

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



All the Leaves Go to the Ball in Gorgeous Gowns

(By Frances Connor.)

OLD north wind blew a gale. The leaves shivered and were cold. Said a little leaf of a great oak tree to a dainty maple leaf, "We are soon to wither and die. The north wind whispered it to me in passing through."

"Oh, Oh!" sighed the maple leaf, "it is a shame that we must die; we have done our duty all summer, keeping the hot sun from little boys and girls and tired wayfarers; we have fanned away the hot south wind and made the trees beautiful and now it is soon to be over, how terrible," and the poor maple leaf moaned in its grief.

But that same night Jackie Frost came and whispered to each and every leaf: "Don't cry and sigh, for the best fun is soon to come. I talked to the west wind and he said he would give a ball for all the leaves and mother earth said you might have her to dance upon." Then away he skipped from leaf to leaf, telling each one the same story and the leaves all laughed and sang and talked of the ball.

"But how?" said they, "can we dance on mother earth, we are as fast to our trees as can be and cannot get away? Have we not tried wriggling and twisting this way, and that all summer? and are we not as tight as ever? Besides, we cannot go to a ball in our faded clothes. In the spring our gowns were green, soft and beautiful, but now they are old and worn and the color is gone, oh, what shall we do?"

Brand New Gowns.

Again came Jackie Frost and whispered to each leaf, "do not worry about your gowns. I pray, for you shall all have most beautiful ones. I shall see to it myself. I am an artist of great fame. I do the most wonderful things." They believed him and were happy once more.

That night he painted all the leaves and the next day when the sun shone they noticed their dresses were turning into the most beautiful colors, so they were quiet and happy as could be, for they did not want to spoil them.

Presently the west wind came and said, "Tomorrow we shall have the ball, Jack Frost is to loosen you from your branches tonight; tomorrow when I whistle through the trees you are all to follow me."

Then the maple leaves looked around to see how all the other leaves were dressed and admired them.

"Oh, just see the oak leaves, aren't they beautiful? Did you ever see such gorgeous red or such rich deep brown. And see the maple leaves, just as yellow as canary birds."

Other leaves were yellow and brown, some red and yellow and some yellow and green, but one was not more beautiful than the other, and no leaf thought there was one prettier than itself.

Jackie Frost's Return.

Early the next morning the west wind came as he had promised. He whistled through the trees and every little leaf shook itself to see if it was really loose. Some of them came hurrying down in a mad rush and tumble, and flew away to the fields for their ball. A few of them could not get loose. They pulled and pulled and shook themselves, but they were still fast. Jack Frost in his rush had not loosened every one, so he came back the next day to finish. Then away they all went, hundreds and thousands of leaves gathered in great crowds and danced for days and days and traveled for miles. They seemed never to tire of dancing.

After they had danced themselves into rags and tatters and were still as lively as ever, the south wind brought rain, saying:

"Something will have to dampen their spirits or there will be nothing left of them."

So it rained and rained and the leaves piled themselves up in the corners along the fences. Soon they became drowsy and went to sleep for their long winter sleep.

After they had all found places and were fast asleep the east wind brought snow and covered them all carefully, thus they slept during the winter.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story.)
A Patriotic Poem.
By Edward Rath, St. Francis, Kan., Route 3, Box 11, Age 10 Years.

Let's talk it over, you and I,
Is there not something we can do
To keep the old rag waving high?
Can we not serve the country too?
Can we not also do our share,
Who are too young to bear a gun?
That little woman over there
Has given to the flag a son.
Can we not make some sacrifice?
Must woman only bear the smart
And pay our country's bitter price?
Shall boys not also do their part?
Have mothers burdens we can bear
To help the cause that's now begun.
That little woman over there
Has given to the flag a son.
Can we retain our self-respect,
That bears no portion of the strife,
Or walk about with heads erect.
And merely live the easy life?
Could we, that avoided care,
Stand unshamed, when war is done
Before that little woman there
Who gave unto the flag a son?
This is the first time I have written
To this happy page. I wish to join
The Red side. Now good-bye, Busy Bees.

Honorable Mention.
By Annie M. Rath, St. Francis, Kan., Route 3, Box 11, Age 13.

It has been quite a while since I have written to you, so I thought I would write today.

God bless our country's emblem
That floats o'er land and sea;
God bless each waving star and stripe,
And the men who kept it free—
Men who, "mid smoke of battle,
And murderous shot and shell,
Held high the gleaming colors,
Of the flag they loved so well.

God bless it and preserve it,
Our country's boast and pride,
For love of which a noble host
Have bravely fought and died.
No other flag that fans the air
Shows colors quite so true
To us as our own Stars and Stripes—
The dear Red, White and Blue.
I will close with love to all the Busy Bees.

(Honorable Mention.)
A Good Girl.
By Leona Anna Fahrenz, Aged 8 Years, Talmage, Neb.

I thought I would write to the Busy Bee page again. This is the second time I ever wrote to the Busy Bee page.

There was once a little girl named Rosa. One day Rosa went out in the field to pick some goldenrod for her teacher. While she was picking flowers, where she found a thrush, its wing had been shot by some cruel boys. She took the bird home and bound up its wing. Her father bought her a cage, and every day she took it out to let it fly, but every night it came back.

I belong to the Liberty Bell Bird club. Today I joined and became a member of the United States food administration.

I think if every boy and girl would like to help Uncle Sammy, join the United States food administration. Will some please write to me?

A BUSY LITTLE HONEY-MAKER

By Irma Nquist, Aged 10 Years, Osceola, Neb. Red Side.

Tommy was a very mischievous boy. One Halloween he decided to scare some little children living next door. He wrote them a note telling them to be at the big stump in Green's pasture at 7 o'clock Halloween night.

Tommy was going to dress up in a sheet and put a jack-o' lantern on his head. He had planned to walk quietly to the stump and then jump up and scare the children.

The children's father read the note and thought Tommy was up to some mischief.

That night the father followed the children to the pasture. Tommy was just ready to jump from behind the stump and scare the children when a hand reached around and jerked him roughly.

"You went the pumpkin and the sheet and there stood Tommy looking very much surprised."

"Hi! Hi!" laughed the father. "You thought you would surprise my children, but you were surprised yourself. After that Tommy was not so full of mischief."



Lucille John is one of the busy little honey-makers and takes great interest in the letters written by Busy Bee friends and published each Sunday. Lucille has a letter on this page.

A Trick.
By Mildred Henriksen, Glen Lawn Farm, Thurman, Ia. Blue Side.

I thought I would write again and tell you of a little rabbit we had last summer. We got two from my cousin who was then living at Benson, Neb. I brought them home for my little brother. He made a pen for them out of some boards and wire and turned them loose in there. But they got to digging out pretty bad, so he put a board floor in the pen. He fed and watered them every morning and evening. Finally one died. So papa sug-

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.

of mischief, and did not try to play so many pranks.

His First Story.
By Irvin Shimmelfenning, Aged 10 Years, Humphrey, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee. I am 9 years old and I go to the public school in Tarnos, Neb. I have two miles to walk to school and I am in the fifth grade. "We only have five pupils in school, I like to go to school very much."

My mother, sister and I are going to Missouri next Monday and I will be very glad, but I don't like to miss school. Now, I am staying at my grandma's house on a farm.

We were going to have a Halloween party at school but since I am going to Missouri there are not enough here, so we will have a Thanksgiving party.

I have 20 pets, 19 rabbits and one cat. I have six black ones, one white one with pink eyes and the rest are gray and white. The cat is a Maltese.

I will close this letter, but I will write some other time.

A FRIEND OF THE BUSY BEE.

Two Little Rabbits.
By Mildred Henriksen, Glen Lawn Farm, Thurman, Ia. Blue Side.

I thought I would write again and tell you of a little rabbit we had last summer. We got two from my cousin who was then living at Benson, Neb. I brought them home for my little brother. He made a pen for them out of some boards and wire and turned them loose in there. But they got to digging out pretty bad, so he put a board floor in the pen. He fed and watered them every morning and evening. Finally one died. So papa sug-

gested to turn the other one loose, which we did. He was very tame, so he stayed around the house where his pen was. One day we missed him, for he never came for water. We finally found him about a mile from our house. We knew it was him for he would come right up to us and get food. Well, we brought him home again. We thought probably some dogs had chased him away.

Little Tots' Birthday Book

- Six Years Old Tomorrow (Nov. 5):**
Name: School:
Delaney, Lloyd Pacific
Gray, Hazel Matilda Hawthorne
Hinzie, Charles Robert Saunders
Kempf, Ed. Dolan Monmouth Pk.
Mames, Sam Long
- Seven Years Old Tomorrow:**
Enceller, Francis Sacred Heart
Keller, Aloysius St. Joseph's
McAvoy, Ruth St. Mary's
- Eight Years Old Tomorrow:**
Briek, Morris Lake
Hoff, Evelyn Saratoga
Kloch, Mary So. Franklin
Ryberg, Nels Gosta Saunders
Smith, Georgiana Train
Valker, Elsa Lake
- Nine Years Old Tomorrow:**
Bercu, Bennie Central
Case, Nola Garfield
Doyle, Joseph St. Mary's
Fisher, Anna Kellom
Green, Simon Kellom
Hawkinson, Howard Franklin
Hummel, Frank B. Cass
Leon, Hermine Castelar
Tady, Lillian Conatus

they fall from the trees. The sumack leaves turn red, and they are very beautiful. The pastures dry up and all the flowers and plants die. The golden pumpkins are ripe. The potatoes are picked and put away ready for winter's use. After Jack Frost comes we go out and gather a big supply of nuts. The birds fly south for their winter homes. Halloween comes in October and we have fine times.

After Jack Frost comes and the food is all stored away, we celebrate the great feast of the fall, Thanksgiving day.

Sometimes fall seems sad and mournful because the leaves fall and all the plants die and we are reminded of the time when we, too, will pass away.

Must Do "Our Bit"
By Helen Crabb, Aged 10 Years, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Well, Busy Bees the Gays are getting short and cold.

We all get glad that we have warm houses and good clothing.

I feel sorry for the poor children who have no warm clothing, and live in cold uncomfortable houses.

I hope all the Busy Bees will help the poor as much as they can.

I will sure be glad when spring gets here with the warm rain and sun.

Liberty's Call.
By Ethel Kudra, Bee Neb. Blue Side.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Ye dear old land of liberty,
We'll always be true
To the Red, White and Blue.

In the harbor of New York,
Stands Liberty with her torch,
Beckoning to all to answer
Freedom's call.

May the Red, White and Blue
Wave o'er all who are true.
In this wonderful land
Of the free.

City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron

To Make Beautiful, Healthy Women and Strong, Vigorous Men

NOW BEING USED BY OVER THREE MILLION PEOPLE ANNUALLY

Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues and pallid cheeks of weak, anemic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—Often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent in two weeks' time.

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European medical institutions, says: "As I have said a hundred times over organic iron to the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run down. Instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who die every year from pneumonia, stroke, kidney liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood."

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 50 he was in bad health; at 45 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 60 after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron."

"If you are 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 all but the while doubling 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 doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron furnished by Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the arena, while many another has gone down in ignominious defeat simply for lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jacques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I visited Surgeon, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York."

Dr. N. H. Hornstine, for ten years in the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, said: "During my connection with the Department of Public Health and Charities as District Physician and with the Department of Public Safety as Police Surgeon, also as a member of important hospital staffs, I was often asked by the physicians, power and endurance will find a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

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THE FATAL RING

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

PEARL WHITE

"The Fatal Ring."
Pearl Strandish Pearl White
High Standish Ruby Hoffman
Richard Carlisle Walter Oland
Tom Carleton Henry Geill

Pearl and Bessie began to struggle for the gun, which Pearl succeeded in grasping under pretense of handing over the diamond. The gun went off, killing the man behind Carlisle and almost killing him. However, he ducked just in time.

Getting free of the car, Pearl disposed of one assailant by knocking him on the head with the other end of her gun and pursued the but one and Carlisle fled.

Taking refuge in a Chinese curio shop, she hid the diamond in an open bottle of San Yan perfume, but being seen by Carlisle, she mixed the bottle up with three others exactly like it.

Carlisle attacked her. In repulsing him, she caused a table full of curios to be upset. The police and Chinese came in and Pearl was arrested, while Carlisle made a sensational escape by leaping from the window, right through the glass.

Pearl spent the night in a cell. So did Tom, who was for fighting with Carlisle's adherents.

The next day, upon their release, they got in touch with the Spider, who found out for them that the four bottles of the San Yan perfume had been ordered by Van Rosen's department store to fill mail orders.

Disguised as a shop girl, Pearl obtained the addresses of all four customers, Carlisle likewise obtained them.

Pearl, Tom and the Spider started a search for the bottle that contained the diamond, and Carlisle and his gang started an independent search.

At the third house, the two search-parties met and Carlisle left his henchman, Halcott, to guard the three prisoners (Tom, the Spider and Pearl), while he went to the fourth and last house.

But Pearl threw the contents of her smelling salts bottle into Halcott's face, blinding him, and they made their escape. Carlisle had left a guard before the door of the fourth house, but Pearl gained entrance through the roof.

Arriving just as Carlisle had located the diamond, Pearl covered him with her gun and ordered him to throw up his hands, only to be given a like command herself by someone behind the portiers, while a hand and arm came out to menace her. In the hand was a revolver.