

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



:- BUSY BEE SOCIETY :-

NOTE—Busy Bees will please send their society items to Busy Bee Society editor, care The Bee office.



In the Bee Hive

DEAR Busy Bees: Vacation days are done and school days come again! I know that all the Busy Bees have learned lots of things this vacation because it has been a very unusual time for all of us.

Back From Lake. Jean Borglum has returned from an outing at Wall Lake and she looks very military in a khaki colored suit of twill. It's made with bloomers and a "Sam Brown" jacket.

Children in War Times

A magic lantern show was given Saturday for the benefit of the Red Cross at the home of Mrs. W. C. Draper. The children were delighted when they found that they had earned \$4.25 for the Red Cross.

Children in War Times. The American army in France has adopted over 400 little French orphans to care for.

There are tens of thousands of these little orphans in France and many of them have lived in invaded country all during the war.

Marie Lafitte wrote that she was being a good girl, not only for her invalid father who could see her, but for her Yankee father who could not see her.

Franklin, Neb., has a "do-your-bit" club that does many nice things for the soldiers.

Lila Coe and Gertrude Wells spend many days at the warehouse in the surgical dressings department, where Mrs. Mettlin shows them how to fold and pack dressings.

A Hag Story. Sir Douglas Haig is fond of relating the story of a Scotchman who bored his English friends boasting what a fine country Scotland was.

When the Angelus rings out every day Don't forget to stop and say just a little prayer for our dear boys, over there.

:- Patriotic Show for War Orphans :-



Top row, left to right: Eddie Meyer, Anna Weiss and Charles Lieb. Bottom row, left to right: Gladys Meyer, Dorothy Muskin, Lucille Weiss and Alberta Kearnes.

Last Friday the children in our neighborhood got together and we decided to do something patriotic and raise money for the Red Cross to give to the poor children in Belgium and France, so we planned to give a show.

We had a parade three miles long—that is, we marched three miles to advertise the show. It was not a free parade, for some persons stopped us to find out what it was for, and they gave us 15 cents just to see the parade.

Saturday afternoon we had the show in Eddie Meyers' cellar, at his home, 2919 North Twentieth street. The play started to be about Cinderella, but one of the girls was dressed as Miss Columbia and one of the boys as Charlie Chaplin, so we had to change it to a patriotic show.

We had a good time and were given a fine treat by Mrs. Meyer. We raised \$1.20 for the Red Cross.

Little Stories by Little Folks

(Prize Letter)

Girl Scouts at Camp.

By Eola Gass, Aged 12 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side. Soon after school closed the Girl Scouts began to plan about camping.

As it is our first year, we thought that place where more people were would be best. We decided on Shady Lake.

On Wednesday a truck hauled out our things. It is only about three miles, so we could ride in every day.

Everything went fine the first day. We swam, rowed, fished, worked and ate. In the evening we had a meeting, deciding on the duties of the next day.

About 4 o'clock Thursday and it began to rain. At 8 it hailed and the wind blew some tents of the Camp Fire Girls, who camped near us, over, so the manager of the lake told all the girls that were camping in tents to go to the dance pavilion.

We camped about 10 days and hiked to the river and to Shady Lake and to near towns.

We have not yet received our uniforms, but we are ready to take our tenderfoot examinations. Our scout captain is Mrs. Olsen and scout lieutenant is Miss Cunningham.

(Honorable Mention) How a Little Child Helped. By Helen Ritchie, Aged 14, 3710 Mason Street, Omaha.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first story. I hope you like it. When war was declared John Cleary wanted to enlist, but his mother would not hear of such a thing.

One day a little neighbor 9 years old came to spend the day. She had a sweater which she was knitting and proudly showed it to Mrs. Cleary, saying, "Mamma is knitting one, too. She goes to Red Cross four days a week."

After the child had gone home Mrs. Cleary sat thinking. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Think of that baby knitting a sweater, while I sit here doing a piece of fancy work."

The next day, when John came home, Mrs. Cleary showed him a sweater. "See, John, this is for you when you go 'over there.'"

John's only answer was a kiss. The next day he came home in khaki. I sincerely hope to see this in print. Lovingly, HELEN.

Good for Something. By Florence Hann, Aged 13 Years, 623 West Charles St., Omaha.

It was fifteen years ago. There was a little boy 5 years of age living on an old cat in an old shack. He was very ill, almost dying. Suddenly the door was pushed open and a man came in. It was Dr. Sevele. He sat down by the bed, and soothed the boy's aching head.

It is 15 years after the boy's illness and he is now 20 years of age. The people that said he would be no good in this world were much mistaken—as listen!

He is now serving in the United States army.

Buster. Agnes Logan, Age 10, Logan, Ia.

We call him Buster, "the dandy pup," on account of his cunning ways, and the tricks he plays for his little owners.

Buster is a small fox terrier, all white except his sharp pointed black ears and short black tail.

His mother was a white fox terrier, a stray in the neighborhood, who was stoned and chased by all the boys in that end of town.

She came to our house one cold winter morning, hungry and forlorn, and was fed by the children.

A week later six cunning little puppies were found in the wood shed, and mamma said only one could be kept.

He is a great event," remarked the captain, as he walked beside them with as much dignity as he could muster. "It was really good of you to come and be arrested, for I haven't had any excitement in a long time. The people here are such good sugar that they seldom do anything wrong."

Rules for Young Writers

- 1. Write plainly 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.

A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.

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

So Buster was kept for the baby, and the others given away.

In six months he was almost grown and knew many tricks. He would jump over a stick, sit up and beg for his dinner, and run and get a ball and return it to the girls.

One night he went to town with the girls, and was run over by an automobile.

Two days later he got poisoned, and nearly died.

Buster wears a little wire muzzle most of the time and one day he came running in with an old squirrel head, holding on to it by a tiny bit of fur run into the wires of the muzzle.

In a little while he was very sick, and after doctoring him up we examined the head. It was a stuffed squirrel, and was full of a white powder to preserve the fur. It had two big orange and black eyes made of glass, and had been thrown on some trashpile by one of the neighbors, and had nearly been the death of the dandy pup.

Buster is a good watchdog, not allowing anything about at night, and always watching the baby, to whom he is much attached.

The American Red Cross. By Anton Ort, Aged 12, 1306 South Third Street, Omaha, Neb.

The American Red Cross will come to you soon for more money, of which every cent shall be spent to relieve pain.

We have sent our boys "over there" to fight for democracy, liberty and Old Glory. They are ready to die for us. Can we give the money to care for them when they are cold, tired or wounded?

We have sent our nurses "over there" to take care of our boys. They are giving their lives, too. They are like a mother to them. We will soon have 35,000 "over there" to take care of the millions of our boys who will soon be "over there."

We cannot ask our nurses to fight without their ammunition. Their ammunition is sterilized cotton, medicine and all other things these brave nurses fight death.

In France, Belgium, Italy and all the other countries where the Huns have gone thousands of somebody's wives, mothers and children are begging for food, clothing and shelter. Who will save them? The Red Cross will save them.

Out in No Man's Land there is a wounded soldier crying for help. Who will save him? The Red Cross will.

So, Busy Bees, give to the Red Cross and let's try to make Omaha one of the most patriotic cities of the United States of America. It is already, but make it more.

But—d—m the kaiser, the chief of h—l, man of h—l, killed my brother, but also somebody else's brother, son, husband, and even father, but them who are left shall pay him back. So hurry for Old Glory and for the Yankees.

Help Belgian Orphans. By Bertha Dunker, Aged 14, Strang, Neb.

Jean was a little French orphan. Her father was killed in the war and her mother died from starvation. Jean was taken to a place where many other children were. I think Jean would like to tell you the rest.

This place where I was taken the Red Cross took care of me.

One day a letter came to me from a little American girl (the girl I am with now). It said for me to come down and live with her. She sent me money for my car fare, and her address and picture. The little girl's name was Mary Jones.

The maid took me to the ship which I was to sail to United States in. It took me a number of days, but I soon got there. Mary was there to meet me, and when we got to her home she showed me many beautiful things. I told her of the French children and she got tears in her eyes.

The next day I found her in her room printing something on cardboard. And this is what it said: "Help the poor French children. They are starving. MARY JONES."

She sacked this up on a post so people could see it, and they all tried to help all the more.

I lived there the rest of my life in happiness.

Let us all be like Mary. Help the French children from starving. I will try and do my part.

Visits Uncle and Aunt. By Flora Fithian, Aged 13, Yeag Cushing, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: Last Sunday we went down to my aunt's and uncle's, who live at Phillips. We started at 8 o'clock in the morning and went through Cushing, St. Paul, St. Liberty and Grand Island. It started to rain before we got to Grand Island and we had to stop until it quit. We arrived at my aunt's at 11 o'clock. We ate dinner and then played the victrola and my aunt played the piano.

We all got in the cars and went down to see the steam shovel, which is about a mile away. We saw the big railway bridge across the Platte river. It is certainly a large. After that we went home. Going home we went through Worms, Palmer and Cushing. We got home at 8 o'clock, very tired, after a dandy time and rid-

Twinkle and Chubbins :==: Their Astonishing Adventures in Natural Fairyland



By LOUISE BANCROFT (Copyright, 1911, by Nelly & Dutton Co.)

CHAPTER I. The Golden Key.

Twinkle had come to visit her old friend Chubbins, whose mother was now teaching school in a little town at the foot of the Ozark mountains, in Arkansas.

Twinkle's own home was in Dakota, so the mountains that now towered around her made her open her eyes in wonder.

Near by—so near, in fact, that she thought she might almost reach out her arm and touch it—was Sugar-Loaf Mountain, round and high and big. And a little to the south was Backbone Mountain, and still farther along a peak called Crystal Mountain.

The very next day after her arrival Twinkle asked Chubbins to take her to see the mountain; and so the boy, who was about her own age, got his mother to fill for them a basket of good things to eat, and away they started, hand in hand, to explore the mountain-side.

It was farther to Sugar-Loaf Mountain than Twinkle had thought, and by the time they reached the foot of the great mound, the rocky sides of which were covered with bushes and small trees, they were both rather tired by the walk.

"Let's eat something," suggested Chubbins. "I'm willing," said Twinkle. So they climbed up a little way, to where some big rocks lay flat upon the mountain, and sat themselves down upon a slab of rock while they

Chubbins got down upon his knees and examined the door carefully. There was a ring in it that seemed to be a handle, and he caught hold of it and pulled as hard as he could. But it wouldn't move.

"What do you 'spos is under it?" she asked. "Maybe it's a treasure!" answered Chubbins, his eyes big with interest.

"Well, Chub, we can't get it, anyway," said the practical Twinkle; "so let's climb the mountain."

She got down from her seat and approached the door, and as she did so she struck a small bit of rock with her foot and sent it tumbling down the hill. Then she stopped short with a cry of wonder, for under the stone he had kicked away was a little hole in the rock, and within this they saw a small golden key.

"Perhaps," she said, eagerly, as she stooped to pick up the key, "this will unlock the iron door."

"Let's try it!" cried the boy. CHAPTER II. Through the Tunnel.

They examined the door carefully, and at last found near the center of a small hole. Twinkle put the golden key into this and found that it fitted exactly. But it took all of Chubbins' strength to turn the key in the rusty lock. Yet finally it did turn, and they heard the noise of bolts shooting back, so they both took hold of the ring, and pulling hard together, managed to raise the iron door on its hinges.

All they saw was a dark tunnel, with stone steps leading down into the mountain.

"No treasure here," said the little girl. "Praps it's farther in," replied Chubbins. "Shall we go down?"

"Won't it be dangerous?" she asked. "Don't know," said Chubbins, honestly. "It's been years and years since this door was opened. You can see for yourself. That rock must have covered it up a long time."

"There must be something inside," she declared, "or there wouldn't be any door, or any steps."

the steps. There were only seven steps in all, and then came a narrow but level tunnel that led straight into the mountain-side. It was dark a few feet from the door, but the children resolved to go on. Taking hold of hands, so as not to get separated, and feeling the sides of the passage to guide them, they walked a long way into the black tunnel.

Twinkle was just about to say they'd better go back, when the passage suddenly turned, and far ahead of them shone a faint light. This encouraged them, and they went on faster, hoping they would soon come to the treasure.

"Keep it up, Twink," said the boy. "It's no use going home yet."

"We must be almost in the middle of Sugar-Loaf Mountain," she answered. "Oh, no; it's an awful big mountain," said he. "But we've come quite a way, haven't we?"

"I guess mamma'd scold, if she knew where we are."

"Mamas," said Chubbins, "shouldn't know everything, 'cause they'd only worry."

And if we don't get hurt I can't see as there's any harm done."

"But we mustn't be naughty, Chub." "The only thing that's naughty," he replied, "is doing what you're told not to do. And no one told us not to go into the middle of Sugar-Loaf Mountain."

Just then they came to another curve in their path, and saw a bright light ahead. It looked to the children just like daylight; so they ran along and soon passed through a low arch and came out into—

Well! The scene before them was so strange that it nearly took away their breath, and they stood perfectly still and stared as hard as their big eyes could possibly stare.

CHAPTER III. Sugar-Loaf City. Sugar-Loaf Mountain was hollow inside, for the children stood facing a great dome that rose so far above their heads that it seemed almost as high as the sky. And underneath this dome lay spread out the loveliest city imaginable. There were streets and houses, and buildings with round domes, and slender, delicate spires reaching far up into the air, and turrets beautifully ornamented with carvings. And all these were white as the driven snow and sparkling in every part like millions of diamonds—for all were built of pure loaf sugar!

The pavements of the streets were also loaf sugar, and the trees and bushes and flowers were likewise sugar; but these last were not all white, because all sugar is not white, and they showed many bright colors of red sugar and blue

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"That's right. I'll just take you to the king, and let him decide what to do," he added pleasantly.

So the soldiers surrounded the two children, shouldered arms, and marched away down the street, Twinkle and Chubbins walking slowly, so the candy folks would not have to run; for the tallest soldiers were only as high as their shoulders.

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(Continued Next Sunday.)