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 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.

We have seen how important it is to obey, for it's obedience that makes our Yankee armies so wonderful! A soldier does not question; he just obeys commands and this is one of the lessons we learn in school. We have learned how important it

is to keep our bodies clean and our teeth clean, for it's the healthy army

that does the best fighting.

And so we find that the things we learn in school are the things that are useful to us all our lives through.
They don't seem so now, do they?
For it's nice to play the whole day
through, but it's nicer still to go to
school and study hard and learn the rules our teachers say.

I hope that all the Busy Bees will

resolve to act like soldiers in their school work for this new term. Lov-ingly, MARGARET.

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

Babs is quite a saucy doggie and when Jean takes her little rawhide switch and says, "Now, Babs, I'm going to whip you good." Babs takes one jump and catches the end of the whip between her teeth and scampers and growle at Jean and cassing her and growls at Jean and carries the whip away and tries to nide it.
"Oh well, dogs will be dogs," says

When the Angelus rings out every

Don't forget to stop and say fust a little safety prayer For our dear boys, over there.

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. Drapier. The children were delighted when they found that they had earned \$4.25 for the Red Cross. Beside the show there was a little program, and little Miss Cecilia McGreary sang "Mother." The children who were the managers of the little show were: Jack and Virginia Moser, Carlotta O'Brien, James O'Brien, Henry and Dorothy Lehmen, Mary Dailey and William Drapier.

Children in War Times.

The American army in France has adopted over 400 little French orphans to care for, "Parrain" is the name that the French children give the Yankee soldiers who pay for their food and clothes and school-

There are tens of thousands of There are tens of thousands of these little orphans in France and many of them have lived in invaded country all during the war. The Stars and Stripes, the newspaper published by the American soldiers abroad, has charge of the A. E. F. French war orphan fund and receives many letters a day from the grateful French children.

French children.

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. Rene Le Jariel says that he lives in are fugee invaded country, just as the soldiers do and goes to the soup kitchen for soup every day. He wants to come to America when the war is over.

Is it any wonder that the French children cry when the Yankees leave their villages, for these poor children have had so little kindness during these hard war years that they can't do enough for their "Parrains" from

Franklin, Neb., has a "do-your-bit" club that does many nice things for "Sam Brown" jacket.

Jean's bull dog, "Babs," was so glad to see her that she collected all the slippers and things that were not mailed down and laid them at Jean's Gertrude Pierce and Bernice Willemson. the soldiers. The members of the

> 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 Haig 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.

> "Why did you leave it if you liked it so well?" he was asked. "Weel, it was like this," said Sandy. "In Scotland everybody was as clever as myself!"-Boston Transcript.

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 somehting patriotic and her kitchen. 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 a sweater which she was knitting and free parade, for some persons stopped us to find out what it was for, and they gave us 15 cents just to see the proudly showed it to Mrs. Cleary, without their ammunition. Their ammarade, "Mamma is knitting one, too. munition is sterilized cotton, medi-

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 sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Over The little girl promptly answered: There," and we spoke pieces about freedom and America and the big people who came to hear us gave us lots of

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

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it wouldn't move.

"It's locked, Twink," he said.

"What do you 'spose is under it?"

Chubbins, his eyes big with interest.

let's climb the mountain."

unlock the iron door.'

hinges.

Chubbins.

"Well, Chub, we can't get it, any-

the hill. Then she stopped short with

a cry of wonder, for under the stone

"Let's try it!" cried the boy.

CHAPTER II.

Through the Tunnel.

They examined the door carefully,

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, man-

aged to raise the iron door on its

All they saw was a dark tunnel,

the mountain.
"No treasure here," said the little

"Won't it be dangerous?" she asked.

"Don't know," said Chubbins, hon-

estly. "It's been years and years since

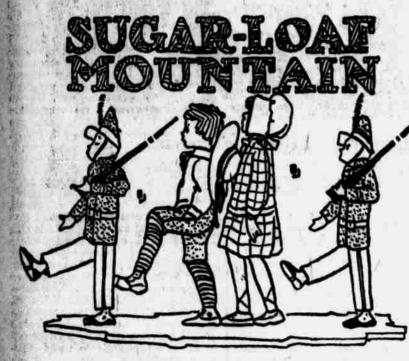
this door was opened. You can see for yourself. That rock must have

"There must be something inside,"

she declared, "or there wouldn't be

covered it up a long time."

Their Astonishing Adventures in Natural Fairvland



By LOUISE BANCROFT (Copyright, 1911, by Reilly & Britton Co.) CHAPTER I. The Golden Key.

TWINKLE had come to visit her old friend Chubbins, whose mother was now teaching school 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

Near by-so near, in fact, that she hought 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 er 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

I'm willing," said Twinkle,

So they climbed up a little way, to there some big rocks lay flat upon the mountain, and sat themselves down upon a slab of rock while they Twinkle.

shown to their view by the moving of the upper rock.

"Why, it's a door!" exclaimed Twinkle.

rested and ate some of the sandwiches and cake. "Why do they call it 'Sugar-Loaf'?"

top of the mountain. "I don't know," replied Chubbins. "It's a queer name," said Twinkle,

asked the girl, looking far up to the

"That's so," agreed the boy. "They might as well have called it 'gingerbread' or 'rock-salt,' or 'tea-biscuit.' They call mountains funny names,

don't they?"

"Seems as if they do," said Twinkle, They had been sitting upon the edge of one big flat rock, with their feet resting against another that was almost as large. These rocks appeared to have been there for ages, as if some big giants in olden days had tossed them carelessly down and then gone away and left them. Yet as the children pushed their feet against this one, the heavy mass suddenly began to tremble and then slide downward. "Look out!" cried the girl, fright-ened to see the slab of rock move. 'We'll fall and get hurt!"

But they clung to the rock upon which they sat and met with no harm whatever. Nor did the big slab of stone below them move very far from its original position. It merely slid downward a few feet, and when they looked at the place where it had been they discovered what seemed to be a small iron door, built into the solid stone underneath, and now shown to their view by the moving of

any door, or any steps."
"That's so," answered Chubbins.
"I'll go down and see. You wait."
"No; I'll go, too," said Twinkle. "I'd be just as scared waiting outside as I would be in. And I'm bigger than you are, Chub,"

"You're taller, but you're only a month older, Twink; so don't you put on airs. And I'm the strongest. "We'll both go," she decided; "and then if we-find the treasure we'll di-

Chubbins got down upon his knees | the steps. There were only seven | sugar and yellow, purple and green and examined the door carefully, steps in all, and then came a narrow There was a ring in it that seemed to but level tunnel that led straight into be a handle, and he caught hold of it the mountain-side. It was dark a few and pulled as hard as he could. But 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

"Maybe it's a treasure!" answered into the black tunnel. Twinkle was just about to say they'd better go back, when the passway," said the practical Twinkle; "so age suddenly turned, and far ahead of them shone a faint light. This en-She got down from her seat and apcouraged them, and they went on proached the door, and as she did so faster, hoping they would soon come she struck a small bit of rock with to the treasure. her foot and sent it tumbling down

"Keep it up, Twink," said the boy. "It's no use going home yet." "We must be almost in the middle he had kicked away was a little hole of Sugar-Loaf Mountain,"

in the rock, and within this they saw a answered.

"I guess mama'd scold, if she knew where we are." "Mamas," said Chubbins, "shouldn't the others, being servants, drivers of know everything, 'cause they'd only

WOLLA. And if we don't get hurt I can't and at last found near the center of 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

with stone steps leading down into and came out into-Well! the scene before them was so strange that it nearly took away their breath, and they stood perfectly still girl.
"P'raps it's farther in," replied and stared as hard as their big eyes could possibly stare.

and soon passed through a low arch

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 tur-rets 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 "All right; come on!"

Forgetting their basket, which they not all white, because all sugar is Forgetting their basket, which they left upon the rocks, they crept through the little doorway and down bright colors of red sugar and blue marched away down the street, Twin-

sugar, all contrasting most prettily with the sparkling dome overhead. This alone might well astonish the

eyes of children from the outside world, but it was by no means all that Twinkle and Chubbins beheld in that first curious look at Sugar-Loaf many people-men, women and children-who walked along the streets just as briskly as we do; only all were made of sugar. There were several on an old cot in an old shack. was maple-sugar, and these folks carriages, and beggars and idlers.

Carts and carriages moved along the streets, and were mostly made of brown sugar. The horses that drew them were either pressed sugar or maple-sugar. In fact, everything that existed in this wonderful city was made of some kind of sugar.

Where the light which made all this place so bright and beautiful came from Twinkle could not imagine. There was no sun, nor were there any electric lights that could be seen; but it was fully as bright as day and everything showed with great plain-

While the children, who stood just inside the archway through which they had entered, were looking at the wonders of Sugar-Loaf City, a file of sugar soldiers suddenly came around a corner at a swift trot.

"Halt!" cried the captain. He wore a red sugar jacket and a red sugar cap, and the soldiers were dressed in the same manner as their captain, but without the officer's yellow sugar shoulder-straps. At the command, the sugar soldiers came to a stop, and all pointed their sugar muskets at Twinkle and Chubbins.
"Surrender!" said the captain to

them. "Surrender, or I'll-I'll-' He hesitated. What will you do?" said Twinkle.

"I don't know what, but something as high as their shoulders, very dreadful," replied the captain. "This is a great event," remarked But of course you'll surrender."

the girl. "That's right. I'll just take you to do," he added pleasantly.

Little Stories by Little Folks

(Prize Letter) Girl Scouts at Camp.

By Eola Gass, Aged 12 Years, Co-lumbus, Neb. Blue Side. Soon after school closed the Girl Scouts began to plan about camping. They had been organized about two months and, like most girls, love to

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

On Wednesday a truck hauled out our things. It is only about three miles, so we could ride in every day. Every morning orders were posted stating which girls were to wash dishes, get the meals, clean the tents.

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

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. No one had to be told twice. We closed all the sides and doors so it couldn't rain in, because we believed in "be prepared," our motto.

There were about 30 girls, includ-ing Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts and others, and we all slept there until bit of fur run into the wires of the about 6 o'clock the next morning, muzzle, when a girl started the victrola. Before we were thoroughly awake, she was back in bed, so we didn't see amined the head. It was a stuffed who it was. In the morning we went back to our tents.

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. Olseen and scout lieutenant is Miss Cunningham.

We have meetings every Tuesday in the Young Men's Christian association and we are trying to do our bit for democracy. (Honorable Mention)

How a Little Child Helped. How a Little Child Helped.

By Helen Ritchie, Aged 14, 3710 Maevery cent shall be spent to relieve son 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. When everyone was busy with Red When everyone was busy with Cross work Mrs, Cleary still attended her sewing circles and bridge parties there" to take care of our boys. They She did not knit or do surgical dress-ings work. She did not conserve in like a mother to them. We will soon

One day a little neighbor 9 years of the millions of our boys who will old came to spend the day. She had soon be "over there." She goes to Red Cross four days a cine and all other things these brave week." Mrs. Cleary asked the child Mrs. Cleary asked the child nurses fight death. if she had any relation in the service.

wishes I was big enough to be a nurse.

After the child had gone home Mrs. will save them. Cleary sat thinking. Suddenly she exclaimed:

Think of that baby knitting a sweater, while I sit here doing a piece of f.ncy work."

The next day, when John came 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. HELEN. Lovingly,

Good for Something. City. For the city was inhabited by By Florence Hann, Aged 13 Years, Yankees. 623 West Charles St., Omaha. It was fifteen years ago. There was a little boy 5 year of age lying different kinds of these sugar people. was very ill, almost dying. Suddenly Some, who strutted proudly along, the door was pushed open and a man were evidently of pure loaf-sugar, came in. It was Dr. Sevele. He and these were of a most respectable sat down by the bed, and soothed appearance. Others seemed to be the boy's aching head. At last the other children were, I think Jean made of light brown sugar, and were boy said: "Why don't you let me would like to tell you the rest. more humble in their manners and die?" every one says I am no good, small golden key.

"Oh, no; it's an awful big moun"Perhaps," she said, eagerly, as she
stooped to pick up the key, "this will a way, haven't we?"

"Oh, no; it's an awful big mounhad business to attend to. Then
there were some of sugar so dark
in color that Twinkle suspected it soothing words the boy fell asleen.

"Coh, no; it's an awful big mounhad business to attend to. Then
there were some of sugar so dark
in color that Twinkle suspected it soothing words the boy fell asleen. It was three weeks after that. The the doctor had adopted him, but people still said he would do no good in this world. But let them wait.

It is 15 years after the boy's illness and he is now 20 years of age. in. It took me a number of days, but The people that said he would be no good in this world were much mistaken-as-listen: .

States army."

Buster.

Agnes Logan, Age 10, Logan, Ia. We call him Buster, "the dandy 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 eyes are brown and intelligent, and he is a great friend of the chil-

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 through Cushing, St. Paul, St. Libory mamma said only one could be kept. and Grand Island. It started to rain mamma said only one could be kept.

kle and Chubbins walking slowly, so the candy folks would not have to rived at my aunt's at 11 o'clock. We run; for the tallest soldiers were only ate dinner and then played the

the captain, as he walked beside down to see the steam shovel, which them with as much dignity as he is about a mile away. We saw the big

"I suppose we'll have to," answered them with as much dignity as he could muster. "It was really good of railway bridge across the Platte That's right. I'll just take you to come and be arrested, for I river. It certainly is large. After the king, and let him decide what to haven't had any excitement in a long that we went home. Going home we do," he added pleasantly. time. The people here are such good

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly and number

the pages. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 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 A prize book will be given each week for the best contribu-

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

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

his dinner, and run and get a ball

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

In a little while he was very sick, and after doctoring him up we exsquirrel, and was full of a white powder to preserve the fur. It had two big orange and black eyes made of glass, We camped about 10 days and orange and black eyes made of glass, hiked to the river and to Shady and had been thrown on some trashpile by one of the neighbors, and had nearly been the death of the dandy

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

We have sent our boys "over there" to fight for democracy, liberty and

have 35,000 "over there" to take care

We cannot ask our nurses to fight

In France, Belgium, Italy and all the other countries where the Huns "Oh! yes; papa and my two brothers have gone thousands of somebody's are in the medical corps. Mamma wives, mothers and children are begging for food, clothing and shelter. Who will save them? The Red Cross

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 home, Mrs. Cleary showed him a one of the most patriotic cities of the sweater. "See, John, this is for you United States of America. It is al-

ready, 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 hurray for Old Glory and for the

Help Belgian Orphana. By Bertha Dunker, Aged 14, Strang, Neb., Blue Side.

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 This place where I was taken the

down and live with her. She sent seemed of less account than any of boy was in the doctor's house and 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 I soon got there. Mary was there to meet me, and when we got to her home she showed me many beautiful "He is now serving in the United 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 card-And this is what it said:

"Help the poor French children. They are starving. MARY JONES." She tacked 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 wil try and do my part.

Visits Uncle and Aunt.

By Flora Fithian, Aged 13: Yes 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 before we got to Grand Island and we had to stop until it quit. We ar-

victrola and my aunt played the piano. We all got in the cars and went