SYLITTLE BEESTINEROWN.

HE 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, Mondamon, Ia.

The postal card exchange: Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, 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 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.

Santa Claus, a funny little old story, written by some one who evidently you a fraud. But he-or she-calls you 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 was quite old enough to feel what a great injustice had been done the friend of all childkind, 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 throw the book on the floor, exclaiming, "How did anyone dare to write such a thing! No

in that night.

all, to get into bed without her mamma's would be justice-nothing more." loving hands to fix her pillow and covers. room, and Pearl saw to her great astonishsudden 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 pictures 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 sitent. He had enered 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

person she named.

tries I'm called old Saint Nicholas. But smiling childish eyes. I never change, but I'm a very happy old man; an old I am never without my little ones, while what does a name matter? I don't care Each year many of my dearest little man with a very young heart. The chil- the grown-ups are without their Santa what I'm sailed; just so I'm not called a comrades outgrow me; but there is no dren-the children-they are my life. Claus.

Pearl, sitting up

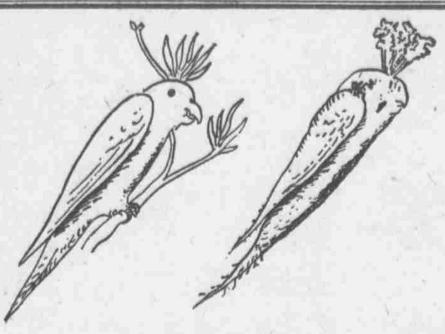
SARL sat in her own little room, visitor's warning that she would take half disrobed for hed. It was 9 cold, "that's just what avery bad pere'clock at night, a late hour son-man or woman-has been doing. for Pearl to be sitting up. But In that book there is a story which tells she had been reading about of your being a myth. I don't believe the author of the story dared to call 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 infustice 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 Santa Claus? The idea! Weil, I wish I necent childhood-short lived. As soon like the days of extreme youth, of inknew the person who wrote this story-a as a boy has got into long trousers he story, indeed, for there isn't a word of thinks it is the proper caper to deny my existence, although the time was when Then Pearl pulled off her stockings and he had the greatest fondness for me. got into her pretty white nightle. And in And as soon as a girl leaves off sack another minute she had turned out the aprons and knows her multiplication light and was in her warm little bed. She table she denies me-declares she has had said goodnight to her mamma and no such superstition as to believe in a papa half an hour before, saying that as Santa Claus. Ah. I've seen the sort, my she wished to finish reading a story in her dear, that deny me. But it is as it own room she would stay up a bit longer should be, and I make no objection. I than was her habit, and that she would do wish, though, that instead of denynot require her mother's hands to tuck her ing my existence these grown-ups would merely say: ' We're outgrown And so she was bustly tucking the covers Claus, and in the future turn him over about herself, thinking how lonely, after to those younger than ourselves.' That

"Ah, but people should never outgrow when a sudden noise near the window of you," insisted Pearl. "A friend such as her room startled her. Then the shade you are to children should hold life-long was drawn up, the moonlight flooded the places in their hearts. The day will ment that the round, fat form of a be- grown Santa Claus.' Next to mamma, whiskered little man was entering the room papa, grandmamma and grandpapa, I love through the open window. It was the you best of all human beings. Of course, and blew Alice into a small ditch near byopening of the window that had made the I love my friends and teachers, too, but you head the list they are written on."

smiled Santa Claus. "But, my dear child. voice calling: what if everyone remained Santa Claus age in heart? Why, I'd never get enough toys and presents to go round. Not only a fairy all dressed in white. 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 you like to take a journey." factory. You see, my dear child, how impossible that would be! No, it is only right that at a certain time in life you the charlot and drove off. should outgrow Santa Claus, just as you own father's voice could not have been each year to fill the things you have soon came back, and asked Alice if she had more tender): "There, little one, get back outgrown. So my dear, don't be too a good time. between your covers again, or you'll catch hard on those who no longer take an inoften to see you, but you are acquainted names are stricken off my visiting list, sun shines or the wind is blowing." with me very well. Now lie down and let and in my factory their letters no longer me sit here beside you and have a chat." come ordering certain gifts made for "Then you are Santa Claus?" Pearl their friends and themeselves. Ah, this will love me with the same adoration, apron age, who have got into their higher Christmas, 1907. Ta, ta!" asked, quite reassured, now that she is a strange old world, my little Pearl. So, although the faces and names may school grades, who have outgrown Santa knew her visitor to be the distinguished Only I stay young in heart. I was born differ a bit, there is the same army of just as you see me-gray beard, fat little ones each your for me to love and Yes, I'm Santa Claus. In some coun- stomach, plump body, apple-cheeks and give Christmas toys and joys to.



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 ensage in conversation.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. S. Use pen and ink, not poncil
3. Short and pointed articles will
be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.) A Good Lesson

By Letha Larkin, Aged 14 Years, Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb, Blue South Once there was a little girl who was always scolding about the wind because it blew her hat off and made her scamper never come when I shall say: 'I've out- down the sidewalk. Many times she had

taken a tumble into a ditch. One day the wind was blowing flercely She jumped up and began to think if she could destroy the wind, so she sat down to You are a loyal little Santa Claus girl," think. All at once she heard a sweet

What is the trouble," Alice was startled, and looking up, saw "Who are you?" cried Alice, startled.

"I am the wind," said the fairy, "would "Yes," cried Alice, for she loved to go on journeys. The fairy lifted Alice into

They went through the clouds and had a outgrow your last year's shoes and frocks, good ride. At last they arrived at the and just as you get too big to play with moon. The fairy lifted Alice from the dollies and become great girls in age charlot and set her on the edge of the and size, leaving the coast clear for the moon, and told her to play with the sunlittle ones who are coming into the world beams and rain drops. The wind fairy

"Yes," answered Alice, "and I have cold. I'm sure you must know who I am terest in me. It is safe to say that I no learned a leason from the sunbeams, too; to without an introduction. I don't come very longer take an interest in them. Their always be happy and bright, whether the

ago was on the platter with lots of dressing to say nothing of the pumpkin ples, cranberry sauce and other goodles such as grandmothers always know how to make.

having a good chat within.

Alice woke up and found a cool breeze

"I did learn a good lesson this time,"

(Second Prize.)

A Joyful Thanksgiving

As soon as the grandchidren had warmed

and made a snow man. Then made snow-

balls and threw them at him until he

looked like he had been through a hard

fight. While the young folks were having

so much fun outside, the older folks were

Soon dinner was ready and Oh! what s

good dinner it was. The turkey which had

gobbled so flercely at grandmother a week

Just as they were about to begin to eat

there was a knock at the door. As soon

John Woods, Aged 10 Years, City, Neb. Red.

blowing over her.

said Alice, happily.

of Africa.

Flags of All Nations

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



Claus-Ah, I have but a tear! It is they who deserve pity; not I, my dear, "But once having got too old for you, sadness in this for me, for I know there's With them ever around me how could I

"Ah, dear old Santa Claus," cried a new crop of little friends who will step grow old? And as for those who have they should not turn traitor," declared in bed, despite her into the places just vacated and who gotten out of the knee-pants and sack- 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."

"Ab, ha, ha, ha!" And Santa Claus laughed so loudly that the very walls school with mirth. "Well, my little one, he's doubtless some crabbed person who has forgotten that he ever had a childhood And not remembering that joyous time of happiness, he begrudged the children of today their happiness. So he'd knock the feet from under me and pluck the wings from the shoulders of the fairies. But we must not feel angry with him; let us feel the deepest pity for one who can so soon forget his own childish pleasures that he fails to respond to those of the little ones who have crowded him out of the playground.

"But, my dear little hostess, see how the time is flying!" And Santa Claus pointed in the clouds. And how they-my assistants-are working day and night in the going through small epenings." Christmas factory, that none of the little day time. If in the meantime you have my room, and kiss me good night. letter, addressed simply: 'Santa Claus, Santa."

Then Santa Claus started for the window to make his exit. As he raised the sash the noise was sudden and sharp.

Pearl gasped, looked about her for the moonlight which had been flooding the room; looked to see whether or not Santa Claus had closed the window securely after going out. But a warm hand was on her shoulder, a tender voice in her ear, saying: "Mother could not retire without peoping in on her little treasure to see if she were snug in bed. And as I opened the door, ever so seftly. I heard you saying: "Good night, Santa Claux; I'll never, never disbelieve in you.' So I knew my little daughter was having a pleasant chat in her sleep with old St. Nick."

It was Pearl's mother who was bending over the bed talking to the waking little maid. And Pearl, still half asleep, said: "No mamma dearest, I wasn't dreaming at att. Santa Claus was just here calling upon me. And we've had the nicest little chat together. He doesn't mind if old

folks do deny his existence. He has so many young friends all the time that he can spare those who have outgrown him and his gifts. But, dear me! I thought he had left the window open after he went out."

"The window is locked on the inside, as to the tiny clock on the mantel. "Why, usual," said Pearl's mother, smiling to I've got a thousand things to attend to be- herself. He must have gone out through fore the sun chases me to my own domain the ventilator. You know he can do the most miraculous things when it comes to

"Yes, he's as wonderful as a fairy," said ones may be forgotten. Ah, I must bid Pearl, her blue eyes going shut. "And now, you adieu! You'll hear from me about holl- mamma, take that ugly story book from anything to say to me, just drop me a awfully sleepy since sitting up so late with

Tommy's Letter to Santa Claus

"Dear old Santa, good old friend, Here is a little letter, Telling you just what I want, So you will know the better. Ross told them how he had been captured by hostile negroes and kept captive a year.

"What sort of things to bring along When calling here on me; And you may hang the presents on A nice new Christmas tree. Then they all ate dinner and grandfather said they indeed had cause to be thank-

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



"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.

large boy fell on the small one's stomach. her about it and her mamma called her a he wished he had obeyed his friend, and mother would come alive again. little heroine. "I didn't know what to do; never played foot ball again.

The Young Hunters

By Maurice Johnson, Aged 14 Years, 1627 Locust St., Omaha. Red. One morning in 1800 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 cided to get him one. Willie named him make any unnecessary noise. Today they Mac. Then he started to teach him tricks, partridge or any kind of game had they hands with anyone.

seen, and not a shot had they fired. They were hunting for a good place to make a fire for a little dinner, when How- was so pleased he jumped around in deard exclaimed in a whisper, "Look! Look light. at that thing behind that tree; it looks like a kind of bird. See it? I'm going to take used to it, so he did not go very well at 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 was 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.

Janice went past the park and into Wash-The baby woke up and, seeing Charles, ington avenue, where the fashlonable peocried, "O, brover Tarley, I'se been 'ooking ple lived. A daring idea had suggested for 'oo eber after 'oo went hunting and itself to her. She would go and ask Miss I'se got so tired I went to sleep." The Dorothy, who had so often told her to come boys hurried home with Suste and were very anxious. The two boys were heroes a very faithful deg. At last she reached the house and, going up the broad steps, knocked timidly. No for a long time and each has a fine rifle now as a reward for their deed.

One day mamma ar

Buster

one answered her. She knocked again. This time a servant opened the door and replied to Janice's timid wish to see Miss Dorothy, "She doesn't see beggars." "Who is it, James?" asked Dorothy's By Sarah Gridley, Aged 15 Years, Dietz, west voice. sweet voice.

"O, just a little beggar, ma'am," said I am going to tell you of the dearest James, disturbed that Dorothy heard him little fox terrier you ever saw. speak so roughly to a child. "Why, it's Janice. Come in, dear, and the country to see a friend. They were

as grandmother opened the door she threw herself with a cry of joy into the arms of

a tall and handsome man who stood on the

doorstep. It was indeed Ross. During the

excitement that followed the dinner was

(Honorary Mention.)

A Little Heroine

By Leona H. Bays, age 13 years, Mon-damir, Ia. Blue.

There were three children in the Bays family. Their names were Eifie, Leona

and Ethel. Elfle was 6, Leona 4 and Ethel,

One day their mamma went away, tell-

ing them to be good girls. Ethel's baby buggy was placed near the stove, with a pillow case on the handle of it, to dry. The

children were playing happily when sud-

Elfle saw it first and she enatched it from the buggy and held it for a moment

n her hands, not knowing what to do. But

fust then a though struck her and running

outdoors she dropped the pillow case in

the snow that covered the ground. The fire

When Mrs. Bays came home, Elfle told

I was afraid your pillow case would burn

up," said Elfie. "No matter, dear, if you

Janice's Thanksgiving

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Nob. Blue. "We won't have any Thanksgiving, I'm

afraid, Janice," said grandma, gently. "O.

grandma, not have any Thankegiving!

Why, everybody has everything, but we

don't have anything," cried Janice. She rushed out of the big, bare room and up

Janice Elvin lived with her grandma in

a large, old house on the outskirts of a town. Her father and mother disappeared

when she was about 2 years old, leaving

her with her grandma. They had moved

into the city, where Grandma Elvin made

buttonholes in rough shirts for a factory

for a while. Then a kind, lady, who some-

times visited them, gave her some ironing

to do. Mrs. Elvin found this work profit-

able, so she continued it. Janice went to

school and after helped her grandma iron.

her blue hood and coat. She ran down-

stairs. "I guess I'll go to the park and

walk around a little bit," she said to her

grandma. "All right, dearle."

to her if she was in need.

Suddenly Janice jumped up and put on

are safe," answered her mother.

denly the pillow case flamed up.

the baby, was 2.

soon went out.

Finally he got away and came home

children were at grandmother's excepting James, after this do not turn away any- gone all day and returned just at sundown. Ross, grandmother's youngest boy who one who comes to see me." James turned We all ran out to meet them, and as papa everybody thought was dead in the forests away shamefacedly. Dorothy led Janice up to her little parlor. a bundle and said to carry it carefully.

Janice told her all about grandma and how I took it in my arms and carried it into their cold fingers and toes they went out poor they were and how they were to have the house. I peeped into the bundle and no Thanksgiving. Miss Dorothy laughed. saw a dear little dog. "We'll fix that," she said. "I'll tell you I gave a scream of delight and the poor about a little sister whose name also was little fellow jumped out of my arms and Janice, though I but dimly remember," tried to get out of the door. There he ran Dorothy told her about Janice, how no one into the other children, who also screamed knew where she was, for her father could with delight when they saw him. only support one child, so her mother and We decided to call him Buster, and then Dorothy had come to the city with him. Baby John screamed, "Buster, Buster," so Ella, Just then a rap was heard and in came a loud that I really think poor Buster "Oh, don't you dare, missie. You'll get a pretty lady whom Dorothy called "mother." "What's your name?" asked the lady, and probably he remembered the stories felt so badly she went in the house and "Janice Elvin." Why then you must be his mother had told him of how Indians cried, but she never tried it again. my own little sister," cried Dorothy. Mrs. liked to eat dogs. That night Buster slept on the foot of Eivin clasped her in her arms. Janice and my bed, and he must have been dreaming her grandmother came to live with them of our bad conduct, for he howled in his and Dorothy and Janice are the happiest kind of sisters. You may be sure Janice had her Thanksgiving. Buster became quite an accomplished dog.

The Lame Foot Ball Player

By Annigan Wilson, Aged II Years, 2301 Harney St., Omaha. Blue. There was once a small boy who liked ing into the birds' nests. He also delights to play foot ball, but his friend who lived in chasing cats. He is not a favorite with next door did not like the game and said either the cats or birds, as you can imaghe would break his leg, arm or something, inc. The other boy said he would not get hurt 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 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.

an end and it was the end's time to tackle very impatient because her father him. The small boy tackled him, but the

has quite forgotten the very rude reception he received. The Unfortunate Wish

Buster is now very happy and I think he

ly Gladys Ford, Aged 14 Years, 1534 North Twenty-third street, South Omaha, Red. There was a girl named Mary, who was The time came when he was to play. His always wishing. One night a fairy came

Thanksgiving Day
side was first to kick off and a large boy and said she could have three wishes, then By James Halpine, age 10 years, 4002 Cencaught the ball. The boy came around by she disappeared. That noon Mary was home yet. She said, "Oh! I wish papa I wendered what was the matter, so after would come." She heard a knock at the while I heard a "gobble-gobble-gobble." door; her father was there. She thought of her wishes and only had two more. She was a turkey without a head. forgot about them. Her mother scolded her for leaving the door of the china closet headless turkey and began to pluck the working in the attic and as her mother and pumpkin pie.

passed a board fell on her head and killed A doctor was called at once and said it her instantly. Mary was very sorny for was very serious and would be a year before it would be well. The small boy said one more wish. She then wished that her mother then rose in the best of health. She and the nurse were happy and she was glad to get her mother back to correct her. She sat down and told the nurse and her mother the story of the fairy and her three wishes.

Willie's Pet Dog.

By Lillian Ellsworth, Aged 11 Years, 1628 North Twenty-second St., Omaha, Blue, Once there was a boy named Willie, who was very fond of dogs. So his father deseemed to have bad luck, because not a He would sit up and beg, and would shake

One day Willie's father made him a cart and harness to hitch Mac up to. Willie

Then he went to ride in it. Mac was not a shot," and he was just going to pull 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 stores 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 received with joy, as everybody had been a minute or two at least. Mac grew to be

Naughty Ella

By Louise Hahn, Aged 11 Years, David City, Neb. Red. Ella was a little girl about 3 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, she was 9 or 10 years old. One day when Ella was playing in her swing. Grace was cutting paper Soon her mother called her into the house Grace obeyed and went in. It was not jumped out of the buggy he handed me long till Ella saw the scissors, where Grace had put them. Elia went and got them as soon as she laid her eyes on them. She said to herself. "I am going to cut off Bobble's tail," so saying she caught her little dog Bobble and tried to cut off Bobble'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," "I was going to cut off Bobbie's tail." thought he was in a bunch of wild Indians, spanking if you do, do you hear," Ella

How Alice Was Cured

By Dorothy Bartholomew, Aged 10 Years, Gothenberg, Neb. Red. Helen was of a very quarrelsome disposition, and her mother wondered how she He learned to climb trees as well as a cat. could cure her. A very sad way came. We had a number of trees that were bent Helen's little brother, Harry, and berself over and are very easy to climb. Buster were left alone one afternoon and she began delighted in climbing these trees and peepto quarrel with him. Little Harry advanced backward to the window and stood there, putting up both hands to protect himself us 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 Helen 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.

ter street, Omaha. Red. One Thanksgiving papa got up very early. I got up after while and hanging outside

After while mamma went out and got the open where baby got in and broke some feathers. In about an hour I was sent to of mamma's new china. Mary was angry the place where she keeps the pans and at her mother for scolding her and cried I got a pan to bake the turkey in. Pretty in a corner by herself. Her mother went soon I was sent down stairs for potatoes, upstairs to make beds. She said angrily: I came back with the potatoes. Mamma "I wish mamma would die and I wouldn't said I am going to send you for Gran'ma scolded." She heard her nurse call- and gran'pa, I went and they came and ing her from upstairs. She went but when we got back the table was set with found her mother lying dead on the floor, good things, viz, turkey, potatoes, gravy. The nurse told Mary the carpenter was cranberry sauce, dressing, pudding, celery

A Transformation





