

The Busy Bees

Welcome ye that are here
Welcome all and make good cheer.
Welcome all another year.
Now Christmas is past we hope that Santa Claus has been wise
enough to bring the right thing to every home and that there
was a song in every heart, and a spirit of good will so that
the message of the Christ Child was not in vain.

Of course every one of the Busy Bees went to see our Big Tree
in the courtyard, I heard a little girl say who was looking at the
tree that it would be nice for the city to plant some Christmas trees there
that will grow, and always be ready to use each year, to have more jolly
good times, and crowds like we had the other night.

This week being Christmas week, we will print only the Christmas
stories and next week print as many of the others as we have room for.
We were glad to get a real story from a little tot 8 years old, and whose
picture we will have next week. We were pleased to get greetings from
the Busy Bees.

First prize was given to Emmagulia Reed; second prize to Walter A.
Averillo; honorable mention, to Major Dorsey.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Thoughtful Mabel.

By Emmagulia Reed, Aged 8 Years, 2961
Harney Street, Omaha, Red Side.

It was but a week before Christmas
and the stores were crowded with people
buying presents.

In one of the large windows of the
biggest store in the city there were lots
of beautiful toys that would make a
child happy.

Fred and John had gone down town
with their 14-year-old sister, Mabel, to
buy their last Christmas gifts.

As they came down the crowded street
John rushed over to a window. Fred
followed him and Mabel was close behind,
because she did not want them to get
lost.

"Oh, shouted John, 'I want that
big ship.'"

"Oh-poo," cried Fred, "I don't want a
ship. I want that elephant. What's
the use of wanting something you can't
take until next summer?"

Mabel turned aside and saw three poor
children standing near the curb. She
managed to get Fred and John away
from the window, so she walked up to
these children and asked:

"What do you little children want for
Christmas?"

"We can't have anything, 'cause we
are too poor," cried the three.

"Well," said Mabel, "come over to the
window and tell me what you like."

Sarah's eyes glistened as she mur-
mured, "I just love that big doll."

"Well, what would you two boys like?"

"Oh, I would like that duck over there,
but I know I can't have it."

"Oh, don't that elephant look nice?
I like him," said the smallest boy.

"You children shall have just what
you like if you go to bed early the night
before Christmas," said Mabel.

The little children said good-by and
walked away, wondering who that dear
little girl was.

Mabel went into the store and ordered
the toys these poor children wished and
also many other nice things.

On Christmas eve she and her mother
delivered the gifts and that night Mabel
fell to sleep thinking that she had made
somebody happy and that this was the
best Christmas she had ever had.

(Second Prize.)

Little Ned's Santa Claus.

By Walter A. Averillo, Greenwood, Neb.
Red Side.

Two small boys were sitting in front of a
fireplace waiting for dear old
Santa to appear. This fireplace was
never used, and therefore the spacious
chimney was free from soot or any other
substance.

"I don't know," worried little Ned,
"whether I sent my letter soon enough
or not. But, see, I hope he brings me a
new pair of skates."

Big brother Bob smiled. "Don't you
worry, Ned. You will get those
skates or Santa has changed a lot since
last year. Don't you remember that he
brought you your big drum that you
wanted so badly, and you never even
mentioned it in your letter? But this
Christmas we will see him if we have to
stay up all night, won't we?"

"The hub," came a sleepy response.

The end of conversation had gone on
for some time and now it began to lag.
Little Ned's head began to nod, and af-
ter a few minutes Bob went out and sig-
naled to his father. Then, coming in-
side, he shook his smaller brother and
cried: "Ned! Ned! Wake up! Hey, look
here! Are you awake?"

How was and
"Could he believe his eyes? Was that a
-or was he dreaming? Yes, it must be
real-it surely was."

A rope ladder was dangling from the
chimney of the great fireplace. A large
siny boot appeared, then another, and
at last Santa Claus was on the hearth
and he immediately began speaking.

"Boys," he said, "I am surprised at be-
ing trapped like this. Now don't tell
anybody, will you? Another thing, you
will have to be good boys or I will leave
you just a birch rod for your parents to
punish you with."

He then started to distribute the con-
tents of his pack. When a pair of shoes
with a pair of blue-steel "dandies," Ne-
d called them) skates rumbled on them ap-
peared. Ned's eyes nearly popped
out of his head. Bob, who was keenly
watching his little "Neddie," could
scarcely keep from laughing.

"Well, boys, good evening. I hope you
will be satisfied, and remember, 'mum is
the word.'"

Good old Santa slowly disappeared up
the chimney and then the boys watched
the rope ladder also disappear.

"Gee!" exclaimed Ned in an awed tone,
as he examined his skates.

(Honorable Mention.)

How Maggie Helped the Poor.

By Marjorie Dorsey, Aged 13 Years,
Red Side.

One day as Maggie was walking along
she heard a cry like the cry of a baby.
She walked toward it and saw a little
one-came. She walked in and there on
the floor she saw a woman sitting
with a crust of bread in her
hand. Over in the corner was a little
girl who was blind.

She thought of taking it home, but no,
her father would not let her room for more
people in the house.

Her father gave her 54 every month
and she thought she would take the little
girl to the eye doctor and have her

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the page.
 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.
 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.

Donald's Christmas.

By Julia Boehm, Aged 12 Years, Dum-
fries, Ia., Blue Side.

Donald was a poor boy. His father
was dead and his mother was sick
nearly all the time. Donald was only
8 years old. It was a very cold winter's
day when he was coming home from
school. There were some children sleigh-
riding down the hill when one of the
sleds upset and one of the children started
to cry. Donald ran to see what was the
matter. He found out that the little
boy's leg was broken, so Donald helped
Oscar carry Fred home. When they got
home they laid him down on a bed and
called the doctor. Just before Donald
was going home Fred's mother came
to him and gave him \$10 for his kind-
ness. When Donald got home he showed
his mother the money. She asked Don-
ald where he got the money. Donald
said that Mr. Miller gave it to him.
Donald's mother said that he should
go and get some clothes and something
to eat. When Donald returned home
he showed his mother what he had
brought. He had for his mother some
dresses, shoes and stockings, and he had
some clothes for himself. He had also
some bread, potatoes, meat and other
things to eat. His mother said Christ-
mas will be here in two days, so this
will be our Christmas present. On
Christmas eve Fred's mother and father
went to Donald's house and while they
were sleeping, they crawled into the
window and put a Christmas tree in one
of the rooms, which they called their
dining room. They set the tree up and
put many presents on the tree and put
some on the floor. When they were
through they went through the window
again and shut it. In the morning when
Donald's mother awoke and was going
to make breakfast she saw the tree.
She began to scream and this awoke
Donald. He hurried and put on his
clothes and looked to see what was the
matter. When he saw the Christmas
tree he did not know what to say. While
they were looking at the presents the
Donald's mother awoke and ran Oscar.
He said that his mother said they should
come over to their house. He said
that his father would get through by
10 o'clock. It was dinner time when
they got there. They had a big table
set with nice things to eat. After
dinner Donald played with the boys
and had a very good time. They had
supper and then they went home. It
was 10 o'clock when they started to
go home. They said they had a very
good time. After that Donald's mother
was always well, for they had plenty
money to buy some things to eat and
some clothing all the year, and every
year after that Donald and his mother
went to Mrs. Miller to spend their
Christmas.

Little Wolf's Wooden Shoes.

By Elsie Knoll, Aged 13 Years, Greta,
Neb., Blue Side.

Long ago in a small town there lived
a small boy. He was 7 years of age and
his name was Wolf. Wolf was an or-
phan and in charge of his aunt, who was
unkind. Wolf loved her, although he
feared her.

She cared little for Wolf, and sent him
to a small school. He was poorly-clad
and the master was ashamed of him.
Even the scholars made fun of him.

Christmas approached and all children
were talking of what they would get.
Little Wolf knew his aunt would send
him to bed without any supper, while
others would receive handsome presents.
He knew he had been good and feared
nothing.

All the children were going home from
school a little child had fallen asleep on
a churchstep. Its feet were bare and it
had only a cloak wrapped around it.
Every person walked on and never no-
ticed it. Little Wolf wandered on and
he saw this child. "Oh," thought he,
"this child with nothing on its feet and
such a night!" He pulled off one of his
wooden shoes and put it on the child.

He ran home, limping in the snow, and
entered the door. His aunt scolded and
whipped Little Wolf until he had to go
to bed. Wolf's pillow was wet with
tears, but he fell asleep. The next morn-

An Ultimatum to a Dictator



ing his aunt came downstairs and to her
surprise saw toys, candies, etc., hanging
by Wolf's one wooden shoe. Wolf came
dancing downstairs and beheld the sight.
The other children had only switches in
their stockings, while Wolf had great
presents.

A circle of gold had been placed around
the spot where the little child had been
to whom Wolf gave the wooden shoe on
the churchstep. Wolf knew this had been
the Christ-child and he was very happy.

Learning by Heart.
By Inez Roberts, Aged 11 Years, 401
Charles Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
"What Bible verse do you say this
morning, Nelly?" asked Mrs. Davis of
her young daughter.
Nelly started in trouble, as she
answered:
"Oh, I don't know it yet, mother, and
it's almost school time, it's a beauti-
ful verse from Paul's Epistle to the
Romans—something about loving each
other;" adding, as she opened her testa-
ment, where a bright blue book mark
divided the pages, "Here it is! Jenny
Scott has the same verse, I remember—
and Nelly read aloud:
"Be kindly affectionate, one to another
with brotherly love; in honor preferring
one another."
Mrs. Davis happened to leave the room
an instant afterwards, Nelly went on
repeating the words two or three times
without looking from the book. At
length, her little brother, Charley, put
his curly head in at the doorway just
as she was repeating, for the fourth
time, "Be kindly affectionate."
"Nelly! Nelly!" he shouted. "Come,
harness my horse for me. You said you
would do it after breakfast."
"Oh, Charley, do go away," answered
Nelly, pettily. "Don't you see I'm
studying?" and she resumed the verse.
"Be kindly af—" and once more a
voice, not at the door, but in Nelly's
own heart, interrupted her. "Am I
kindly affectionate?" it asked.
"Certainly," answered another voice,
also within. "I love Charley dearly; but
then he always plagues me just when
I'm studying."
"Be kindly affectionate," resumed
Nelly, aloud, "one to another with
brotherly love—one to another with
brotherly love—in honor pre—I declare,
Charley, you're real naughty to bother
me so. I'll tell mother if you don't go
away this instant!" she exclaimed quickly,
as Master Charley slipped once more into
the room, and coaxingly presented his
toy horse and wagon.
Charley did not answer, but sat down
on the floor beside her and tried to ar-
range the complicated little harness him-
self.
"Oh, stop your fumbling!" cried
Nelly, now really irritated by Charley's
atrocious conduct. "I don't believe there
ever was such a boy for teasing. Why
can't you go down stairs?"
"Cause I don't want to," returned
Charley, promptly. "You're an old,
naughty Nelly, you are; you're b-a-a-d,"
and his pent up tears began to flow in
earnest.
"Nelly! Nelly!" whispered the voice
again, "Charley's copying your own
temper," but she did not listen to it
very attentively. How could she when
she had the verse to learn?
"Finally, after studying it a little more,
she seized her books and hat and moved
toward the door.
"You're b-a-d, sobbed Charley, looking
up at her, his little face flushed, and
an angry light in his swimming eyes.
Nelly, glanced at him for an instant,
and would have hurried out into the
street, had not something in her heart
rechecked her.
"Poor Charley!" she thought, "it's all
my fault; I've not been kindly affectionate
toward him at all."
She knelt down beside him, kissed his
hot cheek, and said, gently,
"No, no, Charley, dear, sister don't
want to be bad; only she's in a great
hurry this morning. I love little Charley
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