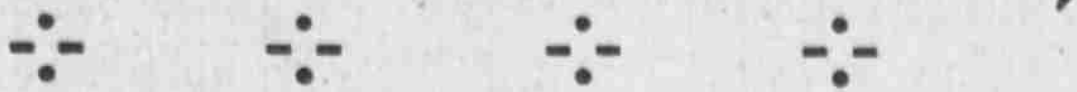


The Busy Bees



Their Own Page

Bringing Their Coupons to The Bee to Get One of the Big Dolls

Winner of Last Week's Doll Contest

THERE is something about the coming of a new year that brings a feeling of cheer to us," I read in an article recently. "It seems to say to us that the old year is gone; that the mistakes, the misdoings of the old year are gone with it—never to return. Before us lies a clean year, a year as yet untouched by event good or evil. We can see ahead of us a procession of days, fresh, unsoiled, for us to use according to our wills and our capacities. So we cannot help a feeling—that we will keep those days cleaner from soil than we did the days of last year; that we will mark on the page of some of those days an achievement. There lies the charm of the New Year. It stands willing to promise us anything we ask."

Let all the Busy Bees give a thought to what they may accomplish in the new year.

Votes for the King and Queen of the Busy Bees will be received until Wednesday of this week. The King is selected from among the boys of the Red Side and the Queen from among the little girls on the Blue Side. Be sure to vote for those whom you think are well fitted to rule over the Busy Bee kingdom. Announcement of the new King and Queen will be made next Sunday.

The editor received two stories this week that are not original and will therefore not be printed. One was entitled "Cornelia's Jewels." This story is a very pretty one and the editor recommends it to all the Busy-Bees, but in sending in stories of this kind, you are not conforming to the rules which requires every story to be original. The other story was a beautiful description of "A Day of Sunshine," sent in by a little girl from Oakland, Neb., but this also was not original.

This week first prize was awarded to Kyra Kirk, second prize to Lester Clark, and honorable mention to Margaret Fischer, all of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Christmas at Grandma's.

By Kyra Kirk, Aged 11 Years, Plainview, Neb. Blue Side.

Every Christmas we unite for a Christmas dinner and a Christmas tree.

Mamma and Aunt Lottie fix the Christmas tree at grandma's and grandma prepares the Christmas dinner.

Christmas morning everyone gets up to grandma's as early as possible. Everyone is anxious to see the Christmas tree, but they have to wait till everyone has arrived. While we are waiting Aunt Lottie makes out the program to be given.

We all form in line, the youngest at the first and the oldest at the last. There are fifteen grandchildren, ranging in ages from 7 months to 15 years, although there are two who cannot walk.

At last the door is opened to the living room and we all march in to see the candles lighted and the Christmas tree loaded with presents. First we give our program, then everyone receives their many gifts. When the presents have all been taken off the tree we each get a sack of candy and nuts. Then the big folks sit down to partake of the Christmas dinner; after that comes the children's turn. We eat all we can. The dishes are washed and they all sit down to enjoy the afternoon, and as we see the sun set in the west we all depart to wish each other many more happy Christmases. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out doing his Christmas shopping.

(Second Prize.)

Coasting.

By Lester Clark, Aged 9 Years, Overton, Neb. Blue Side.

Last Saturday two other boys and myself went out to a slough. We were coasting. When we were there I took my sled and got on the bank of the slough. Then I gave my sled a push and when I got to the bottom of the slough, I ran into a Russian thistle. Then I asked one of the boys if I could use his sled and he could use my sled. He said: "All right."

So I took his sled and gave it a push and away I went. When I got to the bottom the sled ran its runners into the ground and threw me head over heels.

(Honorable Mention.)

Dorothy and the Birds.

By Margaret Fischer, Aged 8 Years, 3005 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl and her name was Dorothy. It was a cold, winter day when Dorothy was sitting by the window.

"Oh, mother," cried Dorothy, "there are some little birds looking for something to eat. I know what I will do. I will fix up that little Christmas tree."

So Dorothy fixed up the Christmas tree with baskets full of crumbs.

Every morning Dorothy gave the birds something to eat and the birds were never afraid of her.

I hope Mr. Wastebasket will be asleep and when he wakes up my story will be in the paper.

Christmas in Mouseland.

By Benjamin Mohony, Aged 7 Years, Edison, Neb. Red Side.

Once Mother Mouse called her little mice to her and said, "Do you know tomorrow is Christmas?" And the little mice said, "What is Christmas?"

"It is when everyone has good things to eat."

"You go and peep in the pantry door, and if the cat isn't around you get some cake."

So the little mice went and got some of the cake.

When they came back their mother was visiting the orch and got a few kernels of corn, and invited their friends and they had a party.

Making Ones Happy.

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

Now I am going to tell you of a nice Christmas a little boy spent. Charles Miller, a boy about 12 years of age, was said to be the worst boy in town. His poor mother pleaded with him and begged him; his father punished him, but all was useless. One night as Charles was ready to go out to spend the evening his father said, "Be sure to be in the house at 9 o'clock." Charles looked at his poor mother. How pale she was. Charles shut the half-open door and went over to her.

"Mother dear," he said, "I won't go out this evening. I'll stay here and talk to you and dad." Now this was Christmas eve and the next day was Christmas day. For a while the little family talked of many things, when suddenly their talk drifted to a poor family named Jones. Charles was thinking. At last he said "Mother and father let me play Santa Claus and dress up in my Santa Claus suit and get some of my old toys, a turkey, and some apples and oranges—you know I have 'em." "Yes," said his mother, "that would be fine." Mr. Miller said, "Get the toys and other things I'll get the sleigh and team." Mr. Miller and Charles and Mary, the servant girl got the things ready. "Well," said Mrs. Miller, "Mary and I shall go with you. We can stand outside the house and see

ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Florence Curry

what happens." After a while they had everything ready and Mr. Miller brought the team around. Big Santa Claus and his mother and Mary accompanied him to the little house. The Jones children were fast asleep. Charles had a hard time getting in, but finally got in at a window. His mother and Mary helped him put his sled and other things. There were five of the Jones children. Charles felt a better boy afterwards. He also received many Christmas gifts, but the best gift of all was that he had learned a great lesson.

A Happy New Year.

By Mary E. Fischer, Aged 10 Years, 3005 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Emma was a little girl. She had a big house to live in and everything she wanted.

Emma did not like poor children and when she saw them she would not look at them.

One day Emma came to her mother and said, "May I have a party New Year's?" "Yes, you may have a party, but you must invite some poor children, too."

"Oh, I do not want to have poor children," said Emma. But Emma's mother said, "I will not let you have a party if you do not invite some poor children."

Emma thought she would, so she sat down and wrote the invitations.

The next day was New Year's and everybody was there except one poor little girl.

Emma and everybody had a nice time at the party, but Emma did not know why this little girl did not come, so after the party she went to see why she did not come.

When she reached the house she saw the poor little girl lying very sick in an old bed.

Emma said, "What is the matter?" The little girl said, "I am very sick, but I think I would get well if we had a doctor."

"I will tell my mother and she will get a doctor for you," said Emma.

"It would be very kind if she would and I will pay her when we earn enough money."

Emma went home and told her mother and the next day the doctor came and fixed the poor little girl up, and she soon was well.

Emma and the poor little girl were very good friends after that and the poor little girl never had to look for a good friend.

Just as Emma went to bed she said, "This is the happiest New Year and party, too. I ever had and I think I could not have any better friends than some poor little girls and boys."

Santa Claus at Tribune Office.

By Martha Johnson, Aged 11 Years, 717 East Fourth Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

Santa Claus was at the Tribune office one Thursday evening from 7 o'clock till 9. The children were supposed to call in up and tell him what they wanted for Christmas.

The line was busy for a long time. There was a little girl named Elsie who wanted to talk to him, but the line was so busy she couldn't get him. Eight o'clock soon drew near and she did not get to talk to him. She cried for a long time. I suppose there were many others who were disappointed. Next evening Santa's picture was in the paper and what the children said to him.

"Dear children of Fremont, I



MAIL SUBSCRIPTION

PURCHASING ENGRAVING ELECTROTYPIING

am sorry, but I did not have time to talk to you all. But you will get something from me. Your friend, Santa Claus.

There was a little boy who talked to him. He said: "Dear Santa, bring me a pair of mittens and a pair of stockings. My father is out of work and cannot get any. Please give him all kinds of work. Please bring me this and I will be satisfied."

The Sleigh Ride.

Helen L. Burrus, Aged 9 Years, Glenwood, Ia., Box 45, Blue Side.

The snow began falling about fifteen minutes to 12. We children had been looking forward all fall for the snow and this was the first real hard snow. Our teacher had promised us a sled ride if it snowed hard enough. So we children were looking out of the window and it was snowing very heavily. We went home in the afternoon to eat our supper and after we had eaten our teacher called up and said that there would be a hot sled ride after about 7 o'clock. We were all ready and soon heard bells and we all ran out and got in. We were all bundled up so tight that we never could get cold and there was lots of food straw and we all sat in a bunch. We had all kinds of covers and quilts and everything. Our teacher was not in the sled so we went after her. Oh, talk about good times. We certainly had one good time if anybody ever did. I hope my letter is in print. I hope my letter escapes Mr. Wastebasket.

Fred's New Sled.

Merry Hamburg, Aged 12 Years, Oakland, Neb. Blue Side.

It was near Christmas and Fred wanted a new red sled so that he could go out and slide with the other children. Christmas eve came at last. He was a small boy so he hung up his stockings for Santa to fill. The next morning when he awoke he found his red sled and all his other toys. Fred had a very happy Christmas.

About Kittens.

By Eileen Olson, Aged 8 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about my kittens. I have three kittens. One's name

is Tommy and the other's name is Nigger and the other's name is Blue. Blue and Nigger are wild, but Tommy is not. I can catch him anywhere. We have some neighbors close by that have a dog and I am afraid of him. One day he nearly bit me. I was so frightened that I screamed. Well, I had better close as my letter is getting longer. I hope Mr. Waste Basket has gone for a walk. My greatest delight would be to win a prize.

May's Christmas.

By Myrtle Linholm, Aged 12 Years, 223 Irving St., Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

May was a poor little girl whose parents were dead. She lived with a lady that was very unkind to her. May's room was in the back part of the house, which was very cold. In her room was a bed, a few pictures and a stand. On her bed was only a few thin bed clothes. She nearly froze to death at night and was always glad when morning came. Christmas was drawing near and May had no money, because the lady hadn't paid her. The next day she paid her and May worked very hard. She asked if she could go to town. The lady said in an unkind tone: "Only an hour." She obeyed, and then got the lady a nice present, better than her friends. Christmas was the next day, and May did her work very good. That night the lady asked her into the room and May was surprised when she saw the tree. May went and got her presents, and later she got her present from May. She told May she didn't have to work any more and then May was her little girl. This was the best Christmas she ever had.

A Dog's Curiosity.

By Lorina Hicks, 1112 South Eleventh Street, Blue Side.

Jack was a dog. His master was gone and he had been watching the cook. When she put a jug outside and when she was gone, he went on the box where it was. It smelled good, so he put his head in and ate the cookies that were inside and when he wanted to get his head out he could not. He rolled over and tossed and pulled, but he could not get it off. His master came and saw him. He laughed and said: "What did you put your head in there for," but he would not

let him stay there so he broke the jug and Jack was very glad that he got loose, so he licked his master's hand. His eyes seemed to say: "I will never steal again." So that was Jack's lesson.

Marian and Myra.

By Viola Diercksen, Aged 5 Years, James, Ia., Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl, 8 years of age, and her name was Marian. Her papa and mamma were rich. One day Marian was playing outside and her papa told her to come in the house and her papa gave her 25 cents for her to go to the store and buy anything she wanted. So she went to the store and told the storekeeper she wanted a little doll for 25 cents. "Well, well, little girl, I will give you a little doll for 25 cents." The little girl got her doll and went home again. Her mamma told her she could go outside to play outdoors with her doll. "I don't know what kind of a name to give my doll," said Marian to herself. "I know what I will do. I will take it in the house and let mamma give her a name." Just then a little girl came up to Marian and asked, "What is your name, little girl?" "My name is Marian; what is your name?" "My name is Myra." "Do you know what kind of a name to give my doll?" asked Marian. "I think Mildred would be a nice name for your little dollie." "I will name it Mildred if you like that name," said Marian. The two little girls went to the garden to get some apples to eat.

Marian and Myra had little dogs. Marian's dog's name was Sport and Myra had a dog named Prince. The little girl Myra went home, for she had lots of work to do at home. Marian and Mildred, the doll, and Sport, the dog, had good times playing.

A Kind Dead.

By Madora Mohony, Aged 11 Years, Edison, Neb. Blue Side.

Russell Jones, the fat little boy, and May, his sister, were filled with joy when they went to bed Christmas eve. They had not a thing to make them

grive.

They snuggled in under the covers. With their hearts so light and gay, for they knew that in the morning they would be glad Christmas day.

"I'm glad tomorrow's Christmas," whispered Russell to May. "We always have such good times on that glad Christmas day."

"I am, too," said his sister, slowly. But there was something in her heart. That said, "You, with so many presents. Why don't you give them part?"

"I was just thinking," she said again. "Of Ruth, Edna, Esther, Conary and Glen—"

Poor folks can't have any fun, while I'll get a doll and you a drum.

"And we will so many presents. Why can't we divide with them. When they don't get a single present? They don't give much more than a whole."

"Yes, we get so many presents. And they don't get any; why, Russell, you know if you were them you would begin to cry."

But Russell Jones, the fat little boy, had gone to sleep to dream of his joy. That said, "You, with so many presents. On that glad, happy Christmas morn."

But his sister May, the kind-hearted child, stayed awake with her pleasant mind mild—

She was only ten—much younger than Esther or Glen.

But still she was kind, sweet and good.

And when the next morning came she ran to her stocking and she peeped in; she fingered the presents, all neat and light.

Then wrapped in a bundle, tied all up tight.

She next ran to each house, knocked very gently.

Drops some packages and ran, but as she ran from each house so small she would say, "Merry Christmas to you all."

Robin Hood.

By William Spangenberg, Aged 11 Years, 278 South Twentieth Street, Omaha.

In England long ago there lived a merry outlaw, Robin Hood. He and some four score of his men dwelt in the depths of Sherwood forest. They robbed the rich and gave to the poor, and they were all jolly fellows, always ready to laugh at a good joke and to drink a pot of brown ale at the Blue Bear Inn.



SOPHIE ACKERMAN AND DOLLIE JULIA

laughed at him and said that he could not shoot. Robin made a wager with one of them and shot one of the king's deer. The forester was angry and he said that Robin had shot one of the king's deer and that he would not pay him the wager, and Robin walked away.

Because of his kindness to the poor many folk gathered around him till he had quite a band.

The chief sports of those days were bouts with cudgels and shooting with the bow, and Robin and his band used to go to the fairs in disguise and carry away the prizes, and this was the merry life of Robin and his band led.

defense against the Indians. They were not to be back for two days.

The first night Florida saw Indians coming toward the house. At first she was frightened, but later thought of a plan. The children had dug a big hole in the floor, they called it the back doorway. Florida told them to go in the back doorway and go to the neighbors. They did so. The neighbor man then saw the Indians and came with a gun and they fled. Florida had held the door to prevent the Indians coming in until the children were safe. The man found Florida lying on the floor half dead as he thought. But she soon recovered her senses, and now is living to old age.

I hope this escapes Mr. Wastebasket.

Protects from Indians.

By Eileen Dugan, Aged 11 Years, 820 North Forty-second Street, Omaha, Neb.

Once upon a time a family by the name of Bowen came over here from England. This country was then mostly covered with Indians, wolves and foxes. The Indians had it mostly to themselves. There was only one other little house in the valley. About twenty miles from this little valley there was a store and a mill. Mr. Bowen lived here only a year, when his wife died, leaving three children, Philip, Nathaniel and Polly. They had a hired girl named Florida La Shore. She was only 15 years old. Mr. Bowen and the neighbor, Mr. Moore, had to go many miles away to consult with other settlers to see what would be done for

Just so.

She was a dear old soul, and her pretty cottage was well known to the tramping fraternity. A bit of food was rarely refused.

One tattered tramp particularly aroused her compassion, and, on going round to the back door, was given a hearty meal.

"Now," said the old lady to him, "never believe in charity. You must work for your food. I want you to weed this path for me."

Slowly the object started on the light task.

"Come, come," said the old lady reprovingly. "This will never do. Why don't you use your middle finger instead of keeping it stiff like that? Is it hurt?"

"No, ma'am," sadly replied the tramp, gazing at his digit; "but in my shivering days I wore a diamond ring upon that finger, and old habits are hard to break, ma'am."

Next We Will Give

The Twins

Now listen to this, girls. When we opened the doll box to get one for this week, what should greet us but a pair of twins. Think of it—we were quite puzzled to know what to do at first, because one is enough for any little Busy Bee to care for, but we soon decided upon a plan—



The Twins are to go to the country to some little girl living on a farm, where there's plenty of nice fresh milk every day, and lots of room to romp and play when they are big enough to run about.

All the dollies so far have been won by the little girls in the cities, and now I am sure you will all be glad to help some little girl on a farm win the Twins. No one else can get them.

The Twins will be given free to the little girl under 12 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, January 2.

The Twins pictures will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you. See how many pictures of The Twins you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m. Saturday, Jan. 2.

You Can See the Twins at The Bee Office

Last week's sled was won by Chas. M. West, 43d and D Sts., South Omaha, with 1,118 pictures.

Chas. Fisher, 4518 Marcy, was second, with 446 pictures.

Third Sled FREE This Week

This 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, January 2.

