

The Busy Bees

:- Their Own Page

MESSAGES to Santa Claus and thoughts of Christmas are uppermost in the minds of the young people this week. Christmas trees must be made ready for the little old man, who will come from the north with his reindeers to draw his sleigh full of toys to the good little boys and girls.

And those who will hang up their stockings will be looking for the best place for Santa Claus to find it.

The queen has written her message to her young subjects this week and in her letter she urges that the Blues try to win from the Reds. The reign of the little queen is almost over and it is to be hoped that the next queen of the Blues will be as faithful as Queen Mildred White has been. Rarely has there been a week during her reign that she has not written for the page and the same may be said of the king, who is about to leave his throne. The king has not only written a letter to his Reds, but has sent a most inspiring "Battle Song," which should spur his subjects on to victory.

So far it is hard to tell just which side will win for there are only one or two points between the two sides and the result of the winning will be told on the next Sunday Busy Bee page. The Busy Bees must not forget to send in the names of those for whom they want to vote for the new rulers. The name of Miss Helena Chase for the queen of the Blues is the only one, which has been sent in up to this date.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Richard's Reward.
By Marie Hackett, Aged 11 Years, 1739 Charles Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Once upon a time there were two little playmates named Marguerite and Charlotte. They played together all the time, and one day Charlotte's mother went downtown and left the two girls at home to mind the house. It was on the outskirts of New York and there were not any neighbors very close.

The two girls were playing with their dolls in the sitting room. Charlotte got up to go out in the kitchen for her doll's cradle and when she opened the door the room got full of smoke.

The girls were very frightened and just stood there speechless.

Richard Boyles, the new boy, happened to be going by with his papers. He saw the house in flames and saw the two girls who lay on the floor with their arms around each other. They had been overcome by the smoke and would soon be burned to death if something was not done. He hastily threw his sack from his back and dashed in the window. He carried the girls out one at a time. He had a hard time and burned his hands badly.

When Charlotte's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Hartman, came home the girls told them about the fire and how Richard had saved them. Mr. Hartman sent for Richard and asked where his home was.

Richard said he had no home, but slept in the streets at night. Mr. Hartman then asked him how he would like to live with them and he said, "Fine." Mr. Hartman adopted him and he was very happy with his new home and his sister and playmate.

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 give preference. Do not use over 500 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be accepted.
 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.

NEW BUSY BEE HAS JOINED THE RANKS.



MOLLIE CORENMAN.

some fun on the merry-go-round that they have there. They give us a sack of candy and nuts, and we fish for Christmas presents. We stay there until about 1 a. m. in the morning. And that is what we do on Christmas day.

Rolin's Happy Christmas.

By Louise Kahler, Aged 13 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.

Rolin was a little newsboy about 19 years of age. He was a very poor boy, with no father, but a loving mother. His father had died three days before his son's birth.

The day before Christmas little Rolin wanted to sell more papers, for he wanted to get something good for Christmas. That day as Rolin was going to cross the street he saw a little boy standing at the corner crying very hard. Rolin went to him and asked him why he was crying. The little boy told him he had lost his way home, then told Rolin where he lived and his name (Harold Gregory). Rolin had earned only one nickel, so he took the boy and they got on a street car.

Rolin found himself in front of Mr. Gregory's house. It was a large and beautiful house. Rolin went to the door and rang the bell. Soon a maid appeared at the door. Rolin asked her if Mr. Gregory was at home. The maid told him to come in and she would call her mistress. In a few minutes Mrs. Gregory appeared. As soon as she saw her little son she threw her arms about him and cried: "I thought you were lost!" Then, she turned to Rolin and said: "I do not know how to thank you."

She asked him to stay for supper, and then Mr. Gregory would come. When supper was over and Rolin was going home, Mr. Gregory gave him a \$20 gold piece. Christmas presents and good things to eat. He also invited Rolin and his mother to the Christmas dinner.

Rolin and his mother lived happily ever after.

A Christmas Invitation.

By Ruby Peterson, Aged 12 Years, 2025 Spruce Street, Omaha.

Once upon a time there were two little girls and their names were Jane and Mary. The little girl named Jane said to Mary: "What do you think you'll get for Christmas?" Jane answered and said: "Why, I didn't expect to get anything." "Then you will not care to accept an invitation from me. I was going to ask you and your mother over on Christmas eve and for supper." So Jane said, as she opened the gate: "I will send word and tell you," as they departed from each other.

On Christmas eve Mary and her mother were glad to see Jane and her mother at the front door. The first thing, Mary took Jane to the parlor and showed her the Christmas tree. I hope all you people have a good time Christmas eve.

A Christmas Story.

By Julius Frank, Aged 12 Years, Eighteenth Street, Aged 12 Years, Blue Side.

It was only one day after Christmas and Johnny Jones was walking proudly through the streets with his new gold watch. After every minute or so he would take it out and look at its face, not merely to know the time, but to admire his gift.

But as he was walking thus, he saw an Italian organ man with his monkey, Johnny liking music, began to follow him

No Santa Claus!

Thank God! He Lives, and He Will Live Forever!

Dear Editor—I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says: "If you see it in the Sun, it's so."

Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?
VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe, except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exists, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there was no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world, which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the perpetual beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.—New York Sun.

from street to street. When the Italian reached his home he invited Johnny in. Just as soon as he stepped through the door the Italian bound him with ropes. Now Johnny thought it was time to act. He saw a little orphan girl pass by so he took out his watch and threw it at the girl's feet. The girl joyfully ran to the orphanage to show it to the head nun. By this time Mrs. Jones thought that John might be playing with children at the orphanage so she went there. She was talking with the nun when the girl came rushing up to show her treasure. Mrs. Jones recognized the watch at once and asked the girl where she obtained it. The story was told and the police were phoned. They all went to the house and the Italian was arrested and John was restored to his mother and his gift was returned to him. As for the orphan she was given enough to fill her bank.

An Unexpected Christmas Gift.

By Alice Slaven, 109 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

George Brown was the only child of a rich merchant in London. When Mrs. or Mr. Brown asked George what he wanted for Christmas, he would only answer, a baby sister.

It was Christmas eve. Mr. Brown was called out on business.

He was going down one of the important streets, he came to a telephone post and there was a basket with a baby in it. There was a note, which read: "Please give my little Marjorie a home. I am a poor woman and cannot keep her any more. Sincerely, "MRS. BOWMAN."

Mr. Brown took the child and called his wife and told her to put George to bed and he would keep the baby until then.

When George was in bed, Mr. Brown took the baby in and gently laid her with George.

The next morning when George awoke, was he surprised? He nearly fainted, but knelt down and thanked the Lord for his Christmas present.

Joe's Christmas.

By Morton Blum, Aged 19, 609 Polk Boulevard, Des Moines, Ia.

Somewhere in the city of Charleston there lives a boy named Joe Harvey. He was a boy of 9 and sold papers on the streets of Charleston.

One day as Joe was selling his papers a stout man about 22 years of age stopped up to him and said: "I will meet you at

Editor's Mistake.

Dear Editor—I received my prize this morning and I can't tell anyone how fond I am of books and I know I will like this one for I have already started to read it. This is the second time I have won the first prize, but O' dear Editor, you made a mistake in last Sunday's

A Skating Party.

By Marjorie Shipman, Aged 11 Years, Sidney, Neb. Blue Side.

"We will meet at the old La Salle place," said Helena as she hung up the receiver of the telephone. "What for?" asked her mother. "For the skating party," was the answer. "It will be this afternoon at Feste lake." Her mother smiled. "And may I go, mother, dear?" asked Helena. "Certainly will be the answer."

That afternoon at 3 o'clock one dozen girls laughed happily as they skinned over the smooth ice on their skates. Everything went well that afternoon, except one thing, and that thing was that Martha, a pretty golden-haired girl, fell down and bruised her leg a little. At 5 o'clock they removed their skates and started home. But all the girls went into Helena's house to warm themselves. While they were chatting around the hearth, Mrs. Castor, Helena's mother, fixed up a neat lunch. They ate it heartily, but as it was getting late the girls all thanked her and went home after a merry time skating.

Henry's Christmas.

By Sarah Lindale, West Point, Neb. Red Side.

A long time ago there lived a little boy whose name was Henry.

Henry was a good boy during the month of December so Santa would visit him.

One Christmas eve he went to sleep early and told his mamma to thank Santa for him. His mamma did so. He wished for a pair of skates and got them with many other things. I believe Henry was the happiest boy I ever heard of.

Henry said to his mamma: "Say, mamma, Santa is the best man a livin'." Henry had a grand Christmas dinner, of course. He went out skating and played war with the rest of the boys he went there with.

Henry said: "I believe I am the happiest boy there ever was," and he was.

Henry was not selfish for he wished for only one thing and other boys called for a whole lot of things.

P. S.: To the Reds: Don't let those Blues get ahead of us. (From a Busy Bee.)

A Letter from the Queen.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec 17, 1912.—Dear Busy Bees: Remember the time of declension is near and the contest has been nip and tuck so far. We must brace up and win a few more prizes.

Would like to see some good Christmas stories next week. Don't you think it would make our Christmas much brighter if we would help some needy family?

Our school gave quite a contribution Thanksgiving to the Old Ladies' home and several of the rooms are going to furnish some family with necessary articles to make a happy Christmas.

We must live up to our motto, "Try, Try Again." Your true queen,
MILDRED C. WHITE.

Christmas at Our House.

By Joyce Wengert, Mapleton, Ia. Blue Side.

Last year on Christmas eve we were sitting in our parlor gussing at what our presents would be, when we heard an awful jingle of sleigh bells which became louder and louder until all the noise stopped just outside of our door. Then father got up and went into the next room and let me in and about a minute later opened the door and let us all come into the room in which he was in. It was a Christmas tree in the center of the table with many packages around it while all around the table

How We Knew When Santa Was Coming.

By Gladys E. Hartwell, Aged 14 Years, Clarke, Neb.

When we were little boys and girls, about Christmas time our folks would begin whispering secrets. We did not see them, but we knew they were doing it just the same. Our parents and older brothers and sisters told us that if we were not good boys and girls Santa Claus would not bring us anything. We were all very good, as we were really afraid Santa would not bring us anything if we misbehaved. If some of us did something that we thought was not just right we were haunted by the fear that Santa had seen us. It went on in this way until Christmas eve, when our parents told us we must go to bed early so Santa would have time to fill our stockings.

We all scampered to bed at this. You may be sure if any of us happened to be awake to hear Santa's sleigh bells we considered her very fortunate. Indeed, in this way we knew that Santa was on his way.

Christmas Day.

By Arthur Loshbaugh, Aged 12 Years, 608 West Nineteenth Street, Columbia, Neb.

I am writing for once more in my life to the Busy Bees. I am always reading the stories. Now I am going to write a story.

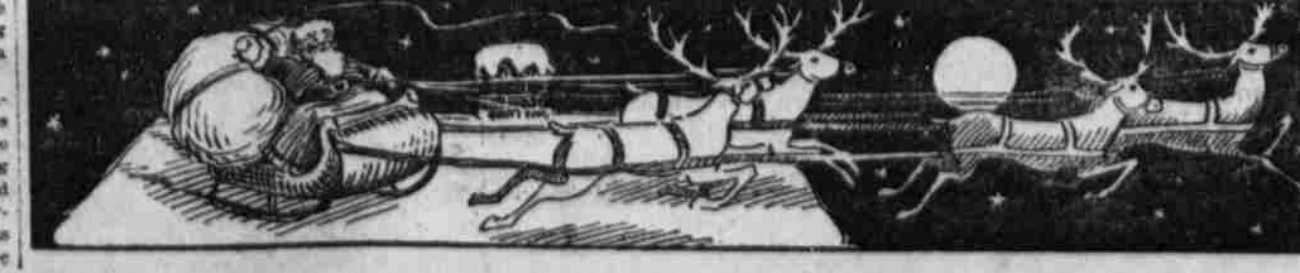
Where am I going to spend my Christmas? I expect to spend my Christmas at my Aunt Jenny's. She lives in the south part of the town. We are going to eat our dinner and supper there, and at night the family is going to the Orphan's Hall. Leo, a friend of mine, is going to be there. We expect to have

"T'was the Night Before Christmas"

By Clement Clark Moore.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the ash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on Comet! on Comet and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes were like stars, his nose like a cherry,
His drill little mouth was drawn up like a bow.
His hair was like flax, and his chin like a snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; and then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a whistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!"



paper, you had me on the Blue Side and I am on the Red Side.

You see I am very anxious for our Red side to win, I do hope we do. I will write a story as often as I can.

Love to all the Busy Bees, I remain your friend,
MARIE KUHRY,
Behuyler, Neb.

CANDIES ARE QUICKLY MADE

Inexpensive and Delicious and Suited to the Wants of the Sweet Tooth.

The candy season is again with us. In most families homemade candies are an important feature of the Christmas festivities. The following tested receipts will be helpful to those who need instruction in the pleasurable task of candy-making.

Here is the never-failing fudge receipt: One-fourth cup milk, one cup sugar, butter the size of a walnut, two squares, or two ounces of chocolate. Place on stove and melt all together, and boil until it clings together in the water without being brittle. When stirring quickly, if the bottom of the pan shows and edges suggest sweetness it is getting done. Just before taking off the fire add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, then beat thoroughly until creamy. Pour into a well buttered platter, and when almost cool cut into squares. If preferred, add chopped nuts just before removing from the fire, or form the fudge into balls while warm and roll in ground nuts. You may use peanut butter instead of ordinary butter, especially if you do not use chopped nuts. Preserved figs are excellent when coated with fudge or when mashed and mixed in fudge with warm.

Two cups of brown sugar boiled with milk and stirred continually until it forms a wax ball when tested in cold water makes an excellent candy if mixed with chopped raisins.

piece into melted chocolate, unsweetened.

A firm ripe banana cut into rather thin slices and dipped in melted sweet chocolate is delicious. Place on oiled paper and set in cool place to harden.

Dip marshmallow into melted chocolate, roll them in ground nuts and set aside to harden. Marshmallows hastily dipped into hard lemon taffy makes a good confection.

Melt unsweetened chocolate in a double pan and dip loaf sugar into the melted chocolate, and sprinkle the pieces with ground nuts. This is a good candy to give a child.

To make coconut balls, take one and a fourth cups of sugar, one-third cup of boiling water, one-fourth pound of shredded coconut, white of one egg, and a little lemon extract. Boil the water and sugar without stirring until it threads, pour it on the white of the egg, which has been beaten to a stiff froth, beat the mixture until it is stiff, and then stir the coconut quickly into it and shape it into balls.

Taffy made with brown sugar and milk, constantly stirred, and poured over chopped dates makes one of the most delicious home made candies we have. If a little cream of tartar, about a fourth of a teaspoonful, is added to two pounds of sugar and beaten constantly it makes the flaky taffy well liked. The chopped dates can be cooked in the mass, beaten when removed from the stove, and turned into squares before quite cold. Coffee taffy is a new confection. Instead of water, use coffee to dilute the sugar. Cook in the usual manner and pull the mass as the old-fashioned variety. As it begins to stiffen, roll the candy in ground nuts and break into desired lengths. Pull over a meat hook fastened to the kitchen wall. One will find the taffy pulls more quickly and is more flaky when cold. Unless filled with milk yair cells it is tough.

For harmless coloring save the juice from beets for pink or red, the juice of spinach or beet leaves for green; vegetable green can also be bought at drug stores; saffron soaked in water for yellow; grape juice for purple and grated chocolate for various brown and cream tints. If you wish to preserve for future use, add to each pint of juice one pint of sugar and boil until it thickens, then put it into a bottle for future use. These are excellent for coloring ice cream, ices and cakes as well as candies.

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