

# The Busy Bees

MANY of the Busy Bees probably received interesting books for Christmas. If you have some interesting stories about birds and animals and their habits and haunts, the children will be pleased to hear about them.

We have a large number of new writers for the page, and some of the new Busy Bees do not understand the rules. The letters or stories must be original. Now this is very difficult for the young children to try to think of something nobody else has written about, but you will find that it is much more fun, and much more interesting, to make up a story all your own. Two new writers did not understand and sent in fables copied from books.

All the prize winners for this week are on the Blue side. The first prize is awarded to Madeline Kenyon, the second prize to Viola Pospeshil, and Elsie Knoll receives honorable mention.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

**Mamma's Present.**  
(First Prize.)  
Madeline Kenyon, Aged 12 Years, 225  
Cuming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.  
Jessie played a good joke on her mother. This is the way she did it: Jessie had gone to the woods with Jamie and Joe to get green branches to trim up the house for Christmas. She wore her little cap, her white furs and her red leggings. She was a merry little girl, indeed; but she felt sad the morning of Christmas because her mother had said, "The children will all get Christmas presents, but I don't expect any for myself. We are too poor this year."

**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.  
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 on this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

When Jessie told her brother this, they all talked about it a great deal. "Such a good, kind mamma and no Christmas present. It's too bad." "I don't like it," said little Jessie, with a tear in her eye. "Oh, she has you," said Joe. "But I am not something new," said Jessie. "Well, you will be new, Jessie," said Joe, "when you get back. She has not seen you for an hour." Jessie jumped and laughed. "Then put me in the basket and carry me to mamma and say I am her Christmas present."

**Ethelinda's Best Present.**  
Viola Pospeshil, aged 14 Years, Venus, Neb. Blue Side.  
"Ow-w-ow-w-ow," came a wall from the doortstep. "B-r-r-ow-w-ow," it came again. Ethelinda stopped short, dropped the stocking she was holding, and with a loud exclamation, sprang to the door and threw it open. On the doortstep she beheld a little brown puppy, which was shaking and whining with cold and fear. She picked him up and took him into the warm kitchen.

It was Christmas night and Ethelinda and her little 4-year-old sister, Adalene, were just hanging up their stockings when they were startled by a pitiful wail from the door. They looked in the country with their mother and father. "Now, do you suppose you are going to keep the little puppy?" asked Mr. Cole, Ethelinda's father. He did not like dogs and cats very well. "Oh, papa," said Ethelinda, with tears in her eyes. "Please let me keep the poor little thing. We have never had a little dog that we could call our own."

A year had passed and now Rollo, as Ethelinda and Adalene called their pet, was a large St. Bernard dog. While Ethelinda was at school Rollo and Adalene would have great times playing together, and when it was 4 o'clock they would go to meet Ethelinda. Rollo and Adalene went to meet Ethelinda this Christmas evening, and they went just to Wood Lake. On this night Ethelinda was a little late, so they waited. Adalene went to the lake and started to skate on the ice. Rollo sat watching on the bank. Then there was a cry, the sound of breaking ice and Adalene disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Just at this instant Ethelinda came around the bend, just in time to see her little sister disappear. As Rollo saw Ethelinda he gave one pitiful howl and jumped into the cold waters of the lake and in a few seconds he was on the bank again and Adalene was in Ethelinda's arms. They hurried home.

Adalene had a very bad cold and was sick in bed for a few days. There was one that always sat by her bed, and that one was Rollo. But when Adalene was well and she and Rollo played out in the snow together. A week after Christmas they were all sitting in the kitchen. Rollo was stretched out in front of the fire. A pair of arms stole softly around Mr. Cole's neck. "Papa," Ethelinda said, "aren't you glad that you let us keep Rollo? You like Rollo, don't you?" "Yes, Ethelinda," said her father, "I do like Rollo. He is the best dog I have ever seen."

**The Twins' Birthday.**  
By Elsie Knoll, Greta, Neb. Aged 13 Years. Blue Side.  
They were twins, May and Anna, and it was their birthday. They were both 9 years of age this day. Anna was a girl to be proud of, but May was greedy. This fine day the sun was shining and the girls were sitting in there, sewing for their dolls. "Oh, dear," sighed May, "I wonder what we will get for our birthday. I want another doll, a set of dishes, a box of candy, a watch, a pair of ribbons, a basket, a—"

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### BUSY BEE WHO TAKES DELIGHT IN THE PAGE



Emma Julia Reed.

do tonight? Something agreeable, of course." "Read our 1914 diary—to one another," responded Frank, with a smile. "Push, out! What's the matter with your upper story, kid?" George (Tub) exclaimed in apparent alarm. "Go, get the penny doctor, somebody, quick!" Frank laughed. "Well, I see that plan don't suit," he said; "how about skating the old year out and the new year in?" "That's finer than silk," said a newly enrolled "readerfoot," called by his companions Sleazy. "Well, guess that goes, then," George said enthusiastically. "Now, let's get a move on."

Tom was left with the cook, who soon went down into the cellar to skim milk. Tom stepped softly into the pantry and raised the lid off the jar. Oh, how nice and white it looked. "It won't hurt just to eat a little," thought Tom. So he seized a handful of sugar and crowded it into his mouth. Just as he had finished eating it he heard his mother's step in the hall. He ran out of the pantry just as she came in the room. "Have you been at the sugar, Tom?" she asked.

**Tom and the Sugar.**  
By Mildred Mulhaly, Aged 9 Years, 708 North Thirty-Third Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.  
Little Tom was very fond of sweets. He always ate jam at lunch until his mother took the jar away from him. When he had hot milk to drink he filled the cup half full of sugar. At Christmas and on his birthday he would say: "Don't give me toys. I'd rather have candy than anything else."

**A Happy New Year.**  
By W. A. Averill, Greenwood, Neb. Red Side.  
It was the last day of the year and four boys were sitting in the cosy little club room of the Boy Scouts of Napoleon talking over the interesting topic of what they should do for that night. "Well, Frank," said Chub, "we will leave it to you to decide. What shall we

country 'Jay,' but he went about his business in a quiet way. He seen he either had to fight or be a source of amusement for the rest of the boys. It came soon. "One day the 'bullies,' with their favorite 'Tom Jerry,' passed Tom on his way to school. Jerry demanded that Tom tip his hat to him. He saw at once Tom wasn't going to do it, so he slapped him in the face. Up comes Tom's temper with a jump. Why, he knocked Jerry off'n his feet. "Tom had a black eye when he got to school, but Jerry started out a week. After that Tom was boss of the school. There was no more bullin' done just because a plain backwoods boy had pluck."

**Self-Confidence.**  
By Corrine Stearns, Aged 11 Years, Essex, Ia.  
"Mother," said Alice one day, as she came home from school. "What is it, Alice?" said her mother. "Our class at school is going to spell down and I mean to try to spell down the other seventh grade class. Prof. Gats is going to give us the words and the one that stands up the longest is going to get a prize. But he will not let us bring home our spellers and the contest is this afternoon."

**Jim's Christmas.**  
By Marcellus Nelson, Aged 12 Years, 2802 Charles Street, Omaha, Red Side.  
In the wild forests of Canada, in the province of Alberta, there is a little log cabin situated about thirty miles north-east of Edmonton. Jim's father trapped for a living and when he would get a load of furs he would take them down the river to Edmonton. It was the night before Christmas and Jim's father had to go to town for supplies. A neighbor had been sick, so Jim's mother had made him some candy. Jim had asked his father for a rifle for

**Grandpa's Story.**  
By Robert Buckingham, Aged 11 Years, 2509 Woolworth Avenue, Red Side.  
"Now this here Tom Malligrew wasn't what you'd call a model boy. He wasn't educated, but he was just a strong, husky, good natured boy. He was brought up in the woods where the man who knows well what nature has taught him comes out ahead. I'll swear that boy could be turned loose with a week's food in the woods and live a month. "When he came to the city to get the knack of readin', writin' and all them things, he was up agin it. The boys called him names and said he was a

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# Their Own Page

Christmas, but his father had said for him to wait and see. Night came on and Jim went to bed. In the night he suddenly awoke and there was a bear standing eating his candy. The bear, smelling the candy, had pushed open the door and walked in. Jim grabbed his father's shotgun and shot at him. Getting up from where the gun had kicked him he saw the bear lying there dead.

**My Dog and I.**  
By Donald Conley, Aged 10 Years, West Point, Neb. Red Side.  
This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bees. I go to school every day and like my teacher very much. And I also go to Sunday school every Sunday. I have a large shepherd dog; his name is Rover. My papa has a creamery and feed store. We live upstairs over the store. I have a spotted pony. His name is Cattie. I deliver feed with him. He is very gentle.

**A Kind Girl.**  
By Frances Calvert, Aged 11 Years, 719 South Thirty-seventh Street, Blue Side.  
One day a girl was out playing having lots of fun. This girl's name was Ruth. A poor girl came by and said: "May I play, too?" And Ruth said, "Surely you may play." Then they played until they got tired and so they went into the house and had ice cream and cake and played games and then went home. This poor little girl did not know this was a birthday party until the next day, and so she gave Ruth a present afterwards. They went to school all the time with each other and played and became great friends ever after. I think that Ruth was very kind, don't you? I hope I'll win a prize.

**The Work.**  
By Mildred Kinney, Route No. 1, Concord, Neb. Blue Side.  
On Tuesday we iron, and such work. Oh, my! The starched things and ruffles. My nerves are always tired. Then the shirts and the collars, and handkerchiefs, too. There are so many of them I'll never get through. Please put this story in, dear editor.

**Busy Bee Letter.**  
Dear Busy Bee: I would like to be a

**Satisfactory.**  
"So you want to marry my daughter? What is your financial standing?" "Well, sir, I've figured out every expense possible. I've had the best legal advice that money would secure. I've done everything I could to dodge it—and I still find that I can't entirely escape paying an income tax." "She's yours."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Busy Bee, too. I am 9 years old. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Alice Davis. I am going to be on the Blue side. SARAH HURWIT, Columbus, Neb.

**LEGLESS MAN'S QUICK CLIMB**  
How a Snorting Bull Influenced the Speed of a Crippled Hunter.  
Will Evert of Big Laurel, W. Va., despite the fact that he is legless, is one of the crack shots of the town Hunt club, and frequently goes on shooting trips in the woods near here. On these trips his companions have aided him by placing him on a horse and helping him over obstructions, but after an incident which occurred recently it is probable that he will be left to his own resources. While out with his brother, John, shooting squirrels they got over a fence into an enclosure in which a bull was grazing. The bull was out of sight in a corner of the pasture, and the brothers without any thought of danger devoted themselves to the matter in hand—squirrels. Will asked John to help him over to the middle of the pasture, and John, laying his gun aside, helped his brother a distance of twenty-five feet. They heard a roar behind them, and turned to see the bull charging them. John hesitated and then ran for his gun. It seemed to him that it took an age to reach it. He picked it up and, turning quickly, ran in the direction of his brother. His brother was gone. The bull standing alone was shaking its head and bellowing. John looked in all directions, and finally saw his brother on the limb of a tree twelve feet above the ground. He jumped the fence of the pasture and ran around it to the tree where his brother was. "How in the world did you do it?" he asked. "Don't ask me," answered his brother. "I just saw that bull come and got here, that's all. I simply had to get here, and here I am."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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