

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



BUSY BEES IN WAR TIME

CHILDREN DEAR: Our thoughts are always with our dear boys over there, and now that we have come back from our vacations the Junior Red Cross will want you all to join. Each child must do their share this year to win the war, and already numerous little clubs are making serap books, knitting wristlets and giving little plays for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Did you all buy a white tag Wednesday? You should have seen a cunning little Spitz dog trotting down the street with one of the Visiting Nurse tags securely tied to his collar. He was evidently very proud that he had done his bit for the sick children in our city.

Now that the dancing parties at the clubs are over, you will all have to give parties of your own. Last Friday at the Field club there were a number of parties and the children all had a lovely time. Jean Borglum brought her dog, "Babs," and he wanted to dance, too, when he heard the music. Another little dog, "Tatters," was at the party, but when some of the children had their pictures taken he objected to being photographed and wriggled so the little girl had to let him go.

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.

Prize Busy Bee



Miss Gwendolyn Violet Lowder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Lowder, is a prize baby for this little sunny-haired girl won first prize at Des Moines and also at the contest held in Krug park Wednesday evening. You can tell by the happy expression of little Gwendolyn just what a treasure she is.

Children's Harvest Festival.
The annual harvest festival of the children of the Temple Israel religious school will be held Sucoth morning, Saturday, September 21, at 10 o'clock. The children will march into the temple, carrying American flags and baskets of fruit. "Flag and Fruit" will be the subject of Rabbi Frederick Cohn's address.

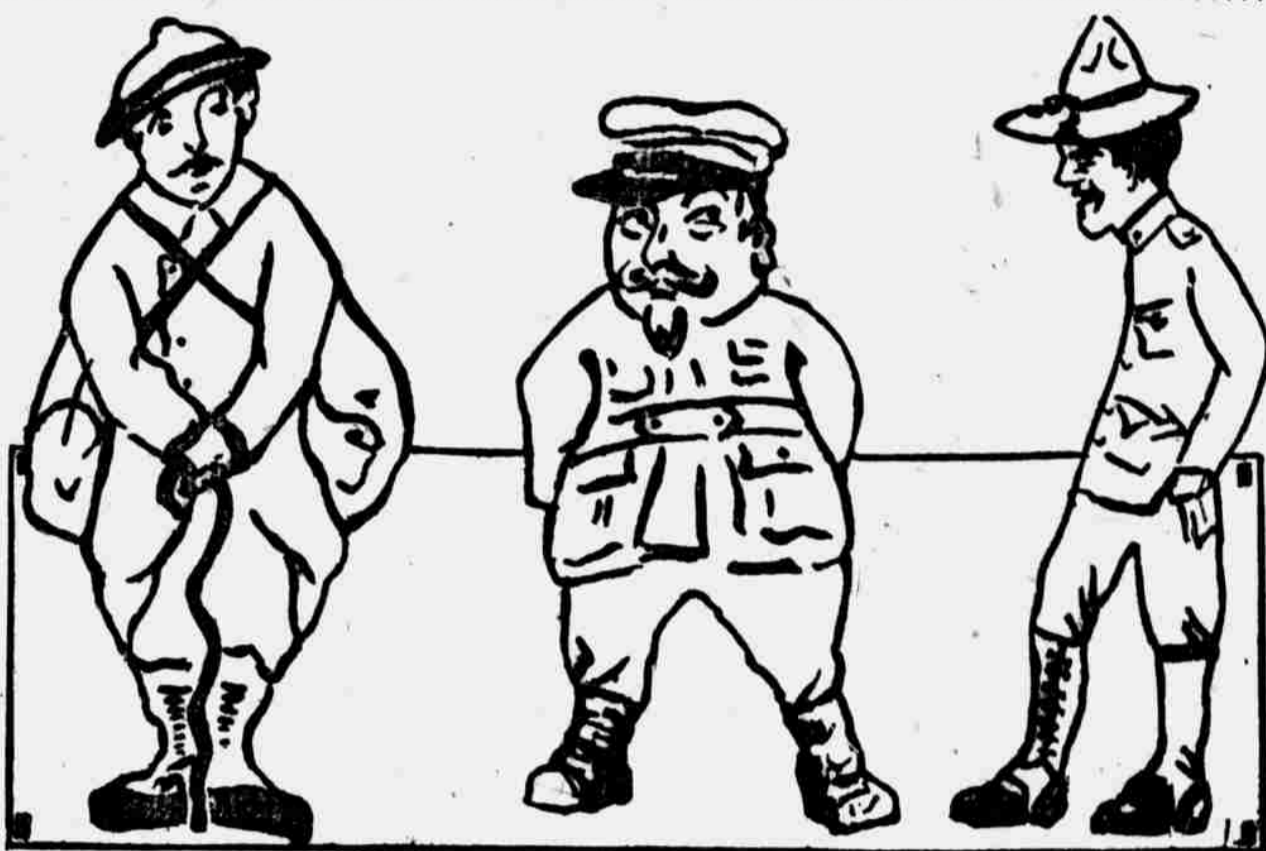
Winning the Race.
By Cinderella Guthmann, Aged 13, Plainview, Neb. Blue Side.

"Now, Bob Collins, don't you fight again. Just look at your clothes!" exclaimed Patty, his sister.

Bob went out, mumbling as he did so: "What fun can a fellow have when someone is scolding him all the time?" he said. "I don't suppose Ed and Art are home, but I will try anyway."

He took a small whistle from his

Three Brave Soldiers



These "Soldiers Three" were made by a French officer, Louis Ibeis, who has been so badly wounded that he can only sit and carve toys for the children for whom he has fought so bravely. They represent the French General Joffre, a French Poilu and a Yankee from the good old U. S. A. They are made out of wood and painted in true to life style.

Bob and Katherine Singles are the proud possessors of these treasured toys. They were sent to them by their brother, Lieutenant Perry Singles, who is never too busy to remember his young brother and sister at home.

Lieutenant Singles has been in France since December, 1917, and the first remembrance he sent home was an Annette and Retain charm.

These gay charms of silk and wool represent the famous tight-wire dancers of the Follies Bergeres in Paris, and are a nimble-footed pair who dance out of harm's way with smiling faces.

The invalid French soldiers and children make these charms and sell them to the Yanks for their safety.

French soldiers are very fond of children and are always trying to give them pleasure. Most any child would be pleased with these gay "Soldiers Three," don't you think so?

Ed is out. Go on, Ed!" Ed shouted. "All ready, go!"

Art and Ed both ran for the trunk of the tree, and while they were trying to get up Bob was high above their heads, having swung up on a lower branch. He kept climbing higher and higher, never noticing the branches were beginning to sway under his weight. He looked down and saw Art a little way below him, and climbed still higher.

"Fun climbing, isn't it?" he shouted.

The next second he heard a crash and felt himself falling. The next thing he knew he was lying on a bed, and the doctor was saying, "His leg is badly broken."

Bob, opening his eyes, saw Art and Ed and said, "Hello, who won?" and without waiting for anyone to answer he added, "I guess I came down faster than I went up."

"Well, what do you want?" they asked.

"Oh, I thought we could play something," and after a moment's thought added: "I have it; we can have a tree race."

"How can we have that?" Ed asked.

"Art will say any, money, and the rest of it, and the first one out will give the signal to start. The one that reaches the top first and gets down the quickest from the tree will win."

Art began: "Eny, meny, miny, mow; catch the kaiser by the toe. If he hollers make him say—"

"Stop, I'll surrender to the U. S. A."

Lord Cloy and Princess Sakareen with us."

So the children followed the king to the door of the palace, where stood a beautiful white and yellow sugar chariot, drawn by six handsome sugar horses with spun sugar tails and manes, and driven by a brown sugar coachman in a blue sugar livery.

The king got in first, and the others followed. Then the children discovered that Lord Cloy was the frosted man and Princess Sakareen was the sugar lady who had told Twinkle that she was hollow.

There was quite a crowd of sugar people at the gates to watch the departure of the royal party, and a few soldiers and policemen were also present to keep order. Twinkle sat beside the king, and Chubbins sat on the same seat with the Princess Sakareen, while Lord Cloy was obliged to sit with the coachman.

When all were ready the driver cracked a sugar whip (but didn't break it) and away the chariot dashed over a road paved with blocks of cut loaf-sugar.

The air was cool and pleasant, but there was a sweet smell to the breeze that was peculiar to this strange country. Sugar birds flew here and there, singing sweet songs, and a few sugar dogs ran out to bark at the king's chariot as it whirled along.

"Haven't you any automobiles in your country?" asked the girl.

"No," answered the king. "Anything that requires heat to make it go is avoided here, because heat would melt us and ruin our bodies in a few minutes. Automobiles would be dangerous in Sugar-Loaf City."

"There're dangerous enough anywhere," she said. "What do you feed to your horses?"

"They eat a fine quality of barley-sugar that grows in our fields," answered the king. "You'll see it presently, for we will drive out to my country villa, which is near the edge of the dome, opposite to where you came in."

First, however, they rode all about the city, and the king pointed out the public buildings, and the theaters, and the churches, and a number of small but pretty parks. And there was a high tower near the center that rose half-way to the dome, it was so tall.

"Aren't you afraid the roof will cave in some time, and ruin your city?" Twinkle asked the king.

"Oh, no," he answered. "We never think of such a thing. Isn't there a dome over the palace where you live?"

"Yes," said Twinkle; "but it's the sky."

"Do you ever fear it will cave in?" "No, indeed!" she replied, with a laugh at the idea.

"Well, it's the same way with us," returned his Majesty. "Domes are the strongest things in all the world."

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Little Stories by Little Folks

(Prize Letter.)
Somewhere in France.
By Doris Meserby, 2108 Forty-second Avenue, Kearney, Neb.

My Dear Mrs. Pigeon: I received your letter a few days ago. I am going to tell you about the first trip I had. I think you will like to hear about it as you do some of this traveling work, yourself.

I was sent by my master, Major Dixon, from the trenches, to the hospital. I arrived safely.

A nurse let me in and took the message. I have always been curious to know what they did with the sick men, so I made a trip around one of the wards.

I alighted on each bed and cooed a short song. They were all kind to me. Some were eating and they threw crumbs to me. Those that were able petted me.

The nurse came and tied a message to my wing. She lifted me from the table on which I stood and put me out of the window, and away I sailed back to the trenches.

I go to the hospital often now and they all welcome me warmly. I go through the hospital every time.

I like it "over here" very much and I wish you were here to enjoy it also. Sincerely yours, Miss Fluffy Dove.

(Honorable Mention.)
The Story of a Penny.
By Evelyn Luce, Aged 12, 6719 Florence Boulevard.

I was first put in a big black pot with many other pieces of copper. Then the men put us in the fire. Pretty soon they took us out and poured us in little molds. They left us in a long time. Then the men took us to a store and the store keeper put us in the cash register. Pretty soon a little girl came and bought a dime's worth of candy. She handed the man a quarter. The man gave her back 15 pennies. She put us in her pocket and began to run. I fell out. Along came a big fat man and picked me up. He went to the drug store and bought a soda. He gave the man a nickel and five pennies. I stayed there a long time. Finally I went to live with an old lady. She lost me one day when it was raining. I then floated into the gutter. I thought that would be the end of me, but one day some boys were playing in the gutter when one boy exclaimed: "Oh! Look what I found."

"What is it?" asked another boy.

"A penny. Let's go spend it." The boy lost me on the way to the store and couldn't find me, so I am still lying under the bench on the sidewalk.

Doing Their Bit.
By Alice Woods, Aged 12, Colome, S. D., R. F. D. 1, Box 51, Blue Side.

One day a little girl went to the garden to hoe and hoed up an ant's hill, although she didn't know it, because it was beside a big weed and her mother had told her to hoe out all the weeds.

The ants didn't know what to do, so they held a meeting and it was decided they would make a house by a garden plant near by and to eat the roots. The ants worked and worked until they had it nearly done.

Just then a little ant ran up and exclaimed: "Oh, don't make the new house there; I have been down to the people's house and heard them say that everybody must do all they can to help our war and to help win the war they must have good gardens and good crops, and I think we ought to do something, too."

When the little ant had finished talking to the ants they thought it would be a wise plan to move their house away from the plant and let it grow to help win the war.

So these ants did their bit by letting the plant grow.

Sly Robin Redbreast.
By Frank Wais, Aged 11, Loma, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. Once there lived in a beautiful orchard a couple of robins and they built their nest high up in an apple tree and the mother robin laid four green eggs in all they cared for.

She sat on them day by day, and once in the morning when she woke what did she see! Two pair of nice robins, and she was glad to have them, and the father had to help find food for the hungry children.

But once when they came home the baby robins told mother that a big creature was climbing up the tree to eat them up and a little boy chased her off, and the mother told them it was a cat, so the next day the father went and called all of his neighbors and they all came and hid in a big bush near the tree, and here came the cat again, and as she was about to climb all the birds sprang out of the bush and scratched the cat's eyes and pecked her so much that she had to run away, and the next day they saw the boy pulling her dead body by the tail into the creek.

The Brave Soldier.
By Dorothy Pugsley, Aged 11, 1125 South Thirty-first Street, Omaha.

The gleaming stars looked down from the sky, and also the shining moon; the breezes were whispering through the trees.

The fields of daisies were nodding and had quietly gone to sleep. Yonder a couple were sitting, a picture to make you weep.

For the brave youth held her hand and said to her, "Never mind—For boys all over the land Are leaving their sweethearts behind."

She said with a sigh, "Oh! don't mind me. And when the fight is over, Come back, and we will try to see The best side of even the war."

Cathart's Part.
By Amy Bethart, Aged 12, Cook, Neb.

Lula was just telling her mother and Betty about her joining the "Willing Workers Knitting Society," when John rushed in breathless with excitement. Betty ran up to him and cried, "Oh, John, what's the matter?" "Nothing Betty, only I've joined the Boys' War Glee Club and we're going to work at it every day, starting tomorrow." "Why so are we," cried Lula. "I think we ought to do something patriotic when Jack's fighting in the trenches over there."

"Oh, I'm going to help too, I am," cried Betty, slapping her hands in glee. "Oh, no, Betty, you are too little. Why you are only 6 you know," replied Lula carelessly.

"Oh, yes, I can help, can't I John?" But John shook his head and replied, "Oh, no, Betty, you are much too little, and John and Lula went on out doors. Betty rushed into her mother and cried, "I'm not too little am I? There's something I can do isn't there?" "Yes, dearie," and then mother told her all about the secret.

Betty worked a long time on the secret until one day John and Lula found it out that it was a war garden. They couldn't believe that Betty had made it all herself. But she had. Betty sold all the things in the garden and in the end she had five whole dollars which she gave to the Red Cross. I think Betty found something patriotic to do, don't you?

This is the first time I have ever tried to write stories. I live in the country near Cook, Neb.

I am 12 years old and am in the eighth grade at school. I would like to see this story in print and better still would like to get the prize book as I am very fond of reading.

A Rescue.
By Vivian Roberts, Aged 11, 1206 Ninth Street, Harlan, Ia.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first story. I hope to see it in print. Little Johnny had just started to school. He was getting tired sitting in the seat so long and having to keep as still as a little mouse. Finally the teacher dismissed. She said, "Johnny, be careful when you cross the railroad track," for Johnny had to on his way home. Johnny answered, "I will."

His mother watched the clock so she could send Billy, the dog, always to meet Johnny. This time Johnny got out earlier and his mother didn't send the dog till the hour he usually got out.

Just as Johnny reached the track he stumbled over one rail and hit his head on the other one, which knocked poor Johnny unconscious.

He lay there for a short time when a shrill whistle was heard. In a few seconds a train came just before the curve and still Johnny lay there.

Just then Billy arrived. He ran and picked up the child and that was something that the people near had been afraid to do, but they had just arrived. But Billy had just gotten his hind leg off the track when the train flew by. Every one shouted "Good for the dog!"

People near by followed Billy home and told the story. The mother was struck with horror as the story was told.

But the only results of the accident was a few bumps on Johnny's head and they soon got well. And Billy had the best care that a dog could have the rest of his life.

Just Dora.
By Lyle Phillips, Aged 13, Stoa, Neb., Blue Side.

Out on the streets of New York, alone, walked a little girl of about the age of 10.

She was ragged and poor and dirty. She was shivering and her eyes were dull-looking, but she was pretty.

Ahead of her walked a very rich gentleman.

Suddenly he took out his handkerchief and something else fell out.

Dora ran and picked it up and saw it was a pocketbook full of money.

She ran on till she caught up with him. She touched him on the arm and said, "Sir, does this belong to you?"

"Why, yes, my dear. Where did you find it?" he said after seeing it was his.

"I picked it up a little way back," she said.

He looked her over a minute and then he said, "Have you a home?" "No, sir," she answered.

"What is your name?" "Dora is all I know, sir."

"How would you like to come home and stay with me? I need someone to brighten up my home."

She said she would like to go. She went home with him and became his daughter. She went to school and got a very good education and then taught school for five years.

Just then war broke out and there was a call for nurses and she enlisted as a nurse.

Now she is "over there" doing her bit.

This is not a true story.

The Patriotic Pin.
By Eleanor Murray, Aged 11 Years, Atlantic, Ia. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I enjoy reading your busy page of stories, so I thought I would like to be a Busy Bee too. I wish to join the Blue Side, because I like blue the best. This is my story:

When a soldier went away his mother gave him a large pin that had always been in the family. She gave it to him as a memory.

When he got to the battle field in France the pin dropped off. And the pin knowing that the soldier was fighting for liberty thought it would help too.

So one night when the Germans were stealing over the ground to capture the Americans, the pin stuck one of the soldiers on the foot, the German screamed, and instantly the Americans were on duty. They captured the Germans and the man that the pin had stuck. The pin was still sticking in the man's foot, and the owner reclaimed it at once, so the pin was patriotic.

Twinkle and Chubbins

Their Astonishing Adventures in Natural Fairyland

SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN



By LOUISE BANCROFT
(Copyright, 1911, by Rolly & Britton Co.)

CHAPTER IV. To the King's Palace.

"WHAT, allow me to ask, is your grade of sugar?" inquired the Captain with much politeness. "You do not seem to be the best loaf, but I suppose that of course you are solid."

"Solid what?" asked Chubbins.

"Solid sugar," replied the Captain. "We're not sugar at all," explained Twinkle. "We're just meat."

"Meat! And what is that?" "Haven't you any meat in your city?"

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "Well, I can't explain exactly what meat is," she said; "but it isn't sugar, anyway."

At this the Captain looked solemn.

"It isn't any of my business, after all," he told them. "The king must decide about you, for that's his business. But since you are not made of sugar you must excuse me if I decline to converse with you any longer. It is beneath my dignity."

"Oh, that's all right," said Twinkle. "Where we came from," said Chubbins, "meat costs more a pound than sugar does; so I guess we're just as good as you are."

But the Captain made no reply to this statement, and before long they stopped in front of a big sugar building, while a crowd of sugar people quickly gathered.

"Stand back!" cried the Captain, and the sugar soldiers formed a row between the children and the sugar citizens, and kept the crowd from getting too near. Then the Captain led Twinkle and Chubbins through a high sugar gateway and up a broad sugar walk to the entrance of the building.

"Must be the king's castle," said Chubbins.

"The king's palace," corrected the Captain, stiffly.

"What's the difference?" asked Twinkle.

But the sugar officer did not care to explain.

Brown sugar servants in plum-colored sugar coats stood at the entrance to the palace, and their eyes stuck out like lozenges from their sugar faces when they saw the strangers the Captain was escorting.

But every one bowed low, and stood aside for them to pass, and they walked through beautiful halls and reception rooms where the sugar was cut into panels and scrolls and carved to represent all kinds of fruit and flowers.

"Isn't it sweet!" said Twinkle.

"Sure it is," answered Chubbins.

"And now they were ushered into a magnificent room, where a stout little sugar man was sitting near the window playing upon a fiddle, while a group of sugar men and women stood before him in respectful attitudes and listened to the music.

Twinkle knew at once that the fiddler was the king, because he had a sugar crown upon his head. His Majesty was made of very white and sparkling cut loaf-sugar, and his clothing was formed of the same pure material. The only color about him was the pink sugar in his cheeks. His fiddle was also of white sugar, and the strings were of spun sugar and had an excellent tone.

When the king saw the strange children enter the room he jumped up and exclaimed:

"Bless my beets! What have we here?"

"Mortals, Most Granular and Solidified Majesty," answered the Captain, bowing so low that his forehead touched the floor. "They came in by the ancient tunnel."

"What's inside you?" asked Chubbins.

"That," answered the man, "I do not know. I've never dared to find out. For if I broke my frosting to see what I'm stuffed with, every one else would see too, and I would be disgraced and ruined."

"Perhaps you're cake," suggested the boy.

"Perhaps so," answered the man, sadly. "Please keep my secret, for only those who are solid loaf-sugar are of any account in this country, and at present I am received in the best society, as you see."

"Oh, I won't tell," said Chubbins.

During this time Twinkle had been talking with a sugar lady, in another part of the room. This lady seemed to be of the purest loaf-sugar, for she sparkled most beautifully, and Twinkle thought she was quite the prettiest person to look at that she had yet seen.

"Are you related to the king?" she asked.

"No, indeed," answered the sugar lady. "I'm considering one of the very highest qualities. But I'll tell you a secret, my dear. She took Twinkle's hand and led her across to a sugar sofa, where they both sat down.

"No one," resumed the sugar lady, "has ever suspected the truth; but I'm only a sham, and it worries me dreadfully."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Twinkle. "You sugar seems as pure and sparkling as that of the king."

"Things are not always what they seem," sighed the sugar lady. "What you see of me, on the outside, is all right; but the fact is, I'm hollow!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Twinkle, in surprise. "How do you know it?"

"I can feel it," answered the lady, impressively. "If you weighed me you'd find I'm not as heavy as the solid ones, and for a long time I've realized the bitter truth that I'm hollow. It makes me very unhappy, but I don't dare confide my secret to anyone here, because it would disgrace me forever."

"I wouldn't worry," said the child. "They'll never know the difference."

"Not unless I should break," replied the sugar lady. "But if that happened, all the world could see that I'm hollow, and instead of being welcomed in good society I'd become an outcast. It's even more respectable to be made of brown sugar, than to be hollow; don't you think so?"

"I'm a stranger here," said Twinkle; "so I can't judge. But if I were you, I wouldn't worry unless I got broke; and you may be wrong, after all, and as sound as a brick!"

CHAPTER V. Princess Sakareen.

"Say, play us a tune," said Chubbins to the king. His Majesty didn't seem to like being addressed so bluntly, but he was very fond of playing the fiddle, so he graciously obeyed the request and played a pretty and pathetic ballad upon the spun sugar strings. Then, begging to be excused for a few minutes, while the chariot was being made ready, the king left them and went into another room.

"This is the children's chance to talk freely with the sugar people, and Chubbins said to one man, who looked very smooth on the outside:

"I s'pose you're one of the big men of this place, aren't you?"

The man looked frightened for a moment, and then took the boy's arm and led him into a corner of the room.

"You ask me an embarrassing question," he whispered, looking around to make sure that no one overheard. "Although I pose as one of the nobility, I am, as a matter of fact, a great fraud!"

"How's that?" asked Chubbins.

"Have you noticed how smooth I am?" inquired the sugar man.

"Yes," replied the boy. "Why is it?"

"Why, I'm frosted, that's the reason. No one here suspects it, and I'm considered very respectable; but the truth is, I'm just coated over with frosting, and not solid sugar at all!"

Just then the king came back to the room and said:

"The chariot is at the door; and take as there are three seats, I'll take

Lord Cloy and Princess Sakareen with us."

So the children followed the king to the door of the palace, where stood a beautiful white and yellow sugar chariot, drawn by six handsome sugar horses with spun sugar tails and manes, and driven by a brown sugar coachman in a blue sugar livery.

The king got in first, and the others followed. Then the children discovered that Lord Cloy was the frosted man and Princess Sakareen was the sugar lady who had told Twinkle that she was hollow.

There was quite a crowd of sugar people at the gates to watch the departure of the royal party, and a few soldiers and policemen were also present to keep order. Twinkle sat beside the king, and Chubbins sat on the same seat with the Princess Sakareen, while Lord Cloy was obliged to sit with the coachman.

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"There're dangerous enough anywhere," she said. "What do you feed to your horses?"

"They eat a fine quality of barley-sugar that grows in our fields," answered the king. "You'll see it presently, for we will drive out to my country villa, which is near the edge of the dome, opposite to where you came in."

First, however, they rode all about the city, and the king pointed out the public buildings, and the theaters, and the churches, and a number of small but pretty parks. And there was a high tower near the center that rose half-way to the dome, it was so tall.

"Aren't you afraid the roof will cave in some time, and ruin your city?" Twinkle asked the king.

"Oh, no," he answered. "We never think of such a thing. Isn't there a dome over the palace where you live?"

"Yes," said Twinkle; "but it's the sky."

"Do you ever fear it will cave in?" "No, indeed!" she replied, with a laugh at the idea.

"Well, it's the same way with us," returned his Majesty. "Domes are the strongest things in all the world."

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