

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



Busy Bees in War Time

DEAR CHILDREN—Are not these lovely, crisp days? I expect you scurry along to school for the breezes are certainly nippy. I see numbers of boys and girls hurrying along, their cheeks just matching their pretty red sweaters.

I think you all must be very busy for you are not writing as many stories as you once did. I am always glad to have your stories and hope that you will sharpen your pens and your wits very soon and write me some pretty ones.

Don't forget, too, that I am eager to hear of your little clubs and societies. The Sammys' Sunbeams are working industriously, I hear. All last winter these little maids made scrap books for the wounded soldiers and you can just imagine their delight, when they received a letter from France from a Sammy, who had enjoyed one of their books, while he was in the hospital.

Lovingly, MARGARET.

Little Knitter



"Please don't speak to me; I'm afraid I'll drop a stitch," says little Madge Arline Peterson. This little girl, who is only 3 years old, is knitting a square for a soldier's blanket, and she loves to do it, too. Madge's home is in Auburn, Neb., and when her mother goes to the Red Cross meeting she goes, too, and sits and knits just like a grown-up lady.

Children in War Times

All those who live in Omaha remember the birthday celebration which was given in honor of General Pershing. You probably saw the huge cake with its many candles, heard the bands play and saw the people marching. Wouldn't you be happy if your birthday fell on the 13th of September, too?

We have two Busy Bees who are very real little patriots and they are very proud of the fact that they could celebrate their birthdays with our great general. Little Miss Charlotte Still, who lives at 3330 Manderson street, is one of our Pershing girls and little Miss Fula Maxine Pace is the other one. Fula lives in Union, Neb., and she was just 4 years old this fall.

Matinee Dance

The children have had such good times this summer dancing at Seymour Lake club. Last Saturday was the last one of these parties, for the club will soon be closed. Little Miss Jane Roberts was hostess for 30 tiny folk, who romped and danced all afternoon. Just as the sun began to cast long shadows on the grass they had supper, together with pink ice cream and candies.

Birthday Dinner

Bertha Mae and Martha Ri Bradford were birthday girls this week and a lovely little birthday dinner was given in their honor. A cake with cunning little candles decorated the table. After some games the little guests departed wishing the twins many, many happy birthdays.

A number of the girls from the Garfield school gave a "penny show" last Saturday. They all wore pretty costumes with long flowing draperies and their audience was such a large one that they made \$4. This money will be used to buy magazines for the soldier boys at Fort Crook. Three sisters, Vera Ziegler and Nona Ziegler, and Mae have two brothers in Uncle Sam's service. One of them is in France with our Nebraska base hospital unit, and the other brother will be there soon. Next week we will show a picture of these pretty girls and you will see their two baby brothers holding up a huge flag which is draped behind them. The other girls who made the show such a success were Edna Moberg, Mary Schmidt, Ellen Nevins and Mae Roberts.

Music Hath Charms for Children

BIRD MUSIC.

PERHAPS it seems strange to you that birds have the same song to greet us with all the time; that is, birds of the same kind. Yet the "little brothers of the air" do have changes in their set songs, as I found out once. It was up at a town on Long Island one day that I found this out.

I heard a song sparrow singing his little song, and it seemed so different from the rest of the song sparrows that I wrote a note to John Burroughs, who knows everything about birds' songs, you know. John Burroughs is the author who has written so much about birds and their habits that sometimes people call him "the bird man."

Very soon a note came back to me from Mr. Burroughs. It said that song sparrows and other birds, too, do make variations on their set songs sometimes. He said that he had noticed song sparrows putting an extra turn in their song. Some of this type of bird sang just the plain song of the song sparrow, which is a very pretty one.

I think Mr. Burroughs called a little warbler who put in extra quills and thrills in its song, "a prima donna." But then I have preserved Mr. Burroughs' letter to me on birds and I can refer to it and find out certainly. It was a bit of fun, of course, for him to call the bird the prima donna of the company. I have a number of John Burroughs' letters to me, on different subjects, and I prize them very highly.

It will be a good exercise for you children to keep a notebook about birds' songs and habits, and if you notice any difference in their songs or learn any new habit they have

formed (that is, a habit new to you) you can perhaps be of some use to ornithologists.

You can write to some celebrated one and tell him about it, and that will be real scientific work. I once had a friend who, when a girl on her vacation up in Canada, discovered a new kind of fern, and named it. She afterward became quite celebrated as a botanist, and I do not doubt that what encouraged her to become an expert in this kind of scientific study was her having discovered this fern in her school days.

Young birds have to be taught by their mother to sing, and it has been described how she sits about it, singing a phrase for the little baby bird to imitate. If the baby cannot carry its tune well and falters, gets out of breath, perhaps, or gets nervous and stops, the mother bird takes up the song where the birdie dropped it and then she goes on to round it out. She does not begin all over again on the same phrase. I know that once when we had young canary birds who had been brought up without any mother after a time so that they never had any teaching, never became good singers. They sang and sang softly and sweetly, but they did not sing like other canary birds.

A Bird of War.

In spite of the enormous stimulus the war has given to aviation and to invention, in some directions it has necessitated a return to ancient and long-discarded methods. Trench warfare, the use of hand grenades, and defensive armor are simply recarnations of things the spirit of which had already disappeared. One of the more picturesque revivals at the front is the use of the carrier

pigeon. This bird was employed as a message carrier by the Saracens in the first crusade, and to take a long leap in history, when Paris was besieged in 1870 by the Germans, homing-pigeons proved their usefulness. Their miniature mail-bags contained microscopic photographs of dispatches, some of which contained almost 30,000 words. Today, says Mark Merideth in St. Nicholas, the United States government is searching for 5,000 suitable birds that had not been previously "flown" would soon settle down in new homes behind the lines, and it is intended that they should be taken right into the firing line to act as ordinary and emergency messengers when telephone and telegraph communication is interrupted and when smoke and gas attacks prevent the use of signals. The birds will be flown in sets of half a dozen, each one carrying a copy of the same

message, thus the chance of safe arrival in the dove coat will be increased and the transport of the precious document at the speed of a mile a minute insured. Taking into consideration the modern marvels of telephony and telegraphy, this revival of what was an obsolete method of communication seems all the more interesting and furnishes yet another illustration of the way in which, by simple laws, the promptings of instinct, man attains a desired result when his own complex inventions have been thrown out of working order.

In the Old Days.

The child of colonial days had but little connection with the world at large. He probably never had seen a map of the world, and if he had, he didn't understand it. Foreign news there was none, in our present sense, writes Alice Morse Earle in "Child Life in Colonial Days." Of

Busy Bee Canning Experts



Nick Schuetze

Esther Casper

Champion girl and boy canners are Esther Casper and Nicholas Schuetze (only the boys always call him Nick and nobody knows who is meant when you say Nicholas). All last year Esther and Nick worked enthusiastically in the canning classes Miss Sarah Canfield and Mr. Joe Ihm held at the various schools. Nick liked the work so well that he went to three different canning classes and he carried Bees to earn the money to buy the fruit and vegetables to can. He was a hard-working boy all year, but the work was good fun for him. The last of August all the fruit in the boys' and girls' canning clubs had

put up was counted and looked over and it was found that Esther had canned 290 pints and Nick 250 pints. A good deal more than anybody had canned. Each won a goodly pile of thrift stamps by their energy, as well as having all the nice fruit and vegetables to eat this coming winter. Nick did not send his canned good to the fair, and Esther only sent a few cans, but she won a first prize on a can of corn. No mere picture can show you how delicious the fruit and vegetables look, but those who have had the pleasure of tasting them say that both Esther and Nick are excellent canners and the results of their summer's work are well worth eating.

Just Americans
It ain't the guns, nor armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
You must not call them Sammys,
You should not call them Yanks,
And if you call them Dough-boys,
Loud laughter splits their ranks;
You will not call them Buddies,
And when on Kultur's trail
You need not call them forward,
You cannot call them back.
—London Chronicle.

special English events he might occasionally learn, months after they had happened, but never, had any details nor any ordinary happenings. European information was of the scantiest and rarest kind. * * * From other great continents came nothing.

Nor was his knowledge of his own land extended. There was nothing to interest him in the news letter, even if he read it. He cared nothing for the other colonies, he knew little of other towns. If he lived in a seaport, he doubtless heard from the sailors on the wharves tales of adventure and romantic interest, and he learned from his elders details of trade, both of foreign and native ports.

The boy, therefore, grew up with his life revolving in a small circle; the girl's life was still smaller. It had its advantages and its serious disadvantages. * * * At any rate, children were serenely content, for they were unconscious.

Instruction printed in an early

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize.)
Somewhere in France.
By Lisle Phillips, Aged 13, Star, No. 3, Blue Side.
To Mrs. Scarlet Tanager:
I am over in France now carrying messages from the hospitals to the trenches. I will tell you of one of my adventures.
I was sitting in the bottom of a trench eating some crumbs that a soldier threw to me. Just as I got through eating, an officer ran up, picked me up and tied a message to my leg, then he pointed out my direction and I started. My, but I flew fast. I soon reached the hospital I started for. I flew in an open window and lit on a doctor's shoulder, and he untied the message, read it, wrote another one, tied it on my leg and I returned to the trench. Well, I must close now. From Tootsie Wren.

(Honorable Mention.)
My Pony.
By Bernice Johnston, Aged 11, Doniphan, Neb., Blue Side.
About four years ago when I was riding my pony, he wanted to eat some hay. I couldn't get him to go. Papa was near and he picked up a stick and hit him.
The pony jumped and threw me off on the ice. I broke my right arm. It is still crooked. I am in the sixth grade at school.
Busy Bees, write to me.

Soldier's Quilt.
By Ada Karr, Aged 10, Doniphan, Neb.
Last year at our school we made a quilt. It made three blocks. My brother made two. In all we had 108 blocks. There was a big red cross in the middle. We hope it will keep some soldier warm. We like to help the Red Cross.

"Victory Girls" Help in War Fund Drive

Each to "earn or give" \$5, is the part "Victory Girls" are to be called upon to play in the United War Work campaign, and Victory Girls—all between the ages of 12 and 20—will number, the country over, more than 1,000,000 strong.

Rallying Nebraska's girls will be the work of Mrs. Charles J. Hubbard of this city, state leader, and of Miss Rhoda Foster, Minneapolis, town and country secretary of the Young Women's Christian association, north central field committee, state director. Miss Foster's work will correspond with that of Paul H. McKee of this city among the Victory Boys of the state.

As with the Victory Boys, the girls' contribution to the war campaign recreational fund must be earned or sacrificed. There can be no appeal for the funds of fond mamma or stern papa. Money already saved for hat, boots, piece of fur or other need or luxury, may be given, provided the hat or fur is gone without. Otherwise it is real work, in certain prescribed channels, that must net the contribution. In soliciting the Victory Girls' quota, the value of the \$5-gift will be stressed as providing one fighter for five weeks with the recreational privileges of the seven merged war work societies.

"Wherever you are in the western front," is the slogan that is rallying the girls.

"What they have already done is not to be ignored," says Miss Foster. "They have been a big factor in helping to create proper attitude around cantonments between the girl, and the boy in uniform; in raising the social standard at home; and in promoting community-wide war and recreational work."

English book as to behavior at the table ran thus:
"Never sit down at the table till asked and after the blessing. Ask for nothing; tarry till it be offered thee. Speak not. Bite not thy bread, but break it. Take salt only with a clean knife. Dip not thy meat in the same. Hold not thy knife upright, but sloping, and lay it down at right hand of plate with blade on plate. Look not earnestly at any other that is eating. When moderately satisfied leave the table. Sing not, hum not, wriggle not."



Mrs. C. J. Hubbard

Guns Inspected By Women

Seventy-three women, 20 of whom are engaged in the important work of inspection, are employed with the 1,486 men comprising the force at the new Symington-Anderson gun shop at Rochester, N. Y.

This factory is turning out completed American and French 75-millimeter guns and six-inch trench mortars, and has been in operation since early spring. It is one of the 16 plants constructed by the ordnance department for the manufacture of mobile artillery cannon.

Women operate the machines which run test bars from the steel forgings after they have been treated by heat. They also operate the machine in which these bars are subjected to a breaking test to determine that texture and quality of the product and its fitness to go into guns.

Of Interest to Women

Women bowlers of Montreal have formed a league.

Women street car conductors in Sioux Falls have been admitted to the local union.

The army and navy union has voted to admit to membership yeomen, nurses and Red Cross workers, who have honorable discharges from service.

Women employed in the operation of tractors and omnibuses in London receive an average weekly wage of \$10.

MY PALACE.

REACHING toward heaven in glory,
To touch the white clouds that float by,
Embracing full many a story—
My palace stands forth 'gainst the sky.
My father ruled there once, they tell me,
And they tell of his daring deeds, too;
I'm as proud of that palace as can be,
And I wouldn't part with it.
Would you?
The walls are adorned with fair flowers,
In summer, the tapestry's green;
The lily's played in the towers;
My kingdom from there can be seen.
The homes on the hillside, so merry;
The gardens, the forest, the lea,
My throne's interlaced boughs of cherry,
My palace is only—a tree.
—By Gertrude Ryder Bennett.

Look, the Seal
Look, the sea—how it lifts me in its arms like a child!
Oh, how I love to ride on the white foam of the waves
And dive down into the deep bottom of the sea!
Look, the sun—how it burns me like a leaf!
Oh, how I love to bathe in the hot rays of the sun
And burn like a flame in the sands!
Look, the moon—how it rides me in sky!
Oh, how I love to sail on the shining edge of the clouds,
And sleep in the cool depths of the blue!
—William Zorach in Poetry.

The Little Willful Princess

BY DAVID CORY

THE little willful princess had the dearest little workbasket, that stood on four spindly legs of its own, and was just at her elbow whenever she wanted to use it. It was bronzed and gilded and inlaid with a quaint and curious pattern. No one knew exactly what it contained, although it was pretty full, till one day it was upset and the contents scattered all over the floor. Everybody, of course, scrambled to pick them up, and thus were brought to light a host of unfortunate articles that had been vainly awaiting the finishing touch for six months or more.

"Eloise! Eloise!" exclaimed her mother, who happened at that moment to enter the room. "I brought you this pretty basket, my dear, in hopes it would make you industrious, but, now that you have used it so badly, I shall take it away until every article begun here is well finished."

The little princess said nothing for a moment. Then, covering her face with her hands to hide the tears, she ran from the room and out into the garden. In vain her royal mother called for her to return. The willful princess did not pause until she threw herself down upon the grass in a secluded spot. Suddenly, she opened her eyes very wide.

"Eloise! Eloise!" said the fairies who were in the grass. "I will be as fair as a mouse and watch. Sure enough there were they. Not only on one blade of grass, but on many, little fairies, light as thistle-down, were dancing and swaying about, each one dressed in the same sort of airy robe of shining green, and with bright crowns on their heads, all made of dewdrops which sparkled in the sunshine. Very merry they seemed, and very busy, too, for they scattered handfuls of tiny dewdrops wherever they went, and the grass and flowers bent to meet them, as if glad to feel their cool touch.

"Oh, let us stay with you!" cried the little princess, tenderly, turning to a fairy who seemed to be the queen of them all; "let me live with you, for every one is so cross at home!"

"Very, well," answered the fairy queen, "if you will be good and obedient you shall try it for a few days; then, if you still like it, you will be turned from the little willful princess to a fairy, the likeness of any flower you may choose."

"O, let me be a peony, they are so big and red!" cried the little princess.

"Wait and see how you would like to be a sister to Mrs. Peony, who is the only one of the family here," answered the queen. "And, let me tell you, we don't play all day. We have to collect flower petals from which to make our dresses, and gather the silver cobwebs just so in order to make our evening gowns and pretties, else a delicate material will tear. Each one of us has duties to perform, for it is not all play by any means in fairyland." The little princess hung her head at these words.

"There," suddenly exclaimed the queen, "Mrs. Peony is coming this way. I'll introduce you."

Just then a tiny fairy carriage came driving up. Mrs. Peony was leaning back in the cushions, fanning her red face with a white rose leaf. She stopped at sight of the queen, however, and gathering up her crimson satin dress, jumped from the carriage.

"This little girl, as she would be called in the world where she has always lived, is anxious to become a fairy, and she thinks she would like to be your sister," said the queen. Take her home, if you please, and teach her all you have to do.

"My, she is so big," answered Mrs. Peony, "that I could only carry her little toe home in my carriage!"

"She will be reduced to the proper size, should she ever really make one of your family," answered the queen. "As you cannot take her in your carriage, I will show her the way to your home on foot."

To this Mrs. Peony only replied by a respectful bow, as in obedience

to the queen she re-entered her carriage and drove off.

"How do you like your future sister?" asked the queen of the little princess.

"Not quite so well as a fairy as I did as a flower," she replied, rather discontentedly. "Can't be a sweet-pea or a magnolia fairy, and at ways have something smelling sweet on my handkerchief!"

"No," replied the queen. "I don't know how it may be with little girls, but fairies are never allowed to change their minds so soon. You wanted to be a peony, and now you want to be something else, because Mrs. Peony's appearance doesn't suit you. Until you have tried her kind of life you cannot decide whether to be like her."

By this time they had reached Mrs. Peony's house, and found her with flushed face, resting on a couch of real forest velvet. She rose at once, however, as her queen entered, while the little willful princess sat down outside, encamped like a giantess before the doorway of her future home.

The queen did not stay long and as she kissed the little princess goodbye, she said, "I hope you will try to please Mrs. Peony."

"Now," said Mrs. Peony, as the queen disappeared, "come with me to the waterfall, for nearby there grow many checkerberries." When they reached the place, she said to the princess, "Roll three of them home for tea as quickly as you can, and we will make jam out of them. The tea is extremely fond of jam."

"Roll them!" laughed the little princess. "Why, I'll carry a dozen!" and with this she gathered up a handful and turned toward Mrs. Peony's house. Throwing the berries in through the open door, she hurried in and ran after the sweetest fairy, who suited her fancy better than any other. Overtaking her, she found she had been injured by a gay little troop, who, jumping on the backs of birds and butterflies, soon vanished from her sight. The

tears came to the eyes of the little princess and, crying gently, she knocked at the golden gate of the queen's palace.

"I have done what Mrs. Peony desired; now I want to join with her and some other fairies who have gone off for a ride. I don't want to be a peony, beautiful queen!"

"You are more unreasonable as a mortal than you will be as a fairy, so I will turn you into a pea sister at once," explained the queen, as she opened the fairy portal.

The little willful princess gently as a kiss, she spoke; and, feeling herself tremble all over, she seemed to shake off the wrappings which enfolded her, and beheld in the golden gate the reflection of another fairy figure beside the queen's.

"Oh, Oh! How strange I feel!" exclaimed the little princess. "Am I really and truly a little fairy, and is this myself, only so very tiny?"

"Yes," answered the queen. "And now come with me."

They floated along with the motion of wind-driven flowers until they reached a shady dell, inclosed by vines whose broad leaves were silvered by the moonlight. Fairies started up here and there and formed a circle about them, and in a few minutes the queen commenced giving her orders and sending groups of them away on one errand or another. When the little princess saw her pea sister about to depart she lost no time in following her example. Pulling up a long ribbon of grass she threw it over a robin's neck and flew off after her party.

To her surprise she only overtook them at her father's castle. Finding the great doors closed the fairies whirled about, turned back and flew across the rose-garden, up to the window of her mother's bedchamber. She followed after and halted the robin on the window-sill. Nurses with bottles were hurrying to and fro. The court-physician looked very grave, and the king seemed so stern and sad that even the little willful princess, although she was

now a fairy, seemed afraid of him. Upon the great gold bedstead her mother lay, very sick, moaning and tossing with pain. The troop of fairies pressed around the pillow. Nobody noticed them, apparently, but the face of the queen gradually grew more peaceful.

Then the beautiful white lily fairy laid her hands upon her eyelids, and soon she slept sweetly. And next the crimson rose fairy brushed with fresh, healthy perfume across her nostrils, dispelling the stifling odors of the sick room. The blue bell fairy swung up and down, making a soothing lullaby. "Can't I help her, too?" said the little willful princess, softly, and she pressed closely to her mother's face, feeling so sad that she could not make her heed her presence.

"Ah!" said the king, turning to the court-physician, "if our little daughter could only be found, then I am sure the queen would recover!"

Through the long night the little willful princess fairy sat there, filled with sorrow that she could not be changed into her old self—her mother's little girl!

Just as the morning light stole into the room the fairies whispered, "Now we must go," and away they flew back to the fairy palace. Breathless with haste, she jumped off her faithful robin and, running up to the fairy queen, cried, "Make me a little girl—make me my mother's own little girl again." And she knelt before the queen and sobbed as if her heart would break. "Only change me back into a little girl, and I will promise never to be willful again!"

"Why, here she is!" exclaimed a voice, and, starting up, the little princess saw her Cousin Rupert coming across the garden. Her pet monkey, who was with him, ran forward to greet her.

"I must have been dreaming," said the little princess, rubbing her eyes. "I must have fallen asleep out here on the grass. Monkey, dear," she whispered in his ear, throwing her arms about her faithful little pet. "I had such a strange dream—I'm—I'm so glad it was only a dream!"

Sock-Knitting Machine in Action



MRS. ARTHUR GUIOI, for she manipulates the intricate sock knitting machine with the greatest ease. In the cheery new quarters in the Electric building Mrs. Guioi and her committee work untiringly and the hum of these clever devices for minimizing knitting labor may be heard from early until late. Since August 1, 1,000 pairs of socks have been made in this department of the Red Cross.