

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



BUSY BEE SOCIETY

Little Stories by Little Folks



In the Bee Hive

DEAR Busy Bees: They say that you have to be like a nut to have the squirrels love you, and that may be true. I don't know, I'm sure, but I do know that the squirrels like me! I have a pet one, that I call Reddy, for his tail looks like a red plume, in the sun.

He is the most mischievous fellow you ever saw. He gets in the icebox and helps himself to eggs. Of course he can't carry them, but he puts them on the floor and then he licks them up and licks his paws and mouth. He will take sweet corn and run up the tree stump and eat it and scold and scold to keep all the other squirrels away.

He has some habits that we children might copy in these times of thrift, for he hides all the whole nuts he can find in the ground for winter time. I think all of us ought to plan to save something from our garden crops for this winter, too.

Lovingly, MARGARET.

Dancing Party.

Janice O'Brien gave a very jolly party at the Field club matinee dance Friday. The music was "jazzy" and the floor just fine and smooth and as all her guests had dancing feet they enjoyed every number. Those present were Janice O'Brien, Katherine Allenman, Jeannette Driebus, Edna Tubbs, Helen Butler, Mary McMonnes, Virginia Tubbs, Vance Hart, Beatrice Ainsworth, Shirley Hart, Marion Orlloff, Mildred Steuben, Eleanor Evans, Margaret Shotwell, Parke O'Brien, Lloyd Osborne, John Hedland, Charles Hedland.

Home Again.

Helen, Emma and Billy Hoagland returned last week from a six weeks' outing at Waterville, Maine. Waterville, Colo. They had a great time swimming in the lake and riding the horses. Emma made friends with a colt and when she was asked its name, she said "I don't know," so her uncle abbreviated the phrase and calls the colt "Dono." Bill enjoyed feeding two calves that were twins and had nice soft black and white noses.

Helen spent her time riding for she is quite an expert and rides with saddle or bare back. Each of the children are tanned a nice Indian shade but don't mind it at all, as they had a perfectly dandy time!

Knit and Dance.

Louise and Dora Wiese, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wiese, asked a group of their girl friends out to Happy Hollow club Thursday afternoon. They spent the time knitting and dancing. The girls who made up the party were: Marion Jones, Mary Leslie, Eloise Green, Evelyn Barncroft, Florence Dow, Jean Dow, Marjorie Dow, Enid Lindberg, Mildred White, Doris Berry, Lucile Ely, Lila Miller, Arline Carncroft, Mary Graham, Lillian Adams, Esther Adams and Mrs. R. E. Wagner.

Children in War Times

Magnet, Neb., has a bunch of patriotic young folks and they are helping fill the quota of comfort kits for the "Sammies over there." These kits are full of interesting things for the comfort of the soldiers and are really a little personal message of good cheer and affection from home. Some of the girls who have helped are Jeanette Lynn, Eliza Bugenhagen, Marilda Gillan, Florence Syggy, Mildred Woolston, Mary Boedeker, Edna Williams, Ruth Johnson, Edna Dawson, Cecilia Walton and Helen Bloomquist.

It's great fun to make a hospital quilt, for even though you are not an expert knitter you can make a square. Many of these squares, knitted together make a warm and comfortable quilt for our sick soldiers to use.

The children of Alliance, Neb., made such a nice quilt and wrote cheery little notes to the Sammies which they put on the squares they knit. These busy workers are: Esther Dedmore, Janice Wills, Goldie Edwards, Delbert Cole, Glen Hughes, Charles Shreve, Lillian Suecinn, Opal Burron, Elizabeth Malek, Emmet Wilson, Ruth Wilson, Edward Barton, Evelyn Roach, Ida Lea, Etta Simpson, Grace Thompson, Bruce Epler, Charles Wolfe, Raymond Lackey, Wayne Thompson, Ralph Cox, Esther Floth, Leo Bayers and Nell Gavin.

Goat Immune to Dynamite.

A western household was terrified recently by the discovery that their pet goat had eaten two sticks of dynamite. The animal was carefully driven to a safe distance, according to the Milwaukee Free Press, and tethered to a stake. But days and weeks elapsed and the goat did not explode.

NOTE—Busy Bees will please send their society items to Margaret Shotwell, Busy Bee Society Editor, care Bee office.

The Farmer

(Song from a Chinese Opera)
LIFE of ease is not my lot.
Dig, dig, dig.
The weeds grow fast, the weeds climb high.
Big, big, big.
A gentleman rides in his chair.
Swing, swing, swing.
A lady sips tea in her silken room.
Sing, sing, sing.

The merchant piles his silver high.
Rich, rich, rich.
The tailor sits on his table smooth.
Stitch, stitch, stitch.
My back is turned to rain or shine.
Bare, bare, bare.
My prayer must turn the weather-vane.
Fair, fair, fair.

My pigs grow thin, my debts grow large.
Sigh, sigh, sigh.
My children, cold, beg me for food.
Cry, cry, cry.
My wife is old before her time.
Old, old, old.
My hair is thin, my hands are hard.
Cold, cold, cold.

(Translated by Dr. William L. Hall for Asia.)

Don't Change Goldfish Water Too Frequently

Do not get the impression that the water must be changed frequently in an aquarium, says Edward F. Bigelow in Boys' Life. Experts with an aquarium rarely change the water, but when they do they filter it and return it to the tank.

I have an aquarium in which the water has remained unchanged for about ten years, and another brightly lit and clear, with plants growing luxuriantly in it with the water unchanged for nearly six years. Even an aquarium in a small open-mouthed bottle may be continued for several months.

The secret of success is to keep the aquarium, whether large or small, covered with a pane of glass to prevent too rapid evaporation and the access of noxious gases and dust. Fish and the microscopic animals do not breathe air. They breathe the air dissolved in the water. That should be furnished by the aquatic plants which throw off the oxygen needed.

When an aquarium requires constant "puttering," there is something wrong with it. The better the "balance" between plant and animal life in the aquarium, the less care does it need.

CAMPFIRE GIRLS ADOPT NURSES

A movement has started among the 145 Camp Fire girls in Chicago for each group of girls to "adopt" a Red Cross nurse in Europe, just as so many soldiers have been "adopted" by warm-hearted patriots on this side of the water.

The Red Cross in Chicago has welcomed the innovation with enthusiasm and is working in harmony with the Camp Fire Girls. Many of the noble women who are Red Cross nurses in active service in Europe have no families. But they have needs for their patients and themselves which cannot be filled in little French towns. The Camp Fire Girls will send her "the things she can't get," whether they be handkerchiefs, towels, necessary toilet articles, dainties for convalescents, or something else.

The Red Cross authorities are of the opinion that it will be of distinct psychological benefit to the "big sister" over there to be able to write

LOVABLE TWINS



KATHERINE AND EVELYN LARIMER.

This is a picture of Katherine and Evelyn Larimer, twins. They are 2½ years old and no one can tell them apart but their own mother and father, and even they have to look closely to distinguish them. Katherine and Evelyn are very popular on Laurel avenue, where they live.

They are sociable little girls and make polite calls on the neighbors, always taking their little red chairs with them, because grown folks' chairs are far too big for such little girls. They converse politely while calling, but their hosts cannot understand what it is all about, for the young ladies are not able yet to speak very plainly, but their calls are enjoyed in spite of that small detail.

One day one of the twins fell down while crossing the street. It was early evening, and the men in the neighborhood were most of them cutting grass on the lawns or enjoying the cool breeze after the sun went down, and in a moment a dozen of them were rushing out to save the unfortunate twin from possible accident under automobile wheels. There was quite a crowd around her and she seemed to appreciate her popularity, for she laughed and nodded and talked to all of them, though no one knows yet whether it was Katherine or Evelyn who was saved by the neighbors.

to her "little sister" over here, and no one who hasn't lived and worked in the war zone knows just how much a letter from home means. This movement is expected to extend to all the 100,000 Camp Fire Girls in the United States, and as there are 6,500 Camp Fire groups, that many Red Cross nurses on the other side may have an available resource of which they never dreamed on which to call for "the things they can't get."

Party at Grandmother's.

John Hedlund, of Fergus Falls, Minn., and Elloise Barnhart, the grandchildren of Mrs. John Barnhart, had a party at their grandma's last Tuesday. They had lots of fun with their little friends who were: Helen Butler, Marie Schwartz, Janice O'Brien, Mary McMonnes, Arline O'Brien, Eloise Barnhart, Adelle Barnhart, Marjorie Tillison, Charles Hedland, John Hedland, Herbert Schwartz, Lloyd Osborne, Elloit McClure and Robert Powell.

Kaiser Bill went up the hill To take a look at France, Kaiser Bill came down the hill— With bullets in his pants!

(Prize Story.)

Bad, Bad Blue Jay.

By Helen Abraham, Aged 13, Schuyler, Neb., R. 3, Box 62.
I will write a story about the dreadful jay and how he destroyed two happy families. One day while I was out with my baby sister a pair of happy orioles were flying around a big elm tree, where a pair of sparrows made their happy home. The orioles were flying and chirping merrily. They were selecting a safe place for their beautiful home. I watched them for a while.

The next day I found they had begun their home. In a few days a beautiful nest was hanging on the branch.

The mother oriole was sitting on her tiny eggs and in three weeks there were four hungry mouths to be fed. They all lived happily, till one morning I got up real early and went out of the house and heard the shrill cry of the jay by the elm tree. In a little while the sparrows began to make a big noise. I ran up to the elm tree to see what was the trouble and when I got there what do you think I saw? It was the jay, perched on a branch by the oriole's nest. He had taken two of the babies and had them torn to pieces. The parent orioles were crying mournfully. When I saw what I did I began throwing sticks at him and chased him away. Now there were only two babies left the parent orioles, which were once the happiest pair of birds, but were now the saddest pair, and the sparrows' nest was all torn up and I don't know if they had something in it or not. I shall never try to protect a blue jay.

(Honorable Mention.)

Belgian Bertha.

By Ruth Fye, Aged 12 Years, Tekamah, Neb.

In France, near the line which separates France from Belgium, a little French girl lives, whose name is Bertha. Bertha is 10 years old.

Bertha has two sisters younger than her. Her mother works in a

NO SPACE TO PRINT

The Busy Bee editor regrets that lack of space made it impossible to print the very excellent letters and stories received this week from the following:

Frances Jones, Winnebago, Neb.
Sophia Kopke, Bennington, Neb.
Elizabeth Farasworth, Grand Island, Neb.
Pearl Mathews, Oxford, Neb.
Elizabeth Skinner, Herman, Neb.
Irene Moller, Atlantic, Ia.
Ora Moller, Atlantic, Ia.
George Haney, Rising City, Neb.
Helen Ahlemier, Fremont, Neb.
Kathryn Ellis, Weeping Water, Neb.

Bertha lives where she can hear the big guns, and where the wounded are brought to the hospital.

She is a very dutiful child and does not complain.

Bertha is also very polite and has said when the war is over she hopes to come to America.

She is the little French orphan whom the Presbyterian Juniors adopted. They will provide food and clothes 'till the war is over.

Gertrude's Birthday Party.

By Dorothea Diamond, Aged 10 Years, McCook, Neb.

Gertrude's parents were very rich and thought Gertrude was rather spoiled. She stayed with her maiden aunt, who loved her, but didn't caress her, for she thought it spoiled children.

Gertrude's mother was a Red Cross nurse over in France, her father was a major in France, also.

Gertrude was sitting in the window seat when a sharp, shrill voice said: "Gertrude, Oh! that child is sitting in the window seat again."

"How many days before my birthday will it be?" interrupted Gertrude. "That is just what I wanted to talk about," said Gertrude's aunt.

"You are expecting rich pastries for your party, but I have decided to give just plain wholesome food."

"It isn't a party," said Gertrude, as a pout spread over her face. "But it will be a Red Cross party," said her aunt.

"How lovely," cried Gertrude. For the next few days before Gertrude's birthday she was not allowed to go into the dining room or kitchen. Mysterious packages were taken into the dining room. Gertrude knew there was to be a grand surprise.

At last the great day arrived, the guests flocked into the dining room and there was many Ohs and Ahs, for the room was decorated with red crosses and flags, the table cloth was a great American flag, the cake had 12 red candles on it in the shape of a Red Cross. They had lemonade, red, white and blue ice cream and little cookies representing the glorious American flag and Red Crosses.

For a souvenir the boys got a statue of a soldier and the girls got a Red Cross nurse and all went home happy.

That night Gertrude leaned her head on her aunt's shoulder and said that it was the best party she had ever had.

Doing Her Bit.

By Breta Pape, Creston, Neb.

Dorothy Johnson was an orphan living with her Aunt Jane. Dorothy's mother had died when she was a baby and her father had died recently in the war.

But because her father and mother were both dead she didn't sit around, but asked her aunt if she couldn't have a little garden of her own. Her aunt said she could but instead of a little garden she got a large one.

Dorothy planted and cared for her garden with great care.

Soon she had a lot of vegetables. Then she took the vegetables and sold them. With the money she got for the vegetables she bought Thrift stamps.

One day when her cousin, Harry Ranold, was visiting, Dorothy was just going up stairs when her cousin came running down stairs. He bumped into Dorothy and threw her down stairs, hurting her spine and she was sent to the hospital. But she did not quit working for the soldiers even though she was strapped to the bed, but knitted. When her body hurt and her arms ached from knitting she just thought of her father and other wounded soldiers and how much they needed the things.

In this way time passed a lot quicker than if she would have fretted and whined and instead of making the worst of things she made the best of things.

So soon she was well again and could work again in her garden.

In Deep Water, But Perfectly Safe



MISS RUTH STAKLER AND PUPILS.

Miss Ruth Stakler of Honolulu and two kiddy pupils of her swimming class boys and girls in San Francisco. Miss Stakler is acting as a swimming instructor to a large class of Frisco girls and boys. She is an expert at the Australian crawl stroke, and is expected to come east soon to enter races here.

Twinkle and Chubbins

Their Astonishing Adventures in Natural Fairyland



By LAURA BANCROFT

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CHAPTER VI.
Prince Nimble.

"GOOD gracious!" said the little girl, looking around her. "I'm as good as lost in this strange place, and I don't know in what direction to go to get home again."

So she sat down on the grass and tried to think which way she had come, and which way she ought to return in order to get across the gulch to the farm house.

"If the Rolling Stone was here, he might tell me," she said aloud. "But I'm all alone."

"Oh, no, you're not," piped a small, sweet voice. "I'm here, and I know much more than the Rolling Stone does."

Twinkle looked this way and then that, very carefully, in order to see who had spoken, and at last she dis-

covered a pretty grasshopper perched upon a long blade of grass nearby. "Did I hear you speak?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied the grasshopper. "I'm Prince Nimble, the hoppiest hopper in Hoptown."

"Where is that?" asked the child. "Why, Hoptown is near the bottom of the gulch, in that thick patch of grass you see yonder. It's on your way home, so I'd be pleased to have you visit it."

"Won't I step on some of you?" she asked.

"Not if you are careful," replied Prince Nimble. "Grasshoppers don't often get stepped on. We're pretty active, you know."

"All right," said Twinkle. "I'd like to see a grasshopper village."

"Then follow me, and I'll guide you," said Nimble, and at once he leaped from the blade of grass and landed at least six feet away.

Twinkle got up and followed, keeping her eye on the pretty Prince, who leaped so fast that she had to trot to keep up with him. Nimble would wait on some clump of grass or bit of rock until the girl came up, and then away he'd go again.

"How far is it?" Twinkle once asked him.

"About a mile and a half," was the answer; "we'll soon be there, for you are as good as a mile, and I'm good for the half-mile."

"How do you figure that out?" asked Twinkle.

"Why, I've always heard that a miss is as good as a mile, and you're a miss, are you not?"

"Not yet," she answered; "I'm only

a little girl. But papa will be sure to miss me if I don't get home to supper."

CHAPTER VII.
The Grasshoppers' Hop.

Twinkle now began to fear she wouldn't get home to supper, for the sun started, to sink into the big prairie, and in the golden glow it left behind, the girl beheld most beautiful palaces and castles suspended in the air just above the hollow in which she stood. Splendid banners floated from the peaks and spires of these magnificent buildings, and all the windows seemed of silver and all the roofs of gold.

"What city is that?" she asked, standing still in amazement.

"That isn't any city," replied the grasshopper. "They are only Castles in the Air—very pretty to look at, but out of everybody's reach. Come along, my little friend; we're almost at Hoptown."

So Twinkle walked on, and before long Prince Nimble paused on the stem of a hollyhock and said: "Now, sit down carefully, right where you are, and you will be able to watch my people. It is the night of our regular hop—if you listen you can hear the orchestra tuning up."

She sat down, as he bade her, and tried to listen, but only heard a low whirr and rattle like the noise of a beetle's wings.

"That's the drummer," said Prince Nimble. "He is very clever, indeed."

"Good gracious! It's night," said Twinkle, with a start. "I ought to be at home and in bed this very minute."

"Never mind," said the grasshopper; "you can sleep any time, but this

is our annual ball, and it's a great privilege to witness it."

Suddenly the grass all around them became brilliantly lighted, as if from a thousand tiny electric lamps.

Twinkle looked closely, and saw that a vast number of fire-flies had formed a circle around them, and were illuminating the scene of the ball.

In the center of the circle were assembled hundreds of grasshoppers, of all sizes. The small ones were of a delicate green color, and the middle-sized ones of a deeper green, while the biggest ones were a yellowish brown.

But the members of the orchestra interested Twinkle more than anything else. They were seated upon the broad top of a big toadstool at one side, and the musicians were all beetles and big-bugs. A fat water-beetle played a bass fiddle as big and fat as himself, and two pretty ladybugs played the violins. A scarab, brightly colored with scarlet and black, tooted upon a long horn, and a sand-beetle made the sound of a drum with its wings. There were a colopota, making shrill sounds like a flute—only, of course, Twinkle didn't know the names of these beetles, and thought they were all just "bugs."

When the orchestra began to play, the music was more pleasing than you might suppose; anyway, the grasshoppers liked it, for they commenced at once to dance.

The antics of the grasshoppers made Twinkle laugh more than once, for the way they danced was to hop around in a circle, and jump over each other, and then a lady grass-

hopper and a gentleman grasshopper would take hold of hands and stand on their long rear legs and all rubbing their feet and the girl dizzy just to watch them.

Sometimes two of them would leap at once, and knock against each other in the air, and then go tumbling to the ground, where the other dancers tripped over them. She saw Prince Nimble dancing away with the others, and his partner was a lovely green grasshopper with sparkling black eyes and wings that were like velvet. They didn't bump into as many of the others as some did, and Twinkle thought they danced very gracefully indeed.

And now, while the merriment was at its height, and water-grasshoppers were passing around refreshments that looked like grass seeds covered with thick molasses, a big cat suddenly jumped into the circle.

At once all the lights went out, for the fire-flies fled in every direction, but in the darkness Twinkle thought she could still hear the drone of the big bass fiddle and the flute-like trill of the ladybugs.

The next thing Twinkle knew, some one was shaking her shoulder.

"Wake up, dear," said her mother's voice. "It's nearly supper time, and papa's waiting for you. And I see you haven't picked a single blueberry."

"Why, I picked 'em all right," replied Twinkle, sitting up and first rubbing her eyes and then looking gravely at her empty tin pail. "They were all in the pail a few minutes ago. I wonder whatever became of them!"

(New Story Next Week.)

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 titles 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.
6. A prize and a letter will be given each week for the best contribution.

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

listened longer. Soon men on horseback came galloping over the hills. Ann saw it was German officers. She told her mother and they both fled to the cellar. The Germans never saw Ann and her mother.

Have Garden Club.

By Elsie Bowman, Aged 13 Years, Tekamah, Neb.

I enjoy reading the children's page very much.

I will tell you about our garden club. We will all be in Eighth grade next year.

I am president of our club. Elmer Russell is secretary. Our club is divided into two sides. The side that has the lowest percentage in the looks of their garden at the end of garden time, have to entertain the other side. We have a captain for each side. They are both girls, their names being Elizabeth and Lola. I am on Elizabeth's side. We also have a guardian. Her name is Miss Russell. We all like her very much.

There are eight girls and eight boys in the club. We have had one weenie roast, which we enjoyed very much.

We have learned many songs. I was singing one of the songs to myself the other day, when I happened to think of some words that will go to the tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," very nicely.

Here is the song:
Keep the Home Guards serving,
For our Uncle Sam,
Although they have a duty,
They must keep on serving,
For the Hun is lurking,
They must keep their trust in God.

Our brave "Home Guards" would like to hear from some of the readers.

To Help Allies.

By Billie Bennett, Aged 9, 929 D street, Fairbury, Neb., Blue Side.

Once a boy about 12 years old was given money to go to a foot ball game. He was cleaning the yard when his father gave him the money. He went out into the yard to finish his work in the morning so he could go early.

While he was working he lost his money. Oh, how badly he felt. He told his mother and she said she was awful sorry, but they couldn't give him any more. So he went back very sad to his work.

While he was burning some grass he saw something glittering and it was his money! Oh my, he was so tickled.

But he didn't spend his money for the foot ball game—I should say not! His sister had been telling him about thrift stamps and war savings stamps and how they would help Uncle Sam win the war, so he sacrificed going to the big foot ball game and bought thrift stamps. Have any of you Busy Bees made any sacrifices to help the allies?

Ruth's War Garden.

By Violet Irene Rydland, Aged 10, Funk, Neb., Box 101. Blue Side.

Ruth was a girl of 12 years old, daughter of a rich man. Ruth loved her country and was anxious for the Americans to win the war. So one day she asked her father to buy some Liberty bonds and war savings stamps and give money to the Red Cross. But what did Ruth do? She asked if she could go down-town and buy some seeds to make a war garden. Her father said she could. So she went down town and got some seeds. When she reached home she fixed her garden and hoed and watered it. When the things were big enough she sold them and received a lot of money. That way she bought some war savings stamps with the money. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.

Patriotic Miss.

By Georgia Swiggart, Aged 13, Elva, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: My mother and I live on a ranch in the east part of Grant county.

My father died March 27. My mother and I are alone.

I have one brother that I expect will have to go to war.

I am doing my bit to help get the kaiser. I have joined the war saving stamp society and buy a thrift stamp each month. My mother is secretary of the society.

I have bought one war saving stamp and eight thrift stamps, besides what I am supposed to buy each month. My mother also has a fine garden, which will help to whip the kaiser.

If I see my letter in print I will write again and try to do better.