

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize Letter.)

Kindness to Birds.

By Herbert Anderson, age 11, Stromsburg, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees—One day last spring the boys in our school were tormenting some little birds with sling-shots and air rifles. They did not care if they killed them or not, to put them out of their misery. Some of the other boys and I made up our minds that we were going to stop this cruelty, so we told them how much they were wronging these helpless little birds, and that these little birds had as much right to live as they did. They laughed at us and called us "goodie boys," but we decided to take all this and try our best to prevent this. At last they stopped and we found all the little suffering birds, some having broken wings and legs. A while after watering and feeding them we noticed that some of them fluttered around as if they wished to be set free. We freed all that were able to fly. Of course, some died, but there were a great number we saved.

They now have flown to the "Sunny Southland" but I am sure they will return in the spring.

(Honorable Mention.)

Winter Days.

By Mary Dyba, aged 12, 4818 South Thirty-fifth Street, South Side.

Here is a poem that popped into my head when I watched the snow whirling around our school house. It seemed good enough to me so I thought I'd send it in our page, because I haven't written for almost a half year.

Hear the wind a-shrieking
The window panes a-creaking
Now you know that winter-time is nigh
Watch the snow a-falling
Hark the barn owl's calling
Listen to its ever mournful cry.

The days are dull and dreary
Makes you cross and weary
Oh, but won't you praise that blessed hour
When all the birds are a-singing
And all the flowers springing
While roses bloom on every bush
and bow?

To the Editor.

By Elsie Bowman, age 13, Tekamah, Neb.
Dear Editor: I thank you greatly for the beautiful book you sent me as prize for my story.

The name of the book was "Lost Indian Magic." I have read it through and find it very interesting. It is full of excitement and adventure. Another thing that I like very much about it is the beautiful illustrations. As I like Indian stories very much this book has found first place among all my books.

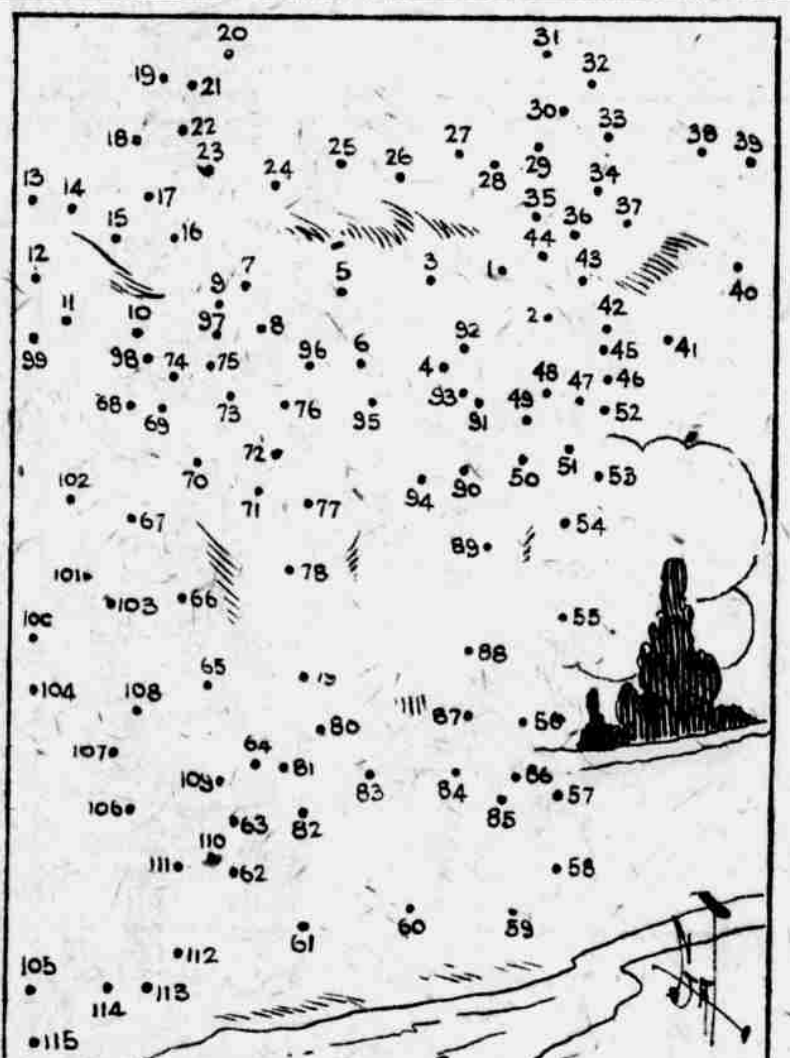
I again thank you and I hope that all other children who receive books from you may be as well pleased as I am with mine.

A Bad Score.

By Eleanor Keating, 1226 South Thirty-second Street, City.

One day my friend asked me to come over as her mother was not at home. We started to go in, but just as we stepped in we heard a peculiar noise. We continued going in until we reached the piano. We started to play when we heard the noise again. Both of us ran into the

Our Picture Puzzle



To catch a _____ is quite fine.
Just trace the dots to 49.
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

Proud of Hun Helmet



Marion Burkhardt

How would you like to have a really, truly German helmet all your own? Marion Burkhardt had one sent to him by his daddy, who is over in France. Marion has other trophies from the war zone, too, for his father has been in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts helping our boys to fight the great battles. As you can imagine, this little boy watches every day for the postman, for the letters from "over there" are the joy of his life.

out to the goat pen and found three little kids. Mamma gave me one for my birthday present. Then she gave my little brother one, and my little sister, Verona, the other one. We have lots of fun with them. We milked the old goat and fed the kids on a bottle for a week. She was so lonesome for them we gave them back. I am going to drive the kids, Billy and Ben with my wagon this summer. This is a true story and the first one for your paper.

Pet Pigeon.
By Mildred Swanson, age 10, Valparaiso.
I thought I would write to you about my pet pigeon. We named it Patsy; it was all white. Papa got it when it was little at one of the neighbors, and we put it in a cage for a week, and when we let it out it was very tame. It would do lots of funny tricks. When papa was building the garage it would fly and sit on his arm or head and stay for quite a while; it also would sit and eat out of the hand, and when the car was outside, and running it would fly and sit on the radiator. But one day this fall our cat got a taste of it and that was the last of my pet pigeon.

I hope to see this letter in print.

A New Bee.
By Olive Siskit, age 13, Griswold, Ia.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your page. I like to read the letters to the other Busy Bees write. I am a girl 12 years of age and in the seventh grade. I go to town school, but I do not like it very well. I started to school in the country when I was almost 6 years old.

We had a pony that was not broke to drive very well, but we were going to drive it anyway; we had not gone far when the pony started to run; it broke the shafts, but we were not hurt at all; we walked on to school; we would not drive or ride the pony, so we sold it.

I have two sisters; their names are Mae and Lillie. As my letter is long enough I will close.

A French Story.
By Caroline Mirasny, age 10, 1944 South 12th St.
One day in France people were scurrying by. A French father came home. He was very sad. He told his family that war had been declared. In two weeks he was called to go to war. He left behind him his wife and a little girl, 8 years old. The little girl's mamma was very sad, and it took all the little girl's courage to make the mother not feel bad. One day cannons were heard, the

poor little girl was pushed toward; she knew not where her mother had disappeared. One by one the French people had fallen until the girl was left to flee herself. She ran until she could move no farther. She fell exhausted on the steps of a Red Cross hospital.

The next thing the little girl knew she was lying on a little cot. When she was well she was taken to an orphanage, where one day a rich lady adopted her. She was taken across the sea where she had a fine home in America. One day the girl's mistress came into the room and told the girl that a French soldier had arrived in America and was gathering money for French orphans. Her mistress said she would take her to see him. When they arrived at the place where the soldier was gathering money, to the girl's surprise she recognized him as her long-lost father. They made their home in America and lived happily. Good-by Busy Bees.

The Lost Prize.
By Neva Prindle, age 13, Kearney, Neb.
One day Kitty Gray was lying by the fire, when she spied a bottle which was lying by the stove. She watched it, because she saw something black in it. She thought it was a mouse, so she waited till the cork blew out the light. She picked up the bottle and stuck her paw in it, but no mouse came out. Then Kitty shook the bottle, then she turned it upside down, but the mouse would not shake out. Then Kitty grew cross and, seizing the bottle, brought it down crash on a flatiron that lay near. It flew in a hundred pieces, and away scampered the mouse, right through a hole in the wall, and so swiftly that

Alpine Picture
Stand here and look, and softly hold your breath
Least the vast avalanche come crashing down.
How many miles away is yonder town
Set flower-wise in the valley? Far by
A scimitar half-drawn from out its sheath
The river curves through meadows newly mown.
The ancient water-courses are all newly
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on
And peak on peak against the turquoise blue
The Alps like towering campanile stand
Wonderous with spinnacles of frozen rain.
Silver, crystal, like the prism in hue!
Oh, tell me, love, if this be Switzerland—
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?
THOMAS B. ALDRICH.

THE WILLOW PLATE.

Betty in the kitchen broke a willow pattern plate. I spoke to her severely, but I spoke a moment later to save those little people from a very dreadful fate. Whose fortune told in blue upon the willow pattern plate.

Two blue little people come running together. Across a blue bridge, in sunshiny weather: They run from a garden, where stands a blue tree Above the blue house of a wealthy Chinese. The one is a maiden, the other her lover— A blue weeping willow haugs half the bridge over.

Behind, in pursuit, comes papa with a whip. But they're over the bridge and aboard the blue ship That her lover has moored by the strand of the sea— With a shove off the shore, from his wrath they are free. Now deep in the water the oars they are plunging.

While high in the heavens the blue doves are flying, To this blue island home her lover will wait her. And there they will happily live ever after.

This is the story of the willow pattern plate. So please be careful—though it's only one and eight— And remember that you have in hand a very precious freight When you carry from the kitchen a willow pattern plate.

STRANGE ANIMALS OF THE WORLD.

The reindeer is familiar to most children because of the legend of St. Nicholas that seems so appropriate for Christmas day. The family name of this animal is Caribou, and it is primarily a native of Iceland and Greenland and the north countries of Europe. The specie that is found in North America is really the Woodland caribou, that grows to be about four or five feet long and about three feet high. It has elongated horns with tips dilated and palmated.

In Lapland and other far-north countries the people dispense with the horse, cow, oxen and sheep, as the reindeer furnishes all these needs. It carries the traveler swiftly over the snow. It gives rich milk, from which cheese and butter are made. Its hair and skin furnishes clothing, shoes, harness, other trappings, and tents as well.

The reindeer, which wild, travels in herds varying in number from eight to several hundred animals. When going from one spot to another across the country, the deer travel toward the quarter whence the wind blows. Reindeer swim the rivers and lakes and many Indians catch them in traps hidden near the shores of the water. The Eskimo catch them in queer traps made of ice and snow.

Kitty had no chance at it at all. She was dreadfully disappointed, but that did not help matters, so she curled herself in a heap by the fire to forget her troubles in sleep. But she still had to mug good sense to strike a bottle on an iron angle.

In Danger.

By Forest Governor, age 9, Boxford, Kan.
Dear Busy Bees: Frank was Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's oldest son. Early in the fall a little brother came to his house to stay. Before this time Frank had been their only son for 10 years.

The little brother made Frank's life much happier. One day in the winter, after a week's snow storm, Frank thought he would make him a sled, but he did not succeed; so he had his father make him one. He thought he would have a fine ride by hitching his sled on behind his papa's hay rack. He tied his sled on behind the hay rack and when his papa started he jumped on his sled.

Frank thought it was fine fun to lie down on the sled and ride. His dog, Shep, followed him and would get across the ropes and fall. Com-back, Egan, who was sitting on the sled, would stand up on the sled. Pretty soon the sled hit against a stone and Frank fell down and got tangled up in the ropes. He was knocked unconscious. His dog saw him and tried to get the boy loose by biting the ropes, but he could not get him out. He then ran up to the front of the wagon and barked until the father stopped the team and got out and found the boy.

When Frank's father found him, Frank was still unconscious, but soon got all right again. Frank's father always felt very grateful to old Shep for saving Frank's life.

A Good Letter.

By Nona Crawford, age 12, York, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I like your page very much and enjoy reading it. I would like to join and be on the blue side.

I have a cat who is nearly snow white and is as playful as a little kitten. She comes to meet me as I come from school nearly every noon. I have four blocks to go and I am in the sixth grade. I like school very much and was glad when I started as we had such a long vacation. I like geography and arithmetic best. I shall close for this time as my letter is getting rather long. I would like very much to hear from some of the Busy Bees.

Heroism of Prince Froggie

By MINNIE GRANT TARR

ONCE upon a time in the Land of Frogs, when everything was green and peaceful and the mud oozed and cool with little green roots and bugs sticking all over it, and the froggies were happy as happy could be, a great terror came among them—they called it "The Green Dragon." It was so long 12 froggies all in a row were not as long and green in color with gray and black spots all over it, and oh, such a wicked head and long fiery tongue and cold, beady, black eyes; the heart of every frog thumped in terror against its ribs when the low swish, swish of the dragon was heard in the water, or when they saw the green grasses on the river bank sweep low with the weight of the oncoming monster.

Brave froggies had fallen a victim to this terrible beast when they had dared forth with spear and lance to do him battle, for the dragon, if a froggie dared look him in the eye, would hypnotize him, first making him dance for his amusement until, tired of this sport, he would mutter deep in his slimy throat, "Come closer, come closer," running his forked tongue out toward the poor unfortunate froggie who, unable to help himself, would dance closer and closer to this wicked pirate of the land and seas who then would slowly wind his long slimy body around the quaking frog and "Gobble, gobble," in two shakes there was no longer a froggie in sight, just one sly old snake grinning so wide all his toothy jaws gleamed like coral reefs and you could almost imagine you saw the hind leg of Master Frog away down his throat.

Well, it went on and on and no gallant froggie could kill this monster who would steal up in the broad day or gloom of night, and with cunning instinct pick the youngest, the fairest and the fattest from their midst, carrying them away never to return again. Baby froggies would scream wildly if their mamma left them for a second, older frogs lowered their woe-worn faces and their hunched, ker-hunks, when gathered in sociable circles of a dusky summer's eve, even the courting youths fared forth no more to serenade their winsome plump lassies for fear of betraying to the Green Dragon the hiding place of their brides-to-be.

The old king was in despair and many a night he had spent pacing the palace back and forth with his crown pushed to the back of his head, scheming and planning how to rid the kingdom of this dreaded evil. One half the kingdom and the prince's hand was offered as a reward to brave frogs who succeeded in killing him and many were the noble dukes and counts of Froggie-land who lost their lives in vain.

It was early morning of a bright summer day, the king and his sages were gathered in the courtroom in pomp and splendor as befitted the occasion, the old king's stern countenance was distorted with grief and rage; the night before, his favorite son, his second child, had been captured by the old pirate and all the king's council and all the king's men were gathered together to advise as how to rid themselves of this parasite. Outside the palace the wind blew as coolly, as refreshingly as ever, the willows bent their glossy heads in reverence of the majesty of the heavens—the sun, the grasses dipped long fingers into the cooling stream, bob-o-links and bluebirds chirped gaily on boughs and limbs while the silvery snow-white ducks sailed majestically up and down the river's edge like a fleet of canoes set adrift, but within, gloom and terror held sway o'er king and council alike.

The king's only daughter, the princess, whose hand had been offered as reward with half the kingdom to the gallant youth who killed the dragon, had taken this chance to slip away from the vigilant watch of guards and maids-in-waiting to visit her favorite retreat which had been forbidden her since the advent of the Green Dragon, for so long had restraint been placed upon the lovely princess that freedom, even with peril so close at hand, seemed to her the one thing desirable, she envied the lot of her poor mother, so tired of watching eyes watch her as she sat, she was, the Princess Isa, carrying a large, long-stemmed lily leaf for an umbrella to shade her lovely green complexion from the increasing heat of the

Good Letters

Letters and still more letters from our little friends and there isn't space to print them all this week. If the following boys and girls will write again, the Busy Bee editor will be glad:
Agnes Pavlis, Crete, Neb.
Helen Turpin, Carna, Neb.
Floyd Bennett, 2204 Harrison Street.
Irene Weatherwax, Lodge Pole, Neb.
Reese Kuches, 4503 W street, Georgia D. Nordgren, Phillips, Neb.
Warner Brown, Sturgis, S. D.
Glenn Allen, Thurston, Neb.
Caroline Stolcitz, Alexandria, Neb.
Agnes Bali, 2312 South Eighth Street.
Margaret Walker, North Platte.
Curtiss McGaflin, Bellwood, Neb.
Sylvia Noble, Plattsmouth, Neb.
Jeanette Green, North Platte.

QUITE SO!

A house has eyes and nose and ears, And so, of course, it sees and hears. It breathes through its chimney-ney nose. As well as other folks, I s'pose. And, having windows on each floor, Both back and front, it sees lots more.

(Than most of us!)

The little common things of life— A kindly word, a little trust, A friendly smile amid the strife— That crushes souls into the dust.