

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



The Jack Rabbit Family and Thieving Coyotes

By FRANCES CONNOR.

Thump—thump—thump! Far under the ground came the thumping of Jack Rabbit. He was signaling to his family and the other rabbits that danger was abroad and for every one of them to use their eyes, ears and legs whenever they left their homes.

Deep and hollow came the thumping; so far-reaching was the sound that hundreds of rabbits got the message. All the mother rabbits told their children rabbits and the father rabbits told their families.

So they were all cautious and did not leave their homes when Mr. Coyote was about. He became very discouraged and said to himself, "There must be rabbits around somewhere, but they probably know I am looking for them and will not come out, lest I catch them. Perhaps I had better steal a chicken from some farmer. They are easy to get."

So they left their new home like the thieves they were, in the quiet of night. All this time Mr. Jack Rabbit had been watching the coyotes, for he was worried; he knew where they lived and watched them every day.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize) How I Helped Mother. Frances Dell, Aged 11 Years, Osceola, Neb., Red Side.

One Saturday mother went up town. She left me to do the work. I first did all the breakfast dishes. Then I swept the floor and got things ready for mopping. First I thought I would mop and then I decided I would scrub on hands and knees.

(Honorable Mention) A Halloween Scare. Lois Waite, Aged 9 Years, Rosalie, Neb., Blue Side.

A year ago, on Halloween night, Oh, I had such a terrible fright! A horrible, grinning, shining face Walked down the hill and up to our place.

The Ginger Bread Man. By Emma Hubert, Aged 11 Years, Hampton, Neb., Red Side.

Once there was a little old man and a little woman who lived in a little old house. They were always very lonesome, so one day the little old woman made a gingerbread man, then she put him in the oven. After she had read the newspaper awhile she looked in the oven and the gingerbread man was gone.

man said "I can smell some gingerbread." And as he looked around he saw the gingerbread man looking in at the door. All the men ran after him and the gingerbread man said "you can't catch me, I'm a gingerbread man." The men ran after him, but they could not run as fast as he could. Later in the day he sat on a stone and rested. His shoes were nearly worn out and he said to himself, "I wonder what the little old man and woman would say if they saw me." By and by a fox came walking along the road. When he saw the gingerbread man he began to run after him and the gingerbread man ran along the road until he came to a wide stream. The fox said to him, "I will carry you across, get on my back." So the gingerbread man got on his back and as the water grew higher the fox said "get on my head," and the gingerbread man did as he was told and the fox snapped at him and bit off his leg, and after a while he ate him and that was the end of the gingerbread man.

The Last of Old Shep. By Fern Russel, Craig, Neb., Red Side.

Grandpa had a dog named Shep. Shep was awfully cross. He was not cross with my grandpa and my aunts. When my grandpa and my uncle would come near he would growl at them. One day my uncle picked up a stick and Shep took him down. Grandpa heard him holler, but she was too busy, and did not go to see what he wanted for a while. When she found him Shep had him down and would not let him up. After that every time my uncle would pick up a stick when grandpa and grandpa went to town my uncle got his gun and went to the hay field a short way from the house and climbed up a willow tree that grew along the creek and called Shep. When Shep came to the tree my uncle shot him, and that's the last of Old Shep.

Mary's Birthday Party. By Blanche Lindholm, Aged 11 Years, Box 15, Osceola, Neb., Blue Side.

October 24 was Mary McBeth's birthday. She wanted to have a birthday party very bad. Her mother always said, "no," when Mary asked her. Mrs. McBeth had written out some invitations for a surprise party on Mary.

manma, you told me I couldn't have any birthday party. "I know," said her mother, "but you asked me so many times that I thought I would have a surprise for you. For you have never had a surprise party in your life." "When your birthday comes I will give you something better than a surprise party."

A Mistake. By Anna Pershe, Aged 11 Years, 3209 T Street, South Side, Omaha, Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived a family of poor people. There were five girls and four boys. Their father was dead and they had a mother.

They were waiting for it to get done very gladly. By Margaret Zorn, Aged 12 Years, Harrisburg, Neb., Red Side.

Dear Friends: I was glad to receive the interesting book which you sent me, and thank you very much. I will write another story some time. Like to read the stories the other Busy Bees write. I would like to have the Busy Bees write to me. We have a small kitten now. It's a Maltese cat.

When I Went Visiting. By Georgina Zorn, Aged 12 Years, Harrisburg, Neb., Red Side.

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The Cat Family. By Virginia Ann Shrimpton, Aged 8 Years, Ainsworth, Neb., Blue Side.

My Advice. By Eleanor M. Kirk, Aged 10 Years, Stockham, Neb., Red Side.

A Stray Cat. Mable Johnson, Aged 11 Years, Waterloo, Neb.

One time when my father was riding along in a wagon he heard a little cat. He looked back and saw one. It was trotting by the side of the wagon. Papa stopped the wagon. He got out of the wagon and picked the little cat up. It has stayed with us since.

Along the Platte River. By Howard Anderson, Aged 10 Years, 2409 South Eleventh Street.

Along the Platte river there is a camp called the Yellowstone Gun club. The house has a porch all screened in. There is also a large kitchen and a sleeping room, and it has beds like a Pullman sleeper with upper and lower berths. And there is a telephone in the house, and a sink and a pump in the kitchen. The ice house is about 100 feet from the house where ice is kept all through the summer.

When I Went Visiting. By Georgina Zorn, Aged 12 Years, Harrisburg, Neb., Red Side.

A Busy Bee. By Helen Heald, 502 North Cherry Street, Creston, Ia., Blue Side.

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Young Knitter and Red Cross Worker of State



Gail Lloyd, not yet 9 years old, is one of the youngest knitters in the state. She has made several scarfs for Uncle Sam's men and what is more, has furnished a good example to her elders by her industrious knitting.

so none of our soldier boys will suffer from the cold," she said. Gail has seen a lot of this broad country of ours and will see more. Her home was originally in San Francisco, but her family is moving to New York. In the meantime, Gail is visiting Mrs. H. C. Booker in Gothenburg, Neb. Gail helps Mrs. John H. Walsh, the Red Cross superintendent there, with her work.

Little Tots' Birthday Book

- Six Years Old Tomorrow (Nov. 12): Name. School. Christiansen, Eria Marie. Belvidere Merril, Henry. Lake Sanderfeld, Gwendolyn E. Central Park Wight, Robert S. Castelar Seven Years Old Tomorrow: Davork, Charley. Brown Park Gwynne-Vaughan, Ernest. Fillmore Belvidere Janak, Albert. Belvidere Janak, Frank. Windsor McKenize, Marian Ann. Park Merritt, Delores. Saratoga Marik, John. Train Zarkowsky, Marcella. West Side Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Chleborad, Beat. St. Wenceslaus Hansen, Alfred Edwin. Beals Hartman, Frank. Mason Uzdawinis, William. West Side Nine Years Old Tomorrow: Barna, Mary. Highland Brink, Evelyn. Belvidere Edney, Mary. St. Cecelia Phalen, Leo. Philomena Sanderfeld, Margaret. Lincoln Sherman, Minnie. West Side

The Poet's Corner

When War Shall Be No More. By Lloyd Pettygrove, Oxford, Neb., Red Side. It was only a few short days ago, In this great space of time, When an enemy gun spoke long and low Along the battle line. A dark storm cloud and a stirring drum, Woke nations from their sleep; And all mankind, both bright and dumb, Hear the call from out the deep. Our nation's in the war, you know; We're fighting with all our might; We're fighting for one star, that of love For freedom and the right. And when the wall of war shall fall, Letting in old Freedom's light— There's but one form that stands for all— Liberty and the right.

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. 19. Pearl White. Ruby Hoffman. Richard Carlsake. Warner Oland. Tom Carleton. Henry Gault. Carlsake's assistant, hidden behind the portieres, covered Pearl with his revolver, while Carlsake prepared to escape from the room with the diamond. But as he was about a depart the husband of the woman in negligence entered. Carlsake's assistant attempted to cover him as well as Pearl and the other woman, but the newcomer seized the revolver and twisted it back out of the way. At the same instant Pearl leaped upon Carlsake and knocked his weapon out of his hand. Both she and Carlsake struggled for it, but she got it, and started to escape. The master of the house, however, was disinclined to permit this. He yelled his man and turned to detain Pearl. Carlsake also started after her, but she tore down the portieres

and enveloped both the master of the house and Carlsake in the folds. Again she attempted to escape, but this time Carlsake's assistant interfered. He knocked her head against the mantel, just as Carlsake extricated himself from the portieres and knocked the master of the house out. Carlsake and his assistant started for the roof. Pearl, recovering, followed them. And Tom and the Spider, awaiting Pearl up there, cut them off. After a tremendous battle Carlsake was forced to throw himself down through a glass skylight in order to escape the Spider's knife and his assistant was hurled by Tom off the edge of the roof. Some clotheslines broke his fall and he was little hurt, but Carlsake was badly cut. To add to his ill humor, he had come away with the end of Pearl's hatpin instead of the diamond. She had the diamond. Arrived at his room, Carlsake found

an old lady there, waiting. She proved to be the Spider in disguise—the Spider armed with a pistol that squirted vitriol. Unable to face such a weapon, Carlsake yielded up the setting. The High Priestess and her Arabs turned up immediately afterward, only to learn that Pearl had the diamond and the Spider the setting. In their disappointment they attempted to rid themselves forever of Carlsake by drugging him and turning on the gas. However, his landlady smelled it in time to save him. The Arabs went to Pearl's home, where they forced an entrance, secured the diamond, and gagged and bound both Pearl and Tom, after locking the servants in a cupboard. From his den, in a crystal maze underground, the Spider had sent Pearl a note by a newsboy named Jasper, telling her that he had the setting. Jasper and the note arrived

while the Priestess was in possession, and forcing the boy to tell her the Spider was, the Priestess left him bound, too, and set off with her men for the Spider's retreat. Jasper untied Pearl's wrist bonds with his teeth, thus enabling her to free them all. Then they set out for the mirror maze. Carlsake also went that way in search of the Spider. All were lost in the web of many reflections, but eventually found their way to the center, where a big fight took place. The Spider, Tom and Pearl were knocked out. Jasper was shot. The Priestess and her men, recovering both diamond and setting, started for Arabia, leaving one of their number to guard the exit and make sure that no one escaped. Carlsake escaped, however, and followed them. Pearl, Tom and the Spider recovered and attempted to leave the place, but as Pearl stepped into the open air the Arab on guard fired upon her.