

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

Children Stage Their Christmas Festivals on Closing Day of School



Miller Park kids dress themselves up as Uncle Sam. Lower row, left to right: Maxwell Knoedler, Marshall Farley, Leonard Hamrick, Howard Denton, Milton Reynolds. Middle row: Harry Melhorn, Thomas Boutie, Otto Jacobson, Walter Lindtner, Howard Vanierghen. Top row: John Hamelnesk, Jack Gardner, Robert Smith, Judson Patrick, Walter Nordquist, Walter Barnett.

CHRISTMAS stories for the special prize to be awarded Sunday, December 26, for the best Yuletide tale are pouring into the Busy Bee editor's office. They are all so well written and the stories are so interesting that it is going to be a hard task to pick a winner from the large list. There is still another week in which prize stories will be received, so if there are any more Busy Bees who would like to compete—now is the time.

There is another matter to be called to the attention of the readers of this page. The quarterly election of a king and queen for the Busy Bee realm is scheduled to take place the last of this month, the new rulers to be announced the first Sunday in January.

Send in your votes early. The king is chosen from the Red Side and the queen from the Blue Side. Isidor Weiner and Margaret Brown are the reigning king and queen of Busy Beedom.

Bob Reynolds, a new Busy Bee, wins the prize book this week. Mildred Johnson of the Blue Side and Henry Ohlson, Jr., of the Red Side were awarded honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

A New Mexico Storm.

By Bob Reynolds, Aged 13 Years, 104 North Thirty-first Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

The morning came, but with clouds hovering about the many stone peaks surrounding the little camp.

About noon there came an unexpected flash, then a roar and the storm was on. Soon the water was rushing in torrents down the mountain side, sometimes falling many hundred feet, then lightning, only to fall again into the river below.

There came another flash, a roar and the clouds started leaving, some climbing the face of the cliff, others drifting here and there until the sun shone on the drenched valley.

(Honorable Mention.)

Christmas for Birds.

By Mildred Johnson, Aged 11 Years, 1724 Lake Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The birds will soon leave us and I am sure we will miss their beautiful songs. I think every child ought to let could not shut his eyes.

After a while his mother and father went to bed and when they were asleep he crept softly out of bed and sat on a chair by the fireplace.

Soon he heard a sound on the roof and he knew it was Santa, so he pretended he was asleep.

When Santa came he had a horn, an automobile, a box of candy, a ball and a train.

Santa was quite surprised at the sight of Tommy, but he filled the stockings and left.

Then Tommy went to bed and the next day told his mother what he had seen the night before.

(Honorable Mention.)

Watches for Santa.

By Henry Ohlson, Jr., Aged 4 Years, Loup City, Neb., Red Side.

It was Christmas eve, Tommy was sitting by the fireplace asking his mother if he could sit up and watch Santa Claus fill the stockings, but his mother repeated, "No, Tommy, it is 9 o'clock; you must go to bed." So his mother undressed him and he went to bed, but he the birds celebrate Christmas as well as we do.

When I get through with my Christmas tree I am going to set it out in the snow for the birds and hang bread and cookies on it. I am sure I will be a good friend of the birds. In the spring-time I am going to put up bird houses for the birds and hang bread by the house so the birds will stay with me until winter. Every Busy Bee should think about the birds.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Birds' Christmas Tree.

By Grace L. Moore, Aged 12 Years, Silver Creek, Neb., Blue Side.

I am a lover of birds and animals of all kinds.

One cold day before Christmas I noticed how cold and desolate the little birds looked, so I thought I would sit down and fix a little Christmas tree for the birds.

I went out and secured a small Christmas tree about two and a half feet high. Then I popped some popcorn and strung it on long strings and put three or four strings of popcorn around the little tree.

Then I bought a sack of cranberries and strung a few long strings of those. Then I put them around the little tree. Then I fastened a few pieces of suet on it, and by the time I had it finished it looked very pretty and tempting for the little birds.

Then I put it out on the porch roof and had pleasure in watching the little birds peck at the popcorn and suet. They seemed to enjoy it ever so much.

I don't think that I ever will spend a Christmas without fixing a tree for my little feathered friends.

Belgians' Christmas.

By Mary E. Greaveson, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.

In a little village in Belgium there lived a peasant woman and her six small children. This woman had to earn her living by cutting wood for other people or small jobs which she could get. Her brave husband had been called to war. They had not heard from him for about three weeks. She feared he had been killed, and many a night she would sob as if her heart would break.

She never said anything about it to her children. But one day Sarah, her eldest daughter, aged 14 years, noticed her mother's sorrow. She tried to comfort her, but it was in vain. It was near Christmas and they had not heard from their father, and they had not very much food. Her children asked her if Santa Claus would come to their house. She would answer, "Maybe."

It was now Christmas eve and the children had hung up their stockings. The food supply was very low and they would not have anything to eat for a Christmas dinner. All had gone to bed, and while they were sleeping their dear father had arrived, and also a large basketful of food and also clothes and money. When the children and mother got up they were so surprised to find their dear father home again. They knelt down in prayer to thank God for bringing back the father safely and for the food and clothing.

in a cold and unheated room. Probably some will spend their Christmas on the streets of large cities and in many other poor places.

Would it not be nice for each little Busy Bee to help or give some nice and helpful present to some poor children or families? I live out here in Silver Creek on a large ranch and I am going to try and make a happy Christmas for some poor children who go to my school, and I have sent clothing to some of the poor children of Omaha. I would be more than glad to do some little helpful deed for every poor child in America if I only could reach them all. I have always spent a happy Christmas here at home and wish that I could share my happiness with some other poor little boys and girls.

It will be an unthoughtless household which does not pray on Christmas day that in the new year to come all the nations abroad will be in peace.

Wishes for Christmas.

By Franklin Broadfield, Aged 10 Years, Shenandoah, Ia., Red Side.

I will tell you what I want. The first is some boxing gloves and the next is a magic lantern, a knife, the next a pair of dumb-bells and a fountain pen, and that is all I want. I guess, dear Santa Claus, I do not expect all these things, but I would like as many as you could get.

Santa, Take Notice!

By Dorothy Broadfield, Aged 6 Years, Shenandoah, Ia., Red Side.

I want a singing book and a rocking chair that will last a long time, and some story books, a little lamb, doll trunk and doll bed and a tuning harp. Please be good to other little children. I will, and a blackboard and some chalk with it.

Peace Next Year.

By Grace L. Moore, Aged 12 Years, Silver Creek, Neb., Blue Side.

Again it is Christmas and the world is still at war.

How thankful we are that our country is not at war.

Think how many poor children there will be who will spend their Christmas

Monmouth Park kiddies stage splendid holiday festival.

Lower row, left to right: Dorothy Conley, Minnie Hawcross, Charles Snell, Edna Edwards, Lauretta Boroff, Carrie Shawcross.

Middle row: William Silver, Robert Kys, Crystal Balsler, Gladys Weeks, Laurence Snyder.

Top row: Frits Palmquist, Bertha Anderson, George Brandon, Helen Parr, Donald Mudgett.



Indians at Miller Park school, left to right: Edith McCurdy, Dean Lowe, Gertrude Thiem, Everett Joseph, Helen Gregg, who appeared Friday afternoon in Indian costumes in connection with the Christmas program given at the Miller Park school. It was one of the most striking features ever presented at this school by the children. These youngsters were in a playlet written on the "Courtship of Miles Standish." Gertrude Thiem's costume was received by her parents from Colonel Jordan of the Rosebud agency and was the "genuine article."

Stories of Nebraska History : By A. E. Sheldon

First Installment of Two Sioux Chiefs

The Sioux nation was the strongest Indian nation in the west. Its people roamed the country from the forests and lakes of northern Minnesota, across the plains of North and South Dakota, to the mountains of Wyoming and southward over the plains of western Nebraska as far as the Republican river.

There were many tribes and bands of the Sioux nation. Two of these tribes, the Brule and Oglala, among the most warlike of the Sioux nation, claimed western Nebraska as their hunting ground and home. They also claimed western South Dakota and eastern Wyoming. Each of these tribes numbered about seven or eight thousand. In the summer they hunted buffalo in the valleys of the Platte and the Republican rivers and in the winter they found shelter, fuel and game in the region of the Black Hills and Big Horn mountains.

Two great chiefs, Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, of the Oglala and Brule tribes, stand out above all others in the history of the Sioux nation. Their names are forever famous in the story of Nebraska. Their lives covered the critical periods in the annals of their people, from early contact with fur traders, through the great wars to the final settlement of the Sioux nation in its present home.

Red Cloud was born at Blue Creek in what is now Garden county, Nebraska, in May, 1821. Spotted Tail was born in 1823 in Wyoming. Red Cloud's family belonged to the Bad Face band of the Oglala tribe. Spotted Tail was a member of the Brule tribe. Both began life as common warriors, but became chiefs through superior qualities of mind and body.

The history of the Oglala and Brule Sioux since they were first known to white men may be divided into three periods. The first period extends from the earliest exploration of their country by the white men to their first treaty with the United States at Fort Laramie in 1851, and covers the childhood and youth of Red Cloud and Spotted Tail.

The second period extends from the Fort Laramie treaty of 1851, to the Fort Laramie treaty of 1868, and covers the mature manhood of each of these two great chiefs. The third period reaches from the Fort Laramie treaty of 1868 to the death of Red Cloud, December 10, 1909, and covers the old age of each of these noted Indians.

During the first period the Oglalas and Brules were at peace with the white people, but were at war with nearly all the Indian tribes around them. The Sioux were new-comers in that beautiful region, where the mountains and plains meet, and were driving out the earlier inhabitants, the Crow, the Snake, the Utes and the Pawnees. In these early wars with their Indian neighbors Red Cloud and Spotted Tail became leaders.

At the age of 16 Red Cloud went on his first war party and came back victorious. During the next ten years both young men made names for themselves not only for daring, but for good luck, which counts for much more in an Indian camp.

Two events of this period gave Red Cloud fame in the camps of the Sioux. The first was in 1849, when he crossed the Rocky mountains, as Caesar and Napoleon crossed the Alps, leading a war party into the heart of the Shoshoni country and bringing back many scalps and ponies. The other was in 1850, when an old quarrel broke out anew in the Bad Face band and Red Cloud, who was a leader of the younger men, shot and killed Bull Bear, then the most noted chief in the band.

At this time a new and strange experience came into the lives of the Brule and Oglala Sioux, overshadowing all their future and filling the minds of their wisest chiefs with anxious concern. This was the great migration over the Oregon trail to Oregon, California and Utah. At first there were only occasional trains of a few wagons each. After the discovery of gold in California the trail became crowded with thousands of wagons, and with men, women and children. These emigrants shot the buffalo and other game without asking leave of the Indians. It was evident that if the white men kept coming, the game after a time would be gone and the Sioux, who lived entirely by hunting, would starve.

To prevent trouble the first council with the Oglalas, Brules and other plains tribes was held on Horse Creek near Fort Laramie in 1851. A treaty was made by which the United States confirmed to each tribe the land occupied by it. All the tribes agreed to the division of the land made by this treaty, so that for the first time in the history of the plains Indians all the great hunting grounds between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains was divided among them. All the Indians agreed that "The Great Road" along the Platte and across the mountains should be free and open for the white people, and the United States agreed to pay to the Indians \$50,000 in goods each year for fifty years for the use of this road through their country. The Indians agreed not to rob or attack the white people upon this road, and the United States agreed to keep the white people from going elsewhere in the Indian country without permission of the Indians. When the treaty was sent to Washington the United States senate sanctioned the payments of the \$50,000 from fifty years to ten years. The Indians never agreed to the change. The white people continued to use the great road and the United States sent out each year the \$50,000 in goods to pay the Indians for the use of it. Neither Red Cloud nor Spotted Tail signed this first treaty with the Oglalas and Brules. They had not yet become chiefs.

The first goods to pay for the use of the Oregon trail under this treaty arrived near Fort Laramie in the summer of 1854. All the plains Sioux assembled to receive their portion. Before the agent came from St. Louis to distribute the goods, peace between the white people and the Sioux was broken by the affair of the Mormon cow and the killing of Lieutenant Grattan and party, the story of which is told elsewhere in this book. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail were in the great Sioux camp at that time and shared in the general feeling of indignation among the Oglalas and Brules at the killing of their great chief, The Bear, by Lieutenant Grattan. In later years Red Cloud often referred to this incident, saying that if the white men made The Bear chief of all the Sioux and then killed him, hence it was not safe for any one to hold that office.

One day he ordered some people to go to the woods and get some wild beasts. He did not like any of them, so they got him six reindeer. So Claus started to pack the toys and his wife helped him. After they were all right he got in the sleigh and gave his presents to good little boys and girls. This is all I know about Santa Claus.

Christmas Angels. By Lucile Sonneland, Aged 13 Years, Box 2, Kearney, Neb., Blue Side.

In a very small town in Nebraska lived a very poor widow known as Mrs. Brown. She had three children and sat up very late every night.

Every one wondered why Mrs. Brown sat up so late every night. The reason was, Mrs. Brown was trying to think of something to get for her children and it would soon be Christmas.

She had made three rag dolls and was trying to think of something she could afford.

Mrs. Brown had to stuff her window full of old rags to keep out the cold. She worked out by the day while her children were at school, but after buying her food, clothes and paying the rent she had nothing left.

Now, the rest of the people in the town were rich. They knew how poor Mrs. Brown was and thought it would be nice to "chip in" and send a box of food, clothes and toys to poor Mrs. Brown.

So, after "chipping in" they found they had exactly \$500 and a box as large as a trunk full of toys, food and clothing.

One night, as Mrs. Brown was eating her supper, a knock was heard at the door. She answered it and found a man who told her he had a Christmas box for her children and for her to put them to bed.

So Mrs. Brown put her children to bed and when the man brought in a Christmas tree and a big box her joy knew no bounds.

In the morning when the children woke up, what a sight their eyes beheld. A glittering tree full of new clothes, toys and everything imaginable. Mrs. Brown then told her children that Santa Claus had left them the tree and her \$500.

Her children were so happy and grateful there in the dawn of morning they all thanked God for his blessings.

money from their fathers and filled a large box full of nice clothes, toys and all kinds of delicacies and sent them to the poor woman and her children. The poor woman was so gratified she

did not wish to thank—the kind boys or her dear Lord, from whom all blessings flow.

You may be sure there were wild shouts of joy from all the children next morning, and after the presents had been looked at they all thanked God.

New Busy Bee. By Katherine Zepin, Aged 10 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.

I enjoy reading the Busy Bee very much and I wish to join the Blue Side. I expect to send a story soon.

"Santa Is Coming." By Martha Hoyen, Box 86, Plainview, Neb., Red Side.

This is my first letter to your page. I would like to join the Red Side. I am sending a little poem and I hope it arrives when Mr. Wastepaper Basket has gone calling:

Santa is coming over the snow, He reindeer draw him—so fast they go! He covers the ground as fast as a bird, And never a sound from him is heard. He enters the room as quiet as a mouse, When all are asleep and still in the house; He fills the stockings with pretty toys, For all the good girls and all the good boys.

And for the bad children, too, He throws in a toy or two, Then out of the chimney he glides.

Measles in Tilden. By Frances McDonald, Aged 13 Years, Tilden, Neb., Blue Side.

I am going to tell the Busy Bees about the measles in Tilden. Week before last we learned that measles were in town, and the next Monday the teachers were to send the children home who had the measles then or had them in the family. That following Monday the children were sent home, but there were not many that had to go. Some stayed home.

The next week school being out on Wednesday that week on account of Thanksgiving, was to be a worse one than ever.

I was boasting how glad I was that I had had them, so I could go on to school. Thanksgiving day I was lying down all day because I did not feel good, and I kept on acting thus until Sunday noon I broke out some and began to cough quite a bit. Monday evening in the night I broke out as thick as I could stick. Mamma says I was as red as a piece of raw beefsteak. Tuesday we had the doctor, and he said I would feel better Wednesday, and, sure enough, I did. I am broken out a little yet, but will not give it.

I learned that many of my girl friends had it, too. My teacher telephoned up Monday and told me not to worry as they were not going to have anything new because so many were absent, so I rested better. It is now Sunday and I am feeling fine and hope to be at school again tomorrow.

Poor Woman's Christmas. By Kermit Sonneland, Aged 10 Years, Box 2, Kearney, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there lived a very poor woman. She had five children. Her husband was a drunkard and spent all her earnings for drink. His poor wife could hardly earn enough money to keep her children from starving. It was the day before Christmas evening and the children were writing to Santa Claus telling him what to bring them.

The mother could hardly keep the tears back. There were the children telling Santa Claus what they wanted, and she without a penny to her name.

Some rich boys lived in the same village. They had noticed the poorly clad children and knew they were too poor to afford nice Christmas presents. So they asked their fathers if they could not get some nice presents and give to these poor people. The fathers told their sons how unselfish they were. The boys got some

Merry Christmas LITTLE BUSY BEES

We are going to give you FIVE DOLLS THIS WEEK, because it is Christmas, and we want you all to have a chance to win one.

LILLIAN is the biggest and prettiest and is for the little girl that sends us the most pictures. EDNA is second, IDA third, HELEN fourth and "BOBBY" is fifth ("Bobby" is a girl, but they call her "Bobby," because she plays with the boys all the time). You just ought to see her run and jump and play pump-pump-pull-away and all the rest of the outdoor games. That's what puts that sparkle in her eyes and the roses on her cheeks. I just love her myself, best of them all, because she has such winning ways—dear little "Bobby." I wonder what little girl will get her. If I was a little girl, wouldn't I try, though!

Remember! you must send your pictures in ONE DAY EARLIER this week, because Saturday is Christmas, so the CONTEST WILL CLOSE 4 P. M. FRIDAY, instead of Saturday.

These dolls will be given free to the little girls under 12 years of age, who bring or mail us the largest number of dolls' pictures cut out of The Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m., Friday, December 24.

This picture of three of the dolls will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m., Friday, December 24.

You Can See the Dolls at The Bee Office

