

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

WITH Christmas, New Year's and the holidays past, the Busy Bees will all be going back to school again and settling down for the long stretch until spring. But there is such fun these midwinter days, especially since the snow has come. It doesn't matter much whether one lives in town or in the country, there is always a hill some place near and everybody loves to coast.

The competition is very close between the king and queen, Nora Cullen, captain of the Blue team, and Joseph Kolar, captain of the Red, but the Red team is ahead, having won six prize stories, while the Blue have only four.

Ruth Robinson, who is one of the Busy Bees from Little Sioux, Ia., writes that she and her family are going to move soon to Omaha. In that case the editor will be glad to make her acquaintance personally.

Now that the New Year has opened, all of the boys and girls undoubtedly have made new resolutions, and to these let each one add the resolution to read every rule over carefully every week, and not only remember all of them, but remember to attach that very important word "original" to every story sent in.

The first prize this week was won by Albert Kostal, aged 11 years, 1616 O street, South Omaha; second prize by Eleanor Mellor, aged 12 years, Malvern, Ia. Honorary mention was given to Lotta Woods, aged 13 years, Pawnee City, Neb.

Those who have sent in their names as having postal cards to exchange with the other Busy Bees are: Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1616 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettifohn, 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, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reebe, 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 Bartholomeu, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, 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, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

Three Bright and Active Members of the Busy Bee Family.



RUTH ROBINSON, Little Sioux, Ia.



LEO BECKARD, Waco, Neb.



JOSEPH KALAR, King of the Busy Bees.

one who had been absent must make up and recite the work missed. Elizabeth, when she came back, went straight to see about making up her work.

Miss Smith, her teacher, told her to stay whenever she could and recite for her. She had many lessons to recite. Just as Elizabeth was coming in the hall later she heard Miss Smith tell Mary she guessed she did not have to make up the work if she would be very attentive. Elizabeth felt as though she had been snubbed, but she did not mean to, so she hurried off.

Soon a great examination came and Mary failed, but when her teacher told her she was surprised at Mary's mark. Mary lifted her pretty head and exclaimed: "It was partly my fault, but mostly yours, because you did not make me make up my work; but I have learned a lesson."

Elizabeth got through beautifully. She got the prize which had been offered for the best marks. This prize was a pretty little purse with a \$5 gold piece in it.

A Happy Christmas

By Mabel Witt, Aged 12 Years, Bennington, Neb. Blue.

If you go to the kindergarten in one of the New York City public kindergartens you will see children receiving Christmas gifts on Christmas day. Every little boy or girl who has been one of the schools looks forward to Christmas with a great deal of pleasure, for the teacher usually pays for the gifts with her own money, as no money for this purpose is given.

But she is anxious for all her little folks to have a good time, and she wants to teach them, even though they are so young, that the real spirit of Christmas means to unselfishly give others pleasure.

In some of the schools, and especially in the lower east side of the city, the children are very poor and their parents have no money to spend for Christmas gifts, even though they may love their little ones just as much as your father and mother love you, so this celebration in school. A small present from the Christmas tree means a great deal of joy to them. You who have kind parents cannot imagine the gladness this kindergarten celebration puts into the lives of some of these poor children.

A New Year's Day

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

It was on New Year's day when a little ragged boy stood at the door of one of the great depots of New York. He was very pretty if he had been cleaned up. He would have looked better, but he had been a very naughty boy till today and then he told his mother he would turn over a new leaf and try to be good. When he looked up he saw there was a great bustle of excitement and then a lady asked him if he had seen a pocketbook which she had lost. Then Jimmy (which was the boy's name) began to hunt, forgetting all about what he told his mother that morning. He thought to himself, "If I find it I'll keep it."

Just then he espied it lying under a seat, picked it up and put it inside his coat. The lady who owned the pocketbook said she did not care for the money, but there was a beautiful ring which her grandmother wore when she was a little child inside and she said the person who gave her the pocketbook said she would give the money which it contained, but Jimmy had gone before she said this.

He went home as fast as he could go and when he got there he told his mother what he had done. His mother was very sorry that Jimmy had done this and told him he must take it right back to the lady and to remember the promise he made that morning. Then he thought it all over and took back the pocketbook and told the lady all about what he had done and she filled his hands with money and Jimmy felt much happier than if he had kept the pocketbook, and he kept his promise to turn over a new leaf.

Minnie, Puggie and the Snow Man

By Helena Davis.

MINNIE had worked busily all the week making a fine, big snow man. Minnie was not very big herself, therefore it was very hard work for her to build a man all alone; so, when she was Puggie, her pretty, pet puppy, and ask him to help her. She knew he could scratch snow and pile it up for her to use. So she went to the house and called to Puggie, who was asleep on the fur rug before the fire. "Oh, Puggie—Puggie, come here and help me work!"

Puggie bounded up at sound of his little mistress' voice and ran gaily into the yard, where he was introduced to the headless snow man. "This is Mister Snowman, Puggie," said Minnie. "Of course, he can't bow to you yet, as he hasn't a head. But as soon as he gets one maybe he will do so. Anyway, you must bow to Mr. Snowman and show your good manners." And Minnie made Puggie, greatly against his will, bow very low and shake his paw and say, "How-wow, bow-wow-how."

But Puggie was full of mischief, than he was of manners or tricks. He may have disliked the headless snow man, too, just on general principles; but, anyway, he refused to work as Minnie dictated. She showed him repeatedly how to scratch up loose snow into a pile for her to work from, but the minute she let go of his paw he would put them tremblingly down. Minnie and shiver as much as to say: "Now, for pity's sake don't oblige me to work on this lifeless, silent thing. If this great, clumsy snow man could run and jump and play I'd do my best to help you put a head on him. But he's of no use except to freeze children's hands and dogs' paws in the building."

Minnie provoked at Puggie, made him sh down on the cold doorstep, where she could keep an eye on him. After a while she thought it time to go into the house to warm her hands and eat a cookie. But to Puggie's surprise for his stubbornness in refusing to help her in her work she bade him remain out of doors till she should return. Well, the little misdeed did not know her puppy's ugly tricks. As soon as the door had closed behind her, Puggie made a leap at the snow man, scratching and gnawing at his legs till had they been of flesh, they would have poured forth blood. But as they were only of soft snow they crumbled away and became a heap without form.

Just as Puggie was finishing his work of destruction Minnie reappeared on the scene. For a moment she could not speak, her mouth was so full of cookie. But the instant she swallowed the sweet morsel she ran toward Puggie, crying out: "You bad, naughty little scamp! You've killed my poor snow man, and before he'd got his head on! Oh, I'll whip you for your badness. I will. And you'll go to bed tonight without your supper, too!"

And that night, as Puggie lay him down in his warm basket, his little stomach begging for a nice supper, he felt that to be have naughtily injured himself. The snow man didn't suffer, and Minnie could rebuke another one; but he—Oh, he couldn't have his supper and an affectionate good night from his kind little mistress! So he made up his mind, Puggie did, to be good and obedient after this, and never to kill any more headless snow men—especially if his young mistress were likely to see him at his work.



"THIS IS MR. SNOWMAN, PUGGIE," SAID MINNIE.

Little STORIES BY Little Folks

How Master New Year Triumphed

By Annie James.

MASTER NEW YEAR was as happy as he could be. Only one day intervened between the old regime and the new, the new of which he was to be king! He was making his toilet very carefully, donning a garment of crested ice, trimmed about with soft, downy snow. And over the garments glinted the most beautiful frost gems, laid out in fantastic designs. A cap, fringed round the back with slender icicles that sparkled like diamonds, was set jauntily upon his head. In his hands he carried a great book, a book whose leaves were as yet uncut and whose covers were sealed. On the stroke of twelve, December 31, he would come into his power; then he would break the seal of the great volume and cut the leaves, preparatory to inscribing within it the events of the 366 days of the time that belonged to him as King New Year he would be, and very soon.

I Like to Help People

By Albert Kostal, Aged 11 Years, 1616 O Street, South Omaha, Red.

A woman was walking along the street one day, when the rain began to come down. She had an umbrella, but her hands were full of parcels, and it was difficult for her to raise it in that wind. "Let me, ma'am; let me, please," said a bright-faced boy, taking the umbrella in his hands. The astonished woman looked on with satisfaction while he managed to raise the rather obstinate umbrella. Then, taking one of those ever-ready strings which boys carry, he tied all the parcels snugly into one bundle and politely handed it back to her. "Thank you very much," she said. "You are very polite to do so much for a stranger."

The Watchwords

By Eleanor Mellor, Aged 12 Years, Malvern, Ia. Red.

Mrs. Wright had two children, a boy aged 10 years and a girl 8. These children were always doing something wrong or were in mischief. One day Mrs. Wright thought she would try a new rule to keep them out of trouble. She called them from their play and told them she had a new rule to bear in mind at play or away from her. The children both asked her what it was. She said that it was a sentence in five words: "Obey your father and mother."

The Thanksgiving Angel

By Lotta Woods, Aged 13 Years, Pawnee City, Neb. Red.

A few flakes of snow had been falling and the sky looked gray and threatening. It was the afternoon of November 28, Thanksgiving day, and the rich man on the corner, Mr. Hastings by name, had partaken of his solitary Thanksgiving feast alone. Solitary, for there was no one in this big house with whom he could claim relationship. His wife had died a few years before, and their only child, Janie, had followed soon after.

The Ink Blot

By Ruth Newton, Aged 11 Years, 309 Templeton Street, Omaha, Blue.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy named Robert. He was a very honest boy with large blue eyes. His mother had died when he was but a baby. His father was an invalid. Robert carried newspapers. With the little money he earned he supported himself and father.

Cheerful Obedience

By Ada Morris, Aged 14 Years, 3424 Franklin Street, Omaha, Blue.

Tom was 15 years old and his parents being very poor he was compelled to quit school and go to work.

The Unexpected Guest

By Nora Cullen, Aged 13 Years, 321 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue.

Great preparations were being made in the Brown household for Christmas. The Brown family was overjoyed, especially little Fanny and Henry, thinking about the visits of their relatives and friends on Christmas eve.

Two Friends

By Paul Hatt, Aged 8 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb. Blue.

Mary and Elizabeth had been absent from school two weeks with the measles. They lived side by side and played together. They were very good friends.

The Bandit Mouse

By Ruth Rylier, Aged 13 Years, 1254 South Sixteenth Street, Omaha, Blue.

There was once a bandit mouse who with his brave band fought and robbed their largest foe, and secured the plunder without fear.

Carl's Pet

By Josephine Simondynes, Wahoo, Neb. Red.

When Carl was 2 years old his mamma gave him an elephant. It was made of cotton blanket and had a blue blanket over its back. Carl could not say elephant so he called it Jim.

What Came of an All-Day Ride

By Ethel Reed, Aged 12 Years, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

As it was a fine Saturday and her father and uncle were going to drive to her grandfather's, thirty-six miles away, Dorothy begged to be allowed to go. At last her father and mother consented and she ran upstairs to get ready.

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.

with you, Jack Frost," said he, resting himself on the edge of a snow bank. "I should like to hear something of my father—Present Year—who is so soon to give over the throne to me. Did he have a successful reign?" Jack Frost laughed till his sides shook, the frost that covered them flying about in the air like so many bits of down. "Ah, ha! Just listen to that! Why, don't you know that every New Year, no matter how much he tries to be kind and just, is governed by the Elements and Man? Yes, my child, you are really not kind to that to say, you'll not be the real king on January 1. The Elements and Man, my kind sir, are the rulers. Ah, ha, ha! Now, if only you could hear the words of Present Year—who within twenty-four hours will have passed into the strange country called the past, and who, on the moment of your advent, will be designated as Old Year. Well, he is quite content to go. The elements have used him badly. In the first place, they poured rain on one part of the country while a drought burned up another part. In the second place, they made him cheat and rob each other, and in the third place, they made him fight with his own people. Present Year and his fairy court sing their coronation anthem, 'Peace on earth and good will to man,' no one lets us to the words or the music. And Present Year became melancholy, finding that he had work to do that was beyond his power."

Master New Year set quite still, listening with head bent. After Jack Frost had spoken he looked up, asking: "Would I better return to my cave and keep my volume sealed?" "You cannot do that," laughed Jack Frost. "You have your mission on earth, and you cannot shirk it. No, go on and do your best or worst. I always wreak all the mischief I can while on my exploits. I nip at everything in my path. I kill plants and vines; I send people hurrying under shelter to get away from the chill breath I blow upon them. Oh, how do you break ruin wherever I get the chance! But I set to make myself felt only once a year—just after that beautiful maiden called Summer has departed, leaving her aunt, Dame Autumn, severe and calm, to hold her place. Ah, then I get lively in mischief, I do!"

Master New Year rose, tossing up his proud and beautiful head. There was determination in his eyes. His voice was full of strength, as he said: "You are as bad as the unruly Elements, it seems. Begone, I'll have nothing to do with you! You love to cause ruin. I want to bring about plenty and peace. If Present Year, one time New Year, has become melancholy, it is only sign that he is no longer capable of managing the affairs in his hands. I shall go blither, and on the stroke of 12, December 31, shall relieve him of his work, which has grown too heavy for his aged shoulders. I am young, full of hope and good cheer. I shall carry truth, faith, love and charity into the hearts of all mankind. No matter about the tricks of such little brats as you are, if the heart of man is good. Since the birth of the first New Year the earth has been kind to its creatures. And if you meet me this time next year, as I am departing from my labors—leaving my throne to a younger one than myself—you will read on the leaves of this volume the history of my reign. And I shall do my utmost to make that history grand and good, a pride to coming New Years and a thing for people of the earth to look back with pride. Ah, ha, ha! Hear me as I go on my way, Master Jack Frost, mischief maker, singing the anthem that shall soon fill all the hearts of mankind—'Peace on earth and good will to man!'"

And Jack Frost, the mischief maker, stood staring at the brave little soldier, Master New Year, as he ran along over the ice crags as fast as a bird flies. And he felt his coat melting from his little body, for the warmth had radiated from New Year's heart and touched him. "Ah, he's the grandest one that has ever gone to reign!" said Jack Frost. He'll probably be heard of all over the world yet, for he has determination as well as virtues. Well, it's not my fault if I'm a mischief maker. And I'll tantalize him the proud fellow—a bit next autumn." And Jack Frost went on his way.



KNOW YOU NOT THAT I AM MASTER NEW YEAR, SOON TO BE CROWNED KING OF ALL THE LANDS.