

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

In the June recital that Prof. and Mrs. Borglum give. This recital is eagerly looked forward to, by all the musical children in Omaha, for they know what hours of practice it takes to play well enough to be given a number.

Work for Red Cross.

A group of boys who are members of troop 5 have been doing their bit for the Red Cross in a novel way. They decorated an automobile with Old Glory, and dressed in their scout suits and went forth with drums and bugles to play patriotic airs. Claude Carravine drove the car, while Herman Grotte and Frank McAnany beat the drums. Richard Evans, Franklin Patterson, John McAnany and D. L. Diamond acted as buglers.

Scouts' Meeting Place.

Stag Patrol of troop No. 9 have fitted up a meeting place in John Inkers' barn, and it's a popular spot. There are pennants on the walls and scout books and first aid kits and a

Little Patriot



Ruth Sniffen
Here is a youthful patriot, Ruth Sniffen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Sniffen, 3216 North Thirty-ninth street. Though she is but 4 1/2 years old, Ruth can salute like a regular soldier.

gym. John is patrol leader, and he often reads the boys letters from his brother Robert, who is fighting with the American sea forces "over there." The last letter told how he and some companions got tangled up in barbed wire, but were able to get out and back to their trench. John also is another brother, George, who is in training at Camp Taylor.

The members of Stag patrol are Park O'Brien, Abner Marcotte, Dillon McAdams, Jim Pollard, Elmer Risenberg, Roland Holmes and John Inks-ter.

Born With an Oar in His Mouth

By sticking everlastingly to the one thing he felt he could do best (he started at it at 6 years of age), James A. Ten Eyck was able to row 150 miles (New York to Albany) as a recent birthday stunt. For nearly 15 years he has been trainer and coach of the Syracuse university boat crews. "Jim" Ten Eyck, according to a recent interviewer, keeps perfectly fit physically, lives simply and exercises outdoors as much as possible. He performs wonders with the raw material that offers itself for the university crews, putting the new candidates through a grilling trout on a lake that might tire even an eagle scout. On a hike he watches for three things—legs, wind and grit. "Sand" is the prime ingredient with Ten Eyck; staying power. He picks out the "fighters," the fellows who won't give in. He says the famous Ten Eyck stroke is only incidental, it isn't a "stroke," but the man that wins the race. He is a good example of his own recipe for success.

Small Boy—Father, I have learned to say "thank you," and "if you please," in French.
Father—I am very glad of it for that's more than you ever learned to say in English.

Wanted—Men to Lead

There isn't a lad but wants to grow Manly and true to heart. And every lad would like to know The secret we impart. He doesn't desire to slack or shirk, Oh, haven't you heard him plead? He'll follow a man at play or work If only the man will lead.

Where are the men to lead today? Spouting in the school room. Teaching the lads the game to play. Just as a man should do. Village and stum are calling, "Come." Here are the boys, indeed, Who can tell what they might become If only the man will lead.

Motor and golf, and winter sport, Fill up the hours a lot. But wouldn't you like to feel you'd taught? Even a boy a knot? Country and stum depend on you. Character most we need; How can a lad know what to do If there isn't a man to lead?

Where are the men to lead a hand. Fill up the hours a lot. Men who will rise in every land. Bridging the "Great Divide." Nation and stum are calling, "Come." Joining each class and creed. Here are the boys who would do right. But where are the men to lead? —From London Headquarters Gazette.

Saratoga Kindergartners Youngest War Relief Workers in Omaha



So many inquiries have been made at the Bee for directions for making stuffed kittens out of old silk stockings, the kittens to be sent to Belgium babies for toys, as reported in The Bee recently, that Miss Leota Holmes, the school teacher who introduced the idea in Saratoga school kindergarten, was asked to give the directions through this newspaper.

"White silk stockings make the prettiest kittens, though any color will do," said Miss Holmes, who brought the idea from Chicago.

"Take a stocking and cut off the foot, then cut one end thus:
Stitch the top, then turn inside out and stuff with cotton. Tie a ribbon around the neck and another around at the beginning of the tail, thus completing the body. Cut the remainder of the stocking in three parts, thus: one end and a tail; tie at the end. Use black shoe buttons for eyes and embroider the nose and mouth."

Saratoga kindergartners have made four quilts for the Belgian babies, 18 pairs booties, and a whole regiment of paper dolls that you can dress and undress. This was the first school in the city to finish its allotment of Red Cross work and send it in to headquarters.

Here are the kindergartners who made this splendid record:
Back row, left to right: Frank McAdams, left to right: Frank McAdams, left to right: Frank McAdams.

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 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.

Lead. William Baxter, Sanford Johnson, Charles Clouse, Charles Wilson, Marlin Smith, Douglas Levi, Harry Phillips, Lorne Thorp, William Nelson, William Carney, John Lamson, Byron Barber, Jack Edwards, William Noyes, Dean Bryant, Henry Lind, Samuel Williams.

Second row: Helen Carlson, Ethel Lee, Frances Polkin, Evelyn Bartlett, Francis Ciba, Eleanor Swanson, Charles Hanson, Earl Halgren, Lucille Ivy, Julia Brick, Lucille McLain, Ruth Hagedorn, Ashton Clayton, Agnes Johnson.

First row: Jack DuVal, Leo Christensen, Amelia Bedrit, Mariel Russell, Henry Jensen, Sarah Kruger, Fern Berry, Hazel Field, Dorothy McAndrews, Luette Thomson, Juanita Thorp, Elizabeth Gardner, Gretchen Shriver, Vivian Creighton, Violet Vaughn, Mary Friend and Wilson Schollman.

Tenderfoot in Camp

Black bugs in the water
Red ants everywhere
Chiggers round our waist line
Sand fleas in our hair—
But the dust of cities
At any cost we'll
And cry, amid our litchings,
"Isn't camping fun?"

Sand in grid potatoes.
Apples hard and green,
Thickest, strongest cocoa
"Most was ever seen—
But we eat with relish
"Hot dogs" overdone.
And say, between the fly bites,
"Isn't camping fun?"

Water on the tent floor,
Midway everywhere,
Wind that howls most dolefully,
Cold and foggy air—
Huddled in a corner
Praying for the sun,
Writing home to mother,
"Isn't camping fun?"
—By John H. Skeen, in Boy's Life.

A Plucky Captain

The captain of the Mary B. He looked his good ship over. "She'll stand from stem to stern," said he; "Rigging and helm and flag and mast. They take their chance in roughest blast: A sailor fit for any sea." The captain said, said he.

Gaily the Mary B. at sail. The wind, her canvas swelling. But suddenly, a roaring gale— (There's never any telling!) What a limb of a cedar tree! Bob espied a crow's nest and determined to see what was in it. Up he climbed, and out along the limb, til, peering over the nest he

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize.)
The Patriot Girl.
By Lillie M. Dau, Aged 13 Years R. F. D. No. 1, Oakland, Ia.

During the revolutionary war there lived a girl named Ruby Bates. She owned a beautiful black horse, of which she was very fond. She loved very much to go horseback riding on nice afternoons. One day when she was riding along she met some British soldiers who were looking for some horses for the army. They wanted Ruby to give them her pony, but she would not. She rode swiftly on. When she got to her home she rode on past, left her horse at a neighbor's and walked back. She told her folks what had happened and they told her she had done right.

A month later Washington wanted to buy her horse, but she said, "I will give you my horse because you need the money worse than I do." So Washington took her beautiful horse away. But she was glad to help win the war.

(Honorable Mention.)
All On Account of a Crow's Nest.
By Evelyn Reimers, Aged 12 Years, Fullerton, Neb.

The boys and girls of the J. T. Club were going to have a picnic. The spot selected was half a mile out of town on the banks of Cherry Creek, which were lined thickly with cedar trees. Bob Reynolds, the president of the club, was as daring as he was full of fun, and never missed a chance to play a joke on one.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and sunny and the 10 members started off with happy hearts. When they arrived at Cherry Creek some of the boys began to fish, but Bob (who was fond of exploring) began looking around to find something to do. Out over the creek on a low limb of a cedar tree Bob espied a crow's nest and determined to see what was in it. Up he climbed, and out along the limb, til, peering over the nest he

saw four white eggs. He thought it would be great fun to drop an egg in the water and frighten the boys. He stretched out his arm to get the egg, when—crack, and down with a splash went Bob, eggs and all into the stream.

The boys and girls quickly gathered on the bank and laughed and jeered at Bob as he slowly waded to the shore with little streams of water trickling down his face. "Although this is the Jolly Time Club," remarked Bob on his way home, "I didn't have a very jolly time today."

A Little French Girl.
By Annette Lieb, Aged 12, 2821 North Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha.

A little girl named Madelon lives in the heart of France. Madelon's daddy has gone off to the front, while she and her mother must stay at home and work hard for food.

Madelon does not complain, however, and helps her mother like a good, brave little girl. One day as Madelon was on her way to school she passed the wharves and heard a loud cheering.

She at once ran to where she thought the cheering came from and found a great crowd of men, women and children shouting vehemently and waving American and French flags. She did not understand why the people were cheering so loud for, so she asked a man timidly, "Would you please tell me why you are all cheering so loud for?"

The man said nothing, but lifted Madelon on his shoulder. She looked out on the water and—guess—what she saw? Three huge ships, with American flags proudly floating above them. In these ships were men dressed in khaki colored uniforms.

Then Madelon started to cheer and shout, too. "Americans! Americans!" she cried, and so they were.

They had come across the ocean to help France and other allies to win this terrible war against Germany for freedom and right. Madelon knew all this and so did the rest of the people; that is why they cheered. They also knew that the American soldiers had but one thought: and that was, "Hoch, der kaiser!"

Trying to Do Her Bit.
By Lolita Barman, Aged 9 Years, 610 South Third Street, Norfolk, Neb.

I am a little girl 9 years old. I go to school every day. I am in the Third B. I am trying to do my bit to help win the war. I own four war stamps. We have a knitting class at school and I have knitted four squares for the comforters. The pupils in my room own over \$300 worth of thrift stamps. I have a baby brother and his name is La Verne. We have a mamma rabbit and she has seven little ones. I hope to see my letter in print. Goody Busy Bees.

My First Letter.
By Anita Crab, Aged 8 Years, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to tell you about our school. We have 38 children in our school. We are making some envelopes for our mother. I have half of mine done. We are very nearly through with our book. We will have a new one in a little while. Well, Busy Bees, I will write again soon. Goody.

Harry's Thrift Stamps.
By Sammy Miceli, Aged 12 Years, 619 Pierce Street, Omaha, Neb.

One day Harry went to school and the teacher was telling the children to buy thrift stamps. Harry was a poor boy, but after school he went to secure a job and he found it in a drug store. He got \$5 a week. So in one week he bought a war saving stamp, after three months he bought a Liberty bond, and that is the way Harry earned his money. I hope to see my letter in print; Goody, Busy Bees.

Helping Uncle Sam.
By Margaret Kennedy, Aged 12 Years, Valley, Neb.

We are working for Uncle Sammy. Helping to win the war. Every single hour is spent Making the kaiser sore.

We can make old Kaiser Bill Jump from off his seat. When our Sammies get "over there," Then hard times he'll meet.

He will have to kiss Old Glory. Till he's black and blue. And all the world will then have peace. Just as it use to do.

But this cannot be done Unless we do our "bit," you see; We'll all have to buy our Liberty bonds To make our country free.

TWINKLE and CHUBBINS : Their Astonishing Adventures in Nature-Fairyland

By LAURA BANCROFT

MR. WOODCHUCK



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the shivers to touch its skinny flesh.

"I'm glad of that," said Twinkle indignantly. "You wouldn't have all the shivers, I can tell you! And you're a disagreeable ign'rant creature! If you had any manners at all, you'd treat strangers more politely."

"Just listen to the thing!" said Mrs. Woodchuck, in a horrified tone. "Isn't it wild, though?"

CHAPTER V.
Mr. Woodchuck Argues the Question.
"Really," Mister Woodchuck said to his wife, "you should be more considerate of the little human's feelings. She is quite intelligent and tame, for one of her kind, and has a tender heart, I am sure."

"I don't see anything intelligent about her," said the girl woodchuck. "I guess I've been to school as much as you have," said Twinkle. "School! Why, what's that?"

"Don't you know what school is?" cried Twinkle, much amused. "We don't have school here," said Mister Woodchuck, as if proud of the fact. "Don't you know any geography?" asked the child.

"We haven't any use for it," said Mister Woodchuck; "for we never get far from home, and don't care a rap what state bounds Florida or the south. We don't travel much, and studying geography would be time wasted."

"But don't you study arithmetic?" she asked; "don't you know how to do sums?"

"Why should we?" he returned. "The thing that bothers you humans most, and that's money, is not used by us woodchucks. So we don't need to figure and do sums."

"I don't see how you get along without money," said Twinkle, wonderingly. "You must have to buy all your fine clothes."

"You know very well that woodchucks don't wear clothes, under ordinary circumstances," Mister Woodchuck replied. "It's only because you are dreaming that you see us dressed in this way."

"Perhaps that's true," said Twinkle. "But don't talk to me about not being intelligent, or not knowing things. If you haven't any schools it's certain I know more than your whole family put together!"

"About some things, perhaps," acknowledged Mister Woodchuck. "But tell me: do you know which kind of red clover is the best to eat?"

"No," she said.

"Or how to dig a hole in the ground to live in, with different rooms and passages, so that it slants up hill

and the rain won't come in and drown you?"

"No," said Twinkle. "And could you tell, on the second day of February (which is woodchuck day, you know), whether it's going to be warm weather, or cold, during the next six weeks?"

"I don't believe I could," replied the girl.

"Then," said Mister Woodchuck, "there are some things that we know that you don't; and although a woodchuck might not be of much account in one of your schoolrooms, you must forgive me for saying that I think you'd make a mighty poor woodchuck."

"I think so, too!" said Twinkle, laughing.

"And now, little human," he resumed, after looking at his watch, "it's nearly time for you to wake up; so if we were to punish you for all the misery your people has inflicted on the woodchucks, we won't have a minute to spare."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Twinkle. "I can wait."

"She's trying to get out of it," exclaimed Mrs. Woodchuck, scornfully. "Don't you let her, Leander."

"Certainly not, my dear," he replied. "Now, then, said he, 'please come along quietly, and don't make a fuss.'"

Home Sweet Home.

Marie, Eph, Jr., Victor and Priscilla Dixon, a family of four, there is no place quite like home. These small members of the E. W. Dixon family spent seven and a half months in California, where they went to school and took part in all the patriotic work for our Sammies.

Marie is quite an expert knitter and the boys know all about sausage balloons, while little Priscilla can tell a soldier's rank as well as daddy. But Tuesday night, when they arrived at 426 South Thirty-sixth street, home seemed a very comfy place. And think of getting a kiss from a grandma you haven't seen all winter long! Grandma Coffman's hugs were regular bear hugs, and her kisses seemed extra sweet to the Dixons for, "east, west, home's best!"

Soon Go to Country.

Buddy Nash, who has had a severe case of diphtheria, is up and around. Buddy missed his rides in the new Packard sport car that the Nash children like so well more than anything. The car is a soft green and gray and most any nice evening you can see the boys enjoying a spin with father. The Nash family will move to their country place when school is out and there the children are planning to have conservation gardens and raise chickens, so that the sick soldiers can have fresh eggs.

At Club House.

Mrs. C. J. Parrott sponsored a children's party at the Prettiest Mile club Saturday night. The club house was gay with flags and the youngsters had a jolly time dancing.

Bad Luck.

Bernard Hanighen is having all sorts of ills this spring. Now it's the mumps and Bernard is very much put out to think that he can't play

Taking a Man's Place

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

I'm going to fight the kaiser with a hoe. I'm going to beat his legions with a plow. The yellow corn shall flourish, row on row. To mock the gleaming crown upon his brow.

I have a brother battling in a trench. I have a cousin serving on the sea. They're fighting with the British and the French. That people world-wide over shall be free.

And I that am too young to bear a gun. And yet have strength to serve my country's need. Shall do my bit of duty in the sun. The warriors for liberty to lead.

I'm going to fight the kaiser with a drag. And grind his power beneath my rusty disks. I'm going to live this summer for the flag. Though far away from glory and its risks.

Until the Hun acknowledges defeat. Until the world is safe from Prussian harm; I'll help to make bare acres rich with wheat. I'll daily do a man's work on a farm.