

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



## BUSY BEE SOCIETY

NOTE—Busy Bees will please send their society items to Margaret Shotwell, Busy Bee Society editor, care Bee Office

Bob, 'cause he lost his tail when he 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



EUGENE MEISINGER

The fifth Liberty bond sold at the Liberty bank in front of the court house was bought for their 12-year-old son, Eugene, by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Meisinger, 823 South Thirty-fourth street.

### Patriotic Boy and Girl

"I am going to be a Red Cross nurse," says the little girl. "And I am going to be a soldier for Uncle Sam," the little boy replied. This patriotic cartoon was drawn for the Busy Bee page by Dorothy Rose of Elmwood, Nebr.



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 Opinion.

### Headed Church Procession



### FLORENCE GENEVIEVE SWIFT

Dressed in her Easter best, little Florence Genevieve Swift headed the Holy Thursday procession in the fine, big St. Cecilia's cathedral. Quite an honor for a 5-year-old, but Florence was quite equal to the occasion and charmed everyone with her sunny smile.

Her "Uncle Tow," otherwise known as T. J. Fitzmorris of The Bee family, snapped this picture of the little one 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 Mathai, Marjorie Tilton, Madeline Johnson, Helen Wier, Laura Kirk, Helen Peterson, Catherine Horrigan, Anita Anderson, Marion Orloff, Audrey Corey, Mildred Smiley, Dorothy Dyhrberg, Beatrice Reimers, Helen Nygard, Jane Powell, Harriet Guild, Virginia Holliday, Edna May Tabbs, Virginia Donahue, Betty Donahue, Ruth Cohn, Janet Reeves, Catherine Smith, Virginia Randall, Emma Randall, Georgena Rasmussen, Eleanor Pierpont, Bernice Ferrer, Thelma Ferrer, Francis Morphy, Alice Carey, Jean Williams, Mary Udlike, Pauline Fuller and Eleanor 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 Opinion.

"Was Jack cool during the air raid the other night?" "Rather! Why, he was so cool his teeth were chattering all the while."—Passing Show.

### Little Stories By Little Folks

#### (Prize.)

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 stuff 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. 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.

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 he lived in a castle. He often went to war against neighboring giants. Quayme always liked to read books about King Arthur and his noble knights, one day he told his mother that he was going to King Arthur's court to be a knight. His mother was very sorry to tell him he could go, but she said to herself, "He will go some day anyway, so I will let him go now." So he bade his mother farewell and went. When he got to the woods, his servants saw a giant coming, so as quick as a flash they drew their swords out and began fighting, but the giant overthrew them, then Quayme drew his sword and just as the giant came up to kill him. He threw the spear with such force that it went through the giant's armor into his heart. He then got on his horse and went away, on he went till he got to King

### Too Late or Too Long

The following letters were too long, or were received too late for publication in this Sunday's Busy Bee section. We appreciate them and regret inability to print them along with others: "Keep the Joy Bells Ringing," by Arnold Boettcher, Columbus, Neb. "I'm Helping to Win," by Evelyn Wilkinson, Shenandoah, Ia. "Conservation with a Mummy," by Lillie Benes, Clarkston, Neb. "Johnnie and Teacher," by Ted Benson, Kimball, Neb. "The War Garden," by Helen Holland, Fairbury, Neb. "Trip to Lincoln," by Mella M. Winfrey, Stella, Neb. "A Runaway," by Alice Echtenkamp, Arlington, Neb. "Nutting," by Anna Pershe, South Side, Omaha, Neb. "Chased by Gypsies," by Gretchen Golligbe, Fremont, Neb. "Selfish May," by Mercedes Golligbe, 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. "How the War Was Won," by Grace Robinson, Council Bluffs, Ia.

## "THE MARVELOUS LAND OF OZ" ... By L. Frank Baum

### THE TIN WOODMAN PLUCKS A ROSE

THE Army of Glinda the Good looked very grand and imposing when it assembled at daybreak before the palace gates. The uniforms of the girl soldiers were pretty and of gay colors, and their silver-tipped spears were bright and glistening, the long shafts being inlaid with mother-of-pearl. All the officers wore sharp, gleaming swords, and shields edged with peacock feathers; and it really seemed that no foe could by any possibility defeat such a brilliant army. The Sorceress rode in a beautiful palanquin which was like the body of a coach, having doors and windows 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 Scarecrow, 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 can't get broke so long as he is stuffed with money." "Didn't I ask you—" began Tip, in a reproachful voice. "You did!" said the Woggle-Bug, promptly. "And I beg your pardon, I will really try to restrain myself." "You'd better," declared the boy.

"That is, if you wish to travel in our company." "Ah! I couldn't bear to part with you now," murmured the Insect, feelingly; so Tip let the subject drop. The army moved steadily on, but night had fallen before they came to the walls of the Emerald City. By the dim light of the new moon, however, Glinda's forces silently surrounded the city and pitched their tents of scarlet silk upon the greensward. The tent of the Sorceress was larger than the others, and was composed of pure white silk, with scarlet banners flying above it. A tent was also pitched for the Scarecrow's party; and when these preparations had been made, with military precision and 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 bravely. "The enemy is still outside 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." So the girl passed through the gates, bearing a white flag to show she was on a mission of peace, and came to Glinda's tent. "Tell your Queen," said the Sorceress to the girl, "that she must deliver up to me old Mombi, to be my prisoner. If this is done I will not molest her farther." Now when this message was delivered to the queen it filled her with dismay, for Mombi was her chief counselor, and Jinjur was terribly afraid of the old hag. But she sent for Mombi, and told her what Glinda had said. "I see trouble ahead for all of us," muttered the old witch, after glancing into a magic mirror she carried in 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," said the old hag, positively. "But, if you will let me have my own way, I can save us both very easily."

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"Then do as you please," replied Jinjur, "for it is so aristocratic to be a 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 result of the enchantment Jellia took on the form and features of Mombi, while the old witch grew to resemble the girl so closely that it seemed impossible anyone could guess the deception. "Now," said old Mombi to the Queen, "let your soldiers deliver up this girl to Glinda. She will think she has the real Mombi in her power, and so will return immediately to her own country in the south." Therefore Jellia, hobbling along like an aged woman, was led from the 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." "That I will surely do," replied Glinda, much pleased, "if this is really the person she seems to be." "It is certainly old Mombi," said the guard, who believed she was speaking the truth; and then Jinjur's soldiers returned within the city's 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 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?" This Jellia dared not tell, having been threatened with death by the witch if she confessed the fraud. But Glinda, sweet and fair though she was, understood magic better than any other person in the Land of Oz. So, by uttering a few potent words 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 Scarecrow, recognizing in the girl one of his old friends. "It's our interpreter," said the Pumpkinhead, smiling pleasantly. Then Jellia was forced to tell of the trick Mombi had played, and she



### Sailing a Boat.

John and Henry were little boys. John had a new boat and they were talking about going to the river and let it sail. John said, "Let us go tomorrow." "All right," said Henry. "Let's go home and get our mamas 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 horses 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.

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 afternoons 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. May he come back a hero: 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, So get the horse and plow. 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 knave beat!

### In the Bee Hive

DEAR BUSY BEES: I think it's lots of fun to see the gypsies in spring time. They stroll about just as if there wasn't anything to hurry over and spend the warm spring days digging dandelions. They seem to have been born with the "cheero" spirit and they often sing snatches of songs as they dig, and have lots of fun with each other. I had the nicest talk with a gypsy woman and her two fat little children, who were helping her fill the flour sack on her back with dandelions. She had been all over the country and knew how to tell fortunes, too, and when I asked her if she didn't get tired, oh no; when I think I am tired I just laugh and when you laugh 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 at all. 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.

### 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 asked him to buy a bond of them, and this man asked, "Who are you selling the bonds for?" "Why, President Wilson, of course," answered Billy Coad.

### Father Gives Patriotic Talk.

Judge Lee Estelle was the "four minute" speaker at the Strands when Vivian Martin played "The Petticoat Pilot," and no one in the theater was more interested in his talk and the 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 one of their favorite movie stars. When the cat, David, appeared in the picture Winifred could hardly contain herself for she has a cat called

### School Kiddies Tell How They Save Money To Buy Thrift Stamps

Boys and girls of Omaha public schools were asked by their teachers to write stories of thrift stamps, telling how they earned or saved money to help Uncle Sam. Two of these stories are printed for the kiddies who read the Busy Bee page: How Conscience Bought a War Saving Stamp. (By Paul Leustler, Park School.) One soft spring day as I came out of school I felt very sad, for I had no money to buy an ice cream soda. Something inside me seemed to say, "Think of the pennies in France. Save that sugar for the boys. Buy the one that says that you are helping Uncle Sam." After the something said that, I knew it was Conscience. Please, however, thought that he had something to do with it. So he said, "Think how good he would be to you." Conscience said, "I would really care, but you don't need it." So I turned back and started toward the parlors. "Where are you going," demanded Conscience. "Down town," I answered, faintly. "You don't have to go, do you?" "No," I said, meekly. "Don't then," said Conscience. As I turned, what should I meet face to face, but the "Popcorn Wagon." "Now," I thought, "I'll buy an ice cream cone." Conscience, however, was not an angel and he said, "A glass of water will cool you just as much." Thus, in one afternoon, Conscience made me save 25 cents, with which I bought a war saving stamp. By buying this one thrift stamp my thrift card was filled and I got a war saving stamp, thereby helping to put one more soldier at the front. This one soldier may help the Kaiser and make the world safe for democracy. Ways to Raise Money. (By Francis Martin, Eighth B Class, Columbian School.) Saturday found me with nothing to do. Soon, however, I caught a glimpse of a morning paper, saying "Buy your Thrift stamps now." Under this heading there were three or four paragraphs telling why one should buy Thrift stamps. Here was my chance to get Thrift stamps. For a moment I stood thinking about different ways in which I could raise the money. First, I could help about the house. Mother had often told me that I might help wash dishes, wipe up floors, sweep porches, dig dandelions, and help cultivate the vegetable garden. I took advantage of her suggestions. I could paint place-cards. I had in the past bought blank calling cards at 5 cents a dozen. After painting a little bouquet of flowers, or perhaps a little bird or flag in the left-hand corner, they brought 25 to 30 cents a dozen. And of those many opportunities, I set hard work so that I might soon buy my own Thrift stamps. In a few days I found that my money was growing rapidly. I now began to worry about finding a place to keep my money. The other day I found an old picture of a famous actress. I happened to notice that she had a long straight mouth. Now a novel idea flashed across my mind. I cut a slit in the mouth large enough for a quarter to go through, then made a little cloth sack to fit behind the mouth. When my picture-book was complete I hid only one slit in the money which I had to safety. And here a heavy now.