Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

Stories by Little Folks

Attention Busy Bees.

Will all Busy Bees remember that letters and stories written on both sides of the paper will not appear in print.

Will John Palmer Nye, jr., winner of last week's prize, kindly send his address to Bee office in care of Busy Bee editor.

(Prize.)

What Becomes of the Light?

"I'll tell you, mother," said Ted one day,
When he was tired and sleepy from play.
"I've asked and asked 'til it seems to me
That no one's every stayed up to see
What becomes of the light.

"And, mother, dear, if you'll say yes,
I believe—yes, I guess,
I'll stay up tonight and see
And then I'll tell them all, you bet,
What becomes of the light."

"And maybe I'll see the sandman, too,
As he comes from the sky with his pack of sand,
To send us all to slumberland.
I'll ask him, too, for he might know,
What becomes of the light."

So Ted lay down by the big fireplace,
And as he lay there looking into space
He heard a voice in the big old clock
Say, instead of its usual "tick-tock,"
"What becomes of the light?"

"It's neither for you nor I to know,
It's only the fairies and winds that blow,
The ocean that ripples along its shore,
The honey and dew in the heart of the rose.
It's only these, my lad, that know
What becomes of the light.

"Then trouble no longer your curly head,
But go right up to your white trundle bed,
For today is here and tomorrow never comes,
The clover is white and the bee still hums,
Live in today instead of tomorrow
And never trouble again, my lad, o'er
What becomes of the light."

And, strange to say, our little Ted
Took this sage advice
And went up to his trundle bed,
And lay there as still as mice,
And now he's older and wiser and wants us to say to you,
"Never pry into private affairs, as—
What becomes of the light?"
—Helen Parker, 13, Brownville, Neb.

(Honorable Mention.)

Madam Wagner's Tea Party.

It was a wonderful affair, that tea party. Beautiful silver, snow white damask, and the chinaware, it was enough to make people green with envy. And that was not all, for there were to be two notables of that time, General Lafayette and the mayor of Philadelphia. Now madam had two daughters, very young and pretty. Betsy was the eldest and Nellie the youngest. Both were accomplished young ladies. They both sang and played the spinet. The ladies were very excited because at that time when a great person accepted an invitation it was a great honor. At last the great moment arrived, the carriage was at the door and, as a crowd had gathered, there was a good deal of noise. As the general alighted the mayor led the way into the drawing room. Madam stood there waiting with her daughters with their hair powdered for the first time. The madam held out her dainty white-gloved hand and the general, with the courtly grace of his country, smiled, bowed and kissed her hand—no, not her hand, but his own picture. Like most ladies, who were very patriotic at that time, she had his picture stamped on her glove. Everybody laughed and went to tea. Madam presided over the tea caddy and poured the tea with much grace. They played and sang and then the general took his leave. As he rode away the onlookers cheered, and the tea party was over.—G. Vana, 12, 5014 South Twenty-third street, South Side, Omaha, Neb.

Robert's Visit.

One day Robert was playing in his yard when an airplane landed in a meadow near by. He ran to the meadow to see what was the matter. When he got down there he saw it was his friend, Peter Bear. "What is the matter, Peter," asked Robert. "I came to take you for a ride," said Peter. "Are you ready?" "Yes, I am ready," answered Robert. Robert jumped up in the airplane and they started to go. They traveled and traveled until they came to an animal land where there were all sorts of animals. There were elephants and giraffs and all other kinds. After Robert had seen lots of his animal friends Peter took Robert home and when Robert got in the house he told his mother all about the land he had seen.—Catherine Johnson, 10, Spirit Lake, Ia.

Christmas.

Dear Busy Bees: I am writing a poem.
Dear old Santa soon was here;
He came with his deindeers;
He came so fast
With a kick, kick in the early morn.
As my letter is getting long, I will close.—Mary Bickert, 8, Exeter, Neb.

Disobedient Jimmy.

One day Jimmy asked his mother if he could take his rifle he received for Christmas. His mother said, "no, for you may hurt yourself," but when his mother went into the other room he took his rifle and went. There was a large grove of trees a mile from his house, so he went there. He went on further and saw a rabbit. He shot at it but missed it. It happened that there was some one else hunting and they shot Jimmy, they didn't know it. Jimmy was hurt quite badly. He lay there till a man picked him up and took him home. When Jimmy was well he never went hunting again when he was told not to. Theresa Gerlick, aged 12, Omaha, Neb.

Dinner for 25c

DINNER FOR 25 CENTS—For that sum a regular meal is served at Ellis Island for immigrants. This pretty newcomer is enjoying the food. At no place in the country is food so cheap.

POEM.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed
A kiss when I burn my fingers
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over
A kiss when my bath begins,
My mother's as full of kisses
As nurse is full of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle
A kiss when I pull my hair
She covered me over with kisses,
The day I fell down stairs.

A kiss when I give her trouble
A kiss when I give her joy
There's nothing like mother's kisses
To her own baby boy.

A New Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you and I would like to join your hive. I have for pets a dog (his name is Uno) and a bird, whose name is Dicky, and a chicken, whose name is Specklehead. Well, I am sending you a poem, so I will close my letter. I would like to have some of the Busy Bees write to me, as I am lonesome. Your loving friend and hoping to be one of you and become a Bee.—Violet Hallberg, 12, 2786 South Ninth street, Omaha, Neb.

Where Do They Go?

Where go the winds
When the day is still,
Out on the ocean
Or over the hill?

Where goes the sun
When the day is dark?
Does God take it home
Or blow out its sparks?

If any of the Busy Bees can answer this riddle and will send me their address and the answer and a letter I will send them something as a prize: What is it that is big at one end and small at the other and something in the middle goes flippity-flop?

The Runaway Pig.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to write you a story. This story is a true story, and I hope you will like it. I would be pleased greatly if some Busy Bees would write to me.

One day my father and one of his gentlemen friends went to the country for two pigs, one for each of them. So when they came home it was quite late, so my father made a little pen and put a box in the pen and put the pig in the box and went to bed with the thought that the pig would be all right until morning. When morning came my father got up and went out to see about the pig, but when he got out there the pig was gone. So we have thought some one must have stolen it or it must have jumped over the box and run away.—Henrietta Fisher, Aged 13, Schuyler, Neb.

Bedtime.

The big tall clock is monitor
For little brother Ted;
And when the hands both point straight down
It's time to go to bed.

The tall and slim themometer
When fields are bleak and grey
Tells little crickets one and all
To go to bed 'till May.

You Know the Kind.

"What sort of a chap is Bill to camp out with?"

"He's one of those fellows who always takes down a mandolin about the time it's up to somebody to get busy with the frying pan."—Boston Transcript.

A Barking Blackbird

The blackbird, like the thrush, sometimes borrows a note or a tune and uses it as a song. If reared by hand, writes W. H. Hudson in his book, "Birds in Town and Village," he may become a nuisance by mimicking some disagreeable sound.

I heard of such a case a short time ago at Sidmouth. The ground floor of the house where I lodged was occupied by a gentleman who had a fondness for bird music, and, being an invalid confined to his rooms, he kept a number of birds in cages. He had, besides canaries, the thrush, chaffinch, linnet, goldfinch and cirl bunting. I remarked that he did not have the best singer of all—the blackbird. He said that he had procured a beautiful ouzel cock: of the blackest plumage and with the orange-tawniest bill, and had anticipated great pleasure from hearing its fluting melody.

But, alas! No blackbird song did this unnatural blackbird sing. He had learned to bark like a dog, and whenever the singing spirit took him he would bark once or twice or three times, and then after an interval of silence (about 15 seconds) he would bark again, and so on until he had his fill of music for the time. The barking got on the invalid's nerves, and he sent the bird away.

"It was either that," he said, "or lose my senses altogether."

A Bad Bargain.

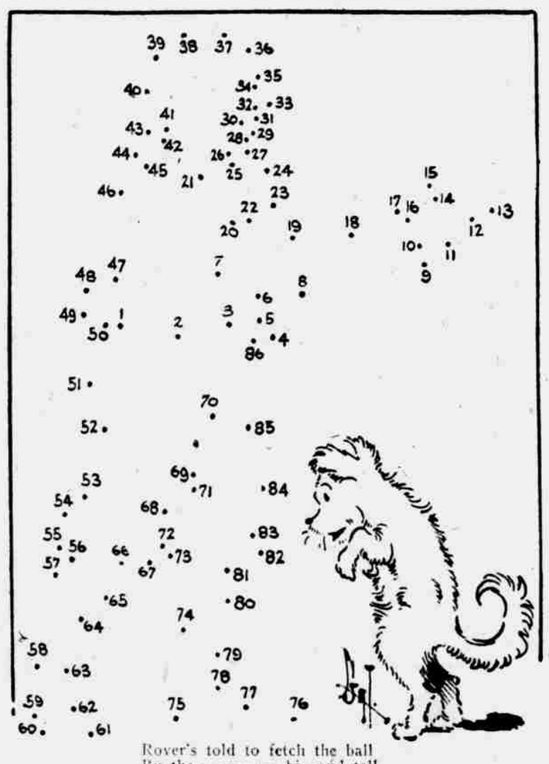
By my cousin, Ralph, I found out that a Mr. Johnson, living a few miles from our house, had a colt for sale. I always wanted a colt for horseback riding. One day I went over to the Johnson farm and looked at the horse. My father was with me. We examined the colt and found it to be a very nice, gentle horse. My father asked Mr. Johnson what he asked for her. "Twenty-five dollars, with saddle," said Mr. Johnson. My father said $20 was all the horse was worth, so he did not take it then. I was so anxious to have the horse that I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said $20 was all the horse was worth and told me to offer that price. If it was not accepted I was to offer $22.50 and if that would not get him to offer the $25. I at once went after the colt. When I got to Mr. Johnson's house I said to him: "Papa says I may offer you $20 for the colt, but if you will not take that I am to offer $22.50, and if you won't take that to give you $25." I could not have been over 8 years old at the time.

To whom it may concern: I am not a good hand writer, but I hope you can read it. I will write again. —Frank Cejda, Aged 12, West Point, Neb.

A Brook.

Pretty, laughing, tippling brook,
Running from the corners and nooks,
Laughing all day long.
With your cheerful blithesome song,
When at first you were a spring you bubbled high and low,
And you grew higher and higher,
Tho' you grew very slow.
—Lorena Bennett, Aged 12, Wayne, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



Rover's told to fetch the ball
By the —— —— big and tall.

Complete the picture by drawing a ure 1 and taking them numerically, ure 1 and taking them numerically.

Camp Fire Girls

Camp Fire Girl Wins Honor

Miss Marie Price, Omaha Camp Fire Girl, has won a National Honor of Camp Fire.

This distinction places Miss Price in an enviable position. The Honor, a bronze medal, is the one National Symbol of Camp Fire Honors, and used throughout the United States. Miss Price won the Honor by making a beaded stole. Each decoration in the stole represents an event in a trip taken by the honoree.

So unusual is the work that Camp Fire headquarters, in New York City, have held the stole for exhibition.

Miss Price's description of her work will be of interest.

"My stole represents a trip I took to my grandmother's two years ago. Being in a little country town and not a very exciting place, I thought I would amuse myself by making a beaded stole. The first picture I put on my stole was a large engine, the coal car and the Pullman, all made of black beads. I made the picture of the train because that was the starting of my trip. We arrived in Bruna, Neb., July 4, and that afternoon we went to the city park. To represent the park I made a small picture. On one side of the picture I made many little evergreen trees, a small lake and in the lake a canoe. My next picture was two elks that I had seen at the country park. One picture was an automobile, because I had taken a ride in an auto for sightseeing. After the auto I had a fishing pond, because my sister and I went fishing and I fell in. My next picture was a horse and buggy, for while I was in the country I went to the town in a buggy for groceries and drove the horse. It was very much fun in driving a horse, for one never gets a chance to drive horses in the city. In one picture there were many wild roses, because there were many wild roses in the country, and I went rose-picking on nice cool days.

"One of the largest pictures on my stole is a picture of a farm. Here I have a barn, chickens, a pump, a place for cows to drink, a cow and a small duck in it. This is to represent my visit to the farm. Of course, farms have trees, so I had to put a tree on one side of the farm.

"The last picture on my stole is a large blue bird flying the opposite direction the train was going. The bird represents me returning home."

Humming Bluebird Group Elects Officers

The weekly meeting of the Humming Bluebird group was held at the home of Miss Betty McEachron. The members decided to sew for the babies of the Salvation Army Rescue home. The Misses Bonnie May Overton, Ruth McClenighan and Marjorie Ackerman were appointed to buy the material. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Bonnie May Orevton; secretary, Miss Marjorie Ackerman; treasurer, Miss Betty McEachron, and reporter, Miss Ruth Shellington. Following the meeting gomes were played and ghost stories of the most spooky variety told.

Fashion's Blue Book

"Eeny, meny, miny, mo, out goes she"—in a charming little three-piece costume of maroon serge trimmed with gray flannel and in a hat all to match. The accordion plaited skirt is interpolated by a band of the flannel down the front and the coat, amusingly like the sacque of the Godey's Lady Book period, is trimmed with the same material set on with chain stitch embroidery of black floss. The little pockets in the corners are embroidered also in black. As for the short-waisted bodice of the frock hidden by the coat, this has sleeves reaching only to the armholes of the outer garment. And, by the way, the three-piece costume is a grown up privilege which is being shared extensively by the younger generation. This model is for the girl of from 6 to 12.—Corinne Lowe.

"Y" Employed Boys' Bible Club Enjoys Movies After Study

The members of the Junior Employed Boys' Bible study class enjoyed a Harold Lloyd comedy after their Bible study session last Saturday night. J. Shailer Arnold, assistant boys' work secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is in charge of this club and is doing some excellent work with the boys. There are 60 boys in the Bible study club and a great interest is being taken by them in the work. They are studying old testament heroes and the knowledge that many of the boys have of these characters is wonderful.

Last night, following their Bible study period, refreshments were served. Something special in the way of entertainment is being planned for them at each of their Bible study meetings.

These boys are all working lads, most of them carrying and selling papers after school and on Saturdays. They have two classes in the gym each week and two periods in the swimming pool. The Bible study work is a part of their all-round program of activities promoted for them by the boys' division.

All Arranged.

Willis—Is everything all arranged for your operation?

Gillis—Yes. The doctor has made some very searching inquiries of my banker, and I've talked things over informally with the undertaker.—Judge.

A Confetti Explosion

"Boom!" A loud explosion in the midst of the crowd of hilarious people celebrating the election or a holiday. Colored confetti bursts forth and flutters in the air, falling upon the merrymakers.

The confetti "bomb" is a recent invention. It consists of a cardboard cylinder having a small compartment in the bottom of which a charge of explosive mixture has been placed. The upper part of the cylinder is filled with confetti or any light material one may wish to blow into the air.—Popular Science Monthly.

Strength.

"Who says 'I will,' to what is right,
'I won't,' to what is wrong,
Although a tender little child,
Is truly great and strong."

Special Swimming Tests for "Y" Boys

C. Carl Weigel, assistant physical director of the Y. M. C. A., who is in charge of practically all the physical work of the boys, has arranged some novel swimming tests which are creating a great deal of excitement among the 900 boy members of the "Y."

His tests are divided into four groups, the beginners, the swimmers, the leaders, and the life savers. Two hundred boys are at work on the various tests, each of which is a great deal harder than the first. Thus far 35 boys have passed the beginners' tests, 45 have passed the swimmers' tests, 15 are working on the leaders' tests at present, and four boys have come to the life savers' division.

The boys trying out for the life savers' award are Dick Wrenn, Arthur Head, Willard Williams and Joe Raduziner. These tests will last for the next two months and an opportunity will be given for every "Y" boy to get in for an award.

Incidentally, some fine swimmers are being developed through the award system which is the motive for starting it. These boys will be used as leaders in the swimming work for boys and in the city-wide swimming campaign in the spring.

The Teenie Weenies

By William Donahey

Togo Loses His Charm and Trouble Begins.

Some one done stol' my dog hair!" wailed Gogo one night, appearing in his pajamas and funny night cap at the head of the Teenie Weenie stairs.

"Your what? asked the General, looking up from the game of chess he was playing with the Old Soldier.

"Ma dog hair—ma cha'm," cried the little colored fellow, pointing his thumb over his shoulder toward his bedroom.

"What in the name of goodness is a charm? What do you mean by a dog hair?" asked the General.

"Done got a dog hair what I keeps under ma pillow to keep from dreamin' about dat black cat," answered the little chap. "Every time I done dream 'bout dat black cat there sure to be bad luck, and when I done have dat dog hair under my pillow it sure done chase all cat dreams away."

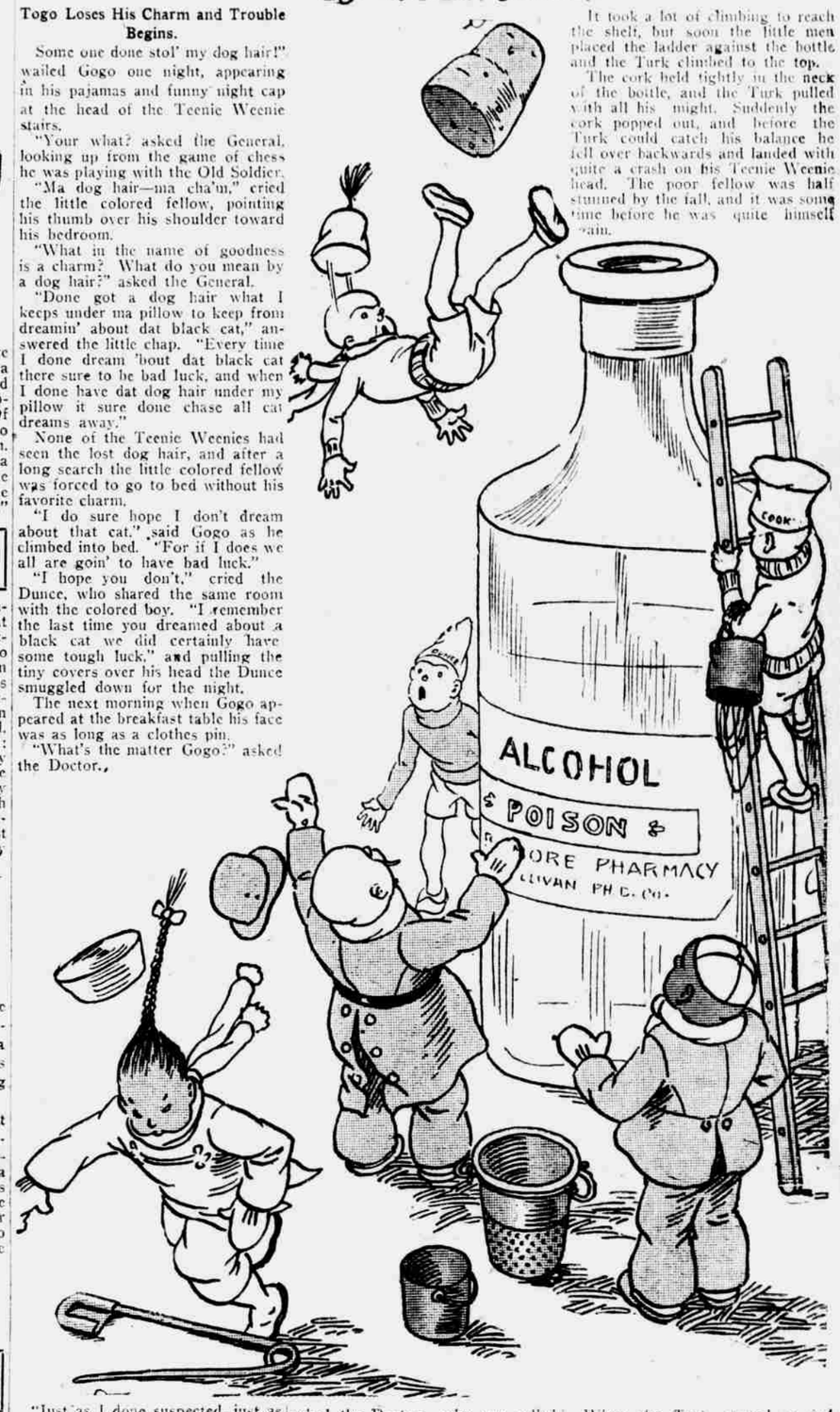
None of the Teenie Weenies had seen the lost dog hair, and after a long search the little colored fellow was forced to go to bed without his favorite charm.

"I do sure hope I don't dream about that cat," said Gogo as he climbed into bed. "For if I does we all are goin' to have bad luck."

"I hope you don't," cried the Dunce, who shared the same room with the colored boy. "I remember the last time you dreamed about a black cat we did certainly have some tough luck," and pulling the tiny covers over his head the Dunce smuggled down for the night.

The next morning when Gogo appeared at the breakfast table his face was as long as a clothes pin.

"What's the matter Gogo?" asked the Doctor.



"Just as I done suspected, just as I done suspected," wailed the little fellow. "I done dream 'bout black cat, and dat means trouble."

"Ah, forget about it," said the Turk. "It's all in your imagination. You won't have any bad luck."

"Yes, I will. Just you wait and see," answered Gogo, looking mournfully at the grain of boiled wheat on his tiny plate.

Whether Gogo's dream had anything to do with it or not is hard to say, but the Teenie Weenies did have a troublesome day.

The little folks had hardly finished breakfast when Tess Bone and Buddy Guff had a most violent quarrel.

Tess handed her tiny engagement ring back to Buddy, and rushing upstairs she locked her bedroom door and spent the day there.

Next Grandpa complained of rheumatism, and the poor old fellow's groans were heard way out to the top of the rose bush by Tilly Titters, who flew down to ask what the trouble was.

Grandpa wore his felt boots, overcoat and mittens and, although he sat so close to the tiny fireplace he almost scorched his boots, he shivered with the cold.

"What's the matter, Grandpa?" asked the Doctor, who was called in to attend the old gentleman.

"Rheumatism!" cried the old man. "It's all on account of sittin' in that tomato can day before yesterday. I went out to take a little walk and I sat down to rest in an old tomato can and there was an awful draft there. Drafts always bring on my rheumatism," and the poor old fellow let out a howl that could be heard on the Lovers' bungalow.

After a careful examination the doctor decided that an alcohol rub would help the old gentleman's suffering.

"General, I will have to ask for help," said the Doctor, turning to the head of the Teenie Weenies. "There isn't a bit of alcohol at the hospital, and we'll have to have about a thimble full."

"Well, I'll send some of the boys out for a supply," answered the General, and calling the Policeman he ordered that fat little chap to take several of the Teenie Weenies and go and search for the needed alcohol.

Taking along a thimble, a ladder, buckets and some rope, a number of the little men set out for one of the big houses near the rosebush.

After a long search they found a large bottle of alcohol on a shelf in a big bathroom.

It took a lot of climbing to reach the shelf, but soon the little men placed the ladder against the bottle and the Turk climbed to the top.

The cork held tightly in the neck of the bottle, and the Turk pulled with all his might. Suddenly the cork popped out, and before the Turk could catch his balance he fell over backwards and landed with quite a crash on his Teenie Weenie head. The poor fellow was half stunned by the fall, and it was some time before he was quite himself again.

When the Turk started to fall the Chinaman tried to get out of the way, and stubbing his toe on a safety pin, he fell on his nose so hard it started to bleed.

"Dat's all on account of dat losin' of my dog hair. Dat's what it is. If I hadn't lost dat hair I wouldn't have done dream 'bout dat cat and den all dis trouble wouldn't have happened," wailed the little colored Teenie Weenie as he helped the Chinaman to his feet.

After the Chinaman and the Turk had been attended to the Teenie Weenies secured a thimbleful of alcohol, which they carried home to the Doctor.

After Grandpa had been given a thorough rub he was much relieved, and Tess and Buddy having made up the affairs of the shoe house soon ran as smoothly as ever.

"Well, Gogo, we certainly have had our share of trouble today, and I hope you find another dog hair to put under your pillow, so you won't dream about that black cat and bring us more trouble," smiled the General that evening as the little family sat down to dinner.

"You all don't need to worry any more," said the little colored chap. "I done got another dog hair and I done got it tied to my bed, for I sure don't want no mo' bad luck."

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Father and Son Week Observed in "Y" Clubs

The Father and Son week movement which has been promoted in Omaha this past week by the churches and the Boys' division of the Y. M. C. A., was observed in the Junior Hi-Y club meeting on Thursday night and by the Grade Boys' club on Saturday noon.

At the Thursday night meeting, J. Dean Ringer spoke to the boys on "Appreciation of Dad" and drove home to them in a 15-minute talk the things that they fall down in toward their fathers and pictured to them how they can start a real comradeship with their fathers which will mean more to them than any thing else. Regular Bible study followed Mr. Ringer's talk.

On Saturday noon, George Benolken, senior in Central High, captain in the cadet regiment, president of the student association, and teacher of one of the Saturday noon Bible clubs, spoke to the boys along the same line. He pictured to the boys what their fathers should mean to them and how they could help in having ideal home relationships. One hundred sixty boys listened to his talk and he impressed them as only a high school leader can impress a group of grade lads. George is a member of the Central basket ball squad and played a star game in foot ball last fall.

Following this talk a feature picture in six reels was shown to the boys instead of Bible study work. This is part of the four-fold program of character development which the "Y" has for the boys of Omaha.

Weight Basket Ball League to Start Soon

Within the next two weeks basket ball leagues will be started for the boy members of the Y. M. C. A. in three leagues, according to the weight of the boys. The playing time has not been decided yet, but full announcement of plans will be ready in another week. C. Carl Weigel, assistant physical director, will be in charge of the leagues and will see to the playing of the games.

The weights will be: League 1, boys 95 pounds and under; league 2, boys of 105 pounds and under; league 3, boys of 125 pounds and under.

The grade school Bible club league and the Junior Hi-Y league, which was played off during November and December, furnished some exciting games and the new leagues will be even more popular, officials of the boys' division and physical departments predict.

"Y" Boys You Should Know—Merle Hanna

Among the many prominent members of the boys' division of the Omaha Y. M. C. A. is Merle Hanna, who is a leader in the sophomore class in Central High school and a leader in the various activities of the "Y." Hanna has been a member of the boys' division for the past three years and is one of the most loyal boosters in everything that goes on.

He is the 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Hanna of 2121 Lothrop street. He is a leader in the gym work of the association as well as of the boys' division and is always on the lookout for a place where he can be of service to the rest of the boys.

Merle is president of the Junior Hi-Y club, an organization of 125 of the younger Central High boys that meets every Thursday night at the "Y" for dinner and Bible study. He attended two periods at Camp Sheldon last summer and acted as assistant cottage leader at the first period camp and as cottage leader the second period. He is going back again this summer in the capacity of a leader and will do some tine work in this connection at the camp with 125 Omaha boys.

Number of Books Increases in Boys' Library at Local "Y"

With the number of books which the boy members of the Y. M. C. A. have been contributing to the new library constantly increasing, it was necessary last week to purchase a new enlarged bookcase to hold the books. An appeal was made during the Christmas vacation for boys to bring to the boys' division books which they had read and enjoyed and the response to this appeal was remarkable.

The boys' division now has a very fine library of boys' books, which the members may sit down to and read while they are waiting for friends to come in or for classes to start. There is still room for 100 or more books and every member is asked to look through his books at home and bring down any which he would like to contribute to the boys' library.

Each boy writes his own name in the books which he gives so that the other boys may know who has contributed the books to the library. Enlargements are being made to the boys' division to take care of the greatly increased membership.