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



Headed Church Procession

BUSY BEE

In the Bee Hive

Young Bond Salesmen.

Forrest Burbank and Billy Coad

are two of the youngest Liberty bond

salesmen. Last week they sallied forth arm in arm to sell all the bonds

they could in the neighborhood where

they live. As they were walking along

they stopped a man they knew and

this man asked, "Who are you sell-ing the bonds for?"

Pather Gives Patriotic Talk.

answered Billy Coad.

Why, President Wilson, of course,"

udge Lee Estelle was the "four

and no one in the theater was interested in his talk and the

ninute" speaker at the Strands when Vivian Martin played "The Petticoat

picture than his daughters, Mary Lee and Winifred Virginia, and his son, Le Roy. Of course they think that

no one can talk quite as nice as father and Vivian Martin has always been

When the cat, David, appeared in the picture Winifred could hardly contain herself for she has a cat called

ond of them, and

days digging dandelions.

SOCIETY -NOTE-Busy Bees will please

send teir society items to Mararet Shotwell, Busy Bee society editor, care Bee Office

was a kitten, and Bob jumps up on shelves and does all the things that David did. The sea faring Uncles, reminded the children of their bachelor Uncle Arthur, who lives down south and dearly loves them all.

Everyone who sat near the Estelle children enjoyed their interest in the picture and their remarks about Mary Gusta and the family.

Tiny Bond Holder



tired I just laugh and when you laugh The fifth Liberty bond sold at the you can't have a tired feeling; no, then you feel fine! You try to laugh, little girl when you think you are tired, and you'll see you aren't tired Liberty bank in front of the court garet stood up and made a nice house was bought for their 12-yearold son, Eugene, by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Meisinger, 823 South Thirty-fourth And so I've decided to take the gypsy's advice and, thought I'd tell all the Busy Bees about it so we can laugh the tired feeling away together. Lovingly MARGARET.

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Patriotic Boy

and Girl

"I am going to be

"And I am going to

be a soldier for Uncle

Sam," the little boy re-

othy Rose of Elmwood,

東京市市市市市市市

This patriotic car- a come

Busy Bee page by Dor.

plied.

Red Cross nurse," says

Five-Year-Old Knits

Five-year-old Gertrude Hemphill of North Loup, Neb., is doing her "bit" Oby knitting, and who says it is not Bob, 'cause he lost his tail when he quite a bit for a wee tot of her years? was a kitten, and Bob jumps up on Every night after school, and yes, once in a while in the morning be-fore school, she gets out her yarn and goes to work. She is knitting a sweater for her "doll in khaki," but soon she is going to knit one for big brother Paul, who is now at Fort Douglas, and who will soon be at the front.

Oh, yes, she likes to do it-ever so much-and she don't drop a stitch,

Little brother George, who is only 12 years old, is some knitter, too. He can knit a row of stitches quicker than his mother and has already finished a five-foot scarf, the regulation army size and weight, and is about to commence a sweater.

Hikers Study Birds.

Lyman Peck, Richard Blissard, Harold Gifford, Harold Arman, Edward Howell George Leavett, George Martin and Ben Stephen often go hiking together on Saturdays. These boys can tell all the different birds that nest in our trees and know all too. Often they cover many miles on their hiking trips and take their lunch along and make a day of it. Birthday Cake.

Margaret Eastman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Eastman, was the most surprised girl in the Colonial Wedensday, for a large birthday cake with gay candles was brought in at dinner in honor of her birthday. Mar-

Little Tots' Dancing Class. Miss Cooper has a class of little girls from the age of 4 to the age of

FLORENCE GENEVIEVE SWIFT Dressed in her Easter best, little Florence Genevieve Swift headed the the good picnicking spots in the parks, Holy Thursday procession in the fine, big St. Cecelia's cathedral. Quite an honor for a 5-year-old, but Florence was quite equal to the occasion and

Her "Uncle Tow," otherwise known as T. J. Fitzmorris of The Bee family, a spade and rake. He spaded up snapped this picture of the little one some ground and raked it till it was on Easter Sunday.

6 who enjoy dancing as much as their big sisters. Saturday mornings they have their dancing party and those who attend are Marjorie Manley, Jean Jamison, Jane Matthai, Marjorie Til-lotson, Madeline Johnson, Helen Wier, Laura Kirk, Helen Peterson, Catherine Horrigan, Anita Anderson, Marion Orloff, Audry Corey, Mildred Smiley, Dorothy Dyhrberg, Beatrice Reimers, Helen Nygard, Jane Powell, Harriet Guild, Virginia Holliday, Edna May Tubbs, Virginia Donahue, Betty Donahue, Ruth Cohn, Janet Reeves, Catherine Smith, Virginia Randall, Emma Randall, Georgena Rasmussen, Eleanor Pierpont, Bernice Ferrer, Theima Ferer, Francis Mor-phy, Alice Carey, Jean Williams, Mary Jodike, Pauline Fuller and Eleanor 3 Clapper.

Dear old Lady (to cavalry officer)-I suppose your men must become very attached to their horses. Cavalry Officer-Well, some of them only wish they could .- London Opin-

"Was Jack cool during the air raid I the other night?"

"Rather! Why, he was was so cool his teeth were chattering all the

Little Stories By Little Folks

Liberty Bonds. By Annette Lieb, Aged 12 Years, 2821 North Twenty-fourth Street,

Omaha, Neb. Have you all Liberty bonds and war saving stamps? I hope you are all patriotic "Bees." I am sending you a poem I made

up: The third Liberty loan is here-You try and buy a bond, children dear.
Don't sluff and say, "Oh, I'll wait."
Get one! Get one, before it's too late.
Take some money earned by you,
And think of all the good you'll do.
Think of the Sammles "over there."
Get one and pull Kaiser Bill's hair;
You know you can do it easy as pie. Don't sit in a chair and say and sigh,
"This war is terrible, I just could cry."
Pluck up and get to work—that's better.
Now, then, this is the end of my letter.

I would like to join the Blue Side, as it is my favorite color.

If I Just Had a Gun. By Evelyn Wilkinson, Aged 10 Years, 108 Wabash Avenue, Shenandoah, Ia If I just had a gun, I'd have lots of fun. I hit old Kaiser Bill, So he'd go rolling down the hill.

If I just had an aeroplane. I'd fly high in the air. I'd drop a bomb on the kaiser, Then I would not care!

(Honorable Mention.) Tom's War Garden. By Hazel Ryan, Aged 11 Years, Her-

man, Neb. One day as Tom was coming home could do to help win the war. At last he thought he would plant a garden. bought some radish, lettuce, onion, tomato and cabbage seeds.

As the next day was Saturday he and on Saturdays, he would hoe his buy vegetables for supper that before away, on he went till he got to King

Too Late or Too Long

publication in this Sunday's Busy Bee section. We appreciate them and regret inability to print them along with others:

"I'm Helping to Win," by Evelyn Wilkinson, Shenandoah, Ia

'Trip to Lincoln," by Mella M. Winfrey, Stella, Neb.

"A Runaway," by Alice Echtenkamp, Arlington, Neb.
"Nutting," by Anna Pershe, South Side, Omaha, Neb

"Conservation with a Mummy," by Lillie Benes, Clarkson, Neb.
"Johnnie and Teacher," by Ted Benson, Kimball, Neb.
"The War Garden," by Helen Holland, Fairbury, Neb.

"Chased by Gypsies," by Gretchen Golligbe, Fremont, Neb.

"Selfish May," by Mercedes Golliglee, Fremont, Neb.
"How I fooled My Brother," by Geneva Dora Reid, Farragut, Ia
"A Plea for Life," by Thyra Worthman, Tecumseh, Neb.
Busy Bee letter by Winifred Jose, McCool Junction, Neb.

The following letters were too long, or were received too late for

"Keep the Joy Bells Ringing," by Arnold Boettscher, Columbus,

Rules for Young Writers

 Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages
 Z. Use pen and ink, not penell.
 S. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 4. Original stories or letters only will

be used.

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.

the afternoon was over Tom had all of his vegetables sold and \$5.50 in his

pocket. He put the money away. When the rest of his vegetables were ready for market he sold them Red Cross. Tom never spent any money for candy and good things. He guage than the white people. gave every cent he could get to the Red Cross.

The Fighting Prince.

By Robert Riley, Aged 11 Years, 108 South Thirty-third Street, Omaha, Neb.

Once upon a time there lived a prince whose name was Quayme and knights, one day he told his mother court to be a knight, His mother was very sorry to tell him he could He went to the work shop and got go, but she said to herself "He will go some day anyway, so I will let him go now." So he bade his mother smooth. He went up town and farewell and he went. When he got to the woods, his servants saw a giant coming, so as quick as a flash to America, they cut trees down and they drew their swords out and be- made these trails into roads. planted them. At night, after school, gan fighting, but the giant overthrew them, then Quayme drew his sergarden to keep the weeds out. When vants spear just as the giant came some of the earliest vegetables were up to kill him. He threw the spear ready for market he put them in his with such force that it went through little wagon and took them up town the giant's armor into his heart. to sell. So many people wanted to He then got on his horse and went

Arthur's court. There he was made a knight and was very strong. One day they had a tournament. He went around the field overthrowing every one he met; he overthrew all of them except Sir Lancelot, who overthrew King Arthur once. He then wem home and found the place where his servants were; he buried them, then went home to his mother. He went with his father wherever he went and helped kill the giants. Soon there came 115 giants. They were killed, and just as the giants were going to crush them a pack of knights came up and killed every one of them. The knights buried them and when the mother died she was buried right next to her husband and child.

North American Indians. By Arlyne Sowers, Aged 11 Years, Brainard, Neb.

When Columbus first discovered America, found a wild kin of people, whom he called the "Indians" Not one Indian looked like a white and got \$6. He gave his \$11.50 to the man. Their color was of a copperlike and they spoke a different lan-

Some Indians living in the east. lived in villages in small huts which they called 'wigwams."

In the west they had tents made of buffalo skin and some Indians living in Arizona and New Mexico, a, different kind of people and color, lived in huts made of brick and plastered up with mud.

The whole number of Indians was he lived in a castle. He often went to not very large. There were two reawar against neighboring giants, sons for this: one was, because the Quayma always liked to read books different tribes of Indians were alabout King Arthur and his noble ways having war against each other and the other reason was because one charmed everyone with her sunshiny from school he was thinking what he that he was going to King Arthur's family needed a big piece of land to

hunt on. The Indians taught the white men how to plant corn and make it grow. Not one white man had ever seen an ear of corn till he came to America. They did not have any roads to follow, but when the white men came

How Bobby Got Lost. By Emma Fritz, Aged 11 Years, Pawnee City, Neb., Route 4.

One day when Bobby was playing in the back yard he spied a beautiful butterfly on a bush, with gorgeous wings of red, black and yellow. Bobby thought this mighty queer, for *********************** he had not seen anything like it yet in his five years of life. He tried to catch it, but every time he came near it, it flew to some other bush, and Bobby followed it. It went from bush to bush, and from flower to flower; then it flew far away. Bobby ran as ast as his short little legs could carr him, trying to overtake the butterfly. All at once the butterfly disappeared

and Bobby looked all around, He was near a strange house and was uncertain where he was. He sat down by a tree and cried and thought what his papa would say when he would come home from work and would not find his little boy anywhere. He was crying as though his heart was broken, when he heard a voice say, "Why, what can be the matter with my little boy?" Bobby looked up and saw his own mamma standing before him. He then looked at the house and saw it was their own house and that he had run from the back of the house to the front

Sailing a Boat. By Vena Blevins, Aged 12 Years, Pawnee City, Neb., Route 4. John and Henry were little boys.

after the butterfly.

John had a new boat and they were talking about going to the river and let it sail. John said, "Let us go to-morrow. "All right," said Henry. 'Let's go home and get our mammas to put up our dinner, then we can stay all day." The next day they started on horse back. "Let us have a race," said Henry. Their horses raced and raced as fast as they could, soon they reached the river and sailed the boat. The boys liked to watch the

boat sail. When they were ready to go home, they said they would have another race. When they got half way home, one of the hroses stumbled and fell. It was John's horse. It did not hurt John, but it broke the horse's leg. Then John got on Henry's horse and they rode home together. But they did not race the horse, They had a good time, but would have had a still better time if the horse had not

broken his leg. The Rustic Lodge. By Olive Burns, Aged 9 Years, Smith-

field, Neb. This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I am very interested in the stories and think they are very good and wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.

We have a knitting club of four members. We are just learning to knit, so we just knit wash cloths. We built a playhouse out of dead branches from the timber and named it Rustic Lodge. It was near the schoolhouse, so when going to school we would leave our dinner there and then come down at noon and eat. Our teacher would lower the flag 10 minutes before school would start. We are going to meet Thursday after-

noons during the summer vacation. Soldier Boy. By Ruth Palmer, Aged 11 Years, Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side.

God protect our soldier boy From the cannonball and shell And send him back with his knapsack From the trenches in peace to dwell.

His noble work well done. An honor to his country,

A true, devoted son, Liberty Gardens.

By Richard Felton, Aged 11 Years, 917 Platte Avenue, York, Neb. It's time to plant your garden.
The grass is getting green;
So get your hoe and rake all ready
And rake the garden clean.

It's time to plant your garden, And plant turnips and potatoes For we need them all, right now

It's time to plant your garden. The soldiers have to eat, so get your garden ready: Don't let the kaiser beat!

"How the War Was Won," by Grace Robinson, Council Bluffs, Ia while."-Passing Show, By L. Frank Baum

School Kiddies Tell How They Save Money To Buy Thrift Stamps A ROSE

Boys and girls of Omaha public actions were asked by their teachers to write stories of thrift stamps, telling how they carned or saved money to help Uncle Sam.

Two of these stories are printed for the beddies who saved the Burne Barrell Sam.

the kiddies who read the Busy Bees

Conscience.
Pleasure, however, thought that he had comething to do with it. So he said, "Think how good it would taste."
Conscience said. "I would't really care, but you don't need it."
So I turned back and started toward the

Where are you going," demanded Con-

"Downtown," I answered, faintly.
"You don't have to go, do you?"
"No." I said, meekly.
"Don't then," he urged.
As I turned, what should I meet face of face, but the "Popcorn Wagon."
"Now." I thought, "I'll buy an ice cream one."

onscience, however, was not asleep and said. "A glass of water will coel you

thus, in one afternoon, Conscience made save 35 cents, with which I bought thrift stamp. By buying this one thrift mp my thrift card was filled and I got war saving stamp, thereby helping to put a more soldier at the front.

This one soldier may kill the kaiser and the the world safe for democracy.

Ways to Raise Meney. Prancis Martin, Eighth B Class, Co-lumbian School.)

y found me with nothing to do. wever, I caught a glimpse of a however. I caught a glimpse of a og paper, saying "Buy your Thrift a now." Under this heading there three or four paragraphs teiling why bould buy Thrift stamps. Here was hance to get Thrift stamps. For a at I atood thinking about different in which I could raise the money. It. I could help about the house. a had often told me that I might wash dishes, wipe up floors, sweep is, dig dandellons, and help cultivate spetable garden. I took advantage of ingestions.

argestions.

and, I could paint place-cards. I had a past bought blank calling cards at its a dozen. After painting a little of flowers, or perhaps a little bird as in the left-hand corner, they ht 50 to 45 cents a dozen.

a of those many opportunities, I set to work so that I might soon buy my thrift stamps. In a few days I found my money was growing rapidly. I began to worry about finding a place by my money.

my meney. sous actress. I happened to notice the had a long straight mouth. Now sel idea fleshed across my mind. I selt in the mouth large enough for a set to go through, then made a little sack to fit behind the mouth. When icture-bank was complete I had only the money through the slif to safety, and is quite heavy now.

THE Army of Glinda the Good looked very grand and imposing when it assembled at day-break before the palace gates. The The army moved steadily on, but break before the palace gates. The The army moved steadily on, but uniforms of the girl soldiers were night had fallen before they came to pretty and of gay colors, and their the walls of the Emerald City. By the silver-tipped spears were bright and dim light of the new moon, however, glistening, the long shafts being inlaid with mother-of-pearl. All the of-ficers wore sharp, gleaming swords, and shields edged with peacock feath-

with silken curtains; but instead of wheels, which a coach has, the palanquin rested upon two long, horizontal bars, which were borne upon the

shoulders of 12 servants. The Scarecrow and his comrades decided to ride in the Gump, in order to keep up with the swift march of the army; so, as soon as Glinda had started and her soldiers had marched away to the inspiring strains of music played by the royal band, our friends climbed into the sofas and followed. The Gump flew along slowly at a point directly over the palanquin in

which rode the Sorceress.
"Be careful," said the Tin Woodman to the Scaretrow, who was leaning far over the side to look at the army below. "You might fall."
"It wouldn't matter,' remarked the educated Woggle-Bug; "he cant get get broke so long as he is stuffed

with money. "Didn't I ask you-" began Tip, in reproachful voice.

So the girl passed through the "You did!" said the Woggle-Bug, gates, bearing a white flag to show

promptly. "And I beg your pardon. will really try to restrain myself."
"You'd better," declared the boy.



THE TIN WOODMAN PLUCKS | "That is, if you wish to travel in our company.

"Ah! I couldn't bear to part with

Glinda's forces silently surrounded the (By Paul Leussier, Park School.)
ne soft spring day as I came out of pull I felt warm. I started for the nearest states to buy an ice cream soda.
I felt warm. I started for the nearest states to buy an ice cream soda.
In the Sammies in France. Save to sugar for them, and besides you can thrift stamps with the money."

After something said that, I know it was a coach, having doors and windows successes.

The Sorceress rode in a beautiful palanquin which was like the body of something said that, I know it was a coach, having doors and windows successes.

The Sorceress rode in a beautiful palanquin which was like the body of something said that, I know it was a coach, having doors and windows successes. quickness, the army retired to rest.
Great was the amazement of Queen

Jinjur next morning when her soldiers came running to inform her of the vast army surrounding them. She at once climbed to a high tower of the royal palace and saw banners waving in every direction and the great white tent of Glinda standing directly before the gates.

"We are surely lost!" cried Jinjur, in despair; "for how can our knitting needles avail against the long spears and terrible swords of our foes? "The best thing we can do," said one of the girls, "is to surrender as quickly as possible, before we get

hurt. "Not so," returned Jinjur, more avely. "The enemy is still outside bravely. the walls, so we must try to gain time by engaging them in parley. Go you with a flag of truce to Glinda and ask her why she has dared to invade my dominions, and what are her demands."

she was on a mission of peace, and result of the enchantment Jellia took on the form and features of Mombi,

prisoner. If this is done I will not ception. molest her farther." Now when this message was deafraid of the old hag. But she sent own country in the south, for Mombi, and told her what Glinda Therefore Jellia, hobb

"I see trouble ahead for all of us," muttered the old witch, after glancing into a magic mirror she carried her pocket. "But we may even yet escape by deceiving this sorceress. clever as she thinks herself." "Don't you think it would be safer

for me to deliver you into her hands?" asked Jinjur, nervously. "If you do, it will cost you the throne of the Emerald City!" and the guard, who believed she was swered the witch, positively, "But, if speaking the truth; and then Jinjur's the trick Mombi had played, and she is

you will let me have my own way, I | soldiers returned within the city's can save us both very easily.'

"Then do as you please," replied Jinjur, "for it is so aristocratic to be Queen that I do not wish to be obliged to return home again, to make beds and wash dishes for my mother.'

So Mombi called Jellia Jamb to her, and performed a certain magical rite with which she was familiar. As a "Tell your Queen," said the Sor- while the old witch grew to resemble ceress to the girl, "that she must de- the girl so closely that it seemed imwhile the old witch grew to resemble liver up to me old Mambi, to be my possible anyone could guess the de-

"Now," said old Mombi to the This Jellia dared not tell, having Queen, "let your soldiers deliver up been threatened with death by the livered to the queen it filled her with this girl to Glinda. She will think witch if she confessed the fraud. But dismay, for Mombi was her chief she has the real Mombi in her power, Glinda, sweet and fair though she counsellor, and Jinjur was terribly and so will return immediately to her was, understood magic better than

> city gates and taken before Glinda. "Here is the person you demanded," said one of the guards, "and our Queen now begs you will go away, as you promised, and leave us in peace."

gates.

The Sorceress quickly summoned the Scarecrow and his friends to her tent, and began to question the supposed Mombi about the lost girl Ozma. But Jellia knew nothing at all of this affair, and presently she grew so nervous under the questioning that she gave way and began to weep, to Glinda's great astonishment.

"Here is some foolish trickery!" said the Sorceress, her eyes flashing Mombi. with anger. "This is not Mombi at all, but some other person who has been made to resemble her! Tell me," she demanded, turning to the trembling girl, "what is your name?"

any other person in the Land of Oz. Therefore Jellia, hobbling along So, by uttering a few potent words like an aged woman, was led from the and making a peculiar gesture, she quickly transformed the girl into her proper shape, while at the same time old Mombi, far away in Jinjur's palace, suddenly resumed her own

crooked form and evil features. "Why, it's Jellia Jamb!" cried the "That I will surely do," replied Scarcerow, recognizing one of his old friends. "It's our interpreter Scarecrow, recognizing in the girl "It's our interpreter!" said the

begged Glinda's protection, which the Sorceress readily granted. But Glinda was now really angry, and sent word to Jinjur that the fraud was discovered and she must deliver up the real Mombi or suffer terrible consequences. Jinjur was prepared for this message, for the witch well understood, when her natural form was thrust upon her, that Glinda had discovered her trickery. But the wicked old creature had already thought up a new deception, and had made Jinjur promise to carry it out. So the Queen said to Glinda's messenger:

"Tell your mistress that I cannot find Mombi anywhere; but that Glinda is welcome to enter the city and search herself for the old woman. She may also bring her friends with her, if she likes; but if she does not find Mombi by sundown, the Sorceress must promise to go away peaceably and bother us no more.

Glinda agreed to these terms, well knowing that Mombi was somewhere within the city walls. So Jinjur caused the gates to be thrown open, and Glinda marched in at the head of a company of soldiers, followed by the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, while Jack Pumpkinhead rode astride the Saw-Horse, and the Educated, Highly Magnified Woggle-Bug sauntered behind in dignified manner. Tip walked by the side of the Sorceress, for Glinda had conceived a great liking for the boy.

Of course old Mombi had no intention of being found by Glinda; so, while here nemies were marching up the street, the witch transformed herself into a red rose upon a bush in the garden of the palace. It was a clever idea, and a trick Glinda did not suspect; so several precious hours were spent in a vain search for

As sundown approached the Sorceress realized she had been defeated by the superior cunning of the aged witch; so she gave the command to her people to march out of the city and back to their tents. The Scarecrow and his comrades

happened to be searching in the gar- May he come back a hero; den of the palace just then, and they turned with disappointment to obey Glinda's command. But before they left the garden the Tin Woodman. who was fond of flowers, chanced to espy a big red rose growing upon a bush; so he plucked the flower and fastened it securely in the tin buttonhale of his tin bosom.

As he did this he fancied he heard a low moan proceed from the rose; but he paid no attention to the sound. and Mombi was thus carried out of the city and into Giinda's cam, without any one having a suspicion that they had succeeded in their quest,

(Continued Next Sunday)