

Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

ANY new Busy Bee have joined within the last few weeks and among them is little Miss Alice Slavin, whose picture appears on the page today.

Alice has lived in Omaha all her life and goes to the Lincoln school. Many of the new Busy Bees are from out of the city and we are always as happy to hear from them as we are to hear from the boys and girls of Omaha.

The editor of the Busy Bee page hopes that both the king and queen will write a message to their people before the first of the new year.

It would be nice if some of the Busy Bees would write stories of what they are going to do on Christmas day and where they will eat Christmas dinner.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

The First Christmas.

By Marie Kuhry, Aged 11 Years, Box 514, Schuyler, Neb. Blue Side.

There's a city named Bethlehem and a long time ago in this city all the people went to pay their taxes and stayed at the inn and Joseph came riding there on a donkey.

That night they slept there and that was on December 25, and a little baby was born and that was Jesus our God.

The wise men saw a beautiful star in the heavens and they followed it till they came to the manger, where little Jesus lay and they brought presents to Him.

Finally the king found this out and he was very mad. Then he said that all babies under a certain age should be killed as he knew that Jesus was smarter than he was.

Jesus was afterwards crucified and was buried.

He arose three days after and ascended into heaven to prove to the people that he was more than man.

(Second Prize.)

A Prairie Fire.

Edith Carlson, Age 13 Years, Witten, S. D. Blue Side.

There was a big prairie fire here November 22. We went to school in the morning not thinking of a fire. It was at the first recess when we first noticed it.

A boy said there was a big fire in the northwest and we looked and we could see the smoke. We didn't take much notice of it until noon. We could smell the fire and the air was filled with smoke and dust.

Some of the children became very much frightened and wanted to go home, but our teacher thought it was safer there.

People were fighting the fire, but could not do much for it was going too fast. The wind blew sixty miles an hour and the fire traveled twenty miles an hour.

It started at the mouth of Oak creek and came over the prairie very fast. There was quite a bit of hay and buildings burned.

(Honorable Mention.) Jane and Harry's Christmas. By Gertrude Altman, Aged 10 Years, 1802 Locust Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

Harry and Jane were poor children. It was Christmas night. They did not expect anything, but they hung up their stockings. When the children were sound asleep their mother went into the kitchen and made men, beads and children of dough with raisins for eyes.

My Pets. By Mollie Coranmann, Aged 12 Years, 305 South Seventh Street, Omaha. Red Side.

For pets I have a dog, a horse and three cats. The color of our horse is light brown. I have nothing to talk about of our horse, but only one thing, and that is that he likes our dog and mother, cat, and our cat has a great friend in him for the catches rats in the barn, and once when I came into the barn to give our horse a drink, why there was our mother cat asleep on his back.

Our dog is dark brown and his is one year old, and he is very smart for his age. One of his best friends is our tomcat and also is one year old, but if you would look at him you would think that he is about six years old. He is much larger and fatter than our mother cat.

A NEW BUSY BEE



Alice Slavin

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 300 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, Neb.

two officers, a president and a secretary. I hope our club will keep together long and prosper, as this is the second club we have organized.

We have fine times, and it gives us all an opportunity to be busy, do fancywork, darn stockings or any kind of needle-work we bring with us.

The Story of a Fly. By Molly Brown, Aged 11 Years, 3213 South Fifteenth Street, Omaha.

I am a little fly. My mother lays about 1,000 eggs a season. First we are a little egg, then a worm and later on we become a fly.

Now I will begin and tell you one of my adventures. One day I was flying about as usual when I flew into a house. There I was caught by a little girl. She put me in a glass and would not leave me go.

And this little girl had company and she showed me to her. The visitor said, "Leave the little fly go, because it likes to fly about in the wide world."

I was set free and after that I was very careful where I went. I never was caught since. The Night Before Christmas. By Dorothy Rose Jones, Aged 8 Years.

It was snowing hard. The children were gathered around the fire. They were waiting for Santa, but Santa didn't come, so they went to bed.

In the night they heard Santa coming. When next morning came and they woke up they ran downstairs and found their toys.

One of Robson's Experiences. A good story is told of one of the boyhood experiences of Stuart Robson, the comedian.

It was the custom of his mother to keep a scrapbook of household recipes clipped from the newspapers. She came across one that told how to make castle soap and started in at once to make it.

The recipe for this soap called for tallow grease and fat combined with coloring matter and lye, and the advantage claimed for it was that it economized the scraps in the kitchen.

The first person upon whom the soap was tried was young Robson, who was given a cake of it to use while taking a bath. Early one morning he entered the bathroom armed with a towel and a huge cake of the home-made soap.

A few minutes after suds yells were heard from the bathroom. The whole household ran to the spot, and after some delay, succeeded in forcing an entrance. There Mrs. Robson

NO FEAR OF CHAPPED SKIN



If You Use CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each sent free with 25-cent box on the stick. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 27, Boston. Tender-faced men should have Cuticura Soap Working Sides.

found her hopeful son in a semi-state of convulsions, fiercely dancing around in an hysterical attempt to rid his body of a bright tan-colored layer of grease.

It seems as soon as young Robson had stepped from the bath the soap, which he had used plentifully, had in a most peculiar manner hardened on him like cold gravy on a dinner plate and clung to him tenaciously, utterly refusing to be wiped off.

The combined efforts of his parents succeeded in scraping it off, but from that day to this Mr. Robson has had a strong aversion to home-made soap.

The Canaries' Bath.

Canaries are instinctively the most cleanly of all pets; they never drink from their bathing tub if provided with a filled drinking cup, and unless they have been frightened by chilled or too cold water, will bathe every day.

Pointed Paragraphs.

But a tip doesn't always come to the tip of the tongue. A scientist has discovered that the onion is a cure for love.

Public enthusiasm is often succeeded by public forgetfulness. When a man devotes into a growler by time rush him. It's a safe bet that most of your friends are people who want you to work for them without pay.—Chicago News.

Mail Me This Free Coupon.

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You'll receive, prepaid, a 21 pair of Drafts to try free, as explained below. Ready, Post Draft Co., Dept. G244, Jackson, Mich.

To every one suffering with RHEUMATISM I Make This Unlimited Offer



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I'll send you the Drafts the same day I get your coupon—fresh from the laboratory, ready to begin their work the minute you put them on. They are relieving every stage and condition of this cruel disease, whether chronic or acute—muscular, Sclerotic, Zumbago or Gout—no matter where located or how severe.

They are bringing comfort to old men and women who have suffered all their lives, as well as all the milder stages. Don't neglect rheumatism, I urge you, for I know the horrible torture and deformity it so often leads to. Send today for the Drafts. I send them on free trial because I know what they are doing for me.

Try the Drafts when you get them. Then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. I take your word. Address: Mackit Post Draft Co., G244 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon. Write today—now.

Are You Blue and Worried?

Nervous? Some of the time really ill? Catch cold easily and frequently suffer from biliousness or headache? The reason is that your system does not rid itself of the poisons in the blood; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of cinders. The waste does to us exactly what the cinders do to the stove; make the fires burn low until enough cinders have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.



Mrs. EDDA BLAKE, of Fort Dover, Ont., Can., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for years from throat trouble, catarrh, indigestion, female troubles, bloating, constipation and nervousness—at times I would be in bed, then able to be up again. Was under many different doctors' care, and would get better for a little while, then I would go down with chronic inflammation all through me. For fifteen years I had this poison in my blood. After trying nearly everything I got worse. I read in The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I have taken the Golden Medical Discovery and 'Peppermint Peppets' and have used five bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I am now able to do my work and walk with pleasure. I feel like a new woman. I enjoy everything around me and thank God for letting me live long enough to find something that made me well again."

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Peppets regulate liver and bowels.

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Lady Beautiful :-

By Josephine E. McLean, Valentine, Neb.

Once upon a time, living in a large castle was a very beautiful lady. The trees were so thick that no sunlight could come to her, nor any noise of the outside world. She, however, was very happy.

All day long she combed her lovely hair, and made pretty dresses, she thought only of her beauty.

The castle had many costly things in it, and when she was tired of sewing she would dust the rich furniture and fix the torches that shone on the walls. She knew nothing but this life; she woke in these rooms without companions, and she never missed them. Was not she beautiful? Were not all her things lovely? What more could anybody want?

One day as she was combing her hair a long ray of light found its way through the trees and into the room. It darted here and there, touching the red curtains and dark furniture, and then it turned like a long finger and pointed at her. She shrank from it; then it was gone. Lady Beautiful stood still, something in her cried out, she listened, and these words came to her:

"I am unhappy! I am unhappy!"

How dim the lights were, how small every thing was after all. She wandered aimlessly from room to room. The rich things that would have charmed, seem now to mock her.

"Oh! how empty!" she cried, and the walls repeated it.

Back to the room she went where the sunbeam had found her, and took down her hair. The light of the torch flared in her face; her eyes were dim and longing; she turned quickly. All her beauty had gone with the sun. She sank down and hid her face.

"I can't look!" she said over and over again. By and by she arose, and with her hair back to the glass she combed her hair, and then she fled from the room.

Up and down the halls she went, in and out of the rooms, and the echo of her own footsteps frightened her. In her wandering one day she came across a strange door; written on it in gold letters were the words, "push me."

"Push," she whispered, and then said it again. She waited until her heart told her to, then she pushed it open. She was afraid, her heart beat so fast; she closed her eyes and stepped through; the door swung back very softly; it left her trembling, slowly she opened her eyes and looked about her. She was standing in a large forest. The birds sang overhead in the great green waving trees; the sunbeams danced on the soft grass; a little brook sang to her of its happiness as it ran between its green banks; as she listened to the songs, and drank in the beauty before her a great peace came to her.

"This is what I have been looking for," she said.

She was like a child with a new toy; every day she found some thing to be happy over. She watched the little stream as it ran along, caught its song and sang

It; she heard the birds singing their songs of joy in the trees, and caught their notes, and all these things made her happy.

One day as she sat under a tree listening to all the songs that sang in her heart, as well as those that sang in the little brook, the gentle breeze—in fact, all the songs she had caught from the birds, grasses and trees—it came to her even though she sang these songs she only knew the note of each and not the words.

"I must learn the words of each of these songs," said Lady Beautiful, "then I can find the key of happiness for others."

"Look up," said a little voice overhead, "look up."

Lady Beautiful did; there sitting on a limb of a tree was a little girl. She had wings as soft and white as the clouds; she flew down. Lady Beautiful held out her hands to the child, but she flew out of her reach.

"Don't touch me," said the child, "I am the Key of Happiness, and I have come to help you find that key."

"Oh, I am so glad," said Lady Beautiful.

"But," said the child, "I can't stay with you; but I place the key at your feet." She put her tiny hand on the soft grass.

Lady Beautiful watched her, and even as she looked the child's wings seem to be the finest gold, but the child was gone. The child's voice made her think of the notes she had sung, and at her feet was the key to these songs. She felt on the soft grass for the little key, but instead of finding the key she found a little plant. It was almost dead.

"Was this the key?" she asked herself. "Is caring for this little plant the key of happiness?" She arose and hastened toward the brook. "I must give it the drink first, then I will pull up the weeds around it, and by and by I'll see what kind of flowers it has."

Day after day she cared for the little plant, and as she cared for it one little blue flower came out, then another, and soon only little flowers could be seen where the plant was.

Every morning it spoke to her of joy, happiness and peace; she grew to love it. And the little flowers as they nodded their little blue heads whispered, "Forget-me-not."

"This is the key to happiness," she thought, "to forget not love, peace and happiness."

One evening after the sun had set and the stars were shining out one by one a little child came to her.

"Come," said the child, "it is time for you to go back to the castle."

"But it is dark, the sun has set and we can't see our way back by starlight."

"Have you forgotten so soon the little forget-me-not and the lesson it taught you?" asked the child.

Lady Beautiful put her hand in the child's, she could not answer.

In the dim starlight they went on and on. The little child leading her gave her



Make the Little Tots Happy

You won't have a difficult task in choosing presents to please children if you do your buying from the mothers and sisters who have made children's clothes, dressed dolls and prepare many useful gifts which are now being offered for sale at

The Christmas Fair of the Churches

You will find many valuable suggestions for the older members of the family by looking over the many beautiful pieces of hand worked materials which are fairly stacked on the counters in the

Court of The Bee Building

Then you can please the whole family if you purchase and take home with you some of the eatables which are so temptingly good to look at and no doubt equally as good to taste, such as home made jellies, preserves, cakes, cookies, bread, etc. Candies of all kinds are to be had in most any quantity, each church having a department devoted entirely to the making and selling of this delicacy.

In every instance the churches that conducted sales during the last week, have expressed great pleasure and satisfaction over the results of the Bazar, claiming the patronage has been greater and volume of sales larger than in past years.

Monday and Tuesday	Wednesday and Thursday	Friday and Saturday
Hancock Park M. E. Dietz Memorial Hirst Memorial Oak Street M. E.	St. Mary's Congregational Unity Church Church of the Covenant McCabe M. E.	North Side Christian Trinity Methodist Clifton Hill Presbyterian First German Presbyterian

Meet Me in The Court of The Bee Building