

# The Busy Bees

HERE is a picture of Isetta Smith, one of the prettiest and most talented Busy Bees in our kingdom. Isetta is only 12 years old, but already her beautiful voice has won her a great deal of favorable mention and brought pleasure to her many friends.

When she was 8 years old, Isetta won the silver medal in the Demarest oratorical and musical contest that is conducted by the Woman's Christian Temperance union each year. Last June she won the gold medal and now she is eligible for the grand gold medal.

Isetta has the dearest little pony named "Babe," and she spends a great deal of time on him and giving all the children in the neighborhood a ride. Our faithful little Busy Bee attends school at Brownell Hall and is a most diligent little scholar.

The thirty-ninth annual convention of the American Humane association opened at St. Augustine, Fla., on Monday. Humanitarians from all parts of the United States and Canada came to discuss the needs and protection of our dumb friends. Of course, the Busy Bees will do their best to co-operate in this work.

Margaret Brown of the Blue side was awarded the prize book this week. Helen Zepin of the Blue side and Gladys Yetter, also of the Blue side, won honorable mention.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

### How Plants Grow.

By Margaret Brown, 2315 Charles Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

My, but I have seen how plants grow. Oh, if our eyes could only keep on long enough to see them spring up into beautiful and wonderful plants. I have seen them myself only in motion pictures, but that has given me a wonderful idea how great they are. I saw the picture of how the narcissus grow and keep on growing until they are one of the most beautiful flowers on earth. The narcissus, which is kept in sand and water in the shape of bulbs, must be kept in a dark room for some days, and then they just look like worms wriggling their way to the top of the ground. Out of the midst of these green leaves spring a beautiful stalk of white lilies, and then you will have one of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers that grow upon earth.

(Honorable Mention.)

### Bad Boys.

By Gladys Yetter, Aged 13 Years, Fullerton, Neb., Blue Side.

One night papa and eleven other boys went out to get some chickens to roast over a fire out of doors. They all met at a school house not far away and sent three of the boys out to steal some chickens. They found the chickens, but when they attempted to get away with them it was not so easy, the chickens giving them away by squawking and, of course, this roused the people and they had to drop their chickens and run. They got on their horses and made them go as fast as they could. Of course, the other people were following them. But they were going as fast as they could, and going in so many different directions that they thought they would lose track of them. Finally they reached the school house, where the others were and told them about it. My Uncle Will and Uncle Edgar were with them. After they had told the rest they decided to go to church, and on the way they met the people that were after them. This scared some of the boys and they started to run their horses. One of them said that he bet they wouldn't catch him. Papa and Uncle Will were on a mule together. One of the boys' pony gave out and they caught him and tried to make him tell who the others were, but he wouldn't. The next day was Sunday. Uncle Will and some of the other boys went to see him. When papa was in Colorado the fall he saw one of the boys that was with them and they were talking and laughing about it. This is the third story I have written and want to win a prize, as my cousin did.

(Honorable Mention.)

### Adventures of Shilling.

By Helen Zepin, Aged 11 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.

I was found on the side of a mountain near a cottage of Peru and made a voyage to England in an ingat under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. Soon after my arrival I was taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized and put into the English fashion, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side and the arms of the country on the other. I was shifted around from hand to hand so that before I was five years old I had traveled almost into every corner of the nation. But when I was about on my sixth year I came to the hands of a miserly old fellow, who put me into an iron chest, where I found 500 more who were with me. After an imprisonment of several years we were taken to a clothing store for a suit; from there to a clergyman, then I was sent to the missions' homes.

### Celebrates Halloween.

By Jeannette Oliphant, Aged 10 Years, 406 South Garfield Avenue, Hastings, Neb., Blue Side.

I am going to tell the Busy Bees what I did Halloween. In the morning I got up very early. I washed my face and hands and had breakfast. After breakfast I went out into the pumpkin patch and got ten pumpkins. I decorated my room. I was preparing for my Halloween party. After I had things all fixed we had dinner. After dinner mamma and I washed and wiped the dishes. Mamma and I brought pans and sugar and all the things mamma had to bake in her pumpkin pie and strawberry-flavored cake. Mamma baked each child a small Jack-o'-lantern. "Now Comes the Fun." I had invited all the children. When they had all arrived we played games and we played with our Jack-o'-lanterns. I had ten Jack-o'-lanterns lighted. It was as dark as hollow dark, which is the very darkest dark there is. After we played a long time we had luncheon, which mamma served. Then we played the most cunning game! Then all the children went home, saying they enjoyed my Halloween party very much. I hope all the Busy Bees were happy, too.

### The Halloween Party.

By Katherine Jensen, Aged 11 Years, Valley, Neb., Blue Side.

Friday night I went to our Sunday school Halloween party. Each one of us was to bring a sheet. Papa was in Omaha, so I did not come right in time. It was from 7 to 10 o'clock. We played games. The first thing we played a game I do not know the name of. It was this: Each one was supposed to have a chair. Then we would take one away. Musicians played. Then we all marched around the chairs. When it stopped each one was supposed to have a chair. One would not have a chair and she would have to stay out. We played this for a

### ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Isetta Smith

while. Then we played "Spin the butter plate." There were fifteen of us. One would have to spin the plate and say a number below fifteen. The number she said would have to get it before it was flat. If she caught it before it was flat she would have to spin it until she did not catch it. Then we played criss-cross answers. Then we had a fine lunch and went home. I received the prize book. I want to thank you very much.

### Thanksgiving Coming.

By Flora Fithian, Aged 10 Years, Cushing, Neb., Blue Side.

I have not written to your happy page for quite a long while, but will try and write. Thanksgiving will soon be here, won't it? The time that is a reminder of Christmas, because of the happy time we have. Last year we all went down to Phillips, Neb. We went on the train at about 7 o'clock in the morning of Thursday and came home on the night train Saturday. The song birds have all flown south and the trees are all bare. Winter has begun. I suppose the Busy Bees are busy going to school. My teacher's name is Miss Nedelia Binta. I will write again and will answer all letters that I receive.

### Continued Story?

Edith Kenyon, 3223 Cuming street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.

Would you like me to write a continued story? If you would, please let the editor know the answer in the columns. As soon as I find out, I will think up a nice story and continue it every Sunday.

### THIS PARROT SAID TOO MUCH

Proves to Have Vocabulary Worthy of Human Actor When He is Annoyed.

A woman with a parrot went into the Punch and Judy theater in New York and upset the lenthils, as the management expressed it. Polite phrasing of things was in order after this parrot had spoken its bit and went away ruffled. Advertisements for a parrot to take part in the forthcoming production of "Treasure Island" were inserted in the newspapers. Charles Hopkins, director of the theater, having decided it was high time a bird be put into rehearsal. All the parrot has to say is "Pieces of eight" in the role of Captain Flint, Long John Silver's pet in Robert Louis Stevenson's tale of adventure. The radiator in the Punch and Judy office was spitting a trifle. When the woman who brought the bird set the cage, covered with a torn newspaper on the floor a tiny jet of steam began playing on the parrot; in fact, the puttering vapor practically chased the parrot around its cage. First the parrot, screaming, condemned the radiator to torment ever, more heated than its own. Then in a barefaced survey of the mode of life of its enemy, paid heed to its ancestry in ironical cackles and at last turned into a long mumbled jumble of epithets that would easily be recognized as insulting in the scullery of a longshoreman's home. The owner was informed that the management had already another parrot in mind.—New York Herald.

### CUBAN SUGAR CANE PROMISES GREAT CROP

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) HAVANA, Cuba, Nov. 8.—Reasonable rains have raised high the expectation of the Cuban sugar planters and splendid reports of the growing cane are coming in from all parts of the island. If gentle rains continue, followed by a spell of cool dry weather, the most extravagant estimates of the crop, which will unquestionably break all records, will be fully justified.

# Stories of Nebraska History : Their Own Page

By A. E. Sheldon

## The Battle of Arickabee Fork or Beecher Island

(By special permission of the author, The Bee will publish chapters from the history of Nebraska, by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

On September 17, 1869, was fought the hardest battle between the white men and the plains Indians in the annals of the west. It was fought on the Arickabee fork of the Republican river, a few miles from the southwest corner of Nebraska and not far from the present town of Wray, Colo., on the Denver line of the Burlington road. Fifty-one scouts and frontiersmen under the command of Lieutenant George A. Forsyth, stood off on a little sandbar in the river, the combined forces of the Northern Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Ogalalla Sioux for nine days. They lost more than one-third their own number in killed and wounded, while the Indian loss was many times as great.

For months these Indians had been murdering the settlers and travelers in western Nebraska and Kansas. Soldiers were sent to pursue them, but always arrived on the scene of their action after the Indians were gone, finding nothing but the melancholy duty of burying the murdered citizens. Lieutenant Forsyth raised a company of fifty frontiersmen. Many of them had lost their dearest friends and relatives by the Indians. Some of them were noted scouts. All of them enlisted to fight.

Early in September this little command started from the place of the latest Indian murder near Fort Wallace, Kan. They struck a trail leading to the Republican river. Following the trail up the Republican river in Nebraska it was joined by other trails, and still others, until the little party of fifty men was traveling a great beaten road, as wide as the Oregon trail, made by thousands of Indians and ponies, and with hundreds of campfires where they stopped at night. It seemed a crazy act to follow so great a trail with so small a party, but the little band had started out to find and fight Indians and kept on.

On the afternoon of September 16, the Indian signs were very fresh and Lieutenant Forsyth resolved to go into camp, rest his men and be ready to strike the Indians the next day. An extra number of men were posted on picket duty to prevent surprise. In the earliest gray of the next morning, the men were up and saddling their horses when there came a volley of shots from the pickets, followed by the yell and rush of Indians. The savages had expected to find the soldiers asleep and their horses out feeding. Their plan was to stampede the horses and leave the soldiers on foot in the open prairie, where they could easily surround them and cut them off. They found their horses saddled, every scout ready with his rifle, and soon retreated out of reach of the white men's bullets.

Roman Nose gave the signal and his horsemen started for the island. Lieutenant Forsyth had ordered his men not to fire until the first pony reached the river's edge. The scouts were armed with a new gun, the Spencer seven-shooter carbine. The Indians knew what

As daylight broke, Grover, the head scout, exclaimed, "Look at the Indians!" The hills on both sides of the little valley swarmed with them. Some of the scouts had ever before seen so many hostile Indians in one body.

Lieutenant Forsyth saw the situation at a glance. A few hundred yards away in the middle of the river was a sandbar island, having one cottonwood tree and a growth of willows. It was the only cover in the valley. At the word of command the scouts dashed forward through the water to the island. Every man tied his horse strongly to a willow bush and dropping on his knee held his rifle in one hand and dug a hole in the sand with the other. This move was a complete surprise to the Indians. They had expected to eat up the little band at one mouthful. They now saw them making a fort out of the little island. The Indians crowded up to the bank on both sides of the river and filled the air with a storm of bullets and arrows. A number of scouts were killed and wounded, while the poor horses plunged and struggled in misery until they fell in death.

The fire of the Indians was very hot and accurate. Lieutenant Forsyth had his leg broken by a bullet and his second in command, Lieutenant Frederick H. Beecher, a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, was killed. Forsyth cut the bullet from his leg, which he bandaged with his own hands, telling his men to be steady, to help each other and to make every shot count. In the course of an hour the men became calmer. They were getting a good cover with sand and dead horses. Every time an Indian showed himself within range a bullet went after him. This discouraged the Indians so much that they drew back, while the scouts took the time to care for the wounded and to throw up more sand.

About noon there was a great gathering of Indians on the hill in sight of the scouts. Warriors came riding in from all parts of the field. Among them was one whom every scout knew at long distance. He was Roman Nose, over six feet tall, the tallest Indian on the plains, and one of their greatest chiefs. It was evident a big plan was under way. The council broke up and the plan appeared. Roman Nose led a body of mounted young men out into the valley. Others joined them. They drew together in a line facing the island with Roman Nose at their head. The plan was now clear. This chosen body of 300 or 300 men was to charge straight on the island, while the rest of the Indians crept up through the grass and fired as fast as they could at the scouts in their sand pits to distract their attention.

Roman Nose gave the signal and his horsemen started for the island. Lieutenant Forsyth had ordered his men not to fire until the first pony reached the river's edge. The scouts were armed with a new gun, the Spencer seven-shooter carbine. The Indians knew what

a one-shot rifle was, but had never seen one that shot seven times without loading. On came the line of Indians, yelling and whipping their horses. Just at the river's bank the rifles of the scouts flashed from the sand pits and groups of riders fell from their ponies. On they came. Another volley and more Indians fell. Another, and another, and another, with a steady aim and terrible effect. Roman Nose himself fell dead from his horse and the Indian line broke and scattered. Lieutenant Forsyth turned anxiously to his scout, Grover. "Can they do any better than that?" he asked. "I have been on these plains, boy and man, for twenty years and I never saw anything like it," answered the scout. "Then we have got them," replied Forsyth.

The battle now changed to a siege, while from the hills arose that most harrowing of all sorrowful cries, the wail of the Indian women for their dead. Through many hours this haunted the ears of the men on the island. There were no more attempts to take the island by storm. Starvation was the Indian plan. At the first of the fight the scouts had lost their pack mules with all their provisions. They had nothing but river water and dead horse. Attempts were made after dark to creep through the Indian lines and carry word to the railroad a hundred miles away. The first attempt failed. The Indians were too watchful. Another attempt was made, two scouts crept out in the darkness and did not return. Those left on the island could not know whether their messengers were dead or not. They could only hope and watch the line where the sky and prairie met. For a whole week they lay in their sand pits, drank river water and ate horse meat. The hot sun glared from the air, the smell of the dead filled the air, and flies buzzed and the Indians slid stealthily about the hills. A little charge would have captured the island now, but the Indians had suffered too much to try again. They preferred to starve the scouts.

It was in the forenoon of September 25, when a dark moving patch appeared far off on the prairie. It grew larger until the watchers saw that it was an ambulance and a column of cavalry. They knew then that the battle and the siege of Beecher Island was over. The Indians fled as the soldiers came near, and soon the starving and wounded were being cared for.

General Custer said that the Arickabee fight was the greatest battle on the plains. At Wounded Knee, S. D., lives a tall wise Sioux named Fire Lightning. He was in the Arickabee fight and told in this story one summer afternoon sitting in the shadow of his log house and looking out upon his garden. He said the Indians lost nearly a hundred men to the fight and showed by gestures with his hands how fast the white men fired from their sand pits and how Roman Nose fell from his horse.

# Consumption of Milk In Berlin Limited

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) BERLIN, Nov. 8.—The Berlin magistracy has already considered the eventual issue of milk cards, patterned after the bread cards, to meet a threatened shortage in the milk supply of the city. In any event, it is announced, arrangements will be made to see that enough milk shall be available for all children under 9 years old. Possible limitations of the consumption will apply only to healthy children above that age and to adults.

**Flicker, Flicker Pacific Flinger.** Every industry nowadays evolves its own literature. We observe a movie enterprise announcing that "there's a thump and thump in a new offering: 'Five reels of punch, pep and plot, pluck and pizzazz.' The plodding pawns of penny races and recross the primrose paths of punch, pep and plot, pluck and pizzazz, down, down, doggedly down to the defeating duck of disaster's doom. They take the flicker fiddler's fancy, shake and from out the tortured tangle love leaps and laughs and links the luckless lives with loops of gold and red." The movie, reflecting the macabre of modern life, long ago swallowed the best actors of the stage. It is a most distinctly widening to devour the more refined literary talent. Did Robert Chambers write the story? Was it "The Famous James"? And are we to witness all literature to become reely?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

# The Complexion Beautiful and the Secret

Valerka Suratt Gives Some of the Beauty Secrets That Have Made Her the Famous Beauty-Actress.

**BY VALERKA SURATT** THE thousand and one preparations sold for improving the complexion really make it very difficult to select the best to attain the object of her desire. A beautifying cream must be used liberally and it should be successful at all—but at the price at which such creams are sold, the beautifying process is tedious indeed. The ingredients lack strength. The only sure way to be successful is to make up the so-called tonic and its results in two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and one ounce of antiseptic in a pint of water. This has a beautifying effect on the skin, which is several times more than you get from any other cream. You get quick and positive results. It will remove every blemish, red spot and freckle, and all roughness, and the result is a perfect tint, purity and clearness of skin which is exquisite. The antiseptic can be secured at any drug store, and advise every woman to abandon at once the so-called beautifying cream she is using and try this. She will not fail of success.

**MRS. AMANDA E.—**I give you here the only really successful method by which all wrinkles, both big and little, can be thoroughly and successfully removed. This has the peculiar property of making the skin plump and vigorous, and produces in short time a youthful appearance which is really startling. Mix at home, in a half-pint of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and two ounces of eptol. This will make a half-pint of the cream at a cost of several times less than you ordinarily pay for so-called wrinkle-creams at the stores. The eptol can be secured from your druggist. Use this cream liberally and patiently and you will find at last that your dream of a youthful face has come true.

**ARABELLA M.—**Dandruff may now be dissolved away completely. This cannot be done by soap, because of the "dead" it contains. It is done quickly and thoroughly by using as a head-wash one teaspoonful of eggol dissolved in a half cup of hot water. Enough eggol to make over a dozen of these shampoos can be obtained from your druggist at small cost.

**MRS. L. M. Y.—**Yes, make every effort to save your teeth, especially those in the front row. Gold and silver teeth disfigure one much. The tenderness of your teeth, the loosened condition, swollen gums and little dark spots will soon disappear if you will use what a dentist told me, plain fluid argon, which you can obtain from any drug store. Sway it in the mouth to and fro night and morning.

**MRS. OTTO R. H.—**The ordinary hair tonics bought these days merely stimulate the hair a trifle for the time being; they cannot and do not make hair grow. What is necessary is something that will supply the proper nourishment to the scalp, and hair roots in this way putting an end to the sick hair, dandruff, etc. For this purpose, nothing is so astonishing as the "Surat Face Powder".

**MRS. L. O. R.—**Quit those supposed blood cleansers and use my pimple formula, which is a mixture of twelve ounces of sugar, five red wax, a pint of water and one ounce of arsenic, taken in doses of three or four teaspoonfuls three or four times a day. Get the arsenic in the original package, by the ounce, at the drug store.—Advertisement.

This week has been set aside so that you who are interested in crocheting and embroidery may know of and use Klostersilk for crocheting and embroidery—thousands of readers of our advertising have used Klostersilk with the utmost satisfaction. We urge you this week to ask for and buy a ball or skein of Klostersilk from your dealer and to read our advertisement below.

# KLOSTERSILK

## Crochet Instruction Week

Nov. 14th to Nov. 21st

A copy of this advertisement entitles you to full set of special instructions for crocheting beautiful pieces for your home or for gifts, when presented to your dealer or if sent to us with dealer's name and stamps to cover postage.

Right now, when your thoughts are turned toward the pretty gifts you mean to crochet for your best friends, this offer of special instructions should be helpful. You have been reading the Klostersilk advertisements as they have appeared—with their illustrations of the actual pieces that are so beautifully crocheted with Klostersilk. Very probably you have bought some Klostersilk, and have been pleased with it. If you have not, you have intended to buy a ball or a skein and crochet something for yourself, for your home, or for a gift. Below we tell you how you may receive, without charge, full instructions for crocheting fifteen beautiful, fashionable pieces. When you crochet with Klostersilk you secure the special kind for each purpose. It is best to feel that you are using the very finest materials when you are devoting your own best ability and talent to such work. The lasting beauty and artistic quality of Klostersilk enhance the clever work of your own fingers. Ask the saleslady at your favorite store to show you the many varieties of Klostersilk.

## How to secure the fifteen instructions free of charge

Take a copy of this advertisement, hand it to your dealer or present it at the department where Klostersilk is sold, and receive the set of fifteen different instructions free. If your dealer is not supplied with the instructions, or his supply has been exhausted, then send us this advertisement and his name, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and 3c in stamps; we will immediately send you the full set by return mail.

Take advantage of this offer now, while you have plenty of time to crochet your gifts. Dealers everywhere sell Klostersilk.

# KLOSTERSILK

Crochet and Embroidery Cottons

"White that stays white—colors that last"

The Thread Mills Company, Thread Sales Dept., 219 W. Adams St., Chicago

# For Our Little Busy Bees Free Dolls

This Beautiful Doll will be given Free to the little girl, under 10 years of age, that brings or mails us the largest number of dolls' pictures cut out of the Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m. Saturday, November 20.



This doll's name is Alice. She is twenty-five inches high, has light brown hair and brown eyes, and is beautifully dressed. Her picture will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures of Alice you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office, before 4 p. m. Saturday, November 20.

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

You Can See Alice at The Bee Office

Let The Bee get you a good job. "Situations Wanted" ads are free