

# The Busy Bees

# :-: Their Own Page

## "The Horse"

**N**O ONE saw Santa Claus come, but we all know that he could not have made his annual trip this year in his sleigh on account of the lack of snow. But whether he came in an automobile or a balloon, there is just one thing of which we are certain and that is, that he did make his visit. The Busy Bees must now remember that he will come again next year, and we all know that Santa Claus is a most particular little old man and brings presents to only the good children. On New Year's day each Busy Bee should make a good resolution for the coming year and try to keep it.

One of the resolutions which the Reds must have made last year was to win from the Blues, for they have won by just one prize, which shows that the Blues were following very closely upon them.

The names of Helena Chase and Alfred Mayer for the new king and queen have been presented and have each received several votes. All votes for the new rulers must be in by Tuesday, so if there are any Busy Bees who have other friends whom they wish for rulers they must send the names in by that time.

The editor of the Busy Bee page wishes every Busy Bee a very happy and prosperous New Year and hopes that they will all continue to write for the page for the year 1913.

### ONE OF THE NEW BUSY BEES



Madeleine Cohn

meditating over some great puzzle that troubled her very much.

At the very last moment, just before the provisions were to be carried away, Ruth brought her best doll, with all of its wardrobe, and said that she wanted the doll to go to the little crippled girl who was in the family who they were providing with so many things.

She sent a little note with it, saying that the doll's mamma was Annabel and that she wished her (the little crippled girl) a very merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

Oh, how strangely happy she felt, and that night as she closed her eyes she said, "Mother, I only hope that the little girl who gets my doll will be at least half as happy as I am."

### Christmas Morning.

Adolf N. Hull, Aged 9 Years, 511 North Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Neb.

Christmas morning we get up, oh, so early, and the north star is shining bright and clear. We walk through the country roads. All is still and peaceful and we hear the church bells ringing far off, and the snow flakes falling down like little fairies. At last we see the lights of the church, yet far off, and the snow twinkles like little diamonds dropping from the sky. At last we come to church and see the Christmas tree with all its candles and sing Christmas songs. Then the pastor preaches about how Christmas came to be. When the north star led the three wise men to Bethlehem to the manger, where the little Lord Jesus lay, and then we sing our last song and we go home. As we are walking along the sun begins to peep over the roofs of the houses, and at last we are home.

### Arthur's Reward.

By Arline Helm, Aged 11 Years, 1311 Polk Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a little boy named Arthur. His father was dead and his mother found it very hard to support herself and Arthur. It was getting near Christmas, and Arthur was thinking how he could earn some money to buy his mother a Christmas present. One day as Arthur was walking down the street he saw a man coming up the street. As he got closer the man took out his handkerchief, and as he did, his pocketbook fell out. Arthur said to himself, "evidently" his pocketbook has not been missed." He took the pocketbook and went up to the man and said, "Here, mister, you lost your pocketbook." The man thanked him. As Arthur was going away the man took from his pocket a dollar and tendered it to Arthur. Arthur thanked him and went to buy his mother a present. Honestly brings reward.

### Mary's Best Christmas.

By Gertrude Jones, Aged 11 Years, 1311 Polk Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Mary was a little girl 10 years old and her father was a drunkard. He was very mean to her. One Christmas day her little friend invited her over for a Christmas dinner. She went over and after dinner was over she started home, but the little girl wanted her to stay for the afternoon and for supper.

### Maxine and Dorothy.

By Nellie Haackenberg, Aged 10 Years, 1710 Charles Street, Blue Side.

In the city of Chicago lived a little girl named Maxine with her mother. They were very poor they had to work hard. She was working for a rich young lady who paid her well. Her mother also had to take in washings to support them. One day her mother got very sick. Maxine, not knowing what to do, ran next door and got Dorothy Williams, while she went to get Mrs. Martin, the

doctor came and gave her some medicine. The next day she was feeling better, and soon got well. Then they went to live with Mrs. Martin. They lived happy ever after.

### Letters to the Busy Bees.

Helen Swanson, Aged 11 Years, 2321 North Twenty-second Street, Omaha.

Dear Busy Bees: I am a new Busy Bee. I read the stories every Sunday and like them very much. I will join the Blue Side.

### New Busy Bee for Red Side.

CARROLL, Neb., Dec. 18, 1912.—Dear Sir: I would like to join your club. I would like to be on the Red Side. I am 12 years old and am in the sixth grade. Yours truly, LOUISE E. CONGDON.

### Wonderful Timekeeper.

One of the most wonderful timekeepers known, a hundred years ago, was made in London, England, and was sent by the president of the East India company as a gift to the Emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman.

This figure was of pure ivory and gold, and the right hand rested upon a tiny clock, fastened to the side of the chariot. Portions of the wheels which kept track of the flight of time were hidden in the body of a tiny bird, which had seemingly just alighted upon the woman's finger.

There was a canopy above, so arranged as to conceal a silver bell. The bell was fitted with a little hammer, also of silver, which, although it did not appear to have any connection with the clock, struck the hours regularly, and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond on the woman's bodice.

In the chariot, at the woman's feet, there were two birds, apparently flying before the chariot. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold, and was elaborately adorned with precious stones.

### PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS

Mother—Why, Lois, aren't you asleep yet?

Little Lois—Not quite, mamma; but one of my feet is.

Little Lois—I wonder where Adam got names for all the animals?

Small Elmer—Why, he got them from the dictionary, of course.

Thomas—said the Sunday school teacher, addressing a new pupil in the juvenile class, "do you know that you have a soul?"

"Sure, I do," replied the youngster. "I can feel it tick."

Henry Augustus was learning to dress himself; he was not as big as the name sounds.

Mother, looking on, said, "Why, my son, you have your shoes on the wrong feet!"

"Well," screamed Henry Augustus, "they're the only feet I have to put 'em on!"

"He is only a horse, let him die," said one of a crowd gathered where a horse had fallen in the street of a large city.

Only an old horse, faded and weary of limb. Many long days through heat and cold, and rain and shine, over rock-paved streets; sometimes suffering from thirst and hunger, foot-sore and lame, he had patiently gone until, sick and exhausted, he had fallen in the street. A shot from a policeman's pistol mercifully ended the suffering of a faithful beast.

As a colt in the long ago he had stood at his mother's side, where the babbling brook ran through green pastures, and at even-time a child's hand reached through a farm gate to stroke his glossy sides. As time passed he became a beautiful gelding and a city man came and took him away.

In his new home he found a mate and when covered with a plated harness and hitched to a costly carriage they made a grand display, as with arched necks and prancing steps they sped along.

A plenty of food and a good bed at night, their life was one of comfort.

The years soon passed and it was noticed that their step was not as light, the eyes not as bright and their speed slower than it used to be, so they had outlived their usefulness as drivers.

One morning a stranger came and led them away to a building and into a large room where men had gathered at an auction of horses. Here each found a buyer, and the colt from the farm, and driving harness of the city, became an ordinary delivery horse. In his new home he found the surroundings much different from any he had known. His driver was careless and indifferent of his care and comfort and oftentimes cruel. Some mornings when late he would hurriedly throw the harness on him and pulling the horse from his half-eaten meal would give him a cut of the whip and force him faster than he was able to go.

His first home in the city had been light and airy; there was a window at the end of each, and oh! how hot it was at night. On going out he found all objects distorted in size. Men looked like giants and other objects accordingly. This was due to an enlarged pupil of the eye, caused by standing in a dark stable. One day in particular it seemed even worse than usual and he became frightened and started to run away.

He was caught and the driver not only struck him over the head, but also kicked him in the stomach, the effects of which he felt the rest of his life. Many trips were made each day and in the summer time how hot it was, and he suffered from thirst. On one street stood a fountain, placed there by kind-hearted men for just such as he, but when he turned to ward it the driver jerked him away, saying, "Three times a day is enough drink for you, you'll get water when we go in at noon."

He also suffered from being checked too high, as that permitted the sun to shine directly in his eyes. At such times how he longed for the days when, as a colt, he gambled by his mother's side in the green pastures and stood in the shade of the large trees there and when thirsty drank as often as he liked. Once when he had pulled an unusually heavy load up a steep hill and, unnoticed by his

driver, his check rein had become unfatigued, some green grass was growing along the sidewalk, and while the man was in the house he reached down and began eating the first grass he had tasted for many a day. How good it was, especially as the baled hay he had been given lately was not only badly cured, but filled with dust, which had nearly choked him and also from it he had contracted a disease called "heaves." He was thoroughly enjoying the grass when the driver on coming out espied him and grabbing the line on that side jerked his mouth so hard that blood ran from his lip that had been cut, and with another yank on the rein he was checked up tighter than ever.

In his younger days he had a long, flowing, glossy tail, but later on some men cut away the larger part of it, which is called "docking," a cruel thing to do, for deprived of this protection furnished by nature he suffered terribly from flies.

These same days in the early winter he would come to the barn with his legs and part of his body covered with mud that had partially dried and frozen on him. In his former home when in this condition a man had carefully scraped off the mud and wiped him dry with nice, clean straw, but now the driver only said as he looked at him, "You're mighty dirty and I'll have to scotch some of that off in the morning if I get down in time."

He did not rest well on such nights and, to make it still harder for him, he had to sleep on several corncocks, as the oats had run short and he had been given ears of corn for dinner, and the driver on emptying the feed box had thrown the cobs on the stall floor instead of outdoors as he ought to have done. Then sometimes the driver stopped to chat with an acquaintance, with the result that he was late in getting to customers, and then applying the whip to the poor horse, he not only over-exerted him, but the return to the store found him covered with sweat and, left standing there with no blanket on, the cold November wind blowing from the northwest gave him a chill so that he shivered from head to foot. In the morning he felt so lame and stiff that he could hardly get out of the barn. He was not as young as he once was and such treatment quickly sapped his vitality. He became thin, his once glossy coat was now rough and scraggy and his eyes sunken back in his head. He could not go as fast, consequently the whip was applied more frequently. He had been a good horse, faithful to each master, but with endurance gone he could do no more. He had given them all he had—seven his life when he fell in the street.

Oh, men! while we have him let us treat him kindly, give him plenty of food and drink, a caress instead of a blow, a day of rest as well as work, for the horse is man's best friend, enduring, patient and willing even unto death. God pity the horse doomed to the average life of one on the street. W. O. TORREY.

**Quaker Quips.**  
Oh, men! while we have him let us treat him kindly, give him plenty of food and drink, a caress instead of a blow, a day of rest as well as work, for the horse is man's best friend, enduring, patient and willing even unto death. God pity the horse doomed to the average life of one on the street. W. O. TORREY.

Some men can't even have their sympathies enlisted without feeling that they ought to draw a pension.—Philadelphia Record.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

### "How Rich!"

By Madeline Cohn, 1322 Park Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Age 12, Red Side.

"Trees for sale." Yes, here we are passing through the streets where trees are sold wholesale. Wagon loads are leaving now. We will see these trees at many stores, from which they will go to gladden many hearts. We get off now to do our shopping. In a window we see a large tree decorated most elaborately. But we are not its only admirers. A little girl of about 4 years stands clinging to her brother. He is a newsboy, but neither of them are properly clothed. She gazes in admiration at her brother and then at the tree. "Charles, if you get some more pennies could we have one like that?" A wistful look crosses his face, but he answers, "No, my dearest, not such as that even if— if Santa Claus give us any at all." "Charles!" she exclaimed, "I'm going to hang up my stockings and maybe Santa might see it." "That's right, Jennie, he might." The curly head nestled close to her brother. Such a pretty picture it made! I advanced and said to her, "Would you really like one?" Slowly and timidly the little head nodded assent. "What would you do if you had one?" The baby eyes opened wider, but no response was made. "Now you tell me where you live and what you want, who else lives with you, and where you are every day and I will tell Santa, for he must know just where to go and what kind of a little girl you are." The child drew closer to her brother, saying slowly, "Are you a friend of Santa's?" while her brother spoke in a very low voice, "Yes, ma'am. We live at — street and I sell newspapers to help support her and my mother. My mother works out, and one of us always take Jennie with us." I did not say much more, but thought a good deal.

Christmas dawned at last. A beautiful red sun illumines the sky. It cast its rays over the new fallen snow which sparkled like diamonds, and the whole earth seemed to say, "I am rich!"

In a room in an old broken down house where its beautiful rays could scarcely enter, a mother was offering thanks and praise for the happiness of her boy and girl. Busily absorbed in drinking in the beauty of what was theirs their hearts seemed to echo, "How rich we are!"

The beautiful sun was setting. In the evening silence I heard the distant chiming repeating, "The good are rich, the good are rich!"

### (Second Prize.)

### Edith and Mary.

By Ruby Peterson, Aged 11 Years, 2025 Spruce Street, Blue Side.

There was once two little girls walking home from school one day. Their names were Mary and Edith. Edith said, "I wish I would find a pocketbook." "What would you do with it?" said Mary. "I would keep it and buy Xmas presents for my friends. If you found it, what would you do with it?" asked Edith. "I would find the owner of it and then I might get a reward," said Mary.

"Just my luck," said Mary as she stopped to pick it up. "Oh, what did you find?" said Edith as she watched Mary pick it up. "Oh, I believe I know to whom it belongs; the man going up the street," said Mary.

"Oh, I know! His name is Mr. Hudson, and he lives across the street from us," answered Edith.

"I will go and give it to him," said Mary. "Oh, no; let us keep it and buy presents," said Edith. "That would be right, I will go and give it to him," answered Mary.

So the girls ran after him, shouting, "Mr. Hudson!" He looked around and said, "Who is it? Is it Edith?" "Yes, sir, it is," Edith replied in a surprised tone. "We have found your wallet, Mr. Hudson," said Mary. "Bless my soul, I did miss it, but I thought I left it home. Who was it that found it?" said Mr. Hudson. "It was I who found it," said Mary. As he drew from the wallet a \$3 gold piece, he said, "You are the girl that deserves it," as he was placing it in her hand.

"Oh! won't mamma be surprised when she sees it?" said Mary. "She surely will open her eyes wide." She told her mother that she had an Xmas present given to her. She showed it to her mother. And her mother was talking Mary in her arms. "Bless my own little daughter!"

### (Honorable Mention.)

### Merry Christmas.

By Walter Averill, Aged 11 Years, Greenwood, Neb. Red Side.

All over every Christian nation in the world people are rejoicing over Christmas. All of my Christmases have been happy ones. But I think the happiest Christmas I ever had was when I was 4 years old. It is so long ago I don't remember it very well, but I do know I had a good time.

I was sent to bed early that night and I protested because my parents wouldn't come to bed, too. At last, however, after they made me believe the fire was out so Santa Claus would not get burned up and that they would come to bed soon, I quickly fell into a deep sleep, but I don't know how long I had slept when I was awakened by the ringing of sleigh bells and the voice of mother saying, "Walter! Walter! Wake up quick! Santa Claus is going down the road!"

Of course, I was all excitement in a minute. Indeed, I was so anxious to get to the window I tried to get over the foot of the bed. After that I was in such

### 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.

confusion it took me two or three minutes to get to the window. As no Santa Claus was to be seen I turned around to get back in bed. Before Christmas my folks gave me to understand that Santa Claus would not come as I had been so naughty. I was certainly surprised at what I saw. I don't remember just what I got, but I do know a twelve-foot Christmas tree was surrounded by presents.

I hope all of my subjects has as merry a Christmas as I did and that they will have a happy New Year.

### Mary's Christmas.

Louise E. Congdon, Aged 13 Years, Red Side.

Long ago in Indiana there once lived a little girl whose parents were very rich. She had all she could wish for. Christmas was soon coming, and she thought of a little girl across the way who was very poor and who sat and cried for hours at a time because her mother had told her Santa Claus would not come that year.

On Christmas eve the rich little girl whose name was Dorothy, hung her little stocking by the fireplace and went to bed very happy. In the morning when she arose from her bed and behold, there standing beside her stocking was a little Christmas tree loaded with presents. She laughed and shouted for joy. After they had taken the presents from the tree she began to think of little Mary, the poor little child. At length she said, "Mother, may I take my Christmas tree and some of my presents over to little Mary. She was crying yesterday and when I asked what was the matter she said, 'Santa Claus is not coming to see me this year.' I told her not to cry, because Santa Claus comes to all the children." At length her mother said, "If you wish you may." So she put some of Dorothy's presents on the little tree and took it across the road and sat it down beside the door and knocked. Then Dorothy and her mother hid behind the house to see what would happen next.

Soon the door opened and Mary exclaimed, "Mother, see what Santa has brought." You may be sure she was very happy and Dorothy was so glad that she jumped for joy.

### A Visit from St. Nicholas.

By William Spanenberg, Aged 9 Years, 2635 South Twentieth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

'Twas Christmas eve and the children had gathered around the great fire place, telling stories of that good Santa. Suddenly they heard a voice calling, "Children come to bed" (it was their mother's voice), "for the good Santa will not bring you any toys."

So, just before going to their nice, warm beds they put the fire in the grate out, hung up their stockings and went to bed. They had cleaned the chimney the day before, so that Santa would not get all full of soot.

Then, just about at midnight, down through the chimney came Santa with his pack of toys, and after he had them emptied he went to the beds of the children, where he found them fast asleep.

Then, without another word, up through the chimney he went out to his sleigh, and a crack of his whip, for he was going to other little children's homes, bringing them toys and presents.

But when Christmas morning came that was the happiest time of all. The children were laughing and shouting for glee.

And I hope that every Busy Bee had a very merry Christmas.

### A Letter from a Busy Bee.

Dear Busy Bee: It has been a long time since I have written, for I have been sick. Nevertheless each week I saw your page of stories. I cannot vote, for I find no writer my favorite. Though lately I have been negligent, I am full of the "Red Side" spirit. I am sending you now a little story. It is original and I hope you will enjoy it. We have done much lovely Christmas work at school. It has been interesting and pleasing to me. I thought it would be nice to read what our friends have all done. It is especially nice to hear from those out of town, as we get so many things in the way of their school work in their cities which we might not know. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all. Your true friend,

MADELINE COHN.

### Kindness to Animals.

Mollie Corenman, 26 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: As I had nothing to write about today, I thought I would write a little story about kindness to animals. One day last summer I happened to go by where the horses drank water, when I seen three boys: one had a kitten and was putting it in the water trough, so as it drown it, when I came up to him and said, "What are you

doing that for?" He said that he did not want the kitten, so he was drowning it. While we were talking a man came up and took the kitten away from the boys and told them they were bad boys. Then he took the kitten with him, and now it is a large cat with a happy way. That's what I call kindness. Don't you?

**Mary's Best Christmas.**  
By Gertrude Jones, Aged 11 Years, 1311 Polk Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Mary was a little girl 10 years old and her father was a drunkard. He was very mean to her. One Christmas day her little friend invited her over for a Christmas dinner. She went over and after dinner was over she started home, but the little girl wanted her to stay for the afternoon and for supper.

Mary said if she stayed her father might come home and find she wasn't there; he would come over there and get her and take her home and beat her. She and the little girl went over to ask her mother, and her mother was good to her and let her go.

She went over and stayed all afternoon and for supper.

After supper they had a Christmas tree and Mary got a lot of presents and her mother got some things, too. She went home very happy that night.

The next Christmas Mary and her mother cut a small evergreen tree down that was in the yard and she had her little friend come over.

Mary told her friend that they did not have much to give her, but they had a few things.

The little girl said she would be satisfied with anything.

When the little girl started home she gave Mary a box and told her it was for her and her mother.

She opened it and there was some money in it.

Her mother hid the little box and the money and Mary's father never found it.

### A Useful Christmas Gift.

By Mildred F. Volgt, Aged 12 Years, Davenport, Neb. Red Side.

Three children, Albert, Ruth and 5-year-old Nina, were talking excitedly together about Santa Claus, Christmas trees and gifts for mother and father, when all at once Ruth said: "What shall we get for grandma? She has everything that will make a cottage pretty and pleasant." There was a silence, then little Nina said: "Oh, I know! We can get her a little canary like Billie. You know her poor birdie died and she was so fond of it, too."

"Oh, that is fine," cried the rest of the children.

They counted up their money and found that they owned all together \$4.

The next day the children purchased a canary. It's name was Dick. On Christmas morning Albert loaded his sled with the presents from his father and mother while Ruth carried the cage containing Dickie.

When grandma saw him she thanked the children many times. About a week later she was taken suddenly ill, but after many weary days began to grow better. When she was yet very feeble she would lay for hours listening to "Dickie bird," as she called him, sing and call to the other birds as spring was now drawing near.

### The Christmas Story.

By James Wengert, Mapleton, Ia. Blue Side.

In Samaria many years ago it was the custom of the people to come to Jerusalem, the capital of Samaria, to pay their taxes. It was 1512 years ago this coming Christmas eve when Mary and Joseph came to Jerusalem, but by the time they got there the inns were all so crowded that no more could stay there, so they went into a little town named Bethlehem, where they slept in a sort of a stable. In the night a baby was born unto Mary, and this baby is our Lord now. That night some men who were guarding their sleep saw a very bright star and an angel appeared and told them to follow the light of the star and they would come to a stable where there was a baby who was to be their Savior. Then they set out to follow the light, and on their way they bought him presents and they told Herod, the king of that country, about the babe, and he told them to tell him when they found the Christ child so he could worship Him, too.

P. S.—Remember to beat the Red side, Blues.

### A Christmas Story.

By Mildred White, Aged 13 Years, 504 Chicago Street, Durdens, Blue Side.

One day when Ruth went to school her teacher announced that she knew of a family who were very needy and desired if the children wouldn't like to help them. "Let's see how many of us would like to do this," said the teacher. "Every hand raised, and in the afternoon all varieties of clothes, food and toys poured in. All the while Ruth seemed

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