THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: JANUARY 31, 1915.

The Busy Bees

OMORROW is the first day of February, the month of birthdays, as it is popularly known. The red letter days are, of course Abraham Lincoln's birthday on the 12th and George Washington's birthday on the 22d. Other great men whose birthday anniversaries fall in the month of February were Dickens, February 7, and Longfellow, February 27.

Busy Bees may learn a great many lessons of courage, character and success from the lives of these great men. As Longfellow's great poem reads:

Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime; And, departing, leave behind us, Footprints on the sands of time

St. Valentine's day, February 14, will also prove a red letter day indeed for the Busy Bees, who will no doubt reap their annual amount of fun and pleasure on this day.

Ethelyn Berger writes to ascertain the age limit for the Busy Bees. Letters from Busy Bees will be accepted and printed until their fifteenth birtliday

This week first prize was awarded to James Allen of the Red Side; recond prize to Q. R. Enothson of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Laverne Colson of the Red Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prise.) Squirrels Take Nuts.

By James Allen, Aged 9 Years, \$17 Black-burn Avenue, York, Neb. Red Side. I am a little boy named James Allen. I am 9 years old. I will tell you a real story about the squirrels that five here in York. I was visiting my sister last fall, and we gathered some walnuts, and brought home a bushel and piled thom up in the yard to dry so I could hull them. One evening when I came home from school I saw that some of my nut were gone and I thought that the boys had been stealing them from me, so I kept watch, but could not find anyone taking them. But they kept disappearing until there was not many left. So I picked them up and brought them in the porch. It was all screened in, and in little while I found out who it was that was taking my walnuts, as the squir-rels came climbing all over the porch and tried to mnaw holes in the screen so they

could get the rest of the walnuts. I hope this will not go to the waste

(Second Prize.) Stranded in Europe.

story writing.

By Q. R. Enochson, Aged 12 Years, Schuy-ler, Neb. Blue Side.

When we heard that the countries of Europe were going to war my companions and I were touring in Europe. We did not think there was going to be war, for we thought it would be settled peacefully. We then stayed another month. When the month was over we went to Berne, to no by railroad to the coast, but to our surprise we heard that all the countries were mobilizing their armies and that all the tourists were leaving. We could not get on at Berne, for the trains were packed and there were people crowded all around the depot. We then decided to get some horses and travel to the coast on them. We had to cross the Swiss

border into France. By that time the countries had their armies all along the borders.

While we were croasing the Swias bor-der we ran into a French army. Then we were stopped by a French officer tak-ing us for spies. They gearched us, but

MARION BENNETT GRIMES, little girl who has seen the world, likes New York best. "I love New York. It's the best of all!" is what this 10-year-old said on her arrival with her father's regiment, the Thirteenth regular United States infantry, en route from Alaska to Plattsburg. She has been to Japan and 'the Philippines, California and Alaska.

"Lady" Beautiful Doll Goes to a Little Orphan Girlie

There's a mighty happy little girl out. at St. James' orphanage in Benson and her name is Margaret King.

It just proves that a little girl can be very happy even if she does live at an orphanage and even if her father has "gone away somewhere" so that she never sees him and even if she does only see her mamma once a week, every Sunday regularly as the day comes around. For mamma works at the Paxton hotel all week to support herself and little Margaret and Claire and Josephine since their father "went away."

Mrs. M. B. King read in The Bee week after week about little girls winning the beautiful dolls that are given away for the greatest number of doll pictures clipped from The Bee each week. And sha decided that one of the dolls should go as a token of her love for her own little ones out at the orphanage.

So she spoke to several friends and asked them whether they would save some of the pictures from their copies of The Bee

Would they? Well, rather. Not only from their own Bees, but they would have their children go to the neighbors and get the pictures from their copies.

At the hotel Mrs. King enlisted the aid of the malds and other employes and it. certainly was the "open season" for Bee doll pictures in the Paxton week before last. Busy men and women of large affairs could be seen patiently clipping the picture of the doll from their copies of the paper. Would they save those pictures to get a doll for a little orphan girl? Well, would a duck swim. That's what some of them asked.

And on Saturday it was a happy mother who learned that her dittle girl had won Lady, the doll, with son pictures.

And it was a happy mother who went out to Benson on Sunday with the big package containing Lady.

And it was a happy little girl who opened the package and beheld with eyes MARGARET KING.

that could scarcely believe that vision of And that night when they were all doll loveliness. Happy? The word doesn't safely tucked in bed the good sisters say May brings out the flowers, you know, half express it. Her mother says she "was wild with delight." All the little fore the sandman came seemed to be of girls crowded 'round to see and for one Lady, the beautiful dolly that came to In July the flags go by. ecstatic moment each little girl held it in live with the orphans. ecstatic moment each little girl held it in live with the orphans. her arms.

her and helped pass a good many hours she came again. "Now," she said, "there that would have been lonesome if not for must be something the matter, for you in November our pretty leaves fail, have said the same thing for two days." In December was born a Christ child small.

When grandmother went away she had us promise to be kind to the birds, so every Christmas we have a tree and a feast for grandmother's birds.

A Lesson Learned.

in a small city in Nebraska. Anna could my little sister called the ice wagon. a board and they drove me out of the tat and Florence wanted to learn. She My story is getting long, so I will close. house. Then I went down in the shed got herself a shuttle and tried to learn, and spun my web, and no one bothered but Anna could not teach her. One evening Miss Hillman (the primary teacher) asked the three girls to come up to her oms. Anna and Florence took their shuttles and Bella, of course, took none. When they arrived Miss Hillman said

Well, I will tell you. When I was out I got one arm shot off." Now do you not think that we ought to thank God that we are not there?

Their Own Page

Sunday School Picnic.

By Faye Rosalyn Hubbert, Aged 10 Years, Oakland, Nob. One Sunday we all decided on having a picnic. We decided on where to have it and what to bring. Tuesday we all met at the church and started at 10 in the morning. We went in hayracks and arrived there at 11 o'clock. We played and then we had dinner. After dinner we went down to the water and threw in sticks, and then we went to what they called Pike's Peak. We stayed there a while, and then someone told us the men and boys were going to have a play ing German, French and English, We watched them and then got in line and had ice cream conen. I had five or six. After a while we went home. We arrived at the church at about half past six and then went home. I enjoyed It very much.

My story is getting long, so will close, I hope Mr. Wastebasket is on a tour.

Girls' Sewing Circle. By Fern Peterson, Aged 8 Years, Kear-ney, Neb. Red Side.

Last week I started a sewing circle among the girls at the Kenwood school. There are eight girls in it. One of my best schoolmates and I started it. I had them at my house last week and heat time it will be at one of the other girls' house. We each bring our dolls along and sew for them. We made badges with white, red and yellow paper. We give a prize each time, and last time Gertrude won the prize. I go to the Kenwood school. My teacher's name is Miss Berger. I hope Mr. Waste Basket Ir asleep.

The Months. By Myrtle Peterson, Kearney, Neb. Red. Side.

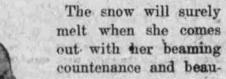
January is the coldest. February is the boldest.

March is the time whole In April birds come and go.

September turns leaves brown or yellow. October Jack Frost comes, a merry fellow.

Ruth was won by Beatrice Parker, 1316 So. 12th St., with 595 pictures.

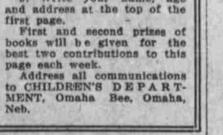
Mildred Is Next



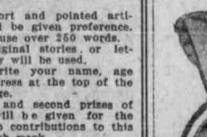
of the paper only and number 2. Use pen and ink, not pen-

basket, as it is my first experience at ONE OF THE BUSY BEES WHO









way home we shot a jackrabbit and we saw me and took her broom and knocked

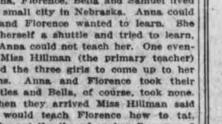
Urges Bible Study.

By Fayne Smithberger, Aged 11 Years, Stanton, Neb. Blue Side, The one great point in life is to follow The one great point in life is to follow the commandments of the Bible. Bear your troubles and when you are sick Tt was Maggie's birthday. She had re-

Maggie's Silver Dollar.

had the rabbit for dinner the next day. It down. Then I went in another place Then after dinner we packed our clothes and began to spin another. Then a little together and went upstairs to dress. girl came running out and said: "Mamma, While we were upstairs they hitched the dear, come here and see this big fly." team and took us to the depot. On our Her mother came and said: "That is not way we had a big farm wagon, which a fly, it is a spider." The little girl got

By Reva Rosseter, Aged 11 Years, Valen-tine, Neb. Anna, Florence, Bella and Samuel lived



5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the

page each week. Address all communications

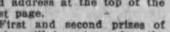
3. Short and pointed arti-cles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories. or let-ters only will be used.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

the pages.

cH:

1. Write plainly on one side



found nothing that showed we were spice. They kept us prisoners for four days. Then they gave us our horses and we started again. That made us very late when we got to the coast. When we reached there the shipe were all crowded so we had to wait for another one that came two days later. When we were go ing to get our ticket we didn't have ough money. Then we had to wait until President Wilson sent a ship full of was arranged into piles. Presently the money for the stranded tourists. men took me and put me into a pile that

(Honorable Montion.) Our Birds' Restaurant. By Laverne E. Colson, Aged 11 Years, S South Logan Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

During a severe anowstorm several weeks ago I was sitting in the window and was watching some little birds flying from limb to limb in our apple tree. ned to think how hard it was for them to get food in the wintertime, especially when the snow covers the

I talked with mother and we planned several ways we could feed them. There is an apple tree on the south side, also a lilac bush, and it seemed to us there. always were a few birds there. One of the limbs of the apple tree having died last summer it was sawed off, so we secured a square board and natled it onto the limb. When this was done I gathered some acrans of bread and put it on the table. Then I came to the window and watched to see if the birds would find the crumbs. It didn't take very long tun I counted twenty-five birds eating which was to be my mistress. They and chippering, as the song wore, "Thank seemed to be nearly as happy as Alice you! Thank you!" WAR.

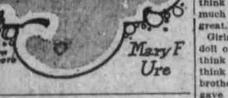
Trip to Foreign Land. By Mary F. Ure, 500 Binney Street, Omaha.

about a ship that is going over to Europe with presents for the poor little war. My brown cost is too small; po can't I send 117" "Why certainly." said maturna, so that is how I started on my darker. Her hair, instead of curis, hung most wonderful journey.

That night I was folded and put in some timus paper. I could see through glad to get me. When the other children that, so I didn't care much, but oh! how opened their bundles, much to my delight dark it was when they put an old piece there was Mr. Shocs. My! but I was of brown wrapping paper around me. I glad to see him. Mr. Teddy Hear went didn't know whether I wanted to go 'or to one of the boys. I lived with this

The next day I was taken to school and love my new mistress as well as I had put in a pile with many other things. loved Alice. ye lay there for a long time, but finally started. I fult myself moving for quite aschile, then we were piled out and By Helen Yost, Aged 11 Years, 2014 (Street, South Omaha, Blue Side, taken down to New York bay, where we were put aboard a ship called the "Jason." Early the next morning I felt myself moving and somebody called out. and I had a very good time. I was out there for two weeks. Christmas evening Now we're off." We all stood up and we went to church in a sleigh, and in sd-bye to the crowd that had the church there was a big Christmas ed to see us so and to the dear United States. We stood there until the great city had faded out of sight. Then we all sat down and we were off for my

The trip was a pleasant one and in a few days we saw the city of Devenport thought I would burst. One day the man, a slowly lute sight. I noticed, as we told me to go and help my friend feed cet through the city there were many the cattle, so I did and I fed the horana American flags flying and as we came and calves and caws and pigs. New finto Devenport two English vessels came and then we went to another house for a spider. One day t was spinning windown and she threw crumbs from The first time she came is the day.



which we were to be sorted, every thing In a few days we were taken to a for your things.

After a short and women. Who gave you your home, our American trains. reached Belgium. Then a few clothes, bands, sorrows, troubles and joys? Who? upstairs and looked in her mother's they had a quarrel. Mr. Teddy Bear and myself were taken God, of course.

to a poor woman whose husband and How many of you say your prayers? oldest son had been killed in this terrible That is something everybody ought to do war. She had five small children. As whether they are tired or not. If you Christmas was two days off, we were have not been doing it, start now, for it put away. The house could hardly be is not too late. called a

called a kome. There were but two rooms, a bedroom and a hitchen. In the bedroom were three low beds and a hymns and hear the wonderful stories chair. There was no rug nor carpet on about God and His Son? I know you will the floer and in the broken window was an old piece of rag. The kitchen was just about as bare; only a table, a few We siris and hove ought not to room chairs and a stove. They had been driven out of their coay little cottage at and play on Sunday, although I know 1 We girls and boys ought not to romp ariven out of their coay little cottage at Liege and had brought what little fur-niture they had to this little house. I noticed that while these Belgians were through before the book and the back and added a dollar every week. I guess it day, Everybody should read the Bible without that houk. I give this to read the bible through before they die. so poor, they were very clean. I could

not see a speck of dust anywhere. lay under this hed all night and in the morning I saw the children. I wondered By Eather Hahn, Aged 19 Years, David paper basket. which was to be my mistress. They City, Neb. Red Side.

On the Farm.

Last Christmas I was out on the farm.

We The Way to Happiness.

There was once a girl called Lucile Her father was very rich and lived in a That evening their mother told them large house. Lucile was very selfish. By turies. They looked for St. Nicholas as She had all the dolls she wanted, and they call Santa Claug, just as we do in for Christmas she would get a good deal

Omaha. I am a little brown coat. I just fit shoes by the stove they went to bed little 5-year-old Alice. One day as I were asleep their mether took us out and put us in the wooden shoes. They lived in an old house with four rooms in it. There were six shill heard Alice they were asleep their mether took to us out and put us in the wooden shoes. us out and put us in the wooden shoes. four rooms in it. There were six chil-"Oh, mamma, my teacher told ma The children were up very early and dren in the family. Lucile did not like when they saw us they nearly cried with them. They had a girl about Lucile's with presents for the poor little delight. I have never seen anyone so and girls whose papas are in the happy. The little girl that received me her, but when she would say to her This house held forty birds. Near the dressed very different and was much house and play." "I hate her," Lucile house straight down her back. Her cheeks would answer. ware not very rosy and she was very

One day she saw Mary going up town. "I will wash her face with snow," thought opened their bundles, much to my delight her down. Mary's face was nearly frozen drink from the sides or bathe in the when she got up. She did not say a dish without fear of its tipping over family many years and soon learned to word, but went on up town.

a nickel to buy some candy. When Mary he nothing left of the feast. had hought it she heard Lucille say. "I wish I had some candy, but I would t have to go all the way home to get the This cake was baked on purpose for the money." Mary turned around and called her. Lucile came and Mary gave her some candy. When Lucie came home she

A Spider.

your trendles and when you are sick think to yourself, "I am not bearing as much pain as Jesus did. My pain is not was a silver dollar. She asked her showed her the stitch. Anna took her mother if she could spend it as she tatting out of her bag and started to tat.

Girls, you know when you receive a pleased. Her mother said she could. Pretty soon the clock struck nine. "We doll or buggy, dishes or beds, you never She started for the bookseller's. She must go home," said Anna, and laid her think that God gave them to you. You picked out the book she liked best and shuttle on the table to go and put her think that just your mother, father, gave it to the bookseller to wrap up. He coat on.

doormat the day you lost your dollar, and

These boards were placed in the back

bread crumbs and strings of popcots on

On Christmas day she went out to call

brother, sister, cousin or other relations handed it back to her. She reached down Next day Florence said, "I wound my gave them to you, and you only thank into her apron pocket to get the dollar, shuttle with some of your blue thread." them. You are wrong, for God made then gave a little start. Her dollar was Later Anna wanted to tat. She went to men took me and put me into a pile that it into the minds of these people to get bookseller, and looked all the way going "Now, Miss," she said to Florence, them for you. You ought to thank God, home, but it was of no use. She did not "where is my shuttle?" "I never had for your things.

depot and put on a train. It was not like It is the same way with the boys, men thought seized her. She had put some "You were the last one at my bag and money in her mother's purse for her, and so you must have mislaid it. You are journey on train and then on boat, we father, mother, relations, wives, hus. it might have slipped in there. She ran always losing something of mine." So

ourse, but the dollar there had a differ-In about two weeks Miss Hillman asked ent date on it than the one she had re- them to come up again, so Anna and ceived, from her aunt. Florence went. Bella was sick and could Several years after this Maggie and her aunt were walking together, when Mag-gie's aunt said, "Come, let us go home, be I could not bring it." as I have something there for you."

"Why, you left it here at my house?" When they got home, her sunt gave her Miss Hillman said. a roll of bills. She said, "Take these.

Anna blushed crimson. On their way Do you remember the sliver dollar that home Anna said, "Excuse me, Florence, you lost on your birthday several years for saying you took it. I will never again ago?" Maggie told her she did. Her accuse anyone until I am sure." aunt said, "I found that dollar on the

The Surprise, Party.

By Mary E. Grevson, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb., Box 401. Blue Side. I will tell the Busy Bees about the surprise party we had on on our school make up for your disappointment several teacher, whose name is Miss Scheibe On Wednesslay, January 3, we had planned it. All of the pupils were to be I hope my story escapes the waste in on it, all those who wanted to. The president of it was a boy. We were to bring cake, sandwiches, pickles, fruits Ethelyn Berger, Aged 13 Years, 905 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha. Biue Side. good. But the night soon came, and we Grandmother and grandfather were al- to the door, and we all yelled: "Surprise! ways great friends of the birds. Grand- Surprise!" Our teacher stood motionless father had built a large house on the for about ten seconds, and then she said: "Come in, children.

We went in and took off our wraps mother, "I don't have anything to do," harn are a lot of trees-seven-in a row, and went in the parlor and played games her mother would may. "Go over to Mary's In each one of these he had placed a bird such as "tin-tin," "chewing the string. felling jokes and riddles. About 1 Grandmother had three little boards o'clock we had our supper. It was very with smaller boards fitted around the in- good for hungry boys and girls. At 10:30 side. Within these smaller boards she we went home with happy hearts. Lucile. So she ran up to her and pulled placed deep tin dishes. The birds could I hope Mr. Waste Basket is taking his examinations.

New Busy Bee.

Lucil Gibson, Clarks, Neb. Blue Side, I read this page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I go to school every day and helped her home. Lucile did not mother's custom to give the birds a holl- and like my teacher. I wish to join the

In Warring Countries.

By Gortrude Nielson, Aged 13 Years, Gen-eral Delivery, Fremont, Neb. Red Bide. the birds and gave them cake crumbs. I am going to tell you about war. I do not know if it will interest you.

birds and had things she know they liked. Now, think if we were in Europe: All of the birds knew grandmother's could get but some dry bread? and for call and grew very tame. They would a whole day could not taste a bit of church we went to a big house. Here told her mother what Mary had done for eat out of her hand, but the least move bread. And do you not think that the mother gets tears in her eyes when the Grandmother never missed a 'aingle children come and ask where their father Christmus for the birds, and when she is, or for some bread and she has none was too aick to leave her chair she sat I will tell you one story I read. A by the window and watched her friends. woman whose son was in war found out When we arrived at the building in dinner and stayed until 4 o'clock. On our my web in a woman's house, and she her chair. They were great company for be all right soon." But the third day

tiful spring gowns, all pink and white. She has great rolls of waxen curls, big blue eyes and oh dear me, when you see her dainty little feet and pink shoes and stockings, you'll just want to eat her up.

> Mildred wil 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, February 6,

Mildred's picture will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pic-tures in the paper for you, too. See how many pictures of Mildred you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4:00 p.m. Saturday, February 6.

You can see "Mildred" at The Bee Office

1999

The skates for this week were won by Leoland Shipman, 1255 So. 13th St., with 431 pictures.



for our Busy Bee Boys



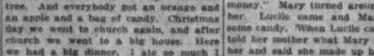
Barney & Berry. American Club, Nickel Plated, Tempered Welded Steel Blades. Sizes to fit.

This picture of one of the Skates will be in The Bee every day this week,

Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pic-tures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office next Satur-day.

The Skates wil be given Free to the boy that sends us the most pictures before 4 P. M. Saturday, February 6.

done for her.



The next day Lucile went out skating. Mary was coming along when she saw Lucie fall. She ran and helped her up Every Christmas it was always grand-

tell her mother about what Mary had day feast. She ticd bits of suet, bones, Blue side. The next day Mary's mother gave her the tree. In a few seconds there would

we had a big dinner. I ate so much I har and said she made up her mind that and away they would go. Mary was a better girl than she was.

Grandmother's Birds.

years ago."