

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

## Stories of Nebraska History

By A. B. SHEDDEN

(By special permission of the author, the Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska, by A. B. Shedden, from week to week.)

### Bright Eyes.

Bright Eyes was an Omaha Indian girl, who became widely known through her efforts to help her people. She was born at Bellevue in 1854, the daughter of Joseph and Mary LaFrasche, and united in her person the blood of the Indian, the French and the American settlers of Nebraska. Her father was a chief of the Omaha tribe, the son of a Frenchman and a Ponca Indian woman. Her mother was daughter of Nicom, an Indian woman of the Iowa tribe, and Dr. John Gale, a surgeon of the United States army.

game was fast going. The Indians had not yet learned how to farm as the white men did. Idleness and its bad result were seen in the tribe. There was little to make life happy for a bright girl fresh from study in an eastern school. One day Bright Eyes found out that there was a law which said that any Indian qualified to teach school should have the preference in schools on the reservation. She at once set out to get leave to teach school near her home. After great obstacles had been overcome, she began teaching in a little cabin at 230 a month. This gave her a chance to help the people of her tribe in many ways toward a better way of living. She was very busy in this work when Standing Bear and the Ponca Indians who had escaped from Oklahoma came to the Omaha tribe for help in 1879.

Bright Eyes at once became the champion of the poor Poncas. She wrote to the newspapers the story of their wrongs. She visited Omaha in their behalf. While thus engaged she became acquainted with Mr. T. H. Tibbles, an editorial writer on the Omaha Herald, and later, in 1883, became his wife. The next year she was asked by people interested in the Indians to go east and tell the story of Nebraska Indians and their needs. For the next five years, accompanied by her husband and Chief Standing Bear, she spoke to great audiences in the eastern states and in Europe. Everywhere the people were charmed with her presence and interested in her story. The poet Longfellow asked to meet her and when he saw her said, "This is Minnehaha." Leading men took up the cause of the Indian and their rights were better protected.

At the end of her years of lecturing Bright Eyes returned to Nebraska. Her summers usually were spent on the Omaha reservation among her own people. During the remainder of the year she lived in Omaha or Lincoln, where Mr. Tibbles was engaged in editorial work. She wrote much herself and had the most constant interest in the progress of the Omahas and other tribes of Indians. During the last Sioux war in 1890 she was at Pine Ridge. She died May 26, 1904, at her own home on the Omaha reservation in sight of the beautiful Logan river and the hills where her people had hunted in the early days, leaving the memory of a good and true life spent in making all life which she touched brighter and better.

WASHINGTON'S birthday is celebrated Tuesday, Busy Bees, as you all know, by reason of special Washington's birthday programs in the school room and a holiday on Tuesday. Do you remember what he is credited with having said? "Early to bed and early to rise makes men healthy, wealthy and wise." And do you observe this instead of going to the movies at night? Do you think the "father of his country" would approve of your going to the movies as late in the evenings as I have known Busy Bees to attend?

The Busy Bee editor is gratified by the number of letters received which tell of interest the boys and girls are taking in our feathered friends, setting out bread crumbs and pans of water for them and nursing injured birds. Keep up the good work and in the spring they will reward you with their sweet songs.

The prize contest for the best letter on "Winter Sports" is still on, the winner to be announced the last of this month.

One of the latest Busy Bees to join our circle is Mildred Mabery of the South Side. Mabel is a brilliant scholar at school and is also making her mark in music, having appeared in a recital last June. The picture on this page was taken at that time.

George Weavers of the Red side won the prize book this week. Helen Abraham and Beesie Beroun, both of whom are on the Blue side, won honorable mention.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story)

### Liberty Bell Bird Club.

By George W. Weavers, aged 11 years, Hall County, Route No. 1, Doniphan, Neb., Blue Side.

I live in the country, eight miles west of Douthan.

There are lots of feathered friends now looking for food. I have joined the Liberty Bell Bird club. I wish all school teachers would have their schools join the Bird club. I go three-quarters of a mile to school. I have some every day this year and never been tardy.

My teacher's name is Miss Velma Edmondson. We have a small school, only twelve.

The Liberty Bell Bird club says, "Protect our feathered friends."

We have a meeting every month. I wrote a story for the last meeting about birds. I write my story here:

Once when we made our garden there were two red birds which came into the garden. They had fallen out of the nest and were hungry. I took them up where mamma was planting seeds, she said, "Take them in the house and feed them some." They were nearly starved.

I thought I would see if I could find their nests. I went in the grove, and there on the ground I found a tree blown against another. The one had knocked the nest down and there lay an old bird and nest. I guess the nest had blown down and did not kill the little ones. I put the birds in a box and kept them behind the stove that night. The next morning I took them to the garden and they stayed in the garden awhile. I built a box in our granary, and the sparrows ran them away, and the other day I saw one in the box.

(Honorable Mention.)

### Friends of Birds.

By Beesie Beroun, aged 12 years, Box 17, Schuyler, Neb., Blue Side.

One stormy day it was so cold we could not go to school. Oh, how sorry I was! The day was so long for my brother and me. My brother, Lumir, didn't know what to do. He then sat at the window. He saw the poor sparrows chirping and hopping around in front of our porch. "Look!" exclaimed my brother, "at those poor birds. I should think their feet ought to be cold. I feel like making them a good warm house." His soon did so. When he had finished, he gave it to mamma and she put it on our garden post. Soon the poor birdies found it. They all started to examine it. After several hours they were bringing in soft feathers, hay, and I threw out some hair. They took it and carried it away.

We had a canary also, but he soon died. After his death he left all of his property, what I call it—four boxes of birdseed. Every morning Lumir feeds them. They are so tame they fly on our shoulders and we can pet them. They eat out of our hands. This year came again, but they had to fly away, for our cat is so mischievous. She climbs up the post and keeps sticking her paws in and scares away the birds. Papa saw this, so he called some tin all over the house, so the cat can't climb up any more and the birds are here again.

(Honorable Mention.)

### Feeds Little Birds.

By Helen Abraham, aged 11 years, Schuyler, Neb., Blue Side.

This winter I am feeding the little snow birds and another little bird. Its name is pee-wee. I put the crumbs on the porch for the snow birds. There are about twenty-five of them now. Every morning the little birds come and wait for their breakfast on the porch. After they get their crumbs they fly away and come back in the evening to get some more crumbs. For the other little bird I have to carry the crumbs in a little basket into the orchard and hang it on a little apple tree where it stays. I try to make it come closer to the house by hanging the basket of crumbs closer to the house, but it would not come to eat the crumbs so I have to hang it on the same tree every day. This is the second winter the little pee-wee is spending here with us. Almost every morning when the sun comes up I hear the little whistle in the trees. But I am not feeding the little birds now because I went to town to stay with my grandmother. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. I like to go to school. I go every day and have to walk six blocks. I will go home after school is closed in June.

### Watches Squirrels.

By Anna Sula, aged 10 years, Box 2, Schuyler, Neb., Blue Side.

One day when I was walking in our orchard, I saw a squirrel in an oak tree of ours. It was hunting some nuts. I thought I would wait to see where he would go. So I stood still. Pretty soon he had his mouth full of nuts. Then he went away. I followed him. Then I saw a hole in a tree. I saw it was full of nuts. Then I waited to where he had taken the nuts. I made a pile of nuts. Then I got a wagon and put the nuts and five ears of corn and took it to the place where they lived. I left the wagon there and went to my dinner. When I came back the wagon was empty. I took it to its place and went to play.

### Boys Give Circus.

By Leona Walter, aged 19 years, Wahoo, Neb., Blue Side.

One night last week the Boy Scouts in our town gave a horse talent circus in the gymnasium room at the high school. They are raising money to buy new things for the room. I was sick and

buy boats." The king said, "I will give you money."

He got very few callers, because the people thought he would never return. Those he did get were from the prisons. He sailed from Palos, August 3, 1492. He sailed to the Canary Islands; from there he sailed September 6, 1492. The Atlantic was known as the unknown sea. He landed on the West Indian island which is known as San Salvador, October 12, 1492. He saw some red men, which he called Indians. The Indians thought the men had come down from the skies to meet them.

### What Am I!

By Freda Walter, aged 11 years, Colwyn, Neb., Blue Side.

I was once a running brook. Then the sun took me up into the sky. There I stayed for several days and floated in the clouds.

One cold day I changed into crystals. Then I fell to the earth. There I met many other friends. My friends and I made very high drift. The boys began to shout, "Hurrah, now we will have some fun!"

A negro woman, out a-washing, said, "Now my clothes will not get dry; they will just freeze stiff."

I thought I was going to light in the same brook from which I came, but the wind blew me in the yard of Jack and Mary.

Then a boy came out to scoop the snow off the walls, but he missed me.

The next day a fine young woman came out to go to town, but she said the walk was too slippery. The boy went out to sweep off the walk, but this time he swept me off.

One day five boys came out to play with me and my friends. They made us into a nice round ball. They threw us up and down. We caused one boy to have a black eye and another to cry. They could not break us, but one boy threw me and I broke. They did the same thing over the next time. But one day the sun shone very bright and I changed into water and had the same adventures over again.

"Now, if you little Busy Bees cannot guess what I am I will tell you. I am a snowflake."

### Boys Have Outing.

By Janice Simpson, aged 11 years, Alinsworth, Neb., Blue Side.

One bright sunny afternoon, James or Jim, as he was familiarly called, yelled over the fence to the neighbor boy, Frank, "Come on lets go to the creek and fish."

"Alright," called Frank as he ran nearer to where Jim was standing, to talk over the affair.

"What time shall we start?" he asked. "Why we ought to start right away if we expect to get much fishing done. Mother has some buns and pickles fixed for us. We can eat if we get hungry. Now run right home and get your fishing material ready right away, and we will start," replied Jim.

Both boys ran toward their homes and soon returned, Frank with his fishing material and Jim with the basket of lunch and his fishing tackle.

They followed the railroad track until they reached the place where Jim wished to turn and go toward the place where he thought fishing was best. And he said, "Come on! this is the way."

"That's not the best place to fish," replied Frank. "Come and go further up the track."

"I am going this way and no other," said Jim.

"Well I am going further up the track," replied Frank.

They both started off the way they wished to go, both going very slow and feeling rather angry.

Frank had not gone very far up the track until he saw a rabbit go under a pile of croonies lying by the track. He shouted out at the top of his voice, "Come quick, Jim, rabbit in the croonies."

Jim came running as fast as he could and shouted across the creek, "Get a twister, Jim, come nearer." "Get a twister, Jim," called Frank.

At the sound of that yell there came a dog by the name of Tige, who belonged to Mr. Smith, a farmer, who lived close by. Both boys whistled and the dog came faster and faster.

"Watch him on the south side," shouted Frank.

"Watch him on the north side—there he goes!" called Jim.

"Till Yill Yill!" shouted both boys as the dog chased the rabbit to a dense wood, where it disappeared from view.

Tige soon returned with no rabbit, looking very disappointed. The boys looked likewise.

Since Tige had given up the chase he started home with his tail between his legs and his head drooping in shame.

The boys then journeyed toward the creek where they caught enough speckled trout to fill their baskets. Then being exhausted and hungry they seated themselves on the mossy bank beneath the spreading chestnut tree and ate the lunch Jim's mother had prepared for them.

When the sun was sinking in the west and the little boys with trout baskets and weary little bodies with trout baskets and stomachs well filled journeyed homeward feeling that they had spent a profitable and happy afternoon.

### Legend of Valentine.

By Walter Johnson, aged 12 years, 2730 Sprague Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Long, long ago there lived in Rome a very good man named Valentine. He read and studied the Bible and then he told the people about the Bible. Many of the people did not know how to read and write and loved to hear the stories that Valentine told.

Now in those early days many people did not believe in God, and the Roman Emperor Claudius was very angry when he found the people preaching the truth. So he put these Christians in prison, and Valentine helped them and continued to preach the word of the emperor. Then Claudius put the good Valentine into prison. But there in his dungeon Valentine preached to his guard, the man was converted, went home to his family and told them the Bible story so that they all joined the church.

When the wicked ruler heard this he commanded that the good Valentine be beaten and beheaded, so this good man gave up his life because he believed in God, and they called him "Saint Valentine," and they said, "We will always remember the day that he died, February 14, by doing deeds of love in his name."

Now at this time it was the custom in Rome to celebrate in the month of February the Lupercalia, or feast in honor of the heathen gods. The names of young maidens were put into a box and the young men each drew the name of a maiden who was to be his sweetheart.

The custom of the early Christian church did not set like the custom, and so

### SCHOOL GIRL WRITES A POPULAR SONG.

By Helen Kunde, aged 13 years, 1317 North 16th Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Thirteen-year-old Helen Kunde, in the graduating class of the Edward Rosewater school, has written a song dedicated to the school and sung to the tune of "Maryland." Helen is a bright student and is musically inclined. She leads the class in singing and plays the piano very nicely. The Rosewater school song is sung quite frequently in the class rooms, as well as on the school grounds, by Helen's little friends. The song is as follows:

Old school days, dear school days, We can ne'er forget you, Old memories with love renew The happy days we spent with you. To teachers dear and friends so near Our hearts are always with you.

Our feet have passed o'er many track Of Rosewater School, As on we wind our merry way, Oh, Rosewater, dear Rosewater, With loving looks we pass you.

In place of women's names they put the name of a saint into the box and the young people were to honor and imitate the saints whose names they drew from the box, and they chose Saint Valentine.

So the day became for the people to go about praying to God and do good deeds as Saint Valentine.

After a while they did not celebrate this time as a church day. In that part of the land spring comes early, and when the flowers began to bloom and the birds began to choose their mates and the young men chose their maidens and they their love tokens upon the February 14. They did not have postmen in those days, so their love messages were sent by carrier pigeons.

Now on our messages we see pictures of flowers, of mating doves and also the little pagan god of love, Cupid. But we call these love messages "Valentines," and the day "Saint Valentine's day."

### Lincoln's Boyhood Days.

By Leo Henn, aged 10 years, Cedar Rapids, Neb., Blue Side.

Have you ever seen a log house? If so you will like to hear about the one of which I shall tell you. I shall also tell you about a little boy who was born in a log house. It was built near a little stream where there was a spring of clear water. The boy's father cut the cabin, the cabin and the log house.

The room was a large fireplace of stones and clay, the large chimney was made of clay, flat stones and flat sticks. The bottom of the chimney was very broad and tapered on the top. A hole cut in the wall was the only window. In winter a skin or a piece of coarse home-spun cloth was hung over it to keep out the cold. Skins took the place of a wooden door. There was no floor. There was no ceiling overhead. People in the house could look up and see the light through the cracks in the roof. The bed was very comfortable in winter when it was made of furs of wild animals laid on poles. A number of these furs were used and the bed was soft and warm. Patched quilts of coarse cloth made by the mother were also used as covering. The table was a home-made one. The dishes were few in number and cost little. They were made of pewter or tin or wood. In this little cabin with its crude furnishings was born a baby boy. His birthday comes on February 12. Do you know who it is? Yes, little Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809. He was strong and hardy and when a small child he played around the cabin and often went into the woods with his sister Sarah. His sister was two years older than he and she took him to the woods when he was quite small. There they would sit and watch the birds and squirrels. Abraham's mother and father both loved the woods. The mother would shoot a rabbit or a deer, but the father she did this only when they were in need of food. She could spin and weave and often made coarse cloth for their clothing. I am going to write another story about him and the civil war.

### To Be Thankful.

By Evelyn Kuhry, aged 10 years, Schuyler, Neb., Blue Side.

I am sure every Busy Bee should stop and think of how happy they are to be able to run about and play, watch the happy little squirrels as they run up and down the trees and the little birds fluttering to and fro all contented with their own simple life. Soon the snow will melt and every once and awhile we will have a little shower and then we can study our geography lesson by watching where the little streams go in and out, forming little islands and peninsulas, also rivers, lakes and bays. Then a little later on we will find some spring surprises. What do you think they are Busy Bees? Violets and other pretty flowers.

Oh, how much we have to be thankful for in this good old world of ours.

### Kindness to Others.

By Helene Lambert, aged 5 years, North Platte, Neb., Red Side.

Ethel and Ruth were two sisters. Ethel, the oldest, was very rude to her little sister, who was very kind. One day Ethel's mother asked her if she would go to the store to buy some thread. Ethel stamped her foot and said, "No." Little Ruth said, "I will mother." Her mother

gave her the money and when she got home her mother gave her a quarter. Ethel saw this and was ashamed of what she had done, so she was kind ever after. Busy Bees always remember that when you do kindness you are always rewarded.

### Sparrow Likes Winter Sports.

By Margaret Crosby, aged 12 years, Rutherford, Neb., Blue Side.

I almost dread to see winter come, for my poor little fuzzy sparrows have to hunt our food and live in cold houses. Sometimes we have to roost in old haystacks and barns. It is very hard sometimes for us to get anything to eat, but I' by chance a bit of grain or crumbs might be scattered, we eat it gladly and wish we could store some of it away.

Sometimes on my long trips for food I almost wish I was a girl or boy instead of a sparrow when I see the girls and boys having such fun on the ice with their skates, ice balls, sleds and sleds—and what fun they are having!

Then as I fly on I stop to watch them coasting on the hills with their sleds, toboggans and skis, and still the fun they are having here. Then as I fly on toward where I think there might be food I see children playing fox and geese in the snow, and hide-and-seek, and black sheep, and sliding on the ice in a yard. I stop and think when all these children go home they go to warm cozy homes and plenty of food to eat; and I have no food to eat and a cold house to go to and no place to sleep.

One day as I was on a trip for food I saw a narrow winding path going up a long hill. It was very long and crooked. It was a path just like a mountain trail and was well pateted with the snow. And, oh dear, the fun sliding or coasting down it! O dear, O dear, if only I was a girl or boy so I could have such winter sports as they do.

### Birds' Lunches in Vase.

By Henrietta Newman, aged 12 years, Columbus, Neb., Red Side.

We have a large cement vase out on our south front porch. In summer it is filled with flowers, in winter it is filled with dirt in it for the birds that live here in the winter. Every day they come to dust themselves and eat their afternoon or morning lunches. I put bread or cake crumbs in the vase every day and there is never any left over. This afternoon I read the Busy Bees page and watched the birds. They seemed to be having a good time. I haven't made friends with them yet. I don't want to disturb them if I go near while they are eating, so they don't know who I am. They know that I put the crumbs there for them to eat and I suppose I shall soon be friends with them.

### Lozes Pet Kitten.

By Mary Hanel, aged 11 years, Wilbur, Neb., Blue Side.

I had a little kitten whom I called Tootles. She was very playful and shy. She seemed to be everywhere. In the evening I used to close her up, but in the morning she would always be found outside before any of the family was up. How she got out no one knows. One morning I was surprised to find that there was no kitten to be seen. She was gone. I was greatly grieved at the loss of my pet. I will close, hoping my story will please Mr. Wastebasket.

### Has Pet Kitten.

By Mildred McLaughlin, aged 14 years, 708 South Seventeenth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

I would like to join the Busy Bees. I enjoy the page so much. I have not lived in Omaha very long. I go to the Mason school. My birthday was the 15th of November last. I was 14 years old. As I am the only child at home I get lonesome and would like to exchange postcards with other Busy Bees.

I have a pet kitten. I have named him Flatsy because he is so "flappy," but he is so cunning. I have taught him a number of tricks. If you print my letter I will write next time to tell the Busy Bees what I think the best sport in winter.

### The Two Bugs.

By Mattwan J. Anderson, aged 7 years, Minden, Neb.

Once there was a little bug. It had a little playmate bug. The little playmate played with him all day. Once they saw a man coming down the sidewalk. He was going the same way. He walked right in front of them and stepped on them. The father and mother bugs wondered where they were. They went from house to house and asked if they had seen them, but they all said no. So that was the end of the two bugs.

### A Little Shut-in.

By Ethel Sumpton, aged 8 years, Schuyler, Neb., Blue Side.

About two months ago I had an operation for appendicitis. And I am not well yet. Mamma says I can't go to school any more this year.

But my little sister, Genevieve and I have good times playing with our dolls and doll buggies and reading stories.

### Young Busy Bee.

By Helen Peterson, aged 6 years, 27 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

I am a little girl 6 years old and wish to join the Busy Bees. I am in the kindergarten at school and like it very well. My sister reads the Busy Bee page every Sunday to me. I will write a story soon.

### Will Write Story.

By Ethel Stenger, aged 8 years, Columbus, Neb., Red Side.

I am a new Busy Bee. I am 8 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Rhea. Well, better stop. I will write a story next time. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out having fun in the snow.

### New Busy Bee.

By Marie Thomsen, 1919 Emmet Street, Omaha, Red Side.

I should like to join your page, so I will read the Busy Bees page every Sunday. My letter is long, so I close.

### Don'ts for Auto Owners.

From the manager of the automobile department of one of the large insurance companies the following "Don'ts" to automobile owners were obtained:

Don't leave your auto unprotected on the street. Automobiles have been taken from before office buildings two minutes after owners had left them. Ask the private watchman at the door of the building before you stop to keep his eye on your car.

Don't leave your car unlocked, even for a short time. Every automobile that lacks an attachment for locking the mechanism should be provided with one. Don't leave your car on an incline where, by releasing the brakes, it can be moved away on its own momentum. Locked cars left in such a situation have frequently been stolen.—New York Times.

## Union Pacific Railroad Lands On 10 Years' Time

**Farm, Ranch and Grazing Lands**  
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### TERMS OF SALE:

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I will have my agents show you these lands. They are sure to enhance in value. Invest now and profit by the increase.

(This is Talk No. 17 of a Series on

"The True Story of Real Estate.")

## Russell Sage Would Buy, Today

If Russell Sage were living, today, we are certain he would buy real estate—because Sage Always bought when everybody else was selling. That was how he became a millionaire. You will say, "that's all very well—but I haven't Russell Sage's resources." Very true, but you can profit by observing his methods.

But when everyone else is selling? That was the secret not only of Sage's success, but of practically every man who has made a fortune with his own hands. Our own Omahans who bought real estate in the period following the Civil War and reaped fortunes later, when prices went way up, followed this same principal.

You have an opportunity right now to do the same thing. Today, many want to sell. Prices asked for property are consequently below normal.

But when everyone else is selling. The men and women who have a little spare money in the bank; the trustees and executors of estates; men with surplus funds to invest; for all of these, now is an ideal time to put money in real estate.

But when everyone else is selling. The average man or woman could do no better than to watch the papers for announcements of the occasional purchases made by conservative men who have made money in real estate.

When you see such a man has made a purchase, you will be pretty safe in following his lead.

Such a purchase, however, should not be made blindly. It is always wise to retain one of Omaha's reliable, established real estate men before entering any real estate transaction.

Having purchased, have patience. This old work swings back and forth like a pendulum. A period of plentiful money, which means high prices, is approaching. Then will be your time for profit.

When that time comes, Sell, when everyone else is buying.

(Signed) E. R. BENSON,

C. F. HARRISON,

G. G. WALLACE.