

The Little Busy Bees :: :: Their Own Page

MOST of the letters to the Children's page today are about Christmas. And, of course, this is the thing in which the Busy Bees are most interested just now. This evening they will probably all hang up their stockings to be filled by good St. Nick, who is the patron saint of boys and girls in Christian countries the world over.

Do the Busy Bees know the customs of children in other countries at this time?

In Holland, for weeks before St. Nicholas' eve, the confectioners' shops are gay with candles and cakes. The linen drapers' shops show figures of St. Nicholas with ruddy face and white beard; he is clad in a red robe lined with white fur and rides a fiery white horse. With him is his servant Jan. On the night of December 5 St. Nicholas rides over the roofs of the houses of the Dutch children, dropping candies down the chimneys. For good boys and girls he leaves presents; for bad ones birch rods.

In Belgium children give their shoes an extra polish Christmas eve, fill them with hay, oats and carrots for Santa Klaus' white horse and put them on the table, or near the fireplace. In the morning the fodder is gone. The shoes of good children are filled with goodies, those of naughty children with birch rods and bits of coal.

In France the children range their little sabots before the mantelpiece to be filled with fruits and bonbons by "le bon petit Jesus," which means the good little Jesus. In Catholic homes in Austria and Germany the windows are lighted on Christmas eve to enable the Christ child to find His way from house to house. In these same countries, earlier in December, St. Nicholas calls at the homes where young folks' parties are being held and visits the nurseries, where the children place their boots and shoes by the hearth or hang up their stockings, just as the Busy Bees do.

The Children's page editor wishes the Busy Bees the merriest Christmas that they have ever had. He also wants to remind them that after Christmas is over we will still have our Children's page. So, Busy Bees, when you have a minute to spare from your Christmas good times, send in your votes for king and queen to lead the Red and Blue sides for the next four months. Many votes are in, but there should be more.

The New Bees are:

Blue Side—Harriet C. Savare, Mary Elias, Ruth Cooper, Violet Miller.
Red Side—Victor Elias, Otakar Pribyl.

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.

tree she ought to try and get some presents to put on it. She got some cloth and some straw and set to work to make a rag doll while Annie was at school. When she had made this and a few other things she put them away until Christmas. Tomorrow would be Christmas and how happy Annie would be.

"Are you asleep, Annie?" said her mother.

"No, mamma, but I will go to bed right away if Santa Claus will come any sooner."

"Hush her," said Mrs. Weston to herself. Then aloud, "Yes he will, so run along."

Annie went to sleep that night with a smile on her face. But I believe Annie was the happiest girl in the town next morning for she got many pretty presents from the one that gave her the Christmas tree.

Christmas Time.

By Victor Elias, 1506 William Street, Omaha, Aged 9 Years, Red Side.
Santa Claus comes to good little children at Christmas time and brings them

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate



IRVING ZERMAN, 2222 Mason St.



HERMAN KRELLE, 1513 Center Street.

SUNDAY,

December 24, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Joseph Armstrong, 2101 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1898
Ned W. Alm, 2015 Oak St.	Vinton	1899
Millard Boye, 2807 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Stella Bernstein, 203 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1896
Marvel Christopher, 107 South Seventeenth St.	Central	1900
Ruth Chrisman, 2509 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1895
Robert S. Erwin, 1309 South Twenty-seventh St.	Lothrop	1899
Samuel Gordon, 843 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1901
Anna Greise, 2214 Boulevard	St. Joseph	1903
Coleman Gordon, 843 South Twenty-second St.	High	1895
Gertrude Gilmore, 2885 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Ethel Heidebrand, 1006 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1900
Frances Hammond, 1830 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1901
Alma Jackson, 2218 Leavenworth St.	Lake	1903
Bertha Jenkins, 3528 Vinton St.	Windsor	1896
Albert D. Klein, 725 South Thirty-seventh St.	Columbian	1897
Hannah Kulokofsky, 511 South Twenty-first Ave.	Mason	1896
Milton Kern, 6004 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1895
Herman Krelle, 1813 Center St.	High	1897
Henry Lindmier, 2439 Ellison Ave.	Saratoga	1895
Fanny Lorena, 1115 William St.	Train	1901
Lester Latham, 5708 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1896
Phillip Majahed, 1808 Pierce St.	Pacific	1901
Frank Mitchell, 4413 North Thirty-first Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Waldmir McCune, 2320 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Lucille Musgrave, 2415 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1902
Charlotte McBride, 2101 South Central Boulevard	Vinton	1904
Harold McGuire, 1617 Oak St.	Castellar	1901
Luciano Radella, 1318 Pierce St.	Pacific	1895
La Thelma Rayford, 3114 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Gladys Reddan, 4418 North Thirty-first St.	Monmouth Park	1904
Mildred Sharp, 3924 North Fortieth Ave.	Central Park	1903
Charles Smith, 1629 1/2 Ohio St.	Lake	1899
Marion J. Staples, 1213 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1896
Ida Segelman, 1903 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1898
Frances Schwalenberg, 2102 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1901
Arthur Ed Turpin, 3903 Arbor St.	Windsor	1904
Bertha White, 1019 Farnam St.	Pacific	1896
George Willis Welsh, 3310 Dodge St.	Farnam	1900
Bertha Witkowski, 2810 Dupont St.	Dupont	1903
Dwight E. Witherpoon, 3442 South Fifteenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1902
Irving Zerman, 2232 Mason St.	Mason	1902

and went over to a bed, which stood in the corner of the room. She lay there until she fell asleep.

When she awoke the people who lived there had returned and were bending over her. As they had no children of their own, they were very glad when they found her.

"They decided to keep her if she would stay. She was very glad to do so, and they all thought they had received a fine Christmas present. As for Marion she had received for her present both a father and a mother."

Christmas.

By Hester Mallory, Aged 8 Years, Blue Side, Kearney.

One day many years ago, some people were travelling to Bethlehem to pay their taxes. Mary and Joseph were among them. Mary was tired and could not hurry.

When they came to the inn it was so crowded they could not get in. Joseph was obliged to take her and go to a cave where cattle were sometimes kept. Joseph made Mary a soft bed of hay. One by one the noises in the inn grew still.

That night a wonderful thing happened. A little child was born to Mary. She dressed the child in swaddling bands. A real bright star shone over his head.

The wise men had heard about this star and were watching for it. When they saw this star they took sweet perfumes and gold and got on their camels.

When they came to where King Herod lived they asked him if he knew about it.

Herod said, "No, but if you find him, bring him to me so I can worship him."

So they traveled to Bethlehem.

The shepherds saw an angel and they were frightened. But the angel said,

"Fear not, for glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind. To you in Bethlehem this day is born in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ

the Lord. And this shall be the sign. You shall find a little child wrapped in swaddling bands and in a manger laid."

And suddenly a throng of angels appeared and were singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

When the angel disappeared the shepherds said to one another, "Let us go and see this wonderful thing that has come to pass. They followed the star to Bethlehem."

Now the wise men are to Bethlehem and are giving him gifts.

An angel comes to them and tells them to go home another way, because Herod does not want to worship him, but to kill him, so they went home another way.

Dorothy's Christmas.

By Ruth Cooper, Aged 19 Years, 228 South Thirty-first Street, Omaha.

It was two days before Christmas as Dorothy Clifford sat up in the nursery playing with Jessie, her favorite doll, when Mrs. Clifford called and told her that Margaret wanted her.

Dorothy put on her hat and coat and went out. Dorothy and Margaret were going to do their Christmas shopping. They soon reached the stores and got all their presents.

On their way home they saw a poor

little girl looking sadly at the toys in one of the shop windows. They looked at her and went on in silence for two or three blocks.

There was among the things they had bought a doll which Dorothy liked ever so much, and even although Christmas was so near, she had bought it because she was afraid if she asked for it for Christmas her mother would say she had enough.

Suddenly Dorothy said, "Margaret, I am going back and give this to that little girl we saw."

They went back and gave it to her. She thanked them and skipped merrily away.

That year Dorothy had a very happy Christmas. Happier than usual, because she had given the doll to the little girl.

An Unexpected Visit.

By Marguerite Johnson, Aged 10 Years, 93 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Blue Side.

There was once a rich man who in some way wanted to help poor people at Christmas. One day, as that holiday was approaching, he disguised himself as a poor man. He put on some old clothes and went around from door to door selling hominy.

All the busy housewives refused him harshly except one. When he came to a forsaken little old house, there was a change. Tired and discouraged, he knocked at the door. When the lady answered, he said, "Won't you please buy some hominy? Please buy it to help me out, for I have sold nothing all day and my wife is an invalid at our tiny home and my feet are so swollen from rheumatism I can hardly walk any longer."

"We have no money," the woman sadly said, "but you look cold. Come in, get warm from the little heat we have to share."

He accepted and it was not long before the two were talking like old friends. He told the sad history of his poverty and then she told hers as follows:

"See my dear children, I am afraid that they'll have a very sad Christmas this year. Last year it was so different. But since then something has happened. One day when the father was working on the skyscraper, he fell down and was instantly killed, and the company refused to pay me a cent. Alas!"

Now the vendor tried to comfort her. He said, "You and your little family come over to our humble cottage on Christmas day, and let us make the best of it." He then handed her his address, and the mother gladly accepted.

When Christmas morning came, the family were making preparations for going. Suddenly a "toot-toot" was heard. The children ran to the window, thinking it was Santa Claus, when to their astonishment they beheld a bright red auto.

The man jumped out and rushing into the little brown cottage said, "I'm sent to give the poor, free auto rides this morning. It's your turn next. Jump in!"

Astounded, they all got in, after a few minutes of getting ready. They enjoyed it immensely. But, after having ridden an hour, the mother said they'd have to go home and get ready for going to the hominy vendor's.

The chauffeur smiled, saying, "Never mind, I'll bring you there, and in a few moments they stopped in front of a grand house."

Then the chauffeur introduced himself and said, "The beggar to whom you were so kind last week, is none other than the joint owner of the skyscraper which is just completed. I am his chauffeur and he has ordered me to convey you to his house. I hear the servant ringing the dinner bell, so hurry into the house, please."

Paul's Christmas.

By Alfred Mayer, 608 Georgia Avenue, Omaha, Age 11 Years, Red Side.

Mr. Jones was walking very slowly that winter day. He was wondering how he could help somebody. Every year he had helped someone, but this year he had not thought of anything. As he was walking he met a friend of his.

His friend, seeing his downcast look, asked him what was the trouble. Mr. Jones told him he had not thought of helping anybody and his conscience hurt him.

Then Mr. Simpson said, "I know what we will do right now. We will go and see the minister."

So they went and asked the minister if they could be two Santa Clauses.

The minister, who was a young man of about 35 years, after thinking for a while said yes.

Immediately the two friends hurried to get their costumes ordered, because in five days Christmas would be here. After they had ordered their costumes they set to work to order presents such as books,

knives, dolls and all sorts of toys for the little children.

In a little cottage on the side of a hill lived a poor widow and her only son, Paul. She had saved up enough money so that she could fill his stockings with a few simple things.

He awoke that Christmas morning and was very happy to find his stockings brimming full with nuts, apples and candies. But a greater surprise was in store for him, for as he walked into the church he noticed a beautiful Christmas tree.

When they were inside the church everybody was very quiet. Then the Santa Claus, having called quite a few names, called "Paul."

He came forth from his seat and walked up to the pulpit. What was his joy when Santa Claus gave him a beautiful warm coat and a large sled.

There was not a happier man or boy in Townsendville than Paul Smith and Mr. Jones, who had been kind to both rich and poor.

Dick's Christmas Gift.

By Fern Thornton, 1022 Fifth Street, Fairbury, Neb., Aged 10, Blue Side.

Dick was a poor little beggar boy who sold newspapers. Dick had no parents. He had no one at all except an uncle, whom he was trying to find.

It was Christmas eve. Poor Dick was trying to sell his papers. He stopped and looked into a window of toys.

"I wish I had a little engine," said poor Dick aloud.

He did not know that someone had heard him say it. A wealthy merchant came and asked Dick what his name was.

"My name is Dick Clayton," answered Dick.

"Where do you live?" asked the merchant.

"Nowhere," promptly answered the child.

"Have you anyone to live with?"

"I have an uncle who I would like to find, but my parents died and never told me where he lived. His name is Henry Scott."

"My boy, my name is Henry Scott. I am your uncle. Will you come and live with me? I have one boy who would like you for his playmate."

"Oh!" gasped Dick. "What a nice Christmas gift."

Emily Brown's Christmas.

By Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 504 Chicago Street, Omaha.

It was two weeks before Christmas and the snow was falling fast. Little Emily, who was an invalid, was looking out of the window. She thought of the many poor children who would not have as merry a Christmas as she expected to have.

And as Emily sat in the window she also thought of the many joys her mother had planned for her. Just then her mother came in and asked her what she would like for Christmas.

Emily said, "Grant me one favor. It is this: I would like to have all the poor children in the neighborhood to see my Christmas tree, and eat dinner with me."

Her wish was granted with pleasure, and the next two weeks were busy ones for Emily. She made little bags, filled with good things, to put on the tree and put some gift on the tree for each one of the children. Whether Emily was happier, or her company, it is hard to say.

An Unexpected Treat.

By Dorothy Williams, Aged 9 Years, 1119 Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The day before Christmas a little girl said, "Mamma, are brother and I going to get anything for Christmas?"

"They were very poor and her mother sadly said, 'No.'"

When night came on they went to the bed of hay and slept.

There was a very loud knock at the door. Mother went to the door.

There was a man at the door with a big box, and he said, "Can you carry this box into the house?"

"No, I can't."

So he carried it in for her. She thanked him. Then she opened it. There was a coat for Nancy, a pair of shoes for both, a suit for Robert, a new hat for Nancy, a new cap for Robert and some new stockings for both. There was a turkey and some other things. There was a new suit for mamma, a pair of shoes, some gloves and stockings. And they all had a jolly time because they never dreamed of getting a thing.

A Christmas Thought.

By Cissy Hanighan, 27 South Thirty-seventh Street, Blue Side.

One morn heaven's angels released the bar.

And I have full of goodness and purity Descended to this earth so far To teach men of God's country. With the brightness of that morn A new way had been found The bond of Christianity had been born With the rising of that sun.

Little Stories Told by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

My Christmas Tree.

By William H. Campen, 64 South Twenty-sixth Street.

Everything was white and the snow was falling fast when a boy rushed through our yard carrying my Christmas tree. The white ground, the snow-covered boy and the tree, which he bore upon his right shoulder, reminded me of Christmas.

The next day I fixed the tree a stand, after which I placed it in front of our bay window. Under and around its foundation spread a carpet of which were pictures of Santa with his reindeers pulling heavy loads of toys.

In the evening we decorated the tree. On the central and uppermost branch we fastened a cross of golden tinsel. From this, downward, extended strings of golden, greenish and silver bells. Strings of golden and silver tinsel extended from the same place. Artificial oranges, pears, peaches and birds were scattered throughout the branches. Here and there were candles of various color. Holly branches with red berries on them showed through the rest of the things. Sticks of candy in the shape of canes and candy baskets hung from many a branch.

Christmas morning came. I went to church and on returning learned that Santa had made his round. The tree was now almost too full. Even around its trunk many a present had been laid.

After the dinner was over every member of our family but me seated him or herself in the parlor. I walked to the heavily loaded tree where I began to relieve it from its heavy burden. I took the presents and delivered them to the different members of the family for whom they were intended.

(Second Prize.)

A Pleasant Christmas.

By Rose Murray, Aged 7 Years, 1115 North Thirty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Last Christmas we had a Christmas tree. My mother and sisters decorated it. We left the door unlocked. When the house was dark and still Santa came and placed our gifts by the tree.

I was awake early Christmas morning and as soon as it was light I ran down stairs to see what Santa had left me. I found that he had given me several nice things. After breakfast I had all day to play with the dolls and games and to look at my new picture books. I thought it a pleasant Christmas.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Ugly Orphan.

By Mary Eneas, 106 William Street, Omaha, Aged 13 Years, Blue Side.

Dear Editor: I am sending this story to you in order that you may put it in the paper. I would be very glad to win one of your beautiful prizes. This is the story:

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was very ugly and poor. Her mother and father were dead and she had to live in an orphan home. She did not like to go but she had to go.

One day this little girl was sitting and crying and another little orphan

Two Good "Pals"



DOROTHY WATKINS AND HER DOG.

came into the place where she was and said that she was adopted.

The poor little girl grew sad and ugly and no one would adopt her and one day a rich lady came in and adopted her and so the little girl went with her.

This little girl had everything that she wanted. She also had a room for herself and she had many books to read. Soon as the girl was growing she became just as pretty and she was ever after a kind-hearted child.

P. S.—I will thank you very much if you will please put it in The Bee paper.

A Christmas Story.

By Helen G. More, 231 Maple Street, Omaha, Aged 11 Years.

Little Annie sat in her mother's lap the night before Christmas. With eager eyes she looked at the pretty Christmas tree before her.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful, mamma, dear?" she cried. "Do you really think dear old Santa will visit me this year?"

"Why, yes, indeed he will, dear," answered her mother. "Why shouldn't he?"

"Oh, well, never mind, only he didn't last year."

Mrs. Weston sighed, for only last year a few days before Christmas her husband had died and times had been very hard since then. It was all she could do to pay the rent for the little house and send Annie to school.

Some kind friend had left the Christmas tree, but they did not know who it was. Mrs. Weston felt that if somebody had been kind enough to give them the

many nice presents; but does not give anything to bad little children.

It was getting dark and two little children were playing in the house, when soon their mother came in and said: "It's time for bed, children."

"The children said, 'Mamma, is Santa Claus going to bring us any toys?'"

The mother said that they should hang up their stockings and then go to bed, and when they would get up in the morning they would find out.

So the children did as they were told and the next morning they saw their stockings piled with toys.

In a little while their mother came in and said: "See what good little children get when they are good." Ever after the children were kind and happy. I wish the Busy Bees a very happy and merry Christmas.

I am a new Bee.

Marion's Xmas Present.

By Florence Scottorne, Aged 11 Years, 75 Second Street, Fairbury, Neb.

Marion had neither father nor mother. She stayed with the landlady in a large hotel, who was very cross to her.

On Christmas night as she stood washing a large pan of dirty dishes, she was longing for a mother as she had often done before.

Suddenly a thought came to her, and she decided to find a mother. She stole softly out of the hotel and went southward.

She went quietly into the first house she came to. She found no one at home

West Farnam Boys' and Girls' Dancing Club



THE YOUNG SCHOOL SET OF THE WEST FARNAM DISTRICT GAVE THE SECOND OF ITS MONTHLY DANCES AT THE METROPOLITAN FRIDAY EVENING. MRS. C. C. ALLISON AND MRS. J. M. DAUGHERTY ARE CHAPERONS OF THE PARTIES.