

The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers--Their Own Page

WITH three happy, carefree months of vacation now in the background and nine months of school ahead, our Busy Bees once more find themselves adjusted to another phase of life.

At present you are occupied adjusting yourselves to new teachers, new class rooms, new subjects of study, and, in many instances, different playmates.

In order to discover just what you are all doing to help Uncle Sam and to give those of us who are in a quandary as to just what to do to help, we are going to have another prize contest.

Send in your letters any time before October 15 and tell all your little friends about it, too.

Uncle Sam is relying on the junior patriots of the country to do great things for him during the war. Your fathers and mothers are doing their share, but if you relieve them of the simplest tasks which you are capable of accomplishing, they will have more time free for the bigger ones.

Above all, don't forget our prize contest, but think at once what you are doing or planning to do this winter, and then write us.

Pansy Shirley wins the prize this week and Virginia Fitchett and Margaret Hartwell, all of the Red side, win honorable mention.

FORT CROOK BUSY BEE WATCHES SOLDIERS



Vera Steele, 10 years old.

Many little girls, and big girls, too, would envy little Vera Steele, only 10 years old. Vera lives on the first farm this side of Fort Crook, but in these stirring days at the post, you can well imagine she spends most of her time there watching the interesting proceedings.

Every day she hears the regimental band playing and watches the men at drill. The army children are her playmates and those who have been stationed at different posts with their officer-fathers have many new things to tell Vera.

Vera celebrated her tenth birthday only Tuesday of last week, for which event her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Steele arranged a very pretty little birthday party for Vera and the children of the post.

white feet and a white crescent mark on one shoulder. It was black all but the white places. He was very gentle for her to ride to school.

Sometimes she rode him to town and back. When it was vacation she let him run on the pasture for a long time. One day her father was going to the train to get her cousin, and bring him down to the farm. When he came he saw the pony and wanted to ride him.

The little girl knew the pony was frisky. When her cousin got on the pony he began to buck with him. The pony is still frisky. This is my first story to The Bee. I am always glad when The Bee funnies come.

I like to read the Busy Bee page very much and wish the Busy Bee would write to me.

Wins Prizes Often. Edward Bourbeau, Aged 14 Years, 317 North First Street, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red Side.

I am writing to you for the first time. I am in the Eighth grade and I

like school very much. I have written many stories in school and I often get first prize. I like to read the stories that the Busy Bees write, and next time I'll write you my first story which I hope to see in print. I would like to join the Red Side.

Swimming.

By Florence Seward, Aged 11 Years, 1634 Victor Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

How many Busy Bees can swim? I can. At the beginning of the summer vacation every day we went down to Carter lake. The first few weeks I just paddled around in the water, for I was afraid if I got in deep water I would be carried away. I did not believe the water wings would hold me up. One day a fat woman put them on. I was watching her and I thought if she could stay above water surely I could.

So I took the wings and jumped in deep water. I lay on my stomach and started paddling. I did not move very far, though I kicked my feet as hard as I could. Then I lay flat on my stomach and found I could move. One day I determined to try swimming without them and I succeeded. This is how I did it. I moved around a little while in the water, took a deep breath and plunged in and started to stroke. The first time I sank, but, as I held my breath, it did not hurt me. I am not an expert swimmer, of course, but I intend to be when I grow bigger. Papa says it is always best to know how to swim, in case of danger on the water. I can float, too. I am sending in my vote for Helen Crabb as the new queen. Her stories are very interesting and she is a faithful contributor to our page. I will close, hoping she is elected.

The Three-Cent Piece.

By Ernestine Henry, Aged 11 Years, Tekamah, Neb. Red Side.

When papa was 8 years old he came to Nebraska. On the seat back of him there was a woman. Papa was so restless that the woman told him if he would say, "Here she goes and there she goes," for five minutes she would give him a piece of money. So when the five minutes were up she gave him a piece of money. It was a 3-cent piece.

He sent it to his grandmother in Michigan. When my sister was born she sent it back and papa gave it to my sister.

When she got married she gave it back to papa and he gave it to me. Papa is 53 years old now. This is a true story.

I hope to see my story in print and would like to win the prize some time.

My Summer Vacation.

By Harriet Fleishman, Aged 10 Years, 307 West Sixth Street, North Platte, Neb. Blue Side.

Who's school let out we motored down to Omaha from North Platte, to stay a week or so, but where I live, in our car. I only ex-

When mother left for home she said I could stay a little longer with my aunts. I have been having a grand time. Five parties were given for me and I am going to one Friday

Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (Sept. 10):

- Name: School: Aletta, Sara.....Pacific Boicourt, Kenneth.....Lowell Fildom, Sebastiana.....Holy Family Fitzgerald, Ruth.....St. Bridget's Impey, Dorothy Helen.....Columbian McConnell, Jesse H.....Brown Park Nielsen, Betty May.....Beals Straw, Ruth.....Central Tortell, Luella May.....Train Wichert, Helen.....Saratoga

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

- Anderson, Howard W.....Park Mann, Isadore.....Cass Montgomery, Clifford.....Dundas Peets, Ruth.....St. Mary's Murphy, Mildred.....Miller Park Runic, David.....Lake Saunders, Ruth N.....Lake Shawcross, Minnie, Monmouth Park Woodard, George.....Lothrop Ziglar, Stella.....West Side

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:

- Othmer, Marion R.....Central Park Nine Years Old Tomorrow: Antonick, Drella.....Immaculate Con. Moraine, Tressa.....Lake Pinkerton, Charles.....Druid Hill Tomaskiewicz, Stella.....St. Francis

and have gone out to other places. I intend to go home soon, for school starts September 10. Well, my letter is getting long, so I will close.

A Robin's Nest.

By Mildred Langhord, Aged 9 Years, Fontenelle, Neb. Red Side.

This is my first letter. I go to school and am in the Fifth grade. I would like to join the Red Side.

One day a robin built a nest in our maple tree. It kept carrying twigs and string. In a few days it sat in the nest and laid eggs. In three weeks it had three little birds.

I fed the bird every day. One fall it flew away and I never saw it again.

Visiting with Sister.

By Belva Tipple, Aged 12 Years, Fremont Hospital, Fremont, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bee's page. I read the stories one week and I liked them very much. I am going to tell you of my trip to my sister on Christmas in 1916.

My mother and I were at a girls' boarding school at Camden Point, Mo. At Christmas time we had a vacation, so we packed our suitcases and were off for Lincoln, Neb.

We started about 9:30 in the morning for St. Joseph, Mo., and there we took the train for Lincoln.

We got there about 6:30 in the evening and my two brothers, sister and brother-in-law were there to meet us.

During a week's vacation at my sister's we had a fine visit and the following week we went to my grand-

ma's at Tabor, Ia., for a short stay and then we went home and got down to business.

Writes Poems for Page.

By Lloyd Pettygrove, Aged 13 Years, Oxford, Neb. Red Side.

This is the second time I have written to the Busy Bee page. I saw my poem in print last time and was very much pleased. I have here enclosed another poem it has been written and hope to see it in print:

THE SEASONS.

I (Winter). Hurrah for winter and old Jack Frost! The leaves and the flowers all are lost; The ground is covered with ice and snow And old North Wind his strength will show.

II (Spring).

But after that will come the spring; The bees and birds buzz and sing; Violets and daisies begin to peep, Just waking up from a winter's sleep.

III (Summer).

Now comes the days of frolic and fun; We all go swimming, every one, In pond or river, stream or lake, And tending the garden with hoe and rake.

IV (Autumn).

Pumpkins and apples in store, In yellow heaps on the cellar floor, But this is the part of the rhyme, The turkey for Thanksgiving time.

A Bad Hurt.

By Frederik Bird, 824 D Street, Fairbury, Neb. Red Side.

One day we decided to go to the Rod and Gun club. I live in Fairbury, I am visiting Omaha. We were playing in the dance hall and I ran into the fence around the hall. I cut a deep gash in my eyebrow. A doctor's son took me to the doctor in his auto. He put four clips on for stitches and it got well in about a month.

Two Visitors One Night.

By Bess Sweetie, Aged 13 Years, Springfield, Neb. Red Side.

One night this summer we had all gone to bed when a car stopped in front of our place about 11 o'clock. A soldier was in the car. He came and knocked on our front door. Mama got up and asked him what he wanted. He had run out of gasoline and wanted to know if he could get some. It happened that there wasn't a drop in the tank. So he telephoned up to a place in Springfield to some people he knew. He asked them if they would get some one to bring some gasoline out to our place. He was after deserters in the army. He got one deserter that day and took him to Lincoln.

While he was waiting our chickens began to squawk. He wanted to know what was after them. We did not know either. For quite a while before that something had been getting our chickens every night. He rushed

out of the back door and ran up to the chicken house as fast as he could. Mama lighted the lantern and went too. He told her to hurry and get the gun for it was a large skunk. Before he could get the gun the skunk was gone. My brother shot the skunk afterwards in the chicken house. It had two chickens behind a box. This is a true story that happened on the Fourth of July evening.

No One Like Mother.

By Margaret L. Crosby, Aged 15 Years, Sutherland, Neb. Blue Side.

When I was young they used to tell That I was just the worst kind; They tried to teach me how to read and spell, But they couldn't make me mind.

One day mother sent me to the store. But I didn't want to go, Though I knew it was my chore, And walked along so slow, Because I didn't want to mind.

Here in the pen was our old goose, Who always winked and blinked; I did not know that she was loose Nor even was she linked.

But now I'm almost getting gray And no one seems to care for me. There in the grave my mother lay. If I could only be That same sweet boy of mother's, But then, she wouldn't make me mind.

And now I dream of mother, When she tried to make me mind. There is no one as mother That was so dear and kind.

She tried so very hard To make me what I am, And now my brain is marred With mother's kind and gentle words, "You mustn't," But they couldn't make me mind.

British Merchant Marine Carries Men and Munitions (Correspondence of The Associated Press.) London, Aug. 1.—The British merchant marine has carried successfully to their destinations 8,000,000 men and 10,000,000 tons of war material, said Commander Dion Thorp recently, describing the work done by the navy.

In six months of last year only one in a thousand ships passing through Dover patrol had been sunk or damaged.

Up to January of this year not a life had been lost in the transport of men from this country to France.

In the course of the war 1,000,000 sick and wounded men had been transported to this country, more than 1,000,000 horses and mules, 50,000,000 gallons of petrol, 100,000,000 hundred-weights of wheat and 7,000,000 tons of iron ore.

Referring to submarines he said there were a great many German widows and orphans who doubted the success of the U-boat. There were many women in Germany whose husbands did not come back.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story.) Has Bad Experience.

By Pansy Bulah Shirley, Aged 10, Maxwell, Neb., Box 103, Red Side.

I have not written for a long time. You honey makers may think I am dead or on a trip. No, here I am in your page.

One day as we were crossing the river with a team we got stuck right in the middle of the water.

The tug broke, we were sinking in the sand; we had the rack with some heavy wood and iron on.

Guy got out in the river and hunted for the tug. He found it and fixed it on the harness. The next thing that happened was when the singletree was lost. We could not find it. Finally we had to hitch the other team on.

I was frightened. When we got out I was very glad. When we were coming back the hind end of the rack was going down the stream.

We have a car. Its name is Maxwell. I will close. Goodbye.

(Honorable Mention.) Has Hen and Chicks.

By Margaret Hartwell, Aged 9 Years, McClelland, Ia. Red Side.

One day my brother and I were playing around the hog shed and I happened to see a hen inside. I went in where she was and saw some little chickens looking out from under her.

I went to the house and got mamma to come and see them and we found the old hen had seven chickens. We put them in a chicken coop and

Rules for Young Writers

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. 6. A photo will be given each week for the best contribution.

Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

they are about 2 weeks old. Mama gave them to me. They are lively little chicks.

(Honorable Mention.) Buys Pony for Her.

By Virginia Fitchett, Aged 9 Years, Hamburg, Ia., Route 3, Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl in the yard playing. She was a very kind little girl. She loved horses and stories. One day she asked her father if he would buy a pony for her. Her father said: "I will try to find a pony for you tomorrow." That made the little girl very, very happy. When the little girl's father came home the next night he told her that he had bought a little pony.

Then she was happier than ever. They named the pony Pat, because it was born on St. Patrick's day. It was a very pretty pony. It had all

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



had made her escape from Carslake's headquarters. Triumphantly, she showed them the diamond ere placing it in a case on the table. She had no sooner laid the stone aside than the butler announced the High Priestess. The High Priestess curiously demanded the diamond. Pearl instantly agreed to give it up and turned to the table to do so.

While the car is on the ferry in the middle of the river an aeroplane appears overhead, attracting the attention of the Arabs who were guarding him, and thus giving Tom his chance for escape. Throwing the guard with the gun over his head, Tom planted his feet firmly on the accelerator and the gearshift and sent the car hurtling through the ferry-gate into the water. But just as the car started Tom jumped.

The car sank only the High Priestess and two Arabs escaping death. They were picked up. No sign of Tom was to be seen. But he had been playing possum and swam to shore on the Jersey side some distance from the pier.

Phoning Pearl, he got permission to hide at her camp in the Adirondacks. Immediately afterward the cook attracted Pearl's attention by pursuing her white macaw for stealing her spectacles. At Pearl's suggestion the bird was allowed to hide the glasses, whereupon the hiding place was searched and the violet diamond found. The bird had carried it off, as birds of that sort will carry off anything that shines.

Say Physicians—Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Vitality Into the Veins of Men—It Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous "Run-Down" Folks

100 Per Cent in Two Weeks' Time.

Opinions of Dr. Schuyler C. Jacques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City; Dr. James Louis Bevan, for fifteen years Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, and Wm. R. Kerr, Former Health Commissioner, City of Chicago.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that doctors predict that we shall soon have a new era of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous iron men.



Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on this subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby; the muscles lack tone; the hair falls out; the memory fails; and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, dependent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks."

not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were sipping all their while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been coctoring for months without obtaining any benefit.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians, both in Europe and in America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not irritate the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron that they offer to forfeit \$100 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man of woman under 60 who lacks iron and increases their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Sherman & McConnell Drug Stores and all good druggists.—Advertisement.