

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

Now that the shop windows are filled with beautiful toys for the fortunate children who have parents that will purchase these toys for them, it would be well for those children, and especially the Busy Bees, to give a thought for the children who are not so fortunate and yet enjoy toys just as much as their brothers and sisters.

Many of the Busy Bees have toys which are just as good as new, but of which they have tired. It would be an act of genuine kindness to send them to institutions where there are children who would be especially delighted with their possession.

Little Ethel Brinkman, the Busy Bee queen, called on the editor last week, together with her little sister, Bernice. Ethel has been on the public school honor roll from Columbian school, all but twice since The Bee first began to publish the honor roll and all times but once, since the school opened this fall.

The Busy Bees are reminded a new king and queen for this page are to be elected for the new year. Begin to think about whom you would like to have fill these offices and send in your votes early enough to have them counted.

Two letters were received from Fontenelle, Neb., this week. Both contained practically the same story and both were named "Bobbie's Dream." The editor was very much grieved to find that there were two little girls who were not obeying the direction to send in only original stories. However, these letters will not be published, nor will any others, if it is discovered that they are not original.

This week first prize was awarded to Ellen Nordstrom of the Blue Side, second prize to Genevieve Noble of the Red Side and honorable mention to Lydia Mattson of the Red Side.

Winner of Last Week's Doll Contest



farmer and his family go in the fields to make hay and they will put the baby in the woods by the bridge. Then I will come and take the baby and you chase me, and I will drop the baby and you give it back to the parents. So the next day all went on just as it had been planned.

But when the farmer saw the fox with the child he cried, "Where is my gun?"

But when Laddie brought the baby back they patted his head and said, "He shall live until he dies of old age." And Laddie lived happy ever after.

Mr. Wastebasket ought to be having a party.

A Christmas Story.

By Mildred Forst, Aged 10 Years, 128 N. Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little orphan girl. Her name was Mabel. She lived with her grandma. Now, it was the day before Christmas and Mabel asked her grandma if she was going to get any presents, but her grandma said no, for they were very poor, and Mabel had no grandma or papa to work for her or her grandma.

When it was time for Mabel to go to bed while she was sleeping she had a Christmas dream. She dreamed she had every kind of toy a child could wish for. When morning came she felt very sad because she had dreamed of all of those toys and did not get even a penny doll. She told her grandma that she was thankful that she had a home to go to and a warm bed to sleep in, however.

My Favorite Pictures.

By Laverne E. Colson, Aged 11 Years, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.

One day my teacher took a few of us children to the Nebraska art exhibit, shown at the library. There were many beautiful pictures shown. A few of my favorites are as follows: "Madam Lalahum," painted by herself. "The Knitting Shepherdesse" shows a girl about 14 knitting while she tends her sheep.

Has Many Kittens.

By Mildred Stark, Aged 10 Years, Box 181, Sutherland, Neb., Red Side.

I am going to tell you about my kittens. One's name is "Chub," one "Tiger," the other, "Sussie," and "Nigger" is the mamma.

Tiger, Sussie and Chub are cats and there is not a one that is the same size.

This morning Sussie and Chub were playing and I wish you could have seen them.

Tiger just lay in my wagon and slept. Mother and I just laughed and laughed and laughed. And every time I jumped at them Chub would jump, and his fur was all ruffled up.

I wonder if Mr. Waste Basket has gone to visit for the winter. If he has I think I will write again some time. I would like to be on the Red Side.

A Christmas Story.

By Tillie Saska, Aged 10 Years, 145 North Nineteenth, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Tom, and he was very poor. He had no mother nor father, and he had no home. It was the day before Christmas and he was very hungry, so he walked and walked, till he came to a house where there was a little rich boy and he said, "I wish I was that little rich boy, and need not suffer hunger." So he thought and thought till he felt asleep on the doorstep. The rich man was just going to work when he saw the poor little boy in rags, so he took him into the house and he ate a hearty dinner. Then he stayed there and he had lots of Christmas presents and he lived very happy all the rest of his days.

Punishment.

By Genevieve Johnson, Aged 10 Years, Box 466, Wausa, Neb., Blue Side.

There was once a little boy named Willie who did not like to go to school. So one day he decided he would go down to the brook instead. When he had been down there a while, he got lonesome and wished for company, but thought he would amuse himself by taking off his shoes and stockings and splash in the water. But very soon he felt something pinch his toes. So he quickly took his foot out of the water and found a crawfish hanging to his toes. He put on his shoes and stockings and ran home and promised he would never play hockey again. I hope my story does not meet Mr. Wastebasket.

Brave Laddie.

By Louise Johannes, Aged 13 Years, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there lived an old dog whose name was "Laddie," and as he was old and had no teeth the farmer said he would shoot him. But as Laddie was lying near and heard the conversation, he sighed. Then he went to one of his friends, one who was Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox asked Laddie what made him so sad and he told him.

Mr. Fox said he had a plan which would save him. He said "Tomorrow the

Little Stories by Little Folk

Conditions in Europe.

By Ellen Nordstrom, Aged 12 Years, 478 Seward Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Let us be thankful when we think of the poor little children whose fathers and brothers are fighting in the terrible war going on, that this country is not involved in it. Many children, so dear and so lonesome, will never see their fathers or brothers again. They are waiting, and waiting, and waiting for their fathers and brothers to come to their dear ones, that are eagerly waiting for them.

Many are wounded and suffering, many are dead and gone, but the mothers and children so dear will never forget them. Some have lost their home and their country, and have hardly any clothes to wear, and some are nearly dying from starvation; but the Jason has reached them now, and they will be glad on Christmas to think that the people here have thought of the children in Europe, where the terrible war is going on.

Our Flat Top Trip.

By Genevieve Noble, Aged 9 Years, 3505 Hawthorne Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

The horse I had was named Kid and his sister was Dandy, and she was a dandy. It was twenty-three miles from the Estes Park postoffice to the top of the mountain. Mamma had bumps for her horse. It was hard climbing, for the mountain was steep. Mamma could hardly hold herself on the horse, so she held on with her hands to the back of the saddle. On the way back my sister's horse made us trouble. My mother and the rest of the party went ahead and Martha's horse ran a nail through his foot. Then one of the guides came back for us. We told him about the trouble. Then we went to the stable and got another horse and we reached home.

When we first started I said to Kid, "Lope, lope; I will not have any fun if you don't," and he loped. As soon as we got home mamma could not bend a muscle, but I was glad to say that I was not tired one bit, even if the rest were. I hope that it will not be long before I write again. I enjoy the Busy Bees anyway. Good-by.

Christmas Time.

By Lydia Mattson, Aged 11 Years, 2232 Decatur Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

I read The Bee stories every Sunday and I am very much interested in them, so I thought I would write, too.

Christmas will soon be here and we will have a festival in our church. Our class is going to sing "As With Gladness Men of Old," which is a very pretty piece. I go to the Sunday school on Thirty-sixth street and Lafayette avenue. The Sunday school has given a card and we are to ask for money for the poor and orphans. Here is a little Christmas poem:

Christmas time will soon be here, it only comes but once a year. The poor and helpless we should give, so they, at we, may gain and live.

I hope this letter escapes Mr. Waste Basket.

A Happy Christmas.

By Margaret Fischer, Aged 8 Years, 3008 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a poor family and the father had to work very hard for their living.

The children were wondering what they would get for Christmas.

At last it was Christmas. Their mother said to them that they would have to go to bed. They were very sad that night.

Some rich children in the day brought them some things.

The children got up in the morning and went down stairs.

They expected to find nothing, but, to their surprise, their stockings were full. The children said that was the happiest Christmas they ever had.

The Bobolink.

By Kathryn Smith, 2313 Oden Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The bobolink in the United States is one of the most pleasing of songsters that nest in the north.

The male is a handsome fellow, generally black, but wearing a buff cap, shoulder straps and a band across the back.

The female, which is dull and streaked with yellow, builds her nest on the ground and tall grass. She tends to the nest, but the male protects her and sings almost without stopping from the tops of trees or high weeds near by. His name is given because his clear notes resemble the word.

When the nesting season is over the bobolink loses his brilliancy, and joining with others of his kind in large flocks flies to the reeds and marshes of the seacoast and inland waters.

The Big Four Fair.

By Martha Johnson, Aged 11 Years, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.

We had a very nice fair here called the Big Four Fair, because it took in four counties, Dodge, Douglas, Saunders and Colfax. They had very nice fancy work and cooking, and fruits and grains, etc.

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST OF THE BUSY BEES.



Eunice Nelson

Besides merry-go-round, ferris wheel and stands and shows, such as kitten show, dog show, etc. They sold chances on dolls at one stand and at another stand they sold chances on Teddy bears and at another they sold chances on percolators.

This is my first story and I wish to have it printed. I will write a longer and better one next time.

Poor, Poor Tramp.

By Walter A. Averill, Greenwood, Neb., Red Side.

One chilly morning in November a forlorn tramp, wearing a heavy, torn coat, rent trousers, buttonless, shapless shoes, applied at a boarding house for something to eat. The mistress of the house replied to the usual query, "I make it a rule never to give food to tramps, but I will make an exception of your case if you will help me a little, as I am in a hurry today. Being nurse and housekeeper at the same time is no joke. If you will go into the shed you will find a cord of wood, a saw and a newly sharpened axe. Before you do that, however, you may fill up those three tubs and those buckets with water, as I will have a big washing to do tomorrow, and I am not strong enough to pump so much at a time. Then after you get through with the wood you may clean the dining and sitting rooms. Then you can rake the lawn free leaves and carry them out to the back lot where you can burn them, and be sure that they don't scatter, as the wind is blowing hard and there is a drayload of —"

But here the tramp put in a word. "Madam, you are not talking to your husband," he said, and then he hastily beat a retreat out of the back gate, just in time to escape the sharp teeth of a ferocious young English bull terrier.

Busy Bee Rhymes.

By Mary Thomas, Aged 10 Years, Deer Trail, Colo., Box 155, Red Side.

Oh, pumpkin pie, oh pumpkin pie; Oh, gobbie turkey, oh gobbie turkey; Why not be gay as we should? For Thanksgiving comes but once a year.

The turkey in the pot, The sauce in the pan, The spuds in the kettle, And cook's face is one big smile; For Thanksgiving comes but once a year.

Baby in her high chair, In high sport, Mamma plunges her fork and knife into the turkey, All is gay, all is gay; Why not be gay? For Thanksgiving comes but once a year.

Turkey's Fate.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 12, Deer Trail, Colo., Box 155, Blue Side.

"Gee," exclaimed little Tommy, "turkey thinks he is smart. Wait till cook gets him in the pot and then what will he think?" "Oh, Tommy," said his sister, May, "I shouldn't want to think about it." "Well, why not?" said Tommy, "the turkey can't hear what I say." "Well, you don't know," said May. "He might. Well, if it wouldn't be bad to be a turkey if they can hear," said Tommy. "Oh, Tommy, you are so silly," said May. "I am," said Tommy. Just then the grocery man came up the street and stopped before Read's house.

Tommy and May went to the door. In the box of groceries was a nice sack of potatoes. One rolled out on the floor. Tommy picked it up. "Now look here, May," he said, "this potato is looking wise with all its eyes, isn't it? Tomorrow it will be in the pot for dinner, won't it?" "Well, I suppose so," said May, who was busy talking to Hanna; and said Tommy, "it won't be so wise." "Oh, said May, "I do wish you would not talk so much." "Talking makes one wise," answered Tommy.

Thanksgiving.

By Tillie Saska, 10 Years, 145 North Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Neb.

Once upon a time near Thanksgiving there were two little boys and their names were Tom and Dick. Tom was rich and Dick was very poor. Tom had a little turkey, so he said to Dick, "Will you come over to my house Thanksgiving, then you can have some of my turkey and lots of good things to eat?" "I would like to go, but you see I have no mother nor father, and I have no home." So the other little boy said, "Tom, my mother said that you could come and stay with us." The poor little boy said, "I will stay with you, but who will be my mother?" "My mother will take care of you just like her own child." So the poor little boy went. Thanksgiving day was the next day. The mother took little Dick and dressed him up on Thanksgiving and he had a good time. He went to church on Thanksgiving day and thanked God for giving him a father and a mother and a little brother. On Christmas he had all kinds of playthings and he had a big Christmas dinner. He had pie and all kinds of things, and he lived happily all the rest of the days of his life.

A Kind Sister.

By Myrtle Larson, Route 29, Clarks, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there were two children, a boy and girl. The girl's name was Alice and the boy's name was Marvin. They were very, very poor and they had no father nor mother, for they were dead. They had to go barefooted in the cold winter time.

One day as they were walking along on the street a lady came up and handed them 50 cents. Oh, you can just imagine how glad they were. They just danced for joy. Then the little girl went and bought some warm clothing, such as shoes, stockings, dresses and underclothes. But do you know what Marvin did? He went and bought nuts, candy and gum. But the little girl still had some money left. So she bought the little boy some clothing, for she did not like to see her brother freeze. That same lady heard how they spent their money and gave the girl 50 and Marvin never got any, for that was his punishment for buying other things which he did not need. I wish to join the Blue side.

Our Black Cat.

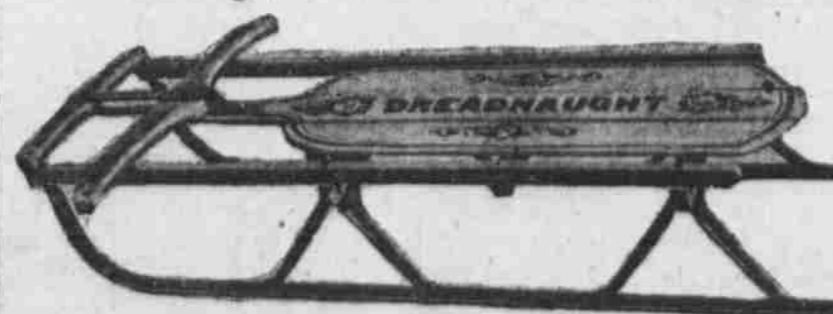
By Rosetta Derksen, Aged 12 Years, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side.

One Saturday night my mother, father, brother and I were going uptown. When we got about a block from the house I looked back and saw the old black cat following us. I turned to mother and said: "There comes your old cat. Now you will get rid of her, as you have been wishing to get rid of her."

Mamma said, "I do not want to get rid of her now, because she has been catching so many mice lately."

So first my brother and I tried to chase

Boys' Sled Free



No. 128 B Dreadnaught Steering Sled—45x16x4—weight 12 lbs. each. Stamped steel knees. Best crucible spring steel T shaped runners, so curved in front as to give a maximum amount of steering surface. Steering bar works perfectly, the sled responding instantly to slightest bend in steel runner without rattling squeak of sled's particles. Gear and runners finished in red enamel. Top of Rock Elm, beautifully painted and decorated.

The picture of the Sled 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 you can get and bring them to The Bee office.

The Sled will be given Free to the boy that sends us the most pictures before 4 P. M. Saturday, December 19.

Public School Roll of Honor

CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

CENTRAL	CENTRAL	CASTELLAN	SANROFF
Eighth A. Arthur Burnham, Kate W. Sener.	Seventh A. Helen Heronstein, Vera Cote, Jessie Gough, Junnie Presley.	Seventh A. Hurdle Carroll, Camilla Christensen, Wesley Clark, Stella Havell, Jacob Jacobson, Willyene Karr, Mary Leorberg, Marie Peterson, Laura Pates, Edith Stogel, Anna Yun.	Seventh A. Mildred Byrne, Edward Hamber, Richard Krage, Seventh A. Helen Chester, John Conrad, Eighth A. Myrtle Jensen, Blanche Jacobson, Elizabeth Kuchel, Marie Scheef.
Ninth A. Justita Edmondson, George Harsch, Josephine Latenser, Marie Lide, Royanna Metzger, Ruth Betts, William Keville.	Fourth A. Ellen Cook, Elizabeth Robinson, Lucille Stone, Sophie White, Fred Gillaspay, Grace Turner, Ruth Patterson, Edith Clark, Ruth Doyle, Curtis Dutton, John Freeman, Paul Hamilton, Helen Holmes, Edna Martin, Leila McKay, Cecil Peterson, Harry Robinson, Virginia Tassart, Alice Turney, Zella Williams, Ola Willford.	Fourth A. Blanche Carroll, Blanche Dunn, Joseph Janicek, Lena Lita, Eighth A. Joe Briggs, John Davis, Johanna Ekstrand, Nabel Elmqvist, Carl Elmqvist, Frieda Pank, Charlotte Huntley, Fred Krause, George Langer, Emily Mullinger, Adeline Schuessler.	Seventh A. Leo Carpenter, Louis Chieborad, Fred Krause, James McClure, Harold McGuire, Kazuo Mizutani, Lillian Miller.
Tenth A. Edith Crane, Florence Manley, Pauline Smith, Emma Ritchie, Emma Smith, Eva Stricklen, Frances Robinson, Helen Jacobs, John Owan, Thelma Lilletter, Thelma Lilletter.	SEVENTH A. Blanche Carroll, Blanche Dunn, Joseph Janicek, Lena Lita, Eighth A. Joe Briggs, John Davis, Johanna Ekstrand, Nabel Elmqvist, Carl Elmqvist, Frieda Pank, Charlotte Huntley, Fred Krause, George Langer, Emily Mullinger, Adeline Schuessler.	Fourth A. Marjorie Oerichon, Evelyn Dunn, William Ekstrand, Martha Pank, Ellice Hebertshiner, Wilhelmina Kral, Henry Logan, Mary Morack, Leona Sheperd.	Seventh A. Herluff Nielsen, Lewis Meyers, Victor Meyers, Jeanne Baltzer, Mildred Pucka, Ruth Johnson, Lillian Puhrt, Third B. Ruth Dickson, Marie Graner, Marion Nessness, Deloris Hedrick.

1914 Bazaar Xmas Fair



Christmas Shopping Made Easy Sixth Annual Fair of the Churches

Where mothers and sisters are selling home-made clothes for the children, dolls and doll dresses, together with numerous other beautiful and useful presents in the

COURT OF THE BEE BUILDING

You will find valuable suggestions in the many pieces of hand worked materials, painted china, plaited work, rugs, mats, etc. Many good things to eat for your Christmas dinner or the long winter evenings to follow—all home-made in "Mother's Kitchen":

Jellies, Preserves, Butters, Cakes, Cookies, Breads, together with all kinds of Candies and Sweet Meats. Quality and satisfaction guaranteed.

OPPORTUNITY DE LUX

is what the Omaha public has found these sales to be. Watch the dates for your particular church or friends. Buy early while the stock is complete.

MONDAY-TUESDAY, DEC. 14-15.
Social Settlement Club,
Plymouth Congregational,
Benson Presbyterian,
St. Barnabas Episcopal.

WED.-THURS., DECEMBER 16-17.
Temple Israel,
Central Park Congregational,
McCabe M. E.,
Reorganized Ch. Jesus Christ.

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, DEC. 18-19.
Omaha Theosophical Society,
Diets Memorial M. E.,
Hirst Memorial M. E.,
Church of Life.