

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

Fox Trot Dancer

Makine Reichenberg



Makine Reichenberg is to be one of the special fox trot dancers at the dance carnival given for the benefit of the fatherless children of France at the Brandeis theater Saturday evening, May 11.

A Birthday Picnic. Catherine Foote, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. K. Foote, gave a very novel picnic party on Saturday

afternoon to celebrate her 11th birthday. Her guests were: Margaret Logan, George Logan, Eugene Clark, Jean Adams, Mc Adams, Betty McBride, Randolph Claasen, Catherine Alleman, Helen Grey, Mildred Stuben and Anna Bell Kise.

Dance Recital. The girls who have been taking dancing of Miss Mary Cooper all winter entertained their mothers and fathers and intimate friends at a recital Saturday afternoon. And this is the program that they gave in costume:

- Characteristic Schottische Class 2
Amazilia Cornelia Storm
The Playground Class 1
Les Secrets Ellen Peterson
Fairy Schottische Class 2
Merry-makers' Dance Martha Hanford
Dance of the Wood Nymphs Class 5
To a Wild Rose Helen Peterson
Moment Musical Class 2
Lilacblossom Martha Gaines
Baccarille Class 1
Scales of Lightness Class 2
Twilight and Night Class 2
Hawaiian Dance Eleanor Hamilton
Ingenue Dance Class 2
Crescent Moon Doris Talmage
Lindes Lee Class 4
Butterflies Jane Powell
Dawn Class 5
Egyptian Dance Eida Beeson
Clove Dance Class 5
Spring Dance Helen Butler
Sculpture Plastic Class 5
Chinese Dance Class 5
Catching Sunbeams Virginia Holiday

Heard in School. Teacher—What is a man-of-war? Pupil—A soldier. Teacher—I saw a coyote when I was driving yesterday. Pupil—What kind of a bird is that?

Some State of Mind. "Harold wants to be an aviator, but is distressed because the rest of the family are in a corresponding state of mind." "How is that?" "They are all up in the air about it."

Little Ones Have Hair Bobbed



Spend a day with the little folk in the Brandeis hair bobbing department and you will find out so many new things about hair bobbing. Just enter into the spirit of the thing and imagine yourself a moment sitting in one of the chairs as a tiny girl or tiny boy, having your hair bobbed by the most considerate and most expert bobbers.

It takes more than a hair bobbing machine and a perfectly capable lady bobber to cut little folks hair. It takes such accessories as a one-eyed dog, who jumps up and down and refuses to grow up, because they do say he has been here for many, many years and he doesn't look any older than he did when he came.

It takes these things to chase away fretting and tears on the part of little kiddies and make them really enjoy having their hair bobbed. A day in this hair bobbing department is like a day of sudden showers and sunshines, some children smile freely; others cry all to freely; some protest loudly; others submit easily; they all seem to enjoy it.

A set of electric clippers is an innovation that makes the work go faster and does it in a most satisfactory way.

The picture shows this hair bobbing department on a busy Saturday afternoon.

Wins Bluebird Honors



Lillian Field, 8, daughter of Frank D. Field, 125 South Thirty-first avenue, is the youngest Bluebird in Nebraska to win the new war honor in the Bluebirds' war-service program. A meeting of her Bluebird "Nest" was held at her home Thursday afternoon for the purpose of unrolling tinfoil which had been given to the Red Cross salvage department in balls.

War Orphan Benefit. May 11 will be a fairy night in Omaha, for then boys and girls who have always been ordinary folks will become the little people of bygone days, and dance the hours away in order that the poor little orphans of France may have homes and comforts that the war has taken from them.

Honor. Honor, my boy, is like sunshine for making bright, cleans the mind—sets you on the pedestal of esteem—Teaches you the lesson of self-respect—Grooms you to meet all comers—Brings you joy, success, fortune—Teaches you the lesson of tolerance—The virtue of patience is yours—For in the fallings of your fellows, your own virtue is shown—Honor, my boy, is the road to fame—The open door to happiness—The portal leading to peace and respect—Its motto is the golden rule—To another as to yourself be just—And as life ebb and flow, remain true to love—Love of things, your fellows and self—Love of the beautiful and the clean—Love of the task well done—And the duty nobly performed—Honor, my boy, makes you a friend—Brings friends to you—And as life ebb and finally dies—Honor, my boy, is a monument with the epitaph—A life nobly lived, a man to honor

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story) Jean Earns Her Thrift Stamp. By Ruby Croft, David City, Neb. Blue Side.

Poor Jean, how unfortunate she was! She lived in a large city and in a tenement district where she couldn't have a garden like Uncle Sam suggested. Well, she would find some way to have her garden and would sell the vegetables she raised, then buy her thrift stamps.

She jumped up from the steps and ran to see what her brother wanted. "Jean, see; couldn't you take that job? Mother would be so glad," he said. "Oh! let me show it to her and I'll begin tomorrow," excitedly announced Jean.

Their father was dead and their mother was almost an invalid, so Bert sold papers and Jean did what she could to help.

Some child's friend wanted a good, reliable girl to take care of a certain number of children for a few hours each day. Jean took the position and liked it, but all this time she was looking for a place to have her garden.

One day she spied a vacant place in the back yard and very politely asked if she might spade that up and have her garden there. They knowing her position, consented, and by and by she had more customers than she had vegetables for.

She filled two thrift cards instead of one and had enough left to buy what scanty clothes she needed. (Honorable Mention.) Uncle Sam's Soldiers. By Evelyn Wilkinson, 108 Wabash Avenue, Shenandoah, Ia.

We are Uncle Sammie's soldiers, Though we're very young, My, but all the children Think it's lots of fun!

We are Uncle Sam's young army, Marching right along, And the one who not save Are doing very wrong.

So, come on, children, And sing this song, Join the children's army, And 'twill help the world along.

The Robin. O, robin in the cherry tree, I know I here you sing; I know why you come so early, It's to tell us it is spring.

O, robin, I would like to know Why you are so gayly dressed, You have a black cap on your head, And scarlet ribbons on your breast.

A Hero of France. By Elizabeth Farnsworth, Aged 12 Years, 1319 West Second Street, Grand Island, Neb. Blue Side.

Last year there was seen, standing on a street corner in Paris, a group of soldiers. One officer was saying that there were some papers that had to be delivered to the first line trench, but it being such a dangerous trip no one would try it.

A small boy of 13, who was standing near, walked up and said, "I overheard what the officer said, and I will gladly do it." "But you will be killed if captured," explained the same officer. "I am no coward," replied the boy. "I will gladly give my life to my France."

"Very well, follow me," answered the officer. On reaching the camp where the officer stayed he said, "Here are your things, my son." Half an hour later a small boy riding horseback was seen going out of Paris.

At nightfall the boy's message had been delivered. And he was riding gallantly homeward when he met two German soldiers. They held him up, seeing he wore a French flag. They asked him what he had been doing, but as the boy had been told

Rules for Young Writers

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the page.
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.
A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.
Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

every room but one. "Harry," he said, "I don't want you to ever go in that room, because it is mine."

When they came to Harry's room the man told him to retire, for his son must go to bed at 8. The next morning Harry saw that one of the windows was open. He jumped out and ran home. After that he would never go out alone. Two weeks after he heard that the man was dead. He had left him the house providing he remembered his promise about going in that room.

Frances and Her Dog. By Marion Foye, Aged 14 Years, 1111 South Thirty-third Street, Omaha. Once upon a time there lived a little girl named Frances Brown, and her mother one day, Mrs. Brown, for that was the mother's name, said: "Take this basket and go after some berries for our supper, then you can take some fresh butter over to Mrs. Kountze; she only lives two blocks. Be very careful, Frances, and don't be late to supper."

"No, I won't," said the little girl. "I'll be home early." And she was. Her mother was standing at the door and she said: "What do you think, our beautiful collie is dead. It died soon after you left for Mrs. Kountze's home."

"What shall we do about it?" asked the little girl. "I am sure I don't know," replied the mother; "we will have to call your father, but in the meantime you can help me by eating your supper like a good child, and after supper you can help me with the dishes until your father gets home."

For Old Glory. By Lucile Bauer, Aged 12 Years, Atwood, Kan. We must not scorn or not play with the little German-American children. They could not help it because their parents did not know of the grand, free country far across the ocean before they did. Some of them still have a foreign accent in their dress, speech and manners. And is that why we scorn them? Are they not Americans?

Many of them realize more fully what the Stars and Stripes mean than many native Americans. It means liberty, freedom of the things that make a nation great to them and to us. Any of them just the same as we would give their lives, money and interests if it would help Old Glory.

So, let us tell them still more of Old Glory and what it stands for, and do not turn them down, for they are our own Americans.

Doing Her Bit. By Lucille Griffin, Aged 12 Years, St. Paul, Neb. Blue Side. I like everybody else, am trying to do my bit. I own four War stamps and seven Thrift stamps, am a member of the Junior Red Cross and am knitting for the soldiers.

I have a flag in our school that is 10 feet long and 6 feet wide. It is on a flag pole 20 feet high. We take the flag down every night and put it up every morning. There are only 12 pupils in our school but we own about \$55 or \$60 worth of War stamps.

Well, goodbye, Busy Bees. Lives on a Farm. By Freddie Hehner, Aged 8 Years, Shelton, Neb. Route 2, Box 69. Blue Side. I live on a farm of 200 acres. I go to Bluff Center school. I have three-quarters of a mile to walk to school. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bessie Smith. I have three sisters and two brothers. My sisters' names are: Liela, Bertha and Anna. My brother's names are Carl and Elmer.

We have a Silvertone Phonograph. I would like to join the Blue Side. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I will close.

Received Prize. Dear Editor: I received the prize, for which I thank you very much. It is very interesting and I enjoy reading it. I think the stories on the children's page are very interesting and am always glad when Sunday comes so I can see them. As I like to write stories, I will write another one. ESTHER OSTERGARD.

Pussy Willow. By Elvera Swanson, Aged 9 Years, 5662 South Forty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side. My neighbors had a kitten dressed in gray. And they called her "Pussy Willow" by the way. She wore slippers all of white and a collar just as bright, and O, she was a beauty, plump and gay.

I often heard their children's voice hum. Calling softly, "Pussy, Pussy Willow, come." For she followed them down street On her pretty slippers feet. And they had to coax her back and take her home. This "Pussy, Pussy Willow," sleek and fat Was a very happy little pussy cat; She had fur as soft as silk And she loves to drink warm milk And to curl herself to sleep upon the mat.

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

THE TRANSFORMATION OF OLD MOMBI.

THE Witch was at first frightened at finding herself captured by the enemy; but soon she decided that she was exactly as safe in the Tin Woodman's button-hole as growing upon the bush. For no one knew the rose and Mombi to be one, and now that she was without the gates of the city her chances of escaping altogether from Glinda were much improved.

"But there is no hurry," thought Mombi. "I will wait awhile and enjoy the humiliation of this Sorceress when she finds I have outwitted her."

So throughout the night the rose lay quietly on the Woodman's bosom, and in the morning, when Glinda summoned her friends to a consultation, Nick Chopper carried his pretty flower with him to the white silk tent.

"For some reason," said Glinda, "We have failed to find this cunning old Mombi; so I fear our expedition will prove a failure. And for that I am sorry, because without our assistance little Ozma will never be rescued and restored to her rightful position as queen of the Emerald City."

"Do not let us give up so easily," said the Pumpkinhead. "Let us do something else." "Something else must really be done," replied Glinda, with a smile; "yet I cannot understand how I have been defeated so easily by an old Witch who knows far less of magic than I do myself."



Orzma, and find the girl afterward," said the Scarecrow. "And while the girl remains hidden I will gladly rule in her place, for I understand the business of ruling much better than Jinjur does."

"But I have promised not to molest Jinjur," objected Glinda. "Suppose you all return with me to my kingdom—our empire, rather," said the Tin Woodman, politely including the entire party in a royal wave of his arm. "It will give me great pleasure to entertain you in my castle, where there is room enough and to spare. And if any of you wish to be nickel plated, my valet will do it free of all expense."

While the Woodman was speaking Glinda's eyes had been noting the rose in his buttonhole, and now she imagined she saw the big red leaves of the flower tremble slightly. This quickly aroused her suspicions, and in a moment more the Sorceress had decided that the seeming rose was

nothing else than a transformation of old Mombi. At the same instant Mombi knew she was discovered and must quickly plan an escape, and as transformations were easy to her she immediately took the form of a Shadow and glided along the wall of the tent toward the entrance, thinking thus to disappear.

But Glinda had not only equal cunning, but far more experience than the Witch. So the Sorceress reached the opening of the tent before the Shadow, and with a wave of her hand closed the entrance so securely that Mombi could not find a crack big enough to creep through. The Scarecrow and his friends were greatly surprised at Glinda's actions; for none of them had noted the Shadow. But the Sorceress said to them:

"Remain perfectly quiet, all of you! For the old Witch is even now with us in this tent, and I hope to capture her."

These words so alarmed Mombi that she quickly transformed herself from a shadow to a Black Ant, in which shape she crawled along the ground, seeking a crack or crevice in which to hide her tiny body.

Fortunately, the ground where the tent had been pitched, being just before the city gates, was hard and smooth; and while the Ant still crawled about, Glinda discovered it and ran quickly forward to effect its capture. But, just as her hand was descending, the Witch, now fairly frantic with fear, made her last transformation, and in the form of a huge Griffin sprang through the wall of the tent—tearing the silk asunder in her rush—and in a moment had darted away with the speed of a whirlwind.

Glinda did not hesitate to follow.

Griffin and the Saw-Horse.

So Tip called the Gump's attention to them and bade the creature try to overtake the Witch and the Sorceress. But, swift as was the Gump's flight, the pursued and pursuer moved more swiftly yet, and within a few moments were blotted out against the dim horizon.

"Let us continue to follow them, nevertheless," said the Scarecrow; "for the Land of Oz is of small extent, and sooner or later they must both come to a halt."

Old Mombi had thought herself very wise to choose the form of a Griffin, for its legs were exceedingly fleet and its strength more enduring than that of other animals. But she had not reckoned on the untiring energy of the Saw-Horse, whose wooden limbs could run for days without slacking their speed. Therefore, after an hour's hard running, the Griffin's breath began to fail, and it panted and gasped painfully, and moved more slowly than before.

Then it reached the edge of the desert, and began racing across the deep sands. But its tired feet sank far into the sand, and in a few minutes the Griffin fell forward, completely exhausted, and lay still upon the desert waste.

Glinda came up a moment later, riding the still vigorous Saw-Horse; and having unwound a slender golden thread from her girdle the Sorceress threw it over the head of the panting and helpless Griffin, and so destroyed the magical power of Mombi's transformation.

For the animal, with one fierce shudder, disappeared from view, while in its place was discovered the form of the old Witch, glaring savagely at the serene and beautiful face of the Sorceress. (Continued Next Sunday)