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



BUSY BEES IN WARTIME

HILDREN Dear: I know you 1 have all heard stories of the little Belgian children, who live away across the sea and who are many of them hungry and cold. Some of these by tots have no mothers or fathers, or their fathers have been killed in be great war and often their mothers have died from lack of food and care. So these poor children are 3 left alone and we are going to try and care for them. On Saturday you will see young women on the streets selling little bunches of forget-me-nots and all the money which they are given will go to feed and clothe these Belgian babies. Don't you think that each of you could give a few pennies to help these children?

Birthday Party. Little Master Raymond Young was years old Wednesday and 17 of his little friends were invited to a real patriotic birthday party. The children played games during the afternoon and then they had the nicest birth-day supper. The table was so pretty with tiny little flags and each child had a little partiotic favor, red, white and blue caps and little sol-

Children in War Times. Little Miss Margaret Anderson entertained a number of her little friends at the matinee dance Saturday afternoon at Seymour Lake club, the fol-Little Misses— Little Misses— Little Misses— Little Misses— Margaret Anderson, Mary Alice Rogers, Eleanor Knapp, Misses— Misse

Helen Knapp, Eleanor Knapp, Mildred Ridgeway, Janice Smith, Merlyn Phillips, Masters— Hazel Glover. George Miller, Will McCarthy, Harold Satterlee

Junior Red Cross Pledge. I pledge myself to courage, to purity, to self-sacrifice, to service-to to strengthen her vigor as a nation.'

Several little girls, among them Jean Borglum and Margaret Shotwell, dressed as Red Cross nurses the other evening and went from house to house asking for money for the Salvation Army. The little girls looked so pretty in their long white veils that none could refuse them and the money which they brought in will buy many a nice hot doughnut for our boys in the trenches.

I must tell you of two little girls, who both have the same first name, Neucy Garotin and Neucy Catanio, who sold \$6.25 worth of Council of Defense buttons not long ago. These little maids worked like true Busy Bees and they were proud of their shining dollars.

with the ringing of the school bell we are again reminded of our alle- and I roamed over the hills and took giance to the Junior Red Cross. Per-bans your teachers will have some eras. We took some pictures at a haps your teachers will have some Red Cross work for you and then I rock where it arched over five or six am sure that all of you will want to give some little plays and other af-fairs for the Red Cross. Perhaps a high hill, We were on the hills about some time you would like to carry out two hours. the program below and perhaps your teacher will let you have one some afternoon, for this was meant for a class in school.

the republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."
"Battle Hymn of the Republic". By Sahool

Our Picnic.

Last week on our Sunday school Corn-flower Children lift her skirt picnic we went out to Birch Wood Above the little hills of dirt. creek. We played games, then we had Her silken tresses every morn our dinner. After dinner we went in They comb and brush for Lady Corn.

A Prayer

Lord, let me live like a regular man, With regular friends and true! Let me play the game on a regular plan And let it be that way all

through; me win or lose with a regular smile And never be known to whine For this is a "regular fellow's" style And I want to make it mine,

Oh, give me a regular chance in life, The same as the rest, I pray! And give me a regular girl for wife,

To help me along the way; Let us know the lot of humanity, Its regular woes and joys, And raise a regular family Of regular girls and boys!

Let me live to a regular good? old age. With regular snow white hair, Having done my labor and earned my wage,

And played my game for fair. An so at last when the people My face on its peaceful bier, They'll say, "Well, he was a regular man," And drop a regular tear.

-Sunshine Bulletin.

**** swimming. We stayed in for about an hour and a half then we got some dry clothes on and had our supper. After supper we hunted ripe walnuts and strawberries. After we had played some games we came home. We were very tired but we had a the end that I may help my country, good time. I hope we can go again next year,

Enjoyable Day.

By Lucille Renner, Aged 13, Helvey, Neb., Blue Side. One Sunday, while I was visiting my married brother, we went to my

uncle's who lived down in the hills. My brother's wife and son and his wife's sister, Tillie, went also. We started about 10:30 as it was

just before getting there,

from somewhere. o'clock, we had dinner, then Tillie feet and then it was almost like a house underneath. It was on top of

When we got back to the house we went oved to another uncle's. Tillie and I were frightened a

great deal of the time. Such roads. Star Spangled Banner". Entire School Hilly, ditches across them and rocky! We had supper there and started back about 8 o'clock. We took a different road back. We went over a place just wide enough for the car. If the wheel had moved half an inch Paper, "Story of the Red Cross". A Pupil we would have been upset, for there "Over There". By School Paper, "Fighting with Nickels and were all frightened, but got over all

right. We reached home at 10:30. Tillie

Wears a mantle ribbed with green; Her evening gown of pearly hue By Dorothy Young, Aged 10, Her- Is often trimmed with drops of dew.

Clever Little Milliner



Little Miss Charlotte Heyn is a real Heyn, who is in the navy, and the milliner as well as a patriot, for she other is Chester E. Heyn, who is now has spent her vacation making dolls' over in France fighting for us, so the hats. These cunning bonnets Char- little sister at home is doing her bit, quite a long distance. Nearing the lotte will sell and the price is from too. If any one of you would like one hills we saw about 2,000 sheep on a 10 to 25 cents, and all the money will of these hats for your dolly just call hill. It was quite a sight to us as we be given to the Red Cross. You see, Harney 1999 and Charlotte will be

A storm had washed everything and I were tired, but we had had a And the presents," exclaimed Prudy. imaginable down near the banks, real nice time. Tillie especially, for There was an old cab washed down she had never been there before. om somewhere.

We got to my uncle's about 1 high school this fall.

The Surprise.

By Evelyn Luce, Aged 12, 4708 North
Thirtieth Street, Omaha.
(Red Side.)
John and Paul did not think they

would have a very merry Christmas as they would not get to see their grandpa and grandma. They had not seen them for three years as they lived way out on a ranch.

This year they were going to visit Uncle Robert and Aunt Helen. When they reached their destination Uncle Robert and Aunt Helen, Uncle Paul table, who should they see but grandand Aunt Lucy, Uncle John and Aunt pa and grandma and they were sitting Betty, and Prudy, Betty, Grace and at the big table ready for the rest to Horace were all out on the porch to come in. Grandpa and grandma gave meet them. At last Christmas eve came and when everyone was ready to go to bed Betty exclaimed "Where shall we hang our stockings?"

"We won't hang up any stockings tonight, as we have other plans for this Christmas." The next day the children all went

out to play in the snow. When half-past seven came Aunt Helen decided it was dark enough to open the big folding doors. There stood a huge Christmas tree,

with almost a hundred shining can-

do not have sheep in our neighbor-hood. We had to cross a large creek are serving Uncle Sam. One is Hugo helping the Red Cross, too. Aunt Helen distributed the presents. For John came a bright sled, a pair of skates, several books and other toys. Paul received a sled, skates and other toys. Betty got a big doll, a locket and a pair of furs.

> a sled and a pair of skates as well as other toys. They all had many new games. "I wish grandpa and grandma were

> Prudy received a wrist watch, books,

little doll and some handkerchiefs.

Grace got some new dresses and hair

ribbons and a doll. Horace received

here," sighed Prudy. But the best surprise of all was yet to come. For when they got to the each child a \$5 bill

The Rugged Canyon.
By Imogene Luce. Aged 10, 4708 North Thirtieth Street.

Oh, Rugged Canyon, what makes you As you go along you puff and snore. wonder where you go as you flow along?

loud song. People sit on the pretty green grass N. J. Miss Wainright also competed

Up above you, oh! so high, "Oh, my! What a big tree. And Float the fleecy clouds up in blue sky. just look at the candles on the tree.

****** Childhood

What if God had not put children on earth. But only grown up men and women

Though men were kinder, women lovelier, And all fair things-the flowers, birds and butterflies Were twice as fair-but still there were no children. No tramp of little feet in play,

No shout of joyous laughter,

No nestling heads against our breast, No twining arms around our neck,

No dancing eyes, nor tender lips-, O! then, dear heart, this world would be place too weary

Far too dreary To live in-you and me! -Charlotte Conkright Kinney

in the Mother's Magazine.

WAS IT WORTH IT? Jam tarts unlimited was little Bobby's idea of heaven, but since war flour came and the fat was scarce he hadn't been quite so fond of them as

Mother, coming into the kitchen one afternoon, saw Bobby gazing at a dish of newly baked tarts. "What are you doing, Bobby?" she asked sharply.

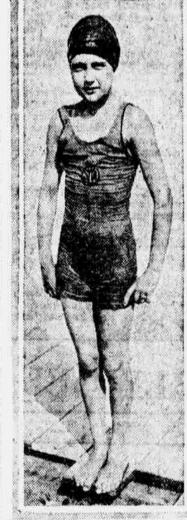
before.

"I was just wondering, mother."
"Wondering? You haven't touched those tarts, I hope.

"Not yet, mother," said Bobby. "I was just wondering if they're nice enough to be whipped for,"—London Answers. ***********************

Miss Wins 100-Yard Title Swim

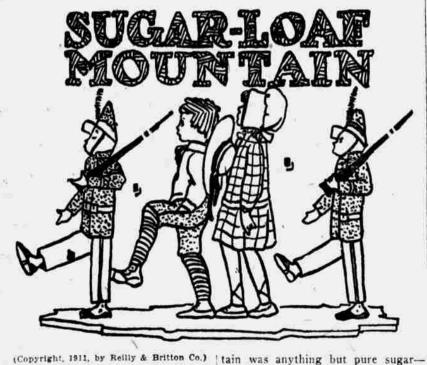
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HELEN WAINWRIGHT

Miss Helen Wainright, of New York, juvenile aquatic star, easily captured the 100-yard championship You pass over the rocks and leave a swim for girls under 12 years of age, held at the Red Cross meet at Belmar As you pass along like shining glass, in the fancy diving contest and her work against some of the best divers the of the country was the feature attraction of the meet. PROPERTURE PROPERTURE

Their Astonishing Adventures in Natural Fairyland



CHAPTER VII.

into the country and soon they began

thing to drink. After eating so much in all directions. sugar the children naturally became thirsty, and when the king asked Twinkle if she would like anything else she answered promptly:

"Yes, I'd like a drink of water." At once a murmur of horror arose from the sugar people present and the king pushed back his chair as if "Water!" he exclaimed in amaze-

"Sure," replied Chubbins. " I want some, too. We're thirsty." The king shuddered.

"Nothing in the world," he said gravely, "is so dangerous as water.

drop of water in all this favored country. But we have syrup, which is much better for your health. It

said the girl. "But if you have no

do was to sit in the pretty sugar driven back towards the city. On hairs and be waited upon by maple the way the six sugar horses became restless and pranced around in so were sandwiches and salads lively a manner that the sugar coachand many other sugar man could scarcely hold them in served on sugar plates; And when they had nearly reached dren found that some the palace a part of the harness broke with wintergreen and and without warning all six horses ing:

AND THE SECRET OF THE SECRET S raspberry and lemon, so that they dashed madly away. The chariot were almost as good as candies. At smashed against a high wall of sugar "but I'm getting dreadful thirsty, so if your Majesty has no objection I sugar and filled with thick sugar syr- people, as well as Twinkle and Chub- guess we'll go home."

> The little girl was not at all hurt, nor was Chubbins, who landed on top his feet, and everybody could now material very like marshmallow-a discovery that was sure to condemn him as unfit for the society of the tered Sugar-Loaf City.

But perhaps the most serious acci-Sakareen, whose left leg had broken short off at the knee. Twinkle ran up to her as soon as she could and and gazing at the part of the broken leg which she had picked up.
"See here, Twinkle," she cried; "it's

as solid as the king himself! I'm not "I'm glad of that," answered Twinkle; "but what will you do with

a broken leg?" "Oh, that's easily mended," said the Princess. "All I must do is to put a little syrup on the broken parts, and was already laid and all they had to entered the carriage again and were the breeze until it hardens. I'll be all right in an hour from now."

> CHAPTER VIII. After the Runaway. Now the king came up to them. say-"I hope you are not injured."

"We are all right," said Twinkle;

"No objection at all," answered the

Chubbins had been calmly filling his pockets with broken spokes and other bits of the wrecked chariot; but feeling nearly as thirsty as Twinkle, he was glad to learn they were about

They exchanged good-byes with all

had left it, and the afternoon sun was each other. shining softly over the familiar world-

Chubbins closed the iron door, and as soon as he did so the bolts shot into place, locking it securely.

"I put it into my pocket," said Chubbins, "but it must have dropped

"That's too bad," said Twinkle: "for now no one can ever get to the Huns, and her mother had been killed sugar city again. The door is locked, by shell fire, so Joan lived alone. One and the key is on the other side."

tain once, and that'll do us all our German officer let her play with his Dream of the lambs, with downy lives. Come on, Twink. Let's go Pretty soon she came back bringing

Little Stories by Little Folks

(Prize Letter.) What Patriotism Means.

Mary Isabell Tool, Aged 10 Years, Murdock, Neb. Patriotism means to be patriotic. To buy Liberty bonds and War Saving Stamps and thrift stamps. I have bought two books of thrift stamps. It also means to save food. We must save a lot of wheat and sugar. In school, children can learn to save paper and wood and lead. Many school children chew their pencils. I used to do that, but now I've stopped. Every-body in America should be an Ameri-

can citizen. I am an American citizen. The Red Cross knits for the soldier boys and makes garments for them, too. They make garments for the French babies, too. Seven little girls under the age of 12 years, Marguerite McDonald, Hen-

riettarietta Baur, Ruth Baur, Irene McDonald, Marvel Amgwert, Hildegard Baumgartener and myself, started a Junior Red Cross store. We sold doll clothes, fruit and candies, watermelon, muskmelon. We've made nearly \$50 and are going to keep up until we make \$50. Everybody must do their bit in this world.

(Honorable Mention.) A Patriotic Bargain, Dorothy May Harris, Age 13,

Villisca, Ia. Box 191. "Well, school has begun," sighed Glen Lewis, as she walked along after school. She met her friend, Hally.
"Oh! Hello, Hally," she cried. "I'm
so glad to see you. Won't you go to the candy kitchen with me; I have 75 cents?"

"Oh, no, Glen Louise, I musn't; I am going to try to finish my pair of socks. "Well, I suppose you won't then,

but I think you talk silly. The two girls parted. One to do The two girls parted. One to do nurses were surprised to see that her bit and work, and the other to Marie was not in her accustomed spend her money, a slacker.

A week later the two girls met

again. "Oh! Hally, you just must come to the candy kitchen with me. I want you to try a new kind of ice cream. You must." She caught Hal-

ly by the hand. 'Oh! I cannot," cried Hally. They had gone a little way when a happy thought struck Hally. 'Say, Glen Louise, I will go with you if you will promise that you will

let me teach you how to knit."
"All right," said Glen Louise. They ate their ice cream and then started home. "Come and let me show you," said

Hally, "it is very simple. The two girls sat down, side by "Now you must hold your thread this way," began Hally,

Glen Louise learned fast and before she went home she could knit "I didn't know it was so much

fun," laughed Glen Louise, and I am going to start a pair of socks tomor-

The Kind Man. By Alice Woods, Aged 12, Colome, S. D. Blue Side. Once there was a water famine in

the land and the animals and people were dying of thirst. There were mountains in the land where the water famine was and near an old man's hut from between two rocks a little stream of water slowly

dribbled down on the ground. When the poor old man saw the animals dying of thirst he cut down a tree and hollowed it out and caught the drops, one by one, in his hands and put them into the hollow

After many hours the old man had enough water in the hollow tree for some of the animals to get a drink, but the old man kept catching the all of the animals could have a drink? He kept putting them into the hollow tree all day and all night without even stopping to eat or drink or sleep. Many animais had had a drink

by that time and they said to one another that they would each bring Blue Side. something for him to eat whenever they came to get a drink.

So some brought him wild grapes, pears, apples or berries, anything they could find growing wild to eat. And when the people would come to get a drink he would give them things be all for this time. to eat, for he had too much to eat by himself.

This certain man was always doing some kind deed. Let us try to do Out in the woods, oh hear those trees some kind deed ourselves.

How Jack Found His Sister. Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: One time there was an American boy named Jack. His mother and father were rich. He their sugar friends, and thanked the had a sister named Margaret. Jack sugar king for his royal entertain- was 14 and Margaret was 12. When ment. Then Captain Brittle and his the war broke out between Germany soldiers escorted the children to the and France he wanted to help France, archway through which they had en- but he was too young. When he was 18 he enlisted and went to fight for They had little trouble in going France. When the United States deback, although the tunnel was so dark clared war with Germany Margaret in places that they had to feel their went as a Red Cross nurse. She was way. But finally daylight could be a nurse, so did not have to be trained. seen ahead, and a few minutes later One day Margaret was taking care of they scrambled up the stone steps and a boy and when she was writing home squeezed through the little doorway. for him she found that he was her There was their basket, just as they brother. They were very glad to see

I would like to have some of the ly landscape, which they were both Busy Bees write to me. I will gladly rejoiced to see again.

Busy Bees write to me. I will gladly write back. I hope Mr. Wastepaper basket is full. Goodby.

"Joan's Bravery."

North Main Street. was a poor little French girl. out when I tumbled from the king's She lived between the Franch and chariot." gone to war and been killed by the There's nothing to fear, my little one, day some Germans came to her house. "Never mind," said the boy. "We've So she told them to come in and sit seen the inside of Sugar-Loaf Moun- down. She talked to them and the Now go to sleep, and rest in peace, gun. After a while she told them that she would go and get some food.

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly and number

the pages. Use pen and ink, not penc.l 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

A prize book will be given each week for the best contribu-

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

***** some American soldiers with her, so she made the Germans hold up their hands and she shot two and captured two, so that's the way she got her war medal, and she was made a United States Red Cross nurse. Goodby, Busy Bees.

Marie the Nurse.

By Martha Bartson, Aged 11, 311 South Eighth Street, Omaha.

In a base hospital on the front lines Nurse Marie said to Dr. Fairman, "When will that man stop moaning? He talks so much about

home!" The doctor replied, coolly: "That man has a piece of shrapnel on his brain, which means a serious opera-Will you please attend to him tonight?"

"Why, of course!" That night Marie sang in a low, sweet voice the suffering man to sleep. In the morning all the Red Cross

place. The soldier during the night had gained consciousness and was speakig to Marie. He said: "You sing so much like my sister, Marie. The Germans drove her and mother and father out of the village. The last I heard of her she was a Red Cross

nurse in a base hospital!" Marie started when she heard all this and said, "What is your name?"

The French soldier said; "My name is Pierre Andre. What is yours?" Marie exclaimed, "My name is Marie Andre and you are my brother!"

The next five minutes were spent Pierre got well, by his sister, Marie. Pierre, the poilu, and Marie, the Red Cross nurse, are still working for their cause.

A Red Cross Plea.

By Marjorie Corey, Aged 11, 2809 South Thirty-third Street, Omaha. Our boys are bleeding "over there." Wake, Americans! Do you not care? Come with that money you so selfishly hold.

Come, Americans, do as you are told. The Red Cross needs your money for the Yanks.

Let us all empty out our banks. Hark! The call of humanity Coming from o'er the sea. Have you still got the spirit of '76? Please show it, now that we are in a mix.

Hear the Red Cross call-Answer it, all. Let not your spirit lag; Keep high the Red Cross flag. Give, give, to the Red Cross today. Please give for our Sammies far away

Oh, Americans over here,

If you are true to this land You will lend the Red Cross a helping hand. water in his hands, for he wished that Come with your money! Have t care! Give for the sake of our boys over

Please to the Red Cross plea give car

there. Helps Red Cross.

Dear Busy Bees: May was a good girl. She wanted to help the Red Cross. She told her father that she wanted a pig, so he gave her one. And when it was big she sold it for \$70. She bought Liberty bonds. This will

"North-Land Cradle Song" moan.

Isn't it pitiful, when you're all alone? By Evelyn Edlund, Aged 11, Axtell, And in the deep woods, if you should get lost,

And if 'twere winter, and should come

old Jack Frost.

What would you do; would you just laugh and say, It's getting dark, so my head down I'll lay.

and wouldn't you be afraid of the Or would you just say, "I'm not afraid, who cares?"

Could you rest peacefully in the woods so cold, And could you be brave and very bold?

You may say now, "I think 'twould be great fun," But if you heard a bear growl, I'm sure you would run.

"Where's the key?" asked Twinkle. By Roberta Christensen, Aged 7, 1335 Be glad you're not in the woods, my little one, Now go to sleep, and wake up with

> the sun. in your bed. Jack Frost will not come, or the bear

on thee tread.

white fleece. ELIZABETH PAFFENRATH,

Age 10 years.

Twinkle Gets Thirsty.

FTER they had seen the sights of the city the carriage turned into a broad highway that led es fields of sugar corn and gar-sugar cabbages sugar

unless the inside of the frosted man proved to be of a different material. fills up the spaces inside you and By and by they reached a pretty hardens and makes you solid. and followed the sugar king into the sugar house. Refreshments had been water we must try to get along until ordered in advance, over the sugar we get home again." telephone, so that the dining table

attendants.

greatly disturbed.

and Chubbins

It melts sugar in no time and to drink it would destroy you instantly.' "We're not made of sugar," said Twinkle. "In our country we drink all the water we want." "It may be true," returned the king: "but I am thankful to say there is no

"It makes me thirstier than ever, When the luncheon was over, they

each plate was a glass made of crystal and broke into many pieces, the sugar up, and this seemed to be the only bins, being thrown out and scattered

the wall and had to climb down again. But the king had broken one of the points off his crown, and sat upon the ground gazing sorrowfully at his wrecked chariot. And Lord Cloy, the frosted man, had smashed one of their sugar friends see that underneath the frosting was a solid sugar-loaf aristocracy of the

dent of all had befallen Princess found the Princess smiling happily

hollow at all. It was only my imagination.

It pleased Twinkle to hear this, for she liked the pretty sugar princess.

home and get a drink!"

(The End.)