

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(First Prize)

Alice's Obstnacy.

Alice Bress, Age 11, Plainview, Neb.
It was a glorious morning in about the middle of June. Dennison's had been camping near the seashore. The three children, Claude, Alice and Harry, had been there playing. But now Claude had gone bicycling and they were lonely. Alice jumped up and said, "Let us go boating." Harry replied, "But mother told us never to go alone." "Come on," replied Alice, so on they went.

The ocean was like a duck pond just then and they went along very nicely. Soon they came to a sunny cove; there they drifted in. They went back farther on the island. There they played awhile. They then went riding again.

Just then, as they got out of the cove they drifted into a rushing current. Harry strived and struggled to keep the boat back. A few awful moments passed. How far the headland loomed ahead. Would they ever reach it?

Soon an idea struck him. "Stand up, Alice, and wave your handkerchief," Harry commanded. "If only that ship sees us."

They shouted and shouted and suddenly as their hearts were sinking an answering shout came. A boat came over the waves. Terrified Alice and Harry watched the oncoming boat. All at once they were pulled out of the rapid cross currents and landed safe in the ship.

The people on board were pulling the children on deck when the captain came out and said to the children, "Whoever let you out in that old tub ought to be heard from." "It was all my fault," replied Alice. "Mother told us never to go out alone and I thought I could manage it alone. I'll never do it again."

(Honorable Mention)

Thrift and Study.

By Luella Markuson, Age 10, Shelby, Neb.
The twins, Maude and Claude, were each given a quarter. When one was given money the other was always given the same amounts by their parents.

Claude bought candy with his quarter. Maude bought a thrift stamp with hers. Maude had ten thrift stamps while Claude had only three.

Claude was not studious and his grades on his report cards were not always passing.

Soon exams came, and Claude did not pass in even one.

His teacher was disgusted with him and put him back in the fourth grade. (He and Maude were in the fifth).

Soon Maude had her thrift card filled and exchanged it for a war savings stamp. Her father rewarded her for being studious and thrifty by giving her another war savings stamp.

Claude said, "Father, don't you think you ought to give me a war saving stamp, too?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because you have not been studious and thrifty."

"Father, I promise to be just like Maude."

Yes, Claude is an entirely different boy.

A Brave Dog.

Herman Torrus, Age 13, Courtney, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you and I am going to tell a story. Once there was a boy who was always cruel to his dog, so one day the dog was running after him.

When the dog ran up to the wolf and fought with the wolf until the boy got away. As soon as the boy saw the dog he threw a stone at the dog. The boy then went to steal some apples. This dog could climb and so the dog got into the tree and while the boy was taking the apples the owner came out with the gun and said he should pay him for the apples.

The boy said he had no money, so the farmer was going to shoot him. He was ready to shoot, when the dog jumped from the tree and the shell, instead of hitting the boy, killed the poor dog. The boy then ran home, sorry for the way he had treated the dog.

A New Member.

By Mabel Bechock, Age 11, Belleville, Kan.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter I have written to you. I read your page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I find it very interesting. I like to read the other children's letters.

I am 11 years old and I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Lola Beatty. I like her very much and like school.

We have had the influenza, all of us, and I had it the worst of any of them. I have one sister and one brother, who is home. My sister is in the second grade. My brother is a soldier and I guess he is on his way home.

The First Tulips.

By Annie Peck, Age 10, Crest, Neb.
Everybody has read about the world war. We have all seen how the little French girls in the American

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.
- A prize book will be given each week for best contribution.

Address: Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

train of American soldiers marched to the battlefield they stopped in a town in France. There the canteen girls served them with hot coffee and sandwiches. Among the canteen girls was a little orphan. She was so kind to the men that they could not forget her. Her name was Mildred but the soldiers called her Milly.

After the men had their lunch they marched to the battlefield where they fought the Germans, about 50 miles from the little town. The Germans were defeated but many Americans were wounded and sent to the hospital in the town.

While they were there the girls came to see them. At last some of the soldiers recognized the little girl they had seen before they went into battle. She went from one to another and spoke kind words to them. They were cheered by her smiles and her flowers.

One soldier was dying and in the morning Mildred woke early and went to the fields in search of flowers. She found some red and yellow tulips. She hurried to the hospital and to the dying soldier.

She gave him the flowers and cried that she did not want him to die. He smelled of the tulips and day by day he grew better. She brought him more tulips until he was well and went back to fight. The tulips did help.

A Pony.

By Louise Plageman, Age 13, Columbus, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page.

I am in the eighth grade. Our teacher's name is Miss Brittain. I will now begin my story. Once there was a little boy named James. He lived with his parents in the country. They were poor and little James had not many toys.

He always wished for a Shetland pony. His father was in poor health and his mother had to work hard for a living. But harder times came, his father grew worse, the mother could hardly support them.

One day James sat thinking how he could help his mother when a bright idea came to him. They kept several cows. He would take the milk and peddle it around town.

So the very next day he started. It was a happy little boy that went home that night with a bright dollar.

James kept this up from week to week and could afford to get a doctor. His father then grew better and they were happy again.

One day the mother said, "James has helped us during the dark days. I think we might get him the pony which he has wished for a long time." It was on James' birthday and he was ready to start on his journey when his father told him to go to the barn. He climbed over the fence and to his surprise there stood a little black Shetland pony.

Virginia's Bravery.

By Frances Manier, Age 10, Omaha, Neb.
Virginia and Alice Brown were enemies. One day as Virginia was going out of the door on her way to school her mother said: "Virginia, hurry right home tonight."

On the way home from school a girl in the group with which she was walking said:

"I have to go to the store, will you girls go with me?"

They all said yes, but Virginia, for she remembered her mother's words. When she was a block from home she saw Alice Brown. Alice laughed at her and said:

"I dare you to run across the street in front of an automobile."

"Indeed, I won't," said Virginia. "I will," said Alice, darting across. But just as she was in the middle of the street a machine hit her.

The driver was so scared he went on. In a moment Virginia was in the street dragging Alice home. Alice's father was a doctor and he had to set Alice's broken leg. When Alice recovered she and Virginia were firm friends.

A Trip to Camp Funston.

By Jessie Clayton, Age 13, Bertrand, Neb.
I am going to write about the trip we took to Camp Funston.

My three brothers, my brother-in-law and myself started to Camp Funston a year ago last fall to visit a brother.

On Friday morning we started early. It was a nice cool October morning.

We passed through a number of small towns until we came to Hastings. By the time we reached there it was dinner time. After we had

This Is What the Angels Dropped Through a Hole in the Sky



Marion Elizabeth Johnson

Someone must have cut a tiny hole in the blue sky and let one of the angels slip through, for she has dropped right in the middle of our page! I know you will all think that at first glance, and many bright eyes will begin to search for some tiny wings. But wings there are none, as the pretty little girl is Marion Elizabeth Johnson, who has big beautiful eyes and sunny hair and such a happy disposition to correspond.

When we started again. We drove all afternoon, passing through a number of small towns until we came to a town called Formosa. It was 7 o'clock when we got there. We stayed over night here and got up early the next morning at 5 o'clock and started on our trip.

We reached Junction City about 5 o'clock in the evening. We were then only 10 miles from Camp Funston.

The next morning we went to camp and found our brother. He got a pass and we all went to Manhattan to spend the day together. He also stayed all night there with us.

The next morning we started for home. We would have liked to have stayed and seen the soldiers drill upon the hill north of the camp. But we couldn't. We got home at 10 o'clock that night.

Honesty Is Best.

By Florence Winkelman, Age 13, Rising City, Neb.
It was a stormy day in January and two boys were seated at a table writing.

Their names were Fred and Rudolph, and they were writing stories to the Omaha Sunday Bee.

"I can't think of anything to write," said Fred. "I believe I'll take the story of Red Ridinghood, and change it a little. They'll never know the difference."

"I wouldn't do that," said Rudolph, "because they might find it out and you wouldn't get any prize. But Fred wrote his copied story and Rudolph wrote a true story of himself. The next Monday, when the Bee came, Rudolph's story took the prize."

First Letter.

By Helen Bokerman, Age 10, Emerson, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I saw your letters in the Sunday Bee and thought I would write to you. I am in the fifth grade, my teacher's name is Miss Doxtad. In Emerson all the school children belong to the Modern Health Crusaders. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.

Alphabet Puzzles

- 19-20-1-18-20
1
7-1-18-4-5-14
8-5-12-16
6-5-5-4
20-8-5
2-15-25-20
15-22-5-18
20-5-5-18-5
11-15-9-4
20-8-5
23-1-18
19-5-18-22-9-5-5
3-12-21-2
2-5
16-1-20-18-9-15-20
11-15-9-4
20-8-5
1-20-8-12-5-20-9-3
12-5-1-7-21-5
2-5
8-5-1-12-20-8-25

Good Letters Omitted.

Write me of your gardens, boys and girls. Now that the springtime has come, I know you are all planning them. Many good stories had to be omitted this week, and the Busy Bees who wrote them include:

- Faith M. Raltt, Rising City, Neb.
- Louisa Barnan, Norfolk, Neb.
- Floyd Bennett, 2220 Harrison St., Tharville, Starnberg, Defiance, Ia.
- Anita Riecken, Elkhorn, Neb.
- Lenora Riecken, Elkhorn, Neb.
- Floyd Griffith, Hancock, Ia.
- Cecile Griffith, Hancock, Ia.
- Lucille Griffith, Hancock, Ia.
- Lots Ormsby, Trumbull, Neb.
- Frank Shana, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Kenneth Eby, Burke, S. D.
- Dorothy Weaver, Falls City, Neb.
- Clifford Dushury, Plattsmouth, Neb.
- Della Plageman, Columbus, Neb.
- Una Tibbels, Vernon, Wyo.

Suggestions for Dolls.

All dolls should have elastic on their hats and the hats on their heads. They should wear veils, too, so that the spring winds will not tangle their curly locks.

THE DOLL'S COLUMN.

Doll News.
Egg boxes with partitions make dandy orphan asylums or boarding schools for tiny dolls.

Venturesome dolls are talking sailing and rowing trips on board boats in the gutters. Many dolls are spending vacations in the bird houses before the birds move in. They make delightful suburban homes.

Dr. Dolby
Don't drop out your glass eyes, dollies; they might break and perhaps could not be matched. All dolls should have bedroom slippers beside their beds. It is a very dangerous thing to step out of a warm bed in bare feet.

Dolls' Baths
Birds' bathtubs make wonderful small doll bathtubs. Also old bird cages make perfect recreation centers—think of the dandy swings and horizontal bars, even places for refreshments!

Always use your handkerchiefs when you sneeze. Dollies should not be kept out late at night; it ruins their nervous system.

THE FIRST VACUUM CLEANER.

When big Madame Elephant cleans up her house, 'Tis done with no trouble or flurry. No ladders or chairs; with a trunk like hers there's no occasion for fluster or worry.

It reaches the high spots and reaches the low. And serves as a mop or a hose. And that is the reason her nerves are so calm. And her house is so neat, I suppose.

(I think an inventor must surely have seen her. And gotten a tip for the vacuum cleaner.)

When the Stars Did Not Fall

Baby Bear was rolling in the snow and having a great deal of fun when Weeny Wood Mouse ran along the crooked little wood path, squeaking as loudly as a little mouse could possibly squeal and looking terribly frightened.

"Weeny Wood Mouse, what's the matter?" called Baby Bear. "The stars are falling," answered Weeny Wood Mouse. "A little burned out white one fell on my tail and the big hot ones are sure to follow."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Baby Bear. "Let's run home quick to Mother Bear in the little brown house."

Weeny Wood Mouse and Baby Bear ran along the little path until they met Jacky Rabbit.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" asked Jacky Rabbit. "Baby Bear answered: 'The stars are falling! Weeny Wood Mouse told me that a little burned out one fell on her tail.'"

"I'm going with you," Jacky Rabbit said. So Weeny Wood Mouse, Baby Bear and Jacky Rabbit ran along together and pretty soon they met Ray Coon.

"Why are you running away so fast?" Ray Coon asked. "Jacky Rabbit answered: 'The stars are falling.' Baby Bear told me that Weeny Wood Mouse told him that a little burned out one fell on her tail."

"I'm going to run along and hide, too," said Ray Coon. So Weeny Wood Mouse, Baby Bear, Jacky Rabbit and Ray Coon all ran along.

Fatty Wood Chuck saw them and called: "Why are you hurrying so?"

"Haven't you heard?" asked Ray Coon. "The stars are falling. Jacky Rabbit told me that Baby Bear told him that Weeny Wood Mouse told him that a little burned out white star fell on her tail."

"Let me go with you," said Fatty Wood Chuck, and they all ran along together and pretty soon they overtook Frisky Squirrel.

"What is it? What is it?" chattered Frisky. "The stars are falling. Jacky Rabbit told me," Fatty Wood Chuck answered. "Ray Coon told me that Jacky Rabbit told him that Baby Bear told him that Weeny Wood Mouse told him that a little burned out star fell on her tail."

They had almost come to the little brown house in which the three bears lived and when Mother Bear saw them, she ran to the door. "What has happened?" she asked.

"The stars are falling," they all shrieked. "Nonsense!" said Mother Bear. "Who told you such a thing?"

She looked right down at Frisky Squirrel because he was ahead. "Fatty Wood Chuck told me," Frisky Squirrel declared. "Well, Ray Coon told me so," said Fatty Wood Chuck. "Jacky Rabbit told me," answered Fatty Wood Chuck in answer to Mother Bear's look.

"I got it from Baby Bear," said Jacky Rabbit. "Weeny Wood Mouse told me," Baby Bear said. "A little burned out white star fell on my tail! It truly did!" squealed Weeny Wood Mouse. "And oh! There are more on my back just like it. Run in the house and hide!"

Mother Bear looked and what she saw on the mouse's little gray back were big snow flakes—shaped just like stars!

"You foolish little creature!" said Mother Bear. "They are only snow flakes and just because you never before happened to notice them when they looked like stars, you thought the stars were falling. Now you must do the other wood creatures that the stars are not falling."

"The stars are not falling," said Weeny Wood Mouse to Baby Bear in a shamed little squeal.

"The stars are not falling," said Baby Bear to Jacky Rabbit. Jacky Rabbit told Ray Coon; he told Fatty Wood Chuck and Fatty Wood Chuck told Frisky Squirrel. Then those little Wood Folk went out into the woods to play, saying: "The stars are not falling. The stars are not falling."

OFF THE BAT
"Well, this is a nice way for the game to come off!" grunted Tom, looking dismally out at the rain-soaked landscape.

"I say catching's the thing," "Catching!" "Running!" "Hitting." In less time than it takes to swing the most terrible argument had started.

How would you think about it?

LITTLE CHILDREN

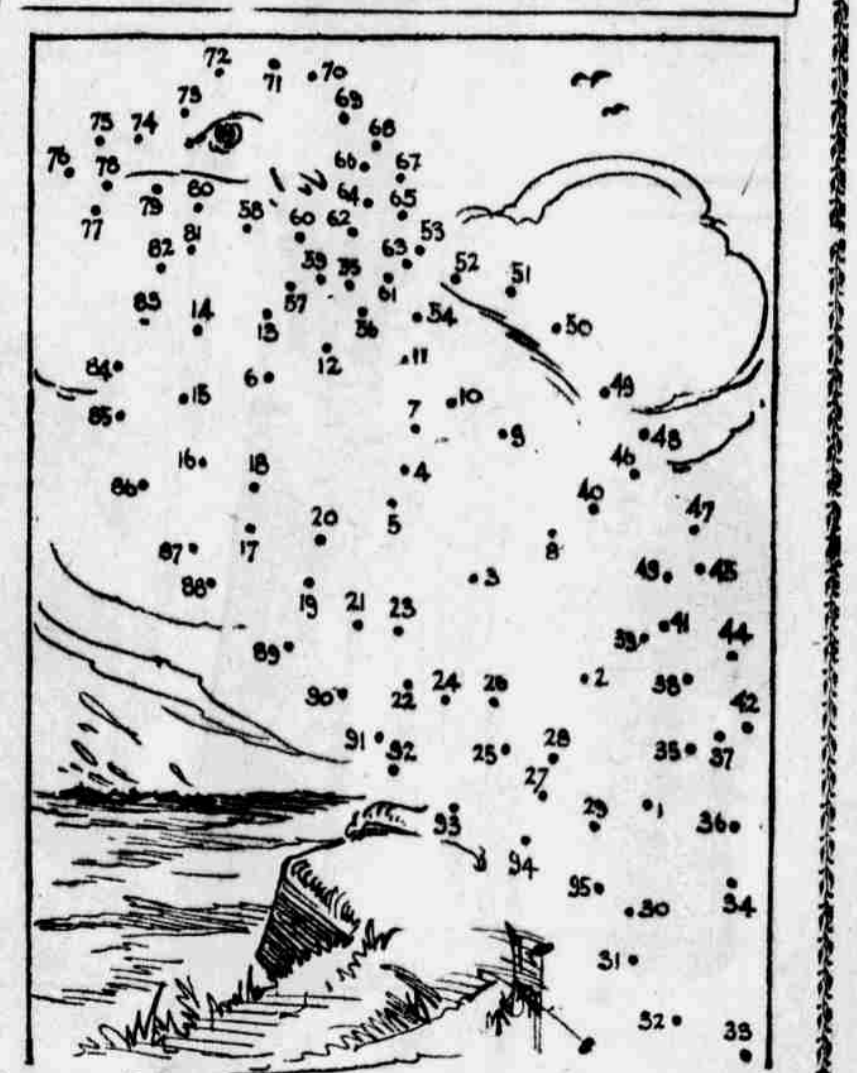
Little cars were made for hearing; Truth is speaking everywhere, Little voices raised in singing—Joyfully will fill the air.

Little eyes were made for seeing; Realms more beautiful than Kings, God has granted little children Visions of the thought-known things.

Little hearts were made for loving; All things beautiful and good Till the Love that clothed the Lily Is more fully understood.

Jesus blessed the little children As He gathered them around For the qualities of Heaven In their consciousness He found. —Elizabeth Hebert Childs.

Our Picture Puzzle



Ever see a Lammergeyer? Ninety-five and he'll soar higher. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.