The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the

Day We

November 26, 1911.

School.

Celebrate

Year.

The Little Busy Bees



COURSE, the Busy Bees are all looking forward to Thanks-twere enjoying ourselves eating popcorn giving day; to the feast of turkey and cranberry sauce and and candy. pumpkin ple, and to the good time which they will have after wood. They came over in automobiles. dinner. And the Busy Bees no doubt know that we feast in The Council Bluffs team was winning, memory of that first Thanksgiving day way back in 1621, but towards the last the Glenwood team when our Pilgrim fathers, after leaving the old country, bray- got ahead of them. At 5 o'clock we

ing the Atlantic ocean in their little ship, the Mayflower, and going through a year of hunger and exposure at Plymouth in the new country-at last had a good harvest and held a festival of thanksgiving to God. breeze, while the Council Bluffs people

The Children's page editor hardly needs to tell the Busy Bees about Thanksgiving, when they themselves have written such interesting letters about our annual national feast day. Among the interesting letters on By Rose Murray, Aged 7 Years, 1115 other topics are those of the four new Bees at Lead, S. D., who have all joined the hive as members of the Red side. One of them, Ernest Robinson, has captured the first prize. The second prize has been won by Edith

The new Bees are:

Red Side Bertha Robinson, Ethel Robinson, Cecil Robinson, Ernest Robinson, Katherine Hollister and Margaret Howe.

Blue Side-Dorothy Aileen McNutt, Donald Jessen, Rose Murray and

Gladys Edelmair.

Little Stories Told by Little Folk

(First Prize.) Our Ranch.

By Ernest Robinson, Aged 10 Years, Lead, S. D. Red Side.

When I was 5 years old we lived on the ranch in Nebraska and my father had ,000 sheep, and a big sheep with big horns. Very often he would chase my father in the barn and around the house, and sometimes he would chase our dog. Sport, and run us children in the house. One day my mother was at the water tank after a bucket of water and he thought that she had salt in the bucket. When he saw that she didn't have salt in the bucket he took after her and almost caught her before she could get in

One day when my father was in the sheep pen picking up little lambs out of the rain, just as he stooped to pick up a little lamb the big sheep butted him nead foremost into the mud.

(Second Prize.) My Visit to the Indians. By Edith Carlson Aged 12 Years. Witten, South Dakota.

We have a young horse that we wanted to train to drive single. So one day papa told me, if I would get ready we would

go and see how the Indian lived. There is a creek that they call Oak creak, in Mellette county. It is about eight miles from our place. Along the creek a good many Indian live, Most of them live near the creeks,

We came to one house and this man could talk good English. This man had nine children living and some dead. I did not see his wife, but I saw some of the girls. They were dressed like some

White people.

He had a good house, and it is like some houses the white people live in. He also had a tent and a summer house besides the house he lived in.

They kept their brooms and things on top of the roof of the summer house and the buckets tied to a string to the roof. They had a ladder to get up on the roof. He had thirteen quarters of land and over twenty dogs. His name was Lewy Blackhouse. He went with us to another Indian's house. This man could not talk

When we got there he came out and said, "How do" to us in Indian language and shook hands with me. He looked very where the robbers live and ask them that it was the best Thanksgiving she

would not talk to us. He lived in a log cabin, and had a born any farther, so we went home.

(Honorable Mention)

A Story of My Birthday.

By Alice McCutcheon, Aged 8 Years, 973 South Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha. last year. One day I said to mother: "I wish my birthday would come on Thankagiving day."

And, sure enough, it did. I had a tur- it up. ran upatairs and bid,

We played games and then mother called us to lunch. We had napkins with pletures of turkeys on thom, and everything to make us think of Thankagiving. I can also a remember that I had one birthday on Thanksgiving day.

A True Story of a Cruel King. By Minnie Radia, Aged 13 Years, 100 South Thirty-second street, South Omaha. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a very rich king who invited God to go for dinner. So he made a best dinner and waited for God to come. He couldn't see God come but an old beggar came. And he saked the servant if he could sleep over the night. So she asked the king and the pumpkins, two loafs of bread and some king said he could sleep by the stove in nuts, because Aunt Lizzle, Uncle Joe and the kitchen if he wished. So the beggar grandma and grandpa are coming over aid down by the stove and the servant tomorrow. saw a beautiful bird fly in through the window and the bird went right straight not seen her uncle and aunt and grand-

The bird said to the beggar, "There are the beggar's and the merchant's." And he naked, "Whose parts are they home with her hands full of packages.

going to have?" The bird said, "The blanksmith's boy

the blacksmith's part, the merchant's the merchant's part and the beggar's boy the king a part and his riches." And the servant heard, so she hurried

to the king and told him. And he got up and went to the town where the beggar's ble said, "I cannot's sell him, for he's potatoes and a great hig fat turkey.

The Eing anid, "I will give you \$2,000." And so he sold him. The king took ing They didn't get back till late and by him and when he was quite a way off he the time they got back they had to threw the baby in a pend of water and start for home. said, "Not to you my riches."

A priest was going past and saw somepicked if up and brought it to the rest of the priests and they kept it. And they

not so rich from that little boy. Its was already 19 years old. So the king heard about him and went to buy him, and he bought him for \$5,000 and cook him horne, and wrote a letter that should bill him. And told the boy to take is to the quebe, and he went up town. no he came to the place and gave the were on the car we saw many of the netter to the queen. The letter was foot ball players. We got off on Thirty-banged that this young fellow should be third street and went to the place where wim married with the princess.

found out that Glenwood won. The people from Glenwood were very happy. They were waving their pennants in the were walking away looking sad.

Mary's Thanksgiving.

Mary was 8 years old in October. She lived in a large city. Her mother said she would take her to grandma's for Thankegiving. Mary was so anxious to go she could hardly wait for the happy day. Thankegiving morning Mary was up early and was warmly wrapped when papa came to the gate with the sleigh. The day was cold and the little girl cuddled under the robe to keep warm. After a long drive they were at grandma's gate. Grandpa lifted Mary out of



MISS GWENDOLYN WOLFE. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baldrige will give | Gwendolyn Wolfe and Dudley, Clifford a pink domino party during the Christ- and Grafton Wolfe, who will be at ho mas holidays, December 27, for Miss from their schools in the cast.

'Did you kill the boy?"

'Why you said he should get married." queen show him the letter and it

kindly. His wife was there, but she how much money I have or I'll kill you." So he went and found the place and in the house was a woman. The robber was and a summer house. He had some cattle not home. She said her husband would and horses, also. I did not want to go kill him. The boy told all about what he was sent for. And he hid under the stove. And the robber came bome and the wife told him some stories and asked how much money the king had. are did not

So the robber went out and the woman said she did not know. So he went home I was 8 years old on Thanksgiving day and found some gold. And when he came home the king asked where did he get

He said, "There is a gold hill and I dug key dinner on my birthday. I went to so the king went to get some gold there,

take a walk with my sister and when we too. He had no time to ask about the returned there were sixteen little girls money, so he started out for the gold. to greet me. I was so surprised that I And the king never came home any more. The robbers killed him.

And all the riches became for the little No robbers, no water, no anything could kill him. It was said for him the king's riches, and so was. And they lived happy all their life.

Thanksgiving Day.

By Gertrude Simon, 662 Washington Ave-nue, Council Bluffe, 1a. It was the day before Thanksgiving and Mrs. Williams was getting ready for a Thanksgiving dinner because she had received a letter from some relations saying that they were coming over for din-

"Ruth, go up town and buy me two

"Oh, goody!" cried Ruth, for she had parents for a long time.

Buth ran upstairs to get her coat and three fittle Boys born-the blacksmith's, hat and soon was on her way to town. Within half an hour Ruth was coming The next day was Thanksgiving and at 10 o'clock in the morning the company arrived. Ruth and her mother were giad

o see them all. Two hours later the table was set and dinner was ready. Mrs. Williams onited them all for dinner. They had pumpkin boy was born . So he found the place and ple, mince pie, cranberry sauce, nuts, coffee, cookies, bread, popcorn, baked

They were soon through, with dinner and Uncle Joe took Ruth out sleigh rid-

Before they went they thanked Mrs. Williams for the dinner and said that thing in the water, so he came by it and that was the best Thanksgiving day they had ever spent.

The Foot Ball Game.

By Gladys Simon, 602 Washington Ave-nue, Council Bioffs, Ia. One Saturday afternoon a crowd of Bluffs played with Gienwood, When we of to the princess. And so the queen they were playing. It did not start till 1:30 o'clock. But we didn't carp. for we

Home for the Holidays



S. Use pen and ink, not pen-

And the king came home and asked, the sleigh. She ran into the house and was soon nice and warm near the big The queen was surprised. She said, fireplace. Grandma said dinner was ready. Mary was very glad, because she was so hungry.

said that they should be married. They went home at 5 o'clock. Before lished a colony with John Carver as govever had.

Thanksgiving.

By Cleary Hanighen, Aged 12 Years, 327 South Thirty-seventh Street, Omaha. Thanksgiving! At that word many thoughts flash through our minds of the Pilgrims and the hardships they suffered. This little body, called Separatists, after many years' persecution went to Leyden,

Some years after they came there they noticed their people adopting Dutch customs and speaking the Dutch language. Not wishing to become Dutch, they decided to go to America. They obtained a grant and in September, 1639, sailed for America in their ship, the Mayflower. For nine weeks the little vessel was By tossed about on the sea until they sighted and and sailed into Cape Cod bay. They found that they were outside the

ON PAGE 18

of pangidet included. The ingradients are also described therein, bearing as page 7.

See Hard Supplement to U.S. Tools

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original atories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first First and second prizes of books ributions to this page each week. nunications to Address all com CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

Name and Address.

Omaha Bee,

They made a landing, December, 1630, in a little bay called Plymouth bay; thus

Omaha, Meh.

the name Plymouth rock. As the winter was now on and not have ng much shelter or food many died. The Indians made many attacks, but through the bravery of the colonists under the wise captainship of Miles Standish the Indians were subdued. When the spring came the Pilgrims became stronger and glous persecution. The next year in November a day of

Thanksgiving and feasting was set aside a very awkward head and his bill is very and has been celebrated ever since. Thoughts of a Turkey.

Dorothy Alleen McNutt, Aged 8 Years, Grand Island, Neb.

I can no longer enjoy mystelf eating with the rest of the fowls. I heard the cook say the other day that I was going to be killed. The lady of the house came out and said, "Yes, we will have to have

They take away all the eggs I lay so that I can have no bables. I feel like running away. I would if I could get out of this wire pen that people call a coop. I would fly out, but it has a wire top. So in that way I have no way of helping myself.

Well, it is no use of thinking about it all the time so I guess I will have to take of hot water what comes to me.

Thanksgiving they will cut my head off so I can not gobble any more. After my feathers are off they will put me in a feathers are off they will put me in a feather are after than many others.

The many others. Then they will seathers are off they will put me on a table with other should the seather where the water to the seather than many others. out me on a table with other good things and eat me. Then there will be nothing left of the once happy, fat turkey,

The Rose-Breasted Grosbeak.

By Alfred Mayer, Aged 11 Years, 908 Farnam School. One day as I was walking by a small road I saw some of the largest trees in the world. I happened to hear a thrush's song. I kept on walking and soon turned from the road. I took about two more mere Pfigrims joined the colony. Soon steps and what do you think I saw? It quite a colony was built, free from rell- was a beautiful rose-breasted grosbeak. This bird has a rose-spotted breast. Under his wings are tints of rose. He has stubby, but when you see him flying you forget about his stubby bill and head

His song is very like an oriole's, but in all is a very sweet warble. In winter he goes as far south as South America. I am a large, fat turkey, I have been His mate is of a very different color. in the barnyard for some time, getting She is the very image of a sparrow, only London company's grant, and they estab- fat. Thanksgiving will soon be here, then | she has specks of gold around her eyes,

The grosbeak prefers his nest in a low Their Own Page oak about 2 years old or in a thornbush. The nest is quite rough and is green.

The eggs are a speckled green.

The farmer says that this bird is the otato bug eater, because it eats all the ugs from the crops and usually saves them. He also eats flies and other in-

Blue Busy Bee. SCRIBNER, Neb., Nov. 19.--Dear Edi-tor of Busy Bees: I received my book and thank you very much for awarding me a prize.

I wish to join the Busy Bee page and to be on the Blue Side. Later on I will write another affry as I am very much interested in the Busy Bee page. Yours truly,

GLADYS EDELMATER. New Busy Bee for Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I have read your interesting stories and letters for so long that I want to join the hive, I also want to help the Rod Side to win. I am writing a story this week and hope it will he published. Encouragement from a new member. MARGARET HOWE.

Bee for the Reds.

ASHLAND, Neb., Nov. 19.-Dear Editor read your stories right, along and Lorance E. Cole, 3853 Parker St. Franklin 1901 to become a Busy Bee and choose the Harold Edwards, 2512 Ames Ave......... Saratoga 1903 truly. KATHERINE HOLLISTER.

> A Bee for the Blues., OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 20.-Dear Editor. read the children's pages in The Bee. I would like to be a Busy Bee, I want to be on the blue side,

Your friend, ROSE MURRAY. A New Contributor.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 18.-Dear Editor.

have never written to the children's paper before but I hope to be a steady William Jankowski, 1420 Military Ave Walnut Hill 1892 writer. Hoping my story will be printed I remain yours, ALFRED MAYER. Thanksgiving at Grandma's.

By Donald Jessen, Aged 9 Years, Ainsworth, Neb. Blue Side. Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving.
The day of all the year.
Then is when we will go to grandma's
To eat pumpkin pie, my dear.

"You will not get me on Thanksgiving

But grandma went out And chopped off turkey's head, "And that was the end Of My. Turkey," she said.

The turkeys gobbled in the barnyard.



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First Catch Your Cold

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ease called Catarrh.

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THE OMAHA BEE

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The Doctor's Answers On Health and Beauty Questions

By DR. THEODORE BECK. The questions answered below are general in character; the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature.

Those wishing further advice free, may address Dr. Theodore Bock, College Bidg. College-Ellwood Sts., Dayton, Ohio, enclosing soft-addressed, stamped envelope for roply. Full name and address must be given, but initials or fictitious name will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any wellstocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesater.

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