

BUSY LITTLE BEES THE ROYAL PAGE

THE extra Christmas letters asked for last week are beginning to come in, but all the boys and girls do not seem to understand just what is wanted. It is not to be a story, but just a letter on "My Idea of Santa Claus." Just write your letter to the Busy Bee editor and tell her your own idea of Santa Claus. It is very simple, boys and girls, and the editor hopes every one will write. Make your letters short. A prize will be awarded for the best letter, but all these letters must reach the editor by Wednesday, December 9, as they cannot be used after that date.

The prizes were awarded this week to Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, Neb., on the Blue side, and to Vera Cheney of Creighton, Neb., on the Red side, and honorable mention given to Marie Rich of Grand Island, on the Blue side.

- Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any one whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:
- Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
 - Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
 - Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.
 - Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
 - Agnes Calhoun, Benson, Neb.
 - Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
 - Maria Hahn, David City, Neb.
 - Rhese Feidold, David City, Neb.
 - Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
 - Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
 - Bluel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
 - Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
 - Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Loyia Roth, 66 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Ella Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Martha Murray, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 - Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
 - Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
 - Edythe Krohn, Lexington, Neb.
 - Maria Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
 - Annan Hamilton, 2025 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Alice Grassmeyer, 1548 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Elsie Hamilton, 2003 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Irene Disher, 2000 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Hughie Disher, 2000 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Leola Elites, 1418 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
 - Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
 - Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
 - Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
 - Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
 - Leta Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
 - Emma M. Howard, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
 - Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
 - Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
 - Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
 - Lillian Witt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Ada Morris, 864 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Myrtle Jensen, 2905 Izard street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
 - Heien Heck, 1425 Lehigh street, Omaha, Neb.
 - Mary Brown, 2222 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
 - Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
 - Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street, Omaha.
 - Mabel Shefelt, 4014 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
 - Wilma Howard, 4712 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
 - Edna Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
 - Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha.
 - Eileen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha.
 - Maurice Johnson, 1277 Locust street, Omaha.
 - Hilsh Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
 - Earl Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
 - Emma Caruthers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
 - Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
 - Earl Carson, 1124 North Fortieth street, Omaha.
 - Emilie Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
 - Paula Hontela, 492 Dodge street, Omaha.
 - Juanita Innes, 2709 Fort street, Omaha.
 - Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
 - Mae L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
 - Agnes Richmond, Ord, Neb.
 - Zola Buddie, Oregon, Neb.
 - Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
 - Loita Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
 - Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
 - Emma Kestel, 1516 O street, South Omaha, Neb.
 - Ethel Ennis, Stanton, Neb.
 - Blanche Miller, Malvern, Ia.
 - Una Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
 - Clara Miller, Union, Neb.
 - Mae Granger, Union, Neb.
 - Elsie Stantny, Wilber, Neb.
 - Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
 - Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
 - Edna Behring, York, Neb.
 - Carrie N. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
 - Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
 - Ethel Mutholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
 - Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
 - Kathryn Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
 - Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
 - Ruth Robinson, Manilla, Ia.
 - Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
 - Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Atter, Ind.

New Animal Analogues

By the Author of "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," Prof. Robert Williams Wood, Johns Hopkins University



The Pipe-fish. The Sea-gar.

To smoke a herring is to make
A most lamentable mistake,
Particularly since there are
The Pipe-fish and the long
Sea-gar:
Bear this in mind when next
you wish
To smoke your after-dinner fish.

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Bessie's Thanksgiving Experience

By Maud Walker.

BESSIE had enjoyed a most glorious Thanksgiving day. There had been a great dinner at her home and many guests had participated in the enjoyment of it. There had been grandpapa, grandmamma, uncles, aunts and ever and ever so many little cousins, just the chummiest cousins in the world. And after dinner Bessie and the chummy little cousins had played till evening, and then the guests all departed. Then Bessie's mamma told her she must practice her music lesson, for on the following day her music teacher would come to give her a lesson.

"Oh, mamma, must I practice on Thanksgiving day?" asked Bessie in anxious tones. "I thought I'd have no lessons nor practicing to do today. Why can't I practice an extra hour tomorrow?"

"Now, daughter, you know you missed your regular half-hour's practice this morning, and you have to have your scales better than you have before your teacher comes. So, don't use up time and energy talking about it, but get to work. Don't you know, child, that our work is not nearly so hard to do if we do it gladly and earnestly? It's the trying to evade it—the endless worry in our minds concerning it—that turns our work-our duties—into tasks."

Bessie felt ashamed of herself and said: "Yes, mamma, I am a lazy little girl at times, and deserve your reprimand. But I shall go and practice a whole hour to make amends for my wishing to put off till tomorrow that which should be done today."

And Bessie hurried to the parlor, where she seated herself cheerfully at the piano. "I must have these scales before my lesson time tomorrow," she said. And then she began running her fat little fingers over the piano keys, but without the alertness that was usual with her. The truth of the matter was that Bessie had eaten too much dinner that day and was drowsy and dull in spirit.

But half an hour went by with Bessie still doing the scales, though sometimes her fingers dragged terribly. "Ah, you lazy thing!" cried Bessie, addressing the little finger of her left hand. "Why don't you keep up there with your sisters and brothers and stop bothering yourself so stiff and slow? You're a naughty finger, you are."

"And you're a naughty girl, lazy and overfull of Thanksgiving dinner," said a voice right in front of Bessie. "For a moment the little girl's hand dropped listless beside her, and she looked about for the person who had spoken so near to her, yet could not be seen. Then she began to grow a bit frightened. She had heard that walls had ears. Could the walls also talk? Surely that voice had come from some place right in front of her—seemingly from the piano itself.

"Yes, you're a lazy, overfull little miss, and you are torturing me cruelly by the dis-ords you make my keys give voice to. I love to have my keys played upon



Little Stories

Little Folks

By Maud Walker.

"Come, dear, what's the matter?" Jack told her his terrible dream.

"I think my little boy tasted too many things yesterday," said his mother, smiling.

Needless to say when he sat down to the bountiful Thanksgiving dinner Jack forgot his dream and ate as much turkey as anyone.

(Second Prize.)

Jessie Brooks' Birthday, or A Thanksgiving Feast

By Vera Cheney, Aged 14 Years, Creighton, Neb. Red.

Jessie's birthday was on Thanksgiving. She had invited two of her friends to come and spend the day with her.

The excitement of the next day kept her awake for a long while, but at last she found the way to dreamland.

At 6 o'clock the next morning she was out of bed and dressing. She ran down stairs to be greeted with "Happy birthday" from all.

At last the girls came and the fun began. Jessie had a large attic in her house, so, of course, that was the first place to go for fun. They went to the attic and dressed up in all the old-fashioned clothes they could find. At last the dinner bell rang and they ran downstairs to find a big turkey waiting them, with pumpkin pie and everything to go with a turkey. The girls went to the parlor to watch Jessie's sister burn wood. After dinner, and to Jessie's surprise, she saw a Shetland pony and cart out in front of the house. She ran out to see it, but could not get in, because it was full of packages. She found out to be presents from all her relatives, so they were busy for a while finding out what they were. The girls stayed for supper and afterwards they all went to the library and sat around the fireplace and roasted nuts, popped corn and told ghost stories. When the girls went they were taken in the new cart. They said they had never spent a more pleasant Thanksgiving.

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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 will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. 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.

Jack's Thanksgiving Dinner

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fairmount, Neb. Blue.

The farmyard looked different from what it usually did, for instead of the hens and turkeys strutting around, they were all gathered in one corner and a large gobble was talking. Gobbles, you get used to the floor, where she lay, unable to arise. And from the room the piano went, flying along as though on the feet of feet.

But Bessie did not long remain quiet. As soon as she could recover her wits she got to her feet and ran for the piano. It was just going out through the open gate when Bessie opened the hall door. Bessie dashed out after it, crying "Stop! Stop!" But only a mocking laugh came back to her, and on and on the piano went down the street. But Bessie continued in pursuit.

At the first corner the piano stopped, for a little boy, by name, Roy Adams, was coming round the corner at the moment. The piano said something to him and he stopped also. Then he opened the keyboard—which had closed of itself as the piano ran from the house—and began to finger the keys lovingly. Bessie paused, stepping behind a lamp-post to watch the strange proceeding. She knew Roy Adams to be a very fine musician for his age, one that the people said would some day astonish the world. But being the child of poor parents Roy had had little opportunity to study his loved music, and Bessie knew that for some time he had not been able to continue his piano lessons. And as Roy had no piano of his own his mother had been doing family sewing that she might earn enough to pay the rent on a miserable old instrument, all out of tune, and without melody in its keys.

"Oh, what glorious tunes!" exclaimed Roy, careering the keys. "What joy speakable I would have if I might practice a few hours each day on such a piano.

Tommy's Adventures

By Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. Aged 10 Years. Blue.

"Tommy," called mamma, "Tommy, you come right here." Soon a small boy who had seen four summers came around the house. He had curly brown hair, soft, clear blue eyes, fair complexion and sturdy arms and legs that were always in mischief. He was very dirty. The front of his little suit was plastered with mud and he was dragging a large garter snake with one hand and in the other he had a cat which he was carrying by its tail. Mamma screamed, which made Tommy look rather disgusted. Mamma stopped when she saw the snake was dead. "Tommy," she cried, "put that snake down and leave pussy go and come right in the house, for I am going to go down town and take you with me. Oh, how dirty you are! I must clean you up at once." Mrs. Wallace took Tommy into the house, gave him a bath and put clean clothes on him. "Now, said she, 'you wait till I get ready and don't you get yourself dirty.' Tommy promised that he would not and then he went downstairs and out in the yard. Oh! how hot practice on our fine piano."

"You blessed little philanthropist!" cried Bessie's mamma, throwing her arms about the little girl's shoulders. "Of course, papa and mamma will be glad to assist Roy in any way. But isn't he taking lessons now?"

"No, I heard him tell a boy the other day that he had been obliged to stop owing to the fact that his father cannot afford to pay for his lessons and the piano he has to practice on is nothing more than an old tin pan. I should love to help him, mamma."

"We will all help him, dear," mamma promised, feeling doubly proud of her little daughter at that splendid moment. "But what has roused you to such sudden interest in Roy—have you seen him today?"

"Only in a dream—and heard him play," answered Bessie. "But that dream is one more thing I have to be thankful for this glorious day, mamma, for it has opened my eyes to some things that will surprise you. I'll tell you tonight, mamma, after the company is gone. And now I must gather up my scattered music. But—how happy I am to see that our piano really did not run away. But it shall never again have clumsy and indifferent hands to play upon it. Tomorrow it will feel a throbbing joy when I sit down to practice, even though I merely run the scales."

Two Wishes

By Marie Robt, Aged 12 Years, 311 West First Street, Grand Island, Neb. Blue.

"Papa," Joe was two poor boys. Their father's two mothers had to work hard for

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in was. There was the hydrant. He knew the water was nice and cold and he was so hot he could not resist the temptation. He turned on the hydrant and stood under it. It felt good at first, for the water was rather warm, but as it got colder Tommy got colder too, so he went down into the basement, leaving the water turned on. As the hydrant was fixed against the basement the water ran in and spoiled Mrs. Wallace's canned fruit. Meanwhile Tommy, after going into the basement, went into the coal room and rolled and played in the coal. When mamma called him to get his coat and hat on he was a sight. Mamma almost cried when she saw him, as it was too late to dress Tommy again, and Mrs. Wallace had to stay home.

One day the following winter Tommy was passing with mamma's best girl, then just for the first of large easy chairs. Just then the doorbell rang. It was fat Mrs. Worfield, and of course she sat down on the glue, and you know what happened. I could tell you lots more about Tommy, but I have written enough for this time.

Martha's Thanksgiving

By Genevieve M. Jones, Aged 12 Years, North Loup, Neb. Red.

"Mamma," said Martha one cold day in November, "you know next Thursday will be Thanksgiving and I will invite thirteen girls. That is, if you will let me, and for refreshments we will have turkey, cranberries, pie and fruits. That will be enough, and I hope you will let me have it. Just about all of the other girls have had a party but me. If I can have it I will want it on Thursday afternoon from 2:30 till 4:30. Eleanor and I will wait on the table. Now, mamma, please do say yes."

"Well, Martha, I see you want it so badly that I will let you have it on one condition; that is, if you will invite Evelyn."

"After a few moments' hesitation she said: 'Yes, mamma, I will.'"

"All right then you may have it," Evelyn was a little lame girl whom none of the girls liked to play with because she could not get so fast as they could.

"Well, will you write the invitations?"

"You may, Martha. Get your stationery and I will tell you what to write."

"So when she got it her mother said: 'We will write this one first: 'Miss Martha Wayne requests the pleasure of Miss Grace Edwards's company Thursday, November 26, from 2:30 till 4:30. 146 Forest Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska. Oh, that is just fine. Now I will finish the rest and then mail them out.'"

After while she went to bed and slept soundly. She awoke at 7:30 as usual and got ready for the party. When 2:30 came the little girls arrived. Each one brought Martha a Thanksgiving card. What was the matter with her and they set the table and in fifteen minutes called the girls to take their places. When they got through it was 6:30. Kitty looked at the clock and said: "Well, girls, we had better go." So they bade Martha farewell and told her what a good time they had had. This ends the story of Martha's Thanksgiving.

The Brave Dog

By Law Mead, Aged 10 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue.

Rover was a large, black dog with long hair. His master was little Harry Green. Rover liked Harry, because he had picked him up in the country road when he was a little puppy.

There was a river back of the barn, with a little log on it. Harry thought it would hold him, so he went out on it, but the ice was not strong enough to hold him. Rover sprang up and down the bank, but Harry did not notice him. Rover kept digging but Harry would not look. When all at once the ice popped and Harry sank through. When Harry came up Rover caught him and began his task. The water was very cold, but he never flinched. Harry's father came from the barn after him and took him to his mother.

He was unconscious at first, but he had not been in the water long enough to hurt him. When he opened his eyes he found himself in his mother's arms. After that Rover was treated as one of the family.

Prince William

By Lillian Witt, Aged 9 Years, 4158 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

A long time ago in the time of fairies and goblins, there was a boy about 12 years of age whose name was William. He was a prince. One day when he was walking in the forest he looked down and saw a lizard bound to a tree. The lizard was so frightened he could not bear to see any living thing suffer, so he stooped down and pulled the stones apart, freeing the lizard.

But instead of seeing a lizard he saw a beautiful lady standing before him.

"I am the fairy Starbright and you released me from a trap into which the wicked goblins put me. You shall be rewarded for this. Whenever you want anything press the opal in this ring which I will give you and it will be granted."

The fairy vanished, but what she said came true.

In after years William was king and ruled wisely over his people until his death.

The Busy Bee Club

By Ruth Davenport, Aged 10 Years, Norfolk, Neb. Blue.

Once there was a club of ten girls. They had a president, secretary, treasurer and vice president. The president said: "Let us work hard, and call it 'The Busy Bee Club,'" and the girls said: "All right." So that is how it got its name.

So they worked hard, for Christmas was near and they made a box of things to send to the Children's Home for the little children.

They met every Saturday and when it was Thanksgiving they said they must hurry. They made little aprons for the children and sent some books and their mothers sent some nuts, candy and some dresses and each little girl had something else to send. The day before Christmas they sent the box. The Children's Home was so glad to get it that the girls said: "Let us do it again next Christmas." So every Christmas they sent a box.

A Disobedient Girl

By Ava Hufsmith, Aged 9 Years, Creighton, Neb. Red.

There once was a little girl. Her name was Mary Jones. Mary always wanted to stay in bed until ten minutes before the first bell rang. She said that the school was only four blocks away and she said it would take her five minutes to dress and five minutes to comb her hair and five minutes to eat her breakfast, then the rest of the time to get to school. But her mother called her one morning ten minutes too early and she did not get up and slept longer than she meant to. She slept ten minutes too long and when she awoke it was half past eight. She just got her hair

combed and the bell rang. She hurried at first as she could and got a piece of bread and butter for her breakfast, but she started out of the door and she slipped and fell and had to go back and dress her wound and when she started out again the bell rang and she was fifteen minutes late for school. And this is what Mary got for being a disobedient girl.

Emilie

By Emilie Brown, Aged 10 Years, 222 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who never wanted to help her mamma do the dishes after meals.

So one day her mamma said, "If you do not dry the dishes you cannot go to grandma's with me after dinner."

Well, she thought, mamma has said that a number of times, but she will take me anyway, so I just will not do the dishes, and went into the yard to play with the rest of the children.

Her mamma did not say one word to her about the dishes any more and did them herself. In about an hour her mamma said she was going to dress and go to grandma's.

The little girl waited for her mamma to say come and go, too.

Her mamma put on her hat and coat and told the little girl not to go out of the house until she came back and when she was gone the little girl sat down and cried herself to sleep. When she awoke she went up to her room, took a book and started to read and read until her mother came home.

You may be sure she always did what her mother told her and always did the dishes when she was told to.

This is a true story, because I am the little girl.

The Grays' Thanksgiving

By Leola Harris, 315 South Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

The Grays lived in Omaha. Mr. and Mrs. Gray had three children, Marion, who was 12 years old; Alice, 10, and Robby, 6.

Thanksgiving day was drawing near and the Grays were to visit Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, the parents of Mrs. Gray. Mr. Roberts was a wealthy farmer. The children were very unhappy, as they remembered their last visit to the Roberts' farm one week before Thanksgiving day and leave the day after Thanksgiving.

On the train pulled up in front of the little station at Dreyton and the Grays stepped out of it they were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. When they reached the farm house they were delighted to see all the aunts, uncles and cousins.

My, what a good time the children had that week. During the week they had sleighing and skating parties. They skated on the large pond which was about a quarter of a mile from the house.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. The cousins were going to have their last skating party. All the children were going, even little Robby. Mrs. Gray was at first afraid to let Robby go. She said, "The larger children will forget about Robby and leave him alone." They all promised to look after him, so she let him go.

While the cousins were skating they heard a loud scream. They turned and saw a large black hole. Robby had fallen through! When they got him out again home they found out that Robby was more frightened than hurt.

The Grays thought they had much to be thankful for.

Adelaide's Watch

By Myrtle Jensen, Aged 11 Years, 2909 Izard Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

Adelaide rushed into the sitting room where her mother was reading and announced that school would be closed for two weeks on account of the scarlet-fever plague.

"Won't it be nice, mamma? Elsie and I have already planned what we are going to do."

"Yes, dear, I think you—Oh, there's the postman's whistle."

Adelaide ran out on the back porch and came back with two letters.

"One's for me, mamma!" she exclaimed, tearing open the envelope.

"Oh, mamma, this is an invitation to come to Margaret Bell's birthday party a week from next Wednesday, May I go?"

"Certainly you may."

"Oh, goodie!" exclaimed Adelaide.

"Adelaide, I'm afraid you can't go after all. This is a letter from Aunt Eleanor saying that she is coming next Thursday to stay on a Jewish Christmas. You know Aunt Eleanor