

# We Busy Bees

**W**ELCOME the new rulers of the kingdom, Busy Bees! The new king is Joseph McCleneghan, who was chosen from the Red Side, and the new queen is Isetta Smith of the Blue Side. You will all remember Isetta. She has won many prizes in oratorical and musical contests in the Woman's Christian Temperance union medal contests. Isetta has a particularly beautiful voice, which is being trained, and let us hope we may all be able to hear her sing some day when she grows up to be a celebrated prima donna.

The new rulers will preside over the Busy Bee kingdom until May 1, when another King and Queen will be chosen.

Jean Whitney, who lives in Omaha, sent the Busy Bee editor a very clever puzzle which she had solved, but we are not able to reproduce it on account of the drawing. If any other Busy Bees have interesting puzzles, send them in and see how many will be able to solve them.

The editor also received a Christmas card addressed to Julia Olson from Merle O. Milligan of Charlton, Ia. Since we have not Julia's address we were unable to forward it.

Frank Ribbel, jr., of the Blue Side wins the prize book this week. Honorable mention was won by Katherine Jensen and Ella Thode, both of the Blue Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)  
**The Pet Canary.**  
By Frank Ribbel, 114 South Thirty-Second Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

I was very fond of my pet canary. His name was Bob.

Bob lived in a gilded cage and I had to take care of him. Every morning I had to clean out the cage, as my mother had taught me, wash the perches and place fresh water and seeds in the dishes. In return Bob sang us the sweetest songs. Bob had a way of waking us up in the morning. At that time he seemed to sing his loudest, but one morning he did not. Bob failed to wake us up with his song. I knew right away that there must be something wrong. I hurried downstairs and looked into the cage. Bob lay on the floor of the cage, dead. The bird doctor said Bob had died of old age. I was very glad he hadn't died through any neglect of mine.

We all felt badly. I buried Bob in the yard at the foot of a tall post and with my tools made a neat tombstone. I painted it white and wrote his name on it.

The rain soon washed it all off. I never wanted to forget Bob so one day I saw a picture of a wren in the Busy Bee magazine and I took it down to the office and bought one. I brought it home and fastened it securely on top of the post. I put it there in memory of Bob.

The wrens soon came and built their nest, and all summer their happy song made me think of Bob. Now I love all my little feathered brothers.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**Little Farmers.**  
By Katherine Jensen, Aged 11 Years, Valley, Neb. Blue Side.

It has been a long time since I have written. I received a box of writing paper for Christmas so I think I can use some of it. I am going to tell you about the things we did one fall.

We found some chains and fixed them together with little pieces. Then Marie and I played we were horses for Henry and Lawrence. The boys got a rope and tied it to us. Then fixed the chains to the trees. We horses pulled while the men chopped the trees. The trees were not very big. This day in the forenoon we pulled over eight trees. The last one was a big one. The men went home and said they had to go to town for some tools. They hitched us up. We horses went up the road and pulled the buggy for the men and played we got the tools. We went home then and went in the house to see if dinner was ready. It was not quite, so the men asked us to pull one more before dinner, but we did not. They said we might have to husk popcorn this week. My story is getting long so I will close. This is a true story, Busy Bees.

## Stories of Nebraska History : By A. E. Sheldon

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

**Two Sioux Chiefs -- Third Installment**  
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

In 1872 the Sioux Indians moved from the valley of the North Platte to the beautiful White River valley in northwestern Nebraska. Here two agencies were established, one called Red Cloud Agency, near the present site of Fort Robinson, the other called Spotted Tail Agency, about forty miles northeast, near the junction of Beaver creek with the White river. For the next five years the valley about these two frontier posts was the scene of more exciting events than was any other part of Nebraska.

Gold was found in the Black Hills in 1873. By the treaty of 1868 the Black Hills belonged to the Sioux and white men were to be kept out. White men would not be kept out after gold had been discovered. Many of the Sioux under Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse went on the warpath again. The Sioux under Red Cloud and Spotted Tail were fed by the United States. The two old chiefs remained at peace, but hundreds of their young men took rations from the United States and then slipped away under cover of night to join the hostile Sioux in the north. In 1875, congress voted not to feed the Sioux according to the Fort Laramie treaty of 1868 unless they remained north of the Niobrara river. In May of that year, Red Cloud and Spotted Tail went to Washington again and made an agreement for \$50,000 a year to give up their hunting privilege south of the Niobrara. Only half of this sum was paid. Red Cloud was urged many times by the warriors who had fought under him ten years before to lead them against the whites. He steadily refused. He had been in the east and seen the cities full of white people. He had sent his young men over all the hunting grounds and he knew that there were not enough buffalo to feed his people through another campaign.

June 28, 1876, was the date of the greatest victory over the whites in the history of the Sioux nation. General Custer, the boldest Indian fighter in the country, with 200 men, was cut off at the battle of the Little Big Horn in Montana. The news was brought into the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies by Indian runners. There was intense excitement among the Oglalas and Brules and it was feared that all would join the hostile Sioux.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**Our Sunday School.**  
By Ella Thode, Aged 11 Years, 2818 Hamilton Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The name of our Sunday school is the English Lutheran. I have gone there since I was 3 years old and am 11 years old now. I have a Bible with pretty pictures in which I got for a whole year's attendance. We are going to have a Christmas entertainment next Sunday. I am in it. When we march down the aisle I am to be the first and I am going to hold a big silver star. I am also going to speak a piece about faith. On Saturday we have Sunday school instead of Sunday.

The Christmas tree at our Sunday school is about fifteen feet high. After the entertainment we each get a box of candy, an apple and sometimes presents from our teachers. We are going to have a Christmas tree at our home and I hope you all do, too. I hope the old fellow in a red suit trimmed in fur visits your houses and leaves plenty of toys. This is my first story and I hope I win a prize. I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

**A Joyous Christmas.**  
By Kaye Bascom Hubbard, Aged 11 Years, Oakland, Neb. Blue Side.

Mary and John were two orphan children. Mary was 10 and John was 14 years old. Their parents had died recently and the children were sent to an orphan asylum. They missed their parents and often they cried, for they were very cruelly treated.

It was near Christmas and they were in the house for it was snowing that night. Mary told John she was going to ask the Saviour if He wouldn't send her a mother on Christmas day. The next morning was the day of Christmas, and the children were all running around and playing. About the middle of the afternoon a woman called and said that a friend of hers was coming over the next day to look for a daughter for she wanted to adopt one and that she wanted to see all the girls from 5 years to 15 years of age. Mrs. Brown, the manager, said the girls were all happy but Mary, for she was not very pretty, and she said she didn't suppose the woman would want her.

The next day came bright and clear. All were looking their best. Mrs. White called at 10 o'clock and said she was ready to see the children. Let us play with this bottle, said, "Let us play with this bottle." So Ruth took the bottle and opened it. A great cloud of smoke rolled out of it and a Genus appeared in the midst of the smoke.

The children were frightened and ran

**KING AND QUEEN OF THE BUSY BEES.**



Isetta Smith



Joseph McCleneghan

leave John, her brother. Mrs. White was delighted, for she said they lived on a farm and her husband was just wishing that he had a boy to help him on the farm. Mary ran and got John and they went with Mrs. White home and had a Merry Christmas dinner and after supper had a tree. Mary and John were happy forever and Mrs. White was never sorry she took them.

**Gifts of Genie.**  
By Isadore Weiner, 1536 North Sixteenth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Once there lived two children named Edith and Ruth. One day they were playing in the cornfield. Edith found a bottle and said, "Let us play with this bottle." So Ruth took the bottle and opened it. A great cloud of smoke rolled out of it and a Genus appeared in the midst of the smoke.

The children were frightened and ran

directly with each Indian. This struggle lasted for twenty-five years. Spotted Tail saw it end sooner than did his great fellow chief, for on August 8, 1881, he was killed by Crow Dog, an Indian of his own tribe. The agent at Rosebud, who had just been engaged in a contest with Spotted Tail, wrote of him these words: "Spotted Tail was a true friend of the whites. His influence was always on the side of law and order, and to him is greatly due the peace which now exists."

Red Cloud survived his old comrade for many years. He was never reconciled to the new system which broke down the authority of the chief. He opposed many of the new ways and the little frame house a mile from the Pine Ridge agency farm. He lived long enough to receive, in 1889, \$25,000 for the ponies taken from his band in 1875 by General Crook. He lived to see the ghost dancing of 1890 and to hear the echoes of the last Sioux battle at Wounded Knee in December of that year. He lived to see an order sent out in January, 1902, stopping the rations of all absconded Sioux men and requiring them to go to work on the roads and irrigation ditches at \$1.25 for an eight-hour day. He lived to see this order enforced in spite of the orators who pointed to the Fort Laramie treaty of 1868. He lived to see the great Sioux reservation surveyed and separate farms of 200 acres each chosen by heads of Indian families, with 160 acres for each child over 15 and 80 acres for each child under 15. He lived long enough to have his eyesight fade away, leaving him in total darkness. He lived long enough to know that nearly all of the friends of his youth and early manhood were gone before, to know that the old ways were changed. He reached the end of his long earthly sojourn December 10, 1909, the last of the long line of famous Indian chiefs who, in council and on the warpath, had struggled bravely against the inevitable advance of the white man upon this continent.

The new Brule agency established in 1875 was named Rosebud, and that for the Oglalas established in 1879 was named Pine Ridge. It was significant that they were not named for the chiefs, as the old agencies had been. A new era began with the treaty of 1868, which was one of struggle between the Indian agents and the old chiefs. It was the agents' aim to break down the power and authority of the chief and to deal

with him to visit many little houses and many big ones. Just as they were ready to start Mrs. Santa Claus called, "Is that child warm enough?" "I don't know, but I think he needs another robe." Just then I felt a nice big robe being tucked around me. "Off we go," said Santa. And sure enough we were gone before I could turn my head.

Pretty soon I heard a jolly voice saying, "Take hold of my arm. Take hold of my arm." I did so and in just a minute I was going down a chimney. "Oh, my! How will we both get up this chimney again? We can both get down, but not up," said Santa.

"Oh, well, I will stay here. It is so nice a hearth with such a nice rug. Why, of all things, this is my own home."

Just then there was a voice saying, "Wake up." It was his father. He had been dreaming, but his stocking was filled.

Santa doesn't like it when you say you don't believe in him, for he is the spirit of Christmas.

**A Christmas Joke.**  
By Edith Wolter, Aged 11 Years, Oklawaha, Neb. Red Side.

Grandma Newland lived in a little village, and every Christmas she would invite her three sons to her home to spend the Christmas vacation.

One of the sons, whose name was John, lived a long way off and he always came sooner than the other sons, for the other two lived closer and visited her often.

## Daughters of Smith College Alumnae Present Little Play



Angels and fairies were numerous Friday afternoon in the little play, "The Greatest Gift," presented by the daughters of members of the Smith College club at the Young Women's Christian association rooms. Smith College club is composed of women who are alumnae of Smith College. The little girls who took part in this play were girls who are being groomed by their mothers to enter Smith college when they grow up.

The playlet was written by Katherine Lord of New York, who was visiting in Omaha during the fall. Ida Smith was queen of the fairies. The top and middle rows in the accompanying picture constitute the fairies. They are from left to right, top row: Katherine Coad, Charlotte McDonald, Margaret Scott (with head down), Gladys McGiffin, Eleanor Kountze, Emma Nash, Jean Frenser, and Martha Cox, with the second row,

left to right: Jean Everts, Ida Smith and Katherine Elgutter. The lower row is that of the "angels" of the play and reads left to right: Jane Miller, Myra Patrick, May Cook, Helen Brinkman, Ethel Brinkman, Esther Freid and Katherine Cook.

The plot revealed a poor family with many children but with no prospect of a visit from Santa Claus, on account of poverty, and that fact that the widowed

mother could get no work. But at the last moment, through the ingenuity of some of the fairies, the angels, and friends, Santa Claus was supplied with an abundance of nice things for this family, such as clotheings dressed for dolls, a matchbox on wheels for a toy wagon, and other ingenious devices.

Christmas carols and tableaux were agreeably interspersed throughout the play, and the general effect was beautiful and touching.

away, but the Genus spoke to them kindly and said, "Because you have saved my life, I will give you each what you ask for."

So Ruth said, "Please turn all the ears of corn gold," and the Genus spoke and the corn became gold.

Then he turned to Edith and said, "What will you have?" And she said, "Please make all the people well and happy in this village." The Genus went away and the little girls ran home, where they found their sick mother well. They gave their father the gold, with which he paid the mortgage and they lived happy ever after.

**Christmas Customs.**  
By Neva Nelson, Aged 12, Stromberg, Neb. Red Side.

The children in America hang up their stockings by the chimney on Christmas eve for Santa Claus to fill. Santa Claus comes in a sled and drives reindeer. He comes from the north pole.

We celebrate Christmas because Christ was born on that day. The first Christmas carol was sung when Christ was born. It was sung by the angels. In some countries they still have the same custom of singing carols. Some young women and men start on the fifth of December to sing some Christmas carols. They go from house to house and sing them.

The children in Holland put their shoes by the fireplace for Saint Nicholas to fill. The people in Holland put a star light on the end of a stick and carry it through town. There are a few men that carry it. While they carry the stick they beg for the poor people. After they have done this the mayor of the town invites them to dinner.

In Norway and Sweden they take a

stick and put some oats, rye and barley on top of it. That is the way the birds celebrate Christmas. The children do not get as many presents as we do.

**Exchanges Letters.**  
By Leona Walter, Aged 10 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I will answer all letters that I receive. I received a letter from Vera B. Kluck and have answered her letter with much kindness. I wish you Busy Bees all a happy New Year, and I hope that Santa Claus did not forget to give you all something for Christmas for he sure didn't miss me, for I got plenty. To do what I did for the poor made me feel much happier.

**New Busy Bee.**  
By Harry Abrams, Aged 9 Years, 1906 North Twenty-Fourth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

I want to join the Busy Bee club. My teacher's name is Miss Gilmore. I am in the third B at school. I am 9 years old and live at 1906 North Twenty-fourth street.

**A Little Boy's Dream.**  
By Geneva Noble, Aged 10 Years, 3605 Hawthorne Avenue, Red Side.

On Christmas eve there was a little boy who wished he could see Santa Claus. His father and mother said, "It is time you had better get to bed. Santa does not visit little boys and girls when they are awake." The little boy obeyed, and got his stocking ready for Santa Claus to fill. Then he slipped inside his little bed and fell fast asleep.

He dreamed that he was at the North pole and in Santa's sleigh ready to go

## Winner of One of The Bee Dolls



Isabelle Causo

mother could get no work. But at the last moment, through the ingenuity of some of the fairies, the angels, and friends, Santa Claus was supplied with an abundance of nice things for this family, such as clotheings dressed for dolls, a matchbox on wheels for a toy wagon, and other ingenious devices.

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**A Poor Child's Christmas.**  
By Frances McDonald, Aged 13 Years, Tilden, Neb. Blue Side.

We now notice a little ragged, forlorn child pacing the streets of Boston. Her bare feet are so red, that it looks as though all the blood had gone there.

Poor child, she knows but little that it is Christmas eve until passing a church she hears singing and it sounds to her like angels and shivering with cold she climbs up the long flight of cold stone steps, which do not feel cold to her because she is so cold already. On reaching the top of the stairs she looks in and sees children with beaming faces, all receiving presents and around the Christmas tree, dressed as angels stood a throng of girls singing the beautiful hymn, "Silent Night, Holy Night," and she now remembers of the story her grandmother, who had died five years previous, had told her of "The Wise Men" and "The Birth of the Christ Child."

Going home that night she asks her mother if she thinks St. Nicholas (as she had learned to call him), will remember her, but her mother shook her head sadly.

That night when all was still, the father stepping softly put a stick of candy in the child's shoe.

The next morning there was never seen such a happy day as it was for her. Should we not be satisfied with what we get and be glad to get what we do and not wish for more?

The rule I hear so much and I believe it is true, is:

"The more we get, the more we want."

**Likes to Read Page.**  
By Lydia Kiesel, Aged 13 Years, Shelby, Ia. Blue Side.

I thought I would write once and see if I could win a prize book. I have four sisters and four brothers. I am the oldest. The baby is 3 months old. I am in the fifth grade now. I take six lessons at school. I am in the big geography and language class. We live on a farm. I like to read the children's page and am glad when Sunday comes. I thought I would join the Blue Side. I am 13 years old. May 21 is my birthday. I am glad when Christmas comes. It comes in about twenty more days.

**The Frontiersman's Cabin.**  
By Robert Reynolds, Aged 13 Years, 104 North Thirty-first Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

It stood there as a single tree on a desert. It seemed to have two glaring eyes and a huge yawning mouth making a very grotesque figure outlined by the clear blue sky.

But what is that object slowly winding its way around a low mound? Now it stops only to start again at maddening speed.

As we draw closer we see it is only a frontiersman and his cabin on the boundless plains of Kansas.

**Blue Favorite Color.**  
By Martha Johnson, Stromberg, Neb. Route 4, Box 26, Blue Side.

I would like to join the Busy Bees and would like to join the Blue Side, as it is my favorite color. I read the Busy Bee's every week, and like it very well.

I will write a story next time. I hope to see my letter in print.

**Wants a Doll.**  
By Mandelina Jones, Aged 9 Years, 2313 Grant Street, Omaha, Red Side.

I am a little girl, 9 years old. I have a little sister and brother. When Santa Claus comes tell him not to forget us. I want a doll, twenty-three inches high.

**A Kind Store Keeper.**  
By Rogene Anderson, Aged 7 Years, 3000 Locust Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Once a woman had a little girl who was very poor. The little girl once went to the store, but did not know what a turkey tasted like. She did want to buy a turkey, but she had no money. In the window of the store she saw turkeys for sale. As she went inside the store the storekeeper said, "What do you want, little girl?" The tears came to her eyes as she answered, "I wanted a turkey for