

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

Boy's Honesty.
By Leslie Shaver, Aged 15 Years, Atwood, Iowa.

Roy Campbell had to sell papers after school to help earn a living for his invalid mother and himself. He had a big sister who worked out and gave half her wages every week for the support of her mother. But this did not go far. It was all gone by the end of the week. About Christmas time matters became worse. His mother grew suddenly ill and as they didn't have any money to pay a physician she grew worse.

Roy became desperate. If he did not get some money his mother would die. He left school and found employment as a telephone boy in a large store.

One day as he was cleaning and dusting the counter he lifted up some papers and underneath was a \$10 bill, and written on it were the words, "A Xmas present to the clerk who needs it most."

The temptation to keep it was strong, but he took it to his employer.

When the manager looked over the names of his clerks he decided Roy needed it most and as a reward of his honesty he added \$5 more to his pay check Saturday. In all it was \$20.

Roy's mother grew strong again for the cause of her invalidism was removed by the physician free of charge when he learned how poor they were.

Today Roy is a famous physician noted for his charity which he says he gives out of gratefulness to the doctor who saved his mother's life.

Honorable Mention.
My Little Friend.
By Nellie Gould, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb.

One bright morning in August, the sun was shining, and it made it very hot in the house. I put my sun-bonnet on and a pall on my arm and started on my way to the woods to get some berries. While I was busy picking berries I heard something behind me; I looked around and there was a little kitten. It was black and white. The poor little pet had gotten its leg hurt some way. So I finished picking my berries and started with my little pet for home. When I got home I told mamma where I found it. She told me to feed it some milk so I did. Afterwards I fed it every morning and night, and it soon got fat and also would catch mice. One day about a month after I had found it, it disappeared. I looked all over for it, but never could find it. I felt very sorry it went away because it had gotten very tame and I thought lots of my dear little friend.

A Good Trick on Mother.
By Alice Anderson, Aged 12 Years, Oakland, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I have not written for so long, and now I thought I would write a story about what my sister and I got for mother. Last Friday we butchered a hog, and on Saturday mother was handling the meat, so she told me not to scrub the kitchen floor because it would look just as bad by night. So I cleaned the other rooms and let the kitchen go. When night came my sister and I made up our minds that we would go down and scrub the floor after mother had gone to bed.

When night came we did the dishes early and went upstairs. We waited until mother had gone to bed and then we took off our shoes and went downstairs as quietly as we could. When we went downstairs it was dark as in a cave. But I got some matches and lit the lamp. Then we got the pail and some water. Soon we had the kitchen

Snookums.
By Nellie Gould, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb.

When I was about 7 years old my cousin and I lived in the same town. My cousin is a boy and his name is Durward. One day he and I were walking down the street and we saw a kitten. It was a pretty

Studious Busy Bee is Virginia



Virginia Morcom

A lover of books is this studious Busy Bee, Virginia Morcom. Even the beautiful outdoors doesn't tempt Virginia as much as a good fairy story or one about the Indians who roamed our land so many, many years ago.

and pantry floor scrubbed. Mother was so surprised the next morning, for she did not think we could do it without being heard.

Peace.
By Orval F. Hansen, Aged 12 Years, Kenard, Neb.

There now is peace. And the great war did finally cease. Now the liberty bells can ring again. That the war is at an end.

Soon our boys will be back home. And not be over there to roam. Between the wounded ones each day. And the suffering all the way.

Now our boys will come with glory. Each one with a big, long story. To tell their own old folks behind. Of their journey to the Rhine.

So now that the war is all gone over. Let's all be happy as our Rover. But give three cheers for our Old Glory.

How Many Children Know the Value of Birds in Nebraska?

Birds benefit agriculture by destroying caterpillars and other pests. The bird population can be increased greatly by simple means, one of which is the setting out of nesting homes, not so much to facilitate nesting as to give protection from cats, snakes and other enemies, and a refuge from extreme cold. The good done thus has been made so clear that the farmers in some parts of Europe have set out nesting homes of their own initiative. Much information on this subject is given in a little book, "How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds" (National Association of Audubon Societies).

In order to have any appreciable economic effect, nesting homes must be set out, not in tens, but in hundreds of thousands, if not in millions, and hence they must be made cheaply enough to permit this. The experiments of the Bedford Audubon society of Bedford Hills, N. Y., show that gourds fulfill the needs of the case, in being both attractive to the birds and extremely cheap, so cheap that over 2,000 of them have been sold within the last two years to people living in and about Bedford township. They were first brought here for this purpose by William G. Borland.

These gourds, says H. M. Howe in-Bird Lore, when tried in competition with more than 400 shingle boxes, of a form approved by several of the most competent American authorities, proved so much more attractive, 50 per cent of those examined having been nested in during the first year against only 19 per cent of the boxes.

These gourds, strung with marlin and ready for hanging, with the proper holes for entrance and draining, cost us only 10 cents apiece, but a properly organized industry ought to turn them out much more cheaply, probably at a cost of not over 6 cents each, because our cost was based on unfavorable conditions, working in an amateur way, with no special appliances, wholly by adult hand labor, on a small scale, and at a great distance from North Carolina, where our gourds were raised, so that our freight charges were excessive.

A gourd lasts four years and perhaps longer. Papier-mache gourds would last much longer, and might, perhaps, be made at an even lower cost, to judge from the cost of papier-mache pails; but here actual experiments are needed to show whether a finish could be given them which would attract the birds.

The cost of raising and curing the gourds themselves is very small, and the only additional expense is that of cleaning them out and cutting and stringing a few holes, so that the total cost is small enough to permit distributing them on a scale of real importance to agriculture. The preparation would naturally be done in winter, and there-

The Little Willful Princess

—By DAVID CORY.

THE following morning the little willful princess and her pet monkey left the castle. The beautiful owner of which they had awakened from her long sleep by the magic of the dwarf's jewel, and resumed their journey homeward. Over high hills and valleys they winged their way in their flying suits until, toward evening, they approached the outskirts of a small village. As they descended to the ground they noticed a queer little old woman hobbling away on her crutch toward the wood. Her nose was as crooked as a horn, and almost as long. It crooked down to meet her chin, and chin crooked up to meet her nose. Her face was brown and full of wrinkles, and her eyes were as black as charcoal, and as bright as diamonds. She was very old, and her back was bent like a bow. Her hair, which was perfectly white and as long and fine as the finest of flax, hung down her back in a braid.

The princess and the monkey paused to watch her as she hobbled away from the nearest house, where she had apparently just made a visit. In the garden on one side were three rose bushes on which were growing three very beautiful roses. The little princess leaned over the fence to gaze at them, for she suddenly felt homesick at the sight of them, remembering how beautiful were the roses in the royal gardens at home, now so far away.

And as she stood there watching the lovely flowers a woman came to the doorway, and shielding her eyes with her hand, looked anxiously down the roadway. And as she turned to gaze the other way, she noticed the little princess and her pet monkey standing by the fence. A look of astonishment passed over her face at the strange spectacle of a girl and a monkey with wings upon their shoulders, but before she could speak the little princess came forward and said:

"What beautiful roses you have in your garden?"

"Why, where did they come from?" she said in a tone of surprise.

"'Tis late for roses, and this morning early I did not even notice a bud upon the bushes."

"No?" said the little princess. "that is indeed strange!"

"Did you see three children?" asked the good woman hardly noticing the little princess' remark. "two boys and a girl?"

"I don't remember seeing any one," the princess replied, "except," she added, "a little old woman with a very crooked nose and a very crooked back, just as we neared your cottage."

"Ah, me!" sighed the good woman, "whither can those children have gone?" And she wiped her eyes with the end of her white apron.

"Perhaps we can find them," suggested the monkey, bowing politely. "You will perceive, my good woman, that we have on magic wings which will enable us to travel quickly, so that if you have not missed the children for over long, we might come upon them in a short time."

"I was but a half hour ago I told them to be gone and not return until they could behave themselves, and I fear they have wandered away with sadness in their little hearts."

"Let us fly about and see if we cannot discover them," suggested the Princess, and suiting her actions to her words, she flew off in one

direction, while the monkey took another. Try as they might, however, they could find no trace of the three children. Behind bushes and under thickets, in the wood and the tall meadow grass, they looked with care, but finally they were forced to return to the cottage and tell the anxious mother that they could find them nowhere.

"Do not weep," said the little Princess, laying her hand on the good woman's arm, "surely no harm can have befallen them. They will no doubt return at any moment."

The Princess and the monkey finished their meal as quickly as possible and went out again to the roadside to watch for the children.

"Come, I will pick you a rose," said the good woman, trying to hide the tears that were falling from her eyes, "for I know you love roses."

Then she and the little Princess and the pet monkey turned from the roadway into the little gate and entered the garden. A narrow pebbly path wound in and out among the flower beds, so they went in single file toward the three beautiful roses. "Is it not lovely?" asked the good woman leaning over the nearest rose. And with a sudden movement she leaped over and kissed the beautiful lower, while her tears fell upon the trembling petals. But before she had time to pluck it from the bush it turned into one of her little children. With a glad cry the child threw its arms around the mother's neck, promising over and over again never to be disobedient again. But the good woman could hardly wait to give a kiss in return, so anxious was she to press her lips against the petals of the other two roses.

There was great happiness in the small flower garden after this, and the children, after a short cry and many embraces, were most interested in their two visitors, especially the monkey.

"Come," said the good woman, "your supper is still waiting."

"We will come, too, if we may," said the little princess, laying her hand on one curly head, and the monkey knowingly took the lead, so that the three children eagerly followed him into the house.

As the supper neared its end the good woman looked up suddenly and asked, "But how did it come to pass that you were changed into roses?" for in the excitement and joy at recovering her children she had forgotten the strange circumstances.

"I was a little old woman who made us into roses," cried the littlest boy. "Yes, she asked us why we were crying, and we told her because we had been disobedient, and that our mother had told us not to come home until we were good."

"Yes," interrupted his brother, "and I said I didn't want to be good, and that I would rather stay away; so she said, 'I will change you into roses, so that you may set how sorrowful your poor mother will be when you do not return this evening.'"

"And then we began to cry," said the elder child, "but before we could run away, we found ourselves roses growing out in our own garden."

"It must have been the little old woman we saw," said the princess, turning to her pet monkey.

"Did she have a very crooked nose?" asked the littlest boy.

"And did her chin turn up till it almost touched it?" asked the next child.

"And was her hair in a long, white braid?" asked the girl, "and were her eyes black as coals and bright as diamonds?"

"Yes," answered the princess, turning to each child in answer to the question.

"And she hobbled along on a crutch," added the monkey.

"Yes," cried all the children at once, "she did."

At that moment the little old woman herself appeared. The children clung in terror to their mother's skirt, while the little princess caught hold of the monkey for protection.

"Fear not," said the little old woman in a kindly voice. "All's well that ends well. I returned to find out whether the three roses were to sleep in the garden or in their leather beds." At this the children grew bolder and lost much of their fear. And the little princess turned to the little old woman and said, "I am sure you will not have let them remain roses all through the long night."

"Bless you, no," replied the old woman, with a twinkle in her black eyes. "Bless you, no. But I am glad it was the mother's kiss of forgiveness that made them good little children again."

"So am I," replied the little princess in a whisper, "it makes me remember how often my dear mother kissed me in loving forgiveness."

And here the little willful princess actually began to cry. "I feel quite homesick," she sobbed.

"There, there," said the little old woman, "don't cry," and turning to the mother of the three little children, she said, "take the little princess into your cottage and put her to bed with your own dear children for she is far from her home and lonely."

"That I will gladly do," answered the good woman, and placing her arm lovingly about the little princess, led her into the humble cottage for the night.

Child Ruler of Two Nations

Henry VI Became King of England and France When Little More Than a Baby and War Followed Between the Two Nations.

Henry VI was born while King Henry V, his father, was at war in France. The news of the birth of a male heir reached the king one cold December day, and he was rejoiced that the thrones of England and France should be united through his child—for the mother of Henry V was Catherine of France.

The king went to Paris to meet his queen and the child for she had journeyed from Windsor castle, in England to present the prince to the rulers of France. Thus little Henry, scarcely nine months old, was declared the future king of England and the heir apparent to the throne of France.

A few months after this ceremony, while taking part in battle, the king became ill and died, so the queen and baby Henry never again saw Henry V. Before the mourning cortege reached the coast of France, where the body was to be conveyed to England, news came that Charles VI of France was also dead. Thus a babe, not ten months old, was proclaimed king of two great nations. But the people had to have rulers, so the duke of Bedford, while Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, was selected as lord protector of England. Queen Catherine undertook the care and training of her son.

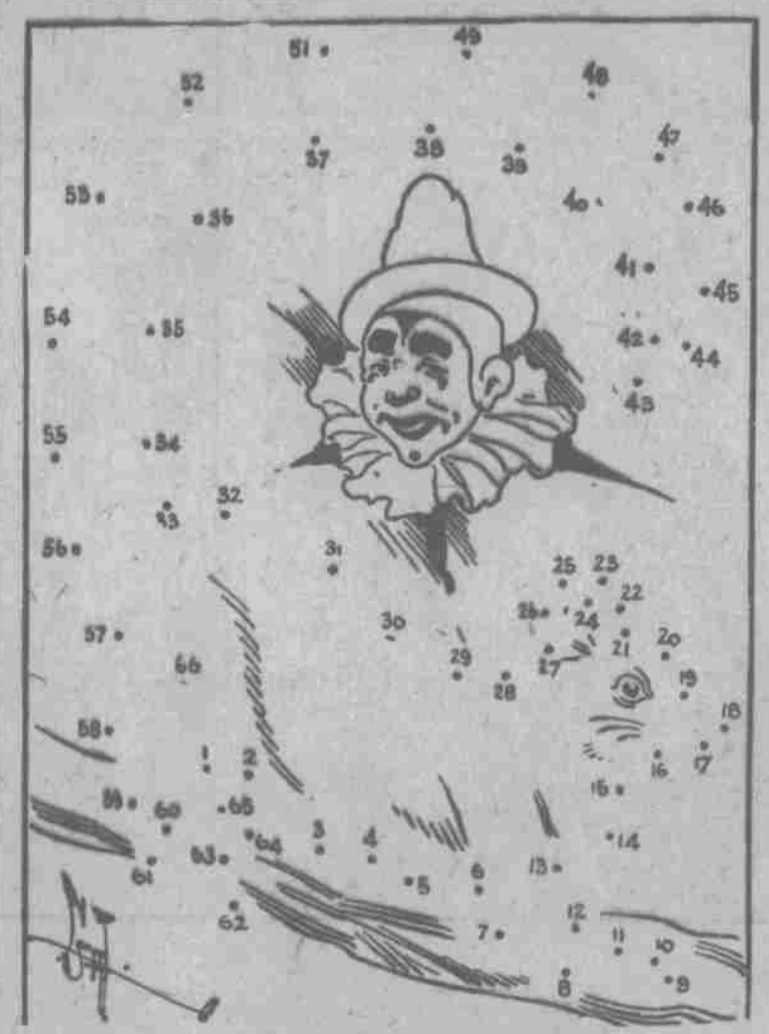
Henry was reared with great care and wisdom until he was 9 years old, when he was crowned at Westminster Abbey. The English people resented Henry as their king, but the French rebelled at having him their ruler, so they started a war to make Charles VII king of France. It was during the days when France was on the verge of being annexed as a province of England that a little country maid,



Joan of Arc, rode to the court of Charles and inspired the people to save her country for itself.

War waxed fiercely then between the French and the English, but the latter people won, and on December 2, 1451, King Henry rode victorious into his second kingdom. But the French bided their time quietly. The threat grew until once more the two nations were at war. Then it was that peace was offered the French by having Henry marry a French princess, but they refused, and Henry married Margaret, daughter of the king of Sicily.

Our Picture Puzzle



What has Piffle drawn?
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.