

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

THANKSGIVING DAY over. Busy Bees will experience just a wee bit of a satiated period, then human nature will reassert itself and they will begin to look forward to that red letter day, Christmas. This holiday, with its attendant two weeks' vacation, makes it a gala time indeed for little boys and girls.

There are so many phases and aspects of Christmas about which stories can be written by children. There are the Santa Claus, Kris Kringle and St. Nicholas versions of the Christmas story, as well as others from different countries, that are interesting to know. Then there is the Christmas gift-giving and records of little and big kindnesses that gladden the hearts of all. Anything of this sort is interesting reading and will make your letters eligible for the special prize contest for Christmas stories which opens today and for which stories will be received until December 18. The winner will be announced the following Sunday. The Busy Bee who writes the best Christmas story will receive a nice book for a Christmas present.

Vera Clayton of the Red side wins the prize book this week. Phyllis Covalt and Albert Sudman, both of the Blue side, win honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)
When Vera Was Lost.
By Vera Clayton, Aged 11 Years, Oakland, la. Red Side.

When I was a little past 3 years old I went out doors one evening when papa started after the cows. I sat on an old sled seat and later crawled under the seat.

I went to sleep and when papa got back with the cows, mamma asked, "Where is Vera?" Papa said he did not know. So they started out to hunt for me.

They did not find me, so they called for some neighbors to come and help find me.

It was dark when I woke up and I began to cry. They heard me crying and came after me. This is a true story.

(Honorable Mention.)
A Dream Journey.
By Phyllis F. Covalt, Aged 13 Years, Crescent, la. Blue Side.

One day we planned to take a trip to the east and visit all the interesting places.

We went to see a friend that was living in New York. We took her by surprise and she made us come in and stay the rest of the day.

That evening we went to the most beautiful park I ever saw. There were all kinds of animals and birds in it. Everything was very pretty. There was a large fountain made out of solid marble. It was full of water and in the water was all kinds of water lilies growing and all kinds of pretty fish were living in the water.

That night we decided to go over to Niagara. Fall the next day for a picnic. We got our lunch ready and started about 8:30 the next morning. We rode about four hours and got there about dinner time. We rested a little while and then had dinner. There was a large crowd there. The falls were very beautiful. They were not like I expected. We did not go back to our friend's house, but took the train home from there. When we got about half way home a strange thing happened. I woke up and had been dreaming. I was lying in our hammock. I went in the house and she said she hoped that some day we would be able to take a trip like my dream.

I have not written to this page for a long while, but hope this letter is in print like others I have written.

(Honorable Mention.)
The First Thanksgiving.

By Albert Sudman, Aged 12 Years, Sarben, Neb. Blue Side.

In the autumn of 1622 the Pilgrims wanted to thank God for their good crops. So they set a day apart, and called it Thanksgiving. For Thanksgiving they wanted to have all of the good things to eat they could think of.

The men went to the forest to hunt. They killed deer, wild turkeys, and other game; they also went fishing. The children went to the seashore and gathered clams. The women baked cakes, pies, biscuits and puddings.

At sunrise they heard the Indians yelling. Soon all the men, women and children were up. Miles Standish was up at sunrise to fire the gun. After breakfast they went to church.

They had a long sermon that morning, which Governor Bradford preached. After services they went home and prepared for the feast. Chief Massasoit came with ninety Indians of his tribe. The Pilgrims had their fires outside. Near the fires there were rows of tables. Above the fires there were rows of wooden bowls.

The women and girls waited on the table while the men and Indians ate. First they put hot chowder in the bowls. Next came the turkey, deer, vegetables, cakes, pies, puddings and fish.

The feast lasted three days. After the dinner of the first day the Indians gave the white people some popcorn. Then the Indians showed the white men how they shot the bow and arrow.

After that Miles Standish with his army showed the Indians how they shot the guns. At first the Indians were afraid, but soon became used to it. After the feast the Indians killed five deer and gave them to the white people.

(Special Prize Story.)
The First Thanksgiving.
By Viola Bohling, Aged 13 Years, Pender Neb. Red Side.

Thanksgiving was first celebrated by the pilgrims. These people came to our country long ago from England. They landed here in the cold month of December. Many of them died from cold and hunger.

Those who were left went to work bravely to plant their crops and to build better houses. They toiled all summer long. In the fall they were rewarded with a good harvest of corn, pumpkins and other things. It made the pilgrims so happy that they felt like thanking the Lord for his kindness.

A day was set apart for thanksgiving. On this day all the Pilgrims fasted and gathered at the meeting place. Here they thanked God for their blessings.

After the thanksgiving service the people had a feast. Ninety Indians were invited. They could not have half the dainties that even the poorest of us may have today, but they had some good things. Out of corn they made hominy, samp and journey cakes. They had pumpkin pies, wild plums and grapes, fish and game. The hunters brought turkeys and wild ducks. The Indians brought five deer.

The Indians seemed to enjoy it. They dressed in their best costumes, with feathers. They played games and

They also like my color. As I am a canary they like my beautiful yellow color. How sad this world would be without the birds, for in the winter it must seem lonely in the north without all the pretty birds and the songs, for the "north" birds do not sing many songs; and some don't sing any. We are called the "south" birds, for we live where it is warm and the "north" birds live in the cold region, for they can stand the cold weather as we can stand the warm weather. We are all a little different, for we

OMAHA SISTERS WHO ARE BUSY BEES.



Ann Marie and Jean Kennedy



A True Story

Ann Marie and Jean Kennedy
They were baking, but Rosie knew it was something very good.

Rosie was also very mischievous and as that morning was her morning for a walk she took it and always made use of it.

She crossed the field and took the road to walk on, but she noticed smoke coming from the bushes and she went over to it. A woman was there. "How do you do, little lady," said the woman. "Have you anything to eat over to your house? We haven't a thing. Will you give us some?"

Rosie hesitated and then said "Yes." So Rosie led the woman and her husband into the house and gave them something to eat, besides the pies and turkey, but just as the Gypsies were leaving the house Rosie's father came in and they lost their precious dinner.

Rosie was scolded by Bridget, the cook, because she mussed her pies and because she tore her dress. But after all they were thankful because Rosie was not taken from them by the naughty Gypsies.

Shoeing the Horse.
By Dulca Rogers, Aged 9 Years, Herman, Neb. Red Side.

The horse looks to be very strong. He is very gentle and fat. His name is Barney. His master's name is Mr. Brown. He has a good home because he is gentle and fat. He does not have to work all the time, but when he does work, he works hard and tries to help his master raise good crops by plowing and doing other things.

One day Mr. Brown took Barney to a blacksmith shop to be shod. Barney stood very still while he was being shod, because he was so gentle, and Mr. Brown was so kind to him.

Barney liked his master because he was so kind to him and Barney tries to do as Mr. Brown wants him to do.

Hughes Wins Vote.
By Keith Clements, Aged 7 Years, Lyons, Neb. Red Side.

This is my first letter. I am 7 years old and I am in the second grade. I like my teacher, very much. We voted at school today. Hughes won in our room. I have two brothers older than myself, and a baby brother. I hope to see this printed.

Offers Gypsies Dinner.
Dorothy Bowden, Aged 12 Years, 715 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about a little girl on Thanksgiving day.

"What do you mean by sleeping so late?" called Rosie's mother.

"I am getting up now, mother dear."

"Now, dear," said Rosie's mother, as Rosie tripped down the stairs, "I don't want you to come into the kitchen until I am through baking."

Rosie's mother didn't say what she

where Henry was, and told him all about the boy.

Henry said they would take him on to town with them and after they had got what they had to get, they would take the boy home with them. They told their mother about the boy and she said that he could stay with them for Thanksgiving.

Fred told them that he had no father or mother nor any home. Then the mother said that he could live with them, and so he was happy ever after.

Thanks for Prize.
By Florence Sward, Aged 10 1/2 Years, 1908 Corby Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

I wish to tell you how happy I am with the prize book you sent me.

It is so big and thick it seems I shall never get through reading it. I believe I have not much time now, or I would write a story, but next time, I'll write a Thanksgiving story. Well, goodbye, Busy Bees. I hope my letter escapes Mr. Wastebasket, who might put it in without notice, it's so small.

Why Crows Are Black.
By Sylvia Gustafson, Omaha, Neb.

Once upon a time there lived a crow in a tree. He was a very wise crow and belonged to Diana, the goddess of the moon. One day as Diana

was walking by the flower garden a snake jumped up and bit her on the cheek.

She ran home to her castle and washed it, and thought it would get better, but it kept getting worse. Far away in a cave was some magic water that would heal if you put it on anything.

She found the crow at home and told him to go over to the cave and fill the pitcher that she had in her hand. Now it happened that in those days crows were a light color and could be seen in the dark. "I am afraid," said the crow, "for there are dragons watching the cave and with my light color they will see me."

Diana said, "I will change your color to black," and she said this, he was turned to the darkest color that was seen in those days.

He flew past the dragons without a sound and filled the pitcher and flew back to Diana, who forgot to change him back to his right color. She went to her room in the castle and healed her wound. She remembered the next day about the crow, so she went to the tree, but found no crow.

She hunted and hunted, until beneath a red rose bush she found her crow with a thorn in his breast, dead. Seeing this, Diana said, "Hereafter all crows shall be black, in remembrance of the bravery of the first black crow."

Pumpkin Saves Children.
By Edith Kenyon, 3222 Cuning Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

A family, consisting of a father and mother and two children named Helen and Tom, lived in the town of the Indians. The house was situated at the edge of a big forest. One day in October Tom asked his mother if he could have some of the pumpkins which grew in their back yard. Later, while Tom was making some hideous-looking features on the pumpkin, his mother came up to them and said, "Children, I have to go to Mrs. Gibson's and I'll have to leave you alone, as your father is out hunting. You won't be frightened, will you? I hate to leave you alone, but still I must go." "That's all right, mother," said Tom. "I can take care of Helen while you're away." So the mother went on.

Pretty soon Helen heard a noise as if somebody was creeping. She looked out and there she saw about five Indians ready to come in the house at any moment. She hurriedly told Tom. At first Tom was greatly alarmed and looked for a place to hide, but knew it wouldn't be any use. As he was thinking his eyes happened to look at the jack-o'-lantern. He at once had a

So, if you have a cat and do not want your front windows broken be sure to give the cat fresh air every now and then. Be kind to your cat and dog. Keeping them in the house all of the time will make them sick.

This is the first time I ever saw a cat jump through a window, and if it had been a black cat I would have felt as if I would have some bad luck, such as falling downstairs or losing my tooth brush.

Boy Finds Home.
By Mildred Lilley, Aged 13 Years, South Side, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

It was a day before Thanksgiving, Henry and Tom were on the way to town to get the turkey and other good things.

On the way back they had an accident. They had lost something. Tom went back to hunt for it, and as he was coming back he saw a small child sitting by the side of the road crying.

Tom asked him what his name was and why he was crying.

The boy said that his name was Fred, and that he was crying because he could have no Thanksgiving dinner.

Tom told the boy to come with him. He took him to the wagon

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TODAY'S BEAUTY TALK

You can make a delightful shampoo with very little effort and for a very trifling cost, if you get from your druggist a package of carborax and dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Your shampoo is now ready. Just pour a little at a time on the scalp and rub briskly. This creates an abundance of thick, white lather that thoroughly dissolves and removes the dandruff, excess oil and dirt. After rinsing, the hair dries quickly, with a stiffness that makes it seem heavier than it is, and takes on a rich luster and a softness that makes arranging it a pleasure.—Advertisement.

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