

The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers

The Boys' Working Reserve at Work

By Frederic J. Haskin

It is difficult to isolate that particular sense which signifies to us the change in Mother Nature's moods. Have you ever stopped to analyze just what it is that first tells you that the advent of the Autumn season is here?

Is it the eyes which first notes the coloring of the leaves and the landscape in general? Is it the golden sunsets and harvest fields, sunflowers, or the cat tails the country roads bedecked with goldenrod?

Is it because you hear the rustling of the fallen leaves under your feet, you miss the robin's cheery note and in place of it hear the wild ducks flying overhead?

Perhaps it is the sense of feeling when the first frosty wind brushes and pinks your cheeks, or is it the smell of burning bonfires and the apple cider?

The greedy little squirrels scamper across your path while hoarding up their store of acorns for their winter supply, and give us assurances that they too have caught the significance of nature's mood.

Our perceptions have registered the change and we are filled with new energy and ardor for new accomplishments. The crisp air has proved the best kind of a tonic.

Have you been on any tramps in the woods or to any picnics where you cook your food over a campfire? The early morning is a splendid time for outdoor excursions. Some Saturday when there are no studies to occupy your thoughts, arrange to take a hike and cook your breakfast by the roadside, true gypsy fashion. Take along a basket and gather nuts, haws, or berries if perchance there are any to be found.

Have you any pictures of your vacation trips or of your little friends playing soldier? One group of Busy Bees in Omaha has a regular company of boys who march every evening between 7 and 8, imitating their big brothers who are in the army. One little girl spends most of her time knitting for her dolls which have taken on a military appearance of late. She is practicing up on her dolls so that later on she can make warm mufflers for the soldiers going to France.

Margaret Towle of the Red side won the prize last week, Viola Diedrickson of the Blue and Hazel Ryan of the Red side won honorable mention.

BUSY BEE WITH THREE PET KITTENS



DOROTHY HALL.

This is to introduce little Dorothy Hall and her pet kittens, Pinky, Bluey and Snowball. Dorothy is 11 years old and lives in Norfolk, Neb., where she has just recently moved from Aurora, Ill. For the history of their lives you must read Dorothy's letter on our page today.

can tell you that when we went home we were burned so badly that we could hardly walk.

We were sick the next two days and were burned so badly that we could hardly stand a sheet on us. But after two days we were well again, except that I could not walk straight or could not put my arms out straight. After a while we were all right and had learned a good lesson.

The Pet Kittens.

By Dorothy Hall, Age 11 Years, 1109 Prospect Avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Blue Side.

I am sending a picture of myself and my kittens, and I shall tell how we found them.

One cold morning in April mamma went out to the broom closet in our flat at Aurora, Ill. And what do you think she found? Why, five little kittens, but three were dead. We have kept them until now. They are quite large.

When we came back from the east our car was loaded, so we left them with a friend, who sent them soon afterwards.

Their names are Pinky and Bluey. We named them that because one's nose is pink and the other one's is blue. The little kitten in the middle is our friend's kitten, Snowball.

Last week we went away to the park at Long Pine and left them home. We had a little neighbor girl feed them. I think they did not like it very well. When they first came here they were afraid of the grass, because we lived on the third floor at Aurora and they did not go downstairs. You should have seen how they would spit and growl at the grass.

This is the second time I have written.

A Quaker's Stroke.

Hazel Prange, Aged 8 Years, 5004 Cass Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a Quaker on board an American trading vessel, when a French ship came up and opened battle, everyone on board the Quaker fought desperately for their lives.

The Quaker with his hands clasped behind his back walked calmly and quietly up and down the deck in the midst of all the bullets. At last a Frenchman jumped on board to lead the French. The Quaker slipped up behind him, put his arms around his waist and threw him overboard.

Has Read Page Three Years.

Eva Adams, Aged 13 Years, Wolbach, Neb. Blue Side.

I have been a reader of this page for three years and like it fine. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade at school. I would like to be a member of this page and be on the blue side.

I hope you Busy Bees will write to me and I will answer every letter. I will write again.

My Visit to Chicago.

Howard Anderson, Aged 10 Years, 2409 South Sixteenth Street, Blue Side.

Once I visited my aunt in Chicago which is a much larger city than Omaha. They have elevated street

Little Tots' Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (Sept. 17):

Name School
Brust, Florence E. . . . Monmouth Pk. Loomoore, Grace E. . . . Castelar
Lorgren, Loraine Saunders
Taylor, Marvin J. Druid Hill
Wilson, Alice G. Sacred Heart

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Berliner, Ruth Park
Harris, Clifford Kellom
Jackson, Myrna Lake
Myers, Thomas R. Holy Mary
Procopio, Samuel Mason
Shaanhan, William St. Mary's
Sigmom, Ernest Windsor
Wallace, Bernice Hawthorne
Wilhelm, Wilbur C. Dundee

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:

Heck, Bridget St. Joseph's
Kiskicki, Frances Highland
Kuchoro, Eileen Lake
Shonquist, Elwin Miller Park
Sofia, Mary Train
Tallman, Marjorie Saratoga
Wigton, Margaret R. Castelar

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

Holz, Victor Clifton Hill
Rampeck, Albert Dupont
Robinson, Arthur Lake
Welch, Lawrence F. St. Peter's

cars that run above the house tops. I was very much frightened the first time I rode on them for fear they might run off the rails.

It was a very nice walk to Jackson park from where my aunt lived. We used to go down there most every day. There were a lot of people bathing in Lake Michigan. My brother and I had a ride in a motor boat around the lagoon. We also visited White City, which was very beautiful at night. We went to Lincoln park and saw all the animals and birds. Then we went home.

Three Generations Knit.

By Lyle Baird, Aged 11 Years, Wolbach, Neb. Red Side.

The Red Cross of Wolbach is knitting for our soldiers. I am going to knit a scarf, mamma a sweater and grandma socks. We must all help. I also write to some of the soldier boys that may be called to Deming, N. M.

I did not get to write you as soon as I ought to have as I was in Fremont and on my uncle's farm visiting.

A Model Man.

Adam, the first, was a man of lovable disposition and a model husband, so I am informed by the records of early events. Never once in the recollection of his biographers did he speak ill of his beloved soulmate in the presence of human company, and, according to those who were let into his exclusive confidence and were able to know all his private affairs, he never kicked on her cooking nor growled at her housework. Whether she wore her nose high-out or low in the neck was a matter of little or no concern to him so long as she was respectfully attired in the fashion of the period. And when she got tired from the Palm Garden for nibbling apples without someone's consent Adam did sneak off to Reno, as husbands do today, to apply for a divorce. No, he sat aside his overall, threw up his job and went out with the little lady like a little man. That was the kind of a sapsap he was—Carletons Magazine.

FEATURING PEARL WHITE

THE FATAL RING :: :: :: **FEATURING PEARL WHITE**

Written by George B. Seitz and Fred Jackson and Produced by Astra Film Corporation Under Direction of Mr. Seitz



Synopsis. **"THE FATAL RING."** Episode 11.

Near Standish Pearl White
Nicholas Knox Earl Fess
Richard Carlisle Warren Oland
High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Tom Carleton Henry Gosell
Miraculously, Pearl escaped death in the explosion that destroyed the mountain cabin. Extricating herself from the ruins, she found the "Spider" unconscious and managed to half drag, half carry him to a nearby stream, where she splashes water upon him until he recovered. Then she returned to look for Tom among the wreckage. His watch and chain presently turned up, proving to her that he had been killed. Opening his watch-case, she found her own picture where formerly his sister's picture had been, and she threw herself down, half fainting, among the debris.

There, the forest constabulary found her and as an Arab spy looked

from the bushes—they carried her back with them to their camp.

In the meantime, the Arabs had encamped further up in the mountains and in solemn conclave had determined that Tom should die at sundown. They set to work at once to prepare the altar, but during preparations, the High Priestess was bitten by a poisonous weed-spider, and saved just in the nick of time by Tom, who formed a tourniquet out of a stick, a stone and his handkerchief, sucked the poison out of the wound and cauterized it with the heated blade of his pen-knife.

The High Priestess, indebted to him for her life, offered to do him any service that would render his remaining hours on earth more happy. At that moment, the Arab spy arrived with news of Pearl's rescue. Tom asked the Priestess to send Pearl word where he was.

The Priestess took advantage of Graving's love for her to send him

with the message, promising him her love if he served her. Graving set off to notify Pearl of Tom's approaching death.

Meanwhile, under orders from the "Spider," a member of his band named "Sapper" had obtained entrance to Carlisle's house, passing himself off as a telephone inspector.

By connecting the telephone wires with the electric light circuit, Sapper contrived to shoot electricity through Carlisle to render him temporarily out of the running, obtained possession of the diamond and set off with it for Pearl's camp.

Carlisle's housekeeper, in attempting to prevent Sapper's escape, obtained his coat and in it, his instructions. Accordingly as soon as he had recovered, Carlisle followed to the mountains.

The Sapper delivered the diamond and a moment later, Graving informed Pearl of Tom's whereabouts. But on the way through the woods, Graving

had met Carlisle and had arranged for Pearl to be ambushed. He was jealous of Tom and did not want him to be rescued.

Pearl set out to obtain aid for Tom and was held up by Carlisle, who got the diamond. Returning, she met the foresters, who rode with her to save Tom.

Then Pearl started after Carlisle, who meant to catch the night train for town. Missing the train at the station, Pearl confiscated a motor car, raced the train to a spot where a bridge ran over the tracks, and from the bridge, leaped to the top of the moving train.

All unaware of her nearness, Carlisle set comfortably in the rear car. Pearl covered him with her revolver, and demanded the diamond, but just as Carlisle was about to hand it over, he observed his lieutenant creeping on Pearl from the rear with a drawn stiletto and he signalled for the fellow to strike.

Washington, Sept. 13.—The first campaign of the United States boys' working reserve has been a great success.

A couple of months ago the secretary of labor, co-operating with the Council of National Defense, and a number of patriotic public-spirited citizens in civil life established the United States boys' working reserve. The object was to mobilize the boys of America between the ages of 16 and 21 for productive work in war time.

There are between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 boys between the ages of 16 and 21 in the United States. Authoritative statistics show that at least 2,000,000 of these boys are either idle or change their occupation during the summer months. The boys' working reserve deals primarily with these lads. While the intention of the reserve is to enroll them for industry as well as for agriculture, the most important problem pressing during the early summer following the starting of the movement was, of course, the supplying of boys to the farm.

There is always a shortage of labor on the American farm, and until this systematic mobilization of the boys of the nation had been effected, the problem seemed practically insoluble.

The reserve has been working quietly through the different state organizations and other organized bodies handling boys and young men, such as the State Councils of Defense, the Young Men's Christian association, the Boy Scouts, the Boys' Club federation, the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Labor. William E. Hall, a lawyer and business man of New York City, who has been working for years in establishing and maintaining boys' clubs in New York City and who was associated with Herbert C. Hoover in the work of Belgian relief, is national director of the boys' working reserve.

The great war, it is now universally recognized, must be fought, and probably will be won, on food. In the end the mightiest conflict seemingly to be decided not by armies of men or piles of munitions, but by the quantity of food which is on hand for the final drive.

It occurred to Mr. Hall and others identified with this movement that the thousands of older school and college boys could be used on the farms to take the places of the thousands who, allured by the offers of higher salaries and wages, had left the fields for work in the factories. A great shortage of labor was threatened and the crops seemed certain to remain in large proportion ungarnered. It was decided to appeal to the boys of the nation. And the appeal was answered royally.

Reports from all over the country indicate that thousands of boys have responded patriotically to the call of their country, and they have been making good on the farms. The farmers who were at first prejudiced against city boys are now singing their praises.

Eighty boys in Arizona spent five weeks chopping and thinning cotton wood to the extent of 1,000 acres. They earned \$3,600, out of which they paid \$1,500 for board, leaving them a net of \$2,100, or about \$15 apiece. They had their own camps and their own officers (teachers in the Phoenix High school with some agricultural experience) and the camp discipline, on a strictly military basis, is reported to have been excellent. But they went without any sordid motive and their profit has been exceptional.

The state director of the reserve in Nebraska, Mr. F. H. McKee, reports that his boys adopted the slogan "Nebraska's Corn Crop in the Crib by Christmas." In Maine the boys have been digging potatoes in Aroostook county and their work has been good "beyond our most sanguine hopes. Not one of them wanted to quit."

Another comment from Maine is interesting. It is from Portland and is to the effect that "after a couple of weeks' work, the boys are able to do very nearly as much and as good work as the average hired man."

A Long Island farmer wrote to the state organizer: "There is only one suggestion I have to make: Send as many more boys as you can." A report from the reserve leader in Connecticut says that "time and time again farmers who were slow in accepting members of the reserve are now asking for more and more help of that kind, and wondering why the state enrolling officer doesn't find it for them."

One New York state boy refused a salary of \$90 a month in a factory to work on the farm for \$30 a month because he felt he could be of more service to his country by so doing. Another boy from a western state wrote home: "The work is hard, but I enjoy it more than school and I am getting used to it."

Tell the other fellows it is no cinch on the farm, but if you are willing to work hard, the farm is the place."

One boy in West Virginia with a broken leg wrote: "Please advise me if I can go in the reserve when I get able. I have a leg broken and will be able to work in about two months. I want to do my part in the war."

One New Jersey boy, rejected by the navy because of poor eyesight, wrote: "I wish to do some for my country in the way of farm work."

A Wisconsin boy, a high school graduate, declared that he is "willing to do any work, go anywhere, for any time and at any price," and added that he wants to "begin at the earliest possible moment."

President Wilson has called on the young men of the nation to serve their country by joining the United States boys' working reserve. He declares that it is the patriotic duty of every young man between 16 and 21 not now employed to devote his spare time to some productive work and help support the nation in the present crisis. The letter containing the president's appeal was addressed to Secretary of Labor Wilson, under whom the reserve operates.

The service of these young men to their country, however, the president says, should be without interrupting their studies at school. He expresses the hope that all the eligible will fit themselves by training and study for good citizenship and productive service."

It is a certainty that the boys of the United States will respond to the call when they are made to understand that their country really needs them. Thousands of them during the

last summer have shown what they can do, once their American spirit and their enthusiasm is aroused. Thousands of city boys, unaccustomed to hard work and unused to farm life, went out on the farms all over the country and "made good." They convinced prejudiced farmers that scoffing theorists that the city boy can be of practical use on a farm. Imbued with a new spirit—the spirit of '17—the boys went at their work with determination to win. They put on jeans, rolled up their sleeves and pitched in with a will. The letters from satisfied farmers singing the praises of city boys as helpers show how successful was the beginning made this summer by the United States boys' working reserve.

The Secret of Mirrors And Whence They Come

They say that a man's first thought on entering a room is, "Where is there a place to sit down?" but a woman's first thought is, "Where is there a mirror?"

Whether that has always been man's first thought is difficult to state, but it doubtless has been woman's from time immemorial, for from time immemorial there have been mirrors.

It is only since the beginning of the sixteenth century that mirrors have been used as articles of household furniture and decoration and there are few women of the present day who do not realize and make use of the artistic value in adorning their homes.

The mirrors of antiquity were principally of bronze, highly polished and about the size of an ordinary hand mirror. They were usually provided with a handle and sometimes were mounted on a stand. The principal feature of these ancient mirrors was the design incised on the back. They belong to the period about 400 to 500 B. C.

During the middle ages, from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century, pocket mirrors or small hand mirrors carried at the girdle were considered a necessary part of a lady's toilet.

The pocket mirrors were small circular pieces of polished metal fastened in a circular box and covered with a lid. These mirror cases were made of the costliest of materials and were oftentimes lavishly decorated with jewels. The mirrors carried at the belt had not cases, but were provided with short handles.

The method of backing glass with metal for mirrors was well known in the middle ages, though steel and silver mirrors were almost exclusively used. Small convex glass mirrors were made in southern Germany before the beginning of the sixteenth century, but it was in Venice that the making of glass mirrors on a commercial scale was first developed.

The Venetians guarded their secret jealously and for about a century and a half that enterprising republic enjoyed the monopoly of the manufacture. By their statutes any glass maker carrying his art into a foreign country was ordered to return under pain of imprisonment to his nearest relatives and if he disobeyed this command he was followed and slain.

Notwithstanding these circumstances, the knowledge leaked into France and French mirrors soon excelled in quality the Venetian products.

From then on the secret of mirror making became generally known and soon spread to other countries.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rapier Tongue of Kitchener of Khartum

"I don't know when he is most terrifying," a nervous young officer once complained of Lord Kitchener, "when he looks and says nothing at all or when he doesn't seem to notice and you think everything's going off all right and then all of a sudden he whips out his tongue and runs you through with it!"

Both the eye and tongue of Kitchener of Khartum engaged the great soldier, so tragically lost in the Hamshshire, were indeed terrible weapons when directed at either the inefficient or the self-sufficient. Arouse a personality so striking as that of "K. of K." so many stories gather that it is difficult to distinguish fact from fable, but, indeed, fable is often scarcely less illustrative of the fundamental truth than fact. The ruthlessness of Kitchener's sarcasm has probably been exaggerated; its effectiveness has not.

"It is not certain, although it is widely believed, that during the Boer war he "squashed" the self-improvement of an ineffective leader of a column after the following manner. The officer had several slight engagements with the enemy and after each wired optimistically to his chief that "during the action a number of Boers were seen to fall from their saddles. Kitchener became annoyed and received a few more similar messages after he had politely telegraphed: "I hope when the Boers fell they did not hurt themselves."

But there is little doubt, in view of his intolerance of "pull" and favoritism, that he really sent another and more nearly sarcastic telegram. A nobleman, whose son was serving in the yeomanry, desired the youth's presence at a game for a wedding ball or some other important social event. Counting on his rank an social importance, he ventured to telegraph the commander: "Please allow my son return at once; urgent family reasons."

Kitchener replied promptly: "Son cannot return at all; urgent military reasons."

In another instance, popularly narrated, the snub was administered to the presumptuous noble by word of mouth. A subaltern of exalted family had been sent out to join his staff in Africa and made the mistake of remembering his social and forgetting his military rank. He made the amazing error of addressing his chief as "Kitchener." The other officers were aghast and looked for a quick and stern reproof. Instead "K. of K." drew nonchalantly: "Oh, why so beastly formal with me? Why don't you call me Herbert?"—Youth's Companion.

Next to Nothing.

A commercial traveler "while enroute through the south relates this of a darkey's purchase of cheese from the local store: "How, how much is er nikel's worth of dat cheese?"

"Can't sell a nikel's worth. Sam; it's too high."

"Right; it's me for a dime's worth, captain."

The storekeeper cut a thin slice, and the darkey remarked: "Wh, oh! You-all party never missed it, didn't you, captain?"—Everybody's Magazine.