

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

CHRISTMAS is almost here so, if you listen hard enough, Busy Bees, perhaps you will hear the tinkle of Santa's sleigh bells far off in the distance. While listening is permissible, be sure you do not look for Old Santa to be seen on his annual Christmas rounds.

They tell me little boys and girls are apt to be on their good behavior about the time of the year because of the expected visit of Santa Claus. I am sure their motives are not altogether selfish, I like better to believe it is the Christmaside spirit which prompts it.

Wouldn't it give each Busy Bee a great deal of satisfaction to know of some good deed they had performed; some happiness they had brought to some child less fortunate than themselves, perhaps; something they could recall on Christmas day in the midst of their happiness? I am sure it would, so I suggest that each boy and girl consider carefully each member of their family, each playmate and schoolmate and think of some little kindness you can do for them. The Busy Bee editor guarantees that such a satisfied feeling will envelop your heart as you have few times experienced. It will be ample reward for any inconvenience or extra effort to which you may put yourself.

Christmas stories for the special prize book will be received until tomorrow or the next day. The prize winner will be announced next Sunday. The following Sunday the names of the new king and queen of the Busy Bee kingdom will be published.

Emma Hiebert of the Red Side wins the prize book this week. Florence Seward of the Blue Side and Henry Tuma of the Red Side won Honorable Mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.) Turkey Loses Head.

By Emma Hiebert, Aged 11 Years, Hampton, Neb., R. 3, Red Side.

I will tell you a story about myself. First I was hatched out of a turkey egg. One day a little girl came and took me. She kept me in the house until I was quite big. Then she let me go outdoors. At night I slept on tops of trees and straw stacks. I grew up very fast.

One day I heard the little girl say something about Thanksgiving. She said she would have turkey, pumpkin pie, cranberries and other good things to eat. And then she looked at me. I wondered what it meant.

After a while a little boy and girl came out with a hatchet. The little girl caught me. I knew then what it all meant. I did not have time to hide then. The little boy chopped off my head. I do not know what happened after that. That was the end of my life. I made this story up. I hope my letter will be in print. I will write again. I read the stories every Monday. I like to read them. I think they are all fine.

(Honorable Mention.) Fleecy.

By Florence Seward, Aged 10 1/2 Years, 1634 Victor Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

I have not told you for a long time about Fleecy, so now I will. We are all very fond of her. Whenever we give her some meat my sister will say, "Ask for it like a good girl." Then she will stand on her hind feet and get it. Whenever she wants out she will run up and rub on you, then she will run to the door. When she wants in she will jump up on the window-sill and cry.

I have a little bird that I got from Burgess-Nash company and I have lots of fun with her. I will speak like a bird and she will jump up, thinking a bird is near.

(Honorable Mention.) A Narrow Escape.

By Henry Tuma, Aged 7 Years, Elba, Neb., Box 74, Red Side.

When I was 3 years old one day in winter my brother and sister thought they would skate in the tank, for the water was frozen. So they got on the ice. I thought I would go, too. When I got on my sister jumped and the ice broke through, and, of course, my sister and brother were older than I, so they jumped out, but my sister had to get into the tank after me for I could not get out. She was not strong enough to pull me out, so my brother William had to help her get me out of the tank, and just as soon as they got me out they took me to the house. This is a true story.

Buster Must Stay at Home.

By Willie Poland.

Buster is a large liver-colored dog. He is of no particular breed, although he looks as if his ancestors had been hunting dogs. He is very affectionate with those he likes and is very cross toward those he does not like. Automobiles seem to arouse his anger, because he was nearly run over one day by a delivery truck. He is a fine watch dog and can hear the faintest sound outside of a house. His owners moved a few months ago to a house about half a mile away, but that did not prevent Buster visiting several houses in the old neighborhood where he had been in the habit of calling for something to eat. His habit is to scratch at the kitchen door and as a rule he would be let in and given something to eat. As a rule he calls shortly after supper time, when he thinks there are some scraps of meat or bones.

The other evening he scratched at the door of one of his friends in the old neighborhood, and when the woman opened the door and admitted him, she found a note fastened with a small ribbon to the collar. She read the note and what do you suppose the message said? It was: "Please don't keep the dog all night. He has a place to stay at home. The Owner." Under that message another woman had written this line: "Not guilty. He has just left." Then the second woman added another message, saying that she, too, had just started Buster home. I suppose Buster made the rounds and at each place something had been added to the note, until by the time he returned home for the night the owner had quite a few answers to read. One woman wrote: "Why don't you feed your dog? He begs for food at our house every day."

Evidently somebody had been keeping Buster all night, thinking the dog did not have any regular home and because he liked to stay. But I don't suppose anybody would keep another's dog if they thought the animal had a comfortable home. It would not be right, would it?

Three Little Ducks.

By Dora Hiebert, Aged 6, Route 3, Hampton, Neb., Red Side.

One day an old man was setting in the barn, when he heard a little girl come to look. There were three little ducks, all yellow with black stripes on their backs. She ran in the house and showed them to her

THE MAKES DADDY READ BUSY BEES.



Jane Franke

Here is little Jane Franke, kindergarten at Farnam school, who likes to have her mamma read the Busy Bee stories for her. Jane's daddy is the manager of the municipal Auditorium who has been trying to book fine musical attractions for Omahans at just as low an admission price as he positively can.

Maybe when Jane grows up she will profit by her daddy's experiences and launch into the field of the booking agent. They say it is one of the new lines of work in which women are scoring big successes.

Little Jane was born in St. Louis, but she likes Omaha ever so much, and says she is glad her parents moved to this city.

Uncle Ben, Uncle Charles, Aunt Louie and grandmother were also present. I hope all the Busy Bees had a pleasant Thanksgiving.

An Orchard Ramble.

By Margaret L. Crosby, Aged 14 Year, Sutherland, Neb., Blue Side.

Little sister and I were rambling through the orchard and picking a few apples as we went along. The shepherd dog Villa was with us. Soon little sister screamed out in an exciting voice, "Oh Margaret, see, Villa has a little birdie. Please take it away from him before he kills it."

I ran with all my might to see the bird, but it was no bird, but a little fuzzy bunny. Villa had not hurt it at all, but was rolling it gently as he did the little kittens at home.

We strolled on a little farther and out of a tree flew a turtle dove. She flew chirping and fluttering on the ground as though she were badly hurt. Little sister cried out, "Oh let's catch the poor crippled birdie. It can't walk." She ran after it, but she found that she was the mother bird only deceiving us away from her nest. In her nest was a lonely bird just ready to leave its nest.

A little farther on was another nest with two of the sweetest downy turtle doves you ever saw. By this time we were to the end of the orchard and little sister had the little bunny snuggled closely in her apron. We took it in the house and fed it milk, then put it in a basket where in the morning we thought surely it would be there, but lo and behold, it was not there. It had got out of the basket and was running about the house.

We never saw a thing of it again until the next evening when we were

talking and reading and out jumped the bunny. I thought it was a rat, but I caught it and how it did squeal. We fed it and O how hungry it was. After we had fed it we took a much taller basket with only small holes at the top, and thought never in the world would it get out, but before we were in bed it jumped out through one of the holes and we didn't see it again until the next evening, when it came out at the same time as before. For weeks it did this until at last it grew so big that it could not be left in the house any longer. We hated to turn it out, but we had to, so we put it in with the tame rabbits. The mother rabbit mothered it and claimed it as if it were her own.

William Cullen Bryant.

By William Sudman, Age 9, Sarben, Neb., Red Side.

William Cullen Bryant, a poet and journalist, was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. When only 8 years of age he began to write verses. He was educated at New Brookfield and Plainfield, Mass., and at Williams college, but left school in 1812 to study law. In 1815 he was admitted to practice law any time he wished. His first work entitled, "The Advance of Knowledge," was published in 1805 in the Hampshire Gazette.

Mr. Bryant made a number of visits to Europe for the study of language and literature. His foreign letters, written while abroad, were read with much interest by the American people. They were known as "Letters of a Traveler" and "Letters from Spain," and other countries, both written while on foreign tours. Mr. Bryant would make speeches when the states were erecting monuments and statues for great men.

Some of Bryant's best works are, "Thanatopsis," "To a Water Fowl," and "The Death of the Flowers." He possessed facility of speech and delivered many impressive public addresses, including those at the banquet of Kossuth, at the Burns Centennial and at the Schiller festivities.

Mr. Bryant was a poet of nature. His verse overflowed with the religion of the woods and his prose is touched with an exquisite grace. Mr. Bryant ranks with Longfellow and Poe as a poet. His last public address was delivered at the unveiling of the statue of Giuseppe Mazzino in Central park, New York City, May 28, 1878, where he was overcome by the heat and greatly injured and from which he never recovered. Mr. Bryant died in New York City, June 12, 1878.

My Pet Duck.

By Max Brash, Aged 10 Years, 3527 Madison Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

I have an Indian runner duck. He is my pet. He looks like a goose from far off. He always follows me when I am in the back yard. When I am coming to feed him and the other ducks and chickens he is standing back of the gate and sometimes he won't go away. I have to throw some corn so they will run away from the gate. He likes cracked corn the best. Sometimes when he sees me he comes waddling up the yard. He is very tame. He eats out of my hand. I am very fond of him.

This is my first letter. I hope to see it in print.

School Days.

By Jeannette Marie Oliphant, Aged 11 Years, 402 Garfield Avenue, Hastings, Neb., Blue Side.

I suppose all Busy Bees are going to school nowadays. Some children like to go, but some don't. I like to go to school. The first thing in the morning we have singing, next penmanship, spelling, reading or history, language, and then we study geography for the afternoon. After dinner we recite our geography. Then we have arithmetic and spelling again.

We had tests this morning, because it is the first quarter of the year, which is eight weeks. The first test was spelling and then geography. I think we will have our other tests in the morning or afternoon. Our singing teacher, Miss Spaulding, is trying to make the boys of our room sing soprano, she said they sing all kinds of tunes. I am very much interested in music. On Halloween we did not have a holiday. The teacher said the only vacation or holidays are on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Recess, we girls get the ball and bat and play base ball. We have many other kinds of balls, such as basket ball, foot ball, volley ball, and many other things. We also have teeter-totters and swings and trapeze. We also have a giant swing. We have physiology. Mr. Stephens is our director. I am in the fifth A. I go to the Lincoln school. Our banners are gold and purple. I think they are very pretty colors.

James' Repentance.

By Marie Rubeck, Aged 12, Wakefield, Neb., Blue Side.

James had been a very bad boy in school. His teacher had scolded him in school and he was very angry. As he went home from school he wouldn't notice anyone.

When he arrived home he looked very cross and when his little brother said, "Come, James, and play with me," he responded angrily, "No, I don't want to play with you." And as James went up the hall he turned as he heard a cry of pain and saw his mother pick baby up from the floor.

But James paid no attention to it and went on to his room. Before long he heard the telephone bell ring, but little did he heed it until about ten minutes later when he saw from his window Doctor Bangs coming up the walk as fast as he could.

James was aroused at once. "James," called his mother, "come here instantly." James went. "You must take this bottle to the drug store and have it filled." As James hurried along he resolved never to be cross to his brother again. Good-bye, dear Busy Bees, until I write again.

Searching for Gold.

By Tenich Hiebert, Aged 11, Route 3, Hampton, Neb., Red Side.

Once upon a time there were two little girls. Their names were May and Mary, both good looking. They were about 10 years of age. They had often heard people say that there was gold at both ends of a rainbow. One day they saw a rainbow. At first they were both going one way, but Mary said, "I am going one way and you go the other." "But I shall miss you, Mary," said May. Then Mary said, "I don't want to see you any more." "But," said May, "you

must go to the end of the rainbow." "I will," said Mary. Mary was not telling the truth. So they started off. "Good-bye, Mary," said May. But Mary said nothing. Mary stayed in the same place till she was grown, then got married. May, nearly dying, was found by a good woman, who cared for her. May told the good woman about Mary. May lived happy after that. I will say good-bye.

Elsie's Christmas Present.

By Bridget Pawloski, Aged 9 Years, Farwell, Neb., Blue Side.

Elsie was a little girl. She had a father, but no mother. When her father went to work he left her alone with a little brown puppy named Buster. One day when her father came from work she said, "Father, do you think Santa Claus will remember me?" Her father said, "No, I have not enough money. I have to save money for things to eat."

After Elsie's father left for work she kept thinking it over and over. Then she said, "If Santa only knew how lonesome I am and only have a little dog and a dog only can wag his tail and bark."

When Christmas eve came she hung up her stockings, but in the morning, to her surprise, her stockings were empty. She took down her stockings, but something was at the bottom of one stocking. She put her hand in and felt something hard. As she pulled her hand out a little doll with black hair and a yellow dress, blue slippers and pink stockings was found. She then was happy with her dollie and puppy. When she got tired playing with her doll she sewed doll dresses. After that she was never so lonesome.

Invited to Dinner.

By Henry Zelenska, Aged 10, 3527 Madison St., Omaha, Blue Side.

Last year on Thanksgiving I was invited to my aunt's house. We played games until dinner time. Then we went in to eat our dinner. We had goose, and pumpkin pie, potatoes, cake and cranberries. We played, after dinner, until 5 o'clock. Then I had to go home. I go to Corrigan school. I am in the fifth grade. This is the first time I have written. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out for a walk when my letter comes in. Good-bye, Busy Bees.

Small Boy's Christmas.

By Walter Wiese, Age 14 Years, Bennington, Neb., Red Side.

Once there was a little boy who lived in the city of New York. He lived in a shabby old house in one of the poorest streets. His father was dead and his mother was sick. It was drawing Christmas time and the little boy felt sad because he knew he would get nothing for Christmas. He would stand for hours by the windows of the stores to look at the toys. One day as he

was looking at the toys as usual a man and a little girl came walking by. The man said to the little girl, "Stay here till I come back." When the man came back out of the store he found the boy who is the hero of this story carrying the little girl out of the street, where she had run. The man then asked the boy where he lived and the little boy told him and about his sick mother. The man felt sorry for him and went to his house and then took him and his mother to his own house to live, for his wife was dead. Here the boy and his mother spent their Christmas and the rest of their lives and were always happy, for the man married the boy's mother.

Poem on Birds.

By Vera Lundberg, Wakefield, Neb., R. F. D., Age 13, Blue Side.

Little birds, young and old, playing out in the cold; Nellie will feed you every day, if you do not fly away. Little birdies, 'tis too cold, for you to feed here now, if you were just a bit more bold, you could come into my house.

Good-bye, dear Busy Bees, until I write another poem or story.



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