

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



Busy Bees in War Time

CHILDREN, Dear: This vacation was quite a surprise, wasn't it? While we all love vacations and surprises, too, we are not feeling so very happy about all. Even though the warm sunshine beckons you, you will not want to play all the time, and so I have thought of a fine way to spend some of the idle hours. I know that you all love animals, and that many of you have pets of your own and I will give you a prize for the best animal story or letter that you send. Write on one side of the paper, using pen and ink, and send in your stories before Wednesday, October 23. Address the envelopes care of the Busy Bee Editor. The prize story and a number of the good ones will be printed, so sharpen your wits and see which one of you can write the best one. Remember the date, Wednesday, October 23, and begin your stories right away!

Children's Festivals.
Now that our country is at war the Fourth of July is one of our happiest holidays for we all have to show our patriotism, and Christmas is indeed the day of days for the children of our land. But wouldn't you love to live in Japan, the land of cherry blossoms, for the Japanese people rest aside two days, May 5, which is boys' day, and March 3, which is girls' day.

First, I will tell you about Girls' day, for this is the very happiest day for all the little Japanese maids in the land in every Japanese home, from the most luxurious to the most humble, a feast is prepared. On that day all the dolls of the family are brought out and arranged on the tiny altar. On the highest step are the two who represent the emperor and the empress, and the others are arranged below them.

You must not think that these are the dolls that little Miss Japan plays with every day, for these are the toys which are carefully kept in boxes from one year's end to the other. Many times the dolls are hundreds of years old, and this custom has lived for nine centuries in this beautiful country.

But, now I must tell you of the Boys' day. From every house where there is a son a beautiful kite in the shape of a fish is flown. Such shouting with glee as can be heard when all the children run out to see their kites. It is like a universal birthday party and every Japanese lad looks forward to this great day in the early spring.

RAT SKINS.
There is not enough leather to go round, as everybody learns when he buys a pair of shoes. Rubber soles are taking the place of oak-tanned leather and these are prevented from slipping on wet sidewalks by mixing cotton fibres and leather dust with the gum. Fish skins are susceptible of tanning, and there are rat skins which make good leather, large enough for many purposes. Says The Little Journal.

They would do for some kinds of gloves and mittens, they may be sewed together to make cloaks and other garments, and they are not too small to be available for parts of boots and shoes. The general rule as to leather is that the thicker the fur in the poorer the hide and vice versa. According to this, rat hide would produce superior leather. Somebody with the gift of guessing computes that there are 110,000,000 rats in this country and the damage they do would feed a good sized army. It would take at least 5,000 men a day to supply a small modern tannery. Nobody wants the rats; they belong to anybody that can catch them. That is the only problem; to catch them and skin them—and then deliver the goods.

IMPROBABLE ISLE.
Have you ever heard of Improbable Isle? Smart captains have sailed for many a mile to find it, but never set eyes on its slopes; 'Tis there that one never in thick darkness gropes. For diamonds as big as a hog's head, give light. To the folks of Improbable Isle every night. And the trees, they grow silk, and the cows give ice cream. And in the winter the ice is all heated by steam. If folks want some winter they turn on some cold. Just as you turn the steam on. The ice man so bold, Never shows his fat face in Improbable Isle. They have banished him, far, to the banks of the Nile. Where he's fast learning how to be quiet and slim. And fit for the Islers, when need comes for him. The folks of Improbable Isle don't like for the children play nice with their toys. 'Tis shouting and yelling that spoils equipage. I shall tell you where this dear isle is to be found, 'Cause then you would go there, and stay, I'll be bound.

OUR FLAG.
The part of our flag that is blue. Stands for all that is noble and true. The part of our flag that is red. Stands for the bravery of living and dead. The part of our flag that is white. Stands as the emblem of purity's light. And the stars in our flag, so bright. Stand for goodness in the world's dark night. Thus our flag has a meaning for all. Let's give it a place in Fame's great hall.

Young Patriot



We all have various ways of raising money to win the war, but Edward Schiller has found the most original way of all. Edward has a real rabbit farm, for at one time he had 50 gray and white bunnies, but now he has but two, and I must tell you what has become of the others. This patriotic boy gave two of his pets to the Red Cross and two to the Salvation Army to be sold for their war fund, and with the money from the others Edward bought war savings stamps. Of course, he couldn't bear to part with all his rabbits, so Edward will keep two for pets.

Liberty Loan Paragraphs

While Uncle Sam is sending millions of men to France, he is depending on us to loan money to keep them there. We are either too young or too old to help fight, but we have a good chance to help by loaning our money. Now buy the Fourth Liberty bond. Dorothy Hawkins, aged 15, Walnut Hill school; Miss Carr, teacher.

We must buy bonds to win the war to help supply our men and allies, because we are not to be ruled by the Kaiser or his sons, and that costs money. We must buy bonds to save our men's lives, to keep liberty from dying, to fight Germany until there is nothing left of it, and to have democracy and freedom forever.—Bessie Blazek, aged 12, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

We should buy bonds because it will save many soldiers' lives, feed and furnish our soldiers and will buy ammunition to help kill the Kaiser. If everyone will buy bonds they will help win the war, and our liberty shall not perish. If everyone buys a bond we will be free from autocracy.—Rose Vanek, aged 13, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

We must buy bonds to win the war, to supply our men and allies, to save lives. We don't want to be ruled by the Kaiser or his sons, and we want freedom and democracy forever! We want to fight Germany until it is crushed, so Liberty shall not perish. We want men and money.—Frances Jodka, aged 14, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

Every Liberty bond is a blow at the Kaiser and his sons. Our boys are giving their lives for us over in France. Are we going to disappoint them now when we have this splendid opportunity of helping them? Buy bonds and help uphold the civilization of the world.—Eather Nystrom, South High school.

One should buy bonds so we can supply our soldiers and allies over there, crush down Germany so we shall not be ruled by the Kaiser or his sons and he'll be slaves, so liberty should not perish. Our boys are being torn down. That is why the government wants us to buy Liberty bonds.—Anna Nickel, aged 11, Train school; Miss Kent, teacher.

If we want to end this war we must buy bonds; buy till it hurts. Our boys are giving their lives. Why not save them by lending our money? One \$50 bond keeps a Lewis machine gun in action two minutes. How long will you keep it working?—Elizabeth Ellen Kaho, aged 11, Saunders school; Miss Vaughan, teacher.

How do you know but that your money will win the war? The allies are winning, but have not won. We must win! Bulgaria has surrendered. This is the beginning of the end of the war. Make sure of victory.—Mary Bondy—Mary Getty, aged 13, Windsor school; Miss Johnson, teacher.

A Hun tyrant and his hordes are striving to destroy the peace, freedom and justice of the world. The Fourth Liberty loan to equip the soldiers that they may defend democracy and the principles of our country. And the success of this loan will assure the defeat of the Hun.—Roy A. Bair, aged 13, Park school; Miss Newcomb, teacher.

Buy a bond. We are winning the war, but we must have money to finish it. Omaha has gone over the top three times. Let us put the Fourth loan way out of sight and give the Kaiser a new worry. Americans, buy bonds and win this war.—John Shipner, aged 12, Windsor school; Miss Johnson, teacher.

We are called to buy bonds of the Fourth Liberty loan. Immense sums of money are needed to keep up the war. If we don't buy bonds our nation will perish. So use every ounce of energy and give every dollar possible and we will win.—Florence Drake, aged 11, Miller Park school; Miss Tracy, teacher.

Our government asks us for a fourth loan, \$4,000,000,000 of the cause of Liberty. The government doesn't seem right. "No, no, no!" If Pershing's men merely did their bit the Hindenburg line would

YOUNG MOVIE STAR

To France and back, in the midst of submarine terrors, all to pose in a moving-picture play! This is the experience of 10-year-old Francis Marion, who was in Omaha a few weeks ago—Francis has a part in "Hearts of the World," the big picture that was to have appeared at the Brandeis, but which could not be shown on account of the Spanish "flu" quarantine. Francis has been in the moving-picture business two years and a half. He lives in California, where most of the big pictures are made, and does not go to school like most Omaha boys and girls, but has a private teacher.

When "Hearts of the World" was made it was necessary for the whole company to go to France to be photographed there. It took nearly a year to get permission from the British and American governments, but finally it was obtained and they sailed. They traveled right through England and France and right up behind the firing line. Francis played with the little French children and lived in a town on which their war fund, and with the money that sometimes he was afraid.

Francis is not a bit different from other boys, even though he is a movie actor. He is an enthusiastic worker for the Liberty loan and he takes great interest in the progress of the war. He reads "Dreamland Adventures" and the other stories in The Bee and watches eagerly for the next installment, just like the Busy Bees. When he was in The Bee office he had a fine time seeing how a newspaper is made, and he found the linotype machines and the big presses so fascinating he could hardly tear himself away from them. Francis travels about the country a great deal, but always is accompanied by his pretty mother, who takes very good care of him, just as Omaha mothers do of their little boys.

A GREEDY LITTLE MOUSE.

Once upon a time, dear, a greedy little mouse lived in the middle of an apple tree. He nibbled out a window, and he nibbled out a door, and he nibbled out a pretty pattern in the crusty yellow floor. What a jolly wee house! For a mouse!

Once when he was hungry he ate the window-sill, The door-jamb and the lintel, and he was hungry still. So the little mouse nibbled the juicy apple wall. And the cross-cross raftered ceiling, 'till it wasn't there at all. I wish I had a house Like a mouse. The mouse looked about him and gave a frightened start, For, oh! Where had it vanished, his house of apple tart? But now he always feels at home, though wandering far and wide. For he takes his house around with him, although he hoards outside.

Would you eat up your house Like a mouse?—Abbie Farwell Brown.

never have been crossed. They did their best, and we should do ours.—Gertrude Sutphen, aged 12, Saunders school; Miss Vaughan, teacher.

The government finds it necessary once more to borrow money from the people of the United States in order to put more men in the trenches. The goal of the Fourth Liberty loan is \$3,000,000,000, twice as much as the Third Liberty loan. All persons will buy bonds or tell why not. The expense of the men in the new draft age will be enormous. Therefore, the government needs a great amount of money for its expenses of these men.—John Rika, South Side High school.

The Picnic.
The Princess Elaine, cousin of the little willful princess, had come to make a visit, and a grand picnic was to be given in her honor. She lived in a large city, where, except for the beautiful parks and playgrounds, there was little opportunity of seeing the country. So the picnic had been planned to give her the delight of being out in the open, where the blue sky was endless, as well as the green pasture lands, and where groves of oak trees offered as cool and beautiful a retreat as any Gothic palace.

The head chef of the castle had superintended the packing of the great hamper with the utmost care. There were delicious broiled chickens and big red lobsters, cold tongue and ham; crisp salads and sliced vegetables; curiously molded confections from the pastry kitchen; the steamed puddings of all kinds. Then there were fruit heaped upon baskets of carved ice and, in fact, everything that was good to eat was to be enjoyed at the feast under the trees.

It was a glorious morning. The sun had burned away every cloud that had hung rosy about his rising and the great gray flanks of the rocky hill on which stood the castle gazed in a pale scorn under the sky. In a vale south under the steep incline the little brook flashed out in a clear, intense dazzle as it leaped out from the dark rifts on its way to the meadow.

No one at the castle, however, noticed all these beauties of nature—they were too busy getting ready for the picnic. Except, perhaps, the Prince Rupert. He had stood for some time gazing down from his window at the rocks and the trees, which sparkled under the rays of the early sun. Perhaps he was wondering which of his two lovely cousins he loved the most. At length, however, he descended to the dining hall, where the royal breakfast awaited the household. The meal was of short duration as far as the two little princesses were concerned, for they were too excited to eat, and, moreover, was it not foolish to bother with an ordinary breakfast when the hamper held all that one could desire in the way of food? Therefore, they were

Travels of the Nuts

Mrs. Wild Nut was grandmother to two little children who were first cousins. One was named Wal-Nut and the other was named Hickory-Nut and both Nuts lived on tall trees that grew side by side in the woods. Both these little Nut girls had brothers also, but the boys, like most boys, cared nothing about playing with the girls, so Wal-Nut and Hickory-Nut were daily playmates.

One day in late September, Wal-Nut sighed: "Dear me, I wish we did not always have to live on this tree. Wouldn't you just love to see the world, Hickory?"

"Oh, yes, but there's not much use in wishing it. I suppose we will always live and die in this tree," replied Hickory.

Just then a squirrel hopped along the branch and spied the Wal-Nut frowning. He gave one squint and then jumped away, hurriedly as he said to himself: "Those Nuts are not quite ripe yet, but I will watch out for the time when they fall."

"Dear me! Did you see that awful robber, Hickory?" cried Wal-Nut, aghast.

"Yes, but he ran away, so I guess we need not worry about him," returned Hickory, as she glanced over her shoulder.

"I think I should die if I was stolen from home and kept in a dark hole under the roots where Squirrel keeps his stores," continued Wal-Nut.

"I just wouldn't stay there! I'd get out some way, even if I had to coax a nasty worm to crawl inside my shell so the Squirrel would toss me out of his house," bragged Hickory-Nut.

Then came an evening in early October when the sun sank earlier than the previous week, and the cold wind made the Nut children shiver uncomfortably. The grandmother tried to cover the little Nuts up with the leaves of the trees, but still the cold grew more intense.

"Dearies, I fear Jack Frost will sneak around tonight and touch anyone who is not well protected. Keep the leaf covers on until the sun calls you to rise in the morning," advised grandmother.

But Wal-Nut found the covers too binding so she kicked off the heavy one just as Jack peeped in under the bough. He slyly took out his scissors and snip went the stitches that held together Wal-Nut's fine dress. The robe cracked open and poor Wal-Nut shuddered with cold, for she was unprotected now.

Jack Frost laughed merrily, but Wal-Nut tried to shrink back into her old coat in vain. He waited a few moments, and then clipped the stem that held Wal-Nut safely at home. Down she fell onto the grass below. The fall shook her so that her clothes fell off and there she was in her pretty inside shell.

Jack then sprang over to the Hickory tree and snipped off many of the little boys, but he did not cut open their clothes as he had done to Wal-Nut. He merely snipped a little seam on each shell and then cut the stems. Down they fell beside Wal-Nut. Last came Hickory-Nut, the little girl. She sighed as she fell, but she felt sure they would all now travel to the new world.

What was that? A sweet little tinkling reached the fisherman's ears. He hurried along the path and stopped beside a golden path and stopped beside a golden cradle. In it lay a lovely little baby, white as the moon, as golden and blue as a summer dawn. White skin, blue eyes and sunny curls. All this seemed to fascinate the big cloud-man. But he had to go, for the sun would soon rise. The next evening the dipper piloted the interested cloud-man onto the milky way. What a surprise and a joy it was to him when he found that in his absence the "moon baby" had become a beautiful little princess, who soon became the fisherman's bride!

CORA STEVENS.

The princess leaned over and gazed into the clear water—a beautiful, broad mirror, reflecting the chestnut trees on the bank, and the little points of land that ran out from the shore, and gave foothold to the old pines standing watch day and night, summer and winter, to guard the lake.

"How funny your face looks in the water," said the princess, turning to her pet. "I can't make out whether it's your whiskers or the water grasses."

Little Stories by Little Folks

Making Money for Junior Red Cross.

By Alice Wallerstedt, Aged 11, Coleridge, Neb.

I am going to write to the Busy Bees for the first time; I am going to tell them about a program we had.

On Junior Red Cross day every school in our country was to have something to raise money for the Junior Red Cross. So we had a program consisting of recitations and patriotic songs. After the program we had an auction. Every family donated something, such as canned fruits, cakes and pickles, etc.

After the program we took in \$21, which we will use to buy materials. I have a brother and a cousin in the navy and an uncle and three cousins in the army. I have \$18.50 in baby bonds and four thrift stamps. I hope these will help a little toward winning the war.

Little Helping Hand.

By Elma May Crane, Aged 9, North Platte, Neb.

Once when little Helping Hand was out playing she heard a noise. It sounded like many feet. She ran into her grandmother and said she heard a noise. Her grandmother, her few belongings and went to a

Win the War!

By Sarah Hanson, Aged 10, Bellevue, Neb.

We should help the Red Cross knit for the soldiers. And we should help the children of Belgium by sending them clothes to wear and food to eat. Every man should go to the army and help the soldiers to

Our Picnic.

By Alma Trerichs, Aged 9 Years, Talmage, Neb. Blue Side.

It was held the 25th of May, five years ago, in Mr. Neeman's grove. It was a stormy day.

My brother took us down in the car. We had bought the car the day before the picnic. Our folks came over in the carriage and took us along home.

We ate our dinner in the woods and played hide and go seek, wolf, base ball, Washington and jump the rope.

When we reached home it just started to rain so we could not go outside. We all said we were glad we were home.

A Former Busy Bee.

By Glee Gardner, Aged 15, 2331 North Sixty-sixth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees, Well, well! It seems good to be writing to my Bee friends again. It's been a long time since I have written to the page, but I always read the letters every Sunday. They certainly are interesting. Just by reading the Busy Bee page one can see how patriotic young Americans are. My goodness! They are just brimming over with all kinds of ways to help Uncle Sam win the war. I suppose all of you are going to school regularly. Play like you see a soldier and the better you get your lessons the better soldier you will be. Supposing you get 100 in arithmetic. Why, you would almost be a general! Weren't all the parades in the carnival time fun? It shows that we can have a little fun even if the Kaiser does scold and fret. Along comes the old Spanish Flu and gives us a vacation. Oh, well, we will have to go to school longer in the spring. I sold flowers for the Belgian babies and it seemed as if everyone was just as willing to give money as anything. Well, it is getting late, so I must close, but remember that I shall always cherish my Busy Bee friends.

Prize Book.

Dear Editor: I received my prize book a long time ago. The name of it is "Two Children in Old Paris." I read it all through and liked it very much. I thank the editor very much for the beautiful book I received.—Helen Abraham, Schuyler Neb., Route 3.

Fourth Liberty Loan.

By Verna May, Aged 13, Graiton, Neb.

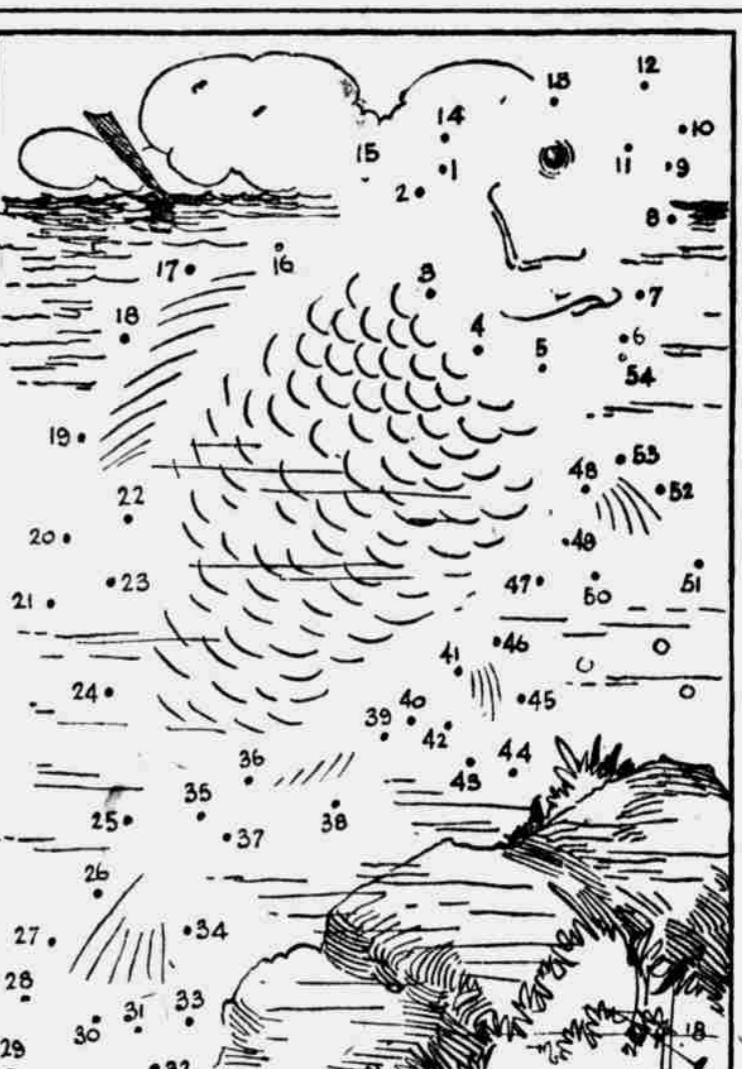
United States is now engaged in a great war. Again the government comes to the people with the request that they lend their money, and lend it upon a more liberal scale than ever before. The money that is held back now will be of little use or value if the war is won and the selfish masters of Germany are permitted to dictate what America may and may not do.

No person in public should rise and sing the beautiful words of "America" if they do not love their country enough to help in this great drive of the Fourth Liberty loan. Has it ever occurred to you that one more bond bought with a little additional effort may save the life of a boy from the next door?

Uncle Sam's Liberty chest needs filling again. We have the cash to fill it as many times as we like to. There are only two horns to this dilemma: you are either a patriot or a traitor. The men on the firing line and on the ships have turned from business and home and they stand ready to give their lives and shield with their bodies us who remain at home. We are unworthy to be thus protected if we do not do our utmost to help them. Our boys have gone over to clean up the Hun and it is up to us to supply them with whatever they need to get the Kaiser. It takes money to do this. There is nothing too good for our brave defenders.

The expenditures of the government for the preceding year are estimated at \$24,000,000,000, a sum which baffles the imagination to conceive. That vast amount must come one-third from taxes and two-thirds from loans. The success of the Fourth loan, like those that preceded it, is therefore necessary. We must work with the highest speed, as if the war was to end in six months. We must prepare in every direction, as if it was to last for years. Speed and preparation are both expensive. We can not win without money and therefore these loans are vital and the country should rally in all its strength and subscribe and oversubscribe the Fourth loan.

OUR PICTURE DOT PUZZLE



Not a fiddle, not a harp. Fifty-four will bring a Complete picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at No. 1 and taking them numerically.

The Little Willful Princess

By David Cory

The Princess Elaine, cousin of the little willful princess, had come to make a visit, and a grand picnic was to be given in her honor. She lived in a large city, where, except for the beautiful parks and playgrounds, there was little opportunity of seeing the country. So the picnic had been planned to give her the delight of being out in the open, where the blue sky was endless, as well as the green pasture lands, and where groves of oak trees offered as cool and beautiful a retreat as any Gothic palace.

The head chef of the castle had superintended the packing of the great hamper with the utmost care. There were delicious broiled chickens and big red lobsters, cold tongue and ham; crisp salads and sliced vegetables; curiously molded confections from the pastry kitchen; the steamed puddings of all kinds. Then there were fruit heaped upon baskets of carved ice and, in fact, everything that was good to eat was to be enjoyed at the feast under the trees.

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No one at the castle, however, noticed all these beauties of nature—they were too busy getting ready for the picnic. Except, perhaps, the Prince Rupert. He had stood for some time gazing down from his window at the rocks and the trees, which sparkled under the rays of the early sun. Perhaps he was wondering which of his two lovely cousins he loved the most. At length, however, he descended to the dining hall, where the royal breakfast awaited the household. The meal was of short duration as far as the two little princesses were concerned, for they were too excited to eat, and, moreover, was it not foolish to bother with an ordinary breakfast when the hamper held all that one could desire in the way of food? Therefore, they were

The princess leaned over and gazed into the clear water—a beautiful, broad mirror, reflecting the chestnut trees on the bank, and the little points of land that ran out from the shore, and gave foothold to the old pines standing watch day and night, summer and winter, to guard the lake.

"How funny your face looks in the water," said the princess, turning to her pet. "I can't make out whether it's your whiskers or the water grasses."

"Never mind, your highness," replied the monkey, "there is something more interesting going on down on the bottom of the lake than the reflection of my whiskers!"

"What is it?" asked the princess, eagerly.

"Do you see that clumsy black bug crawling on the bottom?" "Yes, and he has six legs," replied the princess, counting aloud, "and he looks as if he had on a coat of armor. But I don't think he's very interesting."

"Something very wonderful is going to happen to him, nevertheless," replied the monkey, still gazing into the water.

"O bother," replied the little willful princess, "I'd much rather watch the salt water boatman and the water spiders dance and skip. Why, that old bug couldn't do the tango to save his life!"

globe on each side of his head. As he turns his head to look about him and, in moving, he draws himself out of his old suit of armor, and from two neat little cases at its sides come two pairs of wings, folded up like fans and put away here to be ready for use when the right time should come. Carefully he unfolds them and spreads them out in the warm air. With every movement he is escaping from his armor. Drawing from their sheaths his legs, finer and longer and far more beautifully made and colored than the old, he trembles all over, and a slender body, that was packed away like a spyglass, is slowly drawn out, one part after another, until at last the dark coat of mail dangles empty from the water plant.

"Why, he looks like a beautiful knight that has taken off his armor," cried the little princess.

Instead of the ugly bug, clinging to the stem was a dragon fly, his delicate, gauzy wings trembling in the breeze, as if about to transport the long slender body across the sparkling waters.

"There he goes," said the monkey, "but I don't believe he will bother to stop for a dance with the water-spiders now. It's not always the really interesting people who dance."

The little princess looked at the monkey. "Well, who would expect an old bore like that black bug to turn into a dragon fly, any more than one would expect a handsome prince to change into a love-sick swain?" and she glanced across the lake to where Prince Rupert was walking with her cousin Elaine.

"He thinks he is acting," replied the monkey, with a little wink. "Which the little willful princess blushed ever so little. "Let us join them," she continued, "else they may think you wish to avoid them." At this the little princess gave a "hello" and started to run toward them around the edge of the lake. As she neared them she slipped from the bank and, with a frightened scream, fell into the water. In an instant Prince Rupert plunged over that bank and lifted her from the water, as it was very shallow at that point. Tenderly carrying her in his arms, he laid her down on the grass, at the same time leaving over and imploring her to open her eyes. "She cannot be dead," he cried as

the monkey took hold of her wrist to feel her pulse.

"Speak to me," cried Rupert. Then the little willful princess opened her eyes and cried, "Where am I?"

Seeing that she was not injured, but only wet, the king commanded that she retire to the tent and await time to dress. Carefully he unfolded them and spreads them out in the warm air. With every movement he is escaping from his armor. Drawing from their sheaths his legs, finer and longer and far more beautifully made and colored than the old, he trembles all over, and a slender body, that was packed away like a spyglass, is slowly drawn out, one part after another, until at last the dark coat of mail dangles empty from the water plant.

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