

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



In the Bee Hive

Children dear: Before many days old 1918 will wave goodbye to us and the little new year will be ushered in. We all think of the good resolutions we will make and I hope all the Busy Bees will write me just what they plan to do this new year. I know you have all had beautiful times this vacation, and I trust the new year will shower its richest blessings on you.

Lovingly,
MARGARET.

AN EAR OF INDIAN CORN

Nothing could be more romantic than the true story of Indian corn, yet we have been in the habit of paying no attention to it, or when we did notice it, of confusing it with many different sorts of grain. Strange to say, says Esther Matson in St. Nicholas, no one can tell when this grain first began to be cultivated, but it is almost certain that it first grew in South America. When white men discovered North America this was the most useful article of food the red men had. True, they had beans and pumpkins and squashes and they gave these and their corn patches a certain rude kind of cultivation, but corn was their mainstay. Sometimes they ground the kernels into a fine powder and of it made a sort of bread. They gave some pieces of this to Columbus soon after he landed, and he found it capital eating. He wrote home to Spain about it, calling the powder by its Indian name, "mahiz," or as near as his Spanish tongue could come to it, and it is from this that we get our word "maize."

It is hard for us to realize that this plant meant in the early history of our country. Our ancestors saw how the Indians planted this grain of theirs without any long plowing or harrowing of the ground. They watched how they "scratched the seed in," watched how they "girdled the trees with a stone hatchet, so as to destroy their leaves, and let in the sunshine," and then saw to their astonishment how the corn grew and flourished. True, it would have given a better crop if the preparation had been better, but it did grow, and best of all, without being either harrowed or winnowed, it made good food.

THE KANGAROO.

Nature provides a pocket or pouch for the little kangaroos to ride in when their mother has to do some of her traveling. The great leaps and high jumps Mrs. Kangaroo takes when she travels make it impossible for the children to keep up with her, and as they would be defenseless if they were left behind, good old Mother Nature arranged so that they might accompany the mother wherever she goes. There are many branches to the

kangaroo family and they vary greatly in habits and appearances. Nearly all the kangaroo family are natives of Australia, some are carnivorous and others live upon vegetation.

The ordinary kangaroo has very large posterior limbs and its tail is of remarkable length and strength. This organ is of much importance to the animal because it is used for motive power as well as a weapon of defense. Also, the tail forms a rest when the kangaroo rests upon its haunches.

In moving about the kangaroo always jumps. Some of these leaps are from twenty to thirty feet in length; when pursued or frightened, the animal springs forty or fifty feet.

An ordinary kangaroo measures about five or six feet from tip of tail to toes, and when sitting upon its haunches is the height of a man. It forms an important article of food and is said to taste like venison. Its tail makes a superior kind of "ox-tail-soup" and the hide makes a wonderful quality of leather for bags and other fine articles of use.

ANTS THAT COOK

Ants have always been a source of much interest to every one. One species that has been long known to naturalists is called the harvester ant. They not only harvest and store in granaries the seeds upon which they feed, but they actually plant and cultivate an annual crop of their food seeds.

But now I want to tell you of a still more wonderful tale of an ant which is common in Dalmatia, Messer Barbary. According to Prof. Neger of the well known forestry school near Dresden, this ant not only cuts leaves and gathers seeds, but actually makes and eats bread or biscuit.

Are you curious to know how they do it? First the seeds are sprouted, then carried into the sunshine where they are dried; then taken back to the underground chambers, where they are chewed into a dough. The dough is then finally made into tiny cakes, which are again taken to the sunshine to bake; when this is done they are stored carefully away for future use.

All the cooking and baking is done by the sun. As the Arab and native Mexican speak of ripe fruit as fruit which has been cooked by the sun, so the ant has somehow learned the art of sun cooking.—Universalist Leader.

A FORESTASTE

I slept and dreamed that Liee was God.
I woke and life seemed but a rod.
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?

Toil on, dear heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find they dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.

Thoughtful Bobby



Bobby
Hoerner
LUMIERE
PHOTO

Master Bobby Hoerner looks so serious we are wondering if he is thinking about his New Year resolutions. Although Bobby wouldn't smile for the camera man, he is really the jolliest boy imaginable, and one of the happiest Busy Bees.

BABYLONIANS PLAYED WITH DOLLS

The first dolls of which there is any knowledge were found among the treasures unearthed from the ruins of Babylon. They are small figures of terra cotta and ivory and beautifully carved. They are fascinating objects and must have been highly prized by the little Assyrians.

The children of ancient Lydia had mechanical dolls that would move their hands and legs by pulling strings, somewhat after the way we work jumping jacks of today.

The classic Greek children played with wax and clay dolls which were gayly decorated with bright colors. One kind of these dolls could move its limbs and the children could remove the hand-made clothes. But

the majority of these dolls represented goddesses and gods or heroes and were made up with legendary clothes already on them.

The mythological dolls were reverently cared for by their young owners, who were taught to pray to the dolls. Just think of such idol worship in our enlightened days!

These little girls played with their dolls until their wedding day, as they were married while still children and before they could understand what responsibilities marriage really brought or meant. That is another dreadful custom that has passed away with the worship of idols and false gods or goddesses.

—By—

CHESTER H. LAWRENCE

Santa Claus in Toyland

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CHAPTER VIII.

The Glubwubs.

But we have been so busy with the troubles of Santa Claus, all this time, that we have forgotten all about the one who caused them. What has become of Taffytoe?

Dreadfully pausing every little bit to rest, a small figure plodded along in the moonlight. Hungry and footsore, he wandered on and on, and as he went he thought of all the good things he had left behind. Oh, if he only had one of Dinah's good dinners to sit down to, and after that his snug little bed in which to rest his weary bones, he would be willing to take any kind of punishment. Should he ever be able to get back, nothing could make him leave again. He had been chased by hungry wolves and polar bears until now he didn't have the least idea where he was, and he just kept stumbling on in hopes of at last seeing the towers of Toyland rising in the distance.

Poor Taffytoe! He was paying dearly for his lack of nerve in facing Santa after his experience with Dinah.

But what are those dark shapes stealing along after Taffytoe, dodging in and out among the snow banks and steadily getting closer? Surely not more wolves or polar bears?

If you were very close you could see that they were little men, dressed all in fur, and you might have heard one of them say, "Ugh, ugh! There he is. Him Taffytoe sure 'nuff. Now we get 'um sure."

They were Glubwubs, and at last they were to have their fondest hopes realized. The Glubwubs were a tribe of tiny Eskimos, and like their bigger brothers were very fond of gumdrops. In fact, they loved gumdrops as well as the Gnomes loved sugar plums. They envied the Gnomes very much because the fame of Taffytoe as a candy maker had spread far and wide and they had no one at all who could make their gumdrops. Unknown to the Gnomes, the Glubwubs had been trying for a long time to capture Taffytoe, and now their time had come.

Soon the Glubwubs had Taffytoe

surrounded on all sides, and with a loud cry they rushed at him and had him in their grasp before he had a chance to escape. "Ye-e-e-wow-wow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" they cried. "We got-um big chief of the gumdrops now. Come quick!"

Taffytoe was so frightened when they jumped out at him that he just stood there, his teeth chattering and his knees knocking together, fully believing that each minute was to be his last. But instead of that they hoisted him to their shoulders and seemed only interested in getting him to some safe place.

Marching along briskly and taking

TWO FROGS.

Two frogs fell into a deep cream bowl!

And one was an optimistic soul, But the other took the gloomy view. "We shall drown," he said without more ado.

So, with a last despairing cry, He flung up his legs and said "Good-bye."

Quoth the other frog, with a merry grin, "I can't seem to get out, but I won't give in!"

I'll just swim around with the hope intent That life and living for me is meant."

Bravely he swam till it would seem His struggles began to churn the cream On the face of the butter at last he stopped.

And out of the bowl he gayly hopped.

What of the moral? 'Tis easily found—

If you can't hop out, keep swimming around. Perhaps there's nothing you can do To ease the other fellow's rue,

But there's no harm at least to stand In silence by and hold his hand, And let him know in his despair, That though you're helpless—you are there.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to the summit round by round, cream.

turns in carrying Taffytoe, they soon came in sight of a number of icebergs and one of them ran ahead to bear the news of their find.

Drawing closer, Taffytoe discovered that what he took to be ordinary icebergs were the homes of the Glubwubs. The Glubwubs, for protection from the warlike tribes of Eskimos, had hollowed out homes high up in the icebergs. The doorways could be reached only by means of ladders. As Taffytoe watched, he saw great numbers of Glubwubs scurrying down and coming in his direction. By the time they entered the village, nearly every Glubwub in the tribe had joined in a procession behind Taffytoe and his captors, talking excitedly amongst themselves and pointing at him.

A stop was finally made at the foot of the tallest iceberg and Taffytoe was told to climb the ladder. Wondering what could be in store for him at the top he climbed reluctantly up, to be met by an old Glubwub whom he took to be the chief. He was not left long in doubt, for the old fellow helped him to his feet, insisted on rubbing noses with him and said, "Welcome, Taffytoe. Big Chief Kowtow heap glad to see you."

Taffytoe's spirits had begun to rise, but at the old chief's next words he lost all hope of ever reaching Toyland again.

"Come, Taffytoe," said Kowtow, trying to hide his eagerness, "we want you to make heap many gumdrops. Been mighty long time since I had some. Get busy quick!"

He led Taffytoe into a funny little kitchen and showed him where everything was kept. Then, pointing to a queer-looking stove, he said, "Cook-um here!" Taffytoe felt inclined to object, but he saw it was no use, so he started in. Old Kowtow, to make sure he lost no time, squatted down in the corner and from time to time impatiently urged him to work faster. Outside, too, the Glubwubs were complaining about waiting so long and kept calling to the chief, "Make-um Taffytoe hurry up fast. We very much hungry."

At last the gumdrops were done and Taffytoe put them on plates to

cool. But old Kowtow couldn't wait. He popped one into his mouth, much to his sorrow, for he burnt his tongue. Presently, however, they became cool enough for him to eat safely. Forgetting his hungry people waiting outside, he sat there and ate his fill before going to the door and throwing out the few gumdrops that were left.

The next two days were very trying on poor Taffytoe. He was kept at work all the time making enough gumdrops to satisfy the greedy Glubwubs, while he himself was nearly starved. All they gave him to eat was blubber, blubber, blubber, morning, noon and night, until the sight of it made him sick. He wouldn't have minded so much if there had been some hope of leaving, but they watched him so closely that he had no chance to escape, and it looked to him as if he would have to spend the rest of his life making gumdrops for the Glubwubs.

(Continued Next Sunday)

HE HAD NO EXCUSE

On Johnny's first day at school he was given a registration card on which his mother was to write his birth record. The following day he arrived tardy and without the registration slip.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "you must bring an excuse for being tardy, and don't forget the slip about when you were born."

All out of breath next day Johnny rushed in holding a note from his mother.

"Teacher," he gasped, "I brought the one about being tardy, but I forgot my excuse for being born."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THAT REMINDS ME

That reminds me of a little girl who was invited to go to church with the lady who lived next door. Her mother dressed her in her prettiest clothes and then reminded her to behave very best! When she came home she said in a very much surprised voice, "Mamma, a man passed around a plate with money on it, but I knew we didn't need it, so I said real polite, 'No, thank you, sir, I don't think we want any.'"

Little Stories by Little Folks

(Prize Letter)

Elsie's Lesson.

By Lucile Bauer, Aged 12 Years, Almond, Kan.

Elsie was always reading. Reading day in and day out, and when her mother called her to do anything, she said: "Wait until I finish this page," and then her mother would go do the task and Elsie would keep on reading.

One night Elsie dreamed she was in Eldorado. As there was nothing to read she started to clean one of the elve's homes. She was a little bit tired, so she scrubbed the door three times. She scrubbed but the more she scrubbed the dustier it grew. She threw out the water and was going to get some more when she felt very tired. She looked around to call one of the elves to get it for her. All of them were reading. She called each one of them, and they all said, "Wait until I finish this page."

She waited and waited and no elf came. She got disgusted and started to get it herself when she thought of how tired her mother got of hearing the same old answer. Then Elsie made this resolution: "I am going right home and when mother asks me to do a thing I will do it at once."

Elsie's mother wonders why Elsie is so obedient now, but Elsie knows and will never tell.

(Honorable Mention)

Thrift.

By Leon Nurnberg, Aged 11 Years, Plainview, Neb.

There was a boy named Ned. His sister, Dot, did not like him because she said he had no money to buy Thrift stamps with. But she was mistaken, for Ned was in the other room counting his money. This is what he says as he counts.

"Fifteen for carrying out Mrs. Thomas' ashes. Five for running to the store for mother. That makes 20. Twenty for taking care of Mrs. Newman's baby. That makes 40. Then 10 more for cleaning out the inside of Mrs. Downey's sedan. That makes 50. Ten for old bottles I picked up in the alley and 5 for that old stove grate. That makes 65 cents." Then he sat down to rest.

After he had been sitting there a short time, Dot came running in and told him she had lost her purse. Then Ned told her it was on the table where she had left it. Then he showed her all the money he had earned and they both went to the bank and bought Thrift stamps.

I hope to see my letter in print as this is the first time I have written. I also wish to join the Blue Side. As my letter is getting long, I will end it, hoping to win a prize.

A White Blood Cell.

By Constance Stephens, Chappell, Neb.

It was once a small cell. I grew very large and oblong in a few minutes. I then divided into two small cells. I do this all the time that I am not busy, and the process is called multiplying.

One day I was busy multiplying, when, quick as a flash, a pin whizzed across the person's arm. In an instant we were at the spot trying to heal and keep germs out of the wound. At last, as I saw the germs were shipping in we began to devour them. Soon we had healed the scratch and succeeded in digesting the enemies.

It wasn't very long until he fell down and got a splinter in his hand. (It seems like humans haven't sense enough to take care

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.

(of themselves, anyway). We rushed to the place and had a hard battle. At last a white pus was formed of the many of our forces slain and, with the splinter, were removed.

The person swallowed a little poison and at last we succeeded in digesting it, although it took others, with myself, a number of hours to regain normal condition.

I have never had a rest or vacation. I am always multiplying, keeping out germs, healing wounds and strengthening the body. I really think that if people would be just as busy as the red and white blood cells I live among everything would go better. Purify White Cell. Yours truly,

You Can if You Try.

By Elsa Nerbock, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb.

Grace's mother died when she was born and now she lives with her aunt and father, in a small town in Iowa. Her father was very wealthy and Grace had everything she wanted. She was a spoiled child.

Grace was very weak and in bed most of the time. As she had her own way, she would not eat nourishing foods. One day she heard the doctor say he didn't think she would live over a week.

Grace was puzzled, she wanted to go to school like the rest of her friends. Then an idea popped into her small head. She would eat vegetables to make her strong, because her aunt said they would. She became more healthy every day, now she sat up in bed. Again she heard the doctor talk, this time he said Grace should be taken to Wyoming for her health.

To visit her aunt, who was puzzled when she saw Grace so happy and strong.

She soon went back to the ranch. She took a governess with her. Two years later she came back to live with her aunt. Now she was as strong, even stronger, than other girls of her age. Her aunt asked her how she became so healthy and Grace said: "I ate foods that were good for me, and not foods that I liked."

A Story About Krug Park.

By Frances Mullin, Aged 8 Years, Blair, Neb.

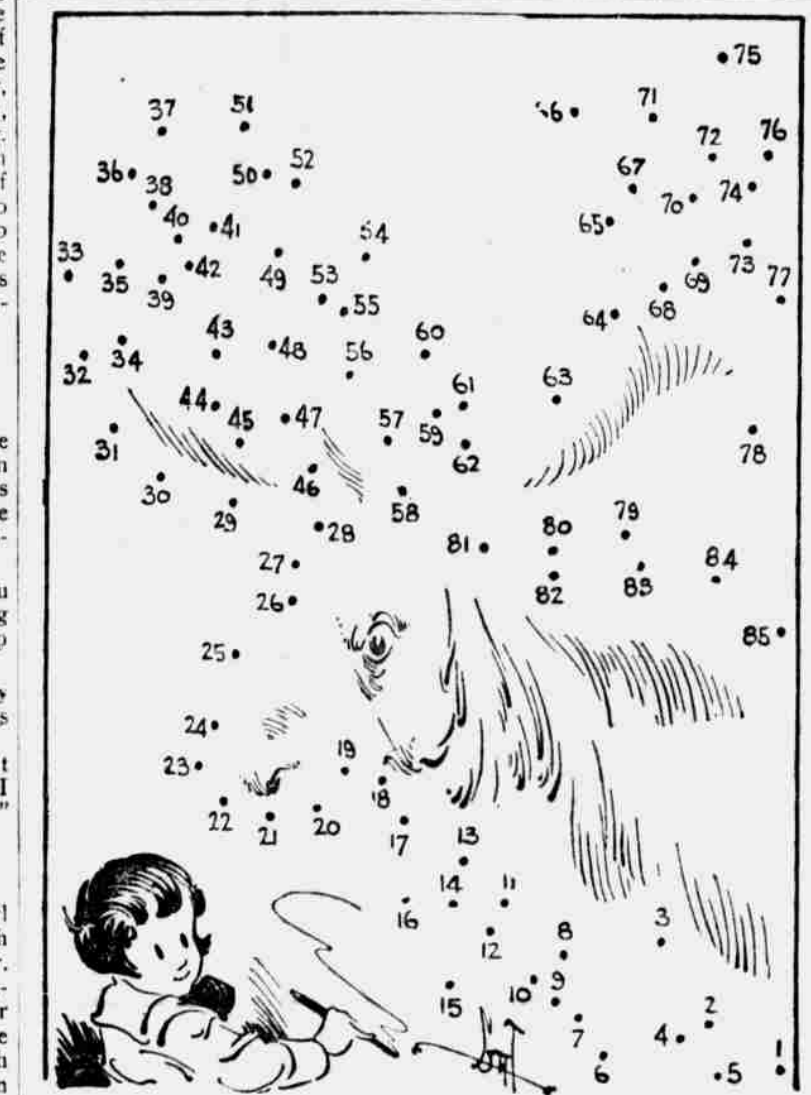
This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page.

One day last summer we drove down to Krug park. When we got there we ate our lunch. After we ate our lunch we went and looked at the different things in the park.

Then I took a ride on the airplane. Then I took a ride on the merry-go-round. After we watched them dance awhile we went home.

I was tired, but was very happy. I hope to see my letter in print.

Our Picture Puzzle



Willie says, "When I'm turned loose I can draw a lovely—"

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

Blackie

By Lillian Rodostaugh, Aged 10 Years, Frederick Ave., Omaha, Neb.

While visiting some friends in a small town one day I saw an old mother dog and several pups being abused and kicked around by some heartless boys. They finally killed the mother and were trying to give the pups away. Out of pity I took one of them home and named it "Blackie." He was about the ugliest little pup I had ever seen. I wondered if he could ever learn any tricks. However, I soon found that he deceived his looks. I must tell you of some of his tricks. At a motion of the hand he will stand up on his hind feet and reach out his paw to shake hands. When we show him a ball or glove and then hide it he will go in very dangerous places to find it and bring it back to us. As a messenger dog, he has no equal. Mamma writes notes and puts them in a small purse attached to his collar and he carries them a mile to my aunt's house, running up on her to attract her attention, and then brings back a reply safely.

One sport Blackie loves best of all is to go hunting. He runs ahead and scares up rabbits and squirrels for my brother to shoot.

When he seems to be sound asleep, if we say "Blackie is a good dog," his tail will begin to wag, and if we say "I guess I'll get the gun and go hunting," he is up in an instant and barking at the gun.

He has sure won his way into the hearts of all of our family and we no longer think him ugly.

Foolish Young Mouse.

By Alma Friedrich, Aged 10 Years, Tallmages, Neb.

An old mouse had hidden her young in a cellar. A trap had been placed in the cellar, and so the old mouse warned the young to beware of traps. One young mouse thought it was too wise to be caught, and went to examine the trap, but was soon I told fast.

The old mouse heard this noise, and thought she would go and see. An old pussy cat had been watching behind a box and ran out and grabbed her. Then the young mice heard that their mother had been caught. So they were very frightened. Afterwards the cat came back and said to herself: "If I can only find the other mice, I will have a fine dinner."

So she hunted till they were found. Then she killed them and carried them out of the cellar one by one. There was a woman in the house and saw the cat carrying them out of the cellar. So when they were all carried out the woman looked at the watch, and it was just 12 o'clock.

Then she said to herself: "I am very glad that we have such a good house cat that will catch mice for us, and I hope she will have a good dinner." So this was the end of the mice.

The Little Snow Man.

By Clara Virginia Case, Aged 7 Years, David City, Neb.

On one of the poorest streets of an eastern city lived a woman with two children, a little girl of 8 and a little boy of 6. The children's father had gone away to enlist in the army, and they were in poor circumstances.

One day the little girl came home from school and said, "Mama, they are going to have a collection for the Red Cross, and you know brother and I gave all our pennies to the Belgian children last week."

"Oh, well, don't worry, dear," said mama. "I am sure you will find a way. Now go out and play." So she and her brother went out to play.

"What shall we do?" said Lucile. "Let's make a snow man," said Joe. Pretty soon there was a snow man by the walk, with a broomstick armed with a basket in one hand, and they went into the house. The next morning many pennies found their way into the little basket, and so after all they had money.

Two French Children.

By Carlotta Davis, Aged 8 Years, Ord, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees:—Once there were two little children named Mildred and Florence. They lived in France. When war broke out they did not have such a good time, though. Pretty soon their father had to go to war. So he went to fight the Germans. But one day their mother went to town. While they were out doors playing they heard a noise. It was the Germans, they were going to burn their house. But just then Mildred's and Florence's father came with the French and drove the Germans away. And pretty soon their mother came home safely. And they moved to America and lived in safety.

Pet Lamb.

By Iola Lawson, Aged 12, Central City, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I read the Busy Bee's page every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

We have a restaurant and I am working in it. I have a sister and a friend who also work here. We haven't had school for two weeks and the public places will not be opened till November 2. Then school will open on the 4th.

It is very cold here and there is lots of snow on the ground.

I want to tell you about my lamb. We raised 14, but I am just going to tell you about mine. When I got it it was as big as a kitten and its wool was very curly. It is real small yet, but is always jumping and running.