

The Busy Bees :- :- Their Owl Page

IT IS hard to write a Christmas editorial this year," writes the editor of "The American Boy" in the December issue. "It is hard because Christmas thoughts and the carnage of warfare cannot walk hand in hand. In Germany, the land which gave us Christmas as we celebrate it, there will be more mourning wreaths than candle-trimmed trees. In England—the England of the Yule Log and of the Carol Singers—the muffled drum and the mournful majesty of the funeral march will place 'God rest you, Merry Gentlemen, let nothing you Dismay.'" In Belgium—but there is no Belgium—only desolation, smoking ruins, devastation. France, Russia, Serbia, Japan, mourn their dead. Far off India, tropical Africa, American Canada have fed their sons to the cannon. Where should be bounty, tables spread for piteous feast, there is famine. Germany's toymakers have turned their hands to other uses; Europe, Asia, Africa—even Australia and the islands of the Pacific feel the touch of actual war."

We may not rejoice in another's misfortune, yet we may rejoice that his misfortune is not our own. No doubt all the Busy Bees are celebrating their vacation and are joyful in anticipation of a visit from Santa Claus. I hope all the girls and boys have been so good that they will not merit disappointment.

There is still more than a week in which to send in votes for a new Busy Bee king and queen. All votes must be received before Wednesday, December 30, and the choice will be announced on the following Sunday.

This week, first prize was awarded to Laverne E. Colson of the Red Side; second prize to Martha Johnson of the Red Side and honorable mention to Maida Shalcross of the Blue Side.

Winner of Last Week's Doll Contest



mond. "Only," said they. "I wish we were home again," and sure enough they were back home again. The two princesses were never sad after that and always lived happily ever after.

Christmas Reward.
By Carl Gutz, Alexandria, Neb. R. F. D. No. 2, Red Side.

It was a cold, dreary Christmas eve. The wind was blowing and the sleet was covering the walks with ice. A stranger hurrying along the street saw a ragged boy gazing at the beautiful things in a store window. He stopped, watched the boy for a moment and then walked on up the street. The boy stood there for a long time and then went in. The storekeeper asked him what he wanted in his store. The boy did not answer, and the storekeeper was going to put him out of the store when the boy said, "I found the pocketbook which you lost. The man looked at the initials and then he said that it was his pocketbook. He thanked the boy and told him that he would be rewarded. The boy stayed there and after a while he went home. He dreaded the cold but he had to sleep in. He had no warm room to undress in and hardly any clothes to wear. He went to bed unhappy, for when he awoke he would only find a whip in his shoe from his cross old aunt. He slept soundly all night and when he awoke he wished he was as rich as other little boys and girls. He dressed quickly and went downstairs, and when he opened the door he found a lot of the toys he was looking at the night before. Can you guess who gave him all these things?"

Brave Alice.
Verda Slekotter, Aged 8 Years, Grouta, Neb. Blue Side.

Two little girls named Alice and May went to visit their grandparents on the farm.

Grandpa came after them in the great farm wagon. That night they went to bed very tired, but the next morning they got up bright and early to help their grandpa feed the chickens.

When breakfast was over their grandpa told them there was a beautiful brook behind the farmhouse with woods on either side. She gave them a towel and told them they might go wading.

One day when they were coming home, they heard a bell go ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling-ling.

"What can it be?" cried May. "Let's run." "No," said Alice, "let's go and find out what it is."

Alice led the way and May stayed behind. When Alice came close enough she saw it was a cow caught in the brush. When the cow saw her she moaned as if to ask that she should help her loose.

When Alice had let her loose she moaned again as if to say "thank you."

When the girls got home they told their grandpa. He said Alice was a very kind little girl to help the cow for she might have been out there all night.

A New Playmate.
By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 10 Years, Glenora, Neb. Red Side.

Mable was sitting on the porch, looking wistfully at her neighbor's house. Some one had moved in there yesterday. She knew that a boy and girl had moved in, because she had seen them get off the train. It was four days till Christmas and she thought of something. She sent her a pretty little purse, with a card saying "Merry Christmas, from your neighbor, Mable Johnson."

The next morning she found a little book, and inside on the first page it said, "To my neighbor, from Alma Jackson." The next day Alma came over and the girls became fast friends.

Narrow Escape.
By Frances Churchill, Aged 5 Years, McCook, Neb. Blue Side.

I have never written to The Bee before, and I am going to tell a true story. I wish to join the Blue Side.

One winter Helen, my sister, and I wanted to go skating. There was a pond down in the pasture where we were going.

Alma's Surprise.
By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 10 Years, Glenora, Neb. Red Side.

Alma was seated on the floor playing with her dolls. "Alma," called her mother, "come wash the dishes." "Oh, I don't want to," said Alma. "If you don't, Santa won't bring you anything." "Yes, he will," said Alma.

The next day was Christmas. Alma hurried to see what she had received. There was nothing there. She felt 'n her stocking and there was a note. It said: "Dear Alma, I was sorry I couldn't bring you anything, but you were naughty yesterday, so I couldn't—Santa Claus."

Alma felt very sorry, but she did not say anything. Her mother and father went away that day and she did all the work. That night, when she was going to bed, in front of her door was a doll, a doll carriage, two books and three games.

"Oh, mamma! Look! Santa Claus did bring me something." Alma looked at the name of one of her books and it said, "A Good Girl." "After this," said Alma, "I'll be a good girl."

Trip to Denmark.
By Mary Andersen, Aged 12 Years, 304 Maple Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Six years ago I went with my parents to Europe. We went to New York first and when we came there we bought tickets for the ship Kaiser Wilhelm II, which took twelve days to go across the ocean.

Then we arrived in Bremer Hafen and from there we traveled through Germany to Denmark, where my relatives live. When my grandfather saw my mother he did not know her because he had not seen her for nine years.

I could not understand the Danish language, but it did not take me long to learn it. We stayed over there one year and dur-

ing. It was not very cold that day. Muriel, my brother, said that he did not believe it was frozen hard enough, but he said we might try it.

We soon arrived at the pond. First we went to the shallow part by the walnut trees. There was ice cold, and we thought it was not the right time of year for a bath. We did not like that experience in skating very well.

I wish to see my story in print.

Harry Helps Mother.
By David Cohen, 1414 North Seventeenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a boy and his mother was very ill. So Harry started out to look for a nurse. He came to a drug store and saw a nurse standing there. He asked if she would come and take care of his mother. "Yes," she said.

So Harry took the nurse to his home and he said to his mother, "I am going to look for a job." "When you have a job come home and tell me," said his mother.

So he went back to the drug store, the place where he found the nurse and he went into the drug store and asked the man if he wanted a boy for work. "Yes," said the man.

Then Harry ran home and told his mother. "I have got a job at \$5.00 a week," he said.

The next day Harry went to work and did very nicely. He soon made enough money to pay the nurse and the doctor, and his mother grew well rapidly. Then they lived happily ever after.

Rid of Fear.
By Irene Weisman, Aged 11 Years, Polkton, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a little girl and her name was Jenny. She was afraid to go up to bed alone and her mother would have to go up with her and leave the lamp up there until Jenny was asleep.

One night as Jenny and her mother were going up to bed, Jenny's father said, "Jenny is big enough to go to bed alone." So Jenny took the lamp and went up alone. She heard a sound under the bed and it frightened her so that she could hardly sleep. Pretty soon she felt something soft on her cheek and she screamed so hard that it brought her father and mother to the bedside and they found Jenny's Newfoundland dog in bed with her. Jenny was never frightened any more.

Busy Bee Rhymes.
By Ruth Thistlethwaite and Marion Keefe, Beatrice, Neb. Blue Side.

Now listen to a sweet story,
And I know you won't be sorry,
Of Pete and Tom one night
On the way to A. C. C. by starlight.

These two lads are very well known,
Although yet from capers they've not
Grown;
So into mischief they thought they'd get
And till it to no one, you bet.

To Miss Gilbride's house they came,
And thought they'd have a thrilling game,
But, no, she did not hear—
Someone else did—to their fear.

On a hike they did jump
Into a tree Tom went full,
And flat on his back did fall,
While Pete laughed at it all.

Now these two were very brave that
Night;
Pete had a nice pistol and Tom a flash-
light;
Now on their way home in the dark
They thought they'd have another lark.

On up the street they weren't so brave,
Nothing nor no one's life'd they save;
At that corner a dog did run,
And scared them out of having some fun.

In the Cold North.
By Dorothy Virginia Smith, Aged 11 Years, 264 E Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

In the north, where it is very cold,
Lives a fur-clad warrior bold;
The children call him Santa Claus,
And if you ever saw him you would never
Prase—
But run right into his open arms,
Where are hidden wonderful charms.

And Christmas night when the children
Go to bed,
I have often heard it said
That old Santa comes and takes a peep
To make sure that they are fast asleep.

Christmas.
By Bernice Etaner, Aged 11 Years, 7010 North Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Hark, the Christmas carols are ringing,
From the old church steeple far above,
In honor of the little baby king,
Whose crown and many stars

Each night the stars shine bright,
But on this night they seem like
Christmas carols.

On this night comes the memories
Like the lightning flashes,
And it dies like the roses,
That night comes the spirit
Of a kind old fellow—Santa Claus,
While we still think of little king far
above,
Watching like a shepherd boy.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)
Gifts for the King.
By Laverne E. Colson, Aged 11 Years, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: Christmas is near, I want to tell you how our Sunday school has planned for this year. In place of Santa Claus and treat each child brings a certain amount of money to help pack the box. My class is going to give stockings, towels, bibs, flannellette and many more things. These things go to the orphan's home. It is called "Our gift to the King." I think it is a fine plan to give to the children who have no father or mother. And I think the whole Sunday school will be happy this year than any year gone by. Don't you?

I. S.—I wonder what the other Busy Bees are doing now.

(Second Prize.)
The Little Yellow Canary.
By Martha Johnson, Fremont, Neb. Aged 11 Years, Red Side.

Once my sister and I had a little canary bird. One day our mother went away and left us to get supper. As we were getting supper my little brother heard a cat meowing. He went to the door and said: "Look at the little kitty." I said: "Don't let it in because we have the bird out in the dining room." He said: "Well, do you want the little thing to freeze?"

He took the cat in the other room and he went outdoors to play with his friends. Soon I heard a noise. I thought it was something crackling in the furnace, and I went to see. The cat had the bird and we could not catch the cat. After awhile we heard a peep. We said that sounds like the little bird. We thought the cat had eaten it. Next day mamma was sweeping the floor and we found under the stove our little bird. Then we thought it must have been the bird we heard. The cat must have been scared and dropped the bird. How the cat got the bird was this way: We put it in the sun to take its bath. The cat sprang up and tipped the cage over and the bottom came off and the cat grabbed the bird.

(Honorable Mention.)
Harry's New Book.
By Maida Shalcross, Bellevue, Neb. Box 5, Blue Side.

It was getting near Christmas and Harry had read the book of "The Way to Maryland." Then Christmas eve came and last Harry hung up his stockings and went to bed. He was very happy, for he knew Santa Claus would not forget him. He lay very quietly and soon fell asleep. In the morning he saw, beside his top, sleds, drums and skates a book he had been wishing for. "The Way to Maryland."

He was very happy with his new book. It was about a shepherd boy and his sheep going to Maryland.

He had a Merry Christmas that year.

Boys Help Mother.
By Genevieve Ruth Rounds, Aged 11 Years, Emerson, Ia. Red Side.

One Sunday afternoon there was two little boys sitting on the steps. All day Saturday they had tried to sell papers, but nobody would buy from them. They were ragged and hungry; their mother lay in bed from lack of proper food.

The youngest boy said, "I have an idea. We will dress up in nice clothes and then they will buy papers from us."

But his older brother said, "Where will we get the clothes to wear?"

"Oh, that's right, I didn't think of that."

Then the older boy said, "Oh, I know what we will do. We will sell our dog, Sport."

So the next day they took the dog and went to their neighbors and asked them to buy Sport as they needed the money for bread. The neighbor said, "Yes," and dropped a dollar into the little boy's hand.

They went away very happy and ran toward the city and bought bread and meat.

As they ran in the house, their mother said, "How did you get it?" "We sold Sport, mother, dear," answered one of her sons.

"We will save the rest of the money till later," said she.

"But we have bread and meat and money left, and before it is gone we can earn more money and I do not think you will remain sick any longer from lack of proper food," said the boys.

Busy Bee Letter.
By Everett Judener, Aged 13 Years, Bellwood, Neb. Red Side.

I would like to join the Busy Bee club. My teacher is Miss Pearl Burch. I am in the fifth grade. I have been very sick and had to miss school. It snowed here and some of us boys took our sleds to go sliding. Well, I guess I will close for this time. I hope to see my letter in print.

Our Thanksgiving.
By Agnes N. Am, Aged 11 Years, General Delis, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

We had a goose for our Thanksgiving dinner. We fed it for a week. The first two days we had it in a box, but it got out the third day. Then we put it down in the cellar in a little box. But it got out again, then we let it go out till Thanksgiving. We chopped the head off it and in the morning the other two geese called it, but it did not come. We said it for dinner and it was good.

It was lonely down in the cellar and

that was why it got thin. I will have to close for my story is getting long. I hope this story escape Mr. Waste Basket. I wish I could win a dear and sweet little doll.

Grandpa's Youth.
By Herbert Edes, Aged 12 Years, Pawnee City, Neb. Red Side.

We were all sitting around the fireplace one cold November evening.

"Grandpa!" said I. "Please tell us a story. You haven't for a long time."

"All right!" he answered.

"What about?"

"Oh, about Thanksgiving of course," we all answered.

"Well," he began in his droll way. "The children in the town where I lived never celebrated Thanksgiving like they do now."

"They had been planning for Thanksgiving for about a week."

"Thanksgiving would be in four days. The women had started their cooking already and some had bought turkeys."

"At last Thanksgiving came. It was an ideal day."

"About five or six inches of snow had fallen the night before."

"About 10 o'clock I started to the foot ball game."

"There were to be two games that day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon."

"As I neared town the people were all in a flurry. The men were shouting and the boys were laughing. I stood on the bridge (over the small creek that ran through town) and watched the fun."

"In the middle of the creek was an iceberg with Mr. Johnston's turkey on it. They were trying to get it with ropes, canes and sticks, but they all proved too short."

"It just stood there and opened its mouth as if it were laughing at them."

"Little Willie Jones while coasting down the bank of the creek went sailing into the icy water with John England close after him."

"Dick Smith and Rolland West were making snow balls (on top of the Smith's house) and throwing them at the passerby."

"John, Dick's brother had a bucket of water and he poured it on the pumpkin pies his mother had set out to cool, while another boy was stealing one."

"Farther on, the Perkin boys were leaning out of their upper windows, with fishing poles and lines, catching the other boys hats."

"After the sights I went on to the foot ball field and watched the game."

"On the way home I glanced into the Johnston's front door, but no turkey was to be seen on their dinner table."

"All has changed now," he murmured as he finished.

The Eskimos.
As I have not written lately, I will now write about the Eskimos. In the winter time they live in houses made of ice and snow which they get from places in which it has been packed hard and been out with hatchets and knives. At the first sight one cannot see any door in it. The door is not very high, so we must bow down our heads and knees. They are not like ours; it is only a hollow stone filled with moss and all. The room is a bank of snow. This is the table, bed and chairs, all in one.

The first playmate of the Eskimo boy is a puppy, which is given him as soon as he is old enough to walk. The first thing an Eskimo girl learns to do is to sew and make clothes. She makes her own needle from a bone or iron and she makes thread from deer skin, which she twists. Don't you wish you could make them a visit some day?

Poor Little Samuel.
By Deda Chapman, 216 Charles Street, Omaha, Red Side.

When Samuel came home that evening he prayed that he would get a doll for his sister, who was 5 years old. He had no mother and his father had disappeared suddenly one day and had never returned, and his mother had died of a broken heart. Their children now lived with an old woman who was kind, but not rich. The days passed quickly and Christmas eve came, and in the morning when Samuel got up there was not a thing to be seen of a present, but presently a rap was heard at the door and Samuel was surprised to find a man and a big bundle in his hand waiting to embrace him and his sister. Could you guess who it was? Well, if you can't, I will tell you. It was their long-lost father, and his sister got her doll and he a wagon and many other presents.

The Magic Diamond.
By Mary Fischer, Aged 19 Years, 306 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Once upon a time there were two beautiful princesses. These princesses did something the king did not like, so he put them on the top of a very high tower. One day as the two princesses were sitting on the tower a bird came. It was holding a diamond in its beak. As it came nearer and flew on the tower it dropped it at their side and the bird flew away again. The princess took the stone or dia-

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Spell 'cat,'" the teacher said, and Willie Stroud spoke up in accents clear, distinct and loud.

"K-a-t," he said, and smiled as one who prates expected for a task well done. But teacher frowned and cried, "Don't you know yet?"

"That 'c-a-t' spells cat? Now, don't forget!" And Willie, wondering, silent, took his seat. But pondered deeply over his defeat. Then, rising slowly, "Teacher, won't you tell us, please," he begged, "What does 'k-a-t' spell?"

Aunt-Willie, the stork has brought you a nice, new baby brother. Wouldn't you like to see him?"

Willie—Now, but I'd like to see the stork.

Teacher—Can you multiply concrete numbers by concrete numbers?

Small Boy—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, suppose you were to multiply a dozen apples by eight ounces of raisins, what would the product be?

Small Boy—Mince pie.

Some time ago the teacher of a public school was instructing a class in geography, and when it came time to hand out a few questions she turned first to Willie Smith.

"Willie," she said, "can you tell me what is one of the principal products of the West Indies?"

"No, ma'am," frankly answered Willie, after a moment's hesitation.

"Just think a bit," encouragingly returned the teacher; "where does the sugar come from that you use at your house?"

"Sometimes from the store," answered Willie, "and sometimes we borrow it from the next-door neighbor."

Boy—Miss Jones, you are very beautiful.

Lady—Thank you, Bobbie.

Boy—Oh, that's all right. Us Boy Scouts have to do one kind act every day.

"Pa, a man's wife is his better half isn't she?"

"We are told so, my son."

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

After pondering at the window for a

long time, he delivered his childish conclusions.

"Mother!"

"Yes, my son?"

"The trees are molting."

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Public School Roll of Honor

CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PARK.
Sixth B. Josephine Childsater.
Marjorie Fallon.
Katherine Emerick.
Mildred Peterson.
Ruth Sunderland.
Ellen Evans.
Ruth Farrort.
Alice Sunderlund. | COLUMBIAN.
Eighth A. Wilber Olson.
Grant Lentz.
Seventh D. William Bell.
Walter Grant.
Hilda Harsh.
Chrylle Kolls.
Dorothy Taylor.
Darrel Tate.
Louise Thrane.
Everett Wash. | COLUMBIAN.
Fourth B. Ruth Charlesworth.
Russell Bradley.
Beulah Miller.
Caroline Froelich.
Waldo Williams.
Fourth A. Dorothy Eckstrom.
Ethel Gladstone.
John Hood.
Gertrude Sandberg.
Margaret Shipner.
Dorothy Wass. | FRANKLIN.
Seventh A. Emily Phelps.
Myrtle Johnson.
Mabel Johnson.
Geraldine Olson.
Froelich.
Catherine Haddock.
Robert Rasgorshok.
Miriam Holter.
Helen Holter.
Lina Anderson.
Irene Schrimpf.
Eleanor Madgett.
Ann McOmell.
Edward Munroe.
Mary Findley. |
| SEVENTH A.
Minnie Brooks.
Gertrude Cooper.
Anna Burr.
Hannah Sommer.
Victor Buxton.
Carl Wahlstrom. | SIXTH B.
Mary Clark.
Ruth Clark.
Eleanor Osborne.
Mildred Peterson.
Fifth B. Marie Carlisle.
Albert Robinson.
Fifth A. Elida Jensen.
Jack Rauc.
Dorothy Steinbaugh. | SEVENTH A.
Evelyn Carlson.
Anna Robinson.
Fifth A. Max Holman.
Verna MacAuley.
Harriet Rosewater.
Austin Studevant.
Helen Turpin. | THIRD B.
Katharine Allan.
Dorothy Rich.
Mildred Bidd.
Anna Grant.
Margaret Gotschalck.
Ruth Grummel.
Virginia Hardman.
Edna Tolander.
Frances McCleneghan.
Elizabeth Patterson.
Hilda Frick.
James Richardson.
Jane Sutcliffe.
Abarilla Wiselade. |
| SIXTH B.
Marie Schmitz.
Dorothy Rich. | SIXTH A.
Vera Collins.
Marta Greenwald.
Eleanor Potter.
Cecilia Adolphson.
Edna Tolander.
Evelyn Johnson. | | |