

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

IN RESPONSE to instructions to tell for what they would ask, if a fairy were to grant them a wish, most of Miss Rose Grodinsky's fourth grade children at the Cass school wrote that they would ask for health, wealth and happiness.

"I would wish for happiness, because if you are sad nobody likes you," wrote one little girl. "I would wish for health because if you are ill you must pay doctor bills and take medicine, and for wealth because with it you can buy many things to make you and others happy."

A magic ring, a map of the world and a hen that would lay golden eggs were among some of the things for which others wished.

"If you are poor and healthy, you can go to work and earn some money, but if you are rich and have not health, you spend all your money for the doctor and medicine and get poor," wrote another little health, wealth and happiness enthusiast.

For what would the Busy Bees ask if a fairy were to grant them one wish?

This week first prize was awarded to Elizabeth Hirschhorn of the Red Side, second prize to Ethelyn Berger of the Blue Side and honorable mention to Everett Judevine of the Red Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Two Pet Birds. By Elizabeth Hirschhorn, Aged 12 Years, 305 South Eleventh Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

One day, about two years ago, our neighbor brought us a little bird. It had fallen out of an apple tree and hurt its leg. We had it for a short time and it got well. It is white on the breast and has a large red spot below its neck. Its back and head are black, with white dots. It sings very prettily in the winter. It plays like a parrot and eats everything. Its name is "Tweety." If we touch its cage it will bite us as if to say, "That is mine and you have no business touching it." We feed it bird seed, crackers, potatoes, apples and tomatoes in the summer, and it also likes grass, lettuce and all other vegetables. About a year ago mamma and I were downtown and as we walked by Brandeis' store a little sparrow fell from the roof. We picked it up and took it home. We fed it water and bread. It opened its mouth so we could put it down its throat. It grew up very quickly. Although it is only a common sparrow, it is quite a little beauty. "Butterfly." They each have a cage of their own. In the summer they fly around in the rooms. If you call them they will come. They are both very tame.

(Second Prize.)

The Workers. By Ethelyn Berger, 303 North Nineteenth Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

Away out west, in a little town that can scarcely be called a town, where I was visiting this summer, is a little band of girls called "The Workers." This club works for charity. While I was there they were making clothing for children of their own age. They showed me some of their things, among which were dolls and toys that they could make themselves, and little hoodies, dresses, etc. They had made many crochets or knits, and they had made many dolls, bags, collars and handkerchiefs. They had other things made also, like towels, handkerchief bags and aprons. All these things they intended to sell at a fair the first week of December. With this money and the clothing and toys they had made they were going to send down into the sand hills.

In the sand hills are a lot of people poorer up on their claims. They are very poor and live in sod houses mostly. They do not have a very happy Christmas, so this little band of girls make their articles to sell. After the fair they continue making articles until the next fair. Any things left over are kept until the next spring, when they have what they call an Easter tea. They serve refreshments to all the mothers in the neighborhood and sell the left-overs from the December fair.

I received a letter from one of the girls, and this year they made nearly \$60. The girls in our Sunday school are planning to do just as this band of "Workers" are doing and help make some poor family happy, just as the Christmas ship made so many families happy away across the ocean.

(Honorable Mention.)

Little Bobbie. By Everett Judevine, Aged 10 Years, 1315 Broadway, Omaha, Red Side.

He was eleven inches high and he was as black as coal when we got him. He was sent to us on a train. Papa took us to the train to get him. The next day we rode him all day. We got him by getting subscriptions for a paper. Papa made us a little cotter to drive him in the winter time. He would take us down the road every day. We would ride him to school and put him in the bars across the road. Grandma gave me a new saddle for my birthday present. He is a trick pony and can do different things. He would put his head between his legs and turn a summersault. When the side door is open he comes in and eats anything he sees. We love him very much, and we would dress him up in clothes and he would walk around.

Brings Happiness.

By Eloise Margaret, Aged 11 Years, 1818 Broadway Ave., Omaha, Red Side.

I was taken off the ship and carried to a small house. In it lived a mother and six children. The father had gone to fight for his country, and so had the brother. They were all feeling very sad. But as soon as I was brought in, the children cried for joy. And the mother looked a little happier. They had not heard from the father and they did not know whether he was alive or dead. But the next day they got a letter from him saying he was sick and would soon be home. The children are going to try and find out who sent me so they can write and thank her.

The Bantams.

By Martha Judevine, Aged 11, Bellwood, Neb., Blue Side.

Ethel was a little girl 4 years of age. She lived in a town by the name of Baraboo. Her aunt gave her two little roosters and two hens. She named them and after a while she put them in a doll carriage and drove them a mile. She took one of the roosters to town. She set down in the park and let him run about. Her mama bought her an ice cream cone and she gave the bantam a part. He would lay in the buggy and snore. He is about four years old now.

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.

Winner of Last Week's Doll Contest



NINA DUTTS

bandage his leg. I had to wrap it real tightly. In the summer I put doll dresses on him and then I wheel him in my doll buggy and make him go to sleep. I have a big doll, too. She is 3 years old. I don't play with it very much. I like my cat much better. He is one of the best cats we ever had. Today when I came home from school the doll and the cat were on the porch. The cat had its paws around her neck. As my stay is getting long I will close for this is the first story I have ever written. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is in Germany fighting when this reaches him.

The Frog Prince.

By Mary Lippold, Aged 11 Years, Avoca, Ia., Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived a king's daughter who was very beautiful. Her father loved her very much and gave her everything she wanted. She had all the playthings you could think of. The plaything she liked best was a golden ball which her grandmother gave her. One day when she was playing with it by a deep well she let it fall into the well. An ugly old frog jumped up from under the water and said: "I will bring back the ball if you let me sleep on a cushion and eat by you."

She promised to do what he said. Then the frog brought her back her golden ball. Then she went home to eat supper with her father and mother, and she did not think of what she promised the frog. While she was eating a knock came at the door.

"Little princess, come open the door for me." She opened it and there stood the ugly old frog. Then she told her father the story and her father said she must keep her word. So the frog came in.

The little princess was so unhappy she ran up in her room and locked the door. While she was thinking, there stood the frog in the corner and said to make a place for him on her nice soft cushion. She was so angry she took the frog and threw it against the wall. Instead of an ugly old frog there stood a beautiful prince. Then the prince came to her and thanked her very much for what she had done. The princess liked the prince much better than the ugly old frog. She was sorry that she threw him against the wall, but the prince said not to be sorry any more because she had saved him from being a frog. A wicked old wizard had changed him into a frog. Then the prince asked her to marry him. They asked the king about it and he said they might, and so they were married. They went to the prince's kingdom, and there they lived happily afterward, and never thought again of the time when the handsome prince had been an ugly old frog.

Story of an Oak.

By Mary Findley, Aged 13 Years, 3033 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Red Side.

In the center of a great forest stood a large oak tree, and the north wind seemed more intent on blowing its leaves and acorns off than on any other tree in the whole forest. The north wind was blowing with all his might until all the little acorns came rattling to the ground. "Good-bye, good-bye," they cried, "good-bye, mother oak." They had not lain on the bare ground for more than three weeks, when a heavy snow fell and covered them over like a blanket. Soon they began to feel their roots downward and their little leaves upward. All winter long they toiled, and when spring came and melted off the snow she found them to be about four inches high. In this manner they grew all summer. When winter came, try as he might, he could not cover them with snow, so at last he gave up trying.

Although it seemed a long, weary time, the little trees did not give up trying to be big and strong like their mother used to be. One hundred years later found a new forest of oaks, so like the old one that some folks thought it to be the same, except for the position. In this way the story is repeated century after century, so that the people may have wood for their fires and homes to live in comfort.

An Irish Mail's Trip.

By Mildred Benson, Aged 11 Years, 1904 Lothrop Street, Omaha.

I am an Irish mail. I am a shiny red, with large, soft rubber tires. My eyes are little screws set upon the top of my pumps. I was sent aboard the Christmas ship to bring a ray of happiness to some child on the other side of the ocean. The first object that met my gaze against the sunset sky was the Statue of Liberty. That uplifted arm in my imagination looked as if it were either casting a blessing of peace over the dear United States, or else threatening to blow the ship of any enemy to pieces.

After sailing a few days, one morning I heard the cry of "Laypool!" I was unloaded in this great city and later shipped inland about 60 miles. Christmas eve found me standing under a large Christmas tree. Santa had not forgotten the Cadors after all. I later found my new little master's name was Gerald Cador. Gerald's father was away at the terrible war. The Cadors lived in a little cottage upon the side of a highland. As I stood there slowly above the rugged highlands and precipitous rose the mighty monarch of day, like a great ball of fire once more starting on its long pilgrimage across the sky.

This whole valley seemed under a spell cast by night, who came down around in mist er the sun sank behind the hills. Nay! Not the whole valley, for from the next room came the sound of little bare feet pattering on the floor. Gerald gave one delighted "Oh!" and

then crouched on the floor beside me. I can still see out of the window and the mist, was no longer enshrouded by the valley, and under the rosy glow cast by the sun it was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. A majestic river flowed at the end and reflected the little clouds that sailed overhead. I have lived with my new little master now for a month and have learned to love him dearly.

That evening as I was standing looking out on the pink and gold river, from the effects of the setting sun, I was very happy to have been sent on this beautiful mission.

New Busy Bee.

By Fern Wallace, Aged 11 Years, 1544 Howard Street, Lincoln, Neb., Red Side.

I wish to be a Busy Bee and wish to join the Red Side. I am 11 years old and go to the Precourt school. I hope my letter is in print.

Likes Prize Book.

By Elvira Turquist, 18 North Fortieth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I thank you very much for the "Clever Poems," the book I received. I like poems real well, so I was very much pleased when I saw it was a book of poems.

Elizabeth's Name.

By Madia Lucille Shallcross, Aged 10 Years, Bellevue, Neb., Blue Side.

I was sitting in a chair and my mother told me to read a piece in The Omaha Bee. I read the story of Elizabeth's pretty name. It was a very fine story, and now I shall call my new doll "Elizabeth Caralotta Shallcross." It was a very pretty name and I should have liked to give that woman a nice doll if she would have been a little girl, because I have

Public School Roll of Honor

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

Table listing students and their scores in various subjects. Columns include names, scores, and subjects.

house. We drive to school with an old horse which my father gave me. Our teacher's name is Miss Bessie Munter. As my letter is getting long I will close. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is not home from his holiday vacation.

New Busy Bee.

By Miriam Mosher, Aged 10 Years, 2109 Sherman Ave., Omaha, Blue Side.

This is the first time I have ever written to this page. I enjoy reading your stories very much and would like to take part in them too. As blue is my favorite color, I think I will join the Blue Side. I will write my first story very soon.

Robert and His Parrot.

By Sidney Schiffer, Aged 9 Years, 930 North Twenty-Seventh Street, Red Side.

Early in the morning when Robert

awoke he dressed quickly and looked in his stocking. There he found that it was filled from top to the bottom. In it was a box of candy and other things which I cannot name. One of the things was a parrot. He liked that best of all. I suppose Robert was a very good boy.

From the Country.

By Bertha Parson, Aged 14 Years, Nemaha, Neb., Blue Side.

I am a little girl of 14, who goes to school in the country, where life is of pleasure. I am in the Eighth grade. My sisters and I read the stories in The Omaha Bee and like them very much. I was interested in them and thought I would write to you. I will try to write a good story next time. I hope Mr. Waste basket will not be around.

Lady was won by Margaret King, 1810 Ohio Street, with 803 pictures. She is 5 years old.

This week we will give away Ruth. She is over two feet high, has very dark hair, blue eyes that go to sleep and rosy cheeks. She wears a white dress with blue trimmings and a blue hat with white trimmings, all the latest spring styles. We thought it would be spring when she came out, but we saw several ladies out with their spring suits today, so it must be time to wear them.



Ruth 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 30.

Ruth'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 Ruth you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m. Saturday, January 30.

You can see "Ruth" at The Bee Office

The pair of skates for last week was won by Ivan Baker, 1423 N. 25th St., South Omaha, Neb., who collected 857 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 next Saturday.

The Skates will be given Free to the boy that sends us the most pictures before 4 P. M. Saturday, January 30.

Chickens Pay the Laundry Bill

Some women insist on doing their own washing every week to help out the family income. They know a dollar saved is a dollar made, so they proceed to economize and begin on the laundry bill.

But this is solving the problem in the wrong way; don't try to save—try to make.

It is always easier to work with your head than with your hands—besides it's more profitable.

Think of that big back yard where the week's washing is hung out. Instead of putting out the washing there next week—put out some chickens.

You can easily buy a good stock of hens to start with by inserting a small Want Ad in the "Poultry" column of The Bee. You can locate the best chickens in town by this method, and get them at a low price, too.

Then don't forget that if you buy your chickens through a Bee Want Ad, others will buy theirs from you in the same way.

Yes,—and you can sell the eggs that way also. You can find customers who will take your entire supply at higher prices than the wholesale house would pay.

Consider this—it is certainly easier to attend to chickens than it is the laundry. WRITE OUT THAT WANT AD FOR THE BEE.

Telephone Tyler 1000

THE OMAHA BEE

Everybody Reads Bee Want Ads