

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.

From Indiana



LUCILE GRAM.

From Indiana comes this merry little girl, for she and her brother traveled all the way from Hammond, Ind., to visit their grandmother, Mrs. S. P. Peterson. Lucile Gram is the little visitor's name and her brother, who is just past 10, is Shirley. Lucile's parasol is red, white and blue and probably that is the reason why she is smiling, for we all love the colors of our flag, don't we?

"Prince" is Dead

Prince, the pet terrier, whose regular boy was Edward Meyer, 2919 Florence boulevard, was killed by an automobile Wednesday. Prince was buried Thursday with military honors, as all the patriotic kiddies in the neighborhood mourn his loss. The pallbearers were William Ure, Jr., Billy Kearnes, Arthur Redfield and "Brother" Snyder. The choir which sang consisted of Frances Ure, Vera Kelly, Lucile Redfield, Alberta Kearnes and Harriett Snyder. Eddie Meyer was chief mourner.

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

Oh where did the little Thrush build her nest?
You never could guess though you tried your best.
We didn't disturb her — 't was on the ground
In the strawberry patch her nest was found.

POOR LUCY LINDER.

Poor Lucy Linder
Swallowed a cinder;
What can we do for her—
Poor Lucy Linder?

THE CRANKETTY MAN.

Oh this the cranketty, cranketty man;
He turns his own crank just as fast as he can;
He stays in the house with the windows shut tight
And never goes out, for he hates the sunlight.
And folks don't go in, for they can't not like him,
So match if you can this cranketty man.
—Mabel M. Hankins in the Southern Woman's Magazine.

THE ALARM CLOCK.

I have a new alarm clock
That wakes me every morn
And says, "Get up! Get up! Get up!
A brand new day is born!"
I never have to wind it
Or anything, you see.
It's just a little bird that comes
And sits upon a tree!

Around the Hearthstone.

By Emma Julia Read, Aged 12 Years,
2964 Harney Street, Omaha.
Out doors was calm and white,
The sun had bid goodnight.
Each child his duty did,
As he each eye was bid;
John with his load of wood,
And Nan with popcorn good,
Spread with full delight,
For what was coming in the night.
When the time came to say good-night,
Then children wished to stay,
But they were snugly tucked away,
'Neath the coverlet so white,
And kissed mamma goodnight
To sleep to the next winter's day.

Personals

Mary Elizabeth and William Henry Pruner have gone with their mother to Estes Park, where they will spend the summer.

Billy Connor was seen caddying for his father at Seymour last Sunday morning.

Polly Robbins is visiting in Lincoln with her little friends, the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Teal.

Fedink Connor, the bull puppy at No. 111 North Thirty-eighth avenue, has returned from the hospital. The veterinary said Fedink was overfed on ice cream, garbage and wood.

Virginia Hampton has just returned from a hospital, where her tonsils were removed.

Elizabeth Paffenrath has a cunning little bull pup which follows her wherever she goes.

Katherine Alleman has returned from a visit with her brother, Willard, who is stationed at Camp Sherman with an ambulance unit. Katherine had a splendid time and is busy making things for her brother to use when he is ordered to France.

Margaret Johnson is the week-end guest of Gertrude Welch at Cherrycroft Farm. Merchon Welch is attending Culver for the summer.

Jim Pollard is spending the summer in Canada with his mother and father. They expect to visit several Canadian cities before returning home.

Burton Guckert, who lives on North Thirty-eighth avenue, is spending his vacation on a farm.

George Connor, on Thirty-eighth avenue, went to the dentist last week and had three large teeth pulled and two others filled and he did not cry a bit.

A Fine Day Coming.
By Inez Cross, Aged 8 Years, Trenton, Neb. Box 8.
I am sending you a song I made up. I wish very much to win a prize.

There's a fine day coming,
When the boys come home;
There's a jolly day coming,
When the boys come home.
We shall see the Kaiser
In rags.

There's a fine day coming,
When the boys come home;
There's a jolly day coming,
When the boys come home.
The Kaiser yelling,
With the spears at every hand.

The fine day coming—
When the boys come home,
There's a jolly day coming,
When the boys come home.
When the Kaiser is dancing
The tune to the good old American rag.

CHORUS.
There's a fine day coming—
When the boys come home,
Oh, yes, there's a fine day coming,
When the boys come home.
When "Uncle Sam" will be cheered with "Hurrah!"
Freedom, and peace, forever.
There's a fine day coming,
When the boys come home.

Whenever the boys in khaki play base ball the children crowd around to watch the game and applaud. They play tops a lot, but not as our American children do. The French children put a top on the ground and hit it with a long whip to make it spin and they certainly make it whirl around rapidly.

It's a picture to see the little tots carrying a loaf of bread. A pound a

day is all the French people are allowed and the bread is baked in long loaves, and when a little fellow, 5 or 6, is sent for bread, the loaf is often as big as the child.

The French children think so much of the American boys that they knit charms for them to wear, so that the German "Gothas" in the Zeppelins will not harm them. These charms are knit of yarn and have the figures of a man and a woman called "Annette and Retenit" knit in a square to be worn around the neck.

The charms. "Annette and Retenit" are a team of clever wire dancers at the Folies Bergeres, in Paris and are very popular with the French people. And these gay charms are given to the American soldiers so that they can dance out of harm's way when the bombs fall.

The little folks of France are as patriotic and brave as the big folks and their gayly colored "Annette and Retenit" charms show their cheery spirit.

I only hope that the charms will always protect our boys and that Lieutenant McCullough will tell the children of France that we love our soldiers so much that we love all who love them.

The Flag of Freedom.
By Alice Bondesson, Aged 10, 2712 Redick Avenue.

Blow! oh breeze, on our flag,
Ripple! oh flag so true,
Your stripes so brave and pure,
Truth in your field so blue.

Your stars like those in the heavens,
Whose light is never put out,
Shine as though made of gold,
Throwing their light about.

And when our country is called to war,
You shall float above,
We will fight for you, flag of freedom,
As a token of our love.

Fly above us, oh flag!
You are worthy of our love, I am sure,
Your red for bravery, your blue for truth,
Your white itself is pure.

So ripple in the breeze, flag of freedom,
Always floating so high,
Your red and white so brave and pure,
Your field so like the sky.

MY CORRESPONDENCE BOX

To Marjorie Sturdevant, Osceola, Neb., Box 468—My Dear Marjorie: Surprises are always nice and so was your letter! Am glad you enjoy our Busy Bees and only wish you had sent your picture along so we could all see how you look.

Marguerite Clark is a great favorite with all Omaha children, and when she plays the picture shows are crowded.

Why don't you join the Blue Side of the Busy Bee hive and write me all the things the Osceola boys and girls are doing for the Red Cross.

I know that you and your friends must have had a nice auto ride, for your letter was so jolly. Hope you will write soon again, for I am always glad to answer letters from my friends.

When you come to Omaha we will have a really truly "Please to meet you" time. Lovingly,
MARGARET.

How Many of These "Howard Kennedy" Kiddies Do You Know?



"Tramp, tramp." See the small patriots as they march with their waving American flags. Their paper caps have white and blue cockades, and while patriotic airs are being played on the victrola these tiny boys and girls drill just as their big brothers in khaki are doing. The pretty room with the pictures and crossed flags is in the Howard Kennedy school and these are kindergarten tots. Don't you think they will be fine soldiers some day?

French War Children Love and Salute All American Soldiers and Knit Them Pretty Charms

Young Interviewer Gleans Many Facts About French Babies

By MARGARET SHOTWELL.
L. T. P. M'CUULLOUGH has just returned from eight months in France, and so I tried to look like a big question mark and asked him to tell me about the little French children, and he said that all the soldiers love the children of France, for they are just the sort of children you would want to chum with.

The French children salute every American soldier they see, officers and privates alike, it's all the same to them. Our language is different, but the salute of the French children means friendship, and trust, and admiration.

Games. Whenever the boys in khaki play base ball the children crowd around to watch the game and applaud. They play tops a lot, but not as our American children do. The French children put a top on the ground and hit it with a long whip to make it spin and they certainly make it whirl around rapidly.

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Little Stories by Little Folks

(Prize Letter.)
Brave Mrs. Chipmunk.
By Evelyn Reimers, Aged 12, Eldorado Springs, Colo.

Mrs. Chipmunk had a happy but hungry family of four babies. They had a round, snug nest down under the roots of a large pine tree by the side of the road.

She was kept busy feeding her hungry children and was always running back and forth for food.

One sunny morning Mrs. Chipmunk had left her babies on the doorstep while she went across the road to get them some breakfast.

Suddenly she heard a low, rumbling sound and she rushed to the roadside. There she saw, rapidly coming toward her, a huge black thing. Glancing toward her home she saw her smallest chipmunk in the middle of the road. With a warning "chit, chit," (that sent the small chipmunk flying), she darted in front of the rushing automobile and hurried her babies into the house.

There she began to scold. "Chit, chit, chit," she scolded. "See what happens when you don't mind. I told you to stay right by the door."

After this the little chipmunks minded better, but still she had to watch them very closely.

About two weeks later Mrs. Chipmunk was taking her four children out to a patch of sweet clover, when, behind her, she heard a strange noise. Instantly she straightened up and looked about, while at the same time all four chipmunks did the same.

"Hiss-s-s," came the sound again, and a moment after came the signal "run" from Mrs. Chipmunk. All the

little chipmunks obeyed, for they dreaded any kind of a snake.

Then brave Mrs. Chipmunk turned to meet the snake. There from behind a bush peered two tiny eyes. As the owner of the eyes crawled slowly out of the bush Mrs. Chipmunk saw it was only Baby Bullsake; but don't you think that little Mrs. Chipmunk was brave?

(Honorable Mention)
The Patriotism of Eleanor.
By Rose E. Vranek, Aged 14 Years, 1711 South Eleventh street, Omaha, Blue Side.

It was Friday morning and little Eleanor had just gotten up. She soon dressed up and went to the breakfast table. When she was finished with breakfast she said, "Mamma, remember my birthday is, you know when?" Her mother said, "Eleanor, yes, it is tomorrow, and what do you want, or what would you like to have?" "Mamma, I would like to have some sweet-meat," answered Eleanor, who was walking out of the doorway to go and play.

Eleanor was soon on the front lawn waiting for her friend Pearl, who promised to come over and play. "Pearl, my birthday is tomorrow, and I will be 9 years old, so don't get a stick ready for me because I told you," said Eleanor.

Saturday morning soon came and Eleanor was let to sleep until 10 a. m. When she did get up she ate and the rest of the time she was playing while her sister (Vera) ran for errands. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon and Eleanor and Vera went with their mother to town. Eleanor said, "Will you get me the candy now?" Her mother asked the clerk "How much will a nice box of chocolates cost?" He answered and said "about \$5 or more for a very big one."

As they walked out of the store, not buying a single thing, Eleanor saw on a poster, "Buy U. S. S. and help Uncle Sam." She then told her mother and said "If I would buy candy it would be sweet as long as I would have some, but if I buy a war saving stamp it will be sweet all the time until I get my money back from the government. If I would want candy I would have to give the money. This way I only loan and get interest. Anyway, a war saving stamp is better than candy," said Eleanor, because I will have it longer.

I wish to see my letter in print as soon as possible and next time I write I will make the story more concise.

My Grandma's Coons.
By Neva Prindle, Aged 12 Years, Kearney, Neb.

My grandma got two coons down by the river when they were small.

She fed them milk. They did not drink milk at first but after they had them a while they drank milk as well as kitemen.

They were very wild when she got them but they got tame till she could turn them out of doors and they would not run away. They would follow you wherever you went just like dogs. After they were quite large they caught the chickens. So she carried them one-half mile to a river. The next day it rained and about noon they came home and come in under the stove to get warm and dry. Then she took them away again and they never came back.

Vacation Plans.
By Minnie Halbert, aged 12, R. 3, Box 35, Falls City, Neb.

I live on a farm. I am going to spend my vacation in a useful way. I have a war garden this year and taking the best care of it. So as it helps win the war, which young and old desire. By doing many useful things to help win the war, as: to save, to buy liberty bonds or war savings stamps, be a member of the Red Cross. I have two brothers in the army; one who is in France, and the other will soon be also. I hope all Busy Bees are doing their share.

First Letter.
By Delta Hathaway, Aged 11 Years, Rural Free Delivery No. 1, Nodaway, Ia.

Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee. I like to read the letters of the happy page, so I thought I would write. I have worked enough for mamma and papa this year to buy a war savings stamp. I am going to get it. I am trying to help win this war. I am going to buy a thrift stamp. I hope to see my letter in print. Goodby Busy Bee.

(New story next Sunday.)

TWINKLE and CHUBBINS : Their Astonishing Adventures in Nature-Fairyland

by LAURA BANCROFT

PRAIRIE-DOG TOWN



"Welcome!" said Mr. Bowko, greeting the children with polite bows. "You are just in time, for luncheon is about ready and my guests are waiting for you."

He led them at once into a big dining room that was so magnificently painted with colored clays that the walls were as bright as a June rainbow.

"How pretty!" cried Twinkle, clapping her hands together in delight. "I'm glad you like it," said the mayor, much pleased. "Some people, who are lacking in good taste, think it's a little overdone, but a mayor's house should be gorgeous, I think, so as to be a credit to the community. My grandfather, who designed and painted this house, was a very fine artist. But luncheon is ready, so pray be seated."

They sat down on little clay chairs that were placed at the round table. The mayor sat on one side of Twinkle and Mrs. Puff-Pudgy on the other, and Chubbins was between the skinny old magician and Mr. Sneezeley. Also, in other chairs sat Dr. Dosem, and Mrs. Chatterby, and Mrs. Fuzcum, and several others. It was a large company, indeed, which showed that the mayor considered this a very important occasion.

They were waited upon by several sleek prairie-dog maids in white aprons and white caps, who looked neat and respectable, and were very graceful in their motions.

Neither Twinkle nor Chubbins was very hungry, but they were curious to know what kind of food prairie-dogs ate, so they watched carefully when the different dishes were passed around. Only grains and vegetables were used, for prairie-dogs do not eat meat. There was a milk-weed soup at first; and then yellow corn, boiled and sliced thin. Afterwards they had a

salad of thistle leaves, and some bread made of barley. The dessert was a dish of the sweet, dark honey made by prairie-bees, and some cakes flavored with sweet and spicy roots that only prairie-dogs know how to find.

The children tasted of several dishes just to show their politeness; but they couldn't eat much. Chubbins spent most of his time watching Mr. Presto Digi, who ate up everything that was near him and seemed to be as hungry after the luncheon as he had been before.

Mrs. Puff-Pudgy talked so much about the social standing and dignity of the Puff-Pudgys that she couldn't find time to eat much, although she asked for the recipe of the milk-weed soup. But most of the others present paid strict attention to the meal and ate with very good appetites.

CHAPTER VIII.
On Top of the Earth Again.

Afterward they all went into the big drawing room, where Mrs. Fuzcum sang a song for them in a very shrill voice, and Mr. Sneezeley and Mrs. Chatterby danced a graceful minuet that was much admired by all present.

"We ought to be going home," said Twinkle, after this entertainment was over. "I'm afraid our folks will worry about us."

"We regret to part with you," replied the mayor, "but, if you really think you ought to go, we will not be so impolite as to urge you to stay."

"You'll find we have excellent manners," added Mrs. Puff-Pudgy. "I want to get big again," said Chubbins.

"Very well; please step this way," said the mayor.

So they all followed him through a long passage until they began to go

upward; a climbing a hill. And then a gleam of daylight showed just ahead of them, and a few more steps brought them to the hole in the middle of the mound.

The mayor and Mrs. Puff-Pudgy jumped up first, and then they helped Twinkle and Chubbins to scramble out. The strong sunlight made them blink their eyes for a time, but when they were able to look around they found one or more heads of prairie-dogs sticking from every mound.

"Now, Mr. Presto Digi," said the mayor, when all the party were standing on the ground, "please enlarge our friends to their natural sizes again."

"That is very easy," said the magician, with a sigh. "I really wish, Mr. Mayor, that you would find something for me to do that is difficult."

"I will, some time," promised the mayor. "Just now, this is all I can require of you."

So the magician waved his paw and gurgled, much in the same way he had done before, and Twinkle and Chubbins began to grow and swell out until they were as large as ever, and the prairie-dogs again seemed very small beside them.

"Good-bye," said the little girl, "and thank you all, very much, for your kindness to us."

"Good-bye answered a chorus of small voices, and then all the prairie-dogs popped into their holes and quickly disappeared.

Twinkle and Chubbins found they were sitting on the green bank again, at the edge of Prairie-Dog Town.

"Do you think we've been asleep Chubb?" asked the girl.

"Course not," replied Chubbins, with a big yawn. "It's easy 'nough to know that, Twink, 'cause I'm sleepy now!"