

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



Busy Bees in War Time

WOULDN'T you all be interested if you knew that some day there may be a Boys' and Girls' Liberty Loan committee? You all know how hard the groups are working to sell bonds and I know that you, too, have sold many.

Banner Pupil



Little Marion Burkhardt is a banner pupil, for in the five years that he has attended the primary department of the First Baptist Sunday school he has only missed 11 Sundays. For two years this little fellow didn't miss one and he is to be given a prize. His mother, Mrs. C. Burkhardt, has sailed across the great ocean to help our boys in France, for he will be one of the Y. M. C. A. workers, and so Marion is making such a good record, that he, too, may serve his country some day.

THE CHINESE BOY.
When the Chinese boy is old enough he grows a queue. This event in the boy's life is as important as our American boy's first long trousers, and he feels that now he is no longer a child but a man.

The queue has many uses. In many of the games played by Chinese boys the queue figures as an important factor. A geometry it is used to strike an arc, or draw a circle. The laborer spreads a towel over his head, wraps his queue around it, and makes himself a hat. Cart drivers whip their

nucleus and beggars frighten away dogs with their queues. When a Chinese parent takes his son for a walk he does not hold his hand but takes hold of the queue. When little boys want to play horse they use their queues for reins. What can little Chinese boys do in these days without the queue, because the mandate was issued to cut off all pigtails and China is a nation of strict laws and their enforcement.

TOTTY'S WOOLLY LAMB.

Where'd my woolly coat come from, mother?" asked Tot Bailey, one day soon after the coat came home from the store.

"Why dearie we bought it in the store," answered mother, without looking up from her book.

"I don't mean that; I mean when it wasn't a coat at all—just wool."

"Oh, the wool came from a sheep, and I suppose the lamb's wool in your coat must have been sheared from a lamb," replied Mrs. Bailey, smiling at Totty.

"Well, then, I jus' want to see that lamb and thank him. 'Cause my coat is the nicest one you ever seen after that. Tot went out in an automobile with her aunty. While going along a country road, Tot shouted out for them to stop the car.

"He's the one. I know'd him in a minute. Let me out quick—before he gets gone," cried Totty anxiously.

Uncle stopped the machine and Totty got out followed by Aunty. Her chubby little legs went as fast as they could back toward a field that was enclosed by a stone wall.

"Aunty, that's him—the one that's shiverin' 'cause he let me have his wool; let's take him home for the winter, he can have my warm bread and milk," suggested Tot, as she pointed a fat finger at a dear little lamb that stood near by bleating for his mother who had strayed to the opposite side of the field.

Aunty thought the little lamb would run if Totty called him. But she knew Totty felt so grateful to him for her coat that she just wanted to love him for it, so when Uncle came up and heard about the lamb's present to Totty he lifted her over the wall so she could pat the lamb.

And little woolly lamb came right up to Totty to sniff at her coat. He wasn't one mite afraid, for didn't he recognize Totty's love for him? Totty stooped down and gave the lamb a good hug and whispered something in his ear, then ran back to her uncle and aunt.

Now what do you suppose she whispered in the lamb's ear?

Little Daughters of America



Bottom row, left to right: Helen Hartman, Elizabeth Paffenrath and Margaret Harriman. Top row, left to right: Julia Caldwell, Ann Young, Frances Hendrickson, Marjorie Morehouse and Katherine Allan.

These little helpers of Uncle Sam are mobilized for real service. Even though all out-door beckons these little maids to come and play nothing interferes with their meetings when they knit industriously for our boys. Aren't their paper knitting bags pretty? The little girl with her knitting in the front row is our Busy Bee poetess who has time to write lovely verses even though she is so busy. I have already told you of the warm blanket these girls made last year and now work has been begun on another one. Beautiful scrap books filled with gay pictures will delight some sick soldier and I am sure he will be very grateful to these little daughters of America when he holds one of the books they have made in his hand.

AN INDIAN HINT.

It is not unduly cold an Indian will light a large fire and warm the earth, then rake away the coals and lie down and pull his blanket over him, says Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' magazine.

In cold weather he heats a large stone or boulder, covers it lightly with earth and curls himself around it. He never wraps himself in the blanket, but uses it exclusively for covering to keep the heat in.

JAMES' JAM.

Matilda made a pot of Jam. She put it on the shelf, I know Matilda put it there. I saw her, my own self! James saw her, too—the jam is gone! I'm mentioning no names. But I have strong suspicions that the jam turned into James.—Elizabeth Gordon, in St. Nicholas.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Peace Has Vanished.
By Floyd A. Smith, aged 13, 101 West Second Street, Red Oak, Ia. Blue Side.

Old Satan and his slaves were dwelling in the heart of Germany. One day old Satan said to one of his slaves: "Don't you think we are getting rather crowded in here?"

The slave, tired and hungry, replied: "Have patience, old Satan; some day there will only be a few of your slaves left. It was only yesterday that 100 of our slaves sailed away to the land of peace and liberty. They have left this land of slavery forever. That land of liberty is America. Old Satan, it is the land of my dreams."

With this Satan fell into a mad spell and gathered up his forces and started out for Belgium as he wished to gain more land, so he became a more powerful ruler. On his way he met a beautiful woman called Humanity.

Satan asked her where she lived. She replied in the hearts of civilized men, and then she said, "Turn back, old man." With this Satan became very angry. He then forced a bullet to her heart. Then his army passed on victorious. They took Humanity to bleed and die!

Across the fields of Belgium they went, burning fields of grain, burn-

ing homes of innocent children. He and his slaves murdered people and thought their hands were free from blood-stains. The blood that is on their hands could not be removed by all the water in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. It is there to stay. Where is Peace? She sent England! She sent France! She sent America to the rescue. Then Peace vanished. The fight is on. It must be fought to the finish. Some day Peace will come back. Humanity will be reborn in the hearts of the wicked. I hope this will be in print.

War Shoes.

By Florence Hahn, 623 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb. Age 13.

I was one of a pair of brown shoes and I lived in a store. My mate and I were in the showcase and we had a sign on us saying "War Shoes."

One day a man came in and bought my brother and I, and nine other pairs like us. The man took us to the postoffice and mailed us. We then traveled a long way, both on ocean and land. We then arrived in France. We were taken to a place where many soldiers were and one soldier named Ned put my mate and I on his feet and he and many other soldiers rushed to a place which they called a trench and got down in there. I got very muddy, but then I didn't care, as I knew I was in the service of Uncle Sam, and I was very proud.

We must buy bonds to supply our munition. If we don't we will see one of the Kaiser's sons emperor of America. Buy bonds to save freedom. We must fight Germany until she is crushed that liberty shall not perish. It takes men and money to fight.—Cyrino Finocchiaro, aged 15, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

The boys in France are ready to sacrifice a leg or an arm; they are even ready to make the supreme sacrifice as hundreds did. Can you sacrifice money to beat the human devil? Will you? Yet do you sacrifice? No, you lend. Lend for liberty's sake. Buy Liberty bonds.—Louis Fellman, aged 13, Central High school; Miss Griffin, teacher.

We should buy Fourth Liberty Bonds to support our boys who, together with their allied brethren, are fighting for the principles of democracy and to crush militarism and tyranny forever. Remember, each bond fits out one Yankee for Berlin, where our great government will dictate a just international everlasting peace.—David Sher, aged 10, Central school; Miss Chase, teacher.

Citizens of the United States, we are now for the fourth time asked to buy Liberty bonds. Our country is in the greatest war ever fought; for the sake of your children and the boys who are fighting for us, buy bonds!—Alice Wiese, aged 12, Saunders school; Miss Vaughan, teacher.

What are YOU doing to end the war? It is practically ended, BUT if you don't buy bonds it will probably last for years. You won't lose anything. The government is just giving you a chance to invest your savings. So be a 100 per cent American and buy Liberty bonds.—Elice Holovitchner, aged 13, Windsor school; Miss Johnson, teacher.

Another chance. Dig down in your pocket and buy a Liberty bond. Don't be a slacker. We have the Huns on the run and so let's hurry them along by buying Liberty bonds. The first, second and third Liberty loans were successful—make the fourth successful—make the fourth successful!

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School Children Write Liberty Loan Paragraphs

School children have written paragraphs about the Fourth Liberty loan, the best of which are to receive prizes from the Liberty Loan committee, on condition that they are first published in one of the Omaha newspapers. Following are some of the best paragraphs sent The Bee:

Liberty now or never! We must buy bonds to the limit of our ability. If we do not, very soon we may be forced to buy German bonds, for if we do not buy those German bonds will invade our country as they did Belgium.—De Lyle Youngman, aged 13, Miller Park school; Miss Tracy, teacher.

Listen, people of America! What will you give? England gave her sons; France gave her homes; Belgium gave her entire country; Italy and Greece have given till it hurts; men of all nations have given their very lives. Now is your chance. Your dollars will beat the Hun. Buy bonds!—Thelma Nye, aged 12, Miller Park school; Miss Tracy, teacher.

Everyone who can afford to buy a bond should, so liberty shall not perish from earth. Help win this war by buying one. Every little bit helps that much more. We are in war and war is a terrible thing. The U. S. A. is fighting for democracy and will fight to the end. Money will do it.—Leo Haley, aged 14, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

Come, citizens of America, you give your money to help win this war. It takes money and men. We don't want to be ruled by the Kaiser for we want freedom. Money saves lives. We have to buy bonds so liberty shall not perish from the earth. Buy bonds.—Anton Ort, aged 12, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

Buy a bond! Buy a bond. Help crush the Hun. Help pay Uncle Sam's \$40,000 day expense. More money, more ships, guns and ammunition so liberty shall not perish, so we won't be ruled by the Kaiser or his sons. That all countries be free and all have republican form of government.—Anton Stejskal, aged 13, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

We must buy bonds to win this war. Our country is fighting for its life. We must send men across to crush autocracy. To do this we must have money to supply our men and our allies. If you have a bond buy another. It is helping your country.—Anton Krupicka, aged 14, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

Our country is fighting for its life. When we have peace the basis will be written by us and the allies. If we don't win the Kaiser or his sons will be the emperors of America. The time to whip the Kaiser is now. That means more money and send more men.—Lillian Blecka, aged 14, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

This is the most terrible war of all wars. We must do our bit by buying Liberty bonds and thrift stamps. Our poor boys and girls are suffering from the cold, wet and mud. The best way we can help is "Buy a bond today."—Gordon Dising, aged 12, Saunders school; Miss Vaughan, teacher.

We must buy bonds to supply our men and allies with food and ammunition. If we don't we will see one of the Kaiser's sons emperor of America. Buy bonds to save freedom. We must fight Germany until she is crushed that liberty shall not perish. It takes men and money to fight.—Cyrino Finocchiaro, aged 15, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

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ful, too. Buy a bond.—Dorothy Cash, aged 13, Miller Park school; Miss Tracy, teacher.

Uncle Sam is at war. He wants men and money. You are expected to furnish one or the other. Which do you choose? Uncle Sam is not a robber, yet he says: "Your money or your life." Your money is valuable—so is your life. Which will you give?—Frances Hathaway, aged 13, Dundee school; Mrs. Helen Hampton, teacher.

We should buy bonds to make the world a decent place to live in. We must get money to buy ammunition, clothes, airplanes, cannons, gun food, so we can lick the Kaiser. We have to win this war if we want a decent place to live in.—Leland Ferraguti, aged 13, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

The Fourth Liberty loan is your opportunity. It is the most direct blow that can be struck at German military supremacy. It is the best aid that can be given our soldiers in France. It means rifles, helmets and gas masks, the best protectors for our men from German brutality. It means big guns, shells and airplanes—and victory.—Charles Vanecek, aged 11, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

We should buy bonds because our country needs our help to supply our soldiers to conquer the Kaiser and his sons. We should buy Liberty bonds to save the Belgian babies, to save France and all nations. We should buy bonds so liberty shall not perish from the earth and we should stand by her forever. We shall not let the Kaiser get hold of our lands. If we do we will be slaves forever. We will fight and fight till Germany signs the peace treaty made by our allies. It takes men to fight and that takes money.—Edward Binder, aged 9, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

We must buy Liberty bonds to help win the war so that the boys can whip the Kaiser and the Huns, and to make this world a decent place to live in. It takes men to fight for liberty and that takes money. Each of us should try to buy a Liberty bond.—Helen Nickel, aged 10, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

We must buy bonds to the last cent of our ability. Our country is fighting for world freedom. Slaves of Germany will never be free. We must lend our money for this cause. Will you help the Fourth Liberty loan to go over the top of Germany? Will you be a slacker?—Mary Palmer, aged 13, Dundee school; Miss Fay, teacher.

We should buy bonds because we want to win this war. We need money for ammunition, guns, cannons, airplanes and food. We do not want to be ruled by the Kaiser or his sons. We want to save our lives. We want our country to stand for democracy. Liberty shall not perish.—Rosie Roma, aged 14, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

Is your name on the Fourth Liberty loan honor roll? If not, get it on today. Help keep that heavy hand of "kulturs" where it belongs! If we do not buy bonds, before long one of the Kaiser's sons will rule our country. Help the Yankees get to Berlin!—George Leisner, aged 12, Lake school; Miss Dunnigan, teacher.

If the people of America go over their heads in the Liberty loan, the Kaiser will know there is no chance for him. Each bond bought brings peace nearer. It is our duty to buy a bond. This loan must be a SUCCESS. Stand by your nation! Buy a bond!—Ethel Gibson, aged 11, Benson Central school; Miss Matthews, teacher.

The shells fall on our trenches! The Kaiser's "kulturs" old in story; The Huns will wake to a Yankee shake. And democracy awake to glory! Buy, people, buy! Set the wild echoes flying. To the Huns! to the Huns! Buy a Bond!

—Lucile Race, aged 14, Park school; Miss Newcomb, teacher.

We should buy bonds to save our men, to whip the Hun, so that Liberty shall not perish. We do not want to be ruled by the Kaiser or his sons. Help the United States to win this war. Buy a bond so you proud of your bond if you have one; if you haven't, buy one.—Sammy Miceli, aged 12, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

We should buy bonds to lend the money to our government, to supply men for war. If we do not buy bonds the Kaiser will rule over our land. We need money to make ammunition, airplanes, U-boats and many other things. Be generous and buy the Fourth Liberty bonds. We buy bonds so liberty will not perish from the earth.—Marion Bender, aged 13, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

Cuban Red Cross.
You are so interested in your own Junior Red Cross that I know you will be glad to hear what the Cuban children are doing. In the beautiful city of Havana where soft winds blow and where there are no cold snows or biting frosts the boys and girls are mobilized for service just as you are.
The Cubans love the United States and so are eager to help our great Red Cross for in their time of need the Red Cross helped them. The little girls wear white nurses' costumes with long white veils with the huge red cross in front and the boy scouts wear arm bands of white with the cross in red. A tag day was organized by thirty of these girls and several of the boy scouts and these young patriots went from shop to shop, in the cafes and offices and how much money do you think they made? At the end of two days they had given more than \$6,000. Wasn't that a wonderful thing for these boys and girls to do for us?

Our Uncle Sam.
"Why do they call the United States Uncle Sam?" asked a curious little boy the other day. This is what his mother told him. Many years ago there was a man named Samuel Wilson. This man was a major and was army quartermaster, which means that he had charge of all food supplies. When things came in to the station marked "U. S. Army," the boy said, "Here is something for Uncle Sam's army" and after a while everyone was calling the United States Uncle Sam, just as they do now.

SELF-SATISFIED THIMBLE.

There was trouble in the Work Box.
A storm was blowing fast!
The Thimble rose upon his feet
And spoke her mind at last.

"You're a set of good-for-nothings!
Your tasks you always shrirk!
You loiter in the Work Box
While I go out and work!

"You, Pincushion, are shirking;
You do not earn your keep!
You, Cotton Reels, are always
Just tumbling off to sleep!

"You, Scissors, give a snip or two,
Then sink in sweet repose!
And you, Tape Measure, just curl
Up—
That, everybody knows!

"I, only, am of service,
For to my work I stick!
You constantly can hear me,
At my study, "Click, click, click!"

Just then the Mistress entered,
She brought a new machine!
Such a wonderful invention
The Box Folk ne'er had seen!

But the Scissors soon were needed,
The Tape had work to do,
The Pincushion was wanted,
The Cotton Reels were, too

The Thimble gazed in terror!
How had it come about?
That she, of all the Box Folk,
Could now be done without!

The moral of this fable
Is plain as plain can be,
If you think you're all-important,
Well, just wait and see!

LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.
Three little maids from school are we,
We're all as happy as can be,
Because we knew our lessons well
There's not a word that we can't spell.
We're perfect scholars, as you see,
Three little maids from school are we.
—Pittsburgh Press.

Two Boy Scouts

They're the backbone of citizens now in the making,
The muscle, the heart and the brain,
For boys of today are the men of tomorrow,
And 'tis from the present the future must borrow
To build up its ne'er ending chain.

For they are the hope of all our great nation;
They stand for its future, its strength and foundation,
And also for you and for me,
So here's to Boy Scouts, the men of tomorrow,
Who'll drive from this world its surcease of sorrow
And make it a home of the free,
Byron and Chesley stand resolute, steady,
And with all their comrades they hold themselves ready
To keep freedom's banner unfurled;
And when all our boys with the Scouts stand united,
When standards are flying and drums are lighted,
Their spirit will reach 'round the world.

The boys of today have a great undertaking;
DAVID RITCHIE.

The Little Willful Princess —:- By David Cory

EVER since the day in the forest when Prince Rupert had been wounded by the robber, orders had been given by the King that hereafter, if the little princess wished to go into the forest, she must have an escort. This, of course, was rather trying to her small highness, whose self-will brooked no authority whatever. It seemed at times as if she could hardly restrain her desire to rush off and wander deep into the silent shadows that seemed to beckon her. The very wind in passing seemed to say, "Come, let us go, you and I, into the forest." Finally, one bright afternoon while her cousin and the monkey were out hunting, the little willful princess made up her mind that she would go just a little way into the woods. As she passed the lowly cottage of Michael, the gardener, the great hound Houdain came out to greet her, and, as if divining that she might need him, followed her across the meadow and into the forest. The little brook that had been her guide the first time she had visited the old peasant sparkled and gurgled at her feet, and a speckled trout darted to cover as the hound waded in and commenced lapping up the water. Over head in the leafy boughs the naughty little breeze that had whispered to her earlier in the day again called softly: "Come, let us go together, you and I, into the forest."

The little princess ran after it, wild with excitement, debating with her conscience as to whether she should disobey her parents, and while thus wondering as to what she would do, a little ball of thistle-down, which had been blown toward her on the wind, caught on her skirt. Still uncertain, she picked it off her gown and turned it over and over in her hand and picked it to pieces, then brushed it off, when, of wonderful it immediately changed into a white rabbit, with the softest fur and the longest ears that ever were.

The little princess, delighted, and she stepped forward to smooth the lovely creature with her hand. She had scarcely touched it when it gave a little hop, and sat down again, just out of her reach. "Bunny, Bunny! poor Bunny!" cried the princess, coaxingly, creeping after it, so anxious was she to catch this little white, four-legged beauty. "I won't hurt you, poor, poor Bunny!"

But the rabbit watched her with its mild, twinkling eyes, and gave two leaps, as light as a feather, and as noiseless, and sat down again. The little willful princess crept up, still coaxing and promising not to hurt it; and when she came quite near, she spread out both hands, gave a spring, but caught a whole handful of grass right where the pretty creature had sat just a very instant. It was gone, and looking over the brook, she saw it hopping away into the forest, in the most graceful manner, but not half as fast as a girl could run. So the little willful princess resolved to chase it, and jumping over the brook, hurried after it, and came up to it just as it napped on a little grassy hummock. She grasped eagerly with both hands and caught another big tuft of grass between them; but away went the rabbit over a fallen log, it crossed the large, open sunny space, making wonderful leaps, so long and light and high that sometimes it seemed to sail on the air on wings.

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"Now, I'll have you!" cried the princess, when, lo! She heard a short, sharp laugh close at her side. Looking up, she perceived the Dwarf King right before her, holding a square mirror, over which peered his keen, twinkling eyes and grizzled head circled with the ring of gold.

"Look here, child!" and he tapped the frame of the mirror. The princess looked and beheld therein her own figure, her skirt torn and soiled, her pretty straw bonnet bruised and askew over an ear, her face covered with dust, through which the tears made little, crooked paths.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the princess, rising from her stooping position, as of course it was necessary for her to lean over very much in order to look into the mirror which the little man held as high as he could reach. "What a fright I am!" So shocked was she at her appearance, that she forgot to be amazed at the sudden apparition of the dwarf, to say nothing of the fact that she had without question or surprise followed his command and gazed into the little mirror.

Yet one thing made a deeper impression on her even than that of her appearance, and that was the wild expression which she saw even beneath the grime and dust. It was this sudden realization of what this meant that sent a little pain to her heart. Had she forgotten the lesson she had learned more than a year ago, when she had looked into the magic shield of the strange knight. Had she, indeed? The tears began to flow afresh, as she turned a miserable little face to the dwarf.

"There, there!" he said, "take heart, my child, take heart. Wash thy face and gather grace. There is the spring that sings amidst the grasses under. See, close to the great stone cross."

As she walked over to the spring, Houdain pressed his great cool nose against her hand, as if to offer her sympathy. And the white rabbit never moved as she and the great hound passed close to him, strange as it might have seemed to her had