

LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

All of the Busy Bees know the old saying that "practice makes perfect." One of our little Busy Bees from Lincoln, who has won many prizes and who writes interesting stories on different subjects, is now writing a collection of "Boarding School" stories, which she may publish. Our Queen Bee is a clever writer of poetry and two other Busy Bees have written stories for magazines. So writing for the Busy Bee Page has been an inspiration to a number of little writers.

We have a large number of new writers this week and we welcome all the new Busy Bees who wish to join. Most of the new writers sent in stories which will be printed either this week or next.

A few of the Busy Bees have been sending in stories that they have copied from some of their books. The children must write the stories themselves and not take someone else's story and try to win a prize that way, as that is not honorable. The prizes are to be awarded to stories written by the Busy Bees themselves. Not any of these copied stories have been awarded prizes, but one of them was printed by mistake two weeks ago. This week two stories just alike about "The Scarecrow" were sent in, so you see these two little writers must have copied it from the same book. The Busy Bees must write their names, ages and address on the stories or prizes cannot be awarded for the stories.

Some of the Busy Bees seem to fear Mr. Waste Basket. But, in reality, he is not very well acquainted with the Busy Bees, for he sees very few of their stories. Some of the Busy Bees do not keep all of the rules, and some of them sent in stories written with a lead pencil this week. These stories will be printed, but will not be awarded prizes.

Prizes were awarded this week to Nellie Dedrick on the Red side and to Myrtle Jensen on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Helen Johnson on the Blue side. Special mention should be made of the stories sent in this week by Phyllis Corbett, on the Red side; Ruth Davenport, on the Blue side; Ruth Rhodes, on the Red side; Ruth Wycoff, on the Blue side, and to William Davis, ex-king, of the Red side.

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

- Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
 Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
 Lillian Marwin, Beaver City, Neb.
 Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
 Anna Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
 Minnie Gotsch, Bennington, Neb.
 Agnes Damske, Benson, Neb.
 Maria Jensen, Benson, Neb. (box 12)
 Ida May, Central City, Neb.
 Vera Cheney, Crofton, Neb.
 Louise Hanson, Davis City, Neb.
 Rhea Frenck, Dorchester, Neb.
 Alida Hendrick, Elgin, Neb.
 Eunice Koops, Falls City, Neb.
 Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
 Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
 Marion Capps, Grand Island, Neb.
 Margaret Holthorn, Gothenburg, Neb.
 Lydia Holtz, 805 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Eva Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Irene Goodale, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Jessie Crawford, 98 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Pauline Schutte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Martha Murphy, 605 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Hugh Hull, Leshara, Neb.
 Hester E. Rupp, Leshara, Neb.
 Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
 Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
 Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
 Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
 Alice Grassmeyer, 1546 C. St., Lincoln, Neb.
 Marian Hamilton, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
 Edith Hamilton, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
 Irene Disher, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
 Huguette Disher, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
 Charlotte Buggs, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
 Helen Johnson, 324 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
 Althea Myers, 231 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
 Louise Silcox, Lyons, Neb.
 Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
 Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
 Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
 Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
 Lucille Hansen, Norfolk, Neb.
 Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
 Letha Larkin, 806 Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
 Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
 Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
 William Davis, 321 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
 Louise Raabe, 369 North Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb.
 Frances Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
 Marguerite Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
 Emilie Brown, 3233 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
 Helen Goodrich, 402 S. Nicholas St., Omaha, Neb.
 Mary Brown, Omaha, Neb.
 Eva Hendrick, 465 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.

The Cowboy

RIDING across the wind swept plains
 Are the cowboys, in their glory;
 But their life is not so full of
 charm
 As we're told in song and story.
 While others sit beside the fire,
 Sheltered from wind and snow,
 After the half-starved, wandering
 herds
 The brave cowboy must go.
 Sometimes he sleeps as on he rides,
 In the saddle night and day;
 Sometimes he ne'er home returns,
 But is the Blizard's prey.



Little Stories BY Little Folks

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
3. Original stories or letters only will be used.
4. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
5. 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.

The Little Sunbeam

By Myrtle Jensen, Ex-Queen, Aged 12 Years, 2309 Lizard Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

It was a very rainy day. There was a brown on Ruth's pretty face as she stood idly drumming on the window pane with her fingers.

"Nothing to do," she pouted. "Can't even go out to play."

Just then her gaze fell on the little two-roomed cottage which Laura Davis and her mother called "home." Laura was lame and circumstances forced Mrs. Davis to go out daily to sew. The days passed drearily enough for Laura and as Ruth stood at the window, she mentally wondered what she was doing.

She put on her cloak and hat and saying good-bye to her mother, ran outside.

In a few minutes she was knocking at Laura's door.

"Come in," was the sweet response, with which Ruth immediately complied.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," said Laura joyously. "See what I'm making." and she held up some doll clothes for inspection. "I'm making these for the poor children for Christmas," she went on. "And if she can Mamma is going to buy me some dolls."

Tears came into Ruth's eyes as she listened to Laura's words. For here she (Ruth) was surrounded with every comfort and not a thought had she given in this direction.

"Please excuse me a moment, Laura," she said and ran home. She returned with a large collection of silks and ribbons.

"Now Laura," she fervently declared, "I'm going to help you."

Soon they were working hard, Ruth saying many little pleasantries to amuse one's figures, addressed them, Harry at once flew downstairs to explain to the officer the collection of silks and ribbons. There was no need for any arrests. The policeman laughed heartily on hearing Harry's account of the burglars' entrance into the yard and good-naturedly warned them to make earlier calls on their neighbors' snow men, or to ask permission to come at such an unseasonable hour of the night.

Of course, the whole affair passed off pleasantly and the officer was invited, along with the "burglars," to come into the house and have a glass of cider and a bit of cake.

"We thought Harry would look from his window in the morning and behold his snow man fully dressed, and that he would declare the figure had become animated with life and, feeling the cold, had put upon himself some clothing." So explained one of the "burglars" as he munched a slice of home-made cake.

"Well, that's quite a coincidence," laughed Harry. "I was dreaming that my snow man had come to life and the dream was so vivid that I awoke, somewhat startled. And then it was that I went to the window to look out, and saw one of your chaps slipping into the yard. Then the phone, presto, pass! The police!"

"And presto, pass! again; and then the cider and the cake," laughed Tom Adams.

And the incident which had begun so mysteriously, and which seemed so fraught with danger, ended in a joke and late refreshments.

The Ocean Dweller's Xmas

Nellie Dedrick, Aged 10 Years, Sidney, Neb. Red Side.

Mr. Lobster was seated on a large shell deep in the waters.

"Wonder what that noise is for on the ship," said he scratching his head. "Just saw the cook come and give a lady and man another lobster, so I came down here."

He looked around and saw Miss Star Fish come rushing toward him.

"Oh, Mr. Lobster, today is Christmas, and we must think of some way to celebrate it," she exclaimed, "for it seems to be a great day."

"Well, we can celebrate, and might as well begin right away," he replied.

So they began right away and went to work with a will.

The house they built was made of large sea shells and the table of stones covered with green seaweed.

The Christmas tree was of branching coral, hung with baskets of presents.

"Now," said Miss Star Fish, "I invite our friends. Come we will go together and invite them." So they started off.

Soon the guests were arriving. Mr. and Mrs. Crab came in a seashell drawn by an octopus.

"They can hardly do that, mother," smiled Harry, the least excited of the three. "We are already fully awake, and I have phoned to police headquarters for officers already. They'll probably be here shortly."

"Well, let's take a peep out over the yard and see what your burglars are doing," said Harry's father, hurriedly throwing on a dressing gown and thrusting his feet into slippers. Then the three went to Harry's room and looked from the window. There, to their astonishment, they beheld a strange sight. Two large boys were busily dressing up Harry's snow man. On his head was an old "stovepipe" hat and on his body an old coat had been arranged to hang in very natural folds. A long black pipe projected from the side which was intended for a mouth.

"Well, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Harry while his parents laughed heartily. "Why, on taking a good look at those scoundrels I recognize them to be Burton Gray and Tom Adams! I took them for men when I first saw them creeping into the yard. Well, daddy and mother, the joke is on me." And Harry sat down and began drawing on some clothes, for he was shivering from the cold.

"The fellows intend to have some fun at your expense," said Harry's father. "Little do they think that they are being watched." But just as he said this a burly policeman turned in at the gate and, seeing the youths at work on the

Our Four Visitors

By Helen Johnson, Aged 14 Years, 324 South Seventeenth Street, Lincoln, Neb., Blue Side.

With the warm summer winds were blowing and the birds starting, a great discussion was going on in Mother Nature's palace. Now this palace consisted of four rooms: winter's room, spring's room, summer's room and autumn's room.

Winter's room was very cold looking. In every corner there was a great throne of crystal, tinted with silver, and his leeches hung around the ceiling. On the floor was such a cheerful sweet one. On one side was a fence made of the dainty green grass, which was covered with violet buds. The other three sides also had fences covered with half opened roses, daisies and sweet peas, and long chains of clover and bluebells fell from the ceiling. In Summer's room Mother Nature kept her delicate colors with which she painted the skies. The merry chirps of the birds were heard in her room, and now and then a soft breeze stole from under the door. All the beautiful birds were caged there, the robin, bluejay, lark, oriole, woodpecker and others.

I think Autumn's room was the more beautiful. Strings of autumn leaves which were richly shaded with red, brown, green, yellow and violet hung around the room. A misty haze which was tinted with purple in some places enveloped the room which was pierced with the golden sunbeams.

Just a Minute

By Erna Bressman, Aged 10 Years, 1421 Emmett Street, Omaha, Red Side.

"Just a minute," said Mamma, "come and mind the baby."

"Just a minute," said May.

Just then the baby fell on the floor out of her high chair and was hurt. When May heard this she felt sorry and wished that she had not said that. This taught her a lesson and she never said: "In a minute" again.

The Life of a Pumpkin

By Ruth Wycoff, Aged 12 Years, Wilber, Neb., Blue Side.

First I was a little seed planted in the ground. I did not like to live in the dark ground, so I came up. I was little and bigger and almost white. After I grew bigger I became yellow—then I was ripe. In a day or two a woman came and pulled me. Then I was cut in half, and then sliced and peeled and cut in squares, then put in the oven and cooked. Then I was taken out and the crust of a pie was made and I was put in the crust and put on the table. And that is why I am here now instead of out in the garden.

How Tommy Got His Thanksgiving Dinner

By Ronald Wycoff, King Bee, Aged 12 Years, Wilber, Neb., Red Side.

"Mamma," said Tommy, "are we going to have a turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner?"

"No, my dear," said Tommy's mamma, "papa will not be here and I have no money."

Tommy was very disappointed. Tommy went outdoors thinking how he could get a turkey for their Thanksgiving dinner. Tommy walked up the street away. Soon he met a young gentleman coming down the street. He stopped and asked Tommy where Mr. Brown's office was. Tommy showed him the way, and the gentleman handed Tommy a one dollar bill. Tommy thanked him. Then Tommy's heart filled with joy. Tommy knew he could buy a turkey with it. He went up to the market, bought a turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner and took it home with him, and they had a Thanksgiving turkey.

Grandma's Xmas Story

By Rena N. Mead, Aged 13 Years, Blair, Neb., Blue Side.

It was Xmas eve and the children were all ready for bed with their little woolen stockings hanging in a row over the fireplace. Grandma crossed the room on her way to bed and they all clamored for a story, so she settled herself in a big chair with four eager, little faces peering at her from the arms. It had to be an Xmas story, so this is what she told.

"When I was a little girl my father and mother thought that it would be nice to visit my grandparents on Xmas. They lived fifty miles across the prairie from us and as there were no railroads it would take us quite a while to get there.

"We started in a big bobbed filled with hay and quilts and traveled two days, stopping over night at a farm house, for the oxen were very tired when night came and we got cold in spite of our wraps.

"On the second day we met a party of Indians. They were very friendly for they had stopped at grandfathers and got some very nice sagabags. They were all very glad to see us and we were glad to get in by the great log fire.

"I was soon put to bed so I didn't get to see Uncle John, who had gone to a neighbors for something. The next morning I was up bright and early and was shown around the place by Uncle John.

"In the afternoon we took a ride over to the village. He gave me a whole dollar to spend just as I pleased and I got some of the prettiest little sagabags than the first night, but never got along without a mishap and when I had it nicely hung up with should happen, but the tow caught fire and burned it up. I cried, but grandma told me not to worry, just hang up the other, and it would be all right.

"I was put to bed early too, for Xmas morning the first thing I looked out was a nice pair of stockings grandma had knit for me. My stockings was just jammed full of precious things. I had nuts and candy till I was sick of them (for one day), but Aunt Lucy made some taffy that I might pull it.

"Dinner was nothing to me, for I had eaten all I could, but I took some goose

Their Turkeys

By Ruby Kackley, Aged 10 Years, Moorcroft, Wyo., Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived a pair of twins whose names were Vera and Vera. It was the day before Thanksgiving and their papa could not go out and catch a turkey. The little girls went up to the attic and dressed themselves up like turkeys. After the children had gone the old lady looked to see what they brought her, and this is what she found: Soup, turkey, potatoes, gravy, dressing, tea, celery, cranberry sauce, pie, nuts and candy. Not only the old lady enjoyed it, but the children did because they had made some one else happy.

Little Freddie

By Julius Brown, Aged 3 Years, 222 Boulevard Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Little Freddie was a very bad boy. When he did something mean and his mother asked him if he did it, he would say, "No, I do not know anything about it." One day his mother sent him to the store with a quarter to get a loaf of bread and bring 20 cents back. When Freddie got to the store he told the storekeeper he wanted a loaf of bread and a sack of tobacco for his father. The really did not want it for his father, but wanted it for himself, as he was in the habit of smoking and using bad language. The storekeeper at first would not give it to him, but thinking maybe it was for his father, he gave it to him. On arriving home he gave his mother the bread and change. "My son," said the mother, "where is the other sack?" "I lost it," said Freddie. "I am afraid you are telling a lie," said the mother. "No I ain't, mamma. I would not tell a lie."

After supper Freddie went to take a rest, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. All of a sudden something touched on each shoulder, on the right shoulder the Fairy of Righteousness tapped him, who said, "Come with me, Freddie, and I will show you something nice." "No," said the Fairy of Hadesness, "he is coming with me," and she pulled him with her. In a few minutes they came to a lot of boys smoking and using bad language and doing all sorts of bad things. All this Freddie liked, but when people came by kicked and spit on them he did not like. Just then Freddie woke him. "Mamma," said Freddie, "I will never tell a lie again. I did not lose the nickel, but bought me some tobacco to smoke. Please forgive me."

Moral: Never tell a lie and always be good.

Valina's Dream

By William Dairs, ex-King, Aged 5 Years, North Platte, Neb., Red Side.

Valina was reading a fairy story, which happened to be "The Fairy Princess," when suddenly she closed her eyes and a prince stood before her, followed by a chariot in which sat four white horses. They passed a Queen who was a little dwarf, who said in a squeaky little voice, "Would you like to visit our city of fairies?" "Yes," said Valina, very much pleased. "All right," he said, and produced a very small whistle on which he blew twice, and a very small chariot appeared. "Get in," he said. Valina looked very distressed, for there were two seats and neither was bigger than a dime. The dwarf blew three times on the whistle and then a magic wand appeared in his hand. He waved it over Valina and she became very small and then she and the dwarf got into the chariot. They passed many houses and were soon in Fairyland. First they came upon a group of fairies painting some flowers. "We'll go up and visit Brother Moon—!" Just then Valina awoke and started to read again.

Returning Good for Evil

By Gladys Harris, Aged 10 Years, Red Oak, Ia., Red Side.

Once there was a little girl named Esther. Her parents were very rich. Of course she had everything she could wish for. But the thing about Esther was that she was very selfish. She had a very nice little silver purse. Every time she went to town her mother gave her 50 cents to spend as she pleased. She had a nurse named Ellen. (Now Esther was only 10 years old.) One day she said to her mamma: "May I go up to town, mamma, please?" "Yes," replied her mother, "but Ellen will have to go with you." "Oh, mamma," she said, "can't I go alone today?" "Well," replied her mother, "you may go alone this time." So she skipped away to her nurse, telling her to fix her for town. This was soon done and she kissed her mamma good by and away she flew down the street toward town. What did she see the first thing but a little beggar girl named Louise. Louise came out towards Helen and said: "Won't you please help a little beggar girl like me?" "No," replied Helen, "I have no use for little poor girls," she said harshly. Louise went in an old alley and cried as if her heart would break. She went down to town and bought some candy, nuts and some other things. Helen reached home and found her father very sick. In about two months Helen's mother died. She did not have any place to go. Now, she too, must beg. Louise was adopted by a very wealthy family. She always took a dollar to town with her. One day as she went to town the first thing she came across was Helen. Helen came out and said: "Won't you help a poor little girl like me?" "Why," said Louise, "where do you live?" Helen answered, "Oh, I live in the streets and alleys or any place I can." Then Helen told her sad story. Louise told her she was a beggar girl once, but she was adopted by wealthy people. Then Louise said, "Well, I will see what I can do for you." She took her home and they adopted Helen too. So, was this not returning good for evil?

The Thanksgiving Pies

By Martha Richmond, Aged 11 Years, 211 North Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Nellie, John and baby Helen were kept out of the kitchen all day. Mamma's voice was heard often giving Sadie, the cook, orders. But they could not hear a word they said, and were wild with curiosity.

Now, you must know 'twas the day before Thanksgiving, and the turkey had been dressed, the sauce cooked and the pies baked.

The pies were the most important with the children; there were pumpkin and cherry pie, for they were to have company. Aunt Miller's sons, the Fin Harrys, besides his sister Bessie's beau, who liked her very much and often brought her candy.

You might think children more interested in the pie, fat turkey, but no; it was in the pies.

Now listen. The pumpkins were John's. All summer he had tended them. The cherries were Nellie's. They came from her own little tree, and she picked them. At last the day came and they had a happy, happy time.

The Lady's Thanksgiving

By Ruth Davenport, Aged 12 Years, 1322 Norfolk Avenue, Norfolk, Neb., Blue Side.

In a little white cottage lived an old lady named Mrs. White. She was very poor and she was lame. The only friend she had was a kitten and she sat alone all day.

Thanksgiving came, she thought what she was going to have to eat. The only thing she had was bread.

Some of the neighbor children thought of the old lady and planned to take her a Thanksgiving dinner.

When dinner time came a knock was heard at the door. The lady said, "Come in."

Naughty Norine

By Phyllis Corbett, Aged 15 Years, 818-Norfolk, Neb., Red Side.

Norine was the youngest child of the Vanderbit family. She had three brothers and one sister, who were very fond of her, although she had a bad temper and was very spoiled.

Norine had one pet of whom she was very fond. It was a black cat, whom she called Tabby. She had three brass carriage for his buggy and often dressed poor Tabby up in doll's clothes and walked up and down with him in front of the walk.

One morning she was busily engaged in dressing Tabby up.

"Now, Tabby, sit still or I'll spank you, so I will," said Norine, "and we'll go for a nice walk, you and I, and Sister Nellie can go with us."

At last she succeeded in tying a doll's hood on his head and strapped him lightly in the doll carriage. Poor Tabby meowed pitifully, but Norine had no mercy and was soon pushing the buggy up and down on the walk.

"Tabby, if you will stop crying I'll ask mamma if we can go and see grandma," said Norine.

"Mamma," she cried as she ran into the house, "Tabby and I are going to see grandma."

"Not today, dear. Grandma is entertaining and you might bother her," answered her mother.

"But I want to show her my new kitty and I'm going, so there," pouted Norine.

"You may go some other time, but not today," Norine said her mother.

But a week had passed since Norine's mind. "If I go anyway and then Tabby and mamma will never know."

She was soon around the corner and walked a long time.

"I guess grandma moved, Tabby, I can't find her house. I guess we're lost." And Norine began to cry and sat down on a doorstep and sobbed herself to sleep. She never knew when the door opened and a kind-hearted old lady brought her into the house. When she awoke she found herself in bed and saw her mother's anxious face bending over her. It was a sad lesson for Norine, but it was a lesson of disobedience.

Harry and the Snow Man

MAGNIFICENT snow lay on the ground, a heavy, solid snow, such as boys love to play in and build with. Harry stood at his window in the early morning, looking out upon the earth of white, saying mentally: Ah, now I'll build a snow man. And this is Saturday—no school to take me from home. I'll show my ability as a sculptor.

An hour later, Harry, well coated and mottened, was busy gathering together a huge quantity of snow. He wanted plenty of material before beginning to model his snow man. As soon as he had quite a little mound piled up he began to work. By noon the man's legs were done and a fine pair of legs that were too muscular and strong. When Harry's father came home for luncheon he was so pleased with the portion of the snow man that was completed that he declared his son was a "real artist." "Or maybe you're an anatomist," he suggested, smiling at his son.

"Anyways, you have modeled a fine knee, and the feet are nothing perfect."

Harry was so pleased over his father's praise at his work that he was even more particular with the remainder of the snow man's body, and worked a bit more on the "fine knee and perfect feet," wanting the figure to be just right in every proportion and angle.

And so Harry worked and worked all that day and when evening came he had only a little more to do on the snow man's head. But as the evening was pretty cold he thought he would not complete the figure till the following morning; so after supper he sat reading to his mother and father from a most entertaining book.

When the clock struck 9 he said good-by to his parents and went to his own room, and was soon in bed—fast asleep.

It must have been almost midnight when Harry awoke, the bright moonlight beaming full in his face. He had been dreaming of his snow man, dreaming that he had come to life and was walking about in the yard, hat and stick in hand. The dream had been so vivid, that even after waking Harry felt that it must be true, and lay in a half dazed condition, marveling that a snow image should become animated. How did it happen? Ah, he would astonish the world!

Then a slight noise from the yard below brought Harry to a more wakeful mind. He got out of bed and went to the window, through which the moonlight was pouring. Looking out into the yard he beheld the snow man standing sentinel-like, noble and silent. Then of a sudden he beheld the dark figure of a man or boy dart from



THEN ANOTHER FIGURE JOINED THE ONE BESIDE THE SNOW MAN.



THE LADY'S THANKSGIVING