

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



## Field Club Kiddies at Last Matinee Dansant of Summer

## Little Lady of Teapot

OR A NORMAN MAID'S LESSON FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

By Esther P. Newman



Jean Borglum, Jean McAdams, Elizabeth Smith, Jean Hiatt, Helen Butler, Florence May, Billy Christie, Margaret Shotwell, Katherine Allman, Helen Krug, and two little visitors from out-of-town.

JACK FROST is abroad these days and he nips our toes and fingers but we can still remember the long summer days when the sun shone bright and warm. They all remember the happy times they had at the Field club dancing last summer, and here you will see a

group of girls and boys, all dressed in their fluffy white dresses and pretty suits, playing on the grassy lawn. The cunning bulldog in the picture belongs to Jean Borglum

and "Babs" loved these playtimes just as much as his little mistress. He would bark when he heard the music and seemed to love to see the children dance. Little Billy

Christie, who is in the center of the picture, was most too young to dance, but he sat with his mother and laughed gleefully to see the other children.

THE beautiful, sunny days of Indian summer had come. White clouds like soft fleecy blankets could be seen in the blue sky. The sun had touched the forest leaves and made them red and gold. The boys and girls were going to school in happy little groups that played and chattered gayly on their way.

But one little girl was not happy at all. Indeed, she was very sad. For she was ill and had to lie in bed while through the open window she could hear the merry voices of her friends as they went on their way to school. And she could not see the beautiful blue sky with the fleecy white clouds nor the forest leaves all red and gold. And because her eyes ached so, the shades on the window were drawn so even the sunshine could not come in. But one merry little sunbeam who loved the little girl found a tiny little crack and in he came and danced on the polished floor. He was a lively little sunbeam and the little girl forgot how sick she was as she watched him play.

The sick little girl's name was Elizabeth. But that is such a very long name for such a little girl that everyone called her Bettykins. Bettykins was very pretty. She had brown curly hair and brown eyes and beautiful pink cheeks and everyone loved her because she was so kind.

Bettykins watched the sunbeam dance on the floor until he went out of the same crack he came in. "I wonder where he went," said Bettykins, "perhaps to visit some other little sick girl." After the sunbeam went away Bettykins lay very still and looked at the blue birds on the wall and at the gay pink roses on the bed quilt. And although she tried ever so hard, two little tears trickled down for Bettykins did so want to be out in the sunshine.

Laughter Versus Tears. Just then in came Bettykins' mother. And when she saw those two little tears, she whisked them away so quickly that Bettykins had to laugh.

"What do you think I have for you?" asked Bettykins' mother. "You can have three guesses to tell me what it is." Then Bettykins became very happy for she knew her mother had brought her a gift. "I guess it's a soft little gray kitten," said Bettykins. "No," said her mother. "Guess again, Bettykins." Bettykins thought very hard. Then she asked, "Is it an orange?" "Dear no," said Bettykins' mother. "It's ever so much nicer than an orange." "Oh, what can it be?" wondered the little girl. Finally she cried out with delight, "I know what it is, mother, it's a dear little dolly." "I'll tell you what it is, Bettykins," said her mother, "for you have had your three guesses and you have not told me what it is."

The Surprise. So Bettykins' mother slowly drew her hand from behind her back and what do you think she held up before the eyes of the delighted little girl? It was the cunningest little teapot you ever saw. It was very round and fat and around the top was a wreath of purple grapes. But the very nicest part was the picture of a little girl in the center. She had on a tall cap of white with gold pins fastened to her head with a sunbonnet. It looked much like a sunbonnet, but it was very pointed at the top. From out this cap her short black curls could be seen. She had on a white waist with very short sleeves. Over this waist was neatly laced a black bodice with velvet straps over the shoulder. A short red skirt, heavy looking white stockings and a pair of wooden shoes completed this strange costume.

"What a queer little girl!" said Bettykins. "Wherever do you suppose do little girls dress like that?" Mother, do please tell me about her. "I will, my little Bettykins," said her mother, "after you look and see what is in the bottom of the teapot. I will bring you your lunch, and while you are eating it I will tell you about the little girl on the teapot and the country where she lives."

Bettykins looked in the bottom of the teapot and there to her surprise and delight she found a shining silver dollar. "Mother, mother!" cried Bettykins. "Is it really mine?" To do with just as I like?" "Yes, dear," said her mother, "to do with just as you like, Bettykins, and I hope you will use it well. Now, you lie quietly and I will take the teapot and bring you your lunch. You shall pour your tea from it."

Bettykins lay very still while her mother was preparing her lunch and she felt the smooth piece of money and thought of all the lovely things she could buy. There would be a new doll, some candy, a handkerchief for mother and a pipe for daddy. "What a good time I shall have buying them," said Bettykins, "and the handkerchief shall be a surprise for mother and the pipe shall be a surprise for daddy."

Just then in came Bettykins' mother, bringing a lovely lunch for her little girl, with crisp buttered toast and clear, red jelly and, best of all, there was the little teapot with the steam from the tea blowing out of the little spout. Bettykins was very happy. And while her mother fed her bites of the toast with a tempting bit of jelly on top she told her the story of the little girl on the teapot.

A Little Norman Girl. "The little girl is a little Norman girl," said Bettykins' mother. "The Normans are French people and their country is just north of France and across the English Channel from the great city of London. As you can see by her dress the little girl is a peasant. In Europe the farmers are called peasants. The peasants in Normandy live on great farms and cultivate great vineyards to make into French wines. These grape vines grow on the hillsides and there are miles and miles of them. The peasants also have large orchards where wonderful apples and pears are grown. They are so luscious that it makes one hungry just to look at them."

Happy Lives. "And so the Norman people lived happily with their families, the men raising the grapes, the women caring for the houses and the little children playing in the orchards and in the brooks just as you do, Bettykins. But another time came. France entered into a great war. And the Norman people, who are French, you remember, joined with the people in France and reached their hands across the sea to save their land from the cruel German, who selfishly wanted to wrest their lands away for themselves. And so the men stopped planting and picking grapes and kissed their dear ones goodby and went to fight for France and to protect their homes from the invaders who killed their wives and children. So the women not only cared for their homes and children as they had done before, but they also took up the work of the men and tried to plant and pick the grapes in order to earn enough money to buy food and clothes for themselves and their children. There was so much work to be done that even the little children had to stop playing and help their mothers."

France Losing. "But one day the tide of battle turned. It seemed that no matter how well the brave soldiers of France and their allies fought or how much those at home worked and did their part the foe was gaining. France was losing the battle. "Finally, when things were at the worst and France was torn asunder, the United States saw that France and her allies were fighting for justice, so they, too, became an ally of France and thousands and thousands of American soldiers were sent to help the French. That turned the tide of the battle again and now France, with America and England, are winning the war."

Kindly Americans. "American people love children and when the American men in France saw the poor little French children, many of whom had neither father nor mother, they felt so thankful that their own little children were safe at home in America with plenty of clothes and enough to eat and well and happy that they asked the people at home, who had plenty, to give some of their money to buy food and clothes for the little French orphans. And the American people wanted to do what their soldiers asked them to and to help the little French children so all over the United States to day the Americans are giving money to feed and clothe the French children. The money is collected from all the towns and cities and taken to New York. Then it goes across the Atlantic ocean. Finally it lands in a French port. Then it is taken to Paris. From there it goes to all the cities and towns in France where the little children who need it are found and there, it is spent for clothes and food."

Bettykins' Sacrifice. When Bettykins' mother finished her story she said "was that a nice story, Bettykins?" "Yes, mother," said Bettykins, "and I wanted to ask you, may I send my dollar to the poor little French children? Will that be making good use of it?" "Indeed you may," said her mother, "and you couldn't make better use of it than I am glad that you are so unselfish." Then Bettykins' mother took away the tray with the lunch dishes on them and Bettykins said "Mother, please leave the teapot." And so Bettykins, mother left it on a chair beside the bed where her little girl could see it and then she left the room. And as Bettykins hugged her old doll close in her arms she never once thought of the new one she had planned to buy, but looking at the little Norman girl on the teapot she said "I hope my dollar can make some little girl like you as happy as I."

## Santa Claus in Toyland

—By—

CHESTER H. LAWRENCE

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### CHAPTER I.

#### Santa and the Gnomes.

SANTA CLAUS sat in the office of Toyland in deep thought. Times were moving much too fast to suit him. Why, anyone would think he was only a factory boss, judging from the trouble he had with his help. Here it was just a few days before Christmas, with all the holiday toys only half done, and now his workmen, the Gnomes, had warned him that they were going to quit!

What was he to do? How was he to keep the Gnomes at work until after the Christmas rush? If they left him, there would be no toys for the good girls and boys all over the world who were depending on Santa Claus and his reindeers for sleds and dolls and ever so many different kinds of candies and playthings.

As you all know, there was a time, years ago, when Santa, with the help of dear Mrs. Santa, had done all the work in Toyland. But after a while so many little children began coming into the world that Santa couldn't do all the work himself—and of course it wouldn't do to forget any of the new babies! So he looked around for helpers, and that was how he found the Gnomes.

The Gnomes were funny little people who lived in the ground and only came up out of their mines and caves after dark. Most of them were very old, and with their roly-poly bodies and queer thin bandy legs and long beards they were surely a comical sight. They were very skillful in working with metals and in making things with their hands, but they had never been of any use to anyone before because the older they got, the more quarrelsome and mean they became—and they lived forever! So no one had ever thought of putting them to work. But wise old Santa soon learned that he could keep them in good humor and sweeten their tempers by feeding them on sugar plums. That was Mrs. Santa's task—making the plums. Every Saturday morning the Gnomes came she made a large batch, pans upon pans full, for the Gnomes had to have the plums at every meal.

When the Gnomes started to work for Santa they gave up their underground homes and came to live in Toyland, which was really a very large castle. Santa put rows of tiny beds in several large rooms and fixed up things in fine style for them, and they were snug as could be in their new home, and much warmer than they had been in the damo ground.

The Gnomes proved to be very clever indeed, and it wasn't long before Santa had taught them how to do everything that needed to be done in Toyland. Some were carpenters, some tinners, some tailors, and one was a candy maker.

Mrs. Santa had taken one little fellow named Taffyote, who seemed much brighter and more cheerful than the rest, and had taught him



to help her with the candy making. He learned very readily and before long was making all the sugar plums, which was a big help to busy Mrs. Santa.

One morning Mrs. Santa was not feeling well enough to get up and make breakfast. She stayed in bed all day, and Santa became so worried that he sent for the doctor. Finally he came, and after asking many questions, found that she had grown very fond of Taffyote's sugar plums. She knew, of course, that too many were not good for her, but she simply couldn't resist eating them. After this, the doctor shook his head sadly, looked very wise, and told Santa he would like to speak to him outside. Santa followed the doctor, not knowing what to expect but ready for the worst.

Now what do you think was the matter with her? Eating so many sugar plums had turned her heart to sugar! And worse yet, the doctor said that unless something was done for her very soon, she would turn into a big sugar plum!

"But what can be done for her?" asked Santa. For all his wise look the doctor could only blink his eyes behind his thick spectacles and shake his head. He acted as if he really had known a cure but couldn't think of it just then.

This had all happened over a year before our story begins, and in this time Santa had not been able to find a cure for his wife, try as he would. She had already turned to a kind of stiff taffy and Santa knew it would not be long before she would become hard sugar candy. All she could do was to open her mouth and say, "More."

All day long she begged for Taffyote's sugar plums. If Santa had not been such a merry old soul, I'm afraid he would have worried him-

self to death, but he managed to keep cheerful and was always in hopes that he would some day find a cure.

Now Taffyote could make the finest sugar plums in the world—they simply melted in your mouth—but he couldn't cook a meal. Neither could any of the Gnomes. And Santa himself, even if he hadn't been too busy, hardly knew enough about cooking to boil potatoes in their jackets. He tried one Gnome after another in the kitchen, until it began to make them all sick. Then Santa gave up in despair.

That is, he would have, only he remembered a wonderful cook he had taken presents to last Christmas way down in Georgia. She had set out a bowl of steaming hot soup for him—Um-m-m! Santa remembered the smack of it yet. "I'll get Dinah for you," he promised the Gnomes after a terrible dinner cooked by old Grumpy, the worst grumbler of the lot.

So he made a hasty trip to a neat little log cabin in Georgia, and was back again before sunrise. With him was Dinah, black as the bottom of a skillet, but looking as if she knew how to make pancakes, which, next to sugar plums, the Gnomes liked best.

She was certainly a fine cook. After the first meal Santa called her a "gem," and the Gnomes were so well satisfied that they almost did two days' work in one. But she had one big fault: She had such a good opinion of herself that Santa often found hard work controlling her. Besides, he didn't dare say very much, for he was afraid of losing her.

But if Taffyote couldn't cook a meal, neither could Dinah make sugar plums. After she came, Taffyote knew no peace. She was forever nagging him and complaining

to Santa: "Mebbe Santa, can't you all make that N' rat, Taffyote, be mo' keeful 'round miah kitchen? He am allus mussin' it up a-n' pose jus' after Ah done cleaned it."

Of course Taffyote wasn't so very much to blame. He had his work to do and couldn't help making a little muss once in a while. He wouldn't have anything to do with Dinah and for weeks at a time never even spoke to her. To watch him when she was around you wouldn't think he knew she was anywhere near.

She just hated to hear anyone sing, and Taffyote knew it. So he usually started singing as soon as he saw her near, and took great delight in seeing how cross it made her. And such singing as it was! It was more like the croak of a frog.

(Continued Next Sunday)

### A Horrid Ship.

One day, while crossing on the ferryboat from Hoboken to Cortlandt street, I noticed some children peering through the iron gates at the front of the boat. They were

deeply interested in watching the river craft.

Suddenly the 5-year-old shouted to the brother, who was about 10: "Oh-oo, Bert! Just see that herid big ship! He's got the baby one by the tail and it's squealing awful."

I looked in the direction the little girl pointed out and saw an ocean liner being towed by a little tug, which was whistling shrilly to warn us out of its way.

### IN MOTHER NATURE'S BED.

So many things sleep in the ground In Mother Nature's bed, Where they can never hear a sound Or anything that's said.

Grasshoppers, crickets, toads, are there,

And clumsy bumblebees; They have the very best of care, Or they would surely freeze.

So when the cold and wintry wind Begins to fiercely blow,

I always know that it will find Them safe beneath the snow. —Nellie M. Coye in Minneapolis Tribune.

## Little Stories by Little Folks

(Prize Letter.)

Faithful Ben. By Francis Tomjack, Aged 13, Ewing Neb., Rt. 2, Red Side.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing in the trees when little Blanch opened her eyes one morning. She jumped out of bed and began dressing herself. She said to herself "Oh, my goodness, I did not mean to sleep so long as this; I must hurry now and help mamma this morning." She looked out of the window and uttered an exclamation of delight. "Oh! oh! oh! everything is so beautiful." She sat down on the sill and was looking at the pretty birds that were singing so sweetly in the trees and at the big blue sea a little way in the distance. Suddenly an idea struck her. She ran down the stairs and into the dining room where the table lay spread for breakfast. When she had finished her breakfast she went into the play room and got her hat and little red water pail and her spade and went into the sewing room where her mother was sewing garments for the Red Cross. Blanch went up to her mother and said, "Mamma can I go down to the beach and make little sand houses?" Her mother kissed her and said, "Yes, dear, go in the kitchen and Lucy will fix you a little lunch." Lucy fixed her a nice little lunch and then Blanch started on her way. Her faithful Shepherd dog Ben followed close on her heels. She walked along the beach for some distance trying to find a suitable place, finally she found a place she liked. There was a little patch of green grass growing on the side and the little waves came almost up to it. Blanch played in the sand for several hours, then she began to get hungry. She ate her lunch and being tired and sleepy she lay down on the grass and was soon asleep. She looked very sweet

lying there with her golden curls all in a tumble, her cheeks were like two roses and her little red lips curved into a smile. She slept for several hours. Ben keeping watch over his little mistress all the while. Along about 4 o'clock some clouds began to come up in the sky. They got darker and darker and threatened to rain soon. Still little Blanch slept on. Ben began to feel quite uneasy about her, wishing to awaken her and yet not wanting to. He began to look around. Soon he saw Blanch's father away down the beach. He ran down to him and led him up to Blanch just as it began to rain. They had begun to get anxious about her and had started to look for her. They were very glad that Ben had been so faithful and they bought him a gold collar.

(Honorable Mention.)

Johnnie's Cure. By Bertha Dunker, Aged 14 Years, Strang, Neb. Blue Side.

Johnnie was a very bad boy. Whenever his mother asked him to do anything he would always say "In a minute."

One day as he was lying in the hammock fast asleep he dreamed he was in fairy land and that he saw many lovely things, but when he was hungry he asked for something to eat. But they answered "In a minute." Whenever he asked anything they would always answer "In a minute."

He began to think of his mother and what he always told her, and then wished himself home. All at once he heard his mother call. He jumped up and ran in the house. Dinner was ready but he couldn't eat much because all he thought of is how he talked to his mother. Johnnie never forgot his dream. This is the first story I have written for a long time and hope I will win the prize some time.