

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

WHO DO YOU THINK are the new King and Queen of the Busy Bees? They are Eugene Lawson and Florence Seward, both of Omaha, who succeed Walter Wiese of Bennington, Neb., and Marian Mosher of Omaha as rulers of the Busy Bee Kingdom.

Florence is perhaps the most frequent contributor to this page. She is 10 years old and is already in the fifth grade. Florence has no mamma, we regret to say, her mother having passed away when Florence was just a wee bit of a girl, but she and her daddy are great pals. In fact, her papa took her for a wonderful trip last summer, first to New York and then to California, so Florence was able to see the United States from coast to coast. This was a wonderful treat for so young a child, but Florence is just the kind of little girl to have gotten the most out of such a trip.

Eugene is a more recent addition to our staff of young writers and his mother believes, perhaps a permanent one. "Eugene likes to write and he is very much interested in the newspapers. He is a keen observer and a great reader," says his mother. Who knows but what Eugene may select a newspaper career. Then some day he will apply to the managing editor of the Bee for his first job. Of course that will be some years off, for just now Eugene is only 12 and is in the seventh grade at Farnam school.

With two such capable rulers, the Busy Bee editor looks forward to a most successful term of office for the next four months.

Augusta Stephens of Elmwood, Neb., Juanita Pressley of Omaha and Henry Schneider of Irving, Neb., are other Busy Bees whose names were suggested for office.

Frank Dale was awarded the prize book this week. Honorable mention was awarded the stories of Ruth Harrison and Everett Speed. All three young people are on the Red side, which shows that the Red side had its spirit aroused when the Blue side began capturing all notices.

New King and Queen of Busy Bees



EUGENE LAWSON
RINEHART STEFFENS PHOTO



Florence Seward

Little Stories of Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

Chased by Bull.

By Frank Dale, Age 9, 4807 Cass St., Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I have read the page of the Busy Bees quite a while, but this is my first letter. I go to the Dundee school and am in the Fourth A grade. I have a little sister. Her name is Natalie. My grandmother lives in the country back in New York state. I visit her sometimes in the summer.

One day I was playing in the yard and my uncle called me. He asked me if I wanted to go and help him herd the cattle. There is a fine cold spring at the top of the hill and a rushing little brook runs through the farm. We crossed the stream and went up the steep hillside path. I was wearing my red and blue overalls. Suddenly I saw a big black and white bull. He started to chase me, and I ran like a horse on a gallop. I didn't stop till I was inside the cow pen. My uncle had a good laugh over my scare.

(Honorable Mention.)

Skating.

By Ruth Harrison, Age 13, Ravenna, Neb. Red Side.

We had all been wishing it would get colder so that the ice would freeze down by the mill. One morning it was real cold and there was just about a half foot of snow on the ground, and it was still snowing. Then we knew that if the ice was good we could go skating after school.

We went after school and when we got home it was real dark. I supposed it was about 8 o'clock.

Mamma and papa were gone and I went in the house and, of course, went straight for the kitchen to get something to eat. When I was cutting some bread papa and mamma returned and asked me why I didn't set the table for the whole family, and I said I supposed they had had their supper. I went to look at the clock and it was only 6 o'clock. I was so surprised I nearly fell over.

The next night we had a skating party and our whole room went. One of the girls fell and hurt her head, and then our teacher fell and we were so scared we did not even help her up, but just stood and looked at her. One of the boys finally helped her up. She was not hurt very much.

The skating has been just fine for about a week, only yesterday it melted some and it was not so very good in one place.

(Honorable Mention.)

Saves His Master.

By Everett Speed, Age 10, 3819 Arbor St., Omaha, Red Side.

One day last week Fred was coming home from school a snow storm came up. It grew cold and Fred got tired and fell asleep on the tracks. Fred's dog would always come and wait on the crossing for Fred. He waited and waited but Fred did not come. Rover heard the train coming and went up the tracks and there he found Fred half frozen to death.

Rover barked as the train drew near and the engineer slowed up and, jumping out, picked Fred up. He got him warm and the engineer told what the dog did, and so Fred said that he would get him a gold collar. The next day Fred's father got Rover a gold collar which had on it, "This collar is for a brave deed."

(Honorable Mention.)

Trip to Camp Dodge.

By Enid Minick, Age 11, Hancock, Ia. Red Side.

Last summer when my sister and I were visiting my grandparents in Des Moines we went out to Camp Dodge, where all the soldiers were who were going to fight in the late war. It was ten miles from Des Moines. The soldiers looked very nice in their uniforms and I saw them drilling in different ways. I also saw their cannon. There were about 4,000 soldiers out there. They got over 400 pounds of candy for the soldiers and they had a large stand. They were out in a field, and it was very hot, for there were not many shade trees.

There were many tents. There was one in which they cooked, and one Young Men's Christian Association tent, and the band that we could hear from where we were without going over. We went out there on the interurban car.

(Honorable Mention.)

My Pet Cat.

By Solomax Naiman, Age 9, R. F. D. 1, Box 2, Gilard, Neb. Red Side.

My pet cat is black and is a good cat. He can catch mice, and his name is Kitten. This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee page, and I would like to join the Red Side, as that is my favorite color.

I have four brothers and four sisters. My teacher's name is Frank Kyker and I like him very much. I go to school every day and have much fun. I am in the fifth grade. I hope Mr. Waste Paper Basket is out calling. So good-bye, Busy Bees.

(Honorable Mention.)

Her First Letter.

By Kathryn Owen, 11 Years, Ashton, Idaho, Red Side.

We take the Omaha Bee and I am always anxious to get The Bee each week to read the "Busy Bees" de-

partment, as I am very interested in the stories written.

This is my first letter to the "Busy Bees" and if I see this printed, which I hope it will be, I will write again.

Edith and the Doughnuts.

By Florence Browitt, Age 12, 1821 Fifth Ave., Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

One fine day in autumn Edith came running in and said, "Mamma, will you and auntie make some doughnuts?" Mamma said, "Yes," and for her to run out and play till she called her.

She never even once asked for a doughnut. But the doughnuts were made and dinner was ready. Edith was listening close for the call. Finally she heard someone call, "Edith!" She ran to the house and was ready for dinner when her mother said, "We will not have any doughnuts for dinner." After dinner Edith went out to play. Mamma and auntie washed the dishes, cleaned the house and were going to sit down a few minutes, when Edith came in. Edith couldn't stand it any longer, so in she went where her mother was, and said, "Mamma, can I have two doughnuts?" Mamma said, "Yes, and only two." Now Edith meant to take only two, but they were so good.

First she looked around for the doughnut can. There it was over in the corner. Edith reached in and took two, then four more, and still four more. At last the lid went on, and Edith came in with two doughnuts in her hands. Mamma said, "Did you only take two?" Edith said, "Ye-ye-yes." "Now," said mamma, "you can go out and play for a few minutes." So Edith went.

It was time for supper now. Mamma and auntie set the table. They had doughnuts. They called Edith and then they sat down for supper. When it was time to pass the doughnuts mamma passed them to Edith. Edith said, "I don't want any doughnuts." They all looked at her so surprised. Then Edith said, "They don't taste good." Every meal they passed the doughnuts to Edith. It made her so angry that she said, "I never will eat doughnuts."

Our Trip to Colorado.

By Frances Schenk, Age 12, Blair, Neb. Red Side.

Last summer mamma, papa, my aunt, sister and I started to Colorado in the auto quite early one August morning. It was nice when we first started out. We went through a number of towns and we stopped to get gasoline at one of the towns. About noon we had dinner under some trees. We enjoyed it very much. After dinner we went on, ever so far, until supper time. Then we stopped under some trees and papa dug a hole in the ground and put some sticks in it and put a link over it. We boiled some coffee, fried eggs and bacon. We had bread and pickles, too. At last we went on till it got a bit dark. We came to a little place we thought was a town, so we drove in and stopped at a store. We asked if it was a town and were told it wasn't. It was just a place they called Odesa. We asked how far it was to the next town and were told seven miles, so we started on. Finally we had a puncture but we got to the next town and stayed all night there. We made 207 miles that day.

The next day we made over 230 miles and reached Colorado in two days. I had much fun there. I rode horseback with my cousin and it was the first time I ever rode. I have lots of relatives in Colorado and I visited most of them. We stayed nearly two weeks and then went home. I never saw so many things as I did out there.

My Pet's Cemetery.

By Irene Swanson, Age 9, Wall Lake, Ia. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to this page. I like to read the letters which the other Busy Bees have written. We get the Omaha Daily and Sunday Bee. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade, and my brother, Ray, is 11 years old and in the seventh grade.

I have a little brother 7 months old and he can creep.

We have a regular cemetery in the corner of our yard and I will tell you what is in it. We had a dog by the name of Fido and someone poisoned him. We buried him, and that was the beginning of our cemetery. Since then we have buried one rabbit, two birds, one pet pig, one chicken, and two kittens.

I take music lessons every Tuesday and I like it very well.

I want to be on the Blue Side because my eyes are blue.

Has Fun at School.

By Odella Naiman, Age 12 Years, Gilard, Neb., R. F. D. 1, Box 2, Red Side.

My pet cat is yellow and her name is Fuss. She can catch mice and do many tricks.

I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Frank Kyker, and I like him very much. I am in the sixth grade. I have four brothers and four

sisters. We live on a 160-acre farm, about one mile from town. I like to live on a farm.

Our school is about half a mile in the country. We have a foot ball team and also a basket ball team at our school. I like tating and crocheting. Well, I will close and hope Mr. Waste Paper Basket is out visiting. So good-bye, Busy Bees.

Santa Plays a Joke.

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

It was Christmas in a very large city. In one certain house were three children, two girls and a boy. They always thought that if they should sit up and wait for Santa Claus they would get many more toys.

This evening their parents had said before retiring that they must go to bed very early, because Santa might not come if they didn't. But the children did not go to bed, but said, "Mother does not know, she thinks he won't come; but he will just the same." So they waited very patiently by the fireplace, but he didn't come.

When Santa drove up he saw these bad children and said to himself, "I will just turn back and this will play a joke on the bad children." Then as quick as a flash he turned and was gone.

When the father and mother arose next morning and found their children up yet they were very angry and said that they must go to bed and stay until noon. This seemed hard, but they had to do it.

At noon they got up and went downstairs just in time for dinner and behold Santa had not even come yet. This made the children very sad.

Later they went over to see if their little neighbor friends had received any gifts or whether Santa had forgotten them.

When they got there they saw through the window the three children playing with the most beautiful toys any one could look upon. The children walked in to see the good fortune that had befallen them.

The neighbor children cried, "O, did you get as many beautiful toys as we?" The other children tearfully said, "No, he has forgotten us this time." "What! forgotten you? What a shame and you were so good, too." "Yes, he did, and we waited all night long for his coming." "Oh, I see," said one of the neighbor children, "you should have gone to bed like we did, very early. Then he would have come. Your staying up must have surely been the cause of his not coming." "Then," said the other children, "we shall know after this when mother tells us to go to bed that we must. We will go home and go to bed early tonight," they said sadly. "Mother will perhaps forgive us."

When they went home their mother had forgiven them gladly. They went to bed very early, but Santa doesn't come, you know, only on Christmas eve, so these children didn't get any presents this year.

Finds Bag of Coins.

By George Nielsen, Age 13, 3302 Vin-ton St., Omaha, Blue Side.

One day while John was visiting the farm he went out to the barn and saddled one of the horses to take a ride. He jumped upon the horse and started out. After a long ride the horse stopped. John got off and tied him to a near-by tree and began to roll stones down the hill while the horse was resting.

After rolling many of them he found a large hole under one of the

stones. John looked into the hole and found a bag. He pulled it out of the hole and looked into the bag where he found some coins of all kinds. As soon as John got the heavy bag on the horse he started for home. When he got to the farm his uncle came to help him with the bag, and said, "Now you can pay for your college education."

Shepherd Wins Race.

By Aksel Swanson, Age 13, 3910 Gold St., Omaha, Red Side.

One day while a poor shepherd boy was tending his flock of sheep, he said to himself, "We are very poor and I only earn a few shillings a week. My father is dead and we can hardly live on what I earn. So, after I am through with my work today I will go and shoot some game in that forest."

After the boy had left his work he went to the king's forest to get some game. He did not know that this was the king's forest, and he was soon brought before the king.

The soldiers brought the poor, frightened boy to the king. The king told him what he had done. The boy said he should race with his daughter in order to pay for the game he had killed, and if he won the race the king would also give him a large sum of money.

The princess boasted that she was the swiftest runner in the kingdom. The king was seated on a porch before the race course. There was a rope to keep the people out of the way. Everything was ready. The boy was used to running so, of course, he won. He was very glad. The king was ashamed of his daughter, and she never boasted after that.

The boy went home, where his mother was awaiting him. After that the boy never had to herd sheep and they lived happily ever after. This teaches us not to boast of what we can do.

A Camping Trip.

By Agnes Myers, Age 10, 3012 Oak St., Omaha, Red Side.

Betty and Margaret were two little girls. Ruth was their big sister. Howard was their big brother. One day they decided to go on a camping trip. They lived about three miles from Lake Michigan. When they got there they put up their tent. Betty and Margaret went to find some sticks and then they made a fire and roasted some wieners and boiled some coffee. They then had dinner.

As it was evening they all went to bed. Next morning they got up very early. They then had breakfast. After breakfast the dishes were washed and the beds made.

Betty and Margaret went down to the beach and played in the sand. Ruth went bathing and Howard went fishing. They had a merry time all week long. At the end of this it was time to go home.

The Happy Season.

By Marie Cooper, Age 11, Wallace, Neb. Blue Side.

Along late in the fall it commences to get colder and the nuts are gathered and then pretty soon comes a time called Christmas. It is celebrated because of Jesus' birthday. He is the son of God and was born in a manger in Bethlehem.

This is the time when everyone

Tales of School Children Retold

The "bestest" teacher in one of the Omaha schools, where children of foreign-born parents make up the largest attendance, received two Christmas gifts from her pupils, which she values highly, but—thereby bang two tales.

One of the presents came bunched up in a wrinkled piece of tissue paper. It was a large sized man's handkerchief, correctly monogrammed with "teacher's" initial, but which on being unfolded disclosed a goddly sized rent in one corner.

"Of course, it's too sweet of Carl to remember me on Christmas, but I have a horrible fear he snatched the handkerchief off some hook, where it was displayed during holiday season," wailed the nice young teacher.

The other present was a box of stationery, which came unwrapped. The writing paper was intact, but a packet of envelopes was missing.

"I hope you don't mind teacher," said the little urchin, who brought the remembrance. "But we needed some envelopes at home so I just kept some of them."

gives presents and everyone is happy at this time. Before Christ they counted the years, then after Christ was born they started over again. It has been 1,916 years since that time.

Harry's Adventures.

By Ada Schenk, Aged 11 Years, Blair, Neb. Red Side.

"Harry! Harry!" called a voice. Harry turned around, but he saw no one in sight. He did not pay any attention to it. Again the voice called "Harry" in a squeaking little voice close to his ear. This time Harry looked up among the trees.

He saw a little man with a hat on and a long feather in it, and pair of yellow trousers. This seemed very odd to Harry because he had never seen such a small person in his life.

"What do you want for Christmas?" asked the little man. "Why, Christmas is so soon," said Harry, very much surprised. "No, it is not yet, but we have to have time to make presents, don't we?" "Oh!" said Harry, "can't I go along with you and see you make them?" "I think so," said the little man, with a little laugh. Follow me.

"But I can't get up in the trees like you can," said Harry in a sad tone. "Oh, that's all right, I can walk along with you," he said, laughing again.

The little man jumped down to walk with him. Harry took one step forward and he was in toytland. He found himself much smaller.

Such an amount of toys! Harry was playing with one that had a spring to it. The spring snapped. He jumped, opened his eyes and looked around him. He found he had been dreaming of elves or Santa Claus' workers.

Playing Police.

By Wilbur H. Tibbons, Age 10, Ashland, Neb., Box 97, Blue Side.

I live on a field of alfalfa in town and have a dog. We have to keep him home chained up, so I play police with him and other things. I leave the chain on him and get him hitched on to my wagon and lead him around for a police patrol. I read the other children's stories and hope to win a prize for my story.

Has Five Pigeons.

By Mary Boyle, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

I have five pets which are pigeons. Their names are Blacky, Whitey, Brownie, Spotty and Piggy.

When I whistle they will come and alight close to my feet. I have made a little green house and they sleep in it at nights. One little pigeon is very small. He was hatched late in the summer.

I also have a little dog, whose name

is Rover. He is all white and very pretty. He will shake hands and play hide and go seek.

I have six kittens which are 1 week old. One kitten is all white and the others are all black.

I hope Mr. Wastebasket is out selling papers.

Trip to Boelus.

By Luicel Boryzab, Aged 12 Years, Farwell, Neb. Blue Side.

One Sunday my papa and mamma, my one sister and I rode around town awhile. We got my cousin Isadore because my brother said he would not go as he was tired. We went to the dam, which was a great sight, and it had much power. Then we went to the canal, which was broken down. My two uncles and aunts were there and Sabina, my cousin. We had a good time together as a lady and a little boy, whose mother said, "Gilbert, come let's go." Gilbert said, "Isn't mother afraid you might get hurt?" Sabina and I laughed and then my

mother came. She said to me, "Come honey, let's go home."

My cousin felt sorry because I was going home. I jumped in the car as called to Sabina, "Good-bye for Boelus." She laughed and said, "Hello Farwell."

I guess this is all for this time. Write to me, Busy Bees, I will answer.

His First Letter.

By Kenneth Butler, Aged 10 Years, Hollbrook, Neb. Red Side.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bees and I wish to join the Red Side. I am 10 years old and live in Hollbrook, Neb. We have electric lights here, which we just got lately. I hope Mr. Waste Paper Basket is out when my letter arrives.

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50c

New Year's, January 1, 1917

- Assorted Relishes
- Cream of Tomatoes aux Croutons
- Roast Prime Ribs au Jus
- or
- Roast Stuffed Young Chicken, Giblet Sauce
- or
- Roast Veal with Sage Dressing
- or
- Stuffed Domestic Goose, Apple Sauce
- Candied Sweet Potatoes
- Stewed Corn in Cream
- Head Lettuce Salad, French Dressing
- Custard Pie or Apple Pie
- or
- Ice Cream and Cake
- Coffee

MUSIC 12 TO 8 P. M.

The spirit of the season prompts us to extend to all, our sincere wishes for

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

Bankers Realty Investment Co.

1917

We Wish You All a Happy New Year

We as the people of a United Nation, have cause to enjoy the happiest of Happy New Years.

While most of the world waits in the shadow of a mighty conflict—we live in peace, far from the scenes of desolation and ruin, far from those millions of saddened homes where permanent separations bring an avalanche of loneliness.

In the United States we rejoice that here the human voice can travel many times farther than anywhere else on this big globe of ours—that electrical waves can speed from corner to corner of this broad land and bring us voice to voice, no matter where we are.

In our country the extent of communication is not marked by border lines or limited service.

In this country we have 64 per cent of all the telephones in the world.

This New Year's Day the spirit of happiness will flash over the wires, unite the 43,781 Bell Telephones in Greater Omaha, and reach out to the millions of Bell Telephones in the nation.

The last year has been a pleasant one for us and we hope it has been for you. We extend to you the old, old wish, a Happy and a Prosperous New Year.

Telephone and Spread Good Cheer
New Years Comes But Once a Year



NEBRASKA TELEPHONE COMPANY

HEALTH and HAPPINESS

Buffalo Steak Dinner

Sunday Evening, December 31
From 6 O'clock on; Also a Dutch Lunch

Millard Hotel
Music and Dancing