

The Busy Bees

DAVID BELASCO will have to look to his laurels as a theatrical producer. If he don't watch out little Miss Evelyn Pieronnet will elevate herself to his rank in the profession and before he knows it she may be crowding him at the desk of the leading theatrical manager.

For be it known that Evelyn did coach, costume and direct a performance of "The Toy Shop," which was given last Friday evening in the garage of the R. A. Swartwout residence, in what used to be Dundee. This was a thoroughly juvenile affair and the proceeds, which were \$10, if you please, will go to the Child Saving Institute.

The fairy queen, Jack-in-the-box, the Paris doll, the American doll, an old-fashioned doll, two Japanese maidens and other interesting characters, all taken by children in the neighborhood, were included in the ensemble of "The Toy Shop."

A capacity house, over seventy persons, greeted the youthful Thespian, swelling the box office receipts to \$8. The sale of dainty home-made confections brought \$2 more. The costumes were all designed and made by the children themselves.

So enthusiastically was the performance received that it is planned for them to repeat the performance for the children at the Child Saving Institute when they all journey to the home to present the \$10.

The characters in this "Broadway" success were: Fairy, Rae Swartwout; child, Josephine Hamlin; shabby doll, Nyle Speller; American doll, Ruth Beardsley; Jack-in-the-box, Madeline Peironnet. In the second act the characters were as follows: Paris doll, Gertrude Pray; American doll, Josephine Hamlin; Japanese maidens, Martha Atkinson and Pauline Johnson; queen, Nyle Speller; a lady out walking, Madeline Peironnet; and an old-fashioned doll, Evelyn Peironnet herself. Gordon Pray assisted as stage manager.

Busy Bees are reminded that there are still two days in which votes will be received for the new Busy Bee King and Queen. The King is chosen from the Red Side and the Queen from the Blue Side.

Margaret Brown won the prize book this week. Henrietta Lentz and Katherine Jensen won honorable mention. All three little girls belong to the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.)

Two Little Squirrels.

By Margaret Brown, Aged 11 Years, 1125 South Twenty-eighth St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

There is a family of squirrels in our back yard and their home is in the hollow of one of the trees. There is a little baby squirrel, which is so tame that it will let you pick it up in your hands.

One morning I was down where the squirrels live. The baby squirrel was down at the foot of the tree. The mother was way up high and she was coaxing the squirrel to come up, but it would not pay any attention to its mother at all. I patted it and I guess the mother thought I was going to hurt her little squirrel for she made more noise than ever. Finally I put it on the tree and it ran on up to its mother.

(Honorable Mention.)

Two Little Artists.

By Henrietta Lentz, Aged 13 Years, Rt. 1, Gethsemane, Neb. Blue Side.

Mary sat with her pencil against her lips, looking at what she had drawn on her slate. She nodded her head and said to Emma:

"Here is the ink pot, there is the glass of flowers, there is the book. I have drawn them all and they are so good that I do not know which is best. What have you been doing?"

Emma was leaning over her slate and did not look up or say anything, but two large tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"What's the matter?" asked Mary. "I can't draw them. I have tried and tried, but I cannot make them right. So I've rubbed them out and there is nothing on my slate," said Emma.

"I shall make real pictures when I am a woman," said Mary, "and I shall sell them for a great deal of money. So I shall be very rich. Would you not like to draw pictures for people to buy?"

"Yes," sobbed Emma. Then she said: "Let me look at your drawing, Mary."

So Mary gave her slate to Emma, who, to her great surprise, left off crying and burst out laughing, saying:

"I don't call that drawing. They are quite as funny as mine were."

(Honorable Mention.)

Children's Playhouse.

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

This is the second time I have written. This time I am going to write about my playhouse. It is in our cow shed. We children play there every day. We have an upstairs. There we keep our beds and a big box where we keep our clothes. Down stairs we have a table, high chair, rocking chair, a cupboard, washstand and many other things. Marie, my oldest sister, is our mother. Lawrence, my oldest brother, is our father. Henry, my youngest brother, is brother and Alice is our sister and Ethel my sister. We have lunch and sometimes we have dinner there. After we eat we go to bed upstairs. We have a little lumber-wagon. We take the hot off and call it our automobile. I will close my letter is getting long. Hope to see my letter in print.

"Boots" Gets a Home.

By Hiawatha Atwood, Aged 10 Years, Holdrege, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time a little shaggy dog ran along the street looking here and there trying to find somebody to follow home.

About noon he met a little girl about 6 years old. She had blue eyes and yellow, curly hair. When she saw him she said in a very sympathetic tone: "Come, little doggie, come with me home and I'll give you something to eat."

The little shaggy dog went home with her and got some nice sweet milk and a piece of bread. They named him "Boots." That is the way "Boots" got a home, and most of all a little playmate. I wish to join the Blue Side.

New Busy Bee.

By Dorothy Hall, Aged 9 Years, Norfolk, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have ever written. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. I wish to join the Blue Side. I hope my letter will escape the Waste Basket.

Lives on Farm.

By Dolores Zetter, Aged 11 Years, Fullerton, Neb. Blue Side.

I live on a farm two and a half miles from town. I have a brother and sister. My brother is eight years old and in the Fourth grade. My sister, Marie, is 13 years old and I am in the seventh grade. We take music lessons every Saturday. I like it very well. We have only one pet thing on the farm and that is a pig. He is getting quite large now. My papa

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mer I went on the route with him. It was very pleasant to ride in the cool breeze. I have not gone with him this summer, as we have had too much rain.

Kitty's Adventure.

By Catherine Dougherty, age 7 Street, Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side.

Doubtless you will think when I say KITTY, that I mean a small cat. Well, in one sense I do, but in another sense I mean a girl, myself. You see my name is Catherine, but my friends call me Kitty. This is the way my adventure came about.

It was about midnight, the hour of ghosts and goblins, when I awoke startled. What was that terrible noise? Was it a thunderstorm or a burglar? Still came the same discord of sounds, No, that was no storm.

I arose, slipped on my dress and stole downstairs. Suddenly I heard a crash, as if glass was being smashed. It kept me guessing whether it was a thunderstorm splintering the window or a burglar smashing the glass on the door. I stood, longing to go upstairs and cover my head under the blankets, but, too late for that now, so I crept to the parlor door, from whence the sounds came. The gleam of the candle reflected around. No sign of a burglar—but still the sounds.

Advancing, I saw the cat walking on the piano for all he was worth. On the floor lay the vase, which before had occupied the top of the piano, smashed to pieces. I therupon put the cat outdoors, and ran upstairs again. "Say, Sis," I began, "do you know what the sounds were?" I stopped upon discovering I was talking to empty air, for my sister was sweetly sleeping, blissful of the fact for that now, so I crept to the same door, and my adventure was soon forgotten in beautiful dreams.

About a Little Pig.

By Mary Finson, Aged 12 Years, Platte Center, Neb. Blue Side.

Once we had a little white pig. Its mother would not own it. It was very small and I brought it up to the house. I gave it some milk to drink. Then papa made a pen for it. I got a little straw and put it in the pen. I fed it three times a day. At noon it used to get out of the pen and come down to the house and squeal for feed. After it ate I took it back. When it got bigger papa took it down with the others. In about a year papa sold it. We got \$14 for it. It weighed 200 pounds.

An Accident.

By Leona Walter, Aged 3 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

One Saturday night my little niece and I were walking across the street when a team of horses ran over Charles, for that was her name. A man picked her up and carried her home for a couple of severe cuts. She has gone home now and is getting better.

Summer.

By Hazel Bull, Aged 11 Years, Millard, Neb. Red Side.

It is summer. Aren't you glad? With all its joyous fruit, an apples, cherries and all the rest. I cannot name them

Rides with Father.

By Gail Martin, Aged 4 Years, Tecumseh, Neb. Blue Side.

My papa is a rural free delivery carrier. He goes twenty-five miles every morning. When he takes the car he gets back to town about 10:30 in the morning. He is 38 years old and he has carried mail for ten years. Last summer

London Street Singer a Survivor of Arabic, Sunk by German Submarine

Among the saved passengers on the Arabic was a young English girl, known as Stella Carol, who had sung before Queen Mary and appeared in concert with Sir Boerbohn Tree, Sir George Alexander, Clara Butt and Orville Harold. She was to make a tour of the United States this winter under contract with Hugo Goerzick, the impresario, who brought Paderewski, Kubelick and Richard Strauss to this country.

The girl is 17 years old and her real name is Lillie Le Blond. On Christmas eve, 1910, Miss Amy Sherwin heard her singing Christmas carols in Hampstead street, London, to obtain money for a present for her mother. Miss Sherwin adopted the girl, with the parents' consent, to train her to be a singer and christened her prodigy Stella Carol.

After a year's training, the girl made her debut in Queen's Hall, London. In April, 1912, when she had made a successful appearance in the London Opera house, there came a command for her to sing before the queen.

"I am delighted with your voice and am very much pleased to think you have progressed so well," Queen Mary told her after the concert. "I think you have a great future before you and you have my best wishes for a prosperous career."

Dundee Children Who Presented "The Toy Shop"



STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT—RUTH BEARDSLEY, PAULINE JOHNSON, EVELYN PEIRONNET, RAE SWARTWOUT, JOSEPHINE HAMLIN, SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT—GERTRUDE PRAY, NYLE SPELLER, MARTHA ATKINSON, MADELINE PEIRONNET.

Camp Fire Girls Had Great Time at Summer Camp on the Farm

Campfire girls this summer enjoyed a fine outing at Summerhill farm, near Bennington, where all members of the three campfires in the city joined in the celebration of their peculiar observance. The photograph shows Miss Ruth Hatteroth, a member of Omaha campfire, as she appeared at Summerhill in the ceremonial robes of the organization.

Indian rites and customs are followed by the young misses on their outings and they found Summerhill an excellent setting. The broad fields, over which many an Indian had wandered when the farm was prairie, were just the places for little mysterious conclaves and for observances that a campfire girl only knows how to perform. Each head that is worn represents an "honor" secured by some outdoor feat, whether walking, running or other athletic endeavor, or by doing a thousand and one little offices in the home of a real practical character. In fact the campfire organization is intended to show the girl all the angles of right and healthy living and to bring her to the point where she comes in actual contact with realities of life well prepared for them. The girls make their own ceremonial robes and get a long string of honor beads for the labor. They weave out of beads the mysterious figured headbands they wear and the little trinkets of adornment that make the costume like those of real Indian maidens. The annual outings where they compare notes and count honors, are great affairs and memories of the council fires held then live long.

Miss Hatteroth is a graduate of the Eighth grade of Windsor school and will this year enter the High school.



Ruth Hatteroth in Camp Fire Ceremonial Robe

Cat Destroys Birds.

By Clara Ireland, Aged 11 Years, Craig, Neb. Blue Side.

What is better than to know the nature of the little birdies, which sing in the orchards and the meadows. These birds build their nests in trees and the waving grass. There once was a nest which we watched very closely. First one little egg came into the nest, then two and then three. A little bird sat on the nest day by day.

In about two weeks a little we birdie came to see this big world, then two and then three little birdies. They grew and grew and soon there was a big nest full. I went to the nest one day and just two little birdies kept growing larger. But soon an old cat came to visit them before they could fly and the nest was bare where the birdies once lay.

Falls Off Calf.

By Mamie Bereck, Aged 11 Years, Osceola, Neb. Red Side.

It is always my work to herd the cows and as I suppose you know, I do not like it. One day I thought I would take a ride, so I jumped on one of our calves. The calf ran so fast that when it got half way down the pasture it turned around in such a hurry that I fell off, but was not hurt.

GERMAN ARTS ACADEMY RETAINS FOREIGN MEMBERS

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These include, in applied arts, Leon Bonnat, director of L'Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and Auguste Rodin; Jules Lagae, a Brussels sculptor; the Flemish artist Emile Wauters, now living in Paris; Frank Brangwyn, the Belgian-English artist and Walter William Cullens of London. Italy is represented by the painter Francesco Paolo Michetti and the sculptor Giulio Monteverde. Among the musicians are Enrico Rossi and Puccini of Italy, Charles Villier Stanford of London and Charles-Marie Widor of Paris.

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Their Own Page

Little Incurable Boy in Hospital Gets Joy from Pair of Binoculars

Here is Freddie Smith watching the ships in New York harbor from the top of Kings County hospital.

Freddie always wanted to be a sea captain, and now that he is dying his greatest happiness is to watch the ships in the bay from the roof of the hospital where he is under the care of physicians for tuberculosis of the spine.

He has spent hours in picturing the joys of a seafaring life, and loved to watch the ships from the roof of the building. But they looked so small from such a distance that Freddie could only make out those nearest the shore. A kind lady heard of his predicament and has presented the little lad with a pair of fine binoculars, which he now uses to bring the big vessels up close.

Freddie's mother, Mrs. Smith by name, is a scrub woman, and can only see Freddie once a week, but Freddie maintains he is not lonesome. "I have so many kind ladies who come to see me," he said. Then he added, wistfully, "Oh, the doctors say I am going to get well, but I know I am not. They can't fool me. Fact is, I think I am going to die pretty soon, don't you?" he queried to his visitor, who felt a tightening in her throat. Little Freddie has been an invalid since birth, but no happier child has ever been under the doctors' care in the hospital.



FREDDIE SMITH

Stories of Nebraska History

BY A. E. SHELDON

The Mormon Cow

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

In the early days the Sioux Indians of the plains were firm friends of the white people. The first traders among them were welcomed as brothers. They left their goods piled in the open air in flat villages and found them safe on their trails. The white men who made the first trails across Nebraska often found food and shelter with the Sioux. The early emigrant trail wound for 400 miles through the heart of the Sioux country. Over it went white men, singly and in companies, with ox-wagons, on foot, and pushing wheelbarrows, and no harm came to them from the Sioux.

All this was changed in a single day. The Sioux became the fierce and bloody foes of the white men. War with the Sioux nation lasted thirty years. It cost thousands of lives and millions of dollars. The cause of this bloody war was a lame Mormon cow.

On the 17th of August, 1854, a party of Mormon emigrants on their way to Great Salt Lake were toiling along the Oregon trail in the valley of the North Platte. They were in what was then Nebraska territory, but is now about forty miles beyond the Nebraska state line and eight miles east of Fort Laramie, Wyo. A great camp of thousands of Indians stretched for miles along the overland trail. They were the Brule, Ojibwa and Minneconjou bands—the whole Sioux nation on the plain—and were gathered to receive the goods which the United States had promised to pay them for the road through their land.

Behind the train of Mormon wagons lagged a lame cow driven by a man. When near the Brule Sioux camp something scared the cow. She left the road and ran directly into the Sioux camp. The man ran after her, but stopped after a few steps, fearing to follow her alone into a camp of so many Indians. He turned back to the overland trail and followed after the wagons, leaving the lame cow to visit the Sioux.

In the Brule camp was a young Sioux from the Minneconjou, or Shooters-in-the-Mist, band. These were wilder than the other Sioux. The young Minneconjou killed the lame cow and his friends helped to eat her.

The next day the Mormon emigrants stopped at Fort Laramie and complained to the commander there that they had lost their cow. On the morning of August 19, Lieutenant Grattan and twenty-nine men with two cannon were sent from the fort to the Brule camp after the young Indian who had killed the cow. Lieutenant Grattan was a young man from Vermont, barely 23 years old, who had no experience with Indians.

The great chief among the Sioux at that time was named the Bear. He had a talk with the lieutenant and said he would try to get the young Minneconjou to give himself up. It was a great disgrace for a free Indian of the plains to be taken to prison and the friends of the cow killer would not let him go. The Bear then tried to have Lieutenant Grattan go back to the fort and let him bring the young Minneconjou later. The lieutenant ordered his soldiers to run the two cannon to the top of a little mound, to point them on the Brule camp, and told the Bear that he would open fire if the cow killer was not given up at once. Pointing to the thousands of Indians, men, women and children, who were spread over the valley as far as the eye could see, the Bear said, "These are all my people. Young man you must be crazy," and walked toward his lodge, while his warriors began to get their guns and bows. A moment later the two cannon and a volley of muskets were fired at the Sioux camp. The Bear was killed. A storm of Sioux bullets and arrows cut down Lieutenant Grattan and his men before they had time to reload their guns.

The Sioux camp went wild. The death of the Bear, the taste of white man's blood set them crazy. Warriors mounted their ponies and rode about the field. The squaws tore down the tepees and packed them for flight. Some one called out to the Indians to take their goods which were in a storehouse near a trader's post waiting for the United States officer who was coming to distribute them. The Sioux burst into the storehouse, tumbled the goods from the shelves, piled them on their ponies. There were two traders near by who were married to Indian women. Their friends hurried them out of sight to keep them from being killed by the furious warriors. Before sundown the Indians were riding over the northern ridges by thousands, carrying away their plunder. They buried the Bear wrapped in richest buffalo robes in a high pine tree near the Niobrara river. From this burial the lands scattered over Nebraska, Wyoming and Dakota, urging Indians everywhere to kill the white men and to drive them from the country. Thus the Sioux war began.

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