

# BUSY LITTLE BEES ON THEIR OWN PAGE

THE Blue side has been winning more prizes in the last two or three weeks than the Red. Perhaps it is because so many of the new Busy Bees are trying to help the Red side, and some of the new writers forget to read the rules which are published every week on the Busy Bees' Own Page, and some of them forget and write on both sides of the paper or forget to write their age. The editor was pleased to notice that most of the stories were written on new and original subjects, which shows that the Busy Bees can think for themselves. One story sent in this week was beautifully illustrated with pen and ink sketches and the editor regretted that these could not be reproduced on the Busy Bee page so that you could all enjoy them.

The editor would like to receive some good stories about Thanksgiving day from the little Busy Bees.

The prizes were awarded this week to Martha Davies, on the Blue side, and to Marie Shook, also on the Blue side, and honorable mention was given to Carrie DeVol, on the Red side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any one whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Joan La Long, 407 North 14th, Omaha, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnstead, Neb.
- Lillian Mervin, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dahlke, Fremont, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Helen, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Fridell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Junice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 455 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lydla Roth, 93 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kriska, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 343 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 1455 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Edna Hamilton, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 209 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Sibley, Lyons, Neb.
- Kathleen McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Schizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Mary Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Luelle Hanson, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma M. Guard, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Hugh Ruit, North Loup, Neb.
- Hester E. Ruit, Leshara, Neb.
- Lillian Witt, 158 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.
- Meyer Colby, 209 L street, Omaha, Neb.
- Ada Morris, 304 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.
- Morris Jones, 295 L street, Omaha, Neb.
- Roll Howard, 209 L street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Hovak, 263 L street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 297 Leavenworth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mabel Sheffield, 424 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Wilma Howard, 4723 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Emerson Goodrich, 4016 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Helen Goodrich, 4016 Nicholas street, Omaha, Neb.
- Maurice Johnson, 1277 Locust street, Omaha, Neb.
- Hilsh Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh street, Omaha, Neb.
- Louis Raabe, 269 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha, Neb.
- Emma Carruthers, 221 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Walter Johnson, 1463 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth street, Omaha, Neb.
- Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb.
- Eva Hendee, 4022 Dodge street, Omaha, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Julia Innes, 218 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.
- Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
- Maria Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lottie Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Redwington, Neb.
- Emma Kustal, 1516 O street, South Omaha, Neb.
- Edna Ellis, Stanton, Neb.
- Edna Ellis, Stanton, Neb.
- Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Irtica, Neb.
- Maie Grunke, West Point, Neb.
- Elsie Stansky, Wilber, Neb.
- Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Edna Beal, York, Neb.
- Carrie E. Warlick, Fontanelle, Ia.
- Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Edna Hamilton, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Kathryn Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Mildred Stoughton, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Helen Jensen, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.

## One of the Bright Busy Bee



MARIE SHOOK.



## Little Stories for Little Folks

**Imaginary Friends**  
By Marie Shook, Aged 12 Years, Blue.  
Mildred was fond of imagining there was someone playing with her. She often was playing with Hilda or Roy. She had lots of these kind of friends.  
But one day something happened that changed it all. Two of her cousins came to see her, Mary and Donald. After that she forgot her imaginary friends.  
They stayed there long weeks, though they seemed short to Mildred.  
About two weeks after that she became ill. She was so sick that she couldn't do anything but talk, and she was too weak to talk very much. She was worse instead of better and they were all worried. She asked her mother to read to her most of the time, but she got tired of that.  
One day her mother happened to think of her imaginary friends.  
"Mildred, we forgot all about your imaginary friends."  
"Why, yes, mother. I'm so glad you thought of them."  
"Open the door mamma for Hilda and Roy." "Take off your hats and coats and sit down. I'm so glad you came."  
"We just learned you were ill and hurried over to see you. We're so sorry."  
"And I'm going to get well in a hurry. Just see if I don't. Come often, will you?" "Yes, and we'll tell Mary and John about you, too."  
One morning a week after Hilda's and Roy's visit her mother and father, standing in the hall, looked out and watched her romping with her imaginary friends. "I'm glad she has imaginary friends. I'm very glad," said her father. "So am I. She has been brought back from the hands of death," said her mother.  
She is now a grown woman, but she still remembers her imaginary friends.

**Rules for Young Writers**  
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the 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 will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.  
First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA, NEB.

**Celebrated Autumn Festivities**  
By Martha Davies, Aged 12 Years, Ill, Military Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Blue.  
Autumn aighig, Moaning, dying, Clouds are flying, On like steeds.  
The leaves began to turn from green to red, yellow and some to red and yellow both. Later they turned from red and yellow to brown. The pumpkins were ripening and turning a rich yellow color. It was nearing Halloween, and children and grown folks were talking of olden times, how some people believed in witches and used to keep fires burning to keep these witches or evil spirits away. Another superstitious idea was to see who your future husband or wife should be. In England the celebrated fire-side reviles, such as duck for apples in a tub of water, roast and crack nuts and tell ghost stories. Halloween is really the celebration of All Saints' day, which now mostly the children celebrate. At night some of the smaller ones take pumpkins with eyes, nose and mouth cut in them and put them up to people's windows to try and scare them. Some boys do much more daring things. They tear up wooden side-walks and small buildings. Another of the autumn festivities is Thanksgiving. This is celebrated more by the grown folks, which is in honor of the Pilgrims who helped to settle this country. The first Thanksgiving day was after the first harvest. That day most of the men went into the woods with their guns to hunt wild game such as rabbits, prairie chickens and wild turkey. The women stayed in and made pies, puddings and cakes. When the men came home from hunting the women cooked the meat. This day the Indians brought popcorn. This was probably about the first popped popcorn. Nowadays they that celebrate it sometimes go to church to give thanks to God. Most people have big dinners with the meat

their assistants in various work. And I must now be about my own duties, so good morning—and farewell, Major Grasshopper. Should you survive the winter that is now upon us take the warning you have had and learn to make provision for that tomorrow which hitherto you held in such scorn."  
Then the Queen Bee flew into the hive and Major Grasshopper sat shivering in the cold, dead grass.  
"I guess it's too late for me to turn over a new leaf," he sighed. "But, after all, it's well to prepare for cold weather in time of sunshine and warmth, though no grasshopper on earth could be made to understand it. Ah, that was a wise saying, that the grasshopper gay whiles the summer away, and with winter's first roar found himself poor."  
"Ah, my dear major," replied Queen Bee in a sympathetic voice, "it hurts me to see you suffer and not to do something for you. But it is impossible for me to give you what you ask."  
"But you have a hive, and can certainly share it with me," whined Major Grasshopper. "I ask for but one snug corner where I may sleep and eat during the winter."  
"But suppose, major, I should find a corner in my hive for you, what would you substitute for you have no winter's supply of food stored up," spoke the queen.  
"But you have plenty of honey in your hive, and will surely offer me a share of it," declared Major Grasshopper.  
The Queen Bee fanned her wings a minute, then said: "My dear fellow, during all the summer you have played and made merry, while my workers have toiled to fill this hive with winter's food. And now you come to me and ask to share that which you had no part in earning. No, were I to respond to your request, my dear sir, you could not live in this hive—ten minutes for the winter's frost. And now I and you would be a drone, never having done a day's work in all your life. I warned you about a week ago that winter was coming, and you only laughed and said you lived for today and would let tomorrow take care of itself. Well, here is that tomorrow, major. And I'm taking care of itself; but not of you. No, I cannot do anything for you, for it is the law of the bee that no drone be allowed to live on them. You have not helped to build this hive, therefore you may not share its shelter. You have not assisted with filling the comb with honey, therefore, you may not eat of it. The hive belongs to the builders and their assistants in various lines. The honey to the gatherers and

will go into her lap and show her I love her.  
"If all cats read this story, which I have written for their benefit, I think that they will always run when two boys come toward them and never have such a miserable experience. Never be afraid of the girls—they are all right!"

**Disobedience**  
Mary Brown, Aged 12 Years, 3222 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb., Red.  
One bright September day some girls and I planned to go walnut picking on Saturday afternoon, so when Saturday afternoon came the girls came after me, and as it was cold and misty my mother would not let me go. So I went upstairs into my room and began to read, when I heard the door slam. I knew my mother went uptown, as she usually does on Saturday afternoons.  
I laid my book down, put my old hat and coat on, went into the cellar to get a basket and started for the woods, a half mile from home. When I reached there I could not find the girls, so I walked down till I came to bushes of stickers and poison vines. I thought I would crawl through on my hands and knees, but as I did so they got into my hair, so I pushed through and went home.  
When I reached there I went upstairs into my room, locked the door, took the scissors and began to cut them out.  
When my mother came home I had the stickers all out, but half of my hair was gone.  
The next day I did not want to go to school, but my mother made me go. After that I never disobeyed my mother again.

**The Story of Busy Barney**  
(Honorable Mention.)  
By Carrie De Vol, Age 11 Years, 2403 North Twenty-Eighth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Barney was a little Irish boy. He had a step-father who was very kind to him. Barney's step-father worked hard for a living. Guess what his business was? No, he was not a barber or a carman. He was not a charcoal man or a harness maker. He did not keep a laundry or a market.  
He was a carpet cleaner. He called Barney his partner. That was because Barney helped him so much. It made Barney very proud.  
They took the carpets out on the river on a barge. They brushed and beat them well. The work was too dusty to do at home.  
When a cargo of carpets was well cleaned they would burrah loudly. Barney's mother could hear the hearty cheers from the shore. They lived not far from the water. A little footpath led them home from the landing.  
Barney's mother would listen and say: "Hark, now! I must be getting the supper ready. The dealers will soon be here."  
"I'll give them a fine cornstarch pudding tonight. They shall not starve for want of a little good cooking. I must see to the rhubarb tart, too. I'll give them a feast for once."  
"There's the lad's scarlet scarf. He's waving it at me now. I know it a mile off."  
Barney and his step-father would bring the carpets ashore. They took them to the owners in a cart. They would reach home at about 7 o'clock. Barney's mother would kiss them both and give them a good supper. When supper was over, Barney would play marbles with the boys. When it grew too dark to play he would go in. He would take his book while and read. Then he would go to Miss Lily White's party. Do you know what that means? It means go to bed.

**Santa Claus**  
By Leola Harris, aged 13 Years, 615 South Twenty-Second Street, Omaha, Red.  
A few years ago my father brought home a little tan and white puppy. As it happened to be just a few days before Christmas we named him Santa.  
A few days after Christmas papa brought home a hatbox with something in it which seemed to be very lively. Mamma did not like dogs, and when she saw the hatbox and heard the funny little scratching noise inside of it she said: "I hope you have not brought another dog?" But it was a little dog, or, rather, a puppy, and the dearest little Newfoundland one you ever saw. We named him Claus.  
The puppies played together nicely. A few weeks after their arrival, at about 9 o'clock at night, we heard a terrible howl from the basement. Papa went down stairs and found Santa dead. We had had painters in the house and Santa had gotten at the white lead.  
We were all very sorry because of the dear little dog's death. We dug a grave and buried him. But Claus, more than anyone else, mourned the death of the little dog, Santa, his playfellow.

**The End of Jim**  
By Charles Patterson, Aged 11 Years, 1306 South 21st St., Omaha, Neb., Red.  
Jim lived in a shanty over by the river. It was his only home that he remembered. It was a cold night and it was snowing. Jim had not been feeling well that evening and laid down on his cot. He thought of the days gone by. His father and mother had died who he was a little boy, and he was left alone in the world. Jim had turned miser when he was about 14 years old, and by this time he had saved a good deal. He was thinking it over and he knew he wouldn't live much longer, and he wrote his will that night. He did not know how to write very good and his spelling was bad, and this was the way he wrote it:  
"The will of Jim brogan. I giv al mi mony everythin tu a little girl name Jene Flin, she lives up on the alle name Jons alle."  
And Jim laid his head on the gunnysack and passed peacefully away.

**The Boy with the Wooden Shoes**  
By Ruth Erickson, Aged 12 Years, Swedenburg, Neb., Red.  
There had come a new boy to school. He and his parents had come from far away and he wore wooden shoes. In the country where they had moved to the boys and girls did not wear wooden shoes, so they made fun of him and his wooden shoes. When he came home from school he said to his mamma: "Such foolish children, they haven't seen wooden shoes before." So he told his mamma that he wanted a pair of leather shoes, but they did not have money enough to buy a pair because they were very poor, so he had to wait a while before he could get them. One place where the school children had to pass there was a big mad dog. One day as they were passing by there the dog was loose and came running toward them. All the children were afraid except Peter Martinson (the one who wore wooden shoes). He took one of his wooden shoes and threw after the dog. The dog was afraid and turned back. Then Peter took his other wooden shoe and threw after him as a farewell to him. When the children saw the dog turning back and Peter had picked up his wooden shoes they started for home thinking him very much for what he had done. After that they never made fun of his wooden shoes.

**Mary's Turning**  
By Dee Winter, Aged 14 Years, St. Francis, Cheyenne County, Kan., Red.  
In a very large city there lived a little girl named Mary, who was very impatient. She always wanted to be first at the table and was always in a hurry for every meal. Some people called her Impatience, which was a very good name for her.  
She grieved her parents very much, as always is the case in this kind of a household. Her parents tried everything to break her of it.  
One night as she was about to sleep, she saw three figures. One was a mother and the other two, her children. The woman was making ready candy and was just pouring it out into a dish to cool so it would be ready to pull.  
One of them said, "May I pull mine now?"  
"No dear, it is too hot now," answered the mother.  
"But I want mine now," growled Impatience.  
"Do as your mother says," advised the other child.  
But Impatience stuck her fingers into it and soon commenced crying. Then the mother cried too.  
"O mother, mother, please stop crying. I will be more patient after this," said the sorry little girl.  
Just then a man appeared to Mary and said, "Your mother ories for you like this woman, every night." You may be sure Mary was patient after this and her parents rejoiced and wondered.

**Laziness**  
By Ruth Thompson, Aged 9 Years, 1204 North Sixteenth Street, Red.  
There was once a miser who was very lazy. He got every penny he had by begging. His wife and two children died from being hungry.  
One day he was reading his evening paper, which he thought was very great to have. He saw that the next morning that there in the court house by the door was going to meet many of the men of the city to look for the mayor's child, who had been lost by his nurse. The one who found it was going to be rewarded by a bag of gold.  
Oh, the miser thought, I will hunt for it not because I want to be good but for the money.  
So he was up bright and early. But on his way he saw a poor little lamb with its feet caught under a rock.  
He was so lazy that he said, "I will not help it for nothing, it did not me." So he journeyed on.  
But the lamb was a fairy who had been changed to a lamb by the queen of fairies because it had disobeyed.  
A poor man going out for the hunt went the same road. When he saw the lamb he said, "I will help it." He got it away from the rock and bound the wound up with his handkerchief, and was just turning away when the lamb said, "I will repay you for your good heart," and saying, drew the child from under the rock and he got the gold.  
When the miser heard this he was so mad that he killed himself. Laziness sometimes loses a great deal.

**Dick's Motto**  
By Verna Kirschbraun, Aged 12 Years, 511 South Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Red.  
One sunny April morning in New York city Dick Marston, a 12-year-old newsboy, was selling papers on the corner of Broadway. In stooping to pick up a paper he dropped his hat and noticed that a purse was lying on the sidewalk.  
He picked it up, and, hastily looking around, he found that no one was looking, but a man had just passed by, and Dick felt certain he had lost it.  
"I need it worse than he does," Dick muttered. "I don't need to give it back to him."  
Instantly Dick thought of the motto, "Honesty is the best policy," and running after the man soon caught up with him.  
"Did you lose your purse, sir?" he asked.  
"Yes, thank you," said the man. "You are an honest boy." And he offered Dick \$5, but Dick would not accept it.  
On his way home Dick noticed a sign in a window saying "boy wanted, big salary." Dick went in and found several boys trying to get the position.  
The proprietor came out and said to Dick, "You are the boy I picked up my purse. I am sure that you are honest and I would rather have a boy in my office that can be trusted than a boy who could do better work and not be trusted, so I think I will take you."  
As he was going home Dick said to himself, "After this my motto will be honesty is the best policy."

**A Composition on a Horse**  
By Mabel Witt, Aged 12 Years, Bennington, Neb., Blue.  
There was once a boy named Milton who was 9 years of age. Milton was in the third grade, and their teacher told the pupils to write a composition on a "dog." Milton said, "I have no dog; my dog died. His name was Shep."  
Miss Bennett, Milton's teacher, said, "Then write a composition on a horse."  
That evening when Milton came home from school he looked for paper and pencil, but could not find any. So he asked his mother if she would find some for him. Mrs. Brown said, "yes," and went to the desk and gave him some.  
Milton took his paper and pencil and went into the barn, got on his pet horse and wrote a composition.  
His father came into the barn to feed the horses and saw Milton there and asked him what he was doing. Milton said, "Teacher said we should write a composition on a horse."  
Mr. Brown (for this was his father's name) laughed and said he should write a story about a horse.

**The Adventure of a Cat**  
By Mary Day, Aged 13 Years, 284 Franklin Street, Omaha, Red.  
"I was on the mat in front of the fire—I don't know whether I was sitting or lying on it—washing my paws, for it was a rainy day and I had just been outdoors.  
"All of a sudden I heard a pitter of feet and turning my head around saw two boys, James and Frank, as they call them, come running through the door. 'Come on, let's have some fun,' and they rudely picked me up by my paws and escorted me into another room. When I had been many times, but every time I went I wouldn't go again, for there was in the corner a thing which looked like a girl, but when I went up and meowed to her she didn't pat my head, and so I pulled her hair and she didn't even cry like Molly does.  
"Well, these boys went to a small box and took out some pieces of cloth, I guess. Then one of them hid me while the other one slipped something over my head and buttoned it around me. Oh, it was so tight. I was meowing very loudly when another thing was put over my head and buttoned around my neck. Then they put something on my head which I am quite sure was a cup because it was very hard and fell off every time I moved my head. They put me in their arms and told me to lie still. I knew not what was coming.  
"They took me back to the fire, but did not lay me down. 'See here, Molly, we have a new doll for you,' but I turned my head around and gave a long meow, and she jumped up and took me and took off those rags, and I was again free. She saved my life, I know she did, and I am going to serve her as long as I can."

**New Animal Analogues**  
By the Author of "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," Prof. Robert Williams Wood, Johns Hopkins University



**The Bee. The Beet. The Beelie.**  
Good Mr. Darwin once contended That Beelies were from Bees descended; And as my pictures show, I think, The Beet must be the missing-link. The Sugar-Beet and Honey-Bee Supply the Beetle's pedigree: The family is now complete, - The Bee, the Beetle and the Beet.

## Queen Bee and Major Grasshopper

By William Wallace, Jr.

THE Queen Bee, a fine specimen, too, of beekind, sat on a tiny branch of a wild rosebush overlooking her domain, which spread for acres, acres and acres around. She saw the members of her hive working very diligently sipping the honey from the fall blossoms, for as long as a flower remained from which to cull sweets just so long would the bees work. And Queen Bee was ever watchful that things went on as they should.

"Well, I guess the winter will soon send the frost to nip the last blossoms," she mused, fanning her wings together; "and it behooves us all to do our work and do it well. There'll be plenty of honey in the hive for us during the long, hard winter, and it's about the finest honey, too, that has been made in the longest time. The flowers this year have been unusually fragrant and moist, as full of honey as a nut is of meat, as the saying goes."

But Queen Bee's reverie was broken in upon by a quick rattling note in the grass. Looking down, she beheld just beneath the leafless rosebush upon which she sat a small but aged grasshopper. He was a gray sort of fellow and was chirping and hopping about like one of half his age, and Queen Bee was much amused at the dwarfed little old chap.

"Hi there, Mr. Grasshopper," she called, fanning her wings in a friendly way. "And as you're still playing, are you? What do you mean by playing all your time in idleness, oh? Don't you know that it isn't wise to think only of the present? Tomorrow is coming, my hopping friend."

"Ah, ha, Queen," said the Grasshopper; "but allow me to correct you regarding my title, please, before I answer your question. Now, I'm plain major. I'm a dignified major, and beg you to address me by my title. Major Gay Grasshopper is my name in full."

"You don't say so?" said the Queen Bee, her voice full of sarcasm. "And pray, how did you become a major, sir?"  
"Oh, I assumed the title which best became my rank," boasted the Grasshopper. "You see, everyone of my kind looked up to me as being a very great fellow and they all realized my dignity."

"But do you work?" asked Queen Bee, smiling into her wing, so that Major Grasshopper might not see her amusement.  
"Work! My dear Queen, did you ever hear of a grasshopper working? No indeed, we never do such toilsome pastimes. Grasshoppers—as you should know—are aristocrats. They do not toil."  
"Ah, I understand," nodded Queen Bee. "And there's an old saying which runs something like this: 'The grasshopper gay whiles the summer away, and with winter's first roar found himself poor.'"

"Ah, ha, ha! What a pretty rhyme! And Major Grasshopper laughed gaily. "But it won't sound so pretty a week or two hence," warned Queen Bee.  
"Oh, I'm not in the least worried," smiled the gay Major Grasshopper. "I make it a point to live today and let tomorrow take care of itself."  
"Well, I suppose that is all very well while today lasts," coolly remarked Queen Bee. "But when the tomorrow—which is to take care of itself—comes along, then you'll have to laugh out of the other side of your mouth. I'm thinking. But I must bid you good day, Major, for I've a world of work to do. You see, the winter's coming and I don't want my hive folk and myself to starve. So, good afternoon, sir."  
And into her hive flew the Queen Bee, as busy as ever a bee could be. And away hopped the gay Major Grasshopper, chirping lustily, and as happy as any world-headed fool of an old fellow could be.  
And happy he was for a week. Then the aspect of his life changed very suddenly. A cold wave struck the land, and he and his kind awoke one night to find the dry grass about them rustling and crackling in an icy wind that brought shivers and aches to their limbs. "Ugh!" cried Major Grasshopper, trying to find a