

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.

Mlle. Betty Sheets

Young Host



Mlle. Betty Sheets



Young Host

Allow us to introduce Mademoiselle Betty Sheets from Paris. This little 8-year-old miss has lived nearly all her life in France, but the deadly aeroplanes which hover over Paris frightened this little girl's mother and father so badly that they came to America. You have read about the German airmen who throw bombs on the helpless people in the towns and you can just imagine how frightened Betty was when they all had to run to the cellars to escape being killed. She has nearly forgotten about those times now, though, for she is having such a lovely time visiting with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Howell.

If you were giving your first party wouldn't you be excited about it? Edward Sumner Slater, the small son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Slater, gave his first party at the Field club matinee dance Friday, True, his guests were most too small to tread the latest measures, but they romped and played and invented their own dances and had a wonderful time.

Edward enjoyed being host very much and is planning on having another party very soon and talks about his little friends and the fun they had together all the time.

The 14 little people who sat down to the prettily decorated table for ice cream were Jocelyne James, Marjorie Manley, Marion Johnson, Joan Miller, Mary Lane Du Reil, Harriette Gould, Gordon Shotwell, Hudson Shotwell, Edward Leary, Billy Dunham, Joe Barker, Carson Rogers, Thomas Malony and Edward Sumner Slater.

Young Knitters

The Red Cross knitting class of Davenport, Neb., has sent a quilt that they knitted themselves for the use of sick Sammies in the hospital. This quilt is very gay indeed and has the American flag, the Red Cross of mercy and many other interesting things knitted in its pretty squares. The children who did the work are Verda Townsend, Ruth Surber, Frances Bolton, Wilda Bates, Ella Bates, Lucile Rogers, Hazel Busch, Gail Smith, Louise Miller, Ellis Brittenham, Lester Miller, Charles Woolsey, Clyde Strigow, Clinton Surber, Edward Rogers, Pearl Graham, Sybil Welch, Gladys Bates, Ethel Lawrie, Violet Welch, Burr Dewell, Mildred Cochran, Daniel Townsend, Nell Woolsey, Bennie Milbourne, Ralph Walker, Freddie Strigow, Ray Ringer and Eldon Harrington.

On the Quiet.
Food Hoarder—A wonder what would be the best way to conceal these three barrels of sugar.
His Wife—Why not write to your cousin in Maine, and ask her how they hide their whisky?—Life.

Dorothy Guckert, Dorothy Sherman and Polly Robbins have gone to Lake Okobogie with the Campfire Girls on their annual outing.

Julia Caldwell has gone to Prior Lake with her parents to spend the summer.

Rachel Harlte left for her home in Cleveland, O., last Tuesday after spending a week with her cousin, Florence May. Rachel and her mother were on their way home from a trip to Denver, Colo. While in Omaha they had some jolly picnic parties at Carter Lake and attended the matinee dances at the Field club.

Pierrot Goes

Up among the chimneys tall
Lay the garret of Pierrot.
Here came trooping at his call
Fancies no one else might know;
Here he bade the spiders spin
Webs to hide his treasure in.

Here he heard the night wind
Croom
Slumber songs for sleepy-heads;
Here he spied the spendthrift moon
Strew her silver on the leads;
Here he wore a coronet
Of quaint lyrics for Pierrette.

But the bugles blew him down
To the fields with war beset;
Marched him past the quiet town.
Past the window of Pierrette;
Comrade now of sword and lance.
Pierrette gave his dreams to France.
—Charlotte Becker in Everybody's.

Twinkle Receives a Medal.
The giant gave a roar like that of a baby bull when he saw Prince Melga standing before him, and in a twink-

ling he had caught up a big club that stood near and began whirling it over his head. But before it could descend, the prince ran at him and stuck his sword as far as it would go into the corrugated body of the giant. Again the monster roared and tried

Little Stories by Little Folks

(Prize Story.)

Wise Little Hans.

By Marie Christenson, Aged 12, Alvo, Neb.

My Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter:

Hans was a little 13-year-old boy, who had lived alone with his father in Berlin.

One day he said, "Father, why don't you go to America? I read you could make more money and I know they have a better government." (This was 25 years before the war).

His father didn't want to go. He said, "This is my favorite country."

Then the boy grew angry, for he didn't like Germany's ruling and ways. He went down to the seaport. Hans then thought his father would not know he was going. He wrote him a letter, telling him. He would soon be out of this ill-governed land.

One of his friends let him work his way across on his ship. When he landed in New York he got a position as an office boy. He soon worked his way up until he was junior partner of his before-called employers. He then sent word to his father, only to learn from one of his friends that his father had died in the poor house.

He kept earning money until he was 35 years old and a rich man. Then he bought Liberty bonds, gave to the Red Cross, to the Young Men's Christian association and joined the army. He is now fighting gloriously "over there." This is not a true story.

(Honorable Mention.)

Joan's Hardships.

By Marian Miner, Aged 10, Wayne, Neb.

Joan was a little French girl who lived near the fighting line.

Every night she could hardly sleep because of the cannons roaring and shells bursting.

There also was another little girl who lived in New York City and was very rich. Her mother and father had never helped in buying war savings stamps and Liberty bonds. The rich girl's name was Alice. She had never helped with the war.

One day a telegram came to Alice's father saying he was drafted.

Her father went.

Two years later her father came back, bringing Joan with him. Alice's mother adopted Joan and Alice was very happy.

Millicent's Letter.

By Millicent Schuertley, Aged 9, Mondamin, Ia.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I like to read the letters other boys and girls write, so I thought I would write, too. I set two old hens myself; I gave them 15 eggs apiece, and they each hatched 12 chicks. In my war garden I planted two rows of lettuce, two rows of radishes, two rows of string beans and two rows of peas. I had to hoe it myself. One day the hired man brought me a tiny baby rabbit that he had found in the field. I picked clover and grass for it to eat. When the hot days came I turned it loose. I have a baby sister, 8 months old; her name is Dorothy Lucille; her twin brother did not live. We hated to lose him; his name was Cyril Eugene. I help mamma lots by taking care of sister and gathering eggs and feeding chickens. I will be in the fourth grade at school next year. I live five miles from town, just out of the consolidated district, so I go to country school. I have an uncle in France. He has been there over a year. I hope to see my letter in print.

Two Friends.

By Corinne Carlson, Aged 10 Years, and Evadine Martinson, Aged 10 Years, Mead, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: We thought we would write you a letter. We are two friends. We have many good times together. We live in town. We go to school and are in the sixth grade. Our folks take the Daily Bee and Corinne's take the Sunday Bee also. We enjoy reading the Busy Bees' Page and Dreamland Adventures very much. Corinne has 3 sisters. Evadine has seven sisters and one brother. We are both saving our money for Thrift Stamps. Corinne earns money by helping her mother. Evadine earns money by helping her neighbor. Corinne has \$25 worth in War Savings Stamps that her father gave her. Evadine has \$10 worth in War Savings Stamps that her father

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 350 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your 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.

How Lavinia was Hurt.

Thelma Deles, Derner, Elmwood, Neb., Aged 9 Years, Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the third time I have written to this page.

One day at school we were letter-toting on the teteroter and one of the children jumped off and my teacher jumped off, too. And as the other end went up Lavinia caught her finger between the boards and my teacher just started to get on, and Lavinia began to cry and the teacher got off and took it out, then washed it off and it was all right.

I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out swimming when you get this letter.

An Indian.

By Lillie M. Daw, Aged 13, Oakland, Ia., R. F. D., No. 1.

I received the prize book several weeks ago and I think you very much. I will write a story about an Indian.

One day when Helen Brooks was 15 years old she was left at home to do up her work while her parents went visiting. While they were gone an Indian came toward the house. Helen was very frightened and the Indian knocked at the door. Helen went to the door, but she was pale with fright. The Indian looked at her and said "you frightened. Me not hurt you. Me am tired and wants a drink of sweet milk." Helen now was not so frightened as she was at first, so she said, "Come in and have dinner." The Indian accepted and ate heartily. When he was through

"FOUR-MINUTE MAN"

Little Knox Price, the youngest "Four-Minute Man" on Uncle Sam's staff of war speakers, is delivering daily to the theatergoers in San Francisco a compelling appeal to toe the scratch and do their "bit" in the war.



KNOX PRICE.

But in her sorrow Lily did not forget herself.

What was she going to do? First of all, she would start to economize. In case Claud would not come back.

TO RUTH

Up in the air, in the tall rope swing,
We liked it as well as anything.
We could reach the high boughs of the locust trees,
And hear the loud humming of the bumble bees.

In the grove were hammocks swaying,
Round the see-saw birds were playing
What a lovely place to be,
What a happy time had we.

"Giggy" was Ruth's sister's name;
She sometimes joined us in our game.
But, alas! came news one day
Ruth was going to move away.

But the swing that we loved so well
Was left behind, I'm sorry to tell.
The see-saw, it was taken along,
And the trees all sighed a farewell song.

But her new home wasn't so far away
But what I could sometimes go and play,
When I first went there I thought I heard,
"Welcome! Welcome!" from a singing bird.

And we now take dancing lessons together,
And we go in bright or rainy weather.
Just for the chance to meet again,
We two, happy, life-long friends,
—Elizabeth Paffenrath, Aged 11.

he said you good lady, you kind to poor Indian, Indian never forget, and he walked away.

Long, long ago, I was a piece of copper. One day my friends and I were having a nice time, when we heard a noise. It was so near us that we were frightened and did not know what to do. All at once it became very light and nearly made me blind. I was taken up by a man and put into a cart with many of my friends. We were very sorry to leave our home and were taken to a building and washed off so that we would be clean.

We were put in a big kettle to melt. It was very hot. After we were melted we had to go through a tube into another kettle, where we were melted.

Then we went through another long tube into a big iron pan. Here we were left to cool and harden. We were then shaped into pennies.

We were left to get real hard and then we were put into the register. There were many strange people there. They did not care for me and talked about me. This made me very sad. After a while I was taken out and given to a little girl. She lost me and a man found me and with some other pennies and me he bought a war savings stamp. I think I helped in this war, too.

How Claud and Lily Earned a Living.
By Frances Tomjack, Aged 13, Evening, Neb., Red Side.

Claud and Lily's father and mother were dead and they had to work very hard for a living.

They, Claud and Lily, owned a small five-acre piece of land, of which they made good use.

Lily was 17 years of age and Claud was 21. Their mother died at Lily's birth and their father some three years later.

The children had been taken care of by an old lady called "Mother Brown" until Claud should become of age, so as to work on their small piece of ground.

The first year Lily planted a large garden. Claud bought a cow with the money he had earned. They were getting along nicely when war was declared. Claud was drafted in the first draft and went to the training camps a few days later. Lily was left all alone and she felt very sad when Claud went away, but still she was glad to think that he was serving their country to help win 'er war.

But in her sorrow Lily did not forget herself.

What was she going to do? First of all, she would start to economize. In case Claud would not come back.

At the end of one month after Claud went away Lily received a letter from Claud in which he sent her his first month's pay. She took this money and bought everything she needed for canning purposes. Then she canned all the vegetables and fruit that she could, so she would have something to eat in the winter. Then another idea came to her. She would let the place and go and work out. She sold everything she had canned and made about \$20 profit on it. Then she rented the place for a moderate sum. She also rented the cow with the place. She hired herself for a stenographer for a wealthy merchant for \$65 per month.

Working for Red Cross.
By Virginia Suddarth, aged 9, 2417 Faron St., St. Joseph, Mo., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: My father has taken your paper for some time, but I have never written to you before. I thought I would tell you how we Missouri children raise money for the Red Cross. Seven little girls of our neighborhood gave an entertainment Wednesday evening, June 19, for the lawn of Mrs. J. T. Treney's home. The entertainment was arranged, managed and staged by the children alone. The program was as follows:

Chorus "Over There"
Song "I Don't Want to Get Well"
Hawaiian Dance (in Costume)
Song "Long Boy" (in Costume)
Recitation "The Swing"
Solo "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight"
Recitation "Summer Sun"
Solo Dance
Recitation "Grandma's Angel"
Characteristics "Bambino"
Dance, (the Alhuet Colonial Costumes).....
Chorus "Star Spangled Banner"

We worked hard, but enjoyed it greatly, and we were happy to turn over to the Red Cross the sum of \$6, the proceeds of our entertainment.

Little Patriots.
By Margaret Craft, Aged 12 Years, Sidney, Ia.

Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join the Red side.

Billy was a little boy of 8 years, with brown curly hair and blue eyes. He lived on a big ranch in Wyoming.

His father offered him thrift stamp a pound for gathering wool off of fences and brush that the sheep had caught when roaming around.

Billy was very pleased with the bargain and when he went to school the next day he told his friends.

They went home and told their daddies. They all decided to go out and gather it, except one little girl, who was poor and had to stay home and work. They did it all vacation and bought the little poor girl a war saving stamp.

My First Letter.
By Rose Zelny, Aged 12 Years, Linwood, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter I have written to you. I enjoy the page very much.

I have \$5 worth of war savings stamps. I am trying to save my money to buy war savings stamps.

I hope my letter escapes Mr. Waste Paper Basket, for I really would like to see my first letter in print.

I live on a farm. I like it fine. I am in the seventh grade in school. I will go to town school next year.

Well, I must close. I will write a longer letter next time. I write. I would like to hear from some of the readers.

Little Polly.
By Evadine Martinson, Aged 10 Years, Mead, Neb.

I have a dear little dolly.
Her name is Polly.
I used to sit and sew
Hats and dresses for her.

But now we have to sit
And for the soldier's knit
And hoe and weed our garden
For the soldiers Over There
Must have food and clothing
If we intend them to fight.

So let us put our dear little dollies
Away in the trunk,
And after the war is over
We can play with our dollies once more.

A Change.
By Ida M. Crowe, Aged 14 Years, Torrington, Wyo.

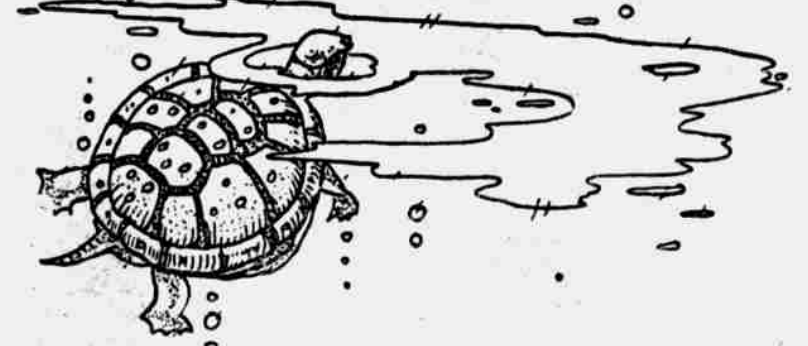
Through the long summer afternoon,
We used to sit and croquet;
While we hummed a merry tune
Or watched some children play.

But now we sit at the morning tide,
And knit all the live long day;
And sew in the Red Cross rooms beside,
Till the sun has taken its westward way.

So well we knit for the Red Cross, and sew for it, too;
For our work will ne'er be a loss;
And we'll be helping our country so true.

Twinkle and Chubbins Their Astonishing Adventures in Natural Fairyland

PRINCE MUD TURTLE



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CHAPTER VIII.
Twinkle Receives a Medal.
The giant gave a roar like that of a baby bull when he saw Prince Melga standing before him, and in a twink-

to fight, but the sword had hurt him badly, and the prince pushed it into the evil creature again and again, until the end came, and his corrugated enemy rolled over upon the floor quite dead.

Then the fairy turned to Twinkle, and kneeling before her he kissed her hand.

"Thank you very much," he said, in a sweet voice, "for setting me free. You are a very brave little girl."

"I'm not so sure about that," she answered. "I was dreadfully scared!"

Now he took her hand and led her from the castle; and she didn't have to squeeze through the fence again, because the fairy had only to utter a magic word and the gate flew open. And when they turned to look back, the castle of the Corrugated Giant, with all that it had contained, had vanished from sight, never to be seen again by either mortal or fairy eyes. For that was sure to happen whenever the prince was dead.

The prince led Twinkle into the valley where the fairy palaces stood, and told all his people, when they crowded around to welcome him, how kind the little girl had been to him, and how her courage had enabled him to defeat the giant and to regain his proper form. And all the fairies praised Twinkle with kind words, and the lovely Queen Fluttering, who seemed altogether too young to be the mother of the handsome prince, gave to the child a golden medal with a tiny

Jim Crow and Little Pink Bonnet The Squirrel

(From an old story book.)
"Bumpy, bumpy, bump,
With a hop, a skip and a jump,
My mother said, "Daughter,
Bring me some water.
There's a good child, from the pump."

Whoever is at the pump?
"Jumpety, jumpety, jump."
"My name is Jim Crow."
"It's my pump, you know."
Stumpety, stumpety, jump.

Trumpy, trumpy, trump.
"You know that it isn't your pump."
It's mother's, and so
Make haste and go."
Said little Pink Bonnet,
"You've no business on it."
Jumpety, jumpety, jump

dead.

"I don't mind," said Twinkle.

Then she bade goodby to the fairies, and the prince spoke a magic word. There was another rush of wind, and when it had passed Twinkle found herself once more in the back yard at home.

As she sat upon the grass rubbing her eyes and wondering at the strange adventure that had befallen her, her mamma came out upon the back porch and said:

"Your turtle has crawled out of the tub and run away."

"Yes," said Twinkle. "I know, and I'm glad of it!"
But she kept her secret to herself.
(New Story Next Week.)

mud-turtle engraved upon one side of it.

Then, after a fine feast had been prepared, and the little girl had eaten, all she could of the fairy sweetmeats, she told Prince Melga she would like to go home again.

"Very well," said he. "Don't forget me, Twinkle, although we probably shall never meet again. I'll send you home quite as safely as you came, but as your eyes have been rubbed with the magic maita-leaf, you will doubtless always see many strange sights that are hidden from other mortals."

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