

Special Page for The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers

Benny Beaver Has Taken A Wife to Share New Home

By FRANCES CONNOR.

MR. BENNY BEAVER had just taken a wife. They were scouting around looking for a fine place to build a new home.

"Now, Benny," said Mrs. Beaver, "I think this is about as nice a place as we could find for our new home. Right over there we have such fine willow trees and many other kinds that we need. We can build just a little way down and our work will be much easier. The trees will float down stream and it will save us much tugging and hauling."

"Yes," said Benny Beaver, "It is a fine place, but the stream is rapid. I think it will be quite all right though, for we can build our dam across here with a slight bend in it. That will make it stronger and we will be sure of plenty of water."

So Mr. and Mrs. Beaver started their building. Benny Beaver is a very gallant little fellow so he took the hardest work upon himself.

"I will cut the trees," said he, "and you can trim away the bark and leaves and twigs. The winter is going to be a hard one and we will need all the food we can store away. These willow trees have the very finest bark and the leaves will make such nice bedding."

Then they sat down on their flat, thick, scaly tails; Mr. Benny put his two little forepaws on the tree in front of him and proceeded to cut, cut, cut, round and round the tree with his long sharp teeth until it began to look exactly like an hour glass and cut as smooth as if it had been rubbed and sanded papered. Mrs. Benny kept stripping bark and leaves and piling them in a very neat pile all ready to take to the new home.

Look Out!

Soon the tree on which Benny was working gave a few little groans, then a crack! "Look out," cried Benny, and away they scampered fast as their little legs could carry them to a place of safety. The danger over back they came ready for the next tree.

"I will carry the tree home, Benny," said Mrs. Beaver. "The work is not hard and I am so anxious to get our new home ready." So she tugged and tugged this way and that, until she got it out of the brush and into the water, then she took the large end in her mouth, or as much of it as she could, and started down stream with it to the dam.

The Beaver's dam is really not their home. Their little home is away down inside the dam, on the ground, and is as clean, tidy and spacious as one could imagine. They build the dam for their own protection so the water cannot flow away and leave the stream low when the dry weather comes. They love the water and cannot live without it, so they prepare for emergencies. Of course Beavers must play and as they play mostly in the water, they consider the water as well as food.

When Mrs. Beaver got the tree home she said: "It will not be safe to leave these trees right here, something might happen to them, so I will weave them together with pebbles and stones. I will go to the bottom of the stream and get mud and plaster them up."

Then down she went and came up with her two little fists, carried close up under her chin, as full of mud as she could hold, and plastered her wall. Soon the dam was finished and there remained only to decorate their little hut.

Their Beautiful Home.

They had built close down to the bottom of the dam, a little room about eight feet square and fully three feet high, with walls very thick and heavy, for their home is a fort as well as a house. In another part of the dam there was a room for food and fresh bedding, while down under the ground they built two tunnels, both leading down into the water—one coming out near the surface, the other farther down so that they could come out into the water any time they chose to do so, whether the water was low or high. They forgot nothing.

Inside the hut they covered the floor with dry grasses and moss and made little beds of twigs and leaves and they were as happy and clean as two hard working little Beavers were entitled to be.

Now that the home was finished they could enjoy themselves. They played along the bank of the stream and swam great distances every day and made friends among the other beavers nearby.

Their Babies.

One morning when Benny Beaver awoke, he found baby Beavers and was as proud as could be. They were glad to have the babies, for they had plenty of food and a lovely place for them to play. So Mr. and Mrs. Beaver lived happily with their beautiful little children ever after.

How Do You Sell Liberty Bonds? Ask Rolland

It isn't his persuasive argument, nor his knowledge of national, or international affairs that has sold 20 Liberty bonds for Rolland Wellman, in six short days. It is his smile, his blushing complexion and the merry brown eyes. He knows that he belongs to Troop 3 of the American Boy Scouts. W. L. Blackett, his scoutmaster—and that he is supposed to sell Liberty bonds. Rolland doesn't need to know more. Nature has provided him with the other necessary weapons, including his irresistible smile.

Windsor school, 8-A, claims Rolland as its very own, and so do his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wellman, 2302 South Thirty-third street. Boy Scout Wellman's relatives and friends are proud of the war medal he received from Washington Friday afternoon and his four service bands given him, one for each five Liberty bonds disposed of.

Rolland is still working and declares he will do his most.

Wonders of Hawaii

Among the many unique wonders of the islands of Hawaii are, according to a publication in that island, the following:

The largest continuously active volcano in the world.

The largest island mountain mass in the world.

Two snow-capped mountains rising nearly 14,000 feet from a tropical sea-coast.

Great banks of hot sulphur in process of formation.

Hundreds of marvelous lava caverns extending for unknown distances.

Great forests of koa or native mahogany trees.

The largest forest of tree ferns in the universe.

Twenty-three heians or ancient temples of idol worship.

Extraordinary series of waterfalls in basaltic lava terraces.

Vast lava fields thickly studded with olivines.

A chain of 14 great volcanic craters extending for 20 miles in a straight line.

Many great cinder cones and weird lava formations.

The famous Cave of Refuge at Kalapana in the heart of the noted Bird of Paradise country.

Unique Japanese fishing sampan harbor in the mouth of a beautiful river.

Docility of Chinese In Face of Calamity

No other race is as docile as the Chinese in times of famine. Their resignation in the face of calamity is amazing. For instance, in the food shortage of 1906-1907 a starving army of 300,000 peasants camped beneath the walls of the city Tsinkiangpoo.



The grain warehouses of the town, a place of 200,000 inhabitants, were overflowing with wheat, maize and rice, and these supplies were constantly on display; yet there were no riots. The thousands outside the walls sat themselves down to die, while those within continued to transact the ordinary affairs of everyday life.

During this famine parents found it necessary to sell their daughters to wealthy families in which they became slave girls. Early in the period of distress girls of 10 to 15 years of age brought as much as \$20 each; but when the suffering was most severe the customary quotation in the slave market was 60 cents each, while in one instance a father is known to have accepted 14 cents and two bowls of rice in exchange for his child.

National Geographic Magazine.

Little Stories By Little Folks

Prize Story. A Narrow Escape.

Cinderella Gutmann, Age 12 Years, Plainview, Neb., Blue Side.

Robert and Emma were brother and sister.

One nice day in the spring they both came running into the house and cried out, "Oh mamma, may we go down to the railroad track and pick violets; they are so pretty?" "Yes, but be careful and don't get on the track when the train comes," answered their mamma, for she was busy.

They ran and got their flower baskets and were soon down to the track. They had their baskets nearly full, when Emma happened to look back.

"Oh! there comes the train," she cried out.

They both started to run, but Robert fell. "My ankle is sprained!" he tried out in distress.

"Emma, get off the track or the train will run over you," he said as she started to take off his stocking.

"No, I will stay here," said Emma, firmly.

"Then wait something to draw their attention. Your sash—" Robert began, but got no further, for Emma had her red sash off already, waving it, for she was not strong enough to carry Robert.

The train stopped and the conductor came out and said, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, Mister," said Emma, "my brother hurt his leg, and is there a doctor in the train who can bandage it up?"

"I will go and see," he said. Very soon he appeared with a doctor.

After the doctor had examined it, he said, "It is a bad sprain, my little man." Then he took Robert and Emma home, for he was going to stay in the town on business.

Honorable Mention.

Hallow'en.

Frances Bell, Box 276, Osceola, Neb., Blue Side.

John and Mary did not know what to do. They had forgotten about Hallow'en until Mary mentioned it.

"Let's have a Hallow'en party," said she. "All right," said John.

So they went to work to make the things they needed. They asked their mother if they could have some sheets. She gave them eight sheets.

She did not want and they made terrible ghoulish dresses. Then they invited who they should have.

They invited Alice and Harry Brown, John Mills, Dorothy Carter, Daisy McBeth and Robert Anderson. Then they got eight pumpkins out of the garden, some candles and the scissors.

While they were getting ready their mother was making little cakes, the shapes of bats, cats, pumpkins and witches. Then she told them to send the invitations. The parlor did not have anything in it except the pumpkins that were all lit up. The witches, bats, cats and pumpkins that were made of cardboard were hanging up on the walls.

When the children arrived that night they were led upstairs, then put on their ghost dresses and given a pumpkin.

Then they went out scaring people. After this they went into the house and told what they did. The lights were put out and a big ghost came in and told the most terrible ghost story.

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 prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.

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

you ever heard. Soon the lights were lit and they had lunch.

After the children had gone their mother told a Hallow'en story and then they went to bed. "I think we have had a great Hallow'en," said Mary. "So do I," said John.

The Milkweed Babies.

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

It was the beginning of fall and baby leaves were falling from their mother tree, and everything was getting ready for the dark and cold winter to come.

One bright, but very cold morning, mother milkweed called to her little ones and said, "Now, my fuzzy little pods, every one is getting ready for the winter when you and I must die, and grow in the early spring, but I never do, I die forever."

So as the mother said to her milkweed babies, it was done. The babies began to pop themselves open, then when the time came the babies began to fly away. They kept on flying for many days until at last there was but one milkweed pod left, and he cried and said, "O, please, dear Mr. North Wind, you have blown all my beautiful brothers and sisters away and I now, as I am the only milkweed baby mother has left, please let me live with her, she will be lonesome, don't you know she will?"

The north wind only laughed and said, "Now you beg me to let you live and you would not even let your finger to help me out of trouble. You know the other day I asked you to help me to blow the hay on the other side of the fence and you only replied, 'Do it yourself, and I did so. You go as well as the others.'"

After this was said he blew with all his might and strength and away went Mrs. Milkweed's last baby milkweed pod from his cozy little nest to some other spot.

The poor mother was so very sad and lonesome the rest of her time, and the north wind howled over and around her and covered her with snow. In the spring she is dead and the babies all make big milkweed mothers and then they grow baby pods, which are whiffed away like the same as the others.

Honorable Mention.

The Magic Fairy.

Marie Haase, Aged 10 years, 1506 5th Avenue, Kearney, Neb., Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a very naughty little girl. Her name was Jane. One day she thought she would go on an exploring trip. She lived by the Rocky mountains.

Early the next morning she started to climb the mountain path with permission from her mother.

When she had gone a considerable

Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (Oct. 29):

- Name..... School.
- Etter, Lois Carrie.....South Lincoln
- Gorman, Leroy J.....Druid Hill
- Hakenholz, Fred Daniel.....Highland
- Holtes, Kristina.....Castler
- Ramsay, Mildred.....Webster
- Russell, Margaret.....Lowell
- Theelen, Donald John.....Dundee

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

- Atania, Rose.....Holy Family
- Haller, Tahan Wilhelm.....St. Joseph's
- Kotera, Anna.....St. Wenceslaus
- Menzies, Jennie.....Lake
- Miller, Lester.....Edward Rosewater
- Rosenbloom, Lena.....Kellom
- Stank, Kosie.....Brown Park
- Todd, Virginia M.....Monmouth Park
- Weldon, Gerald.....Howard Kennedy
- Wright, Ruth B.....South Lincoln

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:

- Cejner, Martha.....Comenius
- Dalton, Oscar.....Miller Park
- Denny, Ruth.....Long
- Hornor, Tom Morton.....Lothrop
- Korney, Leonard.....Castler
- Krensch, Marta.....Dundee
- McGregor, Benella.....Lothrop

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

- Forst, Elva.....Kellom
- Hausen, Edna Heise.....Central
- Manley, Frances.....Dundee
- Hongersow, Helen Irene.....Highland
- Stephen, Billy.....Park

distance she met a bear. He stood up and growled at her. She turned around and ran. The first tree she came to she stopped and climbed up it.

When she found the bear was pursuing her, she climbed out on a limb that hung over a small stream. She lost her footing and fell in the stream.

The magic fairy lived at the edge of the stream in a little purple violet. She saw Jane fall into the stream and rescued her and gave her dry clothes.

Then she took her into her chariot drawn by six little brown warfs. And she reached home in safety. Jane never went exploring again unless her mother or some one older than herself would go with her.

A Letter.

Stanley Schure, Humphrey, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Editor:

My first letter to you will not be a long one. I am 8 years old. I go to school and I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Zimmerman. I like to go to school. My papa takes us in the morning.

This moon I and my friend, Irvin, caught a pigeon. We put it in the cob shed. I am going to take it home tonight and feed it until it grows big, then I will leave it go.

Now I am going to tell you about my pets. I have 15 pets: one dog, three puppies, eight pigs, two kittens, and one old cat. Two of the puppies are black and white and the other one is brown. The mother of the pigs is spotted black and brown. The old cat and her kittens are gray. They were black and gray.

I think I have said enough this time so will close.

Your Friend.

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

EPISODE NO. 11.

- Short Standish.....Pearl White
- Hugh Priestley.....Ruby Hoffman
- Tom Carlslake.....Henry Gaskell
- Richard Carlslake.....Warner Oland

Just as the weight was about to descend on Pearl's head, she decided to look at the violet diamond to make sure that it was safe. As she drew it out, it rolled away, and in reaching for it, she became aware of her danger. She threw herself from the spile the fraction of a second before the hammer fell—splintering it.

Meanwhile, Tom had recovered and had pursued her. As Carlslake stood by the engine, gloating over Pearl's imagined destruction, a hand on his shoulder spun him around and he found himself facing Tom.

They leaped at each other like wild men, and would have killed one another had not Pearl intervened. She tore Carlslake off Tom, and the famous crook—taking advantage of her arrival—dashed away to cover. Leaving the engineer to look after Tom, who was not badly hurt, though he had been felled by Carlslake's hardest punch, Pearl followed Carlslake.

He entered a nearby building that stood next to one exactly like it, round the nearest corner. Up the stairway he sped, with Pearl after him, and when he reached the roof started down the fire-escape between the two buildings. Pearl was still on his track, however, so he swung from those fire-escapes to the fire-escapes of the adjoining buildings, thinking such a feat at the height of eight stories would surely daunt her; but she took the jump as bravely as he.

Realizing now that she was an opponent to deal with, he dodged into the building and there awaited her. Picking up an iron rod that she found nearby, Pearl followed him in—but he sprang upon her, wrestled her weapon from her hand and felled her with it, so that she lay motionless, with her head and shoulders protruding out over the open elevator shaft near which they had fought.

Carlslake left her there and dashed up the stairs toward the roof, for he heard footsteps mounting from below. But before he reached the roof he heard other footsteps descending. Two policemen were climbing from the floor while Tom was descending from the roof. He was to be



caught in a trap. But the freight elevator standing open caught his eye. He entered, slammed the door, began to send it downward. Just as the car was about to strike Pearl's body and crush her to death, Tom reached her floor and dragged her out of harm's way.

That night, as they were sitting together in Pearl's living room, a letter arrived from a firm of lawyers informing her that John Blake, once her father's partner and dearest friend, had died and that he had expressed a last wish that his daughter, Bessie, and Pearl renew their childhood's friendship. The letter stated that Bessie was even then on her way to Pearl.

Bessie arrived presently and was shown to her room. Pearl upon receiving sprays herself as usual with perfume from the atomizer on her dressing-table, only to find the bottle filled with chloroform instead. She was drugged by the stuff and thrown into a deep sleep, but awakened near midnight to hear someone moving about downstairs. Investigating, she found that Carlslake's people had evidently broken in to rattle the safe—and Bessie, disturbed by them, was walking in her sleep.

The girl was very much frightened when she was awakened and made to realize where she was and what had occurred; but she had apparently forgotten her fright by morning.

Tom, who had been keeping diamond overnight, was held up on way to Pearl's, but the crooks did not get the diamond, and all they set out merrily to shop and dine at see Chinatown.

As they left the Chinese theatre late at night, the chauffeur discovered that the car had been tampered with and the gas had been let out. As he got down to make sure, he was attacked by a crook with a black-jack, and knocked out. Four other crooks, including Carlslake, approached the car—two from each side. And at the same moment, Bessie—casting aside all pretense of girlish sweetness—produced a gun and demanded the Violet Diamond.

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GRAPE PROFITS BIG HERE, SAYS NELSON

Secretary of Fruit Growers' Association Urges Planting of Vineyards Before Real Estate Board.

Grape culture interested the meeting of the Omaha Real Estate board Wednesday. H. M. Christie, secretary of the board on the Commercial club committee on fruit industries, reported that the Commercial club

would furnish grape vines to take the place of the loss during last winter at cost about 2 cents per vine. He urged that the real estate men encourage not only the replanting of the old vineyards, but putting additional land into grapes. During the discussion several of the members spoke of their own experience and that of their clients with grapes, showing a profit of \$75 to \$100 an acre where the work was largely hired or done on shares, while the profits where a man handled his own vineyard were at least 50 per cent more. Mr. Christie read a letter from N. H. Nelson, secretary of the Fruit Growers' association, who made the same estimate of profits. Mr. Nelson also said:

"Since prohibition is getting so popular this has also created an unusual

demand for grapes, both to make grape juice and from individuals who make their own wine; have had more calls for these uses this season than ever before. So it looks as though there is almost an unlimited demand for this particular fruit. We are also favorably located, as our grapes come into the market from two to three weeks before the Michigan and New York grapes are ready. For this reason we are always able to realize the highest market prices.

"I know of no fruit that could be raised as profitably in these rough hills of ours as grapes. We very seldom have a failure—this last winter being the first that I know of since the beginning of the industry here 30 years ago."

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