

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Busy Bees have entered into the spirit of the new contest splendidly and with the result that both sides are still even, each having won two prize stories. Now let us see how long we can keep it that way boys and girls. The boys have been doing wonderfully well of late and have sent in more stories than for a long time past. They have been winning prizes, too.

Now that we have commenced a new contest let us all remember that all the stories must be original and that they must be marked "Original," or they will not receive consideration. Every one did so well last week that only one story had to be thrown out. This one was discarded because it did not comply with the rules. We still have a number of stories ahead, but they will be used just as soon as there is room for them and in the order that they reached the Busy Bee editor.

One of our Busy Bees sent in an illustrated rebus last week, and, while we will be unable to use it on our page, it was very good and showed that its author had been doing some thinking.

The prize winners for this week were Letha Larkin, age 14 years, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb., and John Woods, age 10 years, Pawnee City, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Leona H. Bays, age 13 years, Mondamin, Ia.

The postal card exchange: 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, 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 Bartholomer, 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, 1627 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.

When Santa Called on Little Pearl

By Helena Davis.

PEARL sat in her own little room, half-dressed for bed. It was 9 o'clock at night, a late hour for Pearl to be sitting up. But she had been reading about Santa Claus, a funny little old story, written by some one who evidently knew nothing about Santa Claus, since he declared there was no such person or being in existence. And this greatly troubled Pearl, who felt that she had had many proofs of the reality of old Santa. Every year since she could remember many and beautiful presents had been left in Christmas eve for her, her stockings—both of them, filled to overflowing, and baskets to hold the overflow filled to the brim.

Pearl was only 8 years old, but she was quite old enough to feel what a great injustice had been done the friends of all children, dear old Santa Claus, in the story she had been reading. And she resented that wrong as any loyal child would have done. In fact, as soon as she had finished reading the story she threw the book on the floor, exclaiming, "How did anyone dare to write such a thing? No Santa Claus? The ideal! Well, I wish I knew the person who wrote this story—a story, indeed, for there isn't a word of truth in it!"

Then Pearl pulled off her stockings and got into her pretty white nightgown. And in another minute she had turned out the light and was in her warm little bed. She had said goodnight to her mamma and papa half an hour before, saying that as she wished to finish reading a story in her own room she would stay up a bit longer than was her habit, and that she would not require her mother's hands to tuck her in that night.

And so she was busily tucking the covers about herself, thinking how lonely, after all, to get into bed without her mamma's loving hands to fix her pillow and covers, when a sudden noise near the window of her room started her. Then the shade was drawn up, the moonlight flooded the room, and Pearl saw to her great astonishment that the round, fat form of a bewhiskered little man was entering the room through the open window. It was the opening of the window that had made the sudden and startling noise.

Pearl threw off the cover and sat bolt upright in bed, staring with both wide blue eyes at the queer looking intruder. How strangely like the picture of old Santa Claus he was. Indeed, were Pearl not awake she would be quite sure she was dreaming of Santa Claus. But being awake, she felt that it must be a burglar in disguise entering her room. Her first impulse was to scream for help. But something in the expression of the stranger's face made her silent. He had entered the room and closed the window behind him, being very cautious not to make a noise. Then coming quite close to the bed he said in ever so gentle a voice—her own father's voice, or not, she could not tell—between your covers again, or you'll catch cold. I'm sure you must know who I am without an introduction. I don't come very often to see you, but you are acquainted with me very well. Now lie down and let me sit here beside you and have a chat."

"Then you are Santa Claus?" Pearl asked, quite reassured now that she knew her visitor to be the distinguished person she named.

"Yes, I'm Santa Claus. In some countries I'm called old Saint Nicholas. But what does a name matter? I don't care what I'm called; just so I'm called a fraud or a myth."

"Ah, dear old Santa Claus," cried Pearl, sitting up in bed, despite her visitor's warning that she would take cold, "that's just what avery bad person—man or woman—has been doing. In that book there is a story which tells of your being a myth. I don't believe the author of the story dared to call you a fraud. But he—or she—calls you a myth, and says that you, like the fairies, are only in the imagination of the infantile mind. Now, what do you think of that sort of slander against you dear old Santa Claus?"

And Pearl looked the indignation she felt against the writer who had so offended her. "I shall destroy that book tomorrow," she went on. "I wouldn't have such a story in my home. It's the worst sort of injustice to you, it is."

Old Santa Claus, seated on a chair beside Pearl's bed, laughed till his "little round belly shook like a bowl full of jelly." Then, calming himself, he said: "My dear little girl, I know how those old folks talk and write about me. It's because they've outgrown the Santa Claus days, you see. In fact, dear child, the days of the Santa Claus interest are like the days of extreme youth, of innocent childhood—short lived. As soon as a boy has got into long trousers he thinks it is the proper caper to deny my existence, although the time was when he had the greatest fondness for me. And as soon as a girl leaves off sack aprons and knows her multiplication table she denies me—declares she has no such superstition as to believe in a Santa Claus. Ah, I've seen the sort, my dear, that deny me. But it is as it should be, and I make no objection. I do wish, though, that instead of denying my existence these grown-ups would merely say: 'We're outgrown Santa Claus, and in the future, my dear, over to those younger than ourselves.' That would be justice—nothing more."

"Ah, but people should never outgrow you," insisted Pearl. "A friend such as you are to children should hold life-long places in their hearts. The day will never come when I shall say: 'I've outgrown Santa Claus.' Next to mamma, papa, grandmamma and grandpapa, I love you best of all human beings. Of course, I love my friends and teachers, too, but you head the list they are written on."

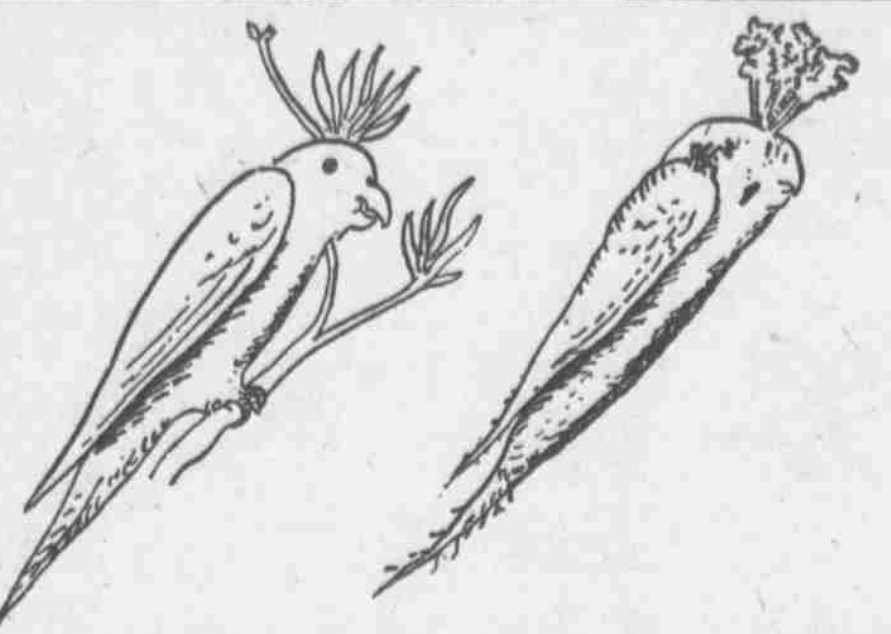
"You're a loyal little Santa Claus girl," smiled Santa Claus. "But, my dear child, what if everyone remained Santa Claus age in heart? Why, I'd never get enough toys and presents to go round. Not only would I have to give to the children at Christmas time, but I'd have to have a father's and mother's department in my factory. You see, my dear child, how impossible that would be! No, it is only right that at a certain time in life you should outgrow Santa Claus, just as you outgrow your last year's shoes and frocks, and just as you get too big to play with dolls and become great girls in age and size, leaving the coast clear for the little ones who are coming into the world each year to fill the things you have outgrown. So my dear, don't be too hard on those who no longer take an interest in me. It is safe to say that I no longer take an interest in them. Their names are stricken off my visiting list, and in my factory their letters no longer come ordering certain gifts made for their friends and themselves. Ah, this is a strange old world, my little Pearl. Only I stay young in heart. I was born just as you see me—gray beard, fat stomach, plump body, apple-cheeks and smiling, childish eyes. I never change. Each year many of my dearest little comrades outgrow me; but there is no sadness in this for me, for I know there's a new crop of little friends who will step into the places just vacated and who will love me with the same adoration. So, although the faces and names may differ a bit, there is the same army of little ones each year for me to love and give Christmas toys and joys to. Ah, but I'm a very happy old man; an old man with a very young heart. The children—the children—they are my life. With them ever around me how could I grow old? And as for those who have gotten out of the knee-pants and sack-

apron age, who have got into their higher school grades, who have outgrown Santa Claus—Ah, I have but a tear! It is they who deserve pity; not I, my dear. I am never without my little ones, while the grown-ups are without their Santa Claus."

"But once having got too old for you, they should not turn traitor," declared Pearl, vehemently. "And the writer of the story in that book treated you most unjustly, to say the least. He says you are a myth."

"Ah, ha, ha, ha!" And Santa Claus laughed so loudly that the very walls shook a bit, there in the same army of little ones each year for me to love and give Christmas toys and joys to. Ah, but I'm a very happy old man; an old man with a very young heart. The children—the children—they are my life. With them ever around me how could I grow old? And as for those who have gotten out of the knee-pants and sack-

"But, my dear little hostess, see how the time is flying!" And Santa Claus pointed to the tiny clock on the mantel. "Why, I've got a thousand things to attend to before the sun chases me to my own domain in the clouds. And how they my assistants are working day and night in the Christmas factory, that none of the little ones may be forgotten. Ah, I must be going now. You'll hear from me about holiday time. If in the meantime you have anything to say to me, just drop me a letter, addressed simply: 'Santa Claus,



The Parrot. The Carrot.

The Parrot and the Carrot we may easily confound, They're very much alike in looks and similar in sound, We recognize the Parrot by his clear articulation, For Carrots are unable to engage in conversation.



Little Stories

Little Folks

ALICE woke up and found a cool breeze blowing over her. "I did learn a good lesson this time," said Alice, happily.

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 500 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, Neb.

A Good Lesson

By Letha Larkin, Aged 14 Years, South Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb.

Once there was a little girl who was always scolding about the wind because it blew her hat off and made her scamper down the sidewalk. Many times she had taken a tumble into a ditch.

One day the wind was blowing fiercely and blew Alice into a small ditch near by. She jumped up and began to think if she could destroy the wind, so she sat down to think. All at once she heard a sweet voice calling:

"What is the trouble?"

Alice was startled, and looking up, saw a fairy all dressed in white.

"Who are you?" cried Alice, startled.

"I am the wind," said the fairy, "would you like to take a journey?"

"Yes," cried Alice, for she loved to go on journeys. The fairy lifted Alice into the chariot and drove off.

They went through the clouds and had a good ride. At last they arrived at the moon. The fairy lifted Alice from the chariot and set her on the edge of the moon, and told her to play with the sunbeams and rain drops. The wind fairy soon came back, and asked Alice if she had a good time.

"Yes," answered Alice, "and I have learned a lesson from the sunbeams, too; to always be happy and bright, whether the sun shines or the wind is blowing."

Flags of All Nations

Siam.

The flag of Siam is bright red with an elephant in white in the center.

The Lame Foot Ball Player

By Annigan Wilson, Aged 11 Years, 2209 Locust St., Omaha, Neb.

There was once a small boy who liked to play foot ball, but his friend who lived next door did not like the game and said he would break his leg, arm or something, "what's your name?" he asked the boy because he knew how to play and would not get in any scrimmage.

The next day he was to play foot ball with some other boys. He was to play an end. The next morning he was there to practice and the boys said he was a fine player. Of course, a remark like that would make any boy feel glad.

The time came when he was to play. His side was first to kick off and a large boy caught the ball. The boy came around by an end and it was the end's time to tackle him. The small boy tackled him, but the

Tommy's Letter to Santa Claus

"Dear old Santa, good old friend, here is a little letter. Telling you what I want, So you will know the better."

"What sort of things to bring along When calling here on me; And you may hang the presents on A nice new Christmas tree."

"I want a pair of nice new skates; My old ones are too small."

I want a pair of boxing gloves, And a bat and rubber ball.

"I want a sled to coast down hill; (It must be strong and dandy!) I want a pretty walking stick, If you have a nice one handy."

"I want—oh, well, so many things, It makes me tired to write, But you will know what else to bring, So I'll say, dear friend, good night!"

—ANNIE JAMES.

The Young Hunters

By Maurice Johnson, Aged 14 Years, 1627 Locust St., Omaha, Neb.

One morning in 1890 two boys, Howard Lowe and Charles Reed, left a small settlement on the frontier to go hunting. Each had a gun and expected to bring home some partridges for supper. Their parents felt safe in letting them go, as they thought there were no Indians about. Nevertheless, they were cautious not to make any unnecessary noise. Today they seemed to have had luck, because not a partridge or any kind of game had they seen, and not a shot had they fired.

They were hunting for a good place to make a fire for a little dinner, when Howard exclaimed in a whisper, "Look! Look at that thing behind that tree; it looks like a kind of bird. See it? I'm going to take a shot," and he was just going to pull the trigger when Charles whispered excitedly, "Look, there's an Injun behind the tree over there looking at the thing behind the tree that you were going to shoot at. He hasn't seen us yet because we haven't shot yet. Look, will you, there's my baby sister Susie and the Injun is after her."

And Bang, bang, went their guns and the Indian was killed.

The baby woke up, and seeing Charles, cried, "O, brother Taylor, I was looking for 'oo' beer after 'oo' went hunting and I've got so tired I went to sleep." The boys hurried home with Susie and were received with joy, as everybody had been very anxious. The two boys were heroes for a long time and each has a fine rifle now as a reward for their deed.

Willie's Pet Dog

By Lillian Ellsworth, Aged 11 Years, 1628 North Twenty-second St., Omaha, Neb.

Once there was a boy named Willie, who was very fond of dogs. So his father decided to get him one. Willie named his Mac. Then he started to teach him tricks. He would sit up and beg, and would shake hands with anyone.

One day Willie's father made him a cart and harness to hitch Mac up to. Willie was so pleased he jumped around in delight.

Then he went to ride in it. Mac was not used to it, so he did not go very well at first, but when he found out what it all meant he went fine.

Whenever Willie had to go to the store he always took him, and Mac seemed to understand what he was doing. He would wait outside the store until his master would return with his arms full of groceries, then he would start out just like a horse.

Mac was not quite 2 years old when he did these tricks and Willie seemed to love him more and more every day.

In the mornings he would never go to school without sitting and talking to him a minute or two at least. Mac grew to be a very faithful dog.

Naughty Ella

By Louise Hahn, Aged 11 Years, David City, Neb.

Ella was a little girl about 5 years old. She was a pretty little black-haired girl, with big black eyes, which seemed to say everything. She had a sister whose name was Grace, who was 9 or 10 years old. One day when Ella was playing in her swing, Grace was cutting paper dolls. Soon her mother called her into the house, Grace obeyed and went in. It was not long till Ella saw the scissors, where Grace had put them. Ella went and got them as soon as she laid her eyes on them. She said to herself, "I am going to cut off Bobbie's tail," so saying she caught her little dog Bobbie and tried to cut off Bobbie's tail, but this was not easily done. Bobbie barked so loudly that it scared Ella and she dropped the scissors. Just then Grace came out and asked Ella what was the matter. "Oh! nothing," cried Ella, "I was going to cut off Bobbie's tail." "Oh, don't you dare, missie. You'll get a spanking if you do, do you hear?" Ella felt so badly she went in the house and cried, but she never tried it again.

How Alice Was Cured

By Dorothy Bartholomer, Aged 10 Years, Gothenburg, Neb.

Helena was of a very quarrelsome disposition, and her mother wondered how she could cure her. A very bad way came.

Helena's little brother, Harry, and herself were left alone one afternoon and she began to quarrel with him. Little Harry advanced backward to the window and stood there, putting up both hands to protect himself as his sister flew at him.

All at once he fell out of the second-story window and hurt his back very badly.

He laid on the couch for many months and Helena was cured of her quarrelsome disposition, and she was always very kind to her little brother. Her parents were glad she was cured of her bad heart, but it was cured in a very painful way.

Thanksgiving Day

By James Halpin, age 10 years, 492 Center street, Omaha, Neb.

One Thanksgiving papa got up very early. I wondered what was the matter, so after while I heard a "gobble-gobble-gobble."

I got up after while and hanging outside was a turkey without a head.

After while mamma went out and got the headless turkey and began to pluck the feathers. In about an hour I was sent to the place where she keeps the pans and I got a pan to bake the turkey in. Pretty soon I was sent down stairs for potatoes. I came back with the potatoes. Mamma said I am going to send you for Grandma and grandpa. I went and they came and when we got back the table was set with good things, viz, turkey, potatoes, gravy, cranberry sauce, dressing, pudding, celery and pumpkin pie.

A Transformation

A MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS THE SPIDER WOULD THEIR WEB OF LITTLE THINGS SLOWLY WEAVE THE GREAT ORBAT LEAFHOPPER.

ONE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS NOW IT LITTLE WORMS FEATHERS WHO RUNS TO PERKINS AND HIS MOTHER.

SET IT GET A BUNNY TO GET A BUNNY.

"I'M SURE YOU MUST KNOW WHO I AM WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION."