

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



IN THE BEE HIVE

Children Drive—How many of you love to take long walks? I know the beautiful fall days have attracted you with the carpet of rustling leaves, and you would like to take a walk in the woods in these crisp winter days. You will enjoy taking your camera, for there are always pretty scenes that you will want for your 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 reproduced for your own page, if possible. This will not only give you pleasure, but will make some of the shut-in children of our hive who are not yet old enough to take 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.—The Junior Red Cross of Seward county has pledged its services toward raising a fund to purchase one General Motors company automobile at a cost of \$2,400.00. 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 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 committees, 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 \$350.

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 rugs 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 into drive over the top in many ways. They worked early 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 so 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

LITTLE STORIES BY LITTLE FOLKS

Our Mother's Tasks.
By Lucile Christensen, Aged 11, Ash, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees:
Our mothers used to talk and crocheted their spare time away. But now they sit and knit. Or make some soldiers—a comfort kit.

My Puppy.
By Georgia B. Paul, Aged 8 Years, Oakland, 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 sometimes.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS.
1. Write plainly and number pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.

Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

his head. Bill had a wagon, and he took from it the parcels. He had bought them too. His coat off had it in the wagon, then plucked a lot of the cool grasses and laid the dog upon it. Then very slowly, so as not to hurt the animal, he drove home. Bill's father, who was a veterinarian, tended the dog and he rapidly grew better. A couple of months afterward the Red Cross drive started. Bill used a basket and took his paints and made it red, white and blue. Bill himself managed it with the Red Cross managers and on a certain bright day after "Pershing" which was the dog's name, had been cleaned, he was brushed and had a red, white and blue ribbon tied around his neck. He was taken to a large summer hotel where there was a lot of guests. Bill had a sign by him which read as follows: "Help back my Pershing through this Pershing." That night when the money was counted there was over \$93, and both Bill and Pershing were happy.

My School.
By Bernice Cunningham, Aged 8, Box 182, Fullerton, 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 McDevitt, Aged 9, Genoa, Neb., Grade 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 Nokomah, 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 pie social. It brought \$36. We bought Victrola records and pictures with it. This is my first letter and I hope it will escape Mr. Wastebasket.

Fighting With Coins.
By Philip Katsch, Aged 10, Seward, Neb.
Say, boys and girls, don't buy candy with your money. Take it and buy Thrift stamps. I have bought nine Thrift 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 lying about your head, you would want somebody to help you out.

The Sand Storm.
By Eleanor Keating, Aged 12, 340, Lincoln Boulevard.
One summer day a girl named Shirley Heywood started out on her pony to visit her aunt. Shirley was accustomed to riding, because all her life she had lived on a ranch. The pony she rode was a very nice one, the best on the ranch.

They did not go very fast, as they had plenty of time. Shirley's aunt lived about 10 miles from the ranch. Shirley had to cross about one-half of the way in the desert. She was accustomed to doing this and never was afraid.

Shirley began to wonder why she made her pony act so queer, but she soon found out as she saw a peculiar haze in the distance. She urged her pony to hurry, as she knew this haze was a sandstorm. Faster and faster she rode, and finally her aunt's house came into view. He anxiously awaited her, as they had seen the storm approaching. They rushed into the house and closed all the windows and doors, and they were all thinking that she was safe.

I hope to see this in print, as this is the first time that I have written. I wish to join the Blue Side.

My Kitten.
By Rae Carson, Aged 10 Years, Fremont, Neb.
I have a cat and his name is Chippy; he is a gray and black stripe. He has blue eyes. He is about four inches tall. My kitty is lame in one leg. I like to play with him; one day I was out in the barn with my Uncle Charlie; my kitty followed me to the barn and jumped up on my coat and I had to play with him or he wouldn't be still, so I picked him up and he was satisfied. We feed him meat and milk and he is getting fat.

It climbs up on the screen to get in, but we won't let him in. He is afraid of the dog. We had a snow-storm and it keeps mewling around me. His feet were cold, so I had to pick him up. One time I went down cellar after an apple and I caught my cat's head in the door.

A New Busy Bee.
By Mabel Little, Aged 12 Years, 233 East Tenth Street, North Platte, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: You are all busy I suppose as Bee should be. There is plenty of work for everyone who will do it. I want to join your merry 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

A New Member.
By Irene Hiss, Aged 11, Crest, Neb.
I have never 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. Here's a little event that was taken up at our school. Our 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 all 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 Goodbye, Busy Bees.

Santa Claus in Toyland —By— CHESTER H. LAWRENCE

CHAPTER VI.
The Penguins to the Rescue.
All the time Jack had been talking to Santa he had been working on the broken engine, crawling down underneath it and taking it apart and putting it together until finally he was so tired and out of patience he threw down his monkey wrench and dropped down on a bench and cried wearily, "What good is it going to do anyway after I do get it fixed, without anybody left to help me run the plant?" Santa, I'm afraid your chances of making your trip tonight are rather small."

Just then he looked up and saw a ray of sunlight shining in the window. He jumped up, unable to control his anger. Stomping his foot and shaking his fist, he called upon Old Fire-Eater to show himself long enough to be taught a needed lesson. But all he heard in reply was a mocking laugh.

Santa felt his heart sinking lower every minute, but he wasn't quite ready to give up yet. He turned to Jack and asked, "Tell me, Jack, how many does it take to run this outfit of yours?"

"Oh, don't be foolish, Sam," cried Jack. "Why, it would take a good fifty men to tend the boilers and get enough steam to run the engines, besides others to watch the machinery. It's too foolish to think about."

"Not so foolish as you think," said most laudable Santa, for an idea had come to him. "How about my friends, the penguins? They could at least keep up the fire while one of us looked after things in the boiler room. Then with Stumpy to watch the switchboard, you to oversee us all, and me down over-seeing the penguins, we can run the whole plant!"

Jack began shaking his head in doubt, but Santa went on: "Oh, I forgot Dinah. She can run the machinery, with a little help from you."

Jack still held back as if he

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 around 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.

"Samuel," 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 on the prancing Vixen as their general.

When Jack came to the door and saw what a businesslike army Santa had with him he ceased to worry and smiled for the first time that day. "What, ho!" he cried. "Tis Santa and his brave followers. Stand at attention, and make yourselves at home."

Santa dismounted. The penguin captain gave an order and each queer bird saluted with one wing. Then the captain gave another command and they all broke ranks and went into the palace with an air that seemed to say, "Well, here we are. Now show us the work and let us get busy."

Jack's spirits had improved wonderfully, and gleefully he slapped Santa on the back and said, "Santa, you're a wonder! In a little while we'll have that old skunk Fire-Eater wishing 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.

Now they were all ready to start and Jack took each one to the place 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. All Stumpy had to do was 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 for, 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 them.

Everything turned out just as Jack wanted it to and in a couple of hours after they had started to work the north wind was howling outside the palace and the sun was completely hidden.

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, Sam," 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 that you are getting too old for your job."

Santa knew the need of haste only too well, so without delay he picked out a number of penguins to help him and telling them to follow him as fast as they could, he jumped on Vixen and was off, shouting good-bye to Jack as he went.

(Continued Next Sunday)

NO GROUNDS FOR THIS.
Teacher—Your answer is about as clear as mud.
Pupil—Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?—Boys' Life for October

My Pet.
By Fern Carson, Aged 12, Fremont, Neb.
I have a pet kitten. Her name is Trixy. She is about 2 years old. I haven't taught her any tricks yet, but Trixy is a very smart kitten. We feed her milk and she keeps very fat. Trixy sleeps in the barn. She likes to have me carry her around; she never scratches me. Trixy hasn't got a bad habit like other kittens have, that is kill chickens. Wherever I go Trixy follows me.

Story of a Cat.
By Barbara O. Gilbert, Grade, Neb.
My brother has a cat named Tabby. He was 4 years old when we got him. He weighs seven pounds. He is a dark gray and has had one ear frozen off. He used to be a good mouser, but has nearly lost his eyesight. My brother and I used to make harness and hitch him up, but he wanted to sleep and wouldn't go.

A Happy Bee.
By Harold Lenon, Aged 12, 447 East Sixth Street, Fremont, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I like very much to read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. I haven't had the flu yet. We had a snow yesterday and a rain today. I haven't been out of doors very much today. I have a cousin in the army. Goodbye. Will write again.

PEACE
Words once have been waiting for four long years and more. Hoping and praying for war to cease, and a higher power has intervened. From war's shackles he'll release. The God of war no longer reigns. But the God who creates loves.

Out of whose his will restoration. And order there will be again. From the sword a plowshare will be. For in the hands of men.

Love's arm will be his hand. On their life will be a new dawn. By the Father above, who reigns o'er all. And maketh all sure to cease.

Then let the day of Thanksgiving. Be more than a usual one. And prayers of thankfulness ascend. For the wonders He has done. And may the peace he lasting. And God, we ask of Thee. To send Thy heavenly blessing. On our flag and country.

—BELLVIEW.