BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES should read the rules carefully before writing and so many stories would not have to be thrown in the waste basket.

Several of the Busy Bees wrote on both sides of the paper this week; now the printers never turn a page, so you see, if those stories were sent in we would only have every other second page, and that would not be a very interesting story. If the Busy Bees want their stories in the Christmas numbers, they must write us on the subject, "My Idea of Santa Claus" or "What I Would Do If I Could Give all the Christmas Presents I Wanted To." We have received a number of letters, but we want to hear from all our Busy Bees and also from all our former Busy Bees who are now too old to write in the regular story contests.

The prizes were awarded this week to Alice Porterfield of Omaha on the Blue side and to Gail Howard of Dundee, also on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Jessie Wilson of Woodbine, Ia., on the Red 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 Dahmke, Bernson, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb.
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Vohs, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 323 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1546 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
Elsie Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma M. Quardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha.
Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Heuck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street, Omaha.
Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha.
Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
Louis Raabe, 2809 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Emma Carruthers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 2406 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth street, Omaha.
Emilie Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.
Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha.
Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.
Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
Mary Fredrick, York, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Edna Behling, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.

The Fairy and the Polar Bear

By William Wallace, Jr.

ALONG, long time ago—so long ago that there has been no history containing the date, and the story is legendary—there dwelt in the Arctic circle a group of bears. And they were all brown or black. And the hunters found them easy prey, owing to their dark color, for, as all children know, the Arctic country is perpetually covered with snow, and any dark object upon it can be more easily seen than could a white object.

So it was that these poor bears were ever in danger of the hunters' weapons, which at that day were very different to the hunters' weapons of modern times. But that would be another story. So I shall confine this narrative to the bears and their change of color, and how it all came about.

One day a dear old mother bear went out to find some food for her little ones, and hardly had she gone a hundred steps from her icebound cave when the Esquimo hunter wounded her to her death. As she lay there on the ground, her life blood reddening the whiteness of the snow, the Esquimo went down the icy slope to fetch his dog and sled, that he might carry to his hut the fine prize he had just captured.

It was towards the evening, at a time of the year when the days were but an hour or two long, and before the hunter could return to the spot to get the body of the dead bear the darkness had fallen. But he had no fear about finding it, for he would be able to distinguish it on account of the color.

What was his surprise on returning to the spot to find no bear there. He knew he had wounded the animal to her death, had seen the death glare in her eyes before leaving her, and to return half an hour later to find nothing but whiteness over the ground, amazed him very much. He looked about for a few minutes, then a sort of fear came over him, for so unnatural a thing as a dead bear getting up and going away caused him to feel that something supernatural had happened. "Could it be an evil spirit?" he questioned himself. He was, like all primitive men, very superstitious, and hurriedly making some signs, muttering some incantation to ward off the evil spirits which might be near him, he called to his dogs to get up, and with a swing of his lash over their backs, went off over the frozen snow.

As soon as he was gone there was a movement in the snow just where the dead body of the mother bear had lain, and gradually a coverlet of snow was thrown away and the dark body could be plainly seen outslined against the white ground. Then a white figure, gauzy and winged, lifted itself from near the head of the dead animal, and with a silvery voice called to the cubs to come from the cave.

Pretty soon the little motherless things came hurrying in response to the voice which they seemed to understand, and, to their grief and heart-rending sorrow, saw their dear mother lying before them lifeless. They gathered about her, weeping in their own way, and calling to her to speak to them once again.

"Ah, my children!" said the white-winged one, who was a real fairy, "your mother will never speak to you again. But I prevented her being carried away before you had an opportunity to bid her farewell. The hunter who so cruelly killed her left her for a little while, going down the hillside for his sled. During his absence I heard her moaning, and, being in the clouds at the moment, enroute to a country far to the south, I paused to hearken to her wail. Soon I understood all that had happened. Then I heard the hunter and his dogs coming up the slope. I had no time to remove her poor body, so I quickly covered her with snow till she resembled a little snow mound. Then, turning myself into another little snow mound, I waited till the cruel hunter had come and departed, for he went off very much frightened and apprehensive of some harm impending, so he'll not return to this spot again. And in future you are safe so long as you life hereabouts."

"But how about our neighbors?" asked one of the cub bears. "They are in danger of the hunters, and their mother's will get killed as ours has been today."

"Ah, and so you have a sympathetic heart in your little breast!" said the fairy. "You do not think only of your own future safety, but of others' wellfare. Let me see—how can I arrange so that the polar bear shall be safe from the hunters? I have certain powers, you know, to change in many aspects animals and human beings."

"Why not make us all white—like the snow?" cried the cub bear that had spoken. "Then the hunters could not see us."

"Ah, wisely suggested," declared the fairy. "That I shall do, and this very night, too, I shall summon my attendants—a hundred in number—and endow each with the power to turn every bear he or she sees within the polar circle as white as snow. And not only those living shall be made white, but all the bears born in this part of the world henceforth will be of the same snowy coat. Ah, the Esquimaux will have more difficulty in finding their prey after that. They'll see only the white snow and icebergs about them, and will think the bears have disappeared in some miraculous manner."

Then the fairy bade goodby to the little orphans. But before doing so she called upon another mother bear in a nearby cave and begged her to take to her heart the motherless cubs whose plight was so sad. The mother bear willingly made room for the cubs of her former good neighbor, the news of whose death was a great blow to her. "Why, dear fairy," she said, holding her own cubs against her breast, "it might have been my own fate, had not you come along as you did, for I was just about to go out to look for food, and was telling my little ones to remain snug indoors while I was away. Oh, what if I had gone and been killed, as my poor neighbor had been slaughtered!"

"Well," explained the fairy, "you and yours—and all polar bearkind—will from this night be safe from the cruel hunter. Stand up, my dear Mrs. Bear."

The mother bear arose, standing upright on her hind legs; and the fairy stepped in front of her, holding aloft a tiny wand. "Assemble about your mother, little ones," the fairy commanded the cubs. They quickly did her bidding, and with a wave of her wand the fairy caused them all to turn as white as the driven snow.

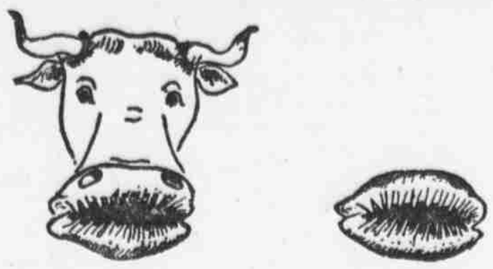
They were much surprised when they looked at each other, and then at themselves; but they understood the wisdom of the good fairy. Now they could go about by day and not be seen by anyone. Oh, what a delightful thing to feel safe from the cruel hunter's weapons!

Then the orphan cubs were called to their foster mother and their brown coats were changed by the fairy to snow white ones. And that night all over the frozen Arctic circle, and as far southward as the polar bear lived the good fairies went, changing coats of brown and black to white, and thereby making the polar bear safe in his own land.

"WHY NOT MAKE US ALL WHITE, LIKE THE SNOW, THEN THE HUNTERS COULD NOT SEE US."

New Animal Analogues

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



The Cow. The Cowry.

The Cowry seems to be, somehow,
A sort of mouth-piece for the Cow:
A speaking likeness one might say,
Which I've endeavored to portray.

—10—

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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 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.

(First Prize.)

An Autobiography of a Turkey

By Alice Porterfield, Aged 12 Years, Uintah Apartments, Omaha. Blue.

Gobble, gobble! That was the first I heard as I peeped out of my nest out into the wide world and heard my brothers and sisters doing a good deal of crying, for we were all hungry.

We lived on a big farm with many other turkeys and ducks. But that was a long while ago, for I am a year old now and am as big as my mother, and fat—I am as fat as any turkey on the farm.

One day as we were eating dinner two men came around and I thought they would never get through looking at us turkeys. That night my mother called us and told us that tomorrow was a day when all turkeys should be away and that we were to go to the woods early tomorrow morning. In the morning we set out, although we were very hungry and were glad to get anything to eat. We got in among some brushes and I went to sleep.

I do not know how long I slept, but I was awakened by a Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! and my mother and all my brothers and sisters were running down the hill and as I looked I saw two men chasing them and one coming towards me. I was about to run too, but I crept closer in the ubshes and didn't make a sound, and the man went right past me with the others and that was the last I ever saw of any of them excepting one of my brothers. He escaped and went went back to the farm and had a good dinner and I am as fat as ever, but Thanksgiving is here again, and hoping you all have a pleasant one. I am your friend, THE GOBBLER.

(Second Prize.)

The Brave Dog

By Gail E. Howard, Ex-Queen, Aged 13 Years, 4722 Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue.

It was at a masquerade and the girls and boys were laughing and having a jolly time guessing each other in their queer costumes. Some were dressed all in white and others were dressed in black.

Outside there was gathering a crowd of mischief-making boys, who were going to try to get into the kitchen when the girls came out while the boys inside were hiding the peanuts that the girls were to find. The girl finding the most peanuts was to go to supper with the oldest boy, the girl finding the next amount of peanuts was to go with the next oldest boy, etc. When suddenly the boys outside saw smoke and small tongues of fire leaping up. They all ran off to notify the fire department, not once realizing the danger that the young folks inside were in.

Ruth, the hostess, had a pet dog, called Sport, who was awakened from his nap by the noise the boys made when they ran. Smelling the smoke he ran around the house and saw the back part of the house on fire.

He ran around to the front of the house and up the stairs where the young people were, and began whining and making a great fuss. Ruth came to the door and saw the smoke. She realized immediately the danger and told the boys and girls that they must go out doors right away. Just as the last boy got out the ceiling fell. The brave dog had saved their lives. The firemen were too late to save the house and furniture, but the young folks were saved—thanks to old Sport.

Don't you all agree with me that Sport should be rewarded with a medal or something else?

Honorable Mention

The Owl and the Crow

By Jessie Wilson, Aged 9 Years, Woodbine, Ia. Red.

One day last summer my big brother went hunting and found a little owl and a crow. He brought them home and to keep them away from each other, he nailed a board in a tree, tied a rope on the crow's foot and put the crow on the board, while the owl he put in a cage. He brought the crow in every night out of the tree. But one night he forgot to bring it in and a hard windstorm came in the night and killed it. The rope was about six inches from the ground and in the morning we found the poor crow hanging on the end of the rope dead. While the same night the owl got out of the cage and the rain beat it to death. I think it would have been better if he would have left them in their warm nests at home, don't you?

How Jim Earned His Skates

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

The ice was fine and Jim, poor boy, had no skates. His father had been sick and the little family had a hard, cold winter before them.

Jim was the oldest of four boys and so most of the work fell to him. He was too unselfish to mention his wish for skates because he knew how badly it would make his mother feel.

One day there was a hard snowstorm. Jim thought, "Now is the time to earn money for my skates."

He hurried home and got a spade. He went from door to door saying, "May I clean your sidewalks?"

He worked until 5 o'clock and had earned $1. He started home, but it began to snow so hard he could not see. He finally knew he was lost in the snowstorm.

He stumbled against something in the snow and picking it up he knew it was a pocketbook. Just then he saw a light coming towards him.

It was a man looking for the pocketbook. Jim returned it and when the man took him home he said, "Come around to my house in the morning."

Jim did so and the man said, "There was $700 in that pocketbook. Your reward is one-seventh of that amount, which is $100."

Jim bought his skates and gave the rest of the money to his mother.

The Two Little Puppies

By Ruth Hamilton, Aged 7 Years, 4103 Davenport Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time there were two little puppies named Jippie and Jimmy and the mother dog was Tip and they lived in a lumber yard.

The mother dog was a hunting dog and the owner was an old man 78 years old and his name was Mr. Fisher and he went out hunting very early in the morning, and his wife got his lunch put up and Mr. Fisher did not take the puppies. His wife watched the puppies. Mrs. Fisher was 60 years old and when the mother dog came home the puppies were so big she did not know them, and they all live happily at the present time.

The Naughty Girl

By James Anderson, Aged 10 Years, Broken Bow, Neb. Red.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who would never mind her mother. One day her mother had cake for dinner and she told her daughter not to take any because she wanted the rest for supper, but when her mother went calling that afternoon and left her all alone she thought she would take some cake and her mother would not miss it. So she went into the pantry and saw a pan with the cake in it. As she was about to reach in she heard a voice behind her saying, "Do not take that, my girl," but just then there was another voice behind her saying, "Go on, she won't miss it." Just as she was about to take some she slipped from the shelf and broke her arm. Just then her mother came and saw her lying there and asked what was the matter. She told her and it took her three weeks to get well. But she did not have any cake because her mother thought she would not give her any on account of her disobedience. She always obeyed her mother after that.

The Six Mice

By Mabel Michelsen, Aged 13 Years, 3210 Sherman Avenue, Omaha. Blue.

Once there were six little mice called Nips, Nops, Nalla, Podia, Popla and Dicka. They lived under a minister's house. They had one large room and a hall which led to the pantry.

Nips was a very mischievous little fellow who wanted to know everything. One day in the pantry he saw a trap which had a piece of cheese in, but his father warned him not to go near it.

The next night the mother was quite ill and could not go to the pantry, so all the children were going alone and bring something home to the mother and father. But all of a sudden they heard a terrible screaming and all the children came running in to tell what had happened. Nips had pulled the cheese and got caught.

The next day they heard the maid call the cat Tabby and they knew well that he would get poor little Nips.

A Trip to the Soo

By Earle Stirling, Aged 11 Years, 1017 North Thirty-third Street, Omaha.

I would like to join the ranks of the Busy Bees and write letters, too. This time I want to tell you about a trip we had away up to Saulte Ste Marie, Mich., during my father's vacation. This place was my dad's old home and where I was born. It is different than our prairie towns or cities. It is situated on the banks of the river St. Mary's, just at the foot of the falls of Saulte De Ste Marie. Steamboats from Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago have to pass these falls to get up into Lake Superior, and as the falls drop eighteen feet from top to bottom in going about half a mile the boats could not climb up, so the United States government built a canal around the falls with a big lock at the lower end. There are two big gates at each end of the lock. The lower ones will be open and a big boat or sometimes two or three of them will go into the lock. They have big machinery to close the gates tight. Then they let water into the lock through holes all over the bottom and up rise the boats till the water in the lock gets to the level of the water above the lock, when they open the upper gates and out goes the boats up for Lake Superior. The land all around the lock is built up with masonry.

I was on the side watching a big boat come into the lock and I wondered what the big iron collar buttons were for that were sticking up out of the masonry. Then a boat came alongside and they threw a line out. A man on the lock took it and ran to a collar button and threw the line over it. I then saw what the collar buttons were for. I guess I have written too long a story, but if you will excuse me I will be shorter next time, as I want to tell you more of my trip.

The Burning of Our Academy

By David Blum, Aged 10 Years, Nebraska Military Academy, Lincoln, Neb.

It was a Saturday morning about 8 o'clock, when a man in a wagon came along crying "Fire! fire! fire!" I was just making my bed. We all rushed out. The fire was in the northeast part of the building. A strong wind was coming from the northeast too. Our colonel told us to go up and get out our stuff. I went up three times. They telephoned to the fire department. It took them about one-half hour to get out where we were, because there was so many hills. By the time they got there the fire had such a headway they could do nothing. It burned for about two days. Mr. Hayward, the superintendent, lost almost all his things. Mrs. Hayward went around to all the rooms to see if all the boys were out and burned a big hole in her skirt. Mr. Hayward went after her to be sure. He had to jump from the second story window. About three days afterward, we had a message saying that our colonel died from the effects of the fire. No one else was hurt. We are now staying at the Windsor hotel and having school at the Young Men's Christian association.

Dora's Lesson

By Alice Boyd, Age 13 Years, Carroll, Ia. Blue.

Dora was playing all morning with her dolls. Her mamma called her to set the table.

"O, mamma, you are always calling me to do everything; why can't Ann do something?"

"Because Ann is not as old as you are. You are the oldest, and you ought to help me."

Then Dora got pouty, so her mamma said she would not have to do anything all day tomorrow. So when morning came she started early to sew for her dolls, but she soon got tired of playing, so she got up to rock the baby, but her mother said: "No, no, Dora, you must play with your dolls."

Then she wanted to wipe the dishes and lots of other litle things, but her mother would not let her. When evening came, and the supper dishes were done, Dora's mamma asked her if she liked to play all day. Dora said; "O' mamma I am so glad to work, this day seemed so long to me." That day Dora well remembered; it taught her a lesson and whenever she is asked to do anything she never grumbles.

The Skating Party

By Rena N. Mead, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue.

The lake was frozen over with a glassy surface except for one airhole. Christmas vacation had come and that meant a fine time for the young folks. Maybelle had planned to go, but mother was sick and nurse was out, so she had to tend the baby. She felt very much disappointed about it, but she was brave and would not let mother see, for she might worry.

She wrapped baby up to give him some fresh air when she saw the crowd coming. She told them she could not go, so they went on without her. They reached the lake and strapped on their skates. It was a beautiful sight to see the boys and girls gliding along on the ice.

At last it was dinner time and they had a merry lunch over the fire. Again they started to skating, but they had no more than got on the ice than crack! bang, in it went.

Two of the girls fell in. The boys threw them their skate straps so they were soon out of the water. They were a little weak, but they soon got over that. In the evening Maybelle told her mother she was glad she was not there to witness such a terrible scene.

How Eddie Telephoned

By Ruth Erickson, Aged 12 Years, Swedeburg, Neb. Red.

Mamma had one of her bad sick headaches. To make matters worse papa had gone to the city and Sarah, the maid, had received a telegram to go at once to her sick mother. There was no one left to look after mamma but 4-year-old Eddie. His sympathy was so great that he wanted to kiss her every few minutes and ask if she did not feel better. Then he must lie down beside her, and, oh, dear, how many questions he did ask. Mamma suffered very much and grew more and more nervous. She suggested that Eddie go down to the hall and play with his tenpins. Eddie thought it would be better fun to roll them down the stairs. So down they went thumpity thump, pins and balls. What a racket! Mamma tried to get up, but she could not. She called, but Eddie did not hear her. At last he shouted from the foot of the stairs: "Mamma, I'm going to telephone to papa."

Poor mamma felt as if she should lose her senses altogether. Eddie would go into his papa's office and do all sorts of mischief, but she was powerless to help.

Eddie climbed into a chair, rang the telephone bell and called: "Mr. Telephone Man, you tell my papa to come right home quick! Mamma is dreadful sick."

Just at that very moment Eddie's papa stepped into the general telephone office, intending to tell his wife that he could not be at home before the next day. The bell sounded just as he was about to ring and he received Eddie's message himself.

He changed his plans and hastening to the train was at home in less than an hour. So Eddie did help after all.

Joe's Thanksgiving

By Sophie Belcensee, Aged 11 Years, Florence, Neb. Blue.

It was snowing very hard when, on Thanksgiving morning, Joe woke up in his little, dingy, cold room. He had neither a father or a mother. He had been alone in the world since last Christmas, when his mother died. He was wondering when he would get to eat that day, because it was cold and he had nothing in the house to eat. He thought about all the good times other people would have. He dressed quickly and ran down to get his papers. That day he was lucky and sold thirty papers. When he had sold all of his papers except one a kind lady came up and asked him for the paper. She paid him the money and then asked him if he had any home, and he said "yes," but he had no parents. So she said, "You shall be my little boy and come home to live with me." Joe was very happy and went home with her. There he ate the lovellest dinner he had ever had. It consisted of: Roast turkey, cranberery sauce, plum pudding, cake, coffee, jelly, figs, dates, candy, nuts, celery, grapes and cookies. He was a happy boy and afterward grew to be a young gentleman, trusted by all his acquaintances.

Jennie's Disobedience

By Mary Brown, Aged 12 Years, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb. Red.

It was getting near Christmas and everybody in the house had secrets. Little Jenny, for that was the little girl's name, was wanting to see Santa Claus; she saw him at town but she did not think that was the right one.

Every evening Jenny would hear a noise and asked her mamma what it was. Her mother said it was Santa Claus, but when Jenny went to the door to see, it was already gone.

One afternoon her mamma went to town. Jenny, of course, was not invited to go. So she sat in her chair playing with her kitten, when all of a sudden, she saw a package on the top of the cupboard. She wanted to know what it was. She knew it was not right to see what was in it, but she thought it would not hurt if she did take a peep. So she took a chair and climbed up and just as she was going to reach for it the chair slipped under her and she fell to the floor striking on her head.

When her mamma came home she saw Jenny sitting on the floor crying; she did not know what was the matter, but when Jenny told her she thought it was a lesson Jenny would never forget.

The Rose Bush

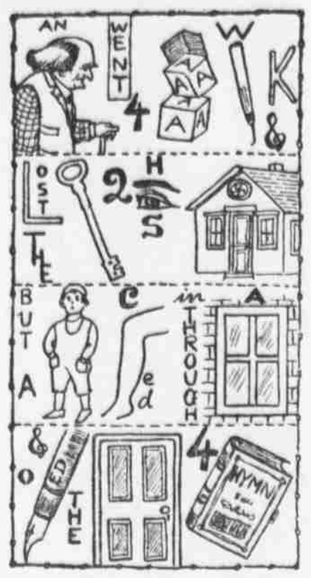
By William Davis, Aged 8 Years, 221 West Third Street, North Platte, Neb. Blue.

There once was a little rose bush. It was happy. The warm sun looked over it; the wind kissed it. Which did it like best? It did not know. And even the birds sang to it. The other flowers in the garden said: "The rose is getting more critical every day. What shall we do?" One day when the little rose bush was asleep it began to rain. I wish it would never rain. The next day when the rose bush was watching the birds it saw a butterfly. Your wish is granted about two weeks after it was all dry. Then the butterfly came again; the little rose bush said: "What makes the things look so dry?" "They need water," said the butterfly. "Please, then, let it rain all night," and this is why it rains so often.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor: I am a new Bee. I am going to join the Red side. I read the Busy Bee page so much that mamma said I might join. I have one sister and two brothers. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Sherwood. I am in the first intermediate room. I am 8 years old. My playmates are Hazel Hulce, Mary White, Anna Wahlin, Eunice Short, Marjorie Haas and Helen Mundy. We are going to have a Thanksgiving program. I am in a dialogue with five girls. I know my piece off by heart.

Our old cat has got six kittens. She carried them all away. One of the kittens is mine. Its name is Snow White. My mamma had to copy this for me as I do not write very good; she was afraid the editor could not read it. Hope this will be in the Sunday paper. This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. Good bye, from

MILDRED OLSON,
Box 498, Vail, Crawford County, Ia.

Illustrated Rebus