

LITTLE BEES THEIR PAGE

HOOYAY FOR THANKSGIVING! All of the Busy Bees seemed to have had a fine holiday, according to the jolly stories sent in by the children.

A little boy wrote that he thought his story had been thrown in the waste basket. If he addressed the letter carefully and signed it he will find that it will be printed either today or next Sunday, as all of the stories received by the editor within the last month have been printed, except a few stories left from last week, and they are printed today.

One of our Busy Bees, Sadie Finch, who has won two prizes this year, celebrated her twelfth birthday last Monday at her home in Kearney and had a ten party.

Several splendid Thanksgiving stories were sent in this week and prizes were awarded to Ruth Ashby, on the Blue side, and Helen Morris, on the Red side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Paul Barron, Monarch, Wyo. Jack Coad, 275 Farnam street, Omaha. Lillian Witt, 418 Cass street, Omaha. Meyer Cobb, 46 Georgia avenue, Omaha. Aila Morris, 342 Franklin street, Omaha. Myrtle Jensen, 299 13ard street, Omaha. Grace Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha. Emerson Goodrich, 408 Nicholas, Omaha. Maurice Johnson, 367 Locust, St. Omaha. Leon Carson, 118 North Fortieth, Omaha. Gretchen Eastman, 136 South Thirty-eighth street, Omaha. Pauline Coad, 3715 Farnam street, Omaha. Wilma Howard, 423 Capitol avenue, Omaha. Hilah Pitzer, 120 South Eleventh, Omaha. Mildred Jensen, 270 Leavenworth, Omaha. Edna Heden, 2708 Chicago street, Omaha. Mabel Stiefel, 424 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Walter Johnson, 345 North Twentieth street, Omaha. Emma Carruthers, 321 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. Leomora Deason, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha. Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb. Madge L. Daniels, O'Neill, Neb. Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb. Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb. Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb. Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb. Ruth Peters, Redding, Neb. Edna Nelson, Redwood, Neb. Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb. Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb. Alice Grammerly, 151 C. St., Lincoln, Neb. Marion Hamilton, 209 Howard St., Omaha. Elsie Hamilton, 209 J. St., Lincoln, Neb. Irene Disher, 209 J. St., Lincoln, Neb. Iugenie Disher, 209 J. St., Lincoln, Neb. Charlotte Rogers, 27 south Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Helen Johnson, 231 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Estelle Stiles, Lincoln, Neb. Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Milton Seiser, Nebraska City, Neb. Harry Crawford, 209 Howard St., Omaha. Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. Lucille Hazen, Norfolk, Neb. Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb. Letha Larkin, 306 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb. Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Oscar Erickson, 219 E. Eleventh St., Omaha. Oscar Erickson, 209 Howard St., Omaha. Frances Haabe, 260 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha. Louise Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha. Marguerite Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha. Emilie Brown, 322 Boulevard, Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 408 Nicholas St., Omaha. Mary Brown, 322 Boulevard, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 482 Dodge street, Omaha.



Little Stories Little Folks

When their uncle came to him he was snowing quite hard, and the folks knew what a surprise there would be in the morning.

THE 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 350 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

The Land of Lost Toys

By Ruth C. Ashley, Aged 14 Years, Mt. Carroll, Ill. "Dorothy, dear, where is my thimble?" "I don't know, mother."

The Landing of the Pilgrims in America

By Emilie Brown, Aged 11 Years, 5222 Boulevard, Omaha, Blue Side. Many years ago the Pilgrims came to this country. They were immigrants who left England for Holland, because they wanted to find a place where they could go to worship as they pleased.

Frolic of the Fairies

By Margaret Matthews, Aged 9 Years, 323 California Street, Omaha, Red Side. The fairies were frolicking by the light of the moon. Vesia was one of the queen's servants. She was not at the ball that evening. She had broken one of the rules of fairyland, so Queen Crystal had told her that she could not go to the ball that evening.

Tom and Sissy's Thanksgiving Day

By William Wallace, Jr. "Hurry up, Tom, or we'll be late!" It was Sissy Hall who called out to her brother Tom. Sissy was dressed in her best Sunday frock and fur jacket and looked as pretty as a blossom, her eyes and cheeks telling of her bright spirits and good health.



"You shall come and sit on my knee and paint the cushion that Pusey is lying on in my picture, and if you take your nap and eat your porridge like a good girl you will wake up some morning and find that you are a little girl."

The Girl Who Tried Again

By Helen Weeden, Aged 12 Years, 2311 North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Blue Side. Pearl had been reading the Busy Bee page and she decided to write a story. She was just starting to write when her little sister Marjorie came in and asked her what she was doing.

When My Brother Herded Sheep

By Agnes McDermott, Aged 12 Years, Oak Street, Casper, Wyo., Red Side. My brother Charlie, age 12, was very anxious to go to work on the spring. So a sheepman gave him a job helping him during lambing season. Mamma at last consented to let him go. He left home Tuesday morning and returned Saturday evening.

A Thanksgiving Story

By Alice C. Temple, Aged 11 Years, Lexington, Neb., Blue Side. They were all at the table eating dinner, the Saturday before Thanksgiving, mamma, papa, Teddy, aged 10, and Glydes, aged 8.

Kindness to Others

By Harriette Dixon, Aged 12 Years, North Platte, Neb., West Vint Street, Blue Side. There was once a little girl whose parents were dead, and she had not a true friend.

Tommy's Pet

By Ronald Wyckoff, King Bee, Aged 12 Years, Wilber, Neb., Red Side. One bright sunny day Tommy was coming from school he heard a chirping noise far up in the treetop. He went on again, but soon he heard the noise again. He looked around and on a limb of a tree he saw a little bird trying to fly.

A Thanksgiving Story

By Sarah Lindsale, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side. Thanksgiving is a nice day for everybody. We enjoy ourselves very much, by eating turkey and everything good. I know a story of a little girl. Once there lived a little girl whose name was Helen, she was a good girl, but had one fault and that was what nearly everybody has, whenever she had anything good to eat she would eat too much. This was Thanksgiving day. Helen ate too much, and got sick. She was sick for a whole week after that. The next Thanksgiving Helen did not eat so much. Helen is not the only one that eats too much at Thanksgiving. When you eat turkey, plum pudding, pie, pumpkin pie, cranberry sauce, apples and nuts.

The Thanksgiving Turkey

By Bertha Silverstein, Aged 9 Years, 613 North Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Blue Side. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and there was great confusion in the barnyard on account of hearing the farmer tell his neighbor that he had bought a turkey for a turkey for dinner on the following day.

Elsie's Good Time

By Winifred Brandt, Aged 8 Years, 3203 Jackson Street, Omaha, Blue Side. One cold winter morning a little girl named Elsie called her mother and asked if she might go coasting on the hill. Her mother thought it too cold to go out, so Elsie played games. When Mrs. Hunter looked out of the window and saw all the children having such a merry time she called to Elsie and said she might go. Then Elsie slipped on her coat and hat and scampered.

A Story of a Squirrel

By Vera McMillan, Aged 9 Years, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side. One day, as I was going to school, I heard a awful noise and looked around and there were two dogs after a squirrel. The squirrel ran up a tree and the dogs were trying to go up after the squirrel. One dog was a white one and the other was a water spaniel. I stood by and watched for a minute or two what they would do. Presently the school bell rang and I had to go and I didn't see any more.

Harold's Queer Present

By Camilla Edholm, Aged 7 Years, 116 South Twelfth Street, Blue Side. The "beast" honey is for two purposes, to eat, and for one other thing which I will tell you in a minute. There is a lady called Old Lady Beauty, who goes around in the day asking for honey from the bees which they give to her willingly, and which she puts in her basket. After she has her basket full she goes home. There she makes all sorts of beauty spots and puts them in another basket. At night she goes out with the two baskets and a spoon, around to all the houses in the world just like Santa Claus putting honey on the beauty spots with the spoon and then putting the beauty spots on the people. She is kind of a fairy, but I don't know exactly what she looks like though. I always imagined she was an old peddler woman going along with two baskets and a spoon. Anyway, when I wake up in the morning and find a mole on my face, I know that Old Lady Beauty has been around in the night.

The Minister's Thanksgiving

By Arthur Mason, Aged 11 Years, 58 North Clarkson Street, Fremont, Neb. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and the minister sat in his study. He could hear his three children sliding down the banister. How happy they seemed, and how different today was from a year ago, when they were without a home and he didn't know where he was going to preach.

The Family Pet

By Blanche Ball, Aged 11 Years, West Twenty-second Street, Kearney, Neb., Red Side. We have a pet horse named Midge. She is coal black and has a very pretty mane and tail. Her tail is quite long and reaches within about eight inches of the ground. She weighs about 1,000 pounds and is a very fat girl. She is gentle, isn't afraid of anything and anyone can handle her. She can pace or trot at a good rate and likes to eat all kinds of grains and hay, but prefers alfalfa.

Harold's Queer Present

By Vera McMillan, Aged 9 Years, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side. One day there was a little boy whose name was Harold. He liked to have his own way and found it very hard to obey his mother. The next day he was to be his mother's birthday. She found several presents under her plate at the breakfast table, but she said that she liked Harold's the best. So you want to know what it was. Very well, I will tell you. It was only a slip of paper on which was written "Dear Mother, I love you and I am going to obey you quickly ever after."

Tommy's Pet

By Ronald Wyckoff, King Bee, Aged 12 Years, Wilber, Neb., Red Side. One day after we had our new barn built the hook on the door was very easy to unfasten and so I suppose I wanted to keep my busy so she would take the hook in her teeth, unfasten it and push the door open with her nose.

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