

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 Stowell, Busy Bee Society Editor, care Bee Office



In the Bee Hive

DEAR Busy Bees: This is Red Cross Sunday! The work of the Red Cross is being talked of in the Sunday schools and churches of our city today. Next week all the children in Omaha are going to do their bit to swell the fund. "It's Fun to Swell the Fund" will be the slogan of all patriotic boys and girls.

Loving deeds that little brothers and sisters would do for the boys in khaki are being done by Red Cross nurses on the battlefields of France, and all the helpless little children are being cared for, too.

The French children have a pretty fairy tale about the origin of the Red Cross and Captain Haleau, who was sent to buy horses for his government, told me about it. The captain used to look very sad because he was hurt in his back and couldn't fight any more, for he had spent several years in the trenches and was eager to do more for his dear France. Once upon a time a very noble and good man was hurt on the battlefield, and an angel from heaven came down to help him, and dipping his finger in the blood of the hero, made the sign of the cross, and so from that day to this the Red Cross has meant help and loving kindness.

We are all planning to take an active part in this week's drive, and many Busy Bees will give up gum and candy and the movies to give the money to the Red Cross fund, for "It's fun to swell the fund," isn't it?

Lovingly, MARGARET.

Boys Needed.

Boys, we want you, too! This is the cry of the junior auxiliary of the Episcopal churches. For many years there has been a girls' branch of the junior auxiliary for missionary work and now boys are asked to join and help send food, clothes, books and teachers of Christianity to the heathens. The girls have made a splendid showing, and now with the help of the boys there ought to be some very interesting and effective work done. In unity there is strength, and soon the junior branch of missionary work will be one of the strongest and best in the missionary field.

Sunday School Picnic.

Abbott's farm, a mile out of Florence, is a most popular spot these days. On Saturday Caroline Abbott was hostess and a group of Westminister Presbyterian Sunday school girls came out for a picnic. They lunched at the garden and fruit trees and played with the pigs and chickens, and had lunch in the orchard. Those present were Helen Grev, Elma Goodwin, Louise Arnold, Margaret Harlow, Mildred Brown and Caroline Abbott.

Picnic and Hike.

Adelaide Finley, Ruth Chatfield, Lucile Race, Josephine Blackwood, Claire Abbott and Kenneth Stiles hiked to Elmwood for a picnic last Saturday. Kenneth was the only boy in the party and it was a good thing that he was along, for three snakes were discovered and he is not afraid of snakes.

Brother in Army.

Flora Root visited her brother, Sergeant E. A. Root, in Kansas City last week before he was transferred from Camp Funston to Camp Lee. Flora is very proud to have a brother in Uncle Sam's army and spends her time knitting socks for him and writing him nice, homey letters.

Edit School Paper.

Saunders school is one of the most unusual in the city because the pupils learn so many things besides reading, writing and arithmetic. Now they are editing a school paper and it's full of interesting items. It is quite an honor to write something good enough to be published and the pupils study composition work very hard so that they can become real editors.

"GOODY, OLD FRIEND"

(An actual incident on the road to a battery position in Southern Flanders)

Only a dying horse! Fall off the gear
And slip the needless bit from frothing jaws.
Drag it aside there—leave the roadway clear—
The battery thunders on with scarce a pause.

From by the shell-sweet highway there it lies
With quivering limbs, as fast the life life falls
Dark films are closing o'er the faithful eyes
That mutely plead for aid where none is available

Onward the battery rolls—but one there lingers
Headless of comrade's voice or bursting shell—
Back to a wounded friend who lonely bleeds
Beside the stony highway where it fell.

No honors wait him, medal, badge or star,
Though scarce could war a kinder deed unfold:
He bears within his breast, more precious far
Beyond the gift of kings, a heart of gold.

The Flag I Love

Do you ask which flag I love? The big flag which floats above
A tall flagpole—up so high
That it seems to touch the sky.

How I loved to see it blow,
And the stars shine overhead,
With its stripes of white and red
Waving high above my head.

Until Daddy went away,
Now it's dearer every day;
Makes me think of him, you know,
That is why I love it so.

There's another flag I love,
Like the one that floats above,
It is red and white and blue,
Little flag of service, true.

The blue star, that shines so bright,
In its snowy field of white,
Shines for my own Daddy, dear;
How I wish that he was here!

When I'm in my little bed
And the stars shine overhead,
I ask God to safely keep
My dear Daddy, while I sleep.

And I know He hears my prayer,
For the little stars, up there,
Smile at me, as if they knew;
They keep watch o' Daddy, too.

—CELESTA L. MABERY.

Versatile Little Miss



Gwendolyn Eiche

Little Miss Gwendolyn Eiche helps Uncle Sam even though she is only five years old. She earned many a subscription to the Liberty loan when she recited "Young America's Plea." You see, Gwendolyn's mamma was a teacher of elocution in Chicago and she has taught the little girl numbers of humorous pieces and fairy stories. Gwendolyn is a dancer, too, and has danced for our soldier boys at Fort Omaha as well as in the French Orphan benefit last week. The men gave the little girl such a warm welcome that her eyes just danced and Monday evening she is going out to the fort again to speak some pieces for them.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

It is no secret that the American Indian did not get fair play from the white settlers of this country, nor has he had any more than his barest rights from our successive governments. The Indian's grievances have been many and keen. Yet word comes that about 5,000 Indians are serving in the army or navy; one is an aviator (can you imagine an Indian aviator?). Nearly \$10,000,000 worth of Liberty bonds have been bought by Indians; they have aided the Red Cross and have greatly increased our supplies of crops and meat.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Honorable Mention.)

Havana Leaf.

By Helen Clementine Foe, Aged 12 Years, Cowles, Neb., R. F. D. No. 1.

I live in Cuba. I am a Havana Leaf and I grow on a Havana plant in a large field, where there are several plants around me like the one I grow on. This field belongs to a wealthy Mexican.

I grew every day and the weeds also grew, but no one came to tend to us. One day I saw a man coming out with a cultivator. When he came to me he cut a piece of me off. My! That nice cool, moist dirt did make me feel better. Now the weeds were down and I had a pleasant view from every side and the sun shone on me.

I lived a happy life until one day some men came out with wagons and began pulling up the plants, and, of course, the plant I grew on was pulled up, too. They kept piling other plants on me and I thought I was going to smother.

Then they took me to a city called Havana. Then we were taken to a shed, where we were dried and then someone came in where we were and began sorting us. I heard him say that the small leaves would be made into tobacco and the larger ones would be made into cigars. I was put in the pile which the cigars were to be made from.

Then I was taken to the factory where there was an awful buzzing. The next thing I knew I was between two large rollers and was being crushed into medium, sized pieces. Then we were taken into another part of the factory and some were molding us into a cigar. Then they brought in some little boxes and began packing us in. Finally, they came to me and I was packed in the bottom of a box with several others packed on me.

From here I was put on board a ship called the Havana. Oh! how dark it was in here. We did not get many knocks, as we were packed in so tight. One day the little door opened and someone began throwing us out. We were at Tallahassee.

We were waiting for the dry and no one was near. Pretty soon someone picked us up. Then the lid flew open and the first thing I saw was two bright eyes looking at me. "Now, I shall have a fine smoke," said Tommy—for that was the little boy's name. He took me out of the box and struck a match and lit me. Then he went slowly down the road, leaving the other cigars behind lying in the road. I am about gone and I don't think little Tommy will ever want to smoke again.

Bobbie's Cat.

By Gifford Page, Aged 11 Years, Harribsburg, Neb., Blue Side.

My dear Little Busy Bees: I have been reading the stories that the

Rules for Young Writers

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

Busy Bees write and I enjoy them very much. I thought I would send you this story.

Bobbie had a little cat and he loved it very much. Bobbie was 9 years old and lived with his four brothers on a little farm.

One day in the spring Bobbie was playing with his little cat, Tabby, which was the cat's name. The cat soon got tired of playing and ran into the garden.

Little Bobbie did not know where his cat Tabby had gone, so he called and called, but Tabby did not come. He went to the garden and soon saw the cat creeping along the ground and Bobbie saw the cat had a little meadow lark by the wing. Bobbie saw the wing was broken and he took the bird away from the cat and treated it until it was well and then let it fly away. I think this was very nice, don't you?

My Favorite Work.

By Gertrude P. Vana, Aged 13 Years, Wilber, Neb.

This is the second time I am writing to this club. The first time I wrote my story, it saw the waste basket. My favorite work is to be out around the fowls and out in the field. I have over 350 chickens to attend to, and I have 80 ducks to attend and 16 geese.

It always takes me about an hour and a half to get them all fed and watered. I feed them three or four times a day. I go to school and I am in the eighth grade. We have to go a mile to school. I always go home at noon since father is planting corn, because I always go out to the field in the afternoon to roll down corn. I enjoy it very much.

I have seven sisters and one brother. I wish some of the members of this club would write me, I will gladly answer you.

I hope I will see my story in print this time. This is a true story.

First Letter.

By Rachel Bauer, Aged 11 Years, 407 New York Avenue, Hastings, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I am writing to you and I wish to join the Blue Side of your Busy Bee column.

I am interested in your little stories by little folks and am sure I would enjoy being one of the Busy Bees.

I am saving my pennies for thrift stamps to help our Uncle Sammy win this horrible war. I hope that all the little Busy Bees are also saving their pennies for the Red, White and Blue.

I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I am sure I would enjoy reading your letters. Goodbye! all of you.

First Letter.

By Mary Carola Davis, Aged 7 Years, Ord, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees! This is the first time I have written to you. I will be in the Third grade next year. I have 13 thrift stamps. I earn my money to buy them. I want to help win the war. I can crochet and knit and sew. I am crocheting my fourth wash cloth. Grandma lets me knit on almost everything she knits. She's knitting for the soldiers. I have two brothers, Eldon and Dean. Eldon is 5 years old and Dean is 2 years old. One has blue eyes and light hair and the other has brown eyes and hair. We have good times together.

Well, I think I will close now. Goodbye, Busy Bees.

Like "Oz" Stories.

Dear Editor: I received the prize book, for which I thank you very much.

I like to read the "Oz" stories every Sunday. The children all write very interesting stories.

ANNETTE LIEB.

America.

By Mary Dyba, Aged 12, 4016 South Thirty-fifth Street, South Side, Omaha.

As my first poem was in print, I'm sending in another, hoping, as usual, to win a prize story book. Here it is: America!

Your flag is always true, Your mountains, plains and lakes, In winsome beauty partakes, And above floats the red, white and blue.

Your land is blessed With Freedom's crest, Your golden eagle flies oh high, With your just ways let us comply To tread forever upon thy soil; In peace and justice let us toil. You were swept by battle's bloody mist,

For correcting that wrong, and many's the fist! That rang wildly through the air To proclaim the place for America fair!

O! Many and many's the lives were lost, And many have on rude beds tossed, And suffered from wounds, slight or deep;

Your soldier boys you may lovingly trust, For 'tis they who'd keep you from unjust Amid dark skies and troubled waters, The Statue of Liberty never falters. Come, comrades, come, one and all, Don't let our America, our prize, fall Unto autocracy and its sinful notion.

Let's ring joyful bells from ocean to ocean! America! My America!

Busy Bee's War Cartoon



Here is another war cartoon by the Busy Bees' little staff artist, Dorothy Rose, of Elmwood, Neb. Dorothy has a great deal of talent for so young a child. In several years, perhaps, we will find her name in the right-hand corner of cartoons which will have a wide circulation.

TWINKLE and CHUBBINS : Their Astonishing Adventures in Nature-Fairyland

By LAURA BANCROFT

MR. WOODCHUCK



(Copyright, 1911, by Reilly & Britton Co.)

day and sunny, and just the kind of day woodchucks like, the clover eaten had not yet walked out of his hole to get caught in the trap.

So Twinkle lay down in the clover field, half hidden by a small bank in front of the woodchuck's hole, and began to watch for the little animal to come out. Her eyes could see right into the hole, which seemed to slant upward into the hill instead of downward; but of course she couldn't see very far in, because the hole wasn't straight, and grew black a little way from the opening.

It was somewhat wearisome, waiting and watching so long, and the warm sun and the soft chirp of the crickets that hopped through the clover made Twinkle drowsy. She didn't intend to go to sleep, because then she might miss the woodchuck; but there was no harm in closing her eyes just one little minute; so she allowed the long lashes to droop over her pretty pink cheeks—just because they felt so heavy, and there was no way to prop them up.

Then, with a start, she opened her eyes again, and saw the trap and the woodchuck hole just as they were before. Not quite, though, come to look carefully. The hole seemed to be bigger than at first; yes, strange as it might seem, the hole was growing bigger every minute! She watched it with much surprise, and then looked at the trap, which remained the same size it had always been. And when she turned her eyes upon the hole once more it had not only become very big and high, but a stone arch appeared over it, and a fine, polished front door now shut it off from the outside world. She could even read a name upon the silver door plate, and the name was this:

Mister Woodchuck.

CHAPTER II.

Mister Woodchuck Captures a Girl.

"Well, I declare!" whispered Twinkle to herself; "how could all that have happened?"

On each side of the door was a little green bench, big enough for two to sit upon, and between the benches was a doorstep of white marble, with a mat lying on it. On one side Twinkle saw an electric door bell.

While she gazed at this astonishing sight a sound of rapid footsteps was heard, and a large jack-rabbit, almost as big as herself, and dressed in a messenger boy's uniform, ran up to the woodchuck's front door and rang the bell.

Almost at once the door opened inward, and a curious personage stepped out.

Twinkle saw at a glance that it

was the woodchuck himself—but what a big and queer woodchuck it was!

He wore a swallow-tailed coat, with a waistcoat of white satin and fancy knee breeches, and upon his feet were shoes with silver buckles. On his head was perched a tall silk hat that made him look just as high as Twinkle's father, and in one paw he held a gold-headed cane. Also he wore big spectacles over his eyes, which made him look more dignified than any other woodchuck Twinkle had ever seen.

When this person opened the door and saw the Jack-Rabbit messenger boy, he cried out:

"Well, what do you mean by ringing my bell so violently? I suppose you're half an hour late, and trying to make me think you're in a hurry."

The Jack-Rabbit took a telegram from its pocket and handed it to the woodchuck without a word in reply. At once the woodchuck tore open the envelope and read the telegram carefully.

"Thank you. There's no answer," he said; and in an instant the Jack-Rabbit had whisked away and was gone.

"Well, well," said the woodchuck, as if to himself, "the foolish farmer has set a trap for me, it seems, and my friends have sent a telegram to warn me. Let's see—where is the thing?"

He soon discovered the trap, and seizing hold of the chain he pulled the peg out of the ground and threw the whole thing far away into the field.

"I must give that farmer a sound scolding," he muttered, "for he's becoming so impudent lately that soon he will think he owns the whole country."

But now his eyes fell upon Twinkle, who lay in the clover staring up at him; and the woodchuck gave a laugh and grabbed her fast by one arm.

"Oh ho!" he exclaimed; "you're spying upon me, are you?"

"I'm just waiting to see you get caught in the trap," said the girl, standing up because the big creature pulled upon her arm. She wasn't much frightened, strange to say, because this woodchuck had a good-humored way about him that gave her confidence.

"You would have to wait a long time for that," he said, with a laugh that was a sort of low chuckle. "Instead of seeing me caught, you've got caught yourself. That's turning the tables, sure enough; isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," said Twinkle, regretfully. "Am I a prisoner?"

"You might call it that; and then, again, you mightn't," answered the woodchuck. "To tell you the truth, I hardly know what to do with you. But come inside, and we'll talk it over. We mustn't be seen out here in the fields."

Still holding fast to her arm, the

woodchuck led her through the door, which he carefully closed and locked.

Then they passed through a kind of hallway, into which opened several handsomely furnished rooms, and out again into a beautiful garden at the back, all filled with flowers and brightly colored plants, and with a pretty fountain playing in the middle. A high stone wall was built around the garden, shutting it off from all the rest of the world.

The woodchuck led his prisoner to a bench beside the fountain, and told her to sit down and make herself comfortable.

CHAPTER III.

Mister Woodchuck Scolds Twinkle.

Twinkle was much pleased with her surroundings, and soon discovered several gold-fishes swimming in the water at the foot of the fountain.

"Well, how does it strike you?" asked the woodchuck, strutting up and down the gravel walk before her and swinging his gold-headed cane rather gracefully.

"It seems like a dream," said Twinkle.

"To be sure," he answered, nodding. "You'd no business to fall asleep in the clover."

"Did I?" she asked, rather startled at the suggestion.

"It stands to reason you did," he replied. "You don't for a moment think this is real, do you?"

"It seems real," she answered.

"Aren't you the woodchuck?"

"Mister Woodchuck, if you please. Address me properly, young lady, or you'll make me angry."

"Well, then, aren't you Mister Woodchuck?"

"At present I am; but when you wake up, I won't be," he said.

"Then you think I'm dreaming?"

"You must figure that out for yourself," said Mister Woodchuck. "What do you suppose made me dream?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think it's something I've eaten?" she asked anxiously.

"I hardly think so. This isn't any nightmare, you know, because there's nothing at all horrible about it—so far, you've probably been reading some of those creepy, sensational story books."

"I haven't read a book in a long time," said Twinkle.

"Dreams," remarked Mister Woodchuck, thoughtfully, "are not always to be accounted for. But this conversation is all wrong. When one is dreaming one doesn't talk about it, or even know it's a dream. So let's speak of something else."

"It's very pleasant in this garden," said Twinkle. "I don't mind being here a bit."

"But you can't stay here," replied Mister Woodchuck, "and you ought to

be very uncomfortable in my presence. You see, you're one of the deadliest enemies of my race. All you human beings live for or think of is how to torture and destroy woodchucks."

"Oh, no!" she answered. "We have many more important things than that to think of. But when a woodchuck gets eating our clover and the vegetables, and spoils a lot, we just have to do something to stop it. That's why my papa set the trap."

"You're selfish," said Mister Woodchuck, "and you're cruel to poor little animals that can't help themselves, and have to eat what you can find, or starve. There's enough for all of us growing in the broad fields."

Twinkle felt a little ashamed.

"We have to set the clover and the vegetables to earn our living," she explained; "and if the animals eat them up we can't sell them."

"We don't eat enough to rob you," said the woodchuck, "and the land belonged to the wild creatures long before you people came here and began to farm. And really, there is no reason why you should be so cruel. It hurts awfully to be caught in a trap, and an animal captured in that way sometimes has to suffer for many hours before the man comes to kill it. We don't mind the killing so much. Death doesn't last but an instant. But every minute of suffering seems to be an hour."

"That's true," said Twinkle, feeling sorry and repentant. "I'll ask papa never to set another trap."

"That will be some help," returned Mister Woodchuck, more cheerfully. "And I hope you'll not forget the promise when you wake up. But that isn't enough to settle the account for all our past sufferings, I assure you; so I am trying to think of a suitable way to punish you for the past wickedness of your father, and of all other men that have set traps."

"Why, if you feel that way," said the little girl, "you're just as bad as we are!"

"How's that?" asked Mister Woodchuck, pausing in his walk to look at her.

"It's as naughty to want revenge as it is to be selfish and cruel," she said.

"I believe you are right about that," answered the animal, taking off his silk hat and rubbing the fur smooth with his elbow. "But woodchucks are not perfect, any more than men are, so you'll have to take as you find us. And now I'll call my family, and exhibit them to you. The children, especially, will enjoy seeing the wild human girl I've had the luck to capture."

"Wild!" she cried, indignantly. "If you're not wild now, you will be before you wake up," he said. (Continued Next Sunday.)