

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



## In the Bee Hive

### Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)  
**Red Cross Dog.**  
 By Catherine Hanke, Aged 12 Years,  
 2409 North Twenty-fourth Street,  
 Omaha, Neb.

I have just returned from the battlefield, best known as "No-Man's Land." Everywhere I looked I could see soldiers, wounded, dying or dead.

Sometimes I am sent out on scouting trips with a number of other dogs. When we arrive at the battle line we part and see who can be the first to find a soldier needing help.

We always carry first aid kits strapped on our backs, for there are many soldiers who can bandage their own wounds.

As it is time to have dinner now will close my story here. Perhaps I may see you when I return to America, who knows?

(Honorable Mention)  
**Jenny's Adventure.**

By Myrtle McDonald, Aged 12, Blair, Neb.

One nice day as Jennie Brown was playing by the roadside, her mother called her and told her to come in the house; that she did without being told again.

Her mother said, "Now, dear, what would you do if I should let you go to the woods?"

Jennie said: "I would play, dear mother."

So her mother made her some candy and baked her a little cake, so she could have a lunch.

After getting her hat and lunch she started off. It was a bright sunny, summer day and the sky was blue, so she did not need a coat.

She went into the woods and after playing an hour or so she sat down to rest. The birds were singing and the squirrels were chattering about in the trees. That made her very happy. She opened her lunch basket and said to herself, "I am getting hungry and I think I will eat some of mother's good things." She ate until she had had enough and then she thought of the poor little birds up in the trees. She again opened her lunch basket and scattered the crumbs of her cake around on the ground and then she hid behind a large bush until the birds came to eat the crumbs.

Presently there were ten birds eating the crumbs.

Jennie said: "It is getting late so I will have to go home," so she picked up her little lunch basket and started home very pleased and happy.

**A New Bee.**  
 By Kenneth Fink, Aged 10 Years, Wellington, Neb.

I used to live in Cody, Neb., but a year ago I moved to Wellington. I have one sister and used to have a brother. He joined the army at Bonner, Ia., and then he went to Deming, N. M., and got the measles, and then pneumonia, and died in January, 1918. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. I belong to the Methodist church. I hope to see my letter in print, because this is the first time I have written.

**My First Letter.**  
 By Louise Heald, Aged 11, Osceola, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade at

#### 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.

#### AMERICA.

America! They ardent stars aspire!  
 They shine resplendent, having pierced their way,  
 They show the promised land where Christ shall slay  
 The wily serpent's brood. Here burns the fire  
 Of liberty and hope that shall inspire  
 To rise and overthrow the reign of clay.  
 Manasseh's Eagle soars. Behold the Day  
 Desired of all. The despot's fitful ire  
 Flits out. Immortal sonship, crowned of God,  
 Shall reign as King and priest in realm of Mind.  
 With constitution sound and broad, a state  
 Established firm in Truth, thy mighty rod  
 Of potent Love shall chasten all mankind,  
 Until upon the Lord they learn to wait.

SIBYR MARVIN HUSE.

Helen Burkhardt



## Little Helen of the Roses

The photographer must have caught Helen in the garden, for she looks like a woodland fairy with her armful of dewy roses. This pretty Busy Bee, with her big blue eyes, is very fond of the great outdoors and she is planning a really, truly garden of her own next spring, when the flowers awake from their long sleep and shake off their blanket of snow.

## Short Tales of Great People

Upon the rugged hills of Scotland, a poor shepherd, by name James Hogg, watched his master's flocks, and always in obedient attendance his faithful dog Sirrah followed closely at his heels. James' father and grandfather and great-grandfather had all been shepherds before him, so the lad knew no other trade. At times the flock numbered as many as 500 sheep and as many lambs. These had to be driven to the pastures covering the hills and watched carefully that none strayed.

Day after day James and his dog, Sirrah, drove the flocks from one grassy pasture to another, but at noon hour the dog was intrusted alone while the shepherd ate his dinner by a spring or took a short rest under a shady tree.

One dark night James and Sirrah were on the hilltop with a flock of 700 sheep and lambs when a severe thunder storm arose. The wind whistled shrilly and the thunder rolled while the lightning forked every way. As the rain poured down incessantly the poor little lambs grew so frightened that their bleating made the sheep run hither and thither. Finally they started a stampede, some in one direction and some in another. The distracted shepherd wandered up and down the hills, with lighted lantern in his hand, calling for his flocks. But no sound or sight could he get of a single one. Even Sirrah seemed to desert his master in this trying experience. Two or three other shepherds joined James in the search, but morning came and still they sought for the flocks in every likely place where the sheep might have

taken shelter. But no, no flocks were to be seen.

At last, weary and discouraged, James said: "It's of no use; I must go to the master and tell him I have lost his flock." So, with heart aching for the dear lambs he loved, the sorrowing shepherd started toward home.

He had gone about two miles when he came to a deep and narrow ravine that ended in a wide pocket between the cliffs, but was approached by a gradual descent from the hills where the flocks usually fed. Here James thought he spied a few lambs gamboling about the bushes. He swung himself out upon a ledge of rock to better see if they could be his, and there he saw Sirrah upon a flat-topped rock, standing guard over the entire flock, patiently waiting for his master's help. James called to his friends and all soon were at the bottom of the ravine counting the lambs. All were there. Not one was missing. Then Sirrah was proud, as his master praised his wisdom and patted the shaggy head.

But how did the dog ever manage to gather the scattered flock together and hold them in the pocket? No one ever could tell, as Sirrah kept silence and only his wise eyes tried to explain.

During the solitude upon the hills James Hogg taught himself to read and write, and as he grew up to young manhood he loved poetry so dearly that he oftentimes wrote poems for others to read and enjoy. His name became quite famous throughout Scotland, and he was known as the shepherd poet. Many of his poems were written for children.

## Child Rulers of the World

On Christmas Day we celebrate the birthday of a boy child born over 2,000 years ago in the tiny city of Bethlehem of Nazareth. A little Jewish boy was this Jesus of Nazareth, brought up under the Jewish law as were all other little boys in those days and in that country.

Only His mother, Mary, knew that He was a very special little boy—and He knew even more than Mary, that He carried in His heart a great message of love and life to all mankind.

As He grew older He began to speak that message. He began to tell men of God, His Father, the Source of Life and of All Life and Love. He began to teach the marvelous strength and power of that love, and so deep was His knowledge of the law of Spirit that He made wonderful cures of all manner of diseases.

Great multitudes thronged about Him for the blessing of His word and the power of His healing, and the ears of all the world of that day were filled with His name. But soon the priests and kings began to fear this great new power. They were jealous of Jesus' fame and sought for an excuse to rid the world of him. They soon found what they looked for and one day they put him to death.

They put the man Jesus to death, but the Christ and His great and glorious message still live. They could break his body, but they never could silence the voice of Spirit—God—and today that Voice is singing out through the whole world. "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and every little boy and girl can know that on every day in every heart the Christ Child may be born

again in the Spirit—thoughts of kindness, gentleness, truth and great love, and every day may be a Christmas Day for us all because on every day we can speak the great message and carry on the beautiful work of the little boy of Nazareth born so long ago, but still ruling the whole world with the Christ power and love and life and truth. JOSEPHINE PERCY.

#### YOU ARE IN GOD'S WORLD.

You are in God's world. You are God's child. These things you can not change; the only peace and rest and happiness for you is to accept them and rejoice in them.

When God speaks to you, you must not believe that it is the wind blowing or the torrent falling from the hills. . . . All other sounds will be caught up in the prevailing richness of that voice of God. The last proportions will be perfectly restored. Discord will cease; harmony will be complete.—Philips Brooks.

#### LOYALTY HELPS ONE.

Loyalty is the quality which prompts a person to be true to the thing he undertakes. It means definite direction, fixity of purpose and steadfastness. Loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast and works for health and success. Nature helps the loyal man. If you are careless, slipshod or indifferent, Nature assumes you wish to be a "nobody" and grants your desire. Success hinges on loyalty. Be true to your art, your business, your employer. . . . Loyalty is for one who is loyal. It is a quality woven through the very fabric of one's being and never a thing apart.—Mahims.

## Juvenile Musicians

As Leo Ornstein is getting to be a famous pianist, though still little more than a lad, you ought to hear him, or hear something about him, at any rate. It seems like yesterday when Leo Ornstein, a boy prodigy, made his first appearance in a concert hall in New York City. He came out on the stage, a boy with wavy hair falling over his face and brilliant eyes, and he sat down to the piano and played in a brilliant manner. He made quick, rushing runs from one end of the keyboard to the other, and he played with feeling and expression. He played a long program, and at the close his friends crowded around him. It could well be seen that he had come out into the world that night as a full-fledged pianist, no matter if he was only a lad. Since then Leo Ornstein has "done his bit" in music with sure, telling strokes. His playing has been taken down for records,

and early last summer there was a gathering of celebrated musicians and critics, as well as an audience of concert-goers, to hear his records played at Carnegie Hall. It was an eerie, ghostlike experience, the big piano standing on the stage, with no one seated at its keyboard, playing the first movement of Ornstein's record of the Concerto, with a big orchestra assembled on the platform. We could see the keys of the piano go down and up as if moved by magic, and the orchestra accompanied this weird pianist in perfect time. But at last the music stopped, and then Leo Ornstein stepped out on the platform; he bowed before he sat down to the piano to play the second movement of the Concerto. Ornstein has composed some wild, strange music, and some delightful music, too. He is a genius, you see, and you must try to hear him play if possible.

small their mother left them so I went down to the barn and caught them. They have been growing very well since then and are quite large now.

I live on a farm and go to school. The school is a mile off. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Wilma Farnam. We like her very well. There are 11 pupils in the school. Well I hope to see my letter in print. And hope some of you Busy Bees will write to me.

**Generous Alice.**  
 By Violet Sutherland, Aged 11, Stanton, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: Once there was a boy and girl. The girl's name was Alice and the boy's name was Joe Sanderland. Their father was dead, so the mother had to take care of them. They were rich. It was about Christmas; Alice and Joe were over to their friends. Alice asked her friend what she was going to get for Christmas and her friend said she was not going to get anything because they were too poor. And when Alice returned she told her mother what her friend had said.

Alice's mother told her to give them some of her toys, so Alice and Joe went up and Alice got her doll and fine dresses for it and a doll buggy. Joe got a rocking horse, Agnes and a toy train and gave it to Agnes and Stanley, and they were very, very happy. So were Alice and Joe.

**My First Letter.**  
 By Harvey Heald, Aged 9, Osceola, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. We are not having school here on account of the Spanish "flu," but will have to make it up on Saturdays. I've had the "flu," but am well now. Mamma had the "flu," too, and took sick Thanksgiving day. We have a cat. His name is Bill. My letter is getting long, so will close by wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

**A Dog Story.**  
 By Clifford Lapp, Aged 11, Stromsburg, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I am going to write about my dog. His name is Tip. He likes to ride in the car. One day when we were going in the car, Tip saw a rabbit by the side of the road and jumped out after it. He went over and over. When we stopped for him to get in, he was running for the car. He likes to play. If you throw a stick and tell him to go after it

**A Good Cat.**  
 By Isabelle Sutherland, Aged 9 Years, Stanton, Neb.

Dear Busy Bee: I am going to write about a rabbit. My kitten found it one day and she did not eat it. She treated it just like she had her kittens. I was proud of her. We all thought she would eat it, but she did not. This is a true story.

**Pet Chickens.**  
 By Louise Reese, Aged 10, Randolph, Neb.

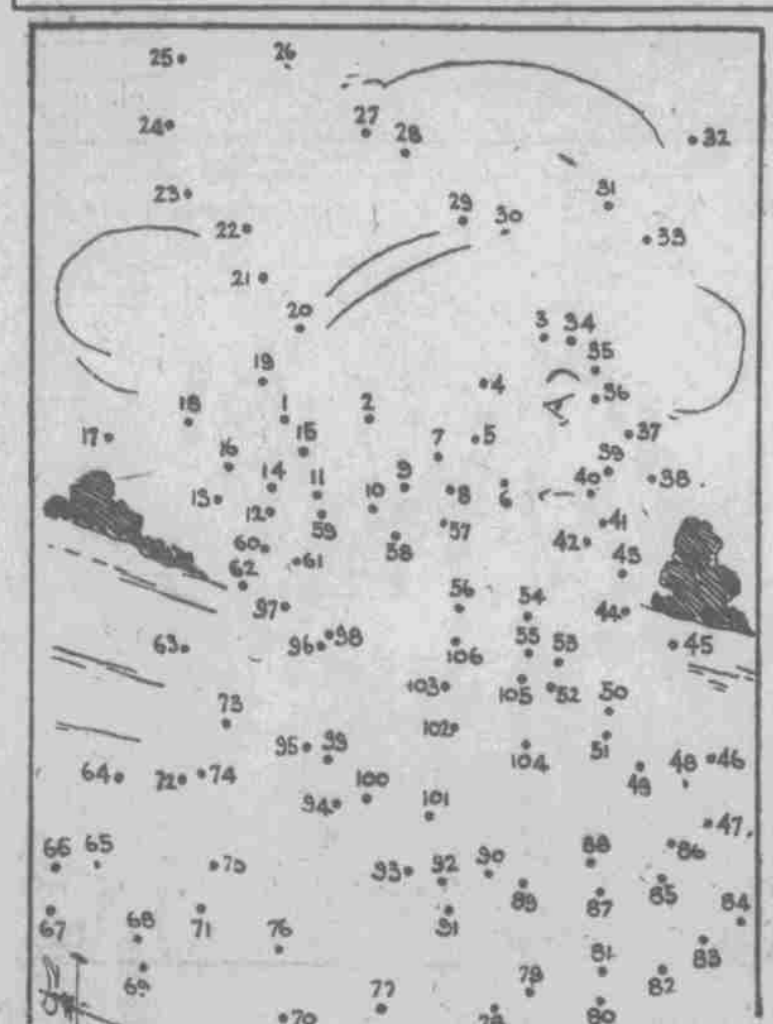
Dear Little Busy Bees: I am a reader of the Children's page and like it very well. I would like to tell about my pet chickens. I have nine little chickens. Five of them are without a mother, so I take care of them. When they were real

**A New Member.**  
 By Dorothy Lyman, Aged 9 Years, Spencer, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I wish to join your happy circle. My name is Dorothy Lyman. I am 9 years old. I live in Spencer, Neb. I have a dog, his name is Felicie. He is black and has white paws. He can set up on his hind legs and then you put a cigar in his mouth and he will smoke it; if you lie down he will come and take your cap and hide it. If you like this story I will write another.

Let me be a little kinder,  
 Let me be a little blinder  
 To the faults of those about me  
 Let me be, when I am weary,  
 Just a little bit more cheery.

## Our Picture Puzzle



The \_\_\_\_\_ plods his weary way  
 And raises \_\_\_\_\_ from day to day.

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