

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



In the Bee Hive

Children, Dear: If I asked how many of you love flowers I am sure the chorus of "I do's" would completely drown me out. We all love dainty blossoms, but I am sure that they seem more beautiful during the snowy days of winter than in the summer. Probably many of you have pots of bright posies standing in the windows of your homes; and then, too, I am sure many of you have watched the dry, brown bulbs unfold and a beautiful flower lifts its head to greet the sunshine. Today I have the story of a French flower for you. Perhaps you will all want to try this plan and have a really, truly garden long before the snows have melted. Lovingly,
MARGARET.

Marie Gold

By Ellen Eddy Shaw.

I wonder how many boys and girls would like to support and care for a little French orphan this winter. I know one whose name is Marie Gold. Some people call her Marigold. You can buy her for about 5 cents. She comes in a little paper package and when you look at the seeds inside you will wonder how a nice little French baby is going to come out of that. But if you plant those seeds, six of them, in a little three-inch pot, you will have anywhere from four to six French babies poking up out of the soil.

Fill your flower pot to within an inch of the top with nice garden soil. If you have none saved up you can buy a little from the florist; then lay four or six seeds carefully on top, cover them with one-quarter-inch of soil and press this soil down carefully with your fingers. After a week or 10 days you will see pushing up and out the first of your six orphans.

Little Marie Gold will grow to be about five inches tall, and then she will have a bright, golden flower head. She is a little dwarf and never grows any taller. Out in the garden in the summer grows her American cousin, quite tall; but little French Marie Gold never reaches, even outdoors, more than eight inches in height. It will take about six weeks from the time you plant the seeds to the time when she blossoms. I know of no little flower child so hearty, so cheerful and so easy to raise as she.

All the boys and girls who can get a box or a little pot of some soil may have French marigolds blooming indoors in the winter. They are no trouble to care for, because all they need is a little sunlight and an occasional drink of water. Wait until the soil around them gets very dry and then give them plenty of water to drink. Flower children are like real children; they need kind treatment and good care. So look out for little French Marie Gold and she will blossom and smile away at you.

To Mothers: I know of no little plant so easy to raise and so satisfactory in results as the French marigold. Do not make the mistake of buying the seeds of the common American marigold, for it not do as well as its little French sister. Neither is it as dainty, nor as attractive to children.

A Musical Glass

Take a piece of stiff writing paper and cut out a cross with arms of equal length that will lie on top of a thin cut-glass goblet. Turn down the four ends of the cross so it will not slip off the top of the glass. Now having fitted the paper, remove it while you fill the glass with water—nearly full, it should be. Wipe the rim carefully so no moisture can touch the paper, then replace the fitted cross.

sound similar to a note or chord in music. But you can enjoy another experiment with it. If you rub the glass with your moist finger directly under one of the cross-arms the paper will not move, then rub the glass between two of the arms and the cross will begin to turn slowly as if on a pivot. It will revolve until the arm reaches a spot over the place on the glass where you are rubbing, then it will stop. If you keep moving your finger round the glass the cross will revolve and follow the attraction you create in rubbing the glass.

Promising Busy Bee "Ty Cobb"



Ted Sherman
LUMIERE Studio Photo

Does Ted Sherman like base ball? Indeed he does, for he would like to play from early until late, but school interferes. Ted loves his school too, for, while he is but 9 years of age, he will soon be in the fifth grade and he attends the beautiful new Park school. This bright little chap plays the piano, but music doesn't make him as happy as when out on the diamond.

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)
A Token of Kindness.
By Zoe Tull, Aged 14, Columbus, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I wish to tell you a story. There lives close to a hospital, a little girl and her mother who raises the largest, loveliest sweet peas. The little girl's name is Ruth. One day she was cutting sweetpeas with her little scissors to take to the sick people in the hospital who had no flowers. She had gathered a large bouquet and started to take them in the house, she slipped and fell and the scissors stuck fast in her eyelid. She screamed and her mother came running out to her. For a while the neighbors thought Ruth would be blind in spite of all they could do. But she is well today and is proud of the scar she has because she got it through being kind to the sick. This is a true story and I hope Mr. Wastebasket is out.

(Honorable Mention.)
My Flight.
By Hazel Gibson, Aged 10, Columbus, Neb.
Dear Editor: This is the first letter I have written to you. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I have been reading the letters and stories in the children's page and I am going to write a story.
One day my sister was going to go away and I was going to take her to the train. It was about 6 o'clock in the morning. When I was coming from the depot there were three men standing on the corner. They asked me where I was going. I said I was going home. When they asked me that I was so frightened I ran all the rest of the way home.

A Wise Cat.
By Hazel Gibson, Aged 10, Columbus, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: Harris, my dear old cat, she was 12 years old, and she was a very good cat. She would sit by gopher holes and watch for them to come out and when they came out she caught them and gave them to her kittens. One day my brother Ed set a trap in a straw pile and she got her foot caught in it and it cut it off and she would catch them anyway. Sometimes she would catch a rabbit and she would give it to her kittens. When they would quit eating she would put it away until she was hungry again. Every morning and night when we would milk she would sit by the door and wait for her meal. When we gave her milk and bread she would walk about our feet and purr. In winter we would give her some straw and she would make her a nest and her kittens would lie about her. She was 13 years old and died. Now we got two more cats from my Uncle Henry. My dear Busy Bees, goodbye.

A Pet Cat.
By Helen Coville, Aged 9 Years, North Platte, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I will be 7 years old the 23d of January. I am in the second grade at school and surely like my teacher. I have a little pet cat and three dolls. Their names are Yvonne, Baby and Buster.

A New Member.
By Dicie McCollom, Aged 11 Years, Gretna, Neb.
Dear Editor: I would like to know if I could join the children's club? We take the paper and if I can, please send me all the rates.

Owens a Liberty Bond.
By Katherine Ellis, Aged 11 Years, Weeping Water, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I have a Liberty bond and two war savings stamps. I once belonged to a club named Busy Bee and for the badge we had a bee, on each wing was printed the letter, B. B. I am going to try to write a story sometime. I have five cents in the war. I have a kitten named Snookums and he can do some tricks. I would like to have some of the Busy Bees letter to me. I will close, as my letter is getting long.

Our Picture Puzzle



Eighty-six will bring a
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

I came to pull that tooth, it had grown so big that I couldn't see anything else in Mrs. Santa's mouth, and I had to pull and pull, before I could budge it. But finally out it came and here we have her with us again to make us all happy and thankful, and as Santa finished he bent over and kissed Mrs. Santa. "Now," he cried, "let us hear of the adventures of Taffyote, and his safe return."
But we have heard all about the trials and triumph of Taffyote, so we will leave them, sitting there around the table, all their cares and troubles forgotten, and once more a big, happy, loving family, overflowing with good will and Christmas cheer. THE END.

Santa Claus in Toyland

—By—
Chester H. Lawrence

CHAPTER X. Home Again.

The Gnomes, now fully convinced that they had been very, very naughty, went on their way toward Toyland with lagging steps and heavy hearts. They didn't know for sure that Santa had been able to take his trip and as they drew near the castle they became more and more afraid to face him. It was finally decided that they would all wait on the outside while one of them should speak in and see if the reindeer were still in the stable. If the reindeer were not there it would mean that Santa had left, and they would have time to carry out some plan for getting back into his good graces. Taffyote was chosen, and he soon returned to say that the way was clear.

outside the door, and in bounded Santa, whistling a merry tune.
"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the Gnomes.
Santa stopped short in amazement, too surprised for words, instead of coming into a deserted house as he had expected, here were the Gnomes, back in their same old places, a wonderful Christmas tree decorated in his honor, and if he could trust his sense of smell, a sure enough Christmas dinner, all ready for him to start in on. This was indeed a welcome to make anyone even less forgiving than Santa, forget the worry and trouble that was now a thing of the past.
"Merry Christmas yourselves, you rogues," greeted Santa, a happy smile on his face. "This is a nice way

to surprise an old man badly in need of rest."
It was a treat to the Gnomes to see how like his old self Santa was again. He was fairly bubbling over with good humor and insisted on shaking hands with each one before he sat down.
"But wait!" he cried, pretending he had forgotten something. "Our Christmas party isn't complete!" And he left the room mysteriously who else there was to eat dinner with them and waited impatiently, soon they heard him coming, talking merrily to someone, and when he appeared, whom should he have with him, in his arms, but Mrs. Santa. Not Mrs. Santa of the sugar plums, but just as they had known her and

loved her before her illness. She was very weak, it is true, but otherwise she was her old self; and she smiled sweetly and wished them all a merry Christmas.
The Gnomes jumped joyfully to their feet and cheered and cheered until the rafters fairly shook, William hands quickly brought an easy chair and placed it beside Santa's. Mrs. Santa was then carefully placed in it and pillows banked all around her to make her comfortable.
As Santa started to sit down, he noticed for the first time, a large box near him with a card on it which read: "FOR SANTA, FROM THE GNOMES." Without waiting to ask any questions he jumped up and removed the lid and as he did so out popped Taffyote. Santa was so startled that he dropped the lid and almost fell back in a heap, which caused the Gnomes to roar with laughter.
For a moment, Taffyote stood there, still in the box, an expression on his face which showed plainly he wasn't quite sure how Santa was going to receive him as a gift. But he didn't have long to wait to find out, for Santa, with a loud "Ho-ho! What a find!" grabbed Taffyote by the waist and lifted him out of the box and seated him in the chair opposite Mrs. Santa, telling the Gnomes that they couldn't have given him anything, he would have rather had Taffyote was so puffed up at this that he strutted around for days after.

"Well, to start with, we have Dinah to thank for it," and he smiled toward the kitchen door where he saw her peeping through. "She was telling me one day, shortly after she came to live with us, about an old dorky herb doctor who had made some wonderful cures down in her old home town in Georgia. 'Yes, sar,' she said, 'Massa Santa, he sure am able to cure 'bout anyt'ing, from chilblains to ammonia.' (she meant pneumonia) 'an' Ah never heard tell of nothin' what he couldn't cure. Ah really believes he mus' get the spirits to help him, for dere sure am some mighty queer goin's on round that of hut o' his on dark night.'"
"Well, sar, I made up my mind that if that old doctor, his name, by the way, was Uncle Mose, was still alive, I'd find him or not come back until I did. As I passed through Georgia on my rounds, I kept my eyes open for him but met with no luck, so I hurried through with my work and went back. I searched and searched, high and low, and had about decided that there was no such person, when I happened to spy a little hut covered with vines, on the edge of a dismal swamp. Quickly driving up to the door I jumped out of the sleigh and knocked. An old, bent negro, with huge glasses on his nose, opened the door and at once I knew he must be Uncle Mose. I told him who I was but he just laughed at me and said, 'Huh, I don't believe in no Sandy Claus. Why, de las' Ah heard o' him Ah was jus, a wee child.'"
"I had to show him the reindeer before he would believe me and when he was sure that I was really very much alive, and Santa Claus himself, he was too tickled for words. I then told him what I had come for and how I had tried every kind of medicine I had ever heard of. 'Huh,' he grunted in disgust, as if nothing was too hard for him, 'yo' ain't never pulled her sweet tooth, now, have yo'? Yo' jus' go home an' do dat an' she'll be all right in no time. She don't need no medicine.'"
"The minute he told me, I knew that was just the thing to do, and I felt so thankful to him that I wanted to fill his house with presents, but he refused them all and said, 'Yo' jus' give me some o' them there sugar plums an' we'll call it square. Ah got a sweet tooth malself Ah would like to pamper.' So giving him all I had left and promising to call on him again, I rode back here in record time."

"Now would you believe it? When



Once in the castle, they immediately set to work, and such a busy lot they were. The old place had never known such a cleaning as it now received. While several of them went back with a sleigh to fetch Dinah, the rest were working in the kitchen, polishing pans and kettles or gathering up the sugar plums they had strewn around. In fact, they swept, scrubbed, dusted and polished everything in all Toyland. Even the slops were not forgotten, and they were put in readiness to repair and exchange the toys that always came back after Christmas to be fixed up.
When at last everything was as bright and shiny as a new dollar, they went out into the Christmas tree forest and cut down the biggest tree they could find and brought it back. It was set up in the dining room near Santa's chair and trimmed with all the most beautiful ornaments to be found, until it shone and sparkled like millions of brightly colored stars.
By this time Dinah had returned, and being told of their prize for Santa, she at once entered heartily into their plans, and with the Gnomes to help her, she soon had a most wonderful dinner cooking on the stove. Taffyote too was busy, for Christmas wouldn't be complete without sugar plums, and he was putting his whole heart into making his very best.
It was now pretty nearly time for Santa to return and they hurried to their rooms to put on their best clothes while Dinah added the finishing touches to dinner and table.
The Gnomes had hardly seated themselves at the table to await Santa, before there was a clatter of hoofs and a jingling of sleighbells