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



BEE SOCIETY

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garet Shotwell, Busy Bee So-



DEAR BUSY BEES: I have a This pile of neatly knitted shawls 27 in all, is the Junior Red Cross confriend who is over half a hundred years old and he is the very tribution of Jungmann school chilnicest person you ever knew. I call dren. This is the largest number of him my "Happy day friend" and I'll warm shawls for Belgian refugees completed by any school in this city. On sunny days and rainy days

Caroline Hrbek made three of the for her school.

are getting a drink, on gloomy days Flora Root, Jane Horton, Betty it's because the sun is resting and the Phipps and June Phipps, clouds are so soft and feathery. On

windy days it's the whirl of the air Mulberry Bushes.

In the Bee Hive

gloomy days and windy days, he al-ways finds something to be happy

about and these "somethings" are what he calls "gifts from the blue."

On sunny days it's the warm yel-

and think, but I can't remember that

is to be given Monday evening for

the soldiers at Fort Omaha by Miss

Mary Coll's pupils. Those taking

part are Portia Bigelow, Helen Krug,

Flora Marsh, Helen Nolan, Helen

Noon, Catherine Porter, Helen Porter. Sarah Smeaton and Helen

Stoltenberg, who will give "Diana's

Frances Ellick, Genevieve Finney,

Dorothy Knox, Janet Nolan and

Gertrude White will dance "Amer-

Shotwell, Elinor Kountze and Cath-

The Campfire girls of Saunders

school had a picnic Tuesday at Elm-wood park. Each girl invited one of

her boy friends and 19 girls and boys

The warm weather doesn't lessen

the enthusiasm for the Junior Red

Cross and the children are busily

ments for money to carry on their

work. One of these patriotic affairs

was given Saturday night in Betty Phipps' garage. Dances, tableaux

and recitations made up the program

and those taking part were Beatrix

Playmates

As soon as we've had breakfast, on

Mother kisses me and says, "Now

Or some other boys come over, and

we play an Indian game.

But when the weather's stormy,

then mother's sure to say, "Wouldn't it be fun if we should play

And before we reach the attic she has

And she knows how to pretend so

She can act like Cinderella, or a Tro-

And her fingers walk like elephants

She's my horse when I'm John Gilpir

My mother's such a splendid chum

MOTHER WEBBARD

WITH FOOD PILED UP HIGH ON EACH SHELF

SHE'LL HAVE ALL SHE'LL NEED ALL

HAVE A NEW CUPBOARD

HER HOUSEHOLD TO FEED

CAN IF OR DRY IT HERSELF.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WILL

I like the stormy days to come!

—Jano Blair Reid in St. Nicholas.

when we play Jungle Town;

dear, I need a breathing spell!'

thought up something new;

well that everything seems

they play all games the same!

run out, dear, and play."

every sunny day,

upstairs today?"

jan or a clown:

true.

planning many original entertain-

erine Cartan will give solo dances.

Campfire Girls Picnic.

had a jolly afternoon.

For Junior Red Cross.

Dorothy Higgins and Emma Nash will give a duet and Margaret

Dance for Soldiers.

Hunting Party.'

tell you why.

and the motion of all living things that grow and the stories the wind hedge is a popular spot to the boys crops are growing. You really never passes by stops to sample the berries spite of the danger to his life, made saw such a man! All out doors is alive with happiness and life and sometime I'll tell way while they help themselves. you the stories he hears—for he says,
"if you'll just listen to nature you
can't help being happy," and when I
Jim Pollard and Phillip Wernher

ask "why," he answers, "Did you have been in swimming already and ever see nature unhappy?" and I think say that "the water is fine."

I ever did, for nature seems to love A Musical Bargain. whatever day comes from the blue,

An interesting program of dancing think sol

School Childron Knit Shawls Pil give you guesses three!"

"Needles shining all in a row-That's the answer true, I know."

"Where would you put the cotton thread What were a needle without a head? You couldn't guess it at first I knew, Now you have only guesses two!

Hooks and eyes on a card I se I don't need your cuesses three No lips, no nose, No head, no toes; My answer is right, you must confess!"

"No! Give it up You've guessed all wrong! In the draper's shep You have stayed too long If you try all day
You are sure to fail!
For the answer is 'A peacock's tail."

Chivalry

Occasionally an incident occurs at the trench front which proves that, amid all the cruelty of war, humanity will assert itself, and is appreciated on both sides. Here is such an inshawls herself, establishing the record cident, cited by Donald Hankey: For some time a British officer had been watching a German officer impaled on low air and the gorgeous sunsets that make him happy. On rainy days it's the thought of the thirsty flowers that Dorothy Parmalee, Pauline Parmalee, was being exchanged.

At last the British officer turned to the men near him and said:

"I simply can't stand seeing that poor devil in such torment. Mr. John Latenser's mulberry going out to do something for him." Before anyone could interpose, he tells. On hot days it's because the in his neighborhood. Every boy that had climbed over the top, and, in

> lease him. The rifle fire ceased on both sides. Every one watched. The British of- Parker, ficer carried the German officer to a German trench.

was impaled, and proceeded to re-

Presently the German commander to be seen among the enthusiastic came out, took from his own coat Campfire Girls. Every group has Jean Borglum has made a bargain the Iron Cross, and pinned it to the been active in some way to raise and so I guess we ought to try and be happy too, don't you think so? With love,

MARGARET.

Jean Borgium has made a pargain the 10th Closs, and phined it to the been active in some way to raise breast of the British officer. There money and help win the war.

followed no cheering—nothing of Jean is to practice an hour every day that sort. But as the British officer

12 months the 5 camps have given music lessons and this is what it is:

Jean is to practice an hour every day and then she doesn't have to practice Saturday. It's a good plan, don't you think sol

In Tekamah, Neb., during the last followed no cheering—nothing of that sort. But as the British officer returned to his own trench there fell upon the lines a silence of deeper think sol

In Tekamah, Neb., during the last friends were sitting in a circle on the grass. "In three weeks will be May."

Solvent and Marie Parker, chief guardians, vesta upon the lines a silence of deeper think sol

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Solvent and Marie Parker, chief guardians, vesta upon the lines a silence of deeper the sixth grade. My sister, Martha, entertainment netted \$71.60.

All right," said many voices Every

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Tekamah Campfire Guardians

<del>\_</del>

Left to Right: Vesta Camp, Blanche Barker, Pearl Barker; insert, Marie

None of the younger patriots have shown a finer spirit of service than is

the Tekamah campfire groups are council.

Usefulness of Birds

hatching out eggs and the father bird forbidding anyone to kill birds, eating a cherry. Cutting himself a passed, because they soon found out stick, he drove the birds away and that birds eat almost all of the injubroke the eggs. He told his neighbor rious insects, and no matter if they do

did the same. There was one old farmer who knew they eat, better. He knew what birds did, so he built bird houses and provided shelter for them and all the birds driven from the other farms went to The ferns have they fingers

When harvest time came he found that his crops were better than before, because he had more birds. While the ther farmers', who drove them away, crops were all worm-eaten and the trees dying.

DOROTHY INGMAN, KATHERINE SEMERAD, HELEN LICKERT A professor of Cornell university came at their request and told them that their crops would still be poor Four youthful actresses gave their talents for the Red Cross last Sunday, until the birds came back. Now they when they presented three little plays, "The Country School," "Faith and tried to get the birds back, but the birds knew better. They were afraid the Faires" and "The Villain," at the home of Miss Katherine Semrad. The to come back. And, as the professor little playlets were written by the girls and they realized the sum of \$10.29 said, the crops were poor, while the old man's crops were excellent. He zine.

Among the most active workers in rank of fire maker at a recent grand told them to build bird houses and

robin's nest and the mother bird kill a bird, and they had a bird law, what he had seen and done and they cat a few cherries it makes no difference, because they save more than

Ferns

That becken eagerly; They'll lead you into Fairyland, If there you wish to be,

They point to magic fern-seed That lucky ones may find To make themselves invisible And wander with the wind

They stand a-tiptoe high; Did you not feel a soft, cool touch As you were swinging by?

Did you not hear a whisper That shivered through the green? What you become invisible You'll know what Fern-Folk mean -Abbie Farwell Brown, in Mothers' Maga

### Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story)

How Elizabeth and Richard Helped. By Evelyn Wilkinson, 108 Wabash

Avenue, Shenandoah, Ia. Elizabeth and Richard had bought very many war stamps and thrift stamps, but still they wanted to help win the war even more. At last one day Richard thought of a fine idea. He called Elizabeth to him and said: "I know a fine way to help win the

war. It is to plant a garden. Go in the house and get 20 cents out of my bank, take it to town and buy the 4 seed. I will be plowing garden with father's plow while you are getting the seed.

in the trenches; then he covered them came home he was put to bed and he They went in the house to eat dinner, never play with matches again, and it was wheatless day. They were I hpe Mr. Wastebasket is full. and it was wheatless day. They were very hungry and did not want to eat war bread, but they did not complain write to me. Good-by. about it. Soon their father's fruit and vegetables were ripe. The children went to the basement to get jars to can fruit in. When the fruit was all write about our chickens. We have canned they did one more thing. The some real good chickens. They are children were going to town one day so tante you can touch them. All and they met another boy and girl they seem to care about is to eat. One who were going to buy some candy. Elizabeth said:

they seem to care about is to eat. One day a large black dog with big white feet and long ears chased our chick-

with your money? You have enough," out of the yard and up the hill. We they wrote:

Save clothes. Save wheat. Save coal. Plant a garden. Buy war stamps. Can food.

(Honorable Mention) Why Thelma Became a May Queen. By Maxine Reichenberg, aged 11 years, 147 North Thirtythird St. Omaha.

Thelma was a very beautiful little girl. Her hair was golden. All her little friends loved her. Today she was giving a party. All her little triends was giving in a circle on the friends were sitting were 'All right," said many voices. Every body wanted Thelma but Jenny. Jenny wanted their teacher, Miss Harris, to be queen of the May. So

Miss Harris and she hugged Jenny mother about it. and then hurried off, so Thelma was queen of the May, after all, because she was willing Miss Harris should By Bertha Dunker, Aged 13, Strang, have been the gheen.

Poor John.

By Evelyn Edlund, Aged 10 Years, Axtell, Neb. Blue Side. One time there was a family that lived in a house in the country. They had a little boy named John. One day his mother was going to town and his father, too. Well, John wanted to go, too, but his mother said "No." So he called his friend Robert over to play. It was chilly, and John's mother said

Rules for Young Writers Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages
 Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 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 you, 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.

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he seed."
In 30 minutes Elizabeth returned they should stay outdoors, and so they built a fire. First they thought home and Richard had plowed the about matches, and John knew that garden. Richard took a hoe and dug there were some in his father's coat. trenches about five inches deep; then They built the fire too near to the he scattered the seed here and there barn and when his father and mother up with dirt; then he was through, had no supper. This taught John to

I would like to have the Busy Bees

Chickens.

Dear Busy Bees: I think I will "Why don't you buy thrift stamps ens and frightened me so that I ran

So the other boy and girl bought have them all fenced in now so noththrift stamps with their money. Then ing can hurt them and so they can't one winter day the children wrote down some things that they would do to help win the war. Here is what brought home some duck eggs and mamma put them under a hen and did not tell us about it until the little ducks were hatched out. They are awful cute little things. Busy Bees, please write to me. My favorite color is blue, so I want to join the blue

> Receives Prize Book. By Elsie Nelson, Aged 9, Shelby, Ia.

Box 2, Blue Side. Dear Editor: I received the prize a couple of weeks ago and I thank you very much for it. The name of it

Marie's Flowers. By Opal Ferrin, aged 10, Mc-

Usefulness of Birds
Some years ago a farmer living out on Long Island noticed that some of loicing. The birds had come back, came all was ready, but Miss Harris. When May day lock of pretty flowers. Marie liked Clelland, Ia. his cherries were bad and pecked at.

Upon closer examination he found as before they drove them away, and never again did they allow any one to hill.

and in the fall the crops were as good could not be found. All of a sudden them very much. One night about Dorothy saw her coming down the 12 o'clock Marie heard a noise in the parlor. She jumped out of bed the parlor. She jumped out of bed When she came she said she could and ran toward the door and saw all not be queen of the May as she just the pretty flowers dancing and Marie's received a telegram from her mother. doll, Pollyanna, was playing the who wanted her to come right away. music for them. She had left her Miss Harris asked if someone else doll in the top dresser drawer and could be the queen. Then Jenny now she was on the piano stool, said, "Now Thelma can be queen of "Oh!" cried Marie, and she scared all the May. The girls really wanted her the flowers; then they all went to bed, all the time, but I wanted you, so they had you." "Bless your heart," said awoke in the morning she told her

New Busy Bee.

Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I read the Busy Bees' page every Monday as we do not get it on Sunday. I like to read it very much. I went to school every day. My teacher's name was Miss Simpson. I would like to join the Blue Side.

We Are Doing Our Bit. By Elsie Nelson, Age 9 Years, Box 2, Shelby, Ia., Blue Side.

"My daddy's gone to fight,"
Says little Mary Jane,
"And when he comes home,
I'll be proud of him.

"He's going to kill the kaiser, A-sitting on his throne, And he's going to bring our glorious flag

Along with him, home.

"My big sister's gone to be A Red Cross nurse, too.

She's going to do her part To help our country through.

"When I get big I'll be like sis, My brother will be like pa, And ma will be old and sit at home And write letters to us all.'

A Soldier. By Ernest J. Hug, Aged 10 Years, 3356 South Nineteenth Street,

Vinton School,

If I were but a soldier,
I know what I would do.
I'd go and kill the kaiser,
And take off his shoe.

I'd keep it for a servenir,
So I would not forget
The war we had with Germany,
And we're going to win, you bet.



TACK HORNER GITTLE FACK MORNER WILL

SIT IN A CORNER WITH MEALS HIS GOOD MOTHER HAS PLANNED. WHICH SHE IN HER WISDOM

SHE'LL FEED HER WHOLE BROOD WITH THE CHOICEST OF FOOD HAS CANNED

### TWINKLE and CHUBBIN

By LAURA BANCROFT CARRECT CARRECT CARRECT CARRECT CARREST SAND SAND SA CARRECT C



(Copyright, 1911, by Reilly & Britton Co.) O CHAPTER IV.

for the Red Cross.

Jime Crow Becomes a Robber.

-and I like that game so well That I drive till she says "Master

might know it belonged to him, and felt that at last he had found a home. During the next few days he made several attempts to get acquainted with the other birds, but they were cold and distant, though very polite to him; and none of them seemed to

and paid very little attention to his



comfort her, while Mr. Wren hopped around in nearly as much distress as his wife. No animals had been seen in the forest who would do this evil the thief might be.

Such an outrage was almost unmade all the birds nervous and fearful. A few days later a still greater horror came upon them, for the helpless young children of Mrs. Linnet were seized one morning from their nest, while their parents were absent in search of food, and were carried away bodily. Mr. Linnet declared that on his way back to his nest he doubt but that Jim Crow knew more it, but had been too frightened to little ones than he cared to tell. notice just what the creature looked very early that morning, stated that the forest except Jim Crow, who had very glad to get rid of him so easily.

pine tree.

finally decided to send for him and to a branch, and the first thing his Crow." ask his assistance,

ing was over he flew away upon his errand.

"What were all you folks talking about?" asked the crow, flying down and alighting upon a limb near to those who had not yet left the place

"We were talking about you," said the thrush, boldly; "and you wouldn't Mister Jim Crow."

ashamed at hearing this, but knowing the forest and a terror to all evil- he was foolish enough to think he thing, so no one could imagine who they were all afraid of him he burst doers. out into a rude laugh.

> saucy, my pretty thrush, or your friends will miss you some fine morning, and never see you again.' This awful threat made them all of poor Mrs. Linnet's children, and very few of the birds now had any

like. But the lark, who had been up him, the crow flew back to his tree, Finding they would not talk with where he sat sullenly perched upon a he had seen no one near that part of branch near his nest. And they were

One day Mrs. Wren missed two birds look upon Jim Crow with grave suspicion, and Robin Redbreast called hungry, and as he sat lazily in his big he imagined, after his first terror had but to go to the little heart was nearly broken with grief. It took the mocking bird and must be done to preserve their nests the bullfinch a whole afternoon to from the robber. Jim Crow was so lived at the edge of the forest.

| passed away, that he could bully this bird as he had the others, and make bird as he had the others, and make it fear him.

| Well, what are you doing here?" (Continued Next Sunday)

He hopped out of his nest and on

sharp eye saw was a big and strange

bird sitting upon the tree just oppomessenger, and as soon as the meet- site him and looking steadily in his with proper respect." direction. birds until now, the crow did not cal to any observer other than the know what kind of bird this was, but angry crow.

arrived that morning because the star-

ling had told him of the thefts that turned the crow, strutting proudly had taken place, and the Blue Jay along a limb and flopping his broad the back and purplish gray below, and breast. Then, with a shriek of shrill

lay was much handsomer than Jim nesses to his defeat.

brown eggs from her nest, and her a secret meeting of all the birds to nest, he remembered that he had seen passed away, that he could bully this oriole's nest that morning, but to

# Their Astonishing Adventures in Nature-Fairyland

# And sometimes war or pirates—but

Little Actresses in Red Cross Plays

and GENEVIEVE GROSS.

T LOOKED like a crow's nest to Jim, so he flew toward the pine tree and lit upon a branch close by. One glance told him that at some time it really must have been the home of birds of his kind, who for some reason had abandoned it long ago. The nest was large and bulky, being made of strong sticks woven together with fine roots and grasses. It was rough outside, but smooth inside, and when Jim Crow had kicked out the dead leaves and twigs that had fallen into it, he decided it was nearly as good as new, and plenty good enough for a solitary crow like him to live in. So with his bill he made a mark on the nest, that every bird

care for his society. No bird ever came near his nest, but he often flew down to the lower trees and perched upon one or another of them, so gradually the birds of the forest got used to seeing him around,



much bigger and fiercer than any of the others that none dared accuse him openly or venture to quarrel with him; but they had a good friend living my Oriole make a fuss, I'll eat her, The Blue Jay gave a scornful, chatnot far away who was not afraid of too. Jim Crow or any one else, so they

The starling undertook to be the

of meeting.

care at all to know what we said, Jim looked a trifle guilty and

"Caw! caw!" he chuckled say about me? But don't you get

had seen a big black monster leaving about the death of those helpless

CHAPTER V. This was enough to make all the Jim Crow Meets Policeman Blue Jay. crow.

there was a collar of black feathers laughter, the policeman darted away silent, for they remembered the fate running all around his neck. But his and disappeared in the forest, leaving wings and tail were a beautiful rich the crow to whirl around in the air blue, as delightful in color as the once or twice and then sink slowly sky on a fine May morning; so in down, with some of his own torn Crow. But it was the sharp, stout

tering laugh as he answered: "That's none of your business, Jin

"Take care!" warned the crow;

"you'll be sorry if you don't treat me The Blue Jay winked solemnly, in a Never having lived among other way that would have been very comi-

as he faced the new-comer he had a "Don't hurt me-please don't!" he sort of shiver in his heart that warned said, fluttering on the branch as if him to beware an enemy. Indeed, it greatly frightened. My mother was none other than the Blue Jay that would feel dreadful bad if anything had appeared so suddenly, and he had happened to me.'

"Well, then, behave yourself," re-

is well known as the policeman of wings in an impressive manner. For had made the other afraid. In size he was nearly as big as Jim But no sooner had he taken flight Crow himself, and he had a large crest and soared into the air than the Blue known in this pleasant forest, and it hoarsely; "what do I care what you of feathers on the top of his head Jay darted at him like an arrow from that made him look even more fierce a bow, and before Jim Crow could -especially when he ruffled them up. turn to defend himself the bill of His body was purplish blue color on his enemy struck him full in the

> personal appearance, Policeman Blue feathers floating near him as wit-The attack had dazed and astonbeak that most alarmed the crow, and ished him beyond measure; but he had Jim been wiser he would have found he was not much hurt, after known that before him was the most all. Crows are tougher than most deadly foe of his race, and that the birds. Jim managed to reach one of greatest pleasure a Blue Jay finds in the brooks, where he bathed his life is to fight with and punish a breast in the cool water, and soon he felt much refreshed and more like