

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



IN THE BEE HIVE

Children Dear. How many of you love to take long walks? I know the beautiful fall days have attracted you with the variety of rustling leaves such nice to walk in! I think it would be lovely if some of the busy bees would originate a walking club, for even in these crisp winter days you will enjoy being together. Be sure and take your cameras, for there are always pretty scenes that you will want for your very own. Snow scenes are always beautiful and you will have such fun taking the pictures.

If you will then send the Busy Bee editor your snapshots they will be recognized for your own page, if possible. This will not only give you pleasure, but will amuse some of the shut-in children of our hive who are not yet old enough to ride these long walks. Write and tell me of your good times but don't let Jack Frost catch you; he's a nippy fellow. Lovingly,

MARGARET.

Junior Red Cross Pledge. Junior Red Cross of Nance County has pledged its services toward raising a fund to purchase one General Motors company automobile ambulances at a cost of \$2,000.00. The campaign for this fund is being conducted in a new and most unique manner. Shares at \$10 each are being sold to the schools that are raising money for this purpose. The authorized capital is for \$2,400.00, (cost of machine). Each school in the county is expected to purchase at least one share, and undoubtedly some will purchase as high as two and three shares.

This is the main project of the Nance county Junior Red Cross members for this year. They have devised many schemes for raising their money and they are planning on conducting a Junior Red Cross day the latter part of this month, in response to an appeal sent to the chairman of the Chapter School committee of the Junior Red Cross, in all the counties of the state, by the state director of junior activities. Many schools have already conducted their Junior Red Cross day, raising sums of money from \$25 to \$50.

Girl Soldiers.

Little girls all over our broad land are proud today that they had such a large share in winning the great war. Thousands of rings were made by tiny feminine fingers beside dressing table covers, gay lamp shades and pillows.

In addition to this work of their hands the children have given so many lovely plays, pageants and benefit affairs. Uncle Sam is indeed proud of his nieces, and those who have worn the Junior Red Cross button are soldiers just as truly as if they had worn khaki.

Red Cross Boys.

For away in Brooklyn the Junior Red Cross has done wonderful work in helping Uncle Sam win the great war. Furniture has been made for the hospitals by the boys, and ambulance boxes, wood splints and then puzzles of all kinds were made for the convalescent soldiers who could amuse themselves during the long hours. A quarter of a million bedside tables, screens, ink stands and work tables have been made by these soldiers behind the lines.

War Drive Posters.

Omaha boys and girls helped to put the war fund drive over the top and late to make money for our men across the seas and beside the many

LITTLE OUTDOOR GIRL



A true outdoor girl is Margery Ann Mach in her white furs and cunning hood. Margery is all ready for a romp in the snow and will laugh at Jack Frost, for he cannot nip fingers or ears with this little Bee so snugly wrapped in furs.

A LITTLE GIRL WHO BECAME A GREAT SINGER.

Did you ever hear of Jenny Lind? Well, she was one of the greatest singers that has ever lived.

She was born away over in Sweden and began to sing when she was almost a baby. Before she was 9 years of age she was admitted to the conservatory, and was a public singer and a great favorite before she was 12.

Then the little girl had a great sorrow, for she lost her beautiful voice. However, in a few years, it came back suddenly and she sang more beautifully than ever.

When she was 20, she was made court singer, which was a great honor. One evening after singing at the opera in Vienna, over 1,000 people followed her carriage home and she had to come to her window 30 times to bow to the crowd that applauded her.

In England the queen was delighted with her singing that she wanted to give her many things, but Jenny Lind would only accept a bracelet. This she always prized very much.

She gave concerts in America for almost two years and made a great deal of money. And what do you

think she did with it? She gave it all to help other people. Some of it she gave to send boys and girls to school. With some she built hospitals and did all sorts of things to make people happy. She sang so beautifully that she was called "The Swedish Nightingale."

ONLY HIS BELT FELT SLACK.

It is hard to make the slacker understand his slackness.

A brawny slacker of a tramp knocked at the kitchen door of a farm house and whined out a request for food.

"Young man," said the farmer's wife, "you ought to go to the front."

"I did go to the front, lady," said the slacker, "but I couldn't make no body hear, so I came around to the back." —Boys' Life for October.

SWEET SOLITUDE.

He who must needs have company must needs have sometimes bad company. Be able to be alone. Lose not the advantage of solitude and the society of thyself, nor be only content, but delight to be alone and sing with omnipresence. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy nor the night black unto him.

—Sir Thomas Browne.

thought it couldn't be done, but Santa gave him a push, telling him to call up Dinah and also get things in readiness for the penguins, whom he had seen just a short distance back as he was on his way to the Ice Palace.

The penguins were very soldierly birds and when Santa reached them they were drilling. The minute they saw Santa coming they gathered 'round him, to see what he wanted. He told them how badly he needed them and without losing any time the captain of the penguins ordered them to fall into line. This they eagerly did, for they were always ready to help Santa, to show him how much they loved him.

"Squawk, squawk," ordered the penguin captain, and the penguins, moving along surprisingly fast for such awkward birds, followed Santa into the courtyard of the Ice Palace and halted.

As they stood there waiting for Jack to come to the door, they looked like a victorious army returned from war with Santa the prancing Vixen as their general.

Now they were all ready to start where he was to work and told him what he was to do. He had the hardest time with Dinah. She was

to tend the machines that made ice and wind and snow, and pull the levers when Jack told her to. But she couldn't read, so he had to explain what each lever was for.

Stumpy had to do his best to mind the switches and pull them out or push them in as he was told. Santa had the most to learn but as soon as Jack explained what everything was, it was all as plain as day to him and he told Jack to go ahead and give the order to start.

The penguins had little knapsacks strapped on their backs to carry their belongings in; Santa had given them to the penguins for a Christmas present. Now, as Jack gave the signal to start, they began filling these knapsacks with coal and carrying them in to Santa. Santa worked like a beaver, throwing the

coal on the fire, puffing and blowing as he shoveled. In a short time he had a roaring fire under the boilers. Soon there was a sputtering and a sizzling and then Jack gave the signal to start the engines. Slowly the wheels started to turn, then faster and faster they flew until the rumbling was so great that nothing else could be heard.

Jack was everywhere at once and never still a minute. He would order Stumpy to close this switch and Dinah to pull that lever and then rush down to see how Santa was getting along, always stopping to praise the penguins, who kept steadily at work carrying coal.

Jack was certainly a busy man and a happy one, too, for soon he could order Dinah to pull on the lever that would start the north wind shrieking around Old Fire-Eater's ears and chill the rays of the sun so that they couldn't melt any more ice and snow. Then he would follow that with snow clouds to hide the sun from view. This done, it would be an easy matter to start a blizzard that would make Old Fire-Eater wish he had never tried to get the best of us."

Jack had been hard at work while Santa was gone and had put things in running order, even to starting the fires under the boilers. He had also called up Dinah and she was due any minute—in fact, she arrived soon after Santa and the penguins.

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to tend the machines that made ice and wind and snow, and pull the levers when Jack told her to. But she couldn't read, so he had to explain what each lever was for.

Santa had been so busy that he had completely forgotten that he had something else of great importance to attend to, but just as the sun went behind the clouds he happened to look at his watch. "By the ear of me great grandmother's goose!" he exclaimed, "it's most 3 o'clock and I've only about three hours in which to get back to Toyland, pack the sleigh and be off. But I'll do it, or my name isn't Santa Claus!"

Jack looked up from showing Dinah which levers to pull to start the blizzard, to see Santa coming as fast as his short legs could carry

him. Santa was almost out of breath but he managed to gasp, "W-W-Wait, J-Jack! Don't start that blizzard yet. I've got to get back to Toyland right away or I'll be too late to make my trip. You'll have to spare me some of the penguins, for I will need them to help me. Why, I've got only a few hours to get back and start on my way."

"All right, Santa," said Jack. "You and the penguins have done such fine work that I think we can get along without you. I guess I'll have to trust Dinah to run things by herself, as I will have to take your place. Now hurry along or you will be late and your enemies will say

LITTLE STORIES BY LITTLE FOLKS

Our Mother's Tasks.

By Lucile Christensen, Aged 11, Ames, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees:

Our mothers used to talk and crochet.

Their spare time away.

But now they sit and knit.

Or make some soldiers a comfort kit.

My Puppy.

By Georgia B. Ford, Aged 8 Years, Omaha, Neb.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I have a little puppy. It

plays around with my baby brother.

Its name is Peggy; it is a rat terrier.

I have a big dog, too. The little dog bites the big dog sometimes.

The big dog runs away. His name is Rover. He catches rabbits some

My School.

By Berlene Cunningham, Aged 8, Box 155, Patterson, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees:

I like to read the Busy Bee page and have never written to you before.

There are 20 scholars in our school.

I like my teacher fine; I am in the fourth grade.

I have two sisters and one brother.

My sister is in the fifth grade.

He comes to meet me every night when I come home from school.

Our School Program.

By Nellie McPheron, Aged 9, Geneva, Neb., Route 2.

I see so many nice letters from the Busy Bees that I thought I would write about our school program.

Last year we had a program at school.

We had many pieces and dialogues.

We had a play about Hiawatha.

One of the boys was

Hiawatha, so he had a bow and arrow.

My sister was Nakoma, and the rest of us girls and boys were Indians.

We sat on the floor with blankets around us.

After the program we had a pic-nic.

We bought Victrola records and pictures with the money.

This is my first letter and I hope it will be good.

Fighting With Coins.

By Philip Katesch, Aged 10, Lincoln, Neb.

Say, boys and girls, don't buy candies with your money. Take it and buy thrift stamps. I have bought thirty stamps and I am going to buy some more.

Don't you know that when you are 15 or 16 years old that you will need this money?

Can you think how many soldiers there are that are being killed? The soldiers need food and clothing.

What will they do this winter if we don't help them?

Don't be afraid to loan your money; you will get it back in five years.

You may be glad that you are helping the American soldiers some day.

If you were fighting like a bear over there in the trenches and bullets as large as a ball flying about your head, you would want somebody to help you out.

A New Busy Bee.

By Mabel Estill, Aged 12, Years, 2409 Tenth Street, North Platte, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees:

You are all busy.

There is plenty of work for everyone who will do it.

I want to join your mercenary band. I am sending a story which I wish to see in print.

One day Benjamin Conway, known as "Bill," was going to town and he saw the grasses in the ditch moving.

He wondered at first what it could be, but soon made up his mind that it was a serpent. But on his way home he saw the grasses moving and he heard a noise like the cry of a person in pain. Bill went to the grasses and parted them and there was a sight that raised a lump in his throat. For there lay a beautiful, curly dog. He was rather large, with curly hair, but which was very dirty and sticks and straw clinging to it. The dog was seriously wounded, his left side was cut so deep that it caused the dog much agony. He was so weak that he could not raise

Our Canaries.

By Berlina Cunningham, Aged 11, Box 195, Patterson, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees:

As I have not written to the Busy Bee before, until the other day I made up my mind to send in a few words.

I live out in the country and find it a great pleasure to go horseback riding and also enjoy the fresh air.

One teacher asked us if we would like to sew for the little orphans and of course we all said "Yes."

There are eight members and we are

sure anxious to do our bit in every way we can.

We each brought 25¢ for which we will purchase cloth and begin sewing the clothes as soon as possible.

The eight members all expect to do bright work so it seems it will have to turn out a success.

Will have to close for today, but will write again when I have time and anything to say.

Goodby, Busy Bees.

I wish to join the Blue Side.

A New Member.

By Irene Haas, Aged 11, Crest, Neb.

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