

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



BUSY BEES IN WAR TIME

CHILDREN, DEAR: I am delighted with your animal stories, they are so original and well written. I can see that you are growing interested in our little contest and I have decided to continue it another week. One whole week more to win the lovely prize!

Today I have an animal story for you, for perhaps if you read this on it may give you an idea for yours. Hurry and write your stories for I have another idea up my sleeve that I will tell you about next Sunday. Lovingly, MARGARET.

How Pierrot Did His 'Bit'

One warm Saturday morning in October, when the sun hung over the top of the big maple tree in Bettykins' back yard, the little girl sat on the back step and looked at the bright colored maple leaves strewn over the yard which the first autumn wind had shaken from the tree.

While Bettykins sat there quietly thinking how she should spend the day, Tabby, Bettykins' little kitty, came stealing up into her lap and nestled softly against her arm and hand, and purred contentedly. "Oh," said Bettykins, "I know what you want. You are teasing me for cream." And at this Tabby purred harder than ever and snuggled up closer to her. "I just have to give it to you, Tabby," said Bettykins, because I do think you are the very softest, prettiest kitty I have ever seen. So Bettykins ran into the kitchen and her mother poured out a dish of thick cream for Tabby and Bettykins took out and placed it on the ground for Tabby.

A Little White Dog.

Just then the postman came by and Bettykins went to the front of the house to see what he had brought. But there was only a letter for her mother, so the little girl turned and went to the back yard again to watch Tabby lap up his cream. But when Bettykins reached the back, there was no Tabby to be seen. Instead there was a little white dog in Tabby's place and he was just finishing up Tabby's cream. At first Bettykins was angry. "Where is Tabby," she asked, "and what are you doing here? Don't you know it's wrong to steal?" To which the dog, naturally, did not make a reply. Instead he ran up to Bettykins and crawled in her lap and licked her hands and face. It was such a dear little thing that Bettykins had to love him in spite of the fact that he had stolen Tabby's cream, for he had short curly, white hair, funny stubby ears, and a little pink nose and a red mouth that always looked like it was laughing. When Bettykins got up and ran about in the yard, the little dog followed her and frisked about merrily at her heels. He rolled over and over in the grass and to Bettykins' astonishment and delight he suddenly sat up and held up his two little paws and seemed to smile at her. He looked at Bettykins as if he meant to say, "You see, I am no ordinary dog at all, Bettykins."

Just then Tabby came around the corner of the house and to prove to Bettykins that he was without a doubt different than most dogs, he did not fight with Tabby as most dogs would have done but lay quietly while Tabby came up and looked at him as if to say "How do you do?" and then politely walked away. After that they became fast friends.

Keeps Little Dog.

Bettykins ran to her mother and told her about the dog. Then they both went outside and Bettykins called the dog and commanded him to stand up. He stood up again and his little tail wagged fast in sign of friendship. "Oh, mother, please say I may keep him," begged Bettykins. "You may," said her mother if he does not belong to anyone else."

Days slipped by and no one had claimed the little trick dog so Bettykins began to call him her own. "What shall we call him?" she asked her mother. "I think Pierrot would

be a good name," said her mother, "for he is a little trick dog and Pierrot means clown in French." That name just fits him, mother," said Bettykins. So the little dog was named Pierrot.

Money for Red Cross.

The Red Cross, who takes care of our wounded soldier boys in France needed money to buy medicines and bandages and to pay people to go to France to nurse the sick soldiers and so they asked every city and village in the country to give all the money they could to carry on this great work. In the city where Bettykins lived every one the little girl knew had given money to the Red Cross or had helped in some way. "What can I do?" Bettykins asked herself. I will not be the only one who has not done something. I wish you could help me Pierrot," she said to the little dog at her feet. And then Pierrot stood up. "I know what I can do," she cried. "Pierrot, you have told me." And then in great haste she told her mother of her plan. Then there were busy days. Bettykins and her mother talked with the people who were managing the Red Cross and with the owner of a great hotel. Then came the day. One of the biggest days in Bettykins' life. Pierrot was washed until his hair was beautifully clean and fluffy. Then a great blue bow was tied about his neck. Then Bettykins and Pierrot stood up. A hat was placed before him on the table and a large sign was tacked on the front which read "Give Pierrot your money to the Red Cross."

All day Pierrot stood there like a true soldier who is on duty for his country.

At night, when the money was counted, the Red Cross found Pierrot had taken in \$100, which is a large amount of money. And every one praised Bettykins for thinking up a plan that helped the Red Cross so much. "But it wasn't I at all," said Bettykins. "Pierrot has just done his bit."

PATRIOTIC GIRLS SEW FOR BELGIANS



Left to right: Dorothy Moore, Ethel Ackerman, Dorothy Hesbacher, Margaret Carmichael, Marjorie Moore, Elizabeth Kaho.

Isn't this a beautiful quilt and a pretty group of little girls? Their busy fingers fly and before you can wink the gay patches are transformed into a warm quilt. Far across the sea these quilts go to the poor little Belgian children, who are many of them cold and hungry. These little maids are making other things, too, and they have a nice little sum in the club treasury which they have earned. Little Miss Elizabeth Kaho, whom you see at the extreme right, is the president of this little Belgian Relief society.

A DOG'S EDUCATION

Perhaps you do not think it is hard to bring up a little dog in the way he should go; but that is because you do not own one, perhaps, or else did not have anything to do with his earliest years, writes the Montreal Daily Star.

If you are such a happy boy or girl as to have a dog for a pet, remember three things especially: Always be kind to him, always be patient, and always be reasonable. Always be kind. This means that you should never strike a puppy, nor speak to it harshly. If you do, you will have a cringing animal instead of a companionable doggie. Of course, when he does wrong, let him know that you are not deceived; but this you can do in a quiet way, without hurting him, by repeating your command in a quiet voice.

Be patient. Remember that the puppy has not learned the language just as you did when you were a baby, and so do not expect that he will understand everything you say at once.

Be reasonable. Begin by teaching him cleanliness and obedience. As dogs are naturally clean, you will not have much trouble in teaching him the first habit.

At first your puppy will seem very disobedient. This is because he does not always understand you. If you have an order, make it short and simple, as you would speak to a foreigner not yet familiar with your language. Point to the objects about which you are speaking and if he does not understand a command go over the words patiently. For instance if he does not come

when you call him go up to and lead him in the direction which you sent the call. After a few trials he will understand what you want.

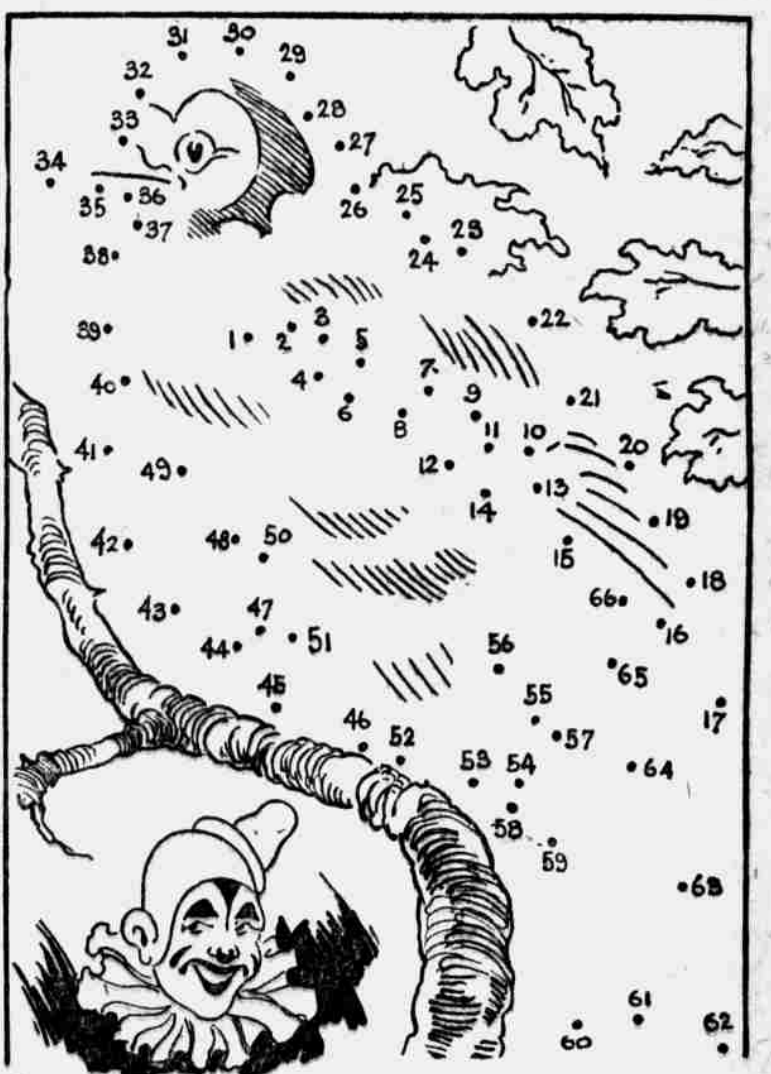
After he has learned the big lessons you will be able to teach him some tricks, not counting your three helps—kindness, patience and reason.

HUGE ELEPHANT TUSK.

A letter recently received by the Zoological Society bulletin from A. G. R. Theobald, state shikari of Mysore, transmits a photograph of a dead elephant in a bamboo jungle, bearing remarkable abnormal tusks. Mr. Theobald's description of this strange case follows:

"Last year my son shot three rogue elephants which were proscribed by the government, as they had become vicious mankillers, and terrorized the Forest Department staff and the surrounding jungle tribes. One of these elephants had a very unique pair of tusks. Instead of growing in the usual manner, they grew out almost at right angles to the head, like the upper tusks of a wild boar, and making a sharp curve formed a full semicircle. The tip of one had penetrated over six inches into the head just behind the eye, leaving an open, festering wound. The animal was in an emaciated condition, and must have suffered excruciating pain from the wound, which was probably the cause of it becoming so vicious. I am enclosing a photograph of the elephant, showing the curious formation of the tusks."

OUR PICTURE DOT PUZZLE



The ———, perched upon a tree, sings, "Everybody look at me!"

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at No. 1 and taking them numerically.

LITTLE STORIES BY LITTLE FOLKS

Our Cat.

By Florence Seward, Aged 12, 1634 Victor Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

We have a cat which is very cute. His coat is striped like a Tom cat, so we call him Thomas. His real name is Thomas Jefferson George Washington Seward, and he is quite proud of it, or seems to be, by the way he struts around. We may never fear of being lonesome when Mr. Thomas is around. Ask him all the questions you want to and he'll always politely answer "Meow." My father has a way of playing with him by making him walk on his two front legs and holding his back legs high in the air. As soon as Thomas thinks he has done enough he will lay down and roll over and "meow," as much as to say "Now, folks, I've done it, can't I have something to eat." Of course he plagues the life out of us till he gets what he wants, then strolls majestically out of the room "licking his chops" as we call it. Sometimes he will wink at us, and he looks so cute we just can't refuse him anything he wants. Well, goodbye, I'll write again.

My Pigs.

By Martan Talcott, Aged 11, McClelland, Ia.

Well as I didn't see my other letter in print will write again.

How are all the Busy Bees? I am fine and have not got the Spanish flu. We had two runt pigs and two cripples that were starved so father gave me a cripple and a runt and my sister the other two.

My Brothers built a pen for them and we put lots of straw for them to sleep on.

And plenty of corn and milk. They are nice and fat. We have turned them out. When they get a little bigger we are going to sell them and buy Liberty bonds.

Father has a brother and a nephew in France and two nephews and a niece in the United States. Mother also has two nephews in

My Dog.

By Elizabeth Pattenrath, Aged 12, Omaha, Neb.

"Mugs, my dear little dog, have I ever told you about Max?"

Our Pony.

By Viola McElfresh, Aged 12, Memphis, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I love to read the Busy Bee page every Monday, so I thought I would write and tell you about our pony. His name is Tony. I think he is very nice. Papa got him for us to drive to school, and a boy threw a volley ball at him and he was so scared we could not drive him to school any more. Now we have another horse to ride to school and I think the pony is very nice and ride him all over and go to places for mamma.

An Intelligent Cat.

By Edith Weir, 3412 Dodge Street, Omaha, Neb.

We once had a yellow cat named Chink. He was very smart and did some unusual tricks, at least for a cat.

My Dog.

One day there was some warm water in the bath tub. Chink went in and started to walk around the edge of the tub. Finally he jumped in. He waded around a while, then he sat down and began to wash his face. He seemed to enjoy it greatly and took a bath whenever he had an opportunity. Once we wanted to see what he would do when there was too much water in the tub so we turned it on but as soon as it got too deep he pulled out the cork. We put it in again only to have him pull it out. After that whenever he thought the water was too deep he pulled out the cork.

My Dog.

that he knew we didn't want him to have and run away with it.

At meal time he would sit on the radiator behind my sister's chair. When she had her food nearly to her mouth he would reach out his paw and grab it. Many people who do not know the intelligence of animals cannot understand these tricks, but it is not hard when you have had pets and know their reasoning power.

Mugs.

By Elizabeth Pattenrath, Aged 12, Omaha, Neb.

"Mugs, my dear little dog, have I ever told you about Max?"

My Dog.

his mistress tells him to get his hammer. Max immediately obeys and his mistress breaks his dog biscuit (which is his dessert), up into small pieces. Then Max returns the hammer and table cloth.

"Now, Mugs, isn't that a fine trick? Do you ever think you can be as smart as that?"

Mugs, who was lying in the sun, looked up and blinked his eyes and then fell to his cozy nap again.

"Oh, Mugs, you lazy little puppy, you sleep all the time." Mugs blinked again.

I know why he slept so much now and why he blinked his eyes. He was preparing for the time when he could learn to do tricks, for he is now, though only 6 months old, a very smart dog, and no doubt this is why he blinked his eyes so understandingly.

Probably Max is told by his mistress a story like this:

"Now, Max, I am going to tell you about Mugs.

"He is a very smart dog for his age, and shall some day excel you in his tricks if you are not careful. He can shake hands and sit up on his hind legs. He will jump over a stick and all his mistress says in the morning is: 'Mugs, bring me the paper,' and Mugs does so, wagging his tail all the while. His best trick is saying his prayers. His mistress says, 'Mugs, say your prayers,' and Mugs jumps up on the

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.

Helping to Win the War.

Dear Busy Bees: I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I am on the blue side. This summer the War Savings society was organized in our district. I am raising a pig to sell, so I can get money to buy war savings stamps. I have bought four war stamps with my money I had saved and 12 thrift stamps. My father is going to buy my pig and I am going to get \$36 for her. Then buy more stamps.

The Little Willful Princess — By David Cory

THE little willful princess had of late become very fond of walking, and her small wayward feet often led her through the meadow, across the waving grasses to the low hills beyond. Through double rows of willows the little brook wound lazily in and out, and then tumbled down and waded its way, surprised to find itself turning an old mill, the drip of whose large wheel was enough to put it to sleep again. Among the shadows in the mill-pond, the little fishes dozed, while frogs and mud-turtles took short naps on the floating logs. Even the old miller nodded in his chair, until suddenly aroused by a cry from some ardent young fisherman who had brought to land an unusually large fish.

Since Prince Rupert had left, she and her cousin Elaine had found it somewhat difficult at times to find amusement, and so the little willful princess, being of a venturesome turn of mind, often persuaded her cousin to take long walks with her, past the old mill and low lands where great flocks of geese fed to the low hills beyond. Sometimes they would stop and watch the little geese girls tending their feathered flocks. At other times they would wander up the grassy hills, where they would sit down and read fairy stories or gather wild flowers that grew in great profusion.

One afternoon, as they were wending their way homeward they stopped to watch the little peasant girls collecting their geese for the homeward journey, and as they stood looking, one of them commenced throwing stones at the flock of her neighbor. This quickly resulted in a general engagement, and had not the little willful princess arrived on the scene and called out to them to stop, the consequences might have been serious.

"Don't you know?" said the princess, turning to the girl who first

had thrown the stones, "don't you know it is very cruel to hurt the poor innocent geese?"

"But, your Highness," answered the girl with a courtesy, "did not Hilda throw stones at mine yesterday?" The princess laughed, and her cousin Elaine said: "Did you never hear the story of the little girl who threw stones at the geese?"

"No, your Highness," replied the girl, looking up with surprise. "Is it a pretty story?"

"Call your friends over here," said the princess, "and you both shall hear the tale, for my cousin and myself have read it no later than this very afternoon."

When the four were seated, the little willful princess turned to her cousin and said, "Will you not read the story?" But the princess Elaine answered, "Nay, cousin, do you tell it from memory, for it will sound more like a lesson if you tell it in your own words." So the little willful princess began to relate how once upon a time there was a little geese girl who was very unkind to her geese, because she disliked going out every day to the low, marshy lands to watch them and to see that they did not wander away. Often she would be so dissatisfied and cross that she would amuse herself by throwing small stones and pebbles at the geese, which frightened them and caused them to run about, so that they grew thinner and thinner. One day, after she had hit several of the geese with larger stones than usual, for I fear she was in a more disagreeable mood than she had ever been, there suddenly appeared before her a funny little old man, no bigger than a gnome, who cried out in a high, shrill voice, as he lifted his stick in the air: "Have a care! have a care, thou naughty child! For every stone thou throwest hereafter at the geese, a feather shall grow on thee." And before the astonished child could

good, for she was only weeping for herself, and not because she was sorry that she had been so cruel to the poor frightened geese. At last one day, something happened that made her realize how her poor geese must have suffered when the sharp stones hit them. A number of boys with many jeers and much laughter commenced to stone her, and when she felt the pain of the blows she cried aloud and ran to hide. And she flapped her arms in the air to help her run the more swiftly, just as she had seen her geese do when she had run after them with stones in her hands. And she ran so swiftly that she outdistanced the boys, and hid behind some trees that grew near by. Looking out from behind the trunk of the tree, where she had hidden, she saw to her dismay that the cruel boys had turned their attention to her flock and were stoning them with great cruelty. Seeing this, and remembering how painful were the blows which she had received, she quickly gathered up a quantity of stones and rushed to the rescue of her geese. At this the boys turned again upon her, but nothing daunted, and resolving to save her flock, she bravely fought them back, in spite of many hurts she received from the stones that hit her. At last, the boys ran away, for she was a strong young thing and knew how to throw stones as well as any lad of her age, if not better. Turning to her flock, which was well scattered by this time, and frightened beyond reason, she saw standing before her the little old man who had warned her not to hurt her geese.

"Daughter, thou shalt be repaid for thy bravery. He that has himself suffered knoweth another's woe!" Great was the geese-girl's joy to see that instead of a coat of feathers she was again clad in her short skirt and blouse, and that at her feet lay a pile of feathers. Then the little old man handed her a

tiny gold ring, which he told her to slip over her little finger, saying to her as she obeyed his instructions: "As long as you wear that ring no one will remember that you wore feathers!" and with these words he disappeared and was seen no more. But the little geese-girl never forgot her lesson, nor did she ever leave off the little gold band, for fear some one might say to her: "Where is your beautiful gown of geese feathers?"

As the little willful princess finished her story the two peasant girls hung their heads as if very much ashamed.

Then the little willful princess took from her finger a pretty ring, and, calling one of the girls to her, said: "Here will I place this ring upon your finger so that whenever you see it you will remember how narrowly you escaped wearing a gown of geese feathers."

And the Princess Elaine did likewise, taking off one of her pretty rings and placing it upon the finger of the other geese-girl, saying: "Keep this ring to remind you how you have also escaped the gown of geese feathers."

Then the two princesses went on their way, and when they had gone some distance they smiled at each other to think mayhap they had taught a lesson that would never be forgotten.

Now, as they drew near to the old mill, the little willful princess came close to the mill-pond, and, seeing a frog asleep upon a log, said to her cousin: "I feel, sweet cousin, so goodey-goodey, that I fear I may grow angel wings if I continue." At which she picked up a stone and threw it at the frog, saying with a merry laugh: "Had I hit him, mayhap I should have turned into a frog princess!" Which I am glad to say did not happen, for it would have ended this story right here, for how could anyone

about a willful frog princess?

American Red Cross Cares for French Orphans



RED CROSS CARES FOR FRENCH ORPHANS.

Here is a nice quiet corner in the American Red Cross home for French orphans at Varenhille, near Cobourg, France. The kiddies have their out-of-doors playground. The photo shows some of the 1,500 children cared for at the home enjoying their recreation hours.