

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.

DANCING DOROTHY



Little Dorothy Wright of Kansas City, who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. E. Reese, at their country home near Florence, likes to dance better than anything else. When Dorothy was a very tiny little girl she would dance every time she heard music.

Personals

Jean Redick has a jolly little joke on herself, and this is what it is. She went to Mildred Riley's party and took a nice birthday present along and it wasn't her birthday at all.

Burton Guckert has a new Hudson "bike" which has been christened "Super-six."

Howard Wertheimer is attending a boy scout military training camp this summer and half the day is devoted to war training.

Dominick Manoli, a young American whose people came from Italy, has bought \$146 worth of war saving stamps. Dominick earned the money himself, working for his uncle at the fruit stand at Sixteenth and Cass.

"Fedink," Billy Connor's Boston bull pup, attended a meeting of Catholic young ladies Wednesday night quite uninvited.

Our Boys in Khaki

By Margaret Sweet, Aged 9 Years, 608 East Ninth street, Fremont, Neb.

Boys dear to mothers' hearts, With them now we must part. Over there their duty doing well, Better than eye or tongue can tell.

Fighting for peace and liberty, Always ready to die to be free; Over there in trenches so muddy, With wounds so fatal and bloody.

The Red Cross angels and Y. M. C. A. Help them laugh and joke the time away.

They're helping lick the Hun And think it great fun.

So here's to our boys so true Let us give three cheers for Red, White and Blue!

Toothless Saws Cut Metal

No so very long ago the discovery was made in Germany that metals could be sawed easier and quicker with rapidly revolving circular saws, states the Popular Science Monthly. It was found that the cutting was done by the heat generated by the friction of the edge of the disk against the metal.

HERE I AM



Well, here I am, and how do you do, everybody.

So many Busy Bees from so many different places have asked me what I really truly look like, that I am glad to show myself in an honest to goodness picture.

The black silhouette that you see every Sunday I call my "Topsy" face, and now I look more like "Little Eva," don't you?

That is, I would look like Little

MY CORRESPONDENCE BOX

I have just heard from Teddy Lawrence, a former Omaha boy who now lives in Kansas City. Teddy is learning to use the typewriter and says that he goes to a school in Kansas City that has bought more thrift stamps and baby bonds than any other school in the whole U. S. A.

Another interesting letter from Marjorie Sturdevant of Osceola, Neb. She tells of a ride that she and her sister, Florence, Floyd Timm, Ralph Richley, Milton Richley, Francis Bell and Maurine Dahlberg took. There must be lovely auto roads around Osceola.

Thomas of Chicago writes of all the interesting things that were done July 14 in the Windy City to celebrate "Bastille Day," the French holiday. A noted French aviator, called the "ace of the aces," flew over Lake Michigan and landed at the Edgewater hotel, and the ships fired salutes, and it was all very inspiring.

May stepped back and they walked past her. The big man that had spoken to her went upstairs. She heard him open the closet door; she held her breath. Presently he came down—without the soldier, and calling his men he left without saying a thing to Jessie May.

As you look down the lane you see a white house. This is where Jessie May lives. She is 13 years old.

One day Jessie May heard some one running, and then a heavy, hurried knock at the door. When she opened the door she should see but a soldier. He said: "Hide me quick; they are coming!"

The first minute she stood thinking, the next she was climbing the big, wide stairs. As she passed a little window she could see the Germans. They were close to the house. She must hurry! They reached the top of the stairs. "Quick," she said, and opened a door that led to her clothes closet.

The soldier stepped in and Jessie May put some clothes over her head when she heard a heavy knock. She ran down the stairs and opened the door. There stood four big men. One spoke, "Have you seen anything of a Sammie?"

"No," said Jessie May and her voice trembled. "Come on, boys, let's search the house," said the man, "I believe she lies." Jessie

Eva if I had her golden curls and things.

I am so glad you all like the junior department and I hope I can always please you, for when you please folks you're happiest. Don't you think so?

I want to thank you all for the nice letters I so often get, and I hope you'll write soon again, and that you'll like me as well as I like all of you.

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. Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

War Savings Stamps

By Anton Ort, Aged 12, 1306 South Third street, Omaha.

One day as little Rosie Stejskal had \$5 she met her friend, Lillie. Lillie asked Rosie what she was going to do with it. Rosie answered: "I'm going to buy a war savings stamp."

"Aw, come and buy some candy," "I'm not going to spend my money for such foolish things; my country needs this money and I'm going to give it too, and nobody is going to stop me."

"Listen Lillie," said Rosie, "think a minute, think of our boys over there fighting for you and for me and for liberty and Old Glory. And then you tell me to buy candy! Think of it Lillie, of our boys; of how they think if only they could see their wives or mothers once more. Think of it Lillie!"

Lillie paused a minute and then she answered, "I think I shall tell too." Rosie said "Don't you ever help me to spend my money like that!"

"I won't," replied Lillie, "but wait a minute."

Rosie stopped and said to herself while Lillie ran into the house, "I'd like to know what she is going for." Lillie soon came out with a \$5 bill in her hand. "I'll go with you," she said.

What do you think they went for, Busy Bees—guess. Why they went to buy each themselves a war savings stamp.

First Letter

By Bernice Tiedtke, Pilger, Neb.

This is my first letter to the Children's page. I am 8 years old. I am in the fourth grade at school. I like to read the children's stories. I have three sisters and three brothers. I live in town. My mother and father have a restaurant. I came to the country to see my father's home. Last Sunday we went down to the Elk River and had a picnic. We went in cars and took our lunch, fish lines, poles and bathing suits along. We got there about eleven o'clock. We fixed lunch while the men fixed the fish poles and after lunch we fished a long time. I got three little ones. After we got tired fishing we put on our bathing suits and went in bathing. It was the first time I had ever been in the water. It was not deep but I was terribly frightened at first. I waded around a while and then a man took me on his back and swam into the deep water. Oh! that was fun. When we got tired being in the water we dressed and fished a while, ate our supper and went home. I was tired but had a good time. I hope to see my letter in print.

Patriotic Boy

By Wilbert John Lapel, Aged 11, Denison, Ia., R. F. D. 6.

Dear Busy Bee: This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee page.

I am a member of the Red Cross and have \$10 worth of war saving stamps. I got the certificate for the best speech on war saving stamps.

We have a program and a picnic at our school the last day.

I have a camera and have taken a few pictures. It is a number 2-A camera.

I have one brother, no sisters. His name is Raymond and is 8 years old. He has a bicycle.

We milk eight cows. We have eleven tame rabbits, six old ones and five young ones.

I live on a 240-acre farm six and one-half miles from town.

We have an automobile. It is an Overland four.

I hope my letter does not reach Mr. Westpaper Basket.

A Trip to the State Fisheries

By Nellie Tucker, Aged 12, Murray, Neb.

It was on Sunday morning, my uncle, aunt, cousin and our neighbors, five of them, and ourselves, my father, mother, brother and I, went to the state fisheries for the day. We took our dinner along. It was a little late when we got there and did not get to do much looking around before dinner. We ate our dinner and had lots of good things to eat. We certainly enjoyed it.

After dinner we all looked around at the fish of all kinds, most and looked over the grounds, which were very beautiful.

It was very late when we reached home that night and we were all very tired.

Our Soldier Boys

By Tom Peterson, Aged 15, Kearney, Neb.

As I have not written for a long time, I thought I would write, and as it is a time when everybody should be patriotic and loyal to America, I composed this little patriotic piece for The Bee:

They have left their beautiful country; Left their mothers and wives; They have gone to save our country— Who, and to give our lives.

They have gone to help the poor Frenchman. Who to our support they came; And now when in trouble they need us, We will have to do them the same.

And that's not all they went for; Not all for crossing the sea; They went in a war for democracy. That all people might be free.

They came from the grass-covered meadows. From the pits, great and small; They left their good occupations. That America might not fall.

Now, oh Lord! Lead them to victory; For mostly for this we pray; So they may again cross the ocean. And we welcome them home some day.

Harvest Moon Time is Here With Such Jolly Picnics and Parties

DEAR Busy Bees: This is the time of the harvest moon and a very gay moon it is!

Most any night when the sky is clear this moon with its golden halo comes up over our Nebraska hills and makes a beauty spot in the sky. It's just as if the lady moon unpinned her golden hair and let it float about her face.

The Indians of the Omaha tribe used to celebrate this season of the harvest moon with special dances and ceremonies in her honor, for they thought that when the moon showed a golden ring it was a sign that she was pleased with them and that all growing things would yield good crops.

Down east where the Yankees come from harvest moon brings the picnic season of the year and is a time of jolly outing parties.

Some time when you are returning from a day's fun or resting in the cool of the evening look for this lovely moon with her golden misty ring and she will say a most beautiful good night to you. Lovingly, MARGARET.

Muchly Entertained Little Guest

Julia Carpenter of Des Moines has been visiting her friend, Charlotte Smith at the Colonial, and many charming little affairs have been given for her.

Jane McConnell entertained at a matinee dance at the Field club in her honor. Dorothy Davidson had a luncheon at the Country club when her guests were Virginia Pierce, Carlisle Emma Ritchie, Julia Carpenter and Charlotte Smith and then the girls all went to the Strand.

Charlotte Smith had a luncheon at the Colonial for Dorothy Davidson, Dorothy Sherman, Jane McConnell, Virginia Pierce, Emma Ritchie, Kathleen Herdman and Julia Carpenter and a swimming party at the Metropolitan pool.

Julia Carpenter was the out-of-town guest at the dancing party given by Lawrence Lake at the Country club. His guests were Dorothy Davidson, Virginia Upham, Virginia Pierce, Dorothy Sherman, Charlotte Smith, Julia Carpenter and Milton Barlow, Richard Young, Gordon Smith, William Hynes and Austin Sturtevant.

Anne Alexander Ill.

Little Anne Alexander was operated on for appendicitis Wednesday. Anne is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Alexander, and her father has gone to France to take care of wounded soldiers, but she was a brave little girl even with no daddy here to encourage her. Anne is doing very nicely and will soon be as well as ever.

For Red Cross

The children of Harper, Ia., have a novel way of collecting money for the Red Cross. Every time they have a party they each give 5 or 10 cents for the Red Cross chapter. There are about 150 junior members in Harper. The school children of Creston, Ia., have followed the same plan and in that way collect quite a bit of money.

Virginia's Party

Virginia Holliday, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Holliday, entertained at the children's party at Happy Hollow club. Her guests were Virginia Upham, Catherine Davinger, Virginia Ralph, Genevieve Matthews and Ellen Peterson.

Matinee Dance

Mrs. T. B. Coleman entertained 25 little folks at the Field club matinee dance Friday for her daughter, Marion.

Emily and Lillian chanced to meet one morning and Emily said:

"Louise told me you told her that secret. I told you not to tell her."

"She's a mean thing to tell you that!" cried Lillian. "Why, I told her not to."

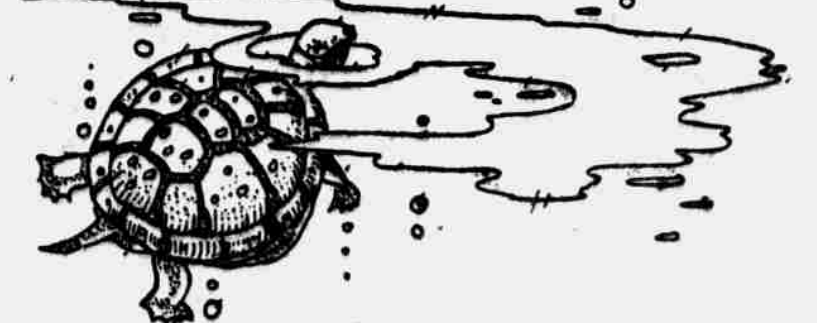
"Well," said Emily, "I told her I wouldn't tell her she told me; so don't tell her I did."

"TATTERS"

"Tatters" Battin is a little white Pomeranian doggie, but quite the most popular thing at the Field club. He belongs to Mr. and Mrs. John Battin and comes to all the Friday matinee dances at the club and runs after the children when they dance or else sits as solemn as a judge and watches them. Tatters likes music and lifts his ears and thumps his little woolly tail in time to all the tunes. He laps up ice cream and then washes his whiskers and nicks out his little moist red tongue for more. Tatters knows everybody and he likes everybody he knows; and so it's no wonder that he is popular, is it?

Twinkle and Chubbins : Their Astonishing Adventures in Natural Fairyland

PRINCE MUD TURTLE



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

CHAPTER IV

Prince Turtle Remembers His Magic.

TWINKLE was as nervous as she could be during all the week that followed this strange conversation with Prince Turtle. Every day, as soon as school was out, she would run to the tub to see if the turtle was still safe—for she worried lest it should run away or disappear in some strange manner. And during school hours it was such hard work to keep her mind on her lessons that teacher scolded her more than once.

The fairy imprisoned in the turtle's form had nothing to say to her during this week, because he would not be allowed to talk again till Saturday; so the most that Twinkle could do to show her interest in the Prince was to give him the choicest food she could get and supply him with plenty of fresh, clean water.

At last the day of her adventure arrived, and as soon as she could get away from the breakfast table Twinkle ran out to the tub. There was her fairy turtle, safe as could be, and as she leaned over the tub he put out his head and called "Good morning!" in his small, shrill voice.

"Good morning," she replied. "Are you still willing and ready to assist me?" asked the turtle.

"To be sure," said Twinkle. "Then take me in your hand," said he.

So she picked him out of the tub and placed him upon her hand. And the turtle said:

"Now pay strict attention, and do exactly as I tell you, and all will be well. In the first place, we want to get to the Black Mountains! so you must repeat after me these words: 'Ulter; aller; iller; oller!'"

"Ulter; aller; iller; oller!" said Twinkle.

The next minute it seemed as though a gale of wind had struck her. It blew so strongly against her eyes that she could not see; so she covered her face with one arm while with the other hand she held fast to the turtle. Her skirts fluttered so

he couldn't move very fast; so presently he called for her to pick him up again, and hold him close to the ground while she walked among the plants. She did this, and after what seemed a long search the turtle suddenly cried out:

"Here it is! This is the plant I want."

"Which—this?" asked the girl, touching a broad, green leaf.

"Yes. Pluck the leaf from the stem and rub your eyelids with it."

She obeyed, and having rubbed her lids well with the leaf, she again opened her eyes and beheld the real Fairyland.

CHAPTER V

Twinkle Promises to Be Brave.

In the center of the valley was a great cluster of palaces that appeared to be built of crystal and silver and mother-of-pearl, and golden filigree-work. So dainty and beautiful were these fairy dwellings that Twinkle had no doubt for an instant but that she gazed upon fairyland. She could see from the far mountain upon which she stood, the airy, gauze-winged forms of the fairies themselves, floating gently amidst the pretty palaces and moving gracefully along the jeweled streets.

But another sight now attracted her attention—a big, gray, ugly looking castle standing frowning on the mountain side at her left. It overlooked the lovely city of palaces like a dark cloud on the edge of a blue sky, and the girl could not help giving a shudder as she saw it. All around the castle was a high fence of iron spikes.

"That fence is enchanted," said the turtle, as if he knew she was looking at it; "and no fairy can pass it, because the power to prevent it has been given to the giant. But a mortal has never been forbidden to pass the fence, for no one ever supposed that a mortal would come here or be able to see it. That is the reason I have brought you to this place, and the reason why you alone are able to help me."

"Gracious!" cried Twinkle; "must I meet the Carbonated Giant?"

"He's corrugated," said the turtle. "I know he's something dreadful," she wailed, "because he's so hard to pronounce."

"You will surely have to meet him," declared the turtle; "but do not fear; I will protect you from all harm."

"Well, a Correlated Giant's a mighty big person," said the girl doubtfully, "and a mud-turtle isn't much of a fighter. I guess I'll go home."

"That is impossible," declared the turtle. "You are too far from home ever to get back without my help, so you may as well be good and obedient."

"What must I do?" she asked. "We will wait until it is nearly noon, when the giant will put his pot on the fire to boil his dinner. We can tell the right time by watching the smoke come out of his chimney. Then you must march straight up to the castle and into the kitchen throw me quickly into the boiling kettle. That is all that you will be where the giant is at work, and required to do."

"I never could do it!" declared Twinkle.

"Why not?"

"You'd be scalded to death, and then I'd be a murderer!"

"Nonsense!" said the turtle, peevishly. "I know what I'm doing, and if you obey me I'll not be scalded but an instant; for then I'll resume my own form. Remember that I'm a fairy, and fairies can't be killed so easily as you seem to think."

"Won't it hurt you?" she inquired.

"Only for a moment; but the reward will be so great that I won't mind an instant's pain. Will you do this favor for me?"

"I'll try," said Twinkle, gravely.

"Then it will be very grateful," said Prince Turtle, "and agree to afterward send you home safe and sound, and as quickly as you came."

CHAPTER VI

Twinkle Meets the Corrugated Giant.

"And now, while we are waiting," continued the fairy turtle, "I want to find a certain flower that has wonderful powers to protect mortals from any injury. Not that I fear I shall be unable to take care of you, but it's just as well to be on the safe side."

"Better," said Twinkle, earnestly. "Where's the flower?"

"We'll hunt for it," replied the turtle.

So holding him in her hand in such a way that he could see all the flowers that grew, the girl began wandering over the mountain side, and everything was so beautiful around her that she would have been quite contented and happy had not the gray castle been before her to remind her constantly that she must face the terrible giant who lived within it.

They found the flower at last—a pretty pink blossom that looked like a double daisy, but must have been something else, because a daisy has no magic power that I ever heard of. And when it was found, the turtle told her to pick the flower and pin it fast to the front of her dress; which she did.

By that time the smoke began to roll out of the giant's chimney in big black clouds; so the fairy turtle said the giant must be getting dinner, and the pot would surely be boiling by the time they got to the castle.

Twinkle couldn't help being a little afraid to approach the giant's stronghold, but she tried to be brave, and so stepped along briskly until she came to the fence of iron spikes.

"You must squeeze through between two of the spikes," said the turtle.

She didn't think it could possibly be done; but to her surprise it was quite easy, and she managed to squeeze through without even tearing her dress. Then she walked up a great driveway, which was lined with white skulls of many sheep which the giant had eaten, to the front door of the castle, which stood ajar.

"Go in," said the turtle; so she boldly entered and passed down a high arched hall toward a room in the rear.

"This is the kitchen," said the turtle. "Enter quickly, go straight to the kettle, and throw me into the boiling water."

Twinkle entered quickly enough, but then she stopped short with a cry of amazement; for there before her stood the ugly giant, blowing the fire with an immense pair of bellows.

CHAPTER VII

Prince Mud-Turtle Becomes Prince Meiga.

The giant was as big around as ten men, and as tall as two; but, having no bones, he seemed pushed together, so that his skin wrinkled up like the sides of an accordion, or a photograph camera, even his face being so wrinkled that his nose stuck out between two folds of flesh and his eyes from between two more. In one end of the kitchen was the great fireplace, above which hung an iron kettle with a big iron spoon in it. And at the other end was a table set for dinner.

As the giant was standing between the kettle, and Twinkle, she could not do as the turtle had commanded, and throw him into the pot. So she hesitated, wondering how to obey the fairy. Just then the giant happened to turn around and see her.

"By the whiskers of Gamr-atog—who was one of my ancestors that was killed by Jack the Giant-Killer!" he cried, but in a very mild voice for so big a person. "Whom have we here?"

"I'm Twinkle," said the girl, drawing a long breath.

"Then, to pay you for your folly in entering my castle, I will make you my slave, and some day, if you're not good, I'll feed you to my seven-headed dog. I never eat little girls myself. I prefer mutton."

Twinkle's heart almost stopped beating when she heard these awful words. All she could do was to stand still and look imploringly at the giant. But she held the fairy mud-turtle clasped tight in her hand, so that the monster couldn't see it.

"Well, what are you staring at?" shouted the Corrugated Giant, angrily. "Blow up that fire this instant, slave!"

He stood aside for her to pass, and Twinkle ran at once to the fireplace. The pot was now before her, and within easy reach, and it was bubbling hot.

In an instant she reached out her hand and tossed the turtle into the boiling water; and then, with a cry of horror at her own action, she drew back to see what would happen.

The turtle was a fairy, all right; and he had known very well the best way to break the enchantment his enemy had put upon him. For no sooner had Twinkle tossed him into the boiling pot than a great hissing was heard, and a cloud of steam hid for an instant the fireplace. Then, as it cleared away, a handsome young prince stepped gaily forward, fully armed; for the turtle was changed into a strong shield which he bore upon his left arm, and the iron spoon was now a long and glittering sword.

(Continued Next Sunday.)