not find her way home. She thought that she would lie down. When she was lying down she fell asleep. Her father came home earlier than usual that evening and he missed his little girl. He asked her grandmother if she knew where she was, and she told him that she had gone outdoors to play and that she had not been home for a long time. Then he called Dorothy's two brothers to him and told them to go, and get their coats on, and then they went out to look for her.

When he went out to find her, he saw her lying in the snow, with the snow on her feet, and the dog was standing over her. He had swept the snow off from her clothes. Then Dorothy's father took her home and had her put to bed. Dorothy's brothers took a nice hot drink to her, and some sandwiches, and in the morning she was all right.

The Hidden Treasure.

By Hazel Heise, 320 North Fifteenth Street, Kansas City, Kan. Age 12 Years. Blue Side.

Many years ago there lived in England an old man named Lord Greystone. He was a very rich man and lived in a beautiful house. When Lord Greystone was a boy he was very poor, but in his later years he inherited a large sum of money from a rich relative. He had one pet of which he was very fond. This pet was a Scotch collie and his name was Laddie.

Lord Greystone thought so much of Laddie that he took him wherever he went. One day as Lord Greystone and his pet were out for an afternoon walk they met a little girl. She was crying as if her heart would break. Lord Greystone being a very kind old man stopped and

My Dog.

By Mary Thomas, Deer Trail, Colo., Box 125, Red Side.

I have a little puppy, it is a very cunning thing. It will play all the time, only when it is tired. It is named Jack.

Jack will play ball and walk on his hind legs after the ball. We have a big dog and the pup tries to fight it. I have a pig too. He is red. Mamma and sister Alice have a pig too. Mamma has two. I do not write very much to the paper, but I thought I would try my luck. Well I will close for this time. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out on a call.

Kindness Pays.

By Minnie De Lor, Aged 9 years, 1125 North Eighteenth street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl, her name was Dorothy Brown. She was six years old. Now she was very little, but kind. She was poor and it was the day before Halloween and she was sad because there was nothing to eat. She was walking down the street when

she saw two boys stoning a old man. She felt sorry for the old man, and said to him "I will help you across the street." She took his hand and lead him across the street.

Then turning to the boys, she said "Boys do not stone that old man, stone me instead." The boys went away because they knew Dorothy was a kind little girl. She then was going to say "goodbye."

When the old man asked "What is your name little girl, and where do you live?" Dorothy told him and hurried on.

This old man was not poor as Dorothy thought, but was a rich old miser, that is, a man, that saves up his money.

The next evening Dorothy found a fifty-dollar bill in her mail box with a note with her name on it and on the porch was a bundle of Halloween presents.

So you see kindness does pay. Try it and you shall see for your self.

Frightened Busy Bees.

By Marguerite Reynolds, Box 48 H. F. D. No. 2, Griswold, Ia. Blue Side.

One day last spring mamma and my sister thought they would go to town. It was in the afternoon. They left my younger brother and I to herd the cattle, as grass was scarce in the pastures. The men were in the field. Mamma and my sister had gone, so we started to herd.

When it was getting late we thought we would go to the house for a drink as we were very thirsty.

The first thing we turned the cows into the lot and started to the house. We noticed a coat hanging on the back of a chair on the porch, which was not there when we left.

Then we went into the house and saw a figure lying on the sofa, covered with a sheet. We then grew frightened and ran to the barn as fast as we could.

We put the bride on the horse and started for town. When we got within a few miles of town we met mamma and sister. We told them what we had seen on the sofa and we told them about the coat. Mamma made fun of us and said "You were just frightened." But we still insisted on it.

So when we got home mamma started to the house. Sure enough, there was the coat. She went to the window. Yes, the figure was there. She screamed as loud as she could. She was just going to the field to call the men, when the figure of a woman uncovered herself and walked to the door. She called mamma. Mamma was so surprised when she saw it was a friend who used to go to school with

VIRGINIA

Is the name of the doll we will give free next week.

To Our Busy Little Bees

Dorothy was won by Ruth Curran, who sent us 1299 of her pictures. Somebody must have sat up nights working for that little girl. Never mind—don't give up—maybe you can get VIRGINIA and she's just as sweet as she can be.



She is 25 inches high, has beautiful eyes and hair and clothes that will make any little girl delighted.

Virginia will be given free to the little girl, under 10 years of age, that brings or mails us the largest number of doll's pictures cut out of the Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m. Saturday, November 14.

Her picture will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures of Virginia you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m., Saturday, November 14.

If you don't win this Dollie, perhaps you can get one next week. Only one doll will be given to any one person.

You can see Virginia at The Bee Office

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Serial No. 14
SUNDAY, NOV. 8

Palace Theater
24th and Davenport.
"Trey o' Hearts"
10th Episode
SUNDAY, NOV. 8
And Each Week Every Sunday Following.

Gem Theater
13th and William
"Trey o' Hearts"
12th Episode
SUNDAY, NOV. 8
Serial No. 13

Roper Theater
Council Bluffs, Ia.
"Trey o' Hearts"
15th Episode
In 3 Parts
WED., NOV. 11

Pastime Theater
23d and Leavenworth.
"Trey o' Hearts"
13th Episode
Saturday, Nov. 7
Today
The Phantom Light

Frolic Theater
24th and Sprague.
"Trey o' Hearts"
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Don't miss any of our shows.

Parlor Theater
"Trey o' Hearts"
15th Episode
In 3 Parts
SATURDAY, NOV. 14

IDEAL Theater
16th and Dorcas.
"Trey o' Hearts"
Episode No. 14
FRIDAY, NOV. 13

Magic Theater
South Omaha.
"Trey o' Hearts"
Serial No. 15
In 3 Parts
Thursday, Nov. 12

Crystal Theater
North Platte, Neb.
"Trey o' Hearts"
11th Shown
MONDAY, NOV. 16

The Monroe
26th and Farnam.
"Trey o' Hearts"
Serial No. 14
MONDAY, NOV. 9
Today
In Self Defense

Benson Theater
Benson, Neb.
"Trey o' Hearts"
13th Episode
MONDAY, NOV. 9
Today: Flo Lawrence in The Girl Who Won

Lyric Theater
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