

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

**W**ITH the foot ball season at its climax, what a lot of comment we hear on all sides! Some are ardently championing the good old game, while others are strongly opposed to it. Notably, mothers are opposed to having their sons brought home in a battered condition as a result of the game as it is sometimes played. A well-known writer for boys' magazines has this to say about foot ball:

"The thing we like best about foot ball is watching the losing team. We ought not to be surprised, but we are surprised every year to see how many losing teams play the game to the last whistle. They are beaten; maybe early in the game they know they are beaten badly. But they keep on going just as hard as if there was a chance to win until it is all over. That's why we like foot ball. Maybe it is a little rough, but it brings out the backbone of the fellows who play. It is not a game for quitters—it's a game for stickers, and every year we're made glad again to see what a large percentage of American boys belong to the sticker class."

We were pleased to receive a letter from Lester Clark in far-off California this week. Lester formerly lived in Overton, Neb., and is one of the faithful Busy Bees.

Rosalie Hertz of the Red side won the prize book this week. Ludwig E. Wesley of the Blue side and Pauline Wisdom of the Red side won honorable mention.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

### Trip to California.

By Rosalie Hertz, 2336 South Seventh Street Omaha, Aged 11 Years, Red Side. For a long time we had been planning to go to the exposition at San Francisco, and at last the happy time came.

Some friends of ours took us to the depot. We started on Tuesday, June 22, 1915, and after a long and tiresome ride of three and a half days we arrived at San Francisco.

Everything was very pretty, especially at the exposition. There were moving pictures in nearly all the state buildings. For instance, in the New York state building they had pictures of the main occupations of New York. We went to the exposition about thirteen times, all together.

Another day we went up to Spring Valley lake. That is the lake that supplies San Francisco with water. We went there in an automobile. The roads there were very good up in the mountains, but as they were very narrow I was a little afraid, as I thought we would fall down the mountain. The scenery there is very, very pretty, with the mountains in the distance and the lake below. But I must go on, for if I were to tell all the things I saw I would fill up this whole page.

We stayed at San Francisco about three weeks, and from there we went down to Santa Cruz. We also had a good time there. One day we went up to Big Basin, and the scenery there was a little like that up at the lake, but this was even prettier, although it was not such a long ride, for it was ninety-six miles to go back and forth from the lake, but at Big Basin it was only about thirty-six miles back and forth from Big Basin.

We had a picnic here and had a very good time. After lunch we all went into the forest. The trees were very very big, around and one of them was called the Father of the Forest, another the Daughter, and another was called the Mother tree. It was hollow inside, so children could play in it. I would not mind to have a playhouse like it, for it was pretty big.

A long time ago there was a large fire there that burned many of these trees down. The mother tree was made hollow by this great fire. There was also another tree that was hollow all the way up, and this was called the chimney tree. There was still another tree that was called the animal tree, because if you would look at it a certain way it would look like the head of some animal, such as the lion, bear, etc. All this was made up by nature. We also went up to the Big Trees and many other places there. I went in bathing in the plunge quite a bit there, but was just in the ocean once there, as it was too cold for me.

From Santa Cruz we went to San Francisco again to see the German parade. It was so long I got tired. We went to Santa Cruz again, and from there we went down to Long Beach and Pasadena and many other places in automobile. That is the place where I went in bathing so much in the ocean, as the water was very warm there. We stayed there for about two weeks, and from there down to San Diego, to the other exposition; but I think the fair up at San Francisco was lots prettier than the one down at San Diego.

At "Frisco" they had those large searchlights, only these were different colors, and then they would play them on the statues—sometimes blue, sometimes green and also many other colors. When they were played on the Tower of Jewels, the most beautiful thing at the exposition, it would make it look even

prettier. They also had fireworks that were too beautiful to describe. Sometimes they would shoot twenty or thirty sky rockets at a time, and then they would play the lights on them and would make them different colors, and when they fell it would look like stars falling. They would also play the lights on steam, which was also very pretty. Sometimes they would shoot up about ten times, and all at once there would be flags, kites, dogs, cows, cats and all sorts of things up in the air. I don't mean real ones, but fireworks.

They didn't have anything like this down at San Diego. We only stayed there two days, as we had no friends or relations there. One day while we were there we went down to Mexico. The day there was something awful. When I got out of there I was mighty glad, for it was so hot there, and I was glad to get back to dear old United States.

We started for Omaha that day, but I was glad, as I was homesick. It was rather hard to say goodbye to our friends, but I was glad to go, just the same. I was even more glad to go home than I was when I started. We stopped off at Salt Lake City to see the Mormon square. We also saw Salt Lake and the house that Brigham Young and his best wife lived in; also his other wives' houses. When we left there we were nearly home, but I was glad. One lady on the train said that I was the happiest girl she ever saw to be so anxious to get home.

When I got home, what I missed was eating so much fruit right from the trees and picking flowers, but the most I was bathing in the ocean. I tell you, I wish Omaha was on the ocean, but Omaha is all right for me.

### (Honorable Mention.)

**Santa Claus.**  
By Pauline Wisdom, Aged 8 Years, 3711 North Twenty-second street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The evening before Christmas we children, papa and mamma trim our Christmas tree for Santa Claus to put all the nice presents on for every one in the house. Santa Claus is very wise. He knows what boys and girls like best, mamma says. Santa Claus is the spirit of love, that is why he comes from above. Every Christmas eve we put out a nice cake or pie for Santa Claus. He goes so fast that he gets hungry. He always eats part of our cake, and most of the pie. We put a line across our dining room, and all of us hang one of our stockings on the line for Santa Claus to fill with nice things.

This is the second time I have written to the Busy Bee's page.

### (Honorable Mention.)

**Thanksgiving Day.**  
By Emily Nightingale, Aged 10 Years, Ashland, Neb., Red Side.

Last Thanksgiving day we had a good time on grandpa's farm. We went in the morning and stayed there till after supper. When we got there grandpa was faring apples for some pies. Grandpa killed the big turkey and grandpa picked the feathers and put it in to roast. While grandpa was getting our dinner grandpa took us out in the yard and we picked pears for some sauce for supper. Then we hatched up the horses and Francis, Lillian and I went downtown to get some good cranberries for dinner. After we got back we sat down to eat. Francis said the turkey was the best he ever tasted. After dinner we played with the turkeys and chased the pigs around. Then Lillian, Francis and I picked pears to take home.

## Winner of First Doll in The Bee Contest Started Two Weeks Ago



Vesta Laird and "Alice"

That was the best time I ever had on Thanksgiving day.

**Thanksgiving at Grandpa's.**  
By Doris Thompson, Aged 9 Years, Genoa, Neb., Blue Side.

Once a little boy and girl went to their grandpa's to spend Thanksgiving. Their names were Benny and Bessie. They were twins.

When they got there grandpa acted like he did not know them and said, "What strange children are you, coming here like you belong here? If you are neighbors you cannot sleep in the barn tonight. Go away or I'll sick the dog on you. Who are you?" "We are Bessie and Benny," they said. Grandpa put on his specs and looked at them and said, "I guess you are right."

When they went to the pantry they saw a large turkey hanging on the wall and a lot of pumpkin pies in a row and lots of nuts.

Grandma had a tame crow and it carried

everything that it could carry. So Ben and Bessie searched for the things that he had carried away. When they went home they wanted to go back the next year. So the whole family went back the next year.

### (Honorable Mention.)

**Bicycle Troubles.**  
By Ludvik E. Wesley, Cedar Bluffs, Neb., Blue Side.

I had had luck with my bicycle. I broke the handle bar stem today and I didn't know how to come to school. I did my chores in the morning and I went to try to ride my bicycle without the handle bars. I rode it fine without the handle bars. So I thought I would ride it to school that way.

After 8 o'clock I tried to ride my bicycle to school. I rode it about half a mile and I fell off the bicycle on the bridge and my brother was with me so he helped me on the bicycle. When I got started I couldn't keep my balance going up hill.

## Quaint and Curious Doll Costumes in America Before the Civil War

Pertaining to the dress of man and woman-kind, there is in the older building of the United States National Museum at Washington, a small collection of dolls and doll's accessories so complete as to bring joy to the hearts of even the most fastidious of children of the present day.

Although these dolls were used between 1855 and 1864, they are in remarkably fine condition, and their belongings are as complete and fresh as the trousseau of an up-to-date bride. Naturally they are not modern styles, since they were designed and made before the war, but upon examining the clothes carefully they are found to be true to the times represented and fashioned with the utmost care and labor. Even the assiduous curators and

students of historical dresses, known as period costumers, cannot find a detail missing in these miniature reproductions of the then prevalent mode, although all of them are home made.

Two of these dolls have china heads and dolls made bodies of cloth. One is dressed in blue brocade silk; the other in brown calico striped in white and figured in purple and green. No garment is missing and according to the times they are amply provided with undershirts and underwear, stockings and boots. Then, as now, white stockings seem to have been popular. The one dressed in silk wears a neck piece and muff of white cloth to represent ermine and also a bracelet and finger ring.

Besides the dresses thus displayed,

# VIRGINIA

Is the name of the doll we will give this week To Our Little Busy Bees



She is 24 inches high, has beautiful eyes and hair, and clothes that will make any little girl delighted.

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

Her picture 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 of Virginia you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m., Saturday, December 4.

If you don't win this Dollie, perhaps you can get one next week. Only one Doll will be given to any one person.

You can see Virginia at The Bee Office

these two dolls have garments of all descriptions, both for summer and winter wear, as well as many household utensils and pieces of furniture, including a complete bed, with feather tick and pillows, sheets, pillow slips, etc. There are seven dresses arranged on forms to properly show them off, and some coats, waists, aprons, bonnets, boots, stockings and other articles of wear, as well as scarfs, strings of beads, watches and other jewelry. Several pieces of china ware are also included in this old collection of doll's accessories.

The collection originally belonged to Miss Ella Slade of Middlebury, Vt., granddaughter of William Slade, governor of Vermont from 1814 to 1816, and for twelve years a member of congress from that state, and great-granddaughter of William Slade, a soldier in the Revolutionary war, who suffered on a British prison-ship of infamous memory, in New York harbor, and after the war went as

a pioneer from New Canaan, Conn., to Cornwall, Vt. Through the courtesy of Dr. Charles F. Langworthy of Washington, the National museum came into possession of the dolls and their costumes, as a gift from Mrs. Huston Thompson (Mrs. Anna Slade Thompson) of New York, and Mrs. C. Hill (Mrs. Katherine Slade Hill), of Middlebury, Conn., nieces of Miss Ella Slade, the original owner. The articles were discovered recently, having been carefully packed away since the childhood days of Miss Ella Slade, in a state of excellent preservation, which has enabled the curator of history to exhibit them just as they were found.

## Seventh Annual Bazaar 1915

## Dec. 6th to 18th Xmas Fair of the Churches

# In the Beautiful Court of The Bee Building

The handwork of hundreds of Omaha's prominent church workers will be displayed. These will be offered for sale over the counters temporarily constructed around the fountain and in the court of The Bee building, during the week days, from morning until night. The beautiful linen pieces, useful and ornamental embroidery work, serviceable wearing apparel, art goods and bric-a-brac, as well as delicious pies, cakes, doughnuts, candies and other eatables, have not only been made by these faithful women, but they will see that every stitch and piece is sold by themselves.

These church fairs are conducted solely for the purpose of raising money to defray the expenses of the different churches; no one individual derives any recompense for their labor, except the satisfaction that what they do is freely given to further promote the glorious and noble work of the most Holy institution—the Church. The use of the building for the fairs is donated by the management of The Bee, and all publicity through the columns of this paper is given free. The churches arrange the decorations so as to make the bazaar as attractive and comfortable as possible for the public to lend its patronage.

You are all invited to come. More beautiful and useful Christmas gifts cannot be bought elsewhere, and the prices asked are most reasonable.

## Here is a List of Churches and Ladies Interested, Together With Dates of Their Sale

Church	Name and Address	Phone	Date
St. Matthias	Mrs. C. E. Parsons, 1915 South Tenth	Tyler 1752	Dec. 6-7
St. John's	Mrs. Charles Wittlake, 3424 North Forty-first	Colf. 3455	Dec. 6-7
Lucia Society	Miss Bertha Neff, 2419 Pierce	Tyler 2264J	Dec. 6-7
St. Paul's	Mrs. Baldwin	Har. 2465	Dec. 6-7
Reorganized Ch. of Jesus Christ	Mrs. William N. Hill, 2101 South Thirty-third	Har. 6563	Dec. 8-9
McCabe	Mrs. A. T. Petrie, 3516 Howard	Har. 5849	Dec. 8-9
Church of Life	Mrs. May Hall, 2015 Burt	Doug. 8172	Dec. 8-9
Fairview Presbyterian	Mrs. Charles Wittlake, 3424 North Forty-first	Colf. 3455	Dec. 8-9
Theological Society	Mrs. K. P. Eklund, 4319 Parker	Wal. 1771	Dec. 10-11
St. Barnabas	Mrs. Wm. H. Jones, 504 S. Twenty-fifth Ave.	Doug. 6946	Dec. 10-11
Grace Lutheran	Mrs. J. P. Smith, 1322 South Twenty-fifth	Tyler 2116	Dec. 10-11
Good Shepherd	Mrs. Frank Benbow, 2570 Evans	Web. 1057	Dec. 10-11
Pearl Methodist Episcopal	Mrs. W. O. Field, 2605 Fort	Colf. 2905	Dec. 13-14
North Presbyterian	Mrs. E. McEachron, 1907 Wirt	Web. 1172	Dec. 13-14
Oak Street Methodist Episcopal	Mrs. W. C. Armes	Tyler 1876W	Dec. 13-14
Hanscom Park Meth. Episcopal	Mrs. George W. Stone, 2138 South Thirty-fifth	Har. 2935	Dec. 13-14
Temple Israel	Mrs. H. L. Abrahams, 508 S. Thirty-fourth	Har. 3787	Dec. 15-16
St. Matthew's Eng. Lutheran	Mrs. Laura B. Snyder, 1706 Deer Park Blvd.	Tyler 2376W	Dec. 15-16
Central Park Congregational	Mrs. Nellie Thompson, 3211 Ames	Colf. 3131	Dec. 15-16
Covenant	Mrs. E. O. Carson, 2706 Pratt	Colf. 2944	Dec. 15-16
United Brethren	Mrs. H. W. Allwine, 3526 N. Twenty-fourth	Web. 6566	Dec. 17-18
North Side Christian	Mrs. J. H. Davis, 2720 Corby	Web. 6044	Dec. 17-18
Plymouth	Mrs. H. L. Underwood, 3938 North Twentieth	Colf. 2988	Dec. 17-18
Hanson Presbyterian	Mrs. J. N. Horton, 2806 Fifty-eighth Ave.	Benson 576J	Dec. 17-18

## VARIETY OF ARTICLES FOR SALE

- Home Made Candy
- Mince Meat
- Fruit Cake
- Jelly
- Stuffed Dates
- Cakes
- Doughnuts
- Pies
- Preserves
- Home Cooking, all kinds
- Dressed Dolls
- Embroidered Towels
- Aprons, fancy and plain
- Corset Covers
- Doll Clothes
- Leather Goods
- Fancy Bags
- Handkerchiefs
- Children's Muffs
- Comforts
- Pin Cushions
- Washcloths
- Must Caps
- Stocking Bags
- Washable Rugs
- Dolly Rolls
- Napkin Cases
- Table Mats
- Infants' Wear
- Hand Painted China

## Stories of Nebraska History

By A. E. SHELDON

### A Stage Coach Hero of the Little Blue

On the morning of August 9, 1861, the overland stage coach left Big Sandy station on the Little Blue river, in Jefferson county, Nebraska. There were seven men and two women passengers. Robert Emery was the driver.

Two days before this the Sioux had attacked the travelers and stations on the overland trail from the Platte to the Little Blue. About forty white people were killed, scalped and cut to pieces; ranches and wagon trains were burned and the stock run off.

Rumors of the Indian attack had reached Big Sandy, but no one knew the truth—that butchered men and burned wagon lines the road for 30 miles. No signs of Indians were seen by the stage driver until 11 o'clock. The stage was not far from "The Narrows," a long ridge leading to the valley of the Little Blue, with deep gullies on either side, when the driver saw, about 200 yards ahead, a band of fifty Indians waiting for him. Quick as he saw them he wheeled his four horses and stage coach right about and started back—ten yards farther on and he could not have done this.

It was a race for life. The Indians gave their yell and dashed after them in pursuit. The driver laid the lash on the horses' backs and the stage flew over the road. The passengers sprang to their feet, wild with fright. "Keep your seats or we are lost!" commanded the driver and they obeyed. Arrows flew thick and some struck in the stage coach, some grazed the driver's cheek and one cut the rosette from the bridle of a wheel horse.

The driver kept a cool head. There were two sharp turns in the road. As he neared them he pulled up the horses, made the turns carefully and then whipped ahead again. The passengers held their breath in terror at these turns as they watched the Indians gain on them, but the splendid speed and mettle of the stage horses carried them on.

Three miles the race lasted. Far ahead a swaying line in the road showed an ox train of twenty-five wagons coming west. A mile away the master of the train saw the Indians and stage coach. He quickly made a corner of his wagons with an opening toward the west. Into this gap Emery drove his stage, while the rifles of the wagon train began to bark at the Indians. The passengers were saved and could hardly express their joy. They hugged and kissed the driver and threw their arms about the necks of the noble horses that had brought them through in safety.

A year later the stage driver lay dying with a fever. Just before his death, Mrs. Randolph, one of the passengers in the stage coach that day, placed upon his finger a beautiful gold ring with these words engraved on it:

E. Umphry, G. C. Randolph and Hattie P. Randolph, to Robert Emery, in remembrance of what we owe to his cool conduct and good driving on Tuesday, August 9, 1861.

And, looking at the ring, this stage coach hero of the Little Blue gave up the lines at the end of his last drive.

### QUESTIONS.

1. Have you ever seen a stage coach? Have you ridden in one?
2. In what respects is a stage coach journey better fun than a journey by railroad?
3. Was Robert Emery just the kind of a man to drive a stage coach? Why?
4. What are such men as Robert Emery doing today?