

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all the Busy Bees!
 Now that you have all looked into your stockings and know just what Santa has brought you, and have time to sit down and take a long breath and think about it all. "Merry Christmas to all the Busy Bees!"

Because the year is so arranged, Christmas is no sooner here than it is time to think of New Year's and to plan for the new year. In your stories this week, therefore, tell us, Busy Bees, how one should plan for the new year.

Two Christmas stories win the prizes this week. The stories are different in every respect. One tells of the first Christmas, and tells it in simple, direct style. The other tells of a modern Christmas incident. Thyra Buchanan of Silver Creek and Fay Calhoun of Elm Creek are the prize winners.

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, Harrison, Neb.
 Lillian Miller, Beaver City, Neb.
 Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
 Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
 Minnie Grant, Bennington, Neb.
 Agnes Damper, Omaha, Neb.
 Marie Gammage, Jenkinson, Neb.
 Ida May, Central City, Neb.
 Vera Cheney, Ourling, Neb.
 Louis Hann, David City, Neb.
 Rosa Fricke, Fremont, Neb.
 Aida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
 Eunice Bode, Fair City, Neb.
 Mabel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
 Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
 Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
 Margaretta Madison, Gottenburg, Neb.
 Anna Veas, 467 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Lydia Roth, 526 West Keonig street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Ella Veas, 467 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Irene Costello, 315 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Jessie Crawford, 490 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Pauline Schulte, Leadwood, S. D.
 Martha, Murdock, 1212 Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
 Hugh Hill, Leadwood, Neb.
 Hester F. Leadwood, Neb.
 Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
 Ruth Simpson, Lexington, Neb.
 Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
 Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
 Marieje Temple, Lexington, Neb.
 Alice Grossmeyer, 155 C street, Lincoln.
 Marion Hamilton, 229 L street, Lincoln.
 Elsie Hamilton, 229 L street, Lincoln.
 Irene Disher, 230 L street, Lincoln.
 Hughdie Disher, 227 L street, Lincoln.
 Charlotte Boss, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln.
 Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
 Helen Johnson, 234 North Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
 Theresa Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.
 Louisa Steier, Lyons, Neb.
 Estelle McDonald, Omaha, Neb.
 Milton Stiles, 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 Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
 Genevieve M. Jones, Norfolk, Neb.
 William Davis, 321 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
 Louis Haab, 200 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
 Frances Johnson, 223 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
 Marguerite Johnson, 223 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
 Emilie Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
 Helen Goodrich, 610 Nicholas street, Omaha.
 Mary Brown, 222 South Central Boulevard, Omaha.
 Haise, 422 Dodge street, Omaha.
 Lillian Wirt, 435 Cass street, Omaha.
 Lewis Wolf, 215 Franklin street, Omaha.
 Bessie Foy, 184 Blinney street, Omaha.
 Meyer Collin, 546 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
 Helen P. Douglas, 565 Franklin street, Omaha.
 Ada Morris, 544 Franklin street, Omaha.
 Myrtle Jensen, 250 Isard street, Omaha.
 Orlin Fisher, 228 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
 Mildred Erickson, 229 Howard st., Omaha.



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 sentences 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, Omaha, Neb.

A Christmas Story.

By Thyra Buchanan, Aged 11 Years, Silver Creek, Neb., Red Side.

Once upon a time, very, very long ago, something happened.

It was longer ago than you can even think. It happened on the same day as Christmas.

Some wise men were on a hill. They were watching the sheep. It was night. It was very dark and still.

Suddenly they heard a voice. It came from the sky.

Suddenly they saw a bright light. It was all around them.

The voice said: "Be not afraid, be glad. The Christ child is born this day, so to the city. You will find Him there in a manger."

Then the wise men heard the beautiful singing. In a moment the singing was gone. The voice was gone. The bright light was gone.

So the wise men went to the city. They found the Christ child lying on some hay in the manger.

They loved Him. He was so good and so beautiful.

Ever since then we have kept this child's birthday.

We call it Christmas.

Courage, in Spite of Difficulties.

By Margaret Ludwig, Aged 14 Years, 2407 South Twenty-second street, Omaha, Neb.

Aye, he became great and with never a boast. Just shifted his way with enemies aloof. Darius Luick was against him many times in his place. And difficulty was met many times face to face.

Yet he won.

At school he was liked but was called "Teacher's Pet." A nickname that he would not like.

When grown into manhood he wed a fair. 'Twas then poverty lurked at his door-unpaid.

Yet he won.

As I say he did win—what he won was not as easy as nothing at all. Perhaps you know him, perhaps you do not.

He hath title—Sir Courage.

You need him a lot.

A Happy Christmas.

By Ada Donaldson, Aged 12 Years, Hillside, Ia., Red Side.

It was a week before Christmas and it was cold and snowing. Mae and Ray Jones were in the library reading, when they heard a knock at the door. Mae went to the door and opened it, there stood a little girl about her size. She had a thin shawl about her head and shoulders and she looked very cold.

"My name is Irene. I was left by my mother at the door of the poor people's house." She said.

"Come in," said Mae. "It is very warm here."

"Thank you very much," said Irene. "I am very cold."

"Come in," said Mae. "It is very warm here."

"Thank you very much," said Irene. "I am very cold."

"Come in," said Mae. "It is very warm here."



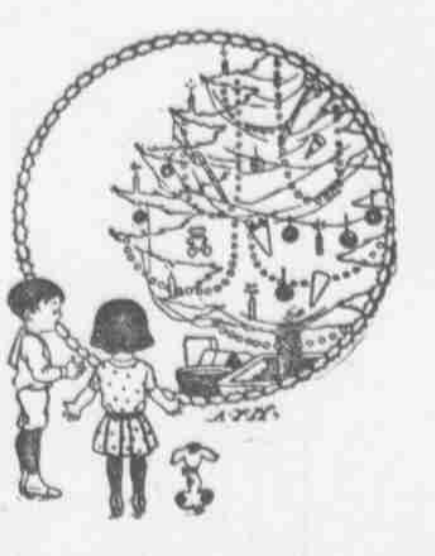
"AH, HA!" SAID SANTA CLAUS, GRINNING FROM EAR TO EAR, "WE HAVE HERE A DEAR LITTLE BIRD."

Christmas Tree Chat

I AM a Little Christmas Tree. And one day soon you will see me in gala finery, boughs all hung with gifts so nice, and candy strung From limb to limb, with ribbons gay! Yes, some day soon I'll look that way.

One time I grew quite wild, you see; But came a man who looked at me; Said he: "You are the exact size. A tree like you we'll surely prize. My children want an evergreen, And you're the nicest one I've seen."

So I was lifted from the dirt, And, strange to say, it did not hurt; Then carried to the city, where So many folks at me did stare. And in a parlor fine I'll stay Till one week after Christmas Day.



But Mr. Grinder took no notice of the boy except to answer no.

When Mr. Grinder was sitting in his fireling room the servant entered and said there was a gentleman to see him. At first Mr. Grinder told the servant to put him out. But the servant said the man had important business with him, so he said to show him up.

The gentleman who wished to see him was Father Harrow who wished everyone to be happy on Christmas. He wanted Mr. Grinder to give some money to him so that he could help the poor, but Mr. Grinder refused.

After Father Harrow departed, Mr. Grinder asked his servant to get his coat and hat and he started to go down town. Everybody he passed looked poor, but nobody asked him for money. He went on until he noticed Father Harrow and a little boy. He followed them until they went up a staircase and into a couple of rooms. He went up behind them and entered the room.

There was a pale woman on the bed. She told her little son that she was going up to live with God, and she said she was going to ask Father Harrow to take care of him. Then Mr. Grinder said he would take care of him.

This woman was his daughter-in-law, and he did not know it.

Lola in Ireland.

Eunice Wright, Aged 12 Years, 532 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb., Blue Side.

Lola lay in front of the fireplace, idly turning the pages of a Mother Goose book, which she had read about fifty times. She knew the contents by heart. What each letter of the alphabet stood for. From A to Z.

Soon she grew tired of it, and laying it aside propped her head up on her arm and used it for a pillow. She was gazing absently into the fire when the log seemed to take on the look of a tiny palace all red and yellow.

Lola looked and thought it must be a fairy, but when "Hello," sounded in her ear she sat up straight and looked around her. She could see nothing. Thinking she must be dreaming, she curled herself up for a nice nap which she wasn't destined to secure for that little while kept persistently calling, "Hello! Hello! Can't you see me? Oh, dear! You'll make me lose my patience!"

But Lola thought she must be dreaming and paid no attention until, "Come on, I'm going to take you some place if you'll ever come!" sounded right in her ear. She opened her eyes then, and saw, sitting on her shoulder—a dear, tiny little figure clad in orange gowns, and holding in her right hand, a golden wand that had a bright yellow star gleaming on the end.

"How pretty!" Lola exclaimed.

"Yes," said the fairy looking at the palace of fire, "I think it is very pretty."

Lola laughed. "You do not even know what I'm talking about," she said.

"Why," answered the fairy, "you're talking about the palace of course."

"No," replied Lola, "I was talking about you."

"Well, we'll let that pass," said the fairy. "My name is Princess Firelight. What is yours?"

"My name is Lola Jensen."

"That's a very pretty name. Quite as pretty as yourself. But we must be hurrying. Would you like to have me take you to Ireland?"

"I'd be delighted," said Lola.

"I thought so," answered Firelight.

"It is very far," asked Lola, "not feeling in a mood to walk very far?"

"No, it's just inside the fireplace, where the pretty palace is," replied Princess Firelight.

"But, I can't get in there, and besides I would burn up. Mamma said so," Lola said.

"No you won't," said the princess, and immediately everything seemed to grow very large, but Firelight told Lola that she had made her grow very small, and she walked into the fire—but it did not burn—and up the steps of the lovely palace. As they went under the beautiful arched doorway, they heard some very pretty music coming from the inside.

"Oh, where is that music?" exclaimed Lola, "let's go to it. It seems so very pretty."

"We are," answered Firelight. "Do you like to dance?"

"I don't know how to dance. Mamma never would let me learn."

"You don't have to learn in Ireland," answered the princess. "You just seem to know how before you begin. And it isn't like the way you dance either."

Lola thought it very queer, but nevertheless, she followed where Firelight led, and they went into the dancing room where the fairies seemed to be gliding over the floor—dancing.

Lola and Lola danced too and Lola thought that what the fairy had said was true.

They danced quite a long time, then the lights began to grow dim, and one by one they went out. The fairies began to dance more and more slowly, soon they were left in the dark.

Then Firelight led Lola out of the darkness and on to the floor where she had first been.

Princess Firelight then touched Lola with her wand and she became large again and was lying in the same position as at first. Lola looked at the fireplace, but the palace had gone and in its place was the same old log. Suddenly the door opened and Mrs. Jensen came in and said: "Lola, what a long nap you've had."

Charley's Birthday Gift.

Greta Strickland, Aged 13 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Charley Birbaum was as happy a boy as could be found in all America, when on his eighth birthday his father brought him for a birthday present, a magnificent mastiff. A large brass collar around the dog's neck was engraved with the dog's name, "Hero."

Charley had had all sorts of presents, boxes of tools, skates and books, and once he had a very large rocking-horse. But this was a real live present, the grandest present he had ever received.

Charley and Hero soon became fast friends, taking the saddle from the old rocking-horse, Charley would mount the patient mastiff, and Hero seemed to be almost as proud of his rider as Charley was of his horse.

Mary's Kindness.

By Emilie Brown, Aged 13 Years, 222 South G Boulevard, Omaha, Red Side.

There was a little girl whose name was Mary. Her parents were very rich and she could have anything she wanted. Across from her home lived her little friend, who was very poor, named Millie. Her mother had to work for a living.

Millie knew she would get no presents, but Mary knew she could get what she wanted. This year Mary wanted an extra large amount of presents and she received them all.

On Christmas day little Millie sat by the window looking very sad, when she heard a gentle tap at the front door. When she opened the door who should be there but little Mary.

"Millie," Millie never get any presents for Christmas so I thought I would get you something."

When Millie untied the package she saw it was a beautiful doll. Millie thanked Mary very much and said it was the nicest present she ever had. When Mary got home her mother asked her where she had been. Mary said that the doll she got for Christmas she had given to Millie. Mary's mother said it was very nice of her to be so kind to her little friend.

Jennie's Christmas.

By Helen Iken, Aged 9 Years, 126 North Forty-second Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Once there lived a little girl named Jennie. Her father and mother were very poor. In a few days it would be Christmas and Jennie was sure that she would get no presents.

But on Christmas eve Jennie hung up her stocking by the fireplace and her good sister Grace made some seedcakes and moulded them like animals, birds and people. Then when they were done she went to her sewing basket and took from it a piece of white cloth and sewed till she had made a little white apron for Jennie. She had an ear of popcorn which a neighbor had given her which she popped. Then she filled Jennie's stocking with the seedcakes and popcorn and pinned the apron at the toe of the stocking and went to bed.

In the morning when Jennie awoke she was one of the happiest children on earth. She thanked her sister over and over again. Then when Jennie was dressed her sister took a book from the table and read to her.

A Question.

W HAT becomes of Little Fishes When the creek is frozen over?

Do they leave their home in water And take refuge on the shore?

Do they shiver when Old Winter Sifts the snowflakes o'er their heads?

Or do snowdrops, just like feathers, Make for them nice cozy beds?

Anyway, 'tis cause for question Just what Little Fishes do When the ice crusts on the water; And I surely wish I knew!

Map.

