

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to every one of the Busy Bees. The editor is very sure that all had a Merry Christmas and a busy one, too, for only three stories have come in this week. But, of course, everyone has many things to do Christmas week. We have plenty of stories, however, as so many have been sent in recently that all could not be used and we are just beginning to get to the last of them.

This week we begin a new year. The editor is very proud of the boys and girls who contribute to our page, but let us see if we cannot make a record this new year and not a single one of us fail to comply with all the rules of our story writing contest.

The first prize for the best original story this week was awarded to Emma Kostal, aged 14 years, of South Omaha; second prize to Ruby G. Denny, aged 11 years, Casper, Wyo., and honorary mention was given to Vivs V. Shabata, aged 12 years, of Wilber, Neb.

Each week new names are being added to the postal card exchange and the list now includes: Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O Street, South Omaha; Florence Pettjohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reebe, 2609 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 Bartholmer, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louisa Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmount, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1645 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Three of the Busy Bee Family



ADA, RUTH AND PAULINE MORRIS OF OMAHA.

was the happiest Teddy Bear in the world.

The Barnyard Turkey

(Honorary Mention.)
By Vivs V. Shabata, Aged 12 Years, Wilber, Neb.

The first that I remember was in a barnyard with other queer looking creatures, some of which said, "quack, quack," and others, "peep, peep," while some, like myself, made a sound like "gobble, gobble." Here I decided was to be my home. Things went on pleasantly for a long time until one day, a stranger came into the yard and picked me out for his Christmas dinner. They had hard work catching me, for I did not want to leave the rest of my playmates. My happiest days were over when they put me in the sack and carried me away.

When the man got home he took me out of the sack and chopped my head off, which hurt very much. This ended my earthly life and I entered upon one more like a dream.

His wife plucked my feathers off and used them for stove-cleaners. They dressed me and put me ready for the oven, and then laid me flat on my back in a large roasting pan with a tight-fitting cover, which I knew I couldn't get out of. She then had me ready for the oven and I don't think my friends in the barn-yard would have known me if they had seen me. I don't see what could have done this and they should put me into such a hot place as I then found myself. I couldn't get out anyway, so I had to stay there until I was brown and crisp.

I was taken out of the oven and put on the table with a great many other things. I saw many of the aunts, uncles and cousins at the table.

When they saw me they said, "How good he looks, we can hardly wait until we eat him." The man then raised his large carving-knife and here ended my dream.

Here he woke up and began to rub his eyes and wonder about the dream, and he said to himself, "If I do work in my father's rice field it will grow up to be rich, manly and brave."

How Martha Found a Home

By Lillian Wirt, Aged 8 Years, 4153 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb.

One day a little girl was walking along in New York. It was very cold, but she had on nothing but a pink dress and a red shawl and a pair of slippers that were too big for her.

After a while she got out of the business section of the city and the first thing that her eyes rested on was a beautiful house. How she wished that she lived there. "My goodness," she said, staring at it as if it were a palace, "if that house is so big I should think there'd be room for me too. I'm going to see."

So she went up the stone steps into the lawn and across the lawn to the porch and across it to the door.

She rang the bell, and presently a servant appeared at the door. "What do you want, miss?" he asked. "I want the lady who lives here." "All right," and he disappeared.

Inside the house a lady was sitting. One Sunday morning she was getting ready for church when her canine dog from the cage, Bella, the cat, came in. Her mother called and told her and she said, "In a minute." But when she came down Bella had it dead. She began to cry, but her mother told her it was of no use.

Next day she was at school and her ribbon was untied. Miss Adams, the teacher, called upon her to read, but she said, "Wait a minute," but the teacher called on her playmate, Freda E. George. After reading she was getting her arithmetic. Freda said she was whispering and the teacher called her to go to the cloakroom, but she said, "Wait a minute." The teacher stamped her foot and said, "Go." "Yes, I can," said the student. But at last she went. Freda had to stand in the corner. When the others had gone home to dinner she was punished and also Freda. Dorothy hasn't stopped the habit yet of saying "Wait a minute."

Nonsense Verse.



There was a small girl gaily dressed
In a frock that was made of the best;
A cart passing by
Threw some mud very high,
The little girl cried: "I'm distressed!"
JACK JUGGLERS.

you talking about?"
"Why, some geese flew into the room and took the feathers from my pillow and some horses came in and tore my mattress to pieces and the sheep took my shawl and tore the carpet and some bees came in and ate my doll's head up."
"Why, Fannie, everything is as nice as before. You have been dreaming."

How Santa Remembered Jed

By Clara Miller, Aged 8 Years, Utica, Neb.

It was a week before Christmas and Jed Morris had not written a letter to Santa yet, and when he came home from school his mother told him he had better write and tell Santa what he wanted for Christmas. This is his letter:

Whitefish, Mont., Dec. 18, 1907.
Dear Santa: Please bring me a pair of skates, a sled, a book named Jed, the Poor-house Boy, and a new suit for Xmas.

Yours truly,
Jed Morris.

"Tomorrow night is Christmas eve."
"I wonder if old Santa is going to bring me what I told him."
"What did you tell him to bring you?"
"I told him to bring me skates, a sled, a book, and a new suit."
"Well, don't you think you are asking too much," said his mother.
"I don't know," replied Jed.

The next day Jed was playing with his comrades, Jack who had asked a ball, sled, shoes and a mitten, and a very kind girl, Mrs. Morris said, with a smile, and then she closed the door and went back to bed. Pretty soon it was morning and Jed got up. What a sight met his eyes when he saw the Xmas tree with lots of toys and presents. Santa has always remembered Jed.

The Travels of a Bracelet

By Ruth Robinson, Aged 13 Years, Little Sioux, Ia. Red.

A little girl who lived in Cedar had started to go down town.

She had got almost there when she looked at her arm and her bracelet was gone. It was one that her Uncle Benny had given her and she was lost at sea. She was very sorry and hunted all over for it, but could not find it. She went home and told her mamma, and she helped hunt, but could not find it. While they were hunting a little boy found it. He had no mother or father and the only relation was a little sister, and she had always wanted a bracelet but was so poor they could not get one. She was so delighted and wore it all the time. One day she met a little boy who was very naughty; he had an old brass bracelet and ring which he had got with candy.

He told the little girl he would give her the ring and bracelet for the bracelet she had on her arm.

Of course the little girl did not know any better, and thought she was getting the best. But her brother told her they were only brass and she was very sorry.

The little boy thought he had made a good trade, which he had. He put it in his pocket and went out to the gutter to play; he dropped the bracelet into it, but he did not know it. He went off, and after a while he felt in his pocket and it was gone. He hunted but did not find it.

One day some boys were playing in the gutter and one of them stepped on it; he picked it up and looked at it.

It was not bright any more, but he said "I'll take it home to Sis and she can have it, and so he did and she brightened it up and sent it to her rich cousin who lived a block away.

About a year afterward this girl moved away and forgot and left the bracelet on a shelf, and the little girl who had in the first place lost it moved in and found it and then she went to these people who had had it and found out its history, and this is the travels of a bracelet.

Buddy's Exciting New Year's Eve

By Zeonta Colliester.

IT WAS New Year's eve, and a dark and stormy one. The kind of night when the wind clutches the casement in its giant fingers and rattles it as though some demon of the darkness were abroad superintending the work. The snow fell heavily, piling up great drifts wherever an obstacle came in its way. And it filled the window ledges and leveled the porch steps at the home of the Weatherbys.

Inside the Weatherby house the gloom of the night was very little less than without. True, a bright fire crackled in the big, black cooking range in the cheerful kitchen, and the rays from a well kept kerosene lamp penetrated to the deepest corners of the room, which a more uncertain light would have transformed into caverns peopled with such wild animals and goblins as only a night of storm and loneliness could bring forth.

A very disconsolate and frightened little creature sat shivering in the cheering heat from the big range, out of whose oven came the delicious odor of roasting fowl, filled with sage-flavored dressing and swimming in rich gravy.

Buddy Weatherby by name, and alone, was the shivering and silent little creature. And his nostrils had long since ceased to sniff at the appetizing evening dinner cooking in the oven. Half an hour earlier—when the clock would have prevented his starting from the town, whether he had been obliged to go on business that morning. But even though this disappointment had been feared, Buddy had been very content in his dear mamma's company. While the fat fowl baked in the oven she had sat beside Buddy, reading to him from a book of strange and wondrous tales. The story chosen by Buddy was one of a young prince in a dense forest filled with goblins and dragons. Buddy knew the story almost by heart, and was preparing to suffer

the book from the table and began turning the leaves, hunting for the cracking point; but the youthful prince—the one whom mamma had just been reading about—in courageous encounter with a strange creature of the forest. (You see, Buddy was a little chap, and could not read the text, but could read the stories from the pictures). For a few minutes he followed the youthful prince of adventure; but this only served to increase his fear. True, the pictures were of strange beasts and people of the forest; but might not they be found in the copse at the foot of the hill, a quarter of a mile distant? On dark nights, when he walked with his father past the patch of wood and dense undergrowth, he felt sure that he heard strange noises issuing forth from their depths. But at such times he felt brave, for the big, strong father was with him, holding his little chubby hand. Besides that, his papa always carried the lantern, the light of which was such a protection against the dangers of the wood.

Oh, if that big father were only here now!

Every muscle in Buddy's already tense body stiffened to the cracking point; every drop of blood seemed to go out of his heart, and he could not move or speak. He felt like one in a nightmare, only he was wide awake.

Listen once more! Yes, unquestionably he had heard a step. It was not yet upon that porch, but it was rapidly approaching that place. And next it would be at the front door. Yes, there it was, stumbling and stamping where the mat lay all covered with snow. And now a hand was on the door knob trying to turn it! It was not an animal, then, nor a goblin nor a dragon!

It was worse than any of these creatures—it was of a course it was a pirate or a bandit! It had hands—that was the proof. Buddy glanced hurriedly about, his blue eyes wide and full of terror. There seemed no avenue of escape, for to go out by the kitchen door would mean to run into the arms of the pirate's confederate. And were no confederate there the darkness, appalling in its denseness, would get him in its clutch.

Ah, the steps were leaving the front porch and going round to the back door by way of the plank walk. Buddy heard them perfectly. Step, step, step, first the right foot, then the left. No time for deliberation now. Buddy knew that the latch of the kitchen door was minus a screw. It could be burst off with slight pressure. He looked for some place to hide. Ah, the closet, where mamma kept the folded clothes. Into it he rushed, grabbing up a pair of scissors from mamma's work basket as he went. Into the depths of the closet he tumbled and closed the door behind him. Now total darkness! He clutched hard at the scissors, determined to use them as a weapon of self-defense if need be.

A long time passed; in Buddy's mind a whole night; by the clock just three minutes. Then a most terrible thing happened. Buddy could hear it perfectly plain. One of the kitchen windows was being raised. Horror of horrors! And then a gust of cold air rushed under the closet door. The brigand or pirate was in the house. And now loud the footsteps were on the bare floor. They went to the pantry. Dishes rattled. Ah, the pirate meant to devour their New Year's dinner that was browning in the oven. And after eating that the terrible man would smell Buddy's blood. Perhaps he would then devour him. Buddy had heard his mother read of how the giant



Little Stories by Little Folks

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
- First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

A Mouse in the Pantry

Emma Rostad, Aged 14 Years, 1516 O Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

An old man used to say to his granddaughter, when she used to be out of temper or naughty in any way, "Mary, Mary, take care—there's a mouse in the pantry!" She used often to cease crying at this and stand wondering to herself what he meant, then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but she never found one.

One day she said, "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean; I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked so often." He smiled and said, "Come and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry; the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away at the good and that make you sometimes cross

"Amel't the blood of an Englishman." Although Buddy was not English his flesh might be found palatable. Buddy shut his eyes, shuddered and gripped his weapon tightly. He would fight! Yes, he would not be taken like a coward. Perhaps he had but one more moment to live. Ah, how he wished he might see his dear mamma and papa. What a horrible thing for his dear mamma to come home and find there,

although beside her kitchen fire, the terrible pirate eating from the bones of her darling Buddy. Tears of agony poured from Buddy's eyes at this picture, but he uttered not a sound.

But suddenly he opened his eyes and strained his ears. What sound was that? It was his mother's voice—oh, there could be no mistake in that. "Buddy, son, open the door quickly!" Buddy remembered now that he had the key in his little pocket. What should he do? He must go to his mamma's assistance—he must go and warn her of the terrible robber and man-eater who now walked so boldly about the kitchen. But what was that? The pirate was going to the door to admit his mother. He might catch her and carry her away forever. Buddy's heart stopped beating. Clutching the scissors bravely he kicked the closet door open and dashed out. He would strike the pirate down if he dared to injure his mother. His eyes were no longer shedding tears, they were as full of courage as the eyes of a young knight errant could possibly be.

But a few steps into the kitchen and Buddy stopped short. What a sight was there! His mother had come round to the kitchen door and was just entering, and—and the pirate—he was bending over and kissing her.

"Papa, mamma!" and Buddy ran laughing and crying into the arms of his parents. The pirate was no pirate after all, but Buddy's own dear father.

And as the three happy Weatherbys sat around the table, eating their New Year's dinner, Buddy told his story.

"I meant to fight, I did," he declared. "I had mamma's scissors, and if a pirate had been in the room I would have—"

"The gizzard for you, sonny," laughed Buddy's papa, helping his little son to a piece of the chicken.

and peevish. To keep them out you must set a trap—a trap of watchfulness."

A Christmas Adventure

By Ruby G. Denny, Aged 11 Years, Casper, Wyo. Blue.

My! but it was tiresome lying on the shelf. I was in a large store. All round me toys of every description. People were crowding in and out, their arms loaded with bundles. Some would stop, pick me up, admire my fur, and inquire whether I was imported or not. The children would kiss me and squeeze my sides to hear me squeak.

After a while a man came in. I will not waste time in describing him, but simply say that having examined me, he said something to the saleslady, who immediately wrapped me up and I was pushed into the man's pocket.

The next thing I knew I was in a beautiful room. There was one end of which stood a tree all decked in candles and bright toys. The light was so dazzling that I was on the point of closing my eyes when I discovered I had no eyelids. Stupid thing that made me!

A Roan & string was tied around my neck, and nearly choked to death. I was tied to the topmost branch of the tree, where I could view everything. I had been on the tree but a short time when some children came romping in. One little girl with blue eyes and golden curls immediately won my heart.

I was the last present to be given out, and to my delight I was given to the girl of my choice. She hugged and squeezed me unmercifully.

After a very happy evening I was tucked away in a cosy little bed, and

Tommy's Adventure
By Frank Sletton, Aged 14 Years, 2427 Burt Street, Omaha, Blue.

Tommy was 12 years old, and even at this age had evinced a strong desire for drink, tobacco and novels.

His mother had told him it would hurt, but with no effect. "Tommy had said: 'I guess I know what hurts me; I don't want your advice.'" His rude remarks made his mother feel sad.

One day Tommy was sent to town, and this day was a day of days in Tommy's history, as it made a big and more polite boy of him. While the tramps were joyed himself, but coming home at dark he was accosted by two tramps under the influence of liquor. Tommy was scared when he heard they were going to tie him to a tree and leave him. Seeing all their actions were caused by liquor Tommy suddenly had such a dislike for it he vowed he would never touch it and would obey his mother, which promise he kept faithfully.

Well, when they arrived at a suitable tree Tommy made a break for liberty. When Tommy came home and related his story he was surprised that his father and uncle winked at his mother. These tramps were his father and uncle in disguise, who had used this means of making him quit his bad habits.

The Dream of Chin Chu

By Lester Crow, Aged 13 Years, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue.

In the great empire of China there lived a little boy whose name was Chin Chu. He was a very good boy and had nice manners, but he had one fault, and that was he hated to work.

One day his father said, "Chin Chu, you must come out with me and help hoe the rice field." But Chin Chu said, "Oh, no, papa, I feel sick and I must go to bed." So he went to bed and was soon asleep. Now, when he was asleep he dreamed that he was working in his father's rice field, when he fell down overcome by the heat. But a Chinese god came and plucked him up and flew away with him to the mountains, where he made him work day and night, with only a little time to eat. But his father came and rescued him from the god and took him home, where he had to

Henry's Christmas

By Willis Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 3212 Webster Street, Omaha, Red.

Christmas was getting near and mamma asked little Henry what he would like for Christmas. He told her he wanted a wagon and a horn. She told him to write a letter to Santa Claus and tell him what he wanted. So Henry did this and he folded it and placed it in the stove, where he thought it would go up the chimney and then Santa Claus would find it.

Henry was very happy next day at school, for he was sure he would get what he wanted. He was at school his mother went down town and ordered an express wagon and a horn for him.

At last, Christmas morning came, and Henry saw a Christmas tree all lit up in the front room. He went and took down his stocking, which was hanging on the fireplace and it was full of candy and nuts. In it was his horn. But soon after this there was a knock at the door and a man said to Henry's mother: "Is this where Henry Brown lives?" Mrs. Brown said "yes," and he left at the door a wagon painted red. It was for Henry, and he thanked Santa Claus for his gift.

That same day he wrote a letter to Santa Claus thanking him for his wagon and horn. He sent this letter up the chimney, too. Every Christmas since then he sends a letter up the chimney to Santa Claus.

Teddy, the Rooster

By Ada Morris, Aged 14 Years, 234 Franklin Street, Omaha, Blue.

This is not a Teddy bear, but a Teddy rooster.

Teddy was the lonely hatch of 100 eggs from an incubator. The owner, not thinking it worth while to bother with one chick, gave it to his little neighbor girl, Agnes.

She was delighted with her gift and hurriedly but carefully carried it home. Agnes took great care of her pet and they soon became fast friends.

It is a funny sight to see Teddy standing in Agnes' white coat with Agnes pushing him about as if he were a baby.

He grew to be a very large rooster and knew no other name but Teddy. When Agnes goes to the door and calls Teddy there can be seen a large, scrawny rooster running toward her as fast as his legs can carry his large body. He runs to her and talks rooster talk, which means that he wants something to eat, and it is given to him by no one but Agnes.

Agnes put him to bed every night in the little go-cart and kisses him good by every morning before going to school, and Teddy will meet her before reaching home on her return.

Teddy knows no other home than with Agnes and he hopes he never will.

Fannie's Menagerie

By Margaret Langdon, Aged 8 Years, Greta, Neb. Blue.

"What a hot day!" "Why just look mother, it has just started to rain. I wish I could go out and play. If I had a coat of feathers like the ducks I wouldn't mind a little wetting, but I suppose I'll have to take a nap, so I will.

She lay on the bed and went to sleep. Flap, flap, flap! "What is that at the window?" In flew a dozen geese. "Quack, quack, quack! Where are our feathers?" They flew to Fannie's head and pounced upon the pillow and it was soon torn to pieces. "Quack, quack, quack! Here are our feathers!" cried all the geese, and each one seized a bunch of feathers in his bill and flew out of the room.

Patter, patter, patter! The door gently open and there stood the sheep. "Please walk in, madam," said Fannie, and there stood the whole flock of sheep.

"Baa, baa, baa! Where is our wool?" said the black sheep. "I didn't carry off your wool," said Fannie. "Stop! Stop! That's my shawl. You mustn't take that. What are you pulling the carpet to pieces for?"

Without minding a word the great black sheep marched out with the shawl on his back and all the others following, each with a piece of carpet on his back.

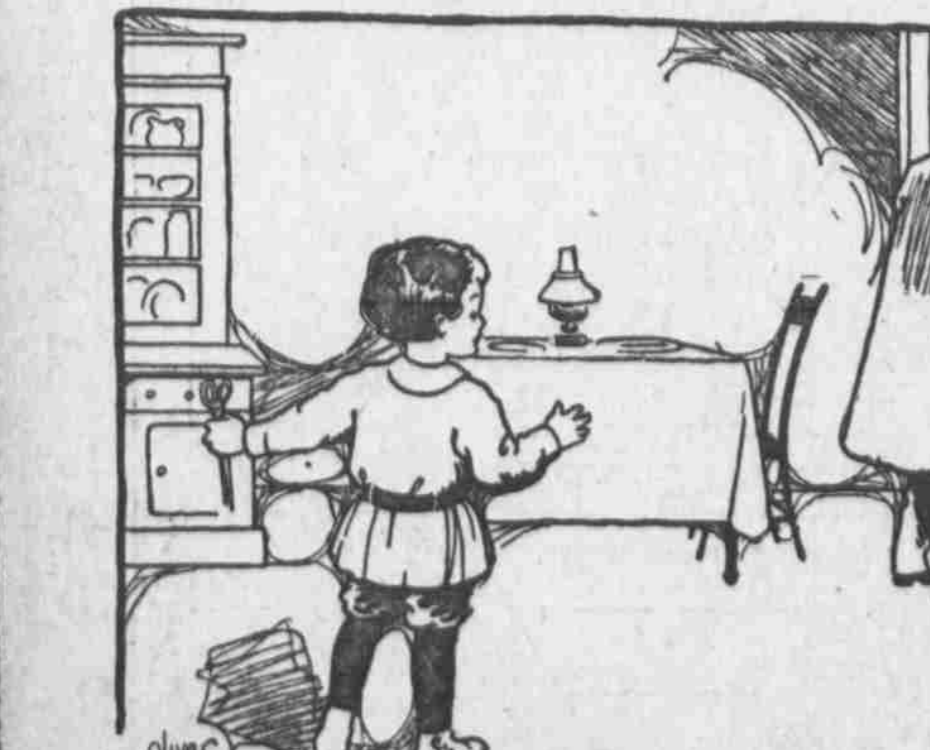
"Buz, buz, buz!" In flew a dozen swarms of bees. "Buz, buz, buz! Where is our wax?" said Miss Queen Bee. "Where is our wax?"

"There is no wax here," said Fannie. "Here is our wax," replied the bees. "Oh! My beautiful wax doll, Grace. She is wax, they have found her." Then they flew out of the room.

In trotted a whole troop of horses. "Who took our flowing manes and tails? Here they are," said a big white horse, pulling the manes in place. "I shall have no bed to sleep on," thought Fannie, as the horses went galloping out of the room.

"Fannie! Fannie! Why don't you come down to tea?" shouted James, bursting into the room.

"Oh, James," said she, "did you meet the horses running downstairs? What are



AND—AND THE PIRATE—HE WAS BENDING OVER AND KISSING HER.

Illustrated Rebus



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