

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

NEXT Wednesday will be the day of all the year to which the boys and girls look forward and for which we have all been planning for weeks. As this will be her only opportunity the Busy Bee editor wishes every one of our boys and girls a Merry Christmas. Several of the Busy Bees have sent Yuletide greetings to the editor by letter and postal, all of which she greatly appreciates. One of the prettiest of these cards came from Gail Howard, our former queen of the blue side. Gail is still much interested in the blue team and writes that she will try hard to win a prize or two to help out the new queen, Nora A. Cullen of Omaha.

Both the king and queen have written stories for our page this week and each has written a letter which we must all be sure to read.

Ever so many of the writers forgot this week to state whether their stories were original, so these stories had to be thrown in the basket. The editor is always sorry to reject a story, but the rules must be complied with.

One of our girls, Ruby Denny of Casper, Wyo., writes that she has been unable to attend school of late because of a badly sprained ankle.

Several of the Busy Bees have sent in their pictures of late which will be used soon. Among them is a picture of a little girl leaning against a chair, that has neither name nor address; the editor could not even make out the postmark. Will the sender of this picture please send her name and address to the Busy Bee editor immediately so that the picture can be used with the others.

Joseph Kolar, age 14 years, 1912 South Eighth street, won the first prize this week and Florence Pettijohn, age 14, Long Pine, Neb., won second. Both prize stories were won by the red team, giving them four prize stories, while the blue team have only two. Honorary mention was given to Nora A. Cullen, age 13 years, 3212 Webster street, Omaha, queen of the Busy Bees.

Among those who have postal cards to exchange with any of the other Busy Bees are: Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Grd. Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Alnaworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Roebe, 2669 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholome, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Faye Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1827 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enos, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

On Christmas Morning



"WAITING FOR SANTA'S CALL."

the two were great friends and both were inseparable.

The Eve Before Christmas

By Florence Pettijohn, Aged 14 Years, Long Pine, Neb. Red.

"I'm afraid not, dearie; Santa doesn't visit poor folks."

"But, Mamma, teacher read a story to us, and she said Santa didn't never forget anybody."

"Well, darling, where children have money, Santa goes, but when their mamma has to wash for a living, Santa doesn't usually come. But don't mind, dearie, you and mamma will manage somehow to have a nicer dinner than usual."

This conversation took place in a low tenement room of Chicago. At the same time, in one of the wealthy homes, a young lady was talking to her brother.

"John, if you won't take me there tonight, I'll go alone."

"Oh, sis, there's no use in your going tonight. You're almost sick with a cold now. That child can get along without you tonight."

"If you refuse, I'll go alone. Jennie's poor, and has no one, save her mother, who is too poor to buy anything for her."

"Well, if you're set on it, I'll go along, of course," and out he went for his overcoat.

Carefully they climbed the stairs toward Jennie's home. Jennie and her mother were asleep. John opened the door for her, and sister slipped into the room and deposited the presents on a bench.

During the night Jennie awoke.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I do believe Santa was here."

To please Jennie, her mother lit the lamp, and sister slipped into the room and deposited the presents on a bench.

"He has been," cried Jennie. After studying carefully all of the presents, she dropped off to sleep.

(Honorary Mention.)

A Merry Christmas

By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 13 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue.

It was Christmas eve and there was a great deal of snow on the ground. John and Flo were very glad that morning when they took their first peep out of the bedroom window and saw the snow. They thought of the good time they would have with their sled which they received last Christmas.

After breakfast they bundled up and taking their sled went to the top of the hill. What a long slide they had down to the foot. They were out sliding nearly all day and when they came into the house that night they were very tired, but resolved to stay up and wait for Santa Claus.

They were trying to stay awake, and they had only an hour longer to wait for him, but they received some sand from the sandman's bag into their eyes, and also, they were not asleep, each curled up in a pecking chair. Their mother put them to bed and they dreamt all night of St. Nicholas.

They arose early next morning and going into the parlor saw a beautiful Christmas tree, all lit with candles. On the top of the tree there was a beautiful gilt star in memory of the star of Bethlehem. They found their toys hanging from its branches, but what was the nicest of all, was John's mechanical toy. This toy was Santa Claus dressed in red and driving his eight reindeers. On his back was a sack of toys.

Margaret's Christmas

By Margaret, Aged 10 Years, O'Neill, Neb. Blue.

Margaret was a poor girl, with a mother and two brothers living. Margaret was 8 and her brothers were scarcely 2 years old. Her mother sent her down town, where she saw something black lying in the street. She picked it up and found it was a purse. She opened it and found \$100. She was running home to tell her mother the good news, when a man asked her if she found a purse containing \$100. She answered "yes." He asked her where she lived. She answered, "212 Clark street." The children hung up their stockings Christmas eve in Margaret's home, and her mother was putting out the light when a richly-dressed man entered with presents for Margaret and her mother and brothers. He already began to snow. Bobbie was also an invitation to Mr. Brown's house (for that was the man's name) for dinner. It was a very happy Christmas for the little family.

Teacher's Pet

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 10 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

"Here comes teacher's pet," said some little girls. "Teacher's pet" was a gentle little girl of about 5 or 6 years old. She was dressed rather shabbily.

"Hello, teacher's pet," said Kathryn.

"Hello," replied the girl, and she laid her head down on her desk. Miss Oldfield, teacher of the first A, looked up from her writing and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing much," said Margaret.

Miss Oldfield had noticed that the girls did not care for Margaret as much as they did. That night she asked all but Margaret up to her house. Margaret didn't know about it. When all were there she said: "Children, let's have a surprise party for Margaret and get her a present. She is very poor." The children agreed. But as they walked home Kathryn said

Brave Freddy and His Sacrifice

By Maud Walker.

AS THE children went home from school one evening, just a week before Christmas, their attention was attracted to a new toy shop that had just unrolled its great show windows in which were every conceivable sort of toy dear to the heart of child.

Among the interested throng of little ones who stopped to feast their eyes on the holiday display, and to point out with cold-red fingers the special toys they wished they might possess, was Freddy Smith, a quiet, serious-faced little fellow 10 years of age. His eyes did not stop at the skates, balls, guns, drums and other boyish toys displayed in such profusion, but wandered over the gay things dear to little girls. At last they grew round and wistful as they dwelt on a great wax doll with yellow curls and red kid slippers. Freddy's heart beat more rapidly in his warm little breast as he said to himself: "Oh, if I could only think of some way to get it for Totty! Wouldn't she be just too happy, though? My, she'd get well fast, she would, with that dollie in her lap to play with!"

Then, feeling cold—for his coat was none too heavy and warm—Freddy, with a long longing look at the great doll, went on homeward. And after his chores were done he sat beside the stove in the kitchen, watching his mother prepare their supper, and told the school news to his little sister, Totty, who was so ill that she had to be propped up with pillows in a big chair.

At the table the subject turned upon the coming great event to which all children looked with eager anticipation—Christmas. But not a word did Freddy say about the great doll with the yellow curls and red kid slippers. He did not want to rouse Totty's expectation, her hopes, till he felt sure they might be realized. Of the new toy shop he spoke and of the different toys displayed there. But on the subject nearest his heart he kept silent.

The mother of Freddy and Totty was a poor widow, earning a livelihood for herself and children by her needle. And sometimes her earnings were very small, just enough to keep shelter and food for her dear little ones and herself, with nothing to spare for simple, innocent pleasure of any kind.

And the winter promised to be a long, cold one, with high prices on fuel and food. So, it will be seen, that the idea of spending any of the poor mother's earnings for toys never once entered the head of helpful little Freddy. But in his heart there was a plan growing, a plan of which he would speak to no one till he was sure of its development.

The next evening as he passed the new toy shop on his way home he stopped again



ON HIS WAY HOME HE STOPPED AGAIN AT THE WONDERFUL WINE



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 300 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.

Fido and His Master

By Joseph Kolar, Aged 14 Years, 1912 South Eighth Street, Omaha, Red.

Once there was a very large dog named Fido and his little master's name was Eddie. On the shore, close to where he lived, was a bluff about twenty feet high and very steep. It was composed mostly of sand and gravel, and anybody would hesitate to climb it. At the bottom of the shore was firm when the tide was out, but when the waves came dashing against it, it was about six feet deep.

One day Eddie was lost from the house and mamma looked for him everywhere, but no Eddie was to be found. She became very much alarmed and then she rang the bell which called the farm hands to dinner. Soon everyone was searching for the child. Suddenly someone thought of the bluff and if he was there he might be drowned now. The man scarcely dared to look over the top, lest he should see his little body floating in the water.

But what was that sound that reached his ears as he bent over? It certainly was Eddie's voice, and he held his breath to listen.

"That's it, Fido, pull hard; Eddie will hold on tight."

"Then 'Does it hurt, Fido? Poor doggie; we are almost up."

He dared not look over for fear of startling the pair, but he lay close to the place where they were ascending in readiness to help them as soon as they appeared at the top. In a moment up came the faithful dog, panting and nearly dead with fatigue, with Eddie clinging to his tail. After that day

gray chatter and bright face of Freddy, who was a genuinely good son and brother, making happy the hearts of those he loved so well.

But bedtime always found Freddy at home, sometimes pretty tired, too. But the radiance of his countenance pronounced the fact that the cause of his lateness and tiredness was most satisfactory to him. And never once did his mother question him regarding his little secret. She had great faith in Freddy and knew that he would do nothing wrong, and that all in good time she would know what he was doing evenings.

And so came the last day before Christmas Eve. The town was in a turmoil of excitement. Shops were thronged with shoppers, streets jammed with delivery wagons and pedestrians, all rushing pell-mell on their errands pertaining to the

great event so close at hand. But in the afternoon a heavy snowstorm set in and the temperature fell to zero. Freddy, busy as a bee, did not notice the cold as he ran about the town deliriously packing away from the new toy shop where the doll, with the yellow curls and red kid slippers, was reposing in a pasteboard box awaiting the hour when he should carry her away.

But toward evening the snow had become so heavy on the ground, and was drifting so, that getting about on foot was almost out of the question, and soon the streets were deserted, people hurrying to their homes to seek shelter from so terrible a storm.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled Freddy. "It's a regular old blizzard. Well, I'm most through; got only three more bundles to deliver; then I'll go to the shop and get the dollie and make for home as fast as a pair of half-frozen legs will carry me through snowdrifts high as my head."

When, about 9 o'clock that night, Freddy returned to the toy shop from his work of delivering toys, the good saleswoman who had helped him to accomplish his supreme wish by giving him plenty of work during the last holiday week, declared that he must stop long enough in the shop to get good and warm before setting out for home. But Freddy's heart was so full of warmth that he didn't mind the cold in his little body, and so impatient was he to be off for home, with the precious doll in his arms, that he would not stop a minute longer than he was obliged to. There was a settlement to make for his work, and after the good saleswoman had counted up the amount due Freddy it was found that not only had he earned the doll, but \$1 in money was to be paid to him. Freddy's heart beat high as he wrapped the doll in a crisp and new—in his hands, he slipped the dollie and make for home as fast as a pair of half-frozen legs will carry me through snowdrifts high as my head.

Then he struck into something very high and cold. It was an old billboard, and

to Florence, "I told you she was teacher's pet."

Christmas eve arrived and the children started for the party. Kathryn walked up to the door and knocked. A woman answered the door.

"Margaret here?"

"Margaret came and then all the children burst in upon her. They brought their supper along and presented to Margaret a beautiful dress and a doll."

It is needless to say how pleased she was. They played games until time to go home for her.

"It is all right," said Kathryn. "I had such an aunt as Margaret's aunt Eunice, I'd want to be your teacher's pet to make up for it."

Margaret, Florence, Marjory and Kathryn are the best of friends now and they no longer call Margaret "teacher's pet."

Both a Birthday and Christmas Party

By Hulda Lundberg, Aged 13 Years, 348 South I Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

It was December 21 and the snowflakes were falling fast. The cold north wind showed that the weather was getting colder. Sleighbells were heard here and there and the children were outdoors sliding down hills on their sleds.

Mrs. Mason had planned a surprise party for her little daughter, Gertrude, as her birthday was on Christmas day. Mrs. Mason had written the invitations. The party was to begin at 8:30 in the morning and all were to have a nice time. That night Gertrude went to bed thinking of the things Santa Claus would give her.

Gertrude awoke very early in the morning when she found a large doll and a sled and a talk. On the box was marked "Price \$5." Gertrude was very proud of the doll. The next morning at 8:30 the guests arrived, there being about thirty of them present. They all gave Gertrude a splendid surprise. Then they all played games and went outdoors for a sleighride. They had a fine ride, as the snow was now about four feet deep.

When they began to get cold they came home, where a splendid Christmas dinner was awaiting them. They all ate a hearty meal and were then given little Christmas souvenirs. They played many games inside and then had plenty of popcorn and candy. They also had a large Christmas tree trimmed with prettiest things. At 9:30 the party ended and the guests went home, declaring that they had a fine time and that it was the best party they had ever been to.

Margaret's Christmas

By Margaret, Aged 10 Years, O'Neill, Neb. Blue.

Margaret was a poor girl, with a mother and two brothers living. Margaret was 8 and her brothers were scarcely 2 years old. Her mother sent her down town, where she saw something black lying in the street. She picked it up and found it was a purse. She opened it and found \$100. She was running home to tell her mother the good news, when a man asked her if she found a purse containing \$100. She answered "yes." He asked her where she lived. She answered, "212 Clark street." The children hung up their stockings Christmas eve in Margaret's home, and her mother was putting out the light when a richly-dressed man entered with presents for Margaret and her mother and brothers. He already began to snow. Bobbie was also an invitation to Mr. Brown's house (for that was the man's name) for dinner. It was a very happy Christmas for the little family.

Bobbie's Lesson

By Lillian Merwin, Aged 13 Years, Beaver City, Neb. Red.

It was a cold, dreary day in December, it had already begun to snow. Bobbie was in his workshop making his sister a Christmas present. He always made her something. And this Christmas he was making her something extra nice.

He had just begun to make it when he thought he heard somebody calling. He thought it was his mamma calling him to get some wood for her. He said he never would get his present done if he had to stop and run errands every little while. So he hid under a box. His mother opened the door and looked in. She did not see anybody and supposed he had gone out to the barn to get something, so she went out there, but could not find him.

His Aunt Carry had come to take him a sleigh ride. Bobbie's mother went out and told Carry that she could not find him. Aunt Carry was very sorry, for she had planned to have him go with her.

At night when Bobbie came down to supper his mother asked where he had been.

"Why, I have been in my room all afternoon," said Bobbie.

"Why, Bobbie," said mamma, "Aunt Carry came to take you a sleigh ride, and I went up to your room and could not find you."

The Deciding Game

By Willie Morris, Aged 13 Years, 2424 Franklin St., Omaha, Red.

Alfred was an ordinary boy who had a love for football. He had been trying for a long time to get his mother to consent to his playing the game, but she persistently refused to let him play. He would go to every practice.

One Thanksgiving afternoon the team was going to play a game with some boys of another district. They were going to play on the other team's ground. Alfred kept on teasing his mother to let him play in the game, and at last she consented on condition that if he got hurt in any way, it would be the end of his football playing. Alfred lost no time in getting to the place where they were to play. It was a hard and well-fought game. The first half of the game ended without an accident, but almost at the end of the game a large boy collided with Alfred and Alfred came home with a dislocated shoulder. He was sick for about a month. His mother asked him if he had got enough of football and he said "Yes."

Poor Tommy

There was a small boy named Tom Swift, who fell in a great big snowdrift. A man passing by heard young Tommy cry, "If you please, sir, come give me a lift!"

was turning a corner, when he stumbled over something. He picked it up and puffed it and it was something furry. He walked on, still with the little furry thing in his arms. He got so tired he thought he must lie down and go to sleep. He heard the town clock strike and he was very surprised; then he suddenly thought that he must have lost his way. He soon fell asleep and when he awoke in the morning the little furry thing was still in his arms. It was a little brown dog. Fred looked around to see where he was and found that he was miles away from the house he had started to the night before. He was very happy with the little dog and hurried home with it. When he reached home his parents ran to meet him, and they all said it was the happiest Christmas they had ever had.

After Fred had told his story, his father took some of the little bit of money he had and put a notice in the paper, but no one claimed the little dog, and Fred said he thought it was the happiest Christmas he had ever had, too.

A Happy Christmas

By Ethel Staker, Aged 13 Years, South Omaha, Neb. Blue.

There was once a poor little girl who had no father or mother and was all alone in the world. And now that Christmas was drawing near, she began to feel very sad, for she knew there would be no Christmas for her.

That afternoon as she was hurrying down the street she ran into an old gentleman who was just getting out of his carriage. She quickly begged his pardon and was going on when the old gentleman said, "Stop a moment, little girl."

The old lady said, "Whose little girl are you?" she said.

"I am nobody's little girl," she said.

"My father and mother are both dead."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "suppose you come and live with me. I have nobody to love me, neither have you, so come home and live with me," and the little girl did, and she never again had an unhappy Christmas.

How Elsie Went to the Circus

By Estelle McDonald, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

It was just one day till the circus and little Elsie was wondering how she would get 25 cents to go. The next day the tent was up and still little Elsie did not have any money. Just then her mamma called her and gave her 50 cents and told her to go and get 25 cents worth of bread and bring the change back. Elsie went and as she was coming she said, "I have just got 25 cents. Oh, if it was only mine." Then she thought that she would take the money and tell her mother that she lost it. When Elsie got home she left the bread and ran away as fast as she could so that her mother would not see her. She was not far from home when she saw a man in a large tent. There she saw many funny things that she had not seen before.

After the circus was over she went home but she did not feel very good and she wished that she had not gone to the circus. That night she was putting her bed to bed she asked her what she had done with the change. Elsie sank back in her chair. But after a little pause, she said, "I went to the circus." Her mother said that she would forgive her this time but never to do it again.

A Turkey's Thanksgiving

By Gertrude Owen, Aged 10 Years, 2111 Empet St., Omaha.

It was the day before Thanksgiving and the biggest of the turkeys was strutting about the barnyard, when he heard Mrs. Gray say to the children that they must look around for the fattest turkey because tomorrow would be Thanksgiving. So, Mr. Turkey ran all over the farm yard he could run some of the fat off, but it was of no use, for tomorrow the end of his life was to come; so he went to his friends and said, "Goodby." Of course, they were all sad to see him go. That night when he went to see him go. That night when he went to see him go. That night when he went to see him go.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Greetings from King and Queen.

Dear Editor: I am sending you a letter and another story. In your letter you asked me to send my picture to you. I have had no picture taken recently, so I went and had it taken Wednesday. The man said that I won't get my picture till Friday of next week. I guess I will send it by mail or bring it up Saturday. Yours truly, JOSEPH KOLAR, King Bee, Omaha.

Dear Editor: I was very much surprised to see I had the honor of being chosen queen for the next three months, and I wish to thank the Busy Bees for their votes. I will try my best to be a faithful queen.

I send in a story called "A Merry Christmas" and I hope it will be printed. I am very glad the Blue side won, and I am anxious to see which side wins the prize stories next Sunday.

Wishing you and all the Busy Bees a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am, your queen, NORA A. CULLEN, Omaha.

The Best Christmas They Ever Had

By Dorothy Hill, Aged 12 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb. Red.

We were all sitting around the fire, when what we hear on the window but soft, fleecy snow. Fred had gone for the milk to a house half a mile away.

It was a Christmas eve and a very cold night. Fred was only 10 years old and it was very dark, but he was brave. He was thinking of what he wanted for Christmas and what he knew he wouldn't get. But he hurried on. He wanted a little dog very badly, but his father had lost his job and was poor.

It was very dark and a blizzard was coming on. Fred walked on faster. He

