

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



## In the Bee Hive

### Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize)  
**Honest Jim.**  
By Evelyn Whelan, Age 11, 2251 So. 24th Street, Omaha.

Jim Dudley sold papers and did odd jobs to support his blind mother and himself. He had a big brother that worked, but it took quite a bit to feed and clothe three people. About the middle of winter things took a new turn. His mother's eyes had sharp streaks of pain and no money could be spared for a specialist and the family doctor could do nothing. Jimmy grew desperate. Bill was saving for the services of a noted physician in the city but it would take long, so he left school and secured employment with a large firm but after a week's work his mother became so ill it required all his time to care for her.

One afternoon when she was better he went to work and on entering picked up a \$50 bill. He hesitated. It required strong will power but Jim conquered and took it to the manager of the department who soon found the owner.

The owner was so pleased with Jim he gave him \$10, and the manager raised his salary giving him a more responsible place in the office.

But Jim became James Dudley, M. D., trained by the doctor who cured his mother, and he says he wishes he could cure every blind mother so happy he was over his mother's regained sight.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**A Tight Place.**  
By Paul Peterson, Age 12, 219 15th St., Columbus, Neb.

I am going to tell you a story about a boy of my age that did a very foolhardy thing; his name is Jim Anderson.

Jim lived in the Rockies and one day his father got him a new 40-pound bear trap. Jim was very proud of it. One day Jim took his trap out to the mountains. He came to what he thought an excellent place to set his trap, so he started to accomplish this task. He had his trap set and covered up and then he started to climb back up when his foot slipped and he plunged headlong into his own trap. With a snap the steel vice closed on him, he screamed with the pain and then fainted.

When Jim came to he saw his father bending over him bathing his lacerated foot, Jim said:  
"Never again will I attempt to go trapping without you, dad."  
His father only laughed.

**A Christmas Party.**  
By Evelyn Whelan, Age 11, 2251 So. 24th St., Omaha, Neb.

It was the night before Christmas eve and Dorothy was sitting in the big arm chair thinking of what her mother had told her that afternoon. Her mother was going to have a surprise for her Christmas eve, but her thinking cap wasn't on that evening.

At last Christmas eve came. It was about 6:30 when her mother called her:  
"Dorothy, put on your best dress, for we are going to have company this evening. Be ready at 8 o'clock."

At 8 o'clock Dorothy was sitting on the bench, when the door bell rang. She went to the door and a crowd of children came running into the room shouting for joy. To Dorothy's delight she was having a real Christmas party. They were enjoying themselves, when Dorothy's mother came in the room and said:

"Children, come into the dining room and see what I have for you. To their surprise the table was loaded with good things to eat. In the middle of the table was a large Christmas tree with candy, nuts, cake and little-ice cream trees around it. After they had eaten Jack (which was the boy's name) said to Dorothy:

"Say, won't you have another party like this next Christmas, so my little brother can come, for he hasn't any pretty tree like yours?"

"I will have to wait till next Christmas for that, but you send him over tomorrow, for I have a present for him."

Before I go any farther I will tell you a little about Jack. He is a little newsboy and his mother is a widow. He lives just a few blocks from Dorothy's house. Dorothy's mother hires Jack's mother to do their washing. That is how Dorothy came to know Jack.

At 10 o'clock Dorothy bid her friends goodnight. After she had hung up her stocking she said to her mother:

"Thanks for the good time you so carefully planned."  
"That's all right, dear, go to bed now so Santa Claus may come."

**My Pets.**  
By Eva Orth, Age 11, Belvidere, Neb.

My pets are chickens and a dog. I have five little chickens, and they are about half a year old. They follow me all around when they get up in the morning, and when I get see me they come running to me. I can sit down and call them to me and they jump into my lap. I felt sorry for them when they had to be taken away from their mother. One of my neighbors gave them to me. I think there is nothing like my little chickens and my pet dog, Shep. He is good to my brother and sisters. There are some peo-

### RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

1. Write plainly; 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 first page.
  6. A prize book will be given each week for best contribution.
- Address: Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

stories every Sunday and like them very well. I love to write stories, and if I see my letter in print I shall send some stories I have written.

I wish that some of the many interesting Busy Bees would write to me.

**The United States Flag.**  
By Mildred Rogers, Age 12, Elyria, Neb.

Betsy Ross made the first American flag. This flag had 13 stars and 13 stripes. Each stripe represented one of the first 13 states. George Washington went to Betsy Ross' home and asked her if she would make a flag. He said: "I have here a pattern of a star. We have planned to have 13 stars and 13 stripes. Every time a new state is admitted to these 13 another star will be added. The stripes will be alternate, red and white."

But Betsy said: "I can make a much prettier star than that one you have with six points." She took a piece of paper and folded it; she cut off one corner of it and made a five-pointed star. This was much prettier than the six-pointed star Washington had. Betsy was very handy with her needle, so she went to work right away, and when it was finished it was the most beautiful flag that there ever was. This flag went with Washington's army in 1777.

**Happy Louise.**  
By Leona Zahradnik, Age 10, Fairview, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I thought I would write again. Once there was a little girl; her name was Louise, but everybody called her Lou for short. It was near Christmas. Lou was poor and could not afford to buy Christmas presents, but she was happy because it was Christmas. Her father and mother were dead. She lived with her cross aunt in a little cottage. They were very poor. Then Christmas eve came and she dreamed she was a princess and lived in a palace. When Christmas morning came she went to the fireplace, thinking her stockings were empty, but instead of an empty stocking there was a stocking full of candy, nuts, oranges, apples and cookies; a big doll in a blue satin dress with blue eyes and yellow hair; a tablet and pencil box with pencils; a story book, a box of hair ribbons and some shoes and stockings. When she came in the kitchen, there, on the table, stood a turkey, plum pudding, a salad, fruit and a cake and a bowl of candy. Then they ate breakfast.

Then Lou played with her doll and ate her candy, cookies, oranges, nuts and apples. Lou said it was the happiest Christmas she had ever had.

This is not a true story.

**The Magic Wand.**  
By Ruth Wheeler, Age 11, Albion, Neb.

It was Christmas day in France, the people hurried to and fro. The first fairies had painted the windows. It was a pretty sight. Sitting by a window sat poor Joe, he was crippled and sad. No one seemed to remember him. His mother had died when he was 3 years old. He was 10 now. He lived with his father in a shack, and they were very poor. He glanced out of the window. A soldier boy was approaching him and waved his hand. "I've come to take you to a hospital so you can get well, then I'm going to take you back to America with me," he said.

Eight weeks afterward Joe was sailing over the ocean in the Martha Washington with President Wilson to America.

He was well and happy, because he was going to see America.

**A Broomstick Solo.**  
By Aita Cunningham, Age 11, St. Edward, Neb.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Robert Burns. Robert's parents were very poor. They lived in an old house. Robert was the only child. He had to make most of their living, for his father and mother were getting too old to work very much.

Robert had a large garden to take care of in the summer, and in the winter he would shovel snow for a living.

When Robert had a minute to spare he would use his broomstick for his musical instrument. Music was natural for him and he loved to sing.

One day he was playing on his broomstick, which he used for his violin. He began to sing very loudly, which attracted his mother very much for she did not know he could sing so well. Robert's mother told his father when he came from work. They invited their neighbors in to hear him that evening, and he entertained his friends for an hour. They went home very happy. They came back to hear him the next week and brought him a violin. He became a great musician.

**The Little Pig and the Apple.**  
By Fern Sheldon, Age 11, North Loop, Neb.

The little pig at Uncle Frank's farm was very comfortable most of the time. He had a strong, roomy pen to shelter him from heat and storm and he had plenty to eat. Yet every now and then it seemed to him as if he must have an apple. And at such times he would stand on hind legs and look over the fence, up and down the way and that, and squeal and squeal for some one to bring him an apple.

One day when he squealed and squealed for an apple he heard footsteps coming his way. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

But it was only Uncle Frank hastening to get in the hay before the rain came. He had no time to hunt for an apple for a hungry little pig.

## Little Maid Just Half-Past Two



Little Gertrude Clair Martin is one of our youngest Busy Bees, for she is just half past 2. She has four brothers and sisters, so you see Gertrude is never lonely, for when they are at school she has a large family of dolls who demand a great deal of attention.

With a squeal of disappointment, the little pig began to squeal again, for he felt as if he must have an apple.

Then he heard the tiniest little footsteps. Pitter patter! and down the path came little Bobby, and what do you think he had in his hand? A big, round, red, juicy apple!

The little pig ate every bit of it—corn, seeds, all—and then he said: "Thank you little Bobby, thank you! Please come again!"

**My Pet Dog.**  
By Stella W. Novak, Age 12, Friend, Neb.

Once I had a pet dog and his name was Gyp. He could do many tricks. He was about 15 years old before he died. I felt very sorry to see him die. He could jump through a hoop, and if you would hold some bread or something he would stand up on two feet and bark until you would give it to him. Whenever he was outside he would bark to get in, but if he was in the house he would wait by the door until you would open it for him. Whenever we were eating, so if he saw any paper on the floor he would sit on it and wait until we would give him something to eat. When he ate he would be very careful not to get any crumbs on the floor.

This is my first letter I have ever written to the Busy Bees. I hope my letter does not reach the waste paper basket.

**My First Letter.**  
By Virginia Anderson, Age 10, Holdrege, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I am a little girl 10 years old, I am in the fifth A grade. I have three teachers. I like them all very much. Two of my teachers have the "Bee."

I have three brothers and two of them are in service, and my other brother is 12 years old.

I have two uncles in service, one of them is in France.

I hope one of the brothers will come home soon.

This is my first letter I have written to the Busy Bees. I hope Mrs. Wastebasket is not at home. I wish one of the Busy Bees would write to me.

Goodbye for the Busy Bees.

## Teddy Bear's Lonesome

The Teddy Bear got into a peck of trouble last night when he tried to help Mrs. Mouse get some things together for a New Year dinner. In the first place, he fell down the front stairs and that awakened Tab E. Cat, who started after both him and Mrs. Mouse. Mrs. M. ran quickly under the sideboard in the dining room and poor Teddy got pretty badly scratched before Tab E. was through with him. Then in trying to get a particularly tempting bit of cheese for a cheese pie, Teddy was caught fast in a mousetrap. Yes, sir! He says his front paws will never be the same. If Rover hadn't happened to stroll past and to see his predicament, there he would have been found next morning, and think of the disgrace and mystery of catching a Teddy Bear in a mousetrap!

Well, finally they did fill Mrs. Mouse's basket and were stealing back to Nurseryville when the tin soldier on guard captured them both, and Teddy was locked up in the stable, where he is in this very minute, since he offered to serve Mrs. Mouse's time so she could go home to her nice children. Wasn't that generous of him? But he's awfully lonesome.

## FLOWERS BLOOMING ON ORDER.

"A little more than 15 years ago a certain Mr. Thomas Rochford of Broxbourne, England, made some observations on the effects of frost upon plant growth. He noticed that, in the early months of the year, when the temperature falls below freezing point, the development of all vegetables is suspended. No injury results to the plants from this, and, in seasons when the natural rest is prolonged, the vigor of growth is greater than normal. A series of experiments was undertaken, and it was discovered that the normal flowering time of certain plants could be retarded for quite a long while. This lily-of-the-valley roots are put into a refrigerator in the autumn and kept there until the succeeding fall. They pass right over their natural blooming time and, when they are brought into a warm atmosphere, they come into full beauty, whatever the season may be. The rapidity of growth is amazing after this treatment, and often the grower is gathering his crops of blooms within three weeks of the time of planting. Strangely enough this lily culture is carried on in the dark or, at any rate, in a closely shaded house. The absence of illumination encourages a long stem growth and does not in any way hinder the development of the fragrant blooms. This process of retardation has been carried out with great success in the case of lilacs, spirea, azaleas, and many of the larger kinds of lilies."—S. Leonard Bastin, in the December St. Nicholas.

## Appertainin' to Love.

"Love," says a lady who is of the stage, "is like eating mushrooms. You are never sure it is the real thing until too late."

"Love is the only thing we have not been forced to Hooverize on during the war and armistice."

"It is all right to fall in love if you know how to swim, but it's no game for an amateur. Nobody will throw you a life preserver."

"The best way for a woman to solve the love problem is by going to work."

It's a sad life.

with the money I received. One day he got some poison and he died.

**Dick's Kindness.**  
By Roy Knight, Norfolk, Neb.

One day Dick was walking along the street. He saw some object moving the bushes, and he went around to see what it was. He saw a dog lying on the ground, gasping for breath. He found that one of its legs were broken, so he took it home and nursed the dog until he was well.

**My Pet Dog.**  
By Little Boyles, Age 12, Shelby, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I enjoy reading your letters. I am going to write you about my dog. He was a brown dog. His name was Fido. He was a shepherd dog. He knew some tricks. Some of them were, speaking for his food and playing with a ball. But when we moved to town we gave him away.

**We'll Set a Place for Brother.**  
By Isabelle Preston, Age 8, Fremont, Neb.

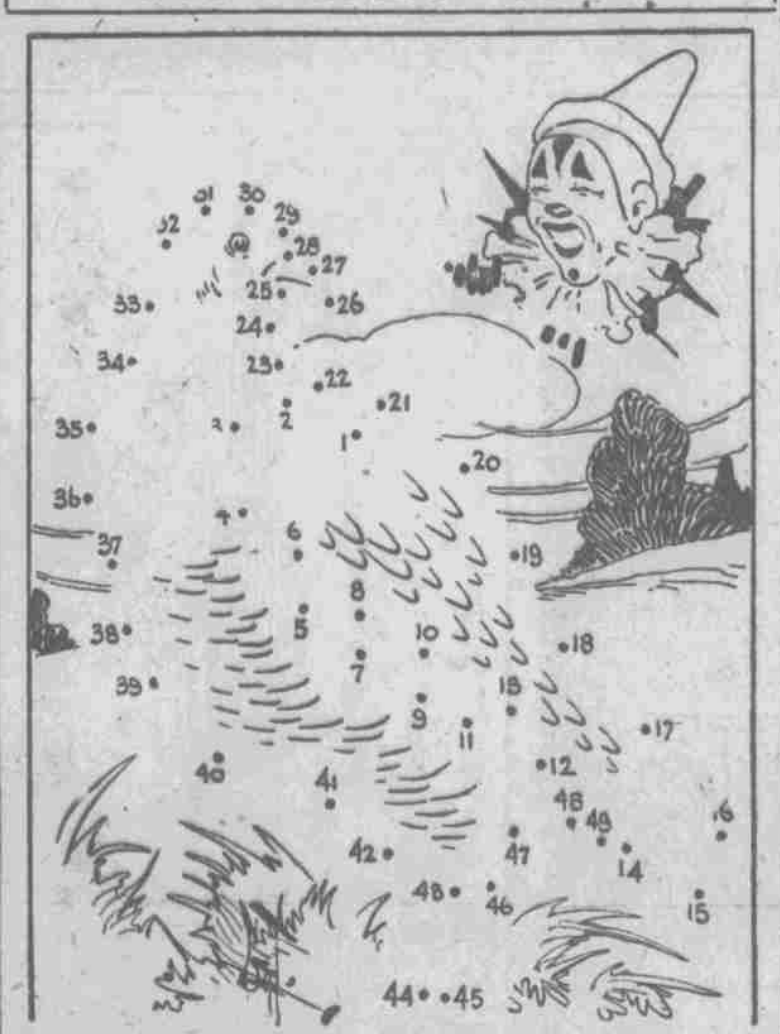
We'll set a place for brother dear. Though he is "lover there," And our loving memory Can fill the vacant chair.

And though he's far away in France He'll soon be coming through; Waving high above his head Our dear Red, White and Blue.

## My Little Doll

By Charles Kingsley  
I once had a sweet little doll, dear. The prettiest doll in the world. Her cheeks were so white and red, dear. And her hair was so charmingly curled. But I lost my poor little doll, dear. As I played in the bath one day. And I cried for more than a week, dear. But I never could find where she lay. I found my poor little doll, dear. As I played in the bath one day. Folks say she is terribly changed, dear. For her paint is all washed away. And her arms trodden off by the cow, dear. And her hair not the least bit curled. Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dear. The prettiest doll in the world.

## Our Picture Puzzle



When last I visited New York I saw a wonderful old—  
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.