

The Busy Bees

THE preservation of birds is a cause in which all Busy Bees should enlist themselves. Any boy can construct a bird house, and there is no family that cannot spare daily, especially in the heart of winter, a few grains or a piece of suet. It is an easy matter to put these together with a dish of fresh water on a raised platform or on the windowledge, so that the little birds may not starve.

Have you any idea how interesting it is to set up a bird house and watch it fill it by a tenant—then to watch the tenant until he becomes a pet?

"The American Boy" estimates that in some years not less than \$800,000,000 damage has been inflicted on the crops of this country by insect pests. "These pests cannot be done away with altogether," writes the editor, "but men who have studied the matter carefully tell us that a sufficient number of birds will go far toward preventing this enormous loss. Certain of our insectivorous birds have been known to eat half their weight in insects in a single day. A few birds with such a capacity at work about your farm orchard or garden are as valuable as a hired man in harvest time—and they demand no wages. All they ask is to be let alone and not slaughtered wantonly."

The editor wishes to compliment Anna Nelson of Fort Calhoun, Neb., upon the beautifully neat letter which she sent in. The penmanship was especially good and very legible.

This week first prize was awarded to Mary E. Fischer of the Red side; second prize to Fern Peterson of the Red side, and honorable mention to Leah Krasne of the Blue side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Birds' Christmas Tree.

By Mary E. Fischer, Aged 10 Years, 3605 Lafayette Avenue, Red Side.

The day before Christmas my sister and I decorated a little Christmas tree, that grows out in our yard. I strung some cranberries and made five little baskets full of crumbs. After we had looked at it a little we thought it did not look very nice so we went in and got two little Christmas tree decorations. We went out again and put the decorations on the little Christmas tree. The birds had eaten most of the crumbs and I hope they will like their Christmas tree.

Most of the time Mr. Wastebasket is always waiting for company, but I hope he does not get my story for his company.

(Second Prize.)

The Holiday Vacation.

By Fern Peterson, Aged 8 Years, Eighth Street and Second Avenue, Kearney, Neb.

My sister and I dressed the tree for Christmas at home. I went to two Christmas programs. Christmas evening I spoke at the church and two days after Christmas we were at one of our neighbors' keeping the girls company as their mother was away. We sewed, tatted, made candy and got our own dinner. One day I helped my mother sew on a dress for myself. I also started to embroider a dress for my sister. New Year's day we had some nuts and candy left from Christmas, so we ate them, and on January 4 we started back to school ready for work. I hope this escapes the wastebasket.

(Honorable Mention.)

Helping the Belgians.

By Leah Krasne, Aged 12 Years, Oakland, Neb., Box 364, Blue Side.

Last Tuesday the children of the Fifth and Sixth grades of our school gave a little program to collect some money for the starving Belgians.

We had Mr. Birmingham here to give a lecture about this terrible war and mostly on the starving Belgians.

The program began with one of our national hymns, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by the Fifth and Sixth grades.

Then there was a prayer by Mr. Birmingham and another national hymn, "America." Following this there was a beautiful lecture by Mr. Birmingham. We then made a collection and received quite a sum and sent it to the Belgians.

I hope the janitor forgot to bring back the wastebasket.

A Little Red Drum.

By Dorothy Johnson, 3509 Lothrop St., Omaha, Neb.

One day as I was resting peacefully on the floor of little Robert's nursery I heard a great noise. It was well I can't describe it, it shook the house and rattled the windows. The nurse carried Bobbie down stairs to safety. I didn't know what was the matter, but I soon knew, for a great wind came and swept the roof off, taking me with it. I fainted and when I came to I was in an alley, an awful place for a dignified red drum like myself.

I lived there for some time, and one day along came a dirty ragged boy and poked me up. He met some other children and they walked on together. I noticed that nearly everyone had some thing. I soon saw a doll I thought I knew, and on coming near I saw it was Bobbie's "Marie," a very stupid doll because she came to America from Paris. As my new owner came closer to the owner of "Marie" she looked horrified and said, "There is that abominable Mr. Drum. I am glad I am not that dirty." I glanced then at my red coat of paint and saw that much of it was knocked off and I was very dirty. "I am and I say that you are looking very poorly, also," I simply replied. She turned up her nose at me, and just then our owner parted company. We soon saw that we were headed for a large building and saw many other children going, also carrying bundles. We went up the stairs (rather our owners carried us up) and soon saw that the lower hall was filled with packages. A lady came up to the children and took us, saying that we would please the children in Europe. She took me and knocked the dirt off of me and brushed me up and I certainly did feel better. After a while a man came with a big bag and bundled us into it. We rocked and got bumped so many times. We reached the train thinking not much of us would be left. The journey was long and tiresome, but soon we reached New York.

Now I saw the water and soon we were rolling on one of the wharfs. The men hurrying us on the ship. After the last had been brought on board, the steamer started, and I looked for the last time on my native land. I turned away to keep Marie from seeing the tears that started involuntarily.

One morning at about 10 o'clock the smallest Teddy bear said that he thought we would soon reach land. The larger Teddy bear said, "What do you know about it?" "Well, look out of that port-hole beside me and you'll see." Those of us near this port-hole promptly looked, and a beautiful sight it was indeed that our gaze fell upon. The green blue sea

BUSY BEE WHO FINDS MUCH DELIGHT IN PAGE.



Dorothy Johnson

rolled in foam-crested billows, but was not stormy, the morning mists of purple had not arisen yet, and they clothed the hazy land that we soon saw was an island. The green hills of the Emerald Isle showed plainly now. As we came nearer the flocks of sheep showed like patches of white. The mists having risen by this time, we saw a neck of land reaching out and we sailed into the bay. Now I see steeples and the tops of buildings. I heard some one say that we were to stop here at Queenstown and go by rail to Dublin and across the Irish Sea to Bristol, where we were to be distributed.

Well, here we are at Bristol, after having a fine journey from Queenstown. Today we are to be distributed, some of us to stay here or be sent to Belgium and Holland, and the rest to go to Marseilles, France, to be distributed in countries near. The men are coming this way now. They are taking us all. Coming out on a large platform we see two large boxes. We wonder what they are for. There I am in the one nearest the store room. I looked out of a crack to see that we were on a ship. We are being escorted over the channel by a fleet of British ships.

Here we are in Belgium in a quaint canal, where boats go up and down and that is covered with boys and girls in winter. The Red Cross society appointed several kind ladies to have charge of the distribution. In an empty store room they arranged us on shelves. Then the children were brought in single file, and then we had an opportunity to look at these children, who were soon to be our owners. Most of them were dressed very poorly and some showed evidence of having seen better days, but were shabby. Their faces were distressed as if they could not understand what it was that was taking them from their fathers and brothers and homes and making them seek new homes in a new land. Some feeling what they wanted asked for it and received it. Others were bashful and hung their heads, and to these the ladies gave what they saw fit. Looking at the line of wistful faces I saw one who seemed to be looking at me. He was a darling of a chubby little fellow, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. And I was happy to see him point at me when he wished for, and say in broken English: "I vill haf dat; I vill haf dat." Chuckling softly to herself the kind lady put me in his outstretched hands. My new owner proudly carried me out, then hastened as fast as his chubby legs would carry him to show his gift to the dear mother. She was a sad-faced woman, but she smiled at his happiness. But think of my surprise when a little maid, just as rosy-cheeked and just as bright-eyed, came rushing to this same dear mother to show her gift, and I saw that it was sweet Marie.

My Baby Kittens.

By Mary E. Fischer, Aged 9 Years, 3605 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

One evening my father went down in the barn when he heard some little kittens "meow." He looked around into a dark corner, and there sat five little baby kittens. All of them were gray except one, and she was black. I had seen the little kittens' mother all summer and I wondered where her little babies were. The little kittens stayed with us a long time, but finally they all went away except one little gray one. Every day I gave one little cat milk and cracker, but it would not eat the cracker. I just drank the milk with the little kitten. I had fun playing with the little kitten. When I went out the door, or was playing outdoors it would always come and jump around me. At first I was kind of

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

Iron Ore.

By Mary Rothman, Aged 13, Silver Creek, Neb., Red Side.

Iron ore is the shape in which iron is taken from the ground and is found in many places. The magnetic iron is the best and is found in large dark pieces. The other kinds of ore are red ore and brown ore. Iron ore is found in nearly every state in the union. Tennessee, Virginia and Missouri have a great many iron mines. Iron Mountain in Missouri covers about 500 acres. A great deal of iron is found in the mountains. There is also a great deal of iron found along Lake Superior.

The best iron in Europe is found in Sweden, and has been worked since the fifteenth century.

The iron manufacturing started many years ago and is getting greater each year. Pennsylvania is the leading state for manufacturing iron.

There are a great many things made of iron and new things are being invented each year. Pittsburgh, Chicago and Birmingham are great manufacturing cities. The United States leads the world in the production of iron.

When the ore is taken out of the iron it is called smelting. The ore with some coal and limestone is put in a tall furnace and set on fire. The limestone and coal are mixed with the ore because it makes the melted ore flow out more quickly. After the melted iron is cold it is shipped to foundries to be made into all kinds of machinery.

A Doll's Story.

By Marguerite Nelson, 1309 Spruce Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am a doll. My hair is in long golden curls and my home was in a large box in Brandeis Pompadour Room.

One day a little girl and her mother came in and the little girl saw me and said, "Mother, may I buy that doll for some child over in Europe?"

"Yes, dear," replied her mother. "It may make some little girl whose father was killed in the war happy for a while, at least."

Now, I did not know about war, or Europe, so I was very frightened, but I was wrapped up and sent home with the little girl, anyway.

I was unwrapped and wrapped up in stronger paper when I got to the little girl's home. Then I was put in a corner with some other toys in some big building called school.

Then I was loaded on a big truck. I went away on this truck, and then I was put in an old bulky freight train.

I went on that a while. Then they put me on a ship and I began to wonder after a few days if they ever would stop sailing, and sailing, and sailing.

Well, after a while I got acquainted with the other toys, and then I had fun. After a long, long time, which seemed like years to me, we stopped, but then I was only put in a small motor boat and taken further inland and handed over, with a lot of other toys, to a man called the American consul, and then taken to a large building where there were a lot of people who were forced out of their homes by the war.

Here I heard them say it was Brussels, and we had come to Europe just in time. But what was the war, and Europe, anyway? And if this was Europe, what difference was there from America, except some torn-up buildings? And what were they torn up for?

These were questions I could not answer. I am going to tell you how I did what the little girl's mamma over in America said I would probably do—make some little girl happy for a while.

I was taken out of my box and given to a little girl who was sobbing and crying for her papa, who was at war.

I have now found out what war is, and it's just terrible. I am very glad to make some poor little girl happy, but I do wish I was back in good old United States of America, where there is no war!

Considerate Old Man.

By Amelia Fretche, Aged 12 Years, Talmage, Neb., Red Side.

Once there was an old man who was very poor. He was walking along the street leading a dog. It was not long before he came to a store, where the door was wide open. Then he closed it and went on. Afterwards he came to the same store, and the door was open again. So he closed it and went on. Then a man who had been working in the store came out and told the people they should close the door when they came in or went out. Then he asked where the man was that closed the door. So the clerk gave him \$10 for closing the door so many times. Then the old man went away thanking him very much. That night when the old man went to bed he said, "God be kind to the noble boy." I would like to join the Red Side.

Willie's Vacation.

By Era Buckley, Aged 11 Years, Central City, Neb., Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a boy whose name was Willie. One day he went to visit his uncle and aunt. Willie lived in New York and his uncle lived in Omaha. He stayed a week and then started for home. When Willie got about half way home he found that the railroad bridge had been washed out by high water. It happened that the train

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS A PROUD PAPA—First published photograph of the author and war correspondent, now the proud papa of a bouncing girl. Mr. Davis was married in 1913 to Bessie McCoy, the actress.



Public School Roll of Honor

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

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|
| KELLOGG.
Eighth A.
Laura Eberts.
Celia Fogel.
Ella Grossman.
Rose Guttman.
Anna Johnson.
Bessie Sauter.
Seventh B.
Edna Day.
Martha Laffin.
Kosina Shafon.
Dorothy Williams.
Fourth B.
Pearl Eisen.
Pearl Wintrobe.
Viola Dickson.
George Hagerman.
Isadore Weiss.
Myrl Fonda.
Arthur Almon.
Paul Hillstrom.
Anton Johnson.
Ethel Specter.
KENNEDY.
Eighth B.
Truman Brewer.
Irene Callahan.
George Gifford.
William Helling.
Irene Page.
Eighth A.
Lillian Benson.
Margaret Callahan.
Inez Hough.
Myrl Fonda.
Eileen Klausen.
Seventh B.
Earl Brown.
Mabel Ruesch.
Lloyd Cahn.
Dominic Cosgrove.
Doris Dwyer.
Nina Furstenberg.
Fred Kenyon.
Seventh A.
Isadore Abramson.
Gladys Stewart.
Jack Jordan.
Kathleen McCune.
Ruth Orr.
Dorothy Pierce.
Lorana Sallander. | HOWARD.
Eighth B.
Inola Redd.
Ruby Crippen.
Bennie Brown.
Edith Erskine.
Leo Abramson.
Clyde Townsend.
Hime Rubenstein.
Raynard Jacobson.
Bertha Lawson.
Fourth B.
Golda Anderson.
Edward Milbourne.
Dorothy Miller.
Anna Crippen.
Helen Hoover.
Mildred Cohn.
Paul Sallander.
LeRoy Weberg.
Third A.
Lucille Quale.
Nora Caystensen.
Anna Crippen.
Helen Hoover.
Mildred Cohn.
Paul Sallander.
LeRoy Weberg.
Third A.
Lucille Quale.
Nora Caystensen.
Anna Crippen.
Helen Hoover.
Mildred Cohn.
Paul Sallander.
LeRoy Weberg.
Third A.
Lucille Quale.
Nora Caystensen.
Anna Crippen.
Helen Hoover.
Mildred Cohn.
Paul Sallander.
LeRoy Weberg. | PARK.
Seventh A.
Charles Dundey.
Fern Goodwin.
Alice Penman.
Heleen Fowler.
Virginia Leussler.
Irene Simpson.
Sixth B.
Frank Russell.
Katherine Emerick.
Marguerite Fallon.
Alfred Fowler.
Ruth Sunderland.
Sixth A.
Frank Freeman.
Lenore Pratt.
Charlotte Denny.
Howard Burgett.
Fifth B.
Rosalie Perryman.
Fifth A.
Bernice Hokason.
Dorothy Kernan.
Margaret Carlson.
Jane Horton.
Margaret Kiewit.
Herman Lewis.
Ruth Hubbel.
Doris Roberts.
Dorothy Strawn.
Third B.
Lois Allen.
Mary Clark.
Ellen Evans.
Third A.
Margaret Davison.
Dorothy Jennings.
Elinor Ryan.
Beatrice Reichenberger.
Belmont Thoma.
Annes Kiewit.
June Nelson. | CLIFTON HILL.
Eighth B.
Frederic Hoffman.
Louvesta Lawless.
Eighth A.
Mabel Riedy.
Seventh B.
Hazel Chapman.
Joe Rosenthal.
Seventh A.
Merrill Russell.
Edith Hawkins.
Louis Hagemussen.
Sixth B.
Layton Smith.
James Glesner.
Alexander McKie.
Sixth A.
Lucille Parry.
Elizabeth Sowell.
Harold Taylor.
Irene Timme.
Fifth B.
Lydia Fletcher.
Beatrice Jackson.
Emory Morse.
William Stevenson.
Bernice Triplet.
Gordon Watson.
Fifth A.
Dorothy Kernan.
Herbert Nelson.
Jacob Pollard.
Valerie Rohr.
Fourth B.
Marion Emmons.
Ralph Wallen.
Fourth A.
Elinor Fanning.
William Rube.
Third B.
Lillian Holik.
Harry Woodward.
Third A.
Marion Browning.
Hilda Christensen.
Matilda Fisher.
Lois Goerne.
Mabel Jackson.
Ralph Judson.
Laura Kirchner.
Clarence Miller.
Gayle Wagner. |
|--|---|--|--|

was about to a station. Willie got off of the train and bought a ticket for Omaha. When he got to Omaha he telephoned to his uncle. He said that the railroad bridge had been washed out by high water. His uncle said he would be after him in about half an hour. When the half hour was up his uncle and aunt came. They sent a telegram to his mother saying that Willie could not return home until the bridge was repaired. He said he would like to see her. It was just a month before the train could go any farther than Omaha. When he reached home, his mother and father were very glad to see him once more.

I will close as my story is getting long. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is out for a vacation. I will close my story with a riddle.

What makes a beggar like a chicken?

Edith's Surprise.

By Mary Fischer, Aged 10 Years, 3605 Lafayette Avenue, Red Side.

"What do you want for Christmas, Edith?" asked her mother.

"I want some books and games and a ring and that is all. Oh, yes," said Edith, "and a nice big doll, too. I nearly forgot to tell you, and I know you would forget to tell Santa Claus."

"I think you better write a letter and tell Santa Claus what you want," said Edith's mother.

"All right," said Edith, and she sat down and wrote him a letter. This is what she wrote:

"Dear Santa Claus—I want you to bring me a doll and do not forget, and I want a ring, a book and a game. From your friend, Edith McQueen."

That night Edith went to bed very happy and when she awoke she ran to her stocking to see if Santa Claus had brought her a doll.

All at once Edith ran down stairs to tell her mother that Santa Claus did not bring her a doll, but before she got to the dining room she saw a doll sitting in the parlor by the Christmas tree.

Likes Prize.

By Kyra Kirk, Plainview, Neb.

I received the book which you sent me as a prize and have read it. I thought it was a fine book and beautifully bound.

could go out to get some nuts. "No," said his father, "you've heard of so many squirrels being killed."

When Fred's father was not looking he sneaked outside and nothing was heard of the little squirrel again.

Helps Mother With Work.

By Laura Short, Aged 8 Years, Neola, Ia., Red Side.

I have been reading this happy page and enjoy it very much. I go to school every day and like my teacher. I live on a farm and help mamma with the work. I have one sister and one brother younger than myself. I am four feet and four inches tall; brown eyes and hair.

Has Many Pets.

By Viola Jiedricksen, Aged 5 Years, Route No. 1, Marine, Ia., Red Side.

I wish to join the Red Side. What are all the Busy Bees doing every day? My birthday is the 19th of January, then I will be 9 years old. I have seven pets. I have two dogs and five pet cats. My first dog is a little cat terrier about ten inches tall, and the other dog is a shepherd. His is about twenty-three inches tall. My little dog's name is Sport and my big dog's name is Shep. The cats have no

names at all. I have six dolls. Their names are Floradora, Mabel, Melvin and Rose. Sancho is a negro and Dorothy. Dorothy is twenty-eight inches tall, and I like to play with her, too. I know two of the Busy Bees. Their names are Minnie Jiedricksen and Clara Jiedricksen. Well, this is all I know to write this time. I will write more next time.

Holiday Program.

By Anna Nelson, Aged 12 Years, Fort Calhoun, Neb., R. F. D. No. 2, Box 71, Red Side.

I go to the Grand View school. I am in the seventh grade. I have seven studies. They are reading, grammar, arithmetic, physiology, spelling, history and geography. We are only twenty-four pupils in our school.

We had a Christmas program at our school, and we had a Christmas tree also. It was decorated very nicely. I had two pieces to speak and was in three dialogues, and the whole school had five songs to sing, which, of course, I was in. After the program was finished they delivered the presents and then passed oranges and candy around. It was about 11 o'clock when we came home.

Elizabeth was won by Nina Butts, 2215 Laird St., with 792 pictures. She is 10 years old and attends the Lothrop school.

Lady



Lady will be given free to the little girl under 12 years of age that brings or mails us the largest number of doll's pictures cut out of the Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m. Saturday, January 23.

Lady's picture will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures of Lady you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m. Saturday, January 23.

You can see "Lady" at The Bee Office

The pair of skates for last week was won by James Pascale, 4021 Cuming St., who collected 178 pictures.

More Skates

for our Busy Bee Boys

Barney & Berry American Club, Nickel Plated, Tempered Welded Steel Blades, Sizes to fit.

This picture of one of the Skates will be in The Bee every day this week.

Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office.

The Skates will be given Free to the boy that sends us the most pictures before 4 P. M. Saturday, Jan. 23.

In the march

of Omaha progress

if you office "up the hill"

Business is surely and steadily pushing west on Farnam street; every day adds some new enterprise to this ever popular thoroughfare.

AN OFFICE IN

THE BEE BUILDING

"The building that is always new"

will place you in the closest touch with this rapid growth of new business institutions.

A thoroughly modern, fireproof, well equipped and well maintained office building, properly located, close to the banks, retail stores, court house and city hall, in fact in the heart of business Omaha.

THE BEE BUILDING COMPANY

17th and Farnam—Office Room 108.