



Maxine

Peichenberg

RRRRRR

## In the Bee Hive

DEAR Busy Bees: Nowadays the conservation of food is one of the gs that we learn at school and at nome, and I heard of a very novel blan for "conserving" the other day. When I was walking around in the yard trying to see where I ald plant some radishes and lettuce, ticed a lot of bees flying around head and looking up I saw them into the attic of my neighbor's ne. Now I have heard of bees in belfry, but never of bees in an attic, my neighbor told me that he has hive in up there and has taken er thiry pounds of honey from it. "An attic is a funny place for a hive bees?" I said.

Yes, replied Mr. Haas, "it seems a queer place, but it is a very safe and not for them, for you see the "Well, when I was a boy the first

ney I ever earned was from a of bees and I grew to be very of them and so when I was this house up I decided I would bees and I didn't want to keep in the yard for fear some little would touch the hive and be to myself, there's the place for

If any of our readers want to become beekeepers, Mr. Haas will tell them how to fix a hive in the attic,

BUSY BEE SOCIETY RRRRRR \* NOTE-Busy Bees will please send teir society items to Mar-aret Shotwell, Busy Bee so-

afternoon to celebrate her 11th birthday. Her guests were: Margaret Lo-Ciety editor, care Bee Office gan, George Logan, Eugene Clark, Jean Adams, Mc Adams, Betty Mc-Bride, 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: 

 tumpe:

 Characteristic Schottische
 Class 1

 Amarylils
 Cornella Storrs

 The Playground
 Class 1

 Les Secrets
 Ellen Peterson

 Fairy Schottische
 Marthena Hanford

 Dance of the Wood Nymps
 Class 2

 To a Wild Ross
 Heien Peterson

 Moment Musicale
 Marthe Gaines

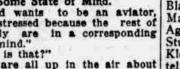
 Baccarolle
 Class 7

 Scales of Lightness
 Class 8

Heard in School. Teacher-What is a man-of-war?

was driving yesterday. Pupil-What kind of a bird is that!

the family are in a corresponding state of mind."



which Miss Anna Porter, 422 North Thirty-first street, is guardian. Others By Evelyn Wilkinson, 108 Wabash in the "nest" who will each be awarded an honor "feather" for the hour's work are: Eleanor McNown, Blanch Blundell, Ruth Shotwell, Mary Alice Bromwell, Nellie Tate, Agnes Tate, Mildred Miller, Marian Sturdevant, Caroline Levi, Marie Klein, Josephine, Thomas, Rita Man-tel, Louise Rosenthal, Grace Rosen-

Lilian Field

thal, Pauline Hertsberg.

held at her home Thursday afternoon

for the purpose of unrolling tinfoil

which had been given to the Red

Cross salvage department in balls.

Lillian is a member of the "nest" of

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 O, robin in the cherry tree, that the war has taken from them. Margaret Lee Burgess, Barbara I know why you come so early, Burns, Katherine Coad, Emma Nash, Dorothy Higgins and Elinor Kountze will be little ladies of the French O, robin, I would like to know court days. Willard Hosford will change into Little Jack Horner, while You have a black cap on your head, Michael Crofoot and Edward Creighton will be the blind mice of nursery rhyme fame. So we are all looking forward to May 11, for the dance carnival given that night at the Brandeis theater will be as good as a Cinderella ball.

## Little Stories By Little Folks

By

(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 wan 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 lean.

Their father was dead and their mother was almost an invalid, so Bert sold papers and Jean did what she could to help. Some childs' institute 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 war garden. One day she spied a vacant place

Lillian Field, 8, daughter of Frank in the back yard and very politely D. Field, 125 South Thirty-first ave- asked if she might spade that up and nue, is the youngest Bluebird in Nehave her garden there. They knowing her position, consented, and by the Bluebirds' war-service program. A and by she had more customers than

meeting of her Bluebird "Nest" was 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.

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.

I know I here you sing;

not to tell, he would not. So they shot him. A few days later the officer who had sent the boy, rode past his dead body. The boy still had the French

flag in his hand. So the officer buried him in a cemetery in Paris and spread over his body a huge French flag. Hard to Resist.

Marguerite Johnson, Aged 11 Years, Sixth and Tilden Streets, Holdrege, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: Don't you think it is hard to resist the temptation of this war? I do. One evening I was going to make some fudge candy, which requires two cups of sugar. My mother said, think of the soldiers somewhere in France. I stopped and

though I wanted it awfully bad, but then I thought, my wouldn't those poor soldiers be glad to get two cups of sugar. So I went without the candy. On Saturday afternoon I wanted

to stay home from junior Red Cross and sew for my doll instead of the

soldiers, that is another temptation. Daddy will give me a nickel and I started downtown to buy some candy with it. Then I thought of winning the war with War Saving Stamps. It's another hard temptation.

I don't like oameal for breakfast, but I eat it for the soldiers and say I like it.

Many times I get hungry for some wheat bread, and it's hard to eat the substitutes, but I try to do it too. This spring I want a new spring coat and dresses. I think then that

"Money will win the war." There's just hundreds of temptations to resist in this war and I have to work awfully hard to resist them.

If we all resist these temptations it will win the war. I hope my letter passes Mr. Waste-

basket without running into him.

By Hazel Monson, Craig, Neb., R. F. D. No. 2. Red Side.

girl. Marjorie is a dear little girl. She lives on a farm with her parents. Her parents are not very rich. She can

go visiting whenever she can. She

One day her mother was going away. She told Marjorie not to touch the matches. But when her mother was out of sight, she thought she would light a match, for she knew it would not hurt anything. She took some dry leaves for it was in the state of the state of

**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 ove

250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

will be used. 5. Write your name, age and ad-dress 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.

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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, 111 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

For Old Glory.

About Marjorie.

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 Well, here I am again. This time I am going to tell you about a little father gets home."

fire bell. Soon the people came.

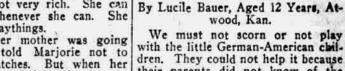
Then the old man showed him

ments were blotted out against the

By L. Frank Baum

dim horizon.

has pretty playthings.



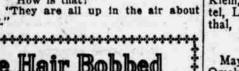


Pupil-A soldier. Teacher-I saw a coyote when I

AR(D)(O)DISD Maxine 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. Maxine does many costume dances, but she likes to fox trot, too, and she and her partner, Truman Morsman, have a very merry time dancing the latest steps. A Birthday Picnic.

Catherine Foote, the daughter of "How is that?" Dr. and Mrs. W. K. Foote, gave a very novel picnic party on Saturday it." Little Ones Have Hair Bobbed

# were a lot of bees circling ad my attic window and so I



Some State of Mind.

"Harold wants to be an aviator, but is distressed because the rest of

sy Bees, keeping bees sounds t, don't you think so? MARGARET.

## canose Carving

The Japanese are perhaps the most illful of living peoples in the art making minute carvings. Such a iture object takes the form of a pocket shrine occasionally. An specimen of this kind of work recently brought to this country. epresentation of the Crucifixion by side with one of the Blessed in and Divine Child was conngin and Divine Child was con-med in a small capsule-like cover-s, says Benziger's Magazine. The pres were only one-eighth of an in height and it was necessary use a strong manifying glass in der to distinguish the details. Each mere was enclosed in an empty rice if and the whole, mounted on a tiny reality predestal was no larger than

altar-like pedestal, was no larger than s watch charm.

### Success.

course, my boy, you'd like to the station of Success; but the le is, you want to ride upon the express. You think the plug is of date, the local is too slow; i're waiting for the whistle of the ted to blow. You take your ease, dream your dreams about that fair and the many great and thy things you'll do when you get but when your time card tells that the Cannon ball is late, you out the management, and te it all to fate. You never think take your grip and hit the dusty ; you must have the Golden Flyer, best train on the rail. Your fel-traveler who is wise will brook no g delay; he takes the first that THE TRANSFORMATION OF OLD MOMBL. OLD MOMBL. THE Witch was at first frightened track; he gets his peepers the goal, and never once looks ck. And by and by that plodding the saling herself captured by the enemy; but soon she de-cided that she was exactly as THE TRANSFORMATION OF

your load. You want to reach safe in the Tin Woodman's button-station, but your grit is on the ; and if you ever win success, Il have to hustle some. -CLEM BRADSHAW.

out the gates of the city her chances Johnny Was Next. "Boys," said the Sunday school oher, "can any of you tell me about of Friday?" of escaping altogether from Glinda were much improved. rinday?" "m, I can, replied an urchin foot of the class. "He was the hat did the housework for on Crusce."—Boston Tran-Mombi. "I will wait awhile and en-

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**Everybody** Wonders Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,

Or a key for a lock of his

Can his eyes be called an academy, ause there are pupils

there? the crown of his head, what

goms are found, Who travels the bridge of his nose? Can be use when shingling the roof of his mouth, The nails in the end of his

Can the crook of his elbow be

sent to jail? And if so, what did he do? tw does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

nged if I know; do \*

Spend a day with the little folk in the Brandeis hair bobbing depart-ment 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

has been here for many, many years and he doesn't look any older than he did when he came. It takes a ha! hal fan, that makes a noise like a laugh when you swing it. It takes a piper's pipe that blows like a horh. 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 sunshine, 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 inovation 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.

hole as growing upon the bush. For

no one knew the rose and Mombi to

be one, and now that she was with-

"But there is no hurry," thought

joy 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 our friends to a consulta-

flower with him to the white silk

"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 assist-ance 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 must really

done," replied Glinda, with a smile;

'yet I cannor understand how I have

something else."

afternoo

Ozma, and find the girl afterward," said the Scarecrow. "And while the girl remains hidden I will gladly rule

"But I have promised not to molest

"Suppose you all return with me

Jinjur does."

Jinjur," objected Glinda.

it free of all expense."

## **\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\***\*

## Honor

Honor, my boy, is like sunshine for making hay— It opens the soul, cleans the mind— Sets you on the pedestal of esteem— Tesches you the lesson of self-re-spect—

ms you to meet all comers-Brings you joy, success, fortune-The virtue of patience is yours-For in the failings of your fellows,

your see yours-Honor, my boy, is the road to fame-The open door to happiness-The portal leading to peace and

Its motto is the golden rule-To another as to thyself be just-Honor, my boy, is the open sesame

Honor, my boy, is the open sesame to love-Love of thine, your fellows and self-Love of right, love of life-Love of the beautiful and the clean-Love of the task well done-And the duly nobly performed-Honor, my boy, makes you a friend-Brings friends to you-And as life ebbs and finally dise-Honor, my boy, is a monument with the spliaph-A life nobly lived, a man to honor born.

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Why you are so gayly dressed. 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

but it being such one would try it. A small boy of 13, who was stand-ing near, walked up and said, "I over-heard what the officer said, and I will be due to it." When Harry Ran Away. By Ruby Sober, Aged 11 Years, Shelton, Neb., Route 2, Box 74. Blue Side.

explained the same officer. "I am no coward," replied the boy, "I will gladly give my life to my France." time no one was looking. "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

a small boy riding horseback was seen going out of Paris. At nightfall the boy's message had been delivered. And he was riding Harry arose and said, "Now I must gallantly homeward when he met two go home, mother will be looking for German soldiers. They held him up, seeing he wore a French flag. They asked him what he had been boy." But the man replied, "No you are going to stay here, and be my boy."

doing, but as the boy had been told

some dry leaves, for it was in the still have a foreign accent in their fall, and made a fire. Then she went away and started

that why we scorn them? Are they not Americans?

to play with her dolls. She forgot all about the fire. The fire crept along the ground until it reached the Many of them realize more fully what the Stars and Stripes mean than many native Americans. It means libhouse. The building was soon on fire. Some people were passing by erty, freedom of the things that make a nation great to them and to us. the road and saw it. They rang the Any of them just the same as we would give their lives, money and in-But the fire had such a start it took terests if it would help Old Glory. a long time to stop it. There was So, let us tell them still more of much excitement; people were run-ning back and forth. Soon it was all Old Glory and what it stands for, and do not turn them down, for they are over. Marjorie was punished for it. our own Americans. and she never touched matches again.

Doing Her Bit.

By Lucille Grffin, 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 There was once a boy named Thrift stamps, am a member of the Harry. He would run away every Junior Red Cross and am knitting for the soldiers.

One day he ran into the woods; We have a flag in our school that after awhile he came to a house. is 10 feet long and 6 feet wide. It is Thinking no one was at home, every on a flag pole 20 feet high. We take thing was so quiet, he walked in. the flag down every night and put it After going through several rooms, up every morning. There are only 12 pupils in our

school but we own about \$55 or \$60 worth of War stamps.

Well, goodby, Busy Bees. ाज राक्ष 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 ge to Bluff Center school. I have threequarters of a mile to walk to school am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bessie Smith. 1

**}\_\_\_\_** have three sisters and two brothers. My sisters' rames are: Liela, Bertha and Anna. My brother's names are Griffin and the Saw-Horse. So Tip called the Gump's attention to them

Carl and Elmer. and bade the creature try to overtake We have a Silvertone Phonograph, would like to join the Blue Side. the Witch and the Sorceress. But, swift as was the Gump's flight, the I wish some of the Busy Bees would pursued and pursuer moved more write to me. I will close. swiftly yet, and within a few mo-

## Received Prize.

Dear Editor: I received the prize, "Let us c ntinue to follow them, for which I thank you very much. It nevertheless." said the Scarecrow; is very interesting and I enjoy read-"for the Land of Oz is of small extent, and sooner or later they must

ing it. I think the stories on the children's and am both come to a halt." page are very interesting and am Old Mombi had thought herself always glad when Sunday comes so very wise to choose the form of a can see them. Griffin, for its legs were exceedingly

fleet and its strength more enduring write another one. than that of other animals. But she ESTHER OSTERGARD.

days By Elvera Swanson, Aged 9 Years, 5662 South Forty-eighth Street, fore, after an hour's hard running. Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

the Griffin's breath began to fail, and My neighbors had a kitten dressed in

And they called her "Pussy Willow" by the way.

She wore slippers all of white sands. But its tired feet sank far And a collar just as bright, into the sand, and in a few minutes And O, she was a beauty, plump and

the Griffin fell forward, completely ,gay. exhausted, and lay still upon the des-

ert waste. I often heard their children's voice hum, Calling softly, "Pussy, Pussy Willow, Glinda came up a moment later, riding the still vigorous Saw-Horse;

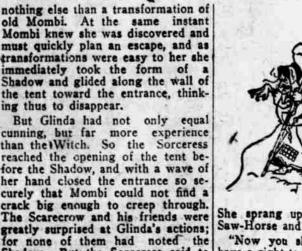
and having unwound a slender golden

thread from her girdle the Sorceress For she followed them down street threw it over the head of the panting On her pretty slippered fect, and helpless Griffin, and so destroyed And they had to coax her back and the magical power of Mombi's transtake her home. formation.

For the animal, with one fierce This "Pussy, Pussy Willow," sleek shudder, disappeared from view, while in its place was discovered the Was a very happy little pussy cat;

form of the old Witch, glaring sav- She had fur as soft as silk agely at the serene and beautiful face And she loves to drink warm milk of the Sorceress. And to curl herself to sleep upon the

(Continued Next Sunday >



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: runl

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

tion, Nick Chopper carried his pretty business of ruling much better than 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

to my kingdom-or empire, rather," said the Tiu Woodman, politely in-cluding the entire party in a royal wave of his arm. "It will give me tent had been pitched, being just be-fore the city gates, was hard and smooth; and while the Ant still crawled about, Glinda discovered it 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 capture. But, just as her hand was if you will mount into the air I think descending, the Witch, now fairly we can din frantic with fear, made her last trans-While the Woodman was speaking Glinda's eyest had been noting the formation, and in the form of a huge been defeated so easily by an old Witch who knows far less of magic than I do myself." "While we are on the ground I believe it would be wise for us to conquer the Emerald city for Princess Griffin sprang through the wall of

She sprang upon the back of the Saw-Horse and cried: "Now you shall prove that you have a right to be alive! Run-runhad not reckoned on the untiring energy of the Saw-Horse, whose wooden limbs could run for without slacking their speed. There-

The Saw-Horse ran. Like a flash he followed the Griffin, his wooden legs moving so fast that they twinkled like the rays of a star. Before our friends could recover from moved more slowly than before. their surprise both the Griffin and the Then it reacred the edge of the desert Saw-Horse had dashed out of sight. and began racing across the deep "Come! Let us follow!" cried the Scarecrow.

They ran to the place where the Gump was lying and quickly tumbled aboard.

"Fly1" commanded Tip, eagerly. "Where to?" asked the Gump, in its clam voice.

we can discover which way Glinda

"Very well." returned the Gump

As I like to write stories, I will

Pussy Willow.

it panted aad gasped painfully, and gray.