

# LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

STORIES about Hallowe'en parties would be numerous this week, because certainly a great many of the Busy Bees will celebrate. Write us about the parties; tell us about the games and what they mean. It will be interesting to see how many played the same games and to how many did they mean the same thing.

One of the prize winners this week writes of a Hallowe'en party and its effect upon the people who live in Goblins-land. In your stories of Hallowe'en try to give us real descriptions of your parties, of the costumes that the guests wore, so that we may have a picture of what you saw.

Two of the Bees this week have told, apparently, the same story, but told it each in her own way, and it is interesting to compare them. As they live in the same town, possibly the story is one which was given in school in the language class, one which was told them by the teacher. Others of the Bees could write us these stories, couldn't they? They are especially interesting to read, as they show how differently two people hear, or see, the same story, and how differently they tell it.

The prize winners this week are Eunice Wright of Fremont, Neb., Blue side, and Sadie Finch of Kearney, Neb., also Blue side. The Bees on the Red side should work harder to deserve the adjective "busy," and also to win the prizes.

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

- Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- Lillian Marvin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Burlington, Neb.
- Ana Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Lampson, Bennington, Neb.
- Maria Gallagher, Bennington, Neb. (Box 11)
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Verla Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Lois Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Alida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
- Margaret Hildner, Goldenburg, Neb.
- Anna Yost, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lyla Rutt, 606 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 15 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 402 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, Leadwood, S. D.
- Marta Murray, 23 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- High Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Hester F. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Egypta Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Margie Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Alice Grammer, 154 S. street, Lincoln.
- Marlan Hamilton, 203 L. street, Lincoln.
- Ethel Hamilton, 202 L. street, Lincoln.
- Irene Disher, 200 L. street, Lincoln.
- Hughie Disher, 200 L. street, Lincoln.
- Charlotte Doggs, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln.
- Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 554 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
- Althea Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.
- Louise Elies, Lyon, Neb.
- Estelle McDermott, York, Neb.
- Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucille Haasen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Heien Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Leola Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- William Davis, 221 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Haabe, 260 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Helen Goodrich, 2023 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 2023 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Herold, 2023 D street, Omaha.
- Lillian Wirt, 418 Cass street, Omaha.
- Lewis Prof, 215 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Pauline Jones, 270 Fort street, Omaha.
- Bassett Ruf, 154 Binney street, Omaha.
- Maya Cain, 154 Binney street, Omaha.
- Helen F. Douglas, 181 S. street, Lincoln.
- Ada Morris, 344 Franklin street, Omaha.
- John Jensen, 209 Howard St., Omaha.
- Orrin Fisher, 120 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 209 Howard St., Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 209 Howard St., Omaha.
- Gail Howard, 412 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Helen Houck, 1023 Lothrop street, Omaha.
- Emerson Goodrich, 409 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 1023 Locust St., Omaha.
- Levi Carson, 124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Blah Fisher, 120 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 209 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Edna Heden, 279 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Mabel Sheffelt, 414 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 206 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Lenora Denison, 311 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Maie Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Madge Daniels, Waco, Neb.
- Zola Hedden, Orleans, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Maria Farnon, Osceola, Neb.
- Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Karl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
- Edna Ems, Stanton, Neb.
- Lena Peterson, 211 Locust St., E. Omaha.
- Jena Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Leo Beckord, Waco, Neb.
- Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Edie Stanny, Wilber, Neb.
- Frederick Ware, Winona, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Edna Behling, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
- Clara Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Ethel Mulholland, Box 7, Malvern, Ia.
- Kleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Katherine Miller, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Margaret B. Withers, Thurman, Ia.
- Elizabeth McEvoy, R. F. D. 2, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
- Henry L. Workinger, 202 W. Huron street, Chicago.
- Adelina Sorry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 52.
- Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pearl Barton, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Pauline Lewis, Grand, Okl.
- Fred Shelley, 200 Turf street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
- Neille Diedrick, Sidney, Neb.
- Katherine Miller, Sidney, Neb.
- Eunice Wright, 32 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
- Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
- Phyllis Haag, 522 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
- Maile Moore, Silver City, Ia.
- Mabel Houston, 3015 Sherman avenue, Omaha.
- Dorothy Tolleson, 436 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha.
- Mabel Baker, Leader, Wyo.
- Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.
- Elizabeth Wright, 122 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Marion Staples, 183 South Thirty-first street, Omaha.
- Francis A. Dotson, Pueblo, Colo.
- Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb.
- Madge Beckard, Waco, Neb.
- Ellen Peterson, Fifty-first and C streets, Omaha.
- Harry Reuting, 123 East First street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jennette McHirdie, Elgin, Neb.
- Elizabeth Wright, 322 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Eunice Wright, 32 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
- Sadie Finch, 205 Fourth avenue, Kearney, Neb.

## Ready for Hallowe'en



seen in his natural state. But with his trunk on he looked very inviting. So, when he entered the presence of Jack's mother he was very nice to behold. And Jack, too young and unsophisticated to have noticed the change in the man-for in truth the little fellow's mind was wholly occupied with thoughts of the new-styled candy-the man stood in no danger of exposure through him.

"I can make the finest candy you ever set tooth against," declared the stranger, speaking easily through his mask. "I have made candy for kings and queens. My recipe comes from the fairies."

"Well, it turned out that Jack's mother engaged the candy-maker to remain at their house, which was a very grand mansion (and filled with a large family and servants), and to make his wonderful sweet for them to eat. As a party was to be had that night in honor of little Jack, she thought it most propitious that the man should have come at that special time. So he was set to work in the kitchen, and after several hours he came to Jack's mother with a plate of shining brown candies, some in star shape, others round balls, and some of half-moons and diamonds. And each had inside its shining brown coat some soft, toothsome cream and other confection, which tasted very pleasantly to Jack's mother. And not knowing of the danger that lay in the eating of too many of these rich bonbons, she allowed Jack to eat his fill even before the party. And she, too, ate of the chocolates most freely, calling to her other children to come and partake.

"Well, when the early evening came the

great house, alight with waxen tapers and everything prepared in elegant style for the arrival of the young guests. Of course, the children's parents accompanied them, and this in fact made two parties, one for the grownups (in the splendid drawing room), and one for the children (in the immense and pleasant nursery upstairs).

"And everywhere were great cut-glass bowls and silver dishes filled with the delicious chocolate candy. And every guest, both great and small, ate heartily of the new-styled sweet, declaring the candy-maker to be a genius, a superhuman being, to be able to concoct a dish fit for the gods.

"And the candy-maker was hidden to appear before the parents of the children, and there received rich gifts from them in the shape of coins and gems. And each fond mother begged him for his recipe that she might make such delicious candy at home. But to no one would he give his rare secret, but declared that he would go to each person's home and there make barrels and boxes of the rich chocolate drops to be stored up for their future use.

"After a while, however, several of the children in the nursery became suddenly ill and cried out for their mothers. The mothers ran to them, unable to understand the sudden attacks of illness which had come upon them. But while working over them, they, too, became ill, one lady fainting. Then it was thought wise to send for a physician, for as the minutes went by others of the guests and the household became violently ill. Little Jack lay on the floor in the nursery as white as the driven snow. His mother, too, was very ill, and was reclining on a couch. The doctor came quickly and declared they were suffering from a form of acute indigestion, and asked what they had been eating. Then it occurred to Jack's mother that it might be the result of the new-styled candy, and sent at once for the stranger who had made it.

"When the committee of three gentlemen chosen from among the guests tapped at the door of the stranger, they received no response, and turning the doorknob, they found the door unlocked. So they entered and found the candy-maker fast asleep on his bed. He had removed his mask and his face was so frightful that the gentlemen fleeing him were greatly surprised. They were surprised that their

hostess would employ such a hideously ugly creature to mix concoctions for her family and guests to eat. So they awoke him rudely and dragged him by main force before the physician.

"When the candy-maker awoke he reached for his mask, but did not have time to put it on, so, when entering the presence of the company he was just a nature-or bad habits, rather-had made him. And in his hand he carried the mask.

"When Jack's mother beheld the horrible creature's hideous face, she all but fainted dead away. "Why, this is not the man who made the candy!" she cried.

"But on having her attention called to his mask, she at once understood that she had been duped. The doctor questioned the candy-maker concerning the ingredients of his mixture, and found that a little of the chocolate would do his patients no harm; it would even benefit them, if eaten at reasonable hours, but that it was very rich and therefore injurious if eaten in great quantities.

"But tell me, sir," asked the doctor, addressing the hideous man, "why you carry such a horrible, sticky confection about with you."

"The man became more hideous still, and grinning, said: "I am called the Chocolate Fiend, for I kill more little children than any other fiend. My candy tastes so good to them that they will over-eat it-unless watched by their parents. And over-eating anything is bad, as you know. Well, eating candy has decayed my teeth, destroyed my digestion, made a physical wreck of me, and I want to make others suffer what I have suffered. I am the Chocolate Fiend."

"Then before anyone knew what he was about to do, he fell quite dead in their midst, and the good doctor declared he had died from over-eating sweets. And everyone present made a vow to eat of candy in moderation. As the doctor told them, "If you eat of chocolate drops as you should eat, it will do you much good. But moderation must be observed in the use of all bonbons."

"And can't we eat all the molasses taffy we wish to?" asked Jack, hopefully. (He loved molasses taffy.)

"The doctor shook his head. "No, eat sparingly of all candy, my son. If you would not grow to resemble that Chocolate Fiend who has shown you what the glutton becomes. Be temperate in all food and drink."

"And then the party broke up and the people-to grown-ups and children, had learned a lesson they never forgot."

"And will never forget it, either," declared Mattie and Katie in one breath. Then their mamma kissed them good night and they fell asleep.



### 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.
- 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 in this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

### A Faithful Dog

By Eunice Wright, Aged 12 Years, 322 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side.

"And what do you want for Christmas?" asked Papa Harris, as he came around to his daughter Mary. He was asking everybody what they wanted for Christmas. Mary answered quickly, "A nice, big doggie."

Her father laughed. "I guess you'll have to ask Santa Claus for that. I don't know where to get one."

Mary sat down and wrote a letter to Santa Claus and gave it to papa to mail.

When Christmas came what should Mary see under the Christmas tree but a little Newfoundland puppy, all curled up in a box fast asleep.

Mary was 3 years old. The puppy grew very fast, and when Mary was 5 years old he was very wise. He would follow Mary around as she played and never would let her be out of his sight. Mary named him Teddy.

One day when Mary was playing in the yard she caught sight of a butterfly. She started to follow it and Teddy got up from the grass where he had been lying and followed her, keeping track of where they went and, every once in a while, he turned to look back to see if they could be very far away from the house. They lived in the country.

By and by Mary stumbled over something and then soon found out that it was the railroad track. She started to cry, but Teddy went up to her and licked her hands. She stopped crying and began to amuse herself by playing with the cinders between the rails. Teddy grew anxious, for he knew well that the train would be coming around the track in a few minutes.

"What was that?"

Teddy pricked up his ears and listened. The train was coming! What should he do with little Mary? How should he get her off the track? Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. So Teddy cleverly took hold of Mary's little string, hain around and pulled her over the rail with his teeth to safety. It was getting dusk and so the trainmen passed on and did not see Teddy and his small charge beside the track. Mary was crying and Teddy comforted her by nestling close to her. Teddy dared not go away from her, for he did not know what might happen. Mary grew sleepy and Teddy lay down beside her, making a nice, soft pillow for her head. Soon she fell asleep and Teddy saw the moon come up from behind the trees, and one by one the stars peeped out, and then Teddy heard a call, then a whistle. He knew who that whistle was meant for, and so he cautiously slipped out from under Mary's head and went about thirty yards away and barked in answer to the whistle.

Soon a light appeared ahead, and Teddy kept on barking, to direct the hunters or men who were looking for Mary.

Oh! How he frisked and capered about when Mr. Harris came and patted him on the head and asked him where Mary was. Teddy took them to the place where Mary was sleeping and Mr. Harris carried her home. The other men followed, with Teddy in front, barking and frisking about joyfully.

When they got home Mary was wide awake. She looked at her pet dog and said: "Don't like Teddy?"

"Why, dear?" asked her father.

"Twas I was makin' houses out of the stones on the track and a twin tumbled along and Teddy pulled me off."

Thus the story came out, bit by bit, and Teddy was patted and given many lumps of sugar. (His favorite dish), and Mrs. Harris cried and said she wouldn't let him be taken away for anything.

The next day Teddy was taken to town and Mr. Harris bought him a fine gold medal to wear.

### A Hallowe'en Party

By Sadie B. Finch, Aged 12 Years, 206 Fourth Avenue, Kearney, Neb., Blue Side.

Margaret's invitations were out for a Hallowe'en party, and the guests were to come dressed as ghosts, witches, gnomes, sprites, etc., all of which are essential in making such a gathering interesting.

It is said, during the month of October, spirits lurk about hidden in every nook and corner, and listening to all secret plans. One ghost heard of this party. He floated at once to Goblins land, and immediately proceeded to report all the news of the party, which was to be a large and swell affair.

The wise spirits held a consultation and were very indignant at what they considered an insult to their community. After much thought they concluded the best remedy would be to give the merry-makers a great fright. They laid their plans before their immortal people, who cheered them in their wisdom, and said they would act according to their dictation.

The Fox home was decorated to perfection for the occasion, and Margaret Fox masked and robed in white, met all the guests at the door, scarcely recognizing any of her friends in their weird and ghastly costumes. Sports of all kinds were indulged in. Ducking for apples, eating popcorn balls from suspended strings, melting lead and pulling taffy.

When all were seated around tables for the delightful refreshments, loud knockings were heard. They all left the tables

in excitement and ran to the doors and windows from whence came the knockings, and they actually saw ghosts and goblins floating, not walking, on the large porch and leafy lawn. The children ran back screaming. The older people told them to come back to their log fires and pumpkin pies and they would protect them.

The spirits returned to Goblins land delighted with their success. In a few moments fright and excitement were forgotten and all was laughter and fun. After partaking of the salty fate cake, the carriages in the driveway were in line to take them home. But before leaving, they all voted Margaret a royal entertainer. Despite their little fright, all went home happy and feeling they had spent a delightful evening.

### The Story of Roger Williams

By Clarice Haggart, Aged 11 Years, St. Paul, Neb., Blue Side.

Roger Williams came over from England to Massachusetts in 1631. Soon after he was chosen minister of the church at Salem. He believed in religious liberty for everyone. The Puritans believed in religious liberty for themselves. Roger Williams said that the laws should be made so people could believe as they liked. The Puritans believed that laws should be made to punish anyone who said anything against their ways of living.

Williams refused to make a law compelling everyone to go to church. Soon he was told to leave Salem, but he refused. He said the king of England had no right to give away land that belonged to the Indians. The people threatened to arrest him and send him from the country. Hearing of this Williams made his escape. It was bitter cold, but he pushed on to the house of Massachusetts, an Indian chief.

In the spring he began a settlement at Raccoon. Later with five men he rowed down the river. They heard some Indians call out from the shore: "How are you, friend?" They landed, but embarked again and rowed on until they found an attractive place.

Williams wanted to start a settlement here, and bought land from the Indians for the purpose. He named the place Providence. Soon the colony was known as Rhode Island.

Williams once learned that the Pequods were trying to persuade the Narragansett Indians to join them in war against the whites.

At the risk of his life he went to the Narragansett to ask them to refuse. He thus saved the colonists from the attack.

### The Tablet

By Florence Halasek, Aged 11 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

I once found myself in a garden. A man came and picked me and put me into a machine and made me into cloth. Then they put me on the train. I was in a store when a lady came and got me. She made me into a dress. A girl came and put me on a train. After a long time I was in a store. A boy came and bought me and took me to school. He wrote all over me and then threw me into the basket. A boy came and threw me outdoors and set a match to me. A hard wind came and blew me up. This is the end of a life.

### Harold's Vacation

By Carroll Brown, Aged 13 Years, Fairbury, Neb.

Harold and George who, living in Louisiana, decided to spend their vacation in the Ozark mountains. So they got their guns and traps ready and started on their journey. After traveling a few days they found a suitable place for their camp, near a small creek.

The first morning they took their guns and started out to hunt some game for dinner. They had not gone far before Bravo, the dog, discovered some tracks and the boys started off in hot pursuit. They had not gone far before they found the tracks divided. Harold took one and George the other.

George soon found the one he took were old tracks, so he went back and found Harold.

In the meantime Harold had kept on his trail till he came to a pile of brush. He took the end of his gun and struck the brush. A low growl followed and a large bear came rushing out. Harold fired his rifle, but only wounded the bear. Now was George's turn. He fired his rifle and the bear rolled over dead. They dragged the bear to camp, built a fire and cooked some for supper.

### Cotton

By Margaret Buttery, Aged 11 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

I found myself growing in a large field with a lot of other plants. The day I bursted I was a ball of white cotton. The next day I was picked and put into a large basket. I was then taken to a mill and made into cloth. Then I was taken to a store. In a few days a lady came in and bought me. She made me into a dress for a girl about 8 years old, who wore me for about three months. She tore me in the sleeve and skirt and I was then put into a ragbag.

The ragman came along and I was thrown in the wagon. He didn't want to use me so I was put on a pile with a few other rags. He set a match to me, and in a few minutes I was blazing high. Then a wind came up and blew me far away.

### A Letter

By Gladys Russell, Aged 9 Years, Steinbauer, Neb.

Dear cousins: How are you? I am well and hope you the same. I am going to school and having a good time. I am in the fourth grade. Mr. Germain is my teacher. He is a good teacher. We have thirty-one pupils in our room. There are the third grade, fourth grade, fifth grade and sixth grade.

Well, I will close for this time.

## The Chocolate Fiend

By Helena Davis.

KATIE and Mattie, twin sisters, 7 years old, were being put into their nightgowns, preparatory to going to bed. And as their dear mamma always tucked them in (never leaving their beds till she saw they were asleep) they begged for a "tooth night story."

"But before you begin the story, mamma, please may I have some more chocolate candy?" asked Katie.

"Yes, and I want some, too, please, mamma," added Mattie.

Mamma stopped short (she had been buttoning Katie's nightgown) and looked at both her little daughters. "What more chocolates tonight?" she asked in tones of surprise. "Don't you remember that just before supper I gave you each two pieces of chocolate candy and told you that you should not have any more till tomorrow? It is not good for little children to eat sweets late at night. Indeed, too much sweets at any time is harmful. So, my little girls, must not want to indulge in candy except when mamma decides it will do them no harm."

"But Harry Jones eats whole lots and lots of chocolates at night," urged Mattie, "and he is never sick. He's as fat as a pig."

"Yes, and we could eat lots and lots of chocolates if we might have them, and never be sick, either," declared Katie, popping into bed.

"Well, you may think Harry Jones a healthy fellow," said their mamma, "but last winter he had croup twice. And that was caused by his having too much fat. And his fat was loaded upon him through his eating too much candy. No, my dears, mamma knows better than you what is good for you. So, no more chocolates tonight. But tomorrow you may have two pieces each before going to school. And now, into the bed, my birdies, and under the cover with your little wings." And their mamma sat beside them, asking what story they wanted to go to sleep on.

"Oh, something we have never before heard," said Mattie. "Yes, a new story, mamma," acquiesced Katie.

"Well, since you have been discussing the eating of chocolates, I will tell you the story of 'A Chocolate Fiend.'"

"It begins this way: Once upon a time there lived in a beautiful country a fine little boy. He was a very lovely child to look upon; and his parents and sisters and brothers and kindred and friends loved him dearly. Well, one day when this little boy (whose name was Jack) was playing in the yard, a tall, gaunt, ugly stranger suddenly appeared before him. When Jack asked him his business and his name the stranger grinned, showing



"I AM THE CHOCOLATE CANDY MAKER"

Oliver Moore

"Oh, my," he cried, "he ain't kotched him 7117—Houseskeeper."