

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



Cuddletown Warned of Danger by Sweet Content

By EDITH HIXON. Sweet Content, our rosy-faced fairy, was out playing ball with the wind fairies one evening in the early fall. The wood fairies were there with their gay dresses of yellow and red, while the Moonbeams danced about in and out, making tiny stars of light. Roaring Storm and Strong Breeze, his brother, were unusually rough that night. They tossed Sweet Content about from one place to another. One minute she would be swinging madly in a cobweb hammock at the top of the tallest pine tree, and the next she would be blown along with the wood fairies on the leaf-carpets ground. Roaring Storm took her for a long ride on Wildwind, his coal-black horse. It was while riding Wildwind that Sweet Content found herself in the streets of Cuddletown. Cuddletown was deserted, the people were all close by the fireside; that is, all except Richard, who was looking out of his window. He never knew why it was that he felt sure that fairies were about, but he did that evening he ever did in his life. Sweet Content sped him right away, and brought Wildwind to a stop right at the edge of the garden gate. Richard couldn't see them (remember, Wildwind was black and the Moonbeams were dancing with the wind fairies back in the midst of Fairyland), but right away Sweet Content wished that he could come out and play with her. She tied Wildwind to the gatepost with a bit of midnight rope. She looked out her thinking cap of Queen Anne lace from her pocket and tied it securely under her chin. She had an idea right away. She danced up close to the window. She saw Richard was in his pajamas and was dismayed for a minute and then smiled. She went about the yard touching trees and bushes with her magic wand until they looked as if they were edged with silver. She lighted two or three tiny bonfires and then pointed her wand at Richard, saying: "Wand, made of moonbeam ray. Let me have this wish, I pray: May Richard come out with me to play, and stay until the break of day. It seemed a long time to Sweet Content, but really it was only a minute before he came walking into the yard in his white pajamas. His eyes were bright with excitement and he smiled merrily. He didn't seem to see Sweet Content at all, but said aloud: "If there are any fairies in the land they are abroad tonight and I'll find them." Sweet Content spoke right up. "There are many fairies out tonight, and if you will come with me I will show you." "I see you plainly," said Richard. "You have on a pink dress, and you have a long wand in your hand. Whose horse is this?" he inquired, pointing to Wildwind. "He belongs to Roaring Storm," said Sweet Content, "but I will take you to ride on him if you like." Richard was delighted and hopped onto the black horse with no more questions. When they started off and Wildwind really began to gallop, he noticed Richard shivering. Without a word she pulled off her cape of soft eiderdown and wrapped it about him. Did I tell you that when Richard got on Wildwind he became small like Sweet Content? Well, he did. Back in Fairyland. Once back in Fairyland, Richard was welcomed with open arms. Everyone tried to win his favor, from Roguish Ruth, who poked a hole in his cheek with her finger (it is now called a dimple) to Golden Jacket, the big bumble bee, who gave him a big bag of honey. Sweet Content and Roaring Storm took him on a whirling ride through the heavens, which made him shout with joy. When they came back from one mad tear through the heavens, Roguish Ruth met them with a fearful look in her eyes. "The fire fairies have come," she said, "and they are so careless with their torches that it makes me nervous. Twice already I've put out little smoldering fires that I've discovered." Richard asked anxiously: "They won't set fire to the woods really, will they?" "You can't tell exactly what they will do," said Sweet Content. "They mean to be kind, but they are careless." Just then over the fields came Golden Jacket. The little old gentleman was terribly excited. "They set fire to a big pile of leaves," he buzzed. "All Fairyland will go, and Cuddletown, too, unless we can stop it." Cuddletown Warned. Richard looked at Sweet Content horror struck. Our fairy could see the fire fairies dancing madly about the bright spreading bonfire. She knew it was less than one year before that they had done the same thing, and always it is just because they are out for a lark. "Please take me home quickly," said Richard. "I will awaken the village and we will save not only Cuddletown, but the whole of Fairyland." Wildwind went faster than usual and left Richard at his own back gate. He scampered into the house

Little Tots' Birthday Book

- Six Years Old Tomorrow (Nov. 19): Name, School. Korinek, Rose... Jungmann Seven Years Old Tomorrow: Anderson, Lois... Saratoga Boyer, Lucille... Windsor Gordon, Margaret D... Belvidere Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Anderson, Helga... Webster Christensen, Ida... Kellom Larson, Esther... Long Poltreis, Mary E... St. Joseph's Stevens, Walter... Howard Kennedy Uhlig, Jean... Central Nine Years Old Tomorrow: Boyschon, Francisca M... Britann, Viola... Madison Brown, Arthur... Windsor Buick, James... Howard Kennedy Gafford, Jack... Franklin Garst, Eugene W... Beals Lamdin, Arnold... Lechner, Myrtle... Howard Kennedy

and told his father about the fire. It was no time at all before the men had formed a line with buckets in their hands all the way up the hill. They dashed water on the fire. The fire fairies fairly hissed with anger, so loudly that the children could hear them in Cuddletown. The men were in time, of course, and Cuddletown, as well as Fairyland, was saved. Cuddletown is proud of Richard for saving them, but he still insists that it is the fairies who are really to be thanked. (Published by Elsie Bros., 100 William street, New York.)

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story.) Indians. By Agnes Logan, Logan, Ia. How many of the Busy Bees ever lived on a claim near an Indian reservation? I, for one, lived on a homestead of 160 acres in South Dakota. We were 25 miles from a railroad town and 15 miles from the Indian reservation, which is bounded by the Cheyenne river, from which they get their name. This river is a wild piece of scenery. At the time we lived there it was not bridged, only forded, but I think now they have a bridge. The banks rise high in the air, almost perpendicular in places, and are covered with giant red cedar which furnishes wood for the settlers for miles around. The Cheyenne Indians are a fairly well educated race, you seldom see an Indian child of school age, for Uncle Sam provides schools for their education and they are forced to attend. Often they escape, but are captured and sent back at once. The younger generation look and dress like white people, but the older Indians cling to old customs, red Indian blankets for the squaws, and long braids of dirty hair for the men. They farm as other farmers, using farm machinery, and fattening horses and cattle for market like the settlers. They are married as other people, the bride and bridegroom being dressed equal to the town bride and bridegroom. Often the Indians followed the old trail which led through our yard, past our well, team after team, leading their saddle horses and accompanied by Indian police, for they need a permit to leave the Indian reservation. The wagons carried the camping outfit and often a spring and mattress, for use when they made camp, were seen. Blizzards made no difference to them, they camped out regardless of wind or snow, turning their horses loose at night and hunting them in the morning. They always made camp about one-half mile from our house and often their horses would come up to our barn. One night our old horse kicked off the barn door trying to drive them away from standing with their heads in over the lower half of the door. In season the prairies are covered with beautiful flowers, the violet, larger and bluer than the ones in Iowa, grow about the water holes and the smaller yellow violet was very plentiful in our yard. The most maligned rattler was a scarcity in our section, being veritable cowards at the sight of man, we seeing only two on our place in two years' time. Birds were very numerous, the meadow lark being a regular music-box from morning until night. The magpies were a great curiosity to us, their nests as large as a bushel basket, were built on small trees about eight or 10 feet from the ground. Jackrabbits were also new to us. In Iowa we saw the common bunnies only, but one soon tires of rabbit to cook, they are so numerous you can see them anytime you look out. When they hear a noise they stand on their hind legs and look all over the waving grass. Wolves were a menace to sheep raising and when there was a dead animal in the neighborhood they made nights hideous with their howling. We staid on the claim two years and then decided to move back to Iowa, where we had always made our home, and where we could all go to school, as it was too far to go in the country. Breezy Point. By Mildred Henriksen, Thurman, Ia. Blue Side. Dear Friends: Well, here I am again. It has been so long since I have written to you that I suppose you have forgotten all about me. How

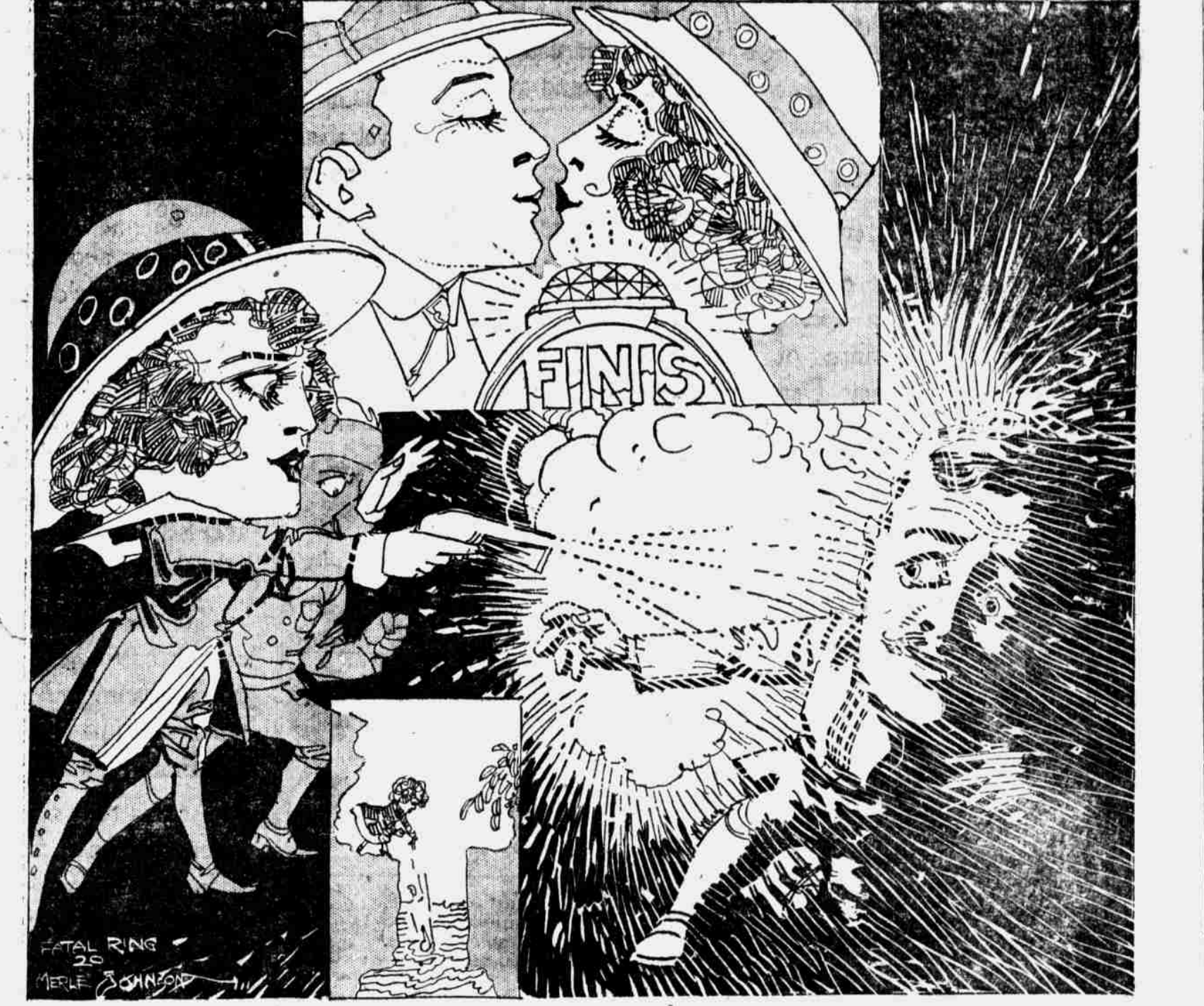
is Mr. Waste Paper Basket? I hope he is doing Red Cross work and my letter escapes his view, for I have never won a prize. I will tell you of Breezy Point: Breezy Point is a high bluff. When you get on the top you can look out over the bottom and a way out yonder you can see the Missouri river. It is awfully cool upon the bluffs. Well, I must close now and I do hope I will prize. (Honorable Mention.) A Noble Mention. By Anna Perske, Aged 11 Years, 3209 South T Street, South Side, Red Side. James was swinging on the barnyard gate when Willie came by. "Good morning," said Willie kindly. "Hi," said James, grimly. "Go away, I don't want you around me." "But I want to look at your pet bantys and your flower garden," please," said Willie. "No," returned James, "I said go away. You're a poor boy. I hate you." After Willie had left James made up his mind that he would go to the lake to swim. He had been swimming for some time and was out near the middle of the lake when he lost control of himself and was about to drown. He was crying for help. Just then Willie happened to pass by the lake on his way home and heard his cries. He ran to his aid with all speed. He leaped into the water and rescued James who in a few minutes would have dived. After they were safe on shore James offered him his watch and all the money he had. "No," said Willie, "I don't have to be paid to do a kind deed. Mother says that kindness is to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way." After that James never drove Willie away, and treated him with kindness and respect. Halloween. By Ethel Mae Kudrns, Aged 10 Years, Bee, Neb., Blue Side. This Halloween I couldn't go out because I was sick. I made a jack-o-lantern. I had two paper ones so I hung them all in the window and kept

Books for Little Folks

Curtis The Penn Publishing company. \$1. Faith Carew is the daughter of a sturdy American pioneer. She lives near Lake Champlain and crosses it to visit her aunt. There she meets Louise and others, who become her warm friends. ROSS GRANT ON THE TRAIL. By John Garland. The Penn Publishing company. \$1. Ross regards himself responsible, although innocently, for a deception practiced on his friend, Lucky Frace, and at once begins a chase after the man who has tricked him. This leads him over many a perilous mountain trail, mishaps and adventures, but he is finally successful. MARGERY MORRIS. By Violet Gordon Gray. The Penn Publishing company. \$1.25. Margery is a California girl who is sent, rather against her will, to visit her grandfather in a quaint old Quaker town. She expects to have a dull time, but somehow the two boy cousins and Polly Jameson prevent it. THE SAFETY FIRST CLUB AND THE FLOOD. By W. T. Nichols. The Penn Publishing company. \$1.25. The boys of the Safety First Club are rather puzzled by a lad from the city who is a newcomer in town. They find what sort of a chap he is when he visits with them a little valley, where the whole party are caught by a spring flood that sweeps away the dams and brings them some rather surprising adventures. OLD MOTHER GOOSE. By Mary Ross Donovan. The Penn Publishing company. \$0.95. All the old rhymes so dear to the heart of the child are presented here in color and black-and-white that make the volume a delightful gift. THE ENCHANTED BIRD. By Antonietta De Coursey Patterson. The Penn Publishing company. \$1.00. This is about the Little People who them lit all evening. Then my father and I drew pictures. Then my mamma came home from the store and papa went down town and mamma stayed home with me. We drew pictures and played games. I made me a witch cap. The Chickens. By Marietta Flemming, Aged 11 Years, Avoca, Ia. Blue Side. This is my first story to the Busy Bee page. I read the children's page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. One day last summer as I was gathering eggs in the haymow I found a nest with 12 eggs. The eggs were warm and so I left them alone. Two weeks later as I was gathering eggs in the haymow I saw that the hen was from her nest and four eggs and some shells were left. I looked around and saw the hen with eight little chicks. The next day I made a nice box and then put her in. Several days afterward I found six more little chicks. I put them with mine. Only two of the little chicks died. Now the chickens are almost grown and I am going to have papa take them to market. A Big Scare. By Libbie Rokusek, Aged 10 Years, Omaha, Neb., 214 South Twenty-eighth Street, Blue Side. One Sunday afternoon my brother, mother, sister and two friends of mine and I went out to Florence. We saw the great wide Missouri river and we wanted to see the water works, but it was closed. We looked in at the top of the door was glass and we could see a huge wheel going around. We drove on until we came to a bridge. We crossed the bridge and saw pretty red leaves; on the other side there was an orchard of nice, red, juicy apples. Then my brother said:

THE FATAL RING FEATURING PEARL WHITE

Jackson and Produced by Astra Film Corporation Under Direction of MWritten by George B. Seitz and Fredr. Seitz.



EPISODE NO. 28. Pearl Standish... Ruby Hoffman High Priestess... Robert Carlslake... Tom Carlslake... Henry Geell. As the Arab on guard at the entrance next to the sewer fired, the wounded newsboy at his feet reached up weakly and tripped him, so the shot went wild. Pearl then rushed out and seized his wrist, and the Spider and Tom came to her assistance. While Tom held the man, Pearl forced from him the fact that the High Priestess and her band had started for Arabia with the violet diamond and the settings. Leaving the newsboy at a doctor's office on the way, the Spider, Tom and Pearl set off in aansom for the steamship wharf, where they learned that the Mecca had sailed half an hour before. There was but one thing to do—follow on Pearl's yacht. This course they proceeded to adopt promptly. Meanwhile, Carlslake had succeeded in getting for himself a state room next to the Priestess, and through a small register set in the wall between their rooms he overheard everything that passed. Discovering that the diamond was to be kept in a silver jewel case under the Priestess' pillow, Carlslake bribed a steward to bring a bag of tools and some chloroform to him at 12 o'clock that night. The steward proved an easy mark for Carlslake, for he agreed to remove the register while the Priestess slept, and always it is just because they are out for a lark. "Please take me home quickly," said Richard. "I will awaken the village and we will save not only Cuddletown, but the whole of Fairyland." Wildwind went faster than usual and left Richard at his own back gate. He scampered into the house chloroformed cloth, so that no evidence of the theft remained after the register had been carefully replaced. Carrying the jewel case to the port-hole, Carlslake assured himself that the violet diamond and the ring were safe; then he presented the other jewels in the case and the case itself to the steward as his share of the spoils. But the steward had no sooner crept away with his booty than Carlslake followed him and knifed him in the dark. It was Carlslake's way to leave no one the power to destroy him. Pearl and Tom began to break down the door behind which Carlslake had taken refuge, but in the meantime the Arab with Carlslake had torn up the matting, revealing a secret exit from the hut, underground, and Carlslake had stabbed the fellow in order to get out first. But the Arab took vengeance by freeing the Priestess with his last spurt of strength. The Priestess followed Carlslake Tom and Pearl demolished the door and followed the Priestess. Carlslake reached the horses, went on across the desert and finally found himself once again in the presence of the Violet God. Into the slit where the god's eye should have been, Carlslake fitted the ring with the violet diamond in it. Instantly there came a light, illuminating a text in Arabic on the opposite wall. It said: "For that chemical power which is potent to reduce to nothingness whatever it is directed upon, twist the forging of our sacred idol's right hand!" Carlslake did. The stomach of the god opened, disclosing a small retort

live in water lilies and spider webs. The pictures in color and the many pen drawings add their own charm. JOHNNIE SNOOZLE MOUSE IN THE BIG HOUSE. By Frances Munro. The Penn Publishing company. 35 cents. Johnnie was a lively mouse looking for adventure, getting into trouble and laughing his way out. The many black and color illustrations help the fun. THE BELGIAN TWINS. By Lucy Ethel Perkins. Houghton-Mifflin company. \$1.25. This book tells the life of a little boy and girl in Belgium before the war, how the war came upon them and how finally they escaped, first to England, and then to New York. THE THREE GAYS IN MAINE. By Ethel C. Brown. The Penn Publishing company. \$1.25. Roger, Kathryn and Jack Gay are spending their summer on a Maine island. There is no end to the jolly things one may do on that island. They make friends with Captain Grumpus, who sounds as had as his name until you get to know him. BETH ANNE'S NEW COUSIN. By Margaret Ginter. The Penn Publishing company. \$1.25. The new cousin is a surprise in several ways. She comes from England and has seen Zeppelins. She plays an important part in the good times of Beth Anne and the I. G.'s club. THE STORY OF SUGAR. By Sara Ward Russell. The Penn Publishing company. 75 cents. Two boys are taken through a sugar refinery and a candy factory and have some adventures that are not concerned with sugar at all. TRUDY AND TIMOTHY. By Bertha Curtis Porter. The Penn Publishing company. \$1. The story of two youngsters who are lucky enough to spend some months on a farm, where the people know what boys and girls like. "Do you want some apples, girls?" We all shouted "Yes!" for we were going to buy some. Just as I was going to open the door of the machine an old woman came out from the weeds with a long rifle in her hands and she looked like an old witch. Then as soon as my brother saw her he drove on as fast as he could go. Then one of the girls looked back and she saw the old woman shake her fist at us. This is a true story. "Stand Up for the U. S. A." By Margaret Crosby, Aged 15 Years, Sutherland, Neb., Blue Side. Stand up for the United States. And don't let the Kaiser lick us. They don't dare to enter our gates unless they get into a mixup with us. The seas don't even welcome them. And even us that them for fishbait. So don't wish that you were them. But stand up for the United States. Since we have entered in the war, Kaiser Bill now wishes for peace. He thinks that we're much more of a chore than he'll run out of grease. He's watching now from coast to coast. He must hurry, no time to wait. He's got to fight and no time to boast. Or he will live to see his fate. The Kaiser thinks he'll lick us, But he'd better frown and not be so gay. Because we're harder to lick than in yore. And he must remember we're the U. S. A.

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 350 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be read. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution. Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Aunt Mary Has a Big Doll For You B-B-D-M-L- Can you fill in the blank spaces above and complete the doll's name? You can do this if you try. Just write to Aunt Mary and tell her what the name of this dolly is and she will tell you how you can get a beautiful doll over 15 inches tall, jointed at the shoulders and hips. This is not a cloth doll to stuff, but a real baby doll in a beautiful school girl dress with a cute little cap. You will be the proudest girl in your neighborhood when you get this doll and she is yours for just a little easy work. Aunt Mary has a doll for every little girl, so be sure to write and tell her your name and address today so she can send you her big free offer. Address your letters to Aunt Mary 855 Popular Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa