

# The Busy Bees

# Their Own Page

**T**HIS is the wireless age, Busy Bees. Many of our boys are spending their summer vacations learning the wireless code and installing the wireless apparatus in their homes for summer interest and diversion.

Raymond Norene of Council Bluffs has one of the most complete equipments of any local youngster and has sent and received messages from greater distances than any one else. He sent a message as far as eighty miles into northeastern Iowa and later received a letter from a man there who had caught it. Raymond himself has received messages from Colon, Panama and Key West.

He has this instrument installed in his own bedroom and sometimes it gets so fascinating of an evening that Raymond forgets to go to bed. You know the wireless is much better at night than it is during the day, when the sun's rays affect it.

Raymond has all sorts of interesting things to relate about his wireless experiences. He gets the base ball scores over wireless and some of the war news, too. He tells with great gusto of receiving the message that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragist, had once more been sent to Holloway jail in England. Raymond says he did not read it in the newspapers until two days later.

Many of his messages are via the wireless station at Sayville, Long Island, from where you have perhaps noticed much of the war news comes.

From all this perhaps you may imagine that Raymond is a grown-up young man, but indeed he is but a young Busy Bee like all the rest of you. He is only 13 years old and enters his first year at high school this September. His nightly sojourns with his wireless equipment are cut off at a reasonable hour now by his parents' orders, because Raymond has to rise early now to carry the Morning Bee.

Raymond is interested in all the sciences and electricity and plans to follow in his father's footsteps and take up electrical engineering when he is a man. Raymond's father has helped him a great deal in establishing his wireless equipment.

There are a number of other young boys in Omaha who have installed the equipment and who last winter belonged to the Young Men's Christian association wireless class. It is planned to continue the class work this winter if enough boys apply.

This week Ethel Gertsch of the Blue Side won the prize book and honorable mention was awarded Ida Crowe of the Blue Side and Pearl Bryan of the Red Side.

**HOW NEW YORK KIDS ENJOY HOT WEATHER**—In this picture the little tads at the left are keeping cool by the simple expedient of dangling their feet in the gutter water. Maybe not sanitary, but extremely comfortable. At the right is shown another novel cooling-off process. A bit mussy, no doubt, but what's the odds, when the end is attained. Solid, or rather liquid comfort.



## Little Stories by Little Folk

**Knows Many Birds.**  
By Ethel Gertsch, Aged 12 Years, Monroeville, Neb. Blue Side.

I wonder if the Busy Bees are as interested in the song birds as I am. There are over fifteen kinds in our orchard. There is Mr. and Mrs. Bobbie Robin and their four children, and Ma and Mrs. Jim Oriole have a nest in a tall apple tree. Mr. and Mrs. Cat Bird had a nest in the plum thicket with five little baby birds in it. Mr. and Mrs. Thrush had three very nicely trained children, who have already left the nest. They are now learning to sing. It is plain to see that the Thrushes, Orioles, Gold Finches, Cat Birds and the Robins are the aristocrats in the bird world. They have the nicest homes and sing the most, while Red-headed Woodpeckers and Flickers belong to the working class. They are so busy that they never have time to sing. But they are interesting just the same. I would like the King Birds better if they were not so scrappy, and I do not like the Blue Jays, even though they are pretty—they have such bad habits. "Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds." There are also Wren, Warblers, Blue Birds and one or two I cannot name. Down in the meadows the Bobolinks sing the merriest kind of songs, also there are Meadow Larks, Song Sparrows, Bob Whites and Red-winged Black Birds. There are so many beautiful things, out of doors at this time of the year. I have collected a few beautiful moths. I will have to get a book on butterflies and find out what their names are.

**ONE OF THE BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.**



Raymond Norene

**Wild Flowers of Wyoming.**  
By Ida M. Crowe, Aged 11 Years, Torrington, Wyo. Blue Side.

The wild flowers of southeastern Wyoming are very beautiful. They are of many different colors and kinds. The hills and valleys are covered with gorgeous beauties. There is a beautiful snow-white poppy which I think the most beautiful of them all.

To preserve specimens of these flowers I press them in old magazines. After they are thoroughly dry I mount them on manila board, using very little muck-lake. I procured a pasteboard box from one of the merchants. By putting two partitions in it I made three different parts into which I put my mounted flowers. This makes very neat and pleasurable work. I now have about forty-five specimens.

**Childhood of Miss Alcott.**  
By Katherine Young, 23 South Thirty-first Avenue, Age 12. Blue Side.

Nearly every child must be interested in Miss Louisa Alcott, for she writes the most beautiful and delightful stories. When she was a little girl she did not attend school, but her father helped to educate her at home and sometimes she had a governess.

Louisa was not fond of arithmetic nor grammar, but of reading, writing, composition, history and geography. When she was very young she was taught to sew and soon became very skillful. After she had learned to make different things she made doll clothes for the children of the neighborhood. One day when she was in her father's library she built a wall around her little sister Lizzie, and the little one was soon missed. She was found again in the little wall of books, fast asleep. One day she ran away. She sat down upon the steps of a house and went to sleep on a big dog. Here she was found by the town-ster who was crying that a child had been lost which wore a pink frock, white hat and new green shoes. All of a sudden she sat up and cried, "Why dat's me." Mrs. Alcott punished her the next day by tying her to the parlor sofa.

**The Little Red House.**  
By Leona Walter, Aged 9 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little boy. He was tired of playing with his toys, so he went to his mother and said, "Mother, I'm tired of playing the same thing over and over. Can't you think of something else I can do?" "My dear, I can think of one thing and that is to go and find a little red house with no windows nor doors, but inside a golden star." So the little boy set out at once. He met a farmer and asked him if he had seen the little red house. But the farmer shook his head. The little boy went on till he came to a widow's house. He asked her and she said, "Follow the wind." He did and the wind came to an orchard. All at once his attention was called to the most beautiful apple he had ever seen lying

on the grass. He plucked it up and ran home as fast as he could. His mother said that was the little red house.

**A Faithful Dog.**  
By Marjorie Snodgrass, Aged 12 Years, Emerson, Ia. Red Side.

Once when I was out playing with my dog I was looking into the water and I fell in. My dog jumped in after me and when he rescued me he carried me to the bank. Then he ran up to the house and began to bark and mamma ran out to see what was the matter. When she got out of the door Sport took her hand in his mouth and led her to the creek where I lay. Mamma picked me up and carried me into the house. I was all right in just a little while.

Sport saved a little pig's life also and several other things. I hope to see my letter in print as this is my first letter to the Busy Bee. I read the page every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

**Along the Creek.**  
By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Colo. Blue Side.

Sunday afternoon, a friend of mine, Edith Sloan, my sister Mary, and I went to a creek about a mile away. We took our lunch and some pop. There was no water in the creek so we took off our shoes and stockings and walked in the sand.

We had our dog along and once we thought we lost him. We called and called. At last he came running and jumping to us. We were very glad. We had lots of fun and enjoyed ourselves.

**Play Circus.**  
By Marie Tracy, Aged 7 Years, 98 Clark Avenue, Fremont, Neb. Blue Side.

We were going to play circus and my sister found a bat on the side walk. It held three little tiny bats in its claws so tight we could not see if they had little wings.

We put the bat in a berry crate cage for our show.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to The Busy Bee. I want to be on the Blue Side.

**Thanks for Prize Book.**  
By Roxie Erb, Aged 12 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. Blue Side.

Thanks very much for the book which I received as second prize. I have read it now and think "The Hollow Tree Inn People," when the story dealt with, are very nice. I wouldn't mind paying them a visit.

**From Young Busy Bee.**  
By Wilbur Henry Tibbs, Aged 8 Years, Ashland, Neb. Red Side.

I enjoy reading the Busy Bee very much. I thought I'd write. My grandma has two kittens and a fighting rooster. Her kittens are white as snow. I like to play with her. One time she sang

me to sleep. Grandma has one of her kittens trained to wait all around for her breakfast, dinner and supper. Every time I gather the eggs for my grandma the rooster fights me.

**Sees Liberty Bell.**  
Ethel Loomis, Fairmount, Neb. Red Side.

I am going to write you about the Liberty bell. I was so glad to see it. We had speaking and a fine band concert. The bell came in Friday, July 17th. People came from the country all around. There were about 4,000 people here to see the bell. My sister Marion and I saw the crack in it.

We all had a good time. I hope the Busy Bees will like my letter.

**A Safe Fourth.**  
By Mary Grovan, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

About two years ago we decided to have "a safe and sane Fourth of July," as one time on the Fourth, many boys and girls were hurt with firecrackers and pistols. I also was hurt with a firecracker.

We were to have a picnic and no firecrackers or anything that would harm us children. About one week before the Fourth we made out the plans. We were to bring cake, candy, sandwiches, pickles and ice cream.

We arrived at the park at about 11 o'clock. The children went in wading and played many games. We ate lunch at 3 o'clock and after lunch we played and then went home. We all enjoyed our sane Fourth.

**Drawing Pictures.**  
By Agnes M. Nielsen, Aged 13 Years, Fremont, Neb. D. No. 1, Box 8, Red Side.

One day I didn't know what to do. The week had been so rainy. There was a creek by our place. It was so full of water you could draw beautiful pictures of it, my sister and

I made up my mind, to draw some pictures of the creek. The sun was just setting, so beautifully, so we took a pencil and some paper. I drew the middle part of the creek. There was a big bank and it looked just like a hill. There were some big trees and some nice green grass on it. I drew the bank and the trees and the sunset. When I was about through, what do you think happened? A frog peeped out. I drew it. This made it more beautiful, for it was in the water.

**Grandfather's Bear.**  
By June Rossen, Aged 9 Years, 202 South Fifteenth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

"When I was a little boy," said grandfather, "my mother and father went away to attend church. They left me to take care of my baby brother. I did as they told me and then sat down to read the new book my father had given me. I had read just two pages when a low grumbling was heard and there was a bear moving slowly through the open

door toward the baby's cradle. I seized the boiling water that I had placed on the stove and threw it over the bear. It scolded the bear so badly that it died instantly. When my father came home he called me "My brave boy." I would have met a dozen bears for the sake of hearing him say "My brave boy."

**Busy Bee Rhymes.**  
By Leona Walter, Aged 9 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Red Side.

Oh, dear lad, oh, strong lad,  
Your kiss has wakened me;  
To many many little worlds  
I would not ever see.

The little world of shining things  
That shimmer through the weeds,  
The little world of neighbor's land,  
That answer neighbor needs.

The world of color in the day  
Of noises in the night,  
And every world to sweet a world  
To hearing, touch and sight.

Oh, dear lad, oh, strong lad,  
Has my kiss wakened you?  
To many, many little worlds  
Of shining wonder, too?

## Stories of Nebraska History

BY A. E. SHELDON

**Father De Smet**

One of the most honored names in Nebraska annals is that of Father Pierre Jean De Smet, first Catholic missionary to the Indians of the Platte and upper Missouri regions. He was born in Belgium January 20, 1801, came to St. Louis in 1823, and in 1838 reached Council Bluffs, Ia., as missionary to the Pottawatomie Indians, who had just removed from their old home in Illinois to the borders of Nebraska.

For the next thirty years Father De Smet was the most active missionary in the western world. He explored the plains and mountains, crossed the continent several times to the Pacific ocean, founded missions wherever he went, and gained the confidence of the Indians everywhere. He also made many visits to Europe to secure funds for mission work.

Only a small part of Father De Smet's active life was spent in the region which is now Nebraska, but he was known and loved by all the tribes of Nebraska Indians and probably had more influence over them than had any other man at any time. Four times he crossed Nebraska over the Oregon trail, and seventeen times on steamboat, stiff or canoe

he followed the waters of the Missouri river past the Nebraska shores. The beauty of early Nebraska Father De Smet was quick to see and appreciate. No better picture of our own Platte river has ever been given than this by him in 1840:

"I was often struck with admiration at the sight of the picturesque scenes which we enjoyed all the way up the Platte. Think of the big ponds that you have seen in the parks of European noblemen, dotted with little wooded islands. The Platte offers you these by thousands and of all shapes. I have seen groups of islands that one might easily take, from a distance, for fleets under sail, garlanded with verdure and festooned with flowers; and the rapid flow of the river past them made them seem to be flying over the water."

The future of this region was clearly foreseen by this great missionary. The vacant plains stirred within him memories of the crowded peoples of Europe when he wrote:

"In my visits to the Indian tribes I have several times traversed the immense plains of the west. Every time I have found myself amid a painful void. Europe's thousands of poor who cry for bread and wander without shelter or hope often occur to my thoughts. 'Unhappy poor,' I often cry, 'why are ye not here? Your industry and toil would end your sorrows. Here you might rear a smiling home and reap in plenty the fruit of your toil.' The sound of the axe and the hammer will echo in this wilderness, brood farms with orchard and vineyard, alive with domestic animals and poultry, will cover these desert plains to provide for thick-coming cities, which will rise as if by enchantment with dome and tower, church and college, school and hospital and asylums."

Father De Smet was present and took an active part in the first Fort Laramie council of 1851, which resulted in the treaty of that year. He wrote the best account of this great event in Indian history. Although called "The Fort Laramie Treaty," the council was held and the treaty made forty miles east of Fort Laramie in what is now Scott's Bluff county, Nebraska. Here, on a vast plain where the waters of Horse creek unite with those of the Platte, the tribes of the plains and the mountains met and for the first time made a treaty with the United States, peace with each other and a division of the land among the tribes. The council lasted for eighteen days and was attended by over 10,000 Indians. Here Father De Smet was greeted by thousands whose homes he had visited; his advice was eagerly sought on the great questions before them and the rite of baptism was administered by him to 1,888 Indians.

The Sioux were always near the heart of Father De Smet. He admired their courage and independence. He sought to abate their cruelty. In a great speech to them he told how the Indians at the head of the Missouri had buried the hatchet and forsaken the white man's firewater. He asked them to do the same. The head chief replied:

"Black-robe, I speak in the name of the chiefs and braves. The words you bring from the Master of Life are fair. We love them. We hear them today for the first time.

"Black-robe, you are only passing by our land. Tomorrow we will hear your voice no more. We shall be, as we have been, like the Wishtonwish (prairie dogs) who have their lodges in the ground and know nothing.

"Black-robe, come and set up your lodge with us. We have had hearts, but those who bring the good word have never got as far as to us. Come and we will listen and our young men will learn to have sense."

Father De Smet's greatest service to Nebraska and the west occurred in 1865. For several years a bloody war had raged along the Sioux border. A peace commission had been sent from Washington to Fort Laramie with General Sherman at its head. Red Cloud, Sitting Bull and other hostile chiefs had gone with several thousand followers into the wild region northwest of the Black Hills. At the request of the United States, Father De Smet left his home at St. Louis and journeyed by steamboat up the Missouri river to Fort Rice, near the mouth of Cannonball river in North Dakota. From here he set out alone with an interpreter and escort of Indians for the camp of the hostiles. He found these near the junction of the Powder and Yellowstone rivers. He was received joyfully by them and here on June 21 he held a great council with 5,000 hostile Sioux. Father De Smet was given a seat in the center near the two head chiefs, Four Horns and Black Moon. His large white banner of peace was placed beside him. His own account says:

"The council was opened with songs and dances, noisy, joyful and very wild, in which the warriors alone took part. Then Four Horns lighted his calumet of peace; he presented it first solemnly to the Great Spirit, imploring his light and favor, and then offered it to the four cardinal points, to the sun and the earth, as witnesses to the action of the council. Then he himself passed the calumet from mouth to mouth. I was the first to receive it, with my interpreter, and every chief was placed according to the rank he held in the tribe. Each one took a few puffs. When the ceremony of the calumet was finished, the head chief addressed me, saying, 'Speak, Black-robe, my ears are open to hear your words.'

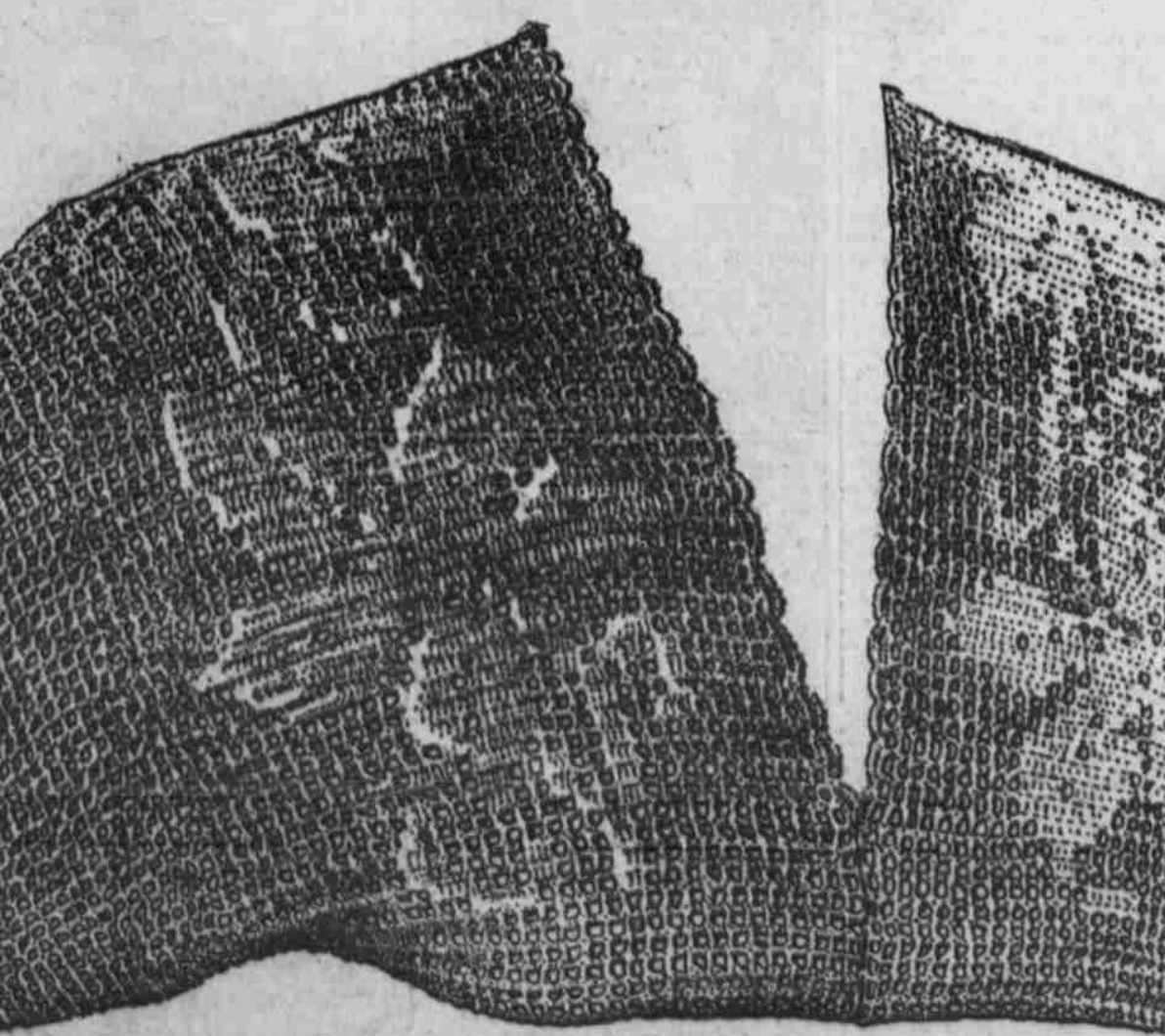
"The white-haired missionary was then 67 years old, with a face calm, mild and peaceful, which all loved to look upon. He spoke to the fierce Indians as to children, told them the terms of peace he brought them and pointed out the danger and folly of fighting the white man. At the close of his speech Chief Black Moon said:

"We understand the words the Black-robe has spoken. They are good and full of truth. This land is ours. Here our fathers were born and are buried. We wish, like them, to live and be buried here. We have been forced to hate the whites. Let them treat us as brothers and the war will cease. Let them stay at home. We will never go to trouble them. Thou, messenger of peace, hast given us a glimpse of a better future. Let us throw a veil over the past and let it be forgotten. Some of our warriors will go with you to Fort Rice to hear the words of the Great Father's commissioners. If they are acceptable peace shall be made."

The other chiefs spoke in the same spirit and the second great treaty of Fort Laramie, that of 1868, was concluded.

Father De Smet died May 23, 1878, at St. Louis. In his death the west lost a great missionary and explorer, and the Indians lost their best friend.

## Handsome Crocheted Nightgown Yoke



By Katherine Krochet

Hand embroidered genuine lace trimmed of its completed beauty.

Following its seemingly complex stitches and discovering how really simple they are will fascinate you, the more so as the yoke nears completion.

To work the pattern a number 8 crochet hook should be used, while five balls of number 15 Kloster silk crochet cotton will suffice for crocheting material.

First chain 100 stitches, then for the first row 32 meshes, continue this for 6 rows. Follow the pattern minutely for first design, being especially care-

### KLOSTERSILK CROCHET HINTS

**FOR** dollies, use Article 805 Kloster silk Cordonnet Special, in sizes 5 to 15, with hooks 6 or 7; for handkerchiefs and medallions, lingerie edgings, yokes for nightrobes and undergarments, sizes 30 to 150, with hooks 8 to 13; for cushion tops, novelty baskets, nut-cups, candle-shades, covers for glass hair receivers, baby-bottle covers, and tumbler covers, use sizes 3 to 20 with hooks 4 to 7.

Klostersilk-crocheting has been aptly called "Crocheting without lost motion." With this perfect thread, beginners can produce expert work.

Trade secrets as to scientific balance of strands, exclusive processes and perfect materials; go into the makeup of Kloster silk—the supple, brilliant crochet thread which is unequalled by any other on the market. Test these claims for yourself.

See illustrated books containing suggestions for hundreds of easily worked novelties, at your dealer's.

Article 805 Kloster silk Cordonnet Special	
Made in White—Sizes	Colors—Sizes
1 10 40	5 30 80 70
2 15 50	Light Blue Red
3 20 60	Dark Blue Yellow
4 25 70	Pink Black
5 30 70	Lavender Green
80-100-150	
Ecru, sizes, 3, 5, 10, 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70	

"White that stays white—colors that last"

Clip this advertisement—use the Kloster silk Shopping List on your next shopping trip.

Klostersilk for sale everywhere

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