

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



## In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

### Three Boys and a Dog.

By Frank C. Old, age 11, West Point, Neb.

One day while a boy was at the seashore he found his cousin, Walter, and his friend, Dave, playing on the beach. With them was Trixy, Walter's dog. He seemed tired, as if he had been swimming in the surf and going after sticks that Dave threw into the water. Walter was afraid to let him go but Dave kept him going until the poor little animal was trembling with cold. As he came back dragging his stick on the shore and laid it at Walter's feet, the master hugged him and said, "There now, that's enough, you shan't go again."

"Oh, bother, what a silly boy you are. It won't hurt him, what are you afraid of?" scolded Dave.

"Don't send him, it's cruel to urge him when he doesn't want to go," said Phil, and another boy who had come up.

"Don't be so wise," sneered Dave. "There Trixy once more," and he flung the stick away out in the surf. Quick as thought the little spaniel was after it.

"Don't let him go, he's too tired," pleaded Walter.

"Oh, Trixy, come back," he called and then the animal obedient to his master turned and started for shore. "He won't come back until he gets that stick," shouted Dave, throwing a stone after the dog. His aim was only too true. The stone hit the animal on the head and he disappeared under the water and the strong current from the shore carried him out to sea.

(Honorable Mention)

### "The Lost Child."

By Myrtle D. Hudson, age 12, Blair, Neb.

The sun was setting in the west and its golden glow flooded the cottage a father and a mother had deserted in search of their lost child, Marjorie, age 4, who had not appeared since tea time, this particular afternoon.

The house was situated in front of a thickly wooded pasture, belonging to an old dwarf who lived in a moss-grown cottage by the lake. People believed that he was a fairy, but really he was just an old man, living all alone, except for the company of several small children, who visited him frequently.

Marjorie had entered the woods many times of late, but had never heard any music that was not sad and weird. "This afternoon as she neared his cottage, the music was gay and full of life. As she drew nearer the notes increased. Now tiny voices chimed in and Marjorie thought it the sweetest melody she ever heard. She pulled aside the moss and took a peep. What did she behold? A group of children in a circle about the old man, who was fiddling to their enjoyment. Marjorie let the moss curtain drop, but he had seen her and came hobbling out to invite her in, to enjoy this party on his hundredth birthday.

With a sudden thought her father started for the old dwarf's hut, opened the door silently and beheld Marjorie having "the time of her life." Then and there he decided Marjorie should come as often as she liked, and told the old man so, to Marjorie's delight.

### Bobby.

By Fred E. Bennett, age 8, South Side.

Bobby was a little boy 6 years old. He was always speaking of being brave so one day just at dusk he went in the woods. People told him that he would get lost, but Bobby did not mind. He went into the woods. Finally it grew dark and Bobby was lost. He dropped down under a big tree and fell asleep. In the morning he awoke and saw a man coming toward him. Bobby got up and began to walk toward him. He asked the man if he would show him the way out of the woods. When Bobby reached home he ran to his father and said he would never try to be brave again.

### Little Netty.

By Mildred Burks, age 18, Central City.

Little Netty lived with her father, mother and brother. They lived in the woods of Pennsylvania where the Indians were very savage. One day Netty and her brother were playing about the log house, their mother was making bread and their father was taving wood. While they were playing they saw some Indians. First they saw only one feather, then another till they saw five feathers on red heads. They ran and told their father and he went in the house.

The Indians were coming nearer and in a minute a gun had been taken from the wall, the shells and powder were brought and a gun pointed through a hole which was made for the purpose. Bang, went

the gun and the savages ran, all but three pierced with bullets. The father went to where the dead lay and he found many arrows and spears but they could do no harm then. Netty and her brother and father saved their lives and property.

### At the Station.

By Pearl Williams, age 12, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.

Nora and Daisy were very pleased when their auntie wrote to ask them to go and stay with her.

They were sent by train in charge of the conductor, and auntie was to meet them, but by some mistake she thought they were to arrive at 2 o'clock, whereas their train reached the station at 12 o'clock.

As they sat on the platform clinging to each other, and very much frightened, a gentleman noticed them and came to the rescue. When he heard their trouble he promised to take them to their auntie. But first he said he wanted to make a picture of them. The little girls were so pleased to be taken to auntie that they thought no more of the picture; but some months later, when they were again staying with their auntie, they received a parcel, in it they found a book which they took out of doors to look at.

All at once they gave such a scream that all of their cousins came running to see what was the matter.

"Come and look!" they shouted. "We are in this book."

And so they were, but how they came there they could never imagine, because they had forgotten all about the gentleman at the station, though he had not forgotten them.

### First Letter.

Lyle Neal, age 8, Ft. Laramie, Wyo.

Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter to you and hope to see it in print. I am a little boy in the 4th grade at school. I like to go to school fine. My teacher's name is Mrs. Harold Burton and I think her a grand teacher. We live just three miles from old Fort Laramie, where old soldiers were stationed years ago. My grandpa was stationed there. I surely enjoy going out and visiting the places of interest. Some of the old buildings are still standing. The hotel, church, barn, jail and the officers' headquarters, as is also the walls of the hospital building. The Red Cross building of Ft. Laramie gave a Red Cross dance in the old hotel building. "Such a crowd." Most people did not go home until daybreak. Supper, lemonade and ice cream were served. There is beautiful scenery in Wyoming. Our ranch is at the foot of the mountains. Pretty pine trees growing right out of the rocks. I think my letter is getting rather long, so will close.

### Autumn.

By Cinderella Guthman, age 11, Plainview, Neb.

Autumn is here, and autumn at last. Soon after fall's winter with all its blasts. It strews the woodlands with ice and snow. The brooks lose some of their magic flow. The golden rod shakes its plummy head. The seeds from many flowers are shed. The trees with their green leaves turn yellow and gold. The days are shortened, the nights grow cold. The birds fly to their northern home. To live in sunshine and to roam O'er villages and hills, and o'er the ocean wide. While winter is here to anchor and abide.

Dancing by the people gay Are flying red and brown autumn leaves at play; And this sign causes the summer birds to flee. And fly to warmer countries.

Falling, swirling, the leaves come down Till they light upon the ground. Piling, piling, mounds are made Until the wind comes to blow them astray.

### A Penny.

By Everett Pope, age 11, Walnut, Ia.

I am a small copper penny. When I was first made I was given to a man one day he was in town buying some things, he dropped me, a boy picked me up and handed me

## Young Busy Bee Who Practices For the League of "King Bees"



"Come play ball with me," says little Grant, with a merry smile. This little chap loves to throw the big ball and then catch it as it comes bouncing back. He loves all kinds of games and hopes to be a real ball player when he grows up.

to the man, the man gave me to the boy. The boy put me in his pocket with 10 other pennies, the boy went into a large building, he gave me to a lady for a red piece of paper with writing on it. It was a ticket to the movies.

In a while she gave me to her son, he put me in his pocket with 24 other pennies, he went to the postoffice and gave me to the postmaster, he gave me to him with the other pennies, for a thrift stamp. I was put in a cash register and here I am still.

### A War Orphan.

By Frances Bell, age 12, Osceola, Neb.

"What do you want for Xmas this year Bab? Shall I get you that wrist watch you thought so pretty?" asked Mr. Conley.

The Conleys were very wealthy people. They lived on Sheridan avenue in their beautiful home in busy Chicago. Bab, their only daughter, had grown very patriotic within these last few days and a great change had come over her selfish little self.

When Bab heard her father speak thus all the hot anger rose to her face and she cried indignantly, "Father in these war times?"

Her father fully perplexed at her manner said, "Why Bab, I thought you wanted it."

Soon after their little discussion Bab was sitting on the lawn when her friend, Jane Murry, came flying into the yard. Bab stood up in surprise at seeing her so excited.

"Oh Bab," cried Jane, "Father has let me adopt a war orphan and I am to keep her for a year."

"Oh," gasped Bab, and she ran into the house at full speed away from the astonished Jane. She wondered why she had acted so. She always had been so enthused at Jane's plans, and now—surely she could not be angry at Jane for adopting a war orphan. These thoughts ran through Jane's mind as she slowly walked toward the gate.

"Jane! Jane!" looking back, Jane saw Bab running down the drive. "Oh Jane," she cried, "Father is going to let me adopt a war orphan for my Xmas present."

John sat in his seat sad because he could not afford to help.

The next day was the day the loan started. Finally he thought of a plan. He would get a Bee paper route.

When he got the route he earned enough money to help finish the job.

### A Nice Letter.

By Louise Thoen, age 10, Rising City, Neb.

Dear Busy Bee: I am very fond of reading the stories written by the Busy Bees. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Georgia Evers and I like her very well.

I will tell you about my visit to Columbus last summer. Two auto loads of relatives went and I rode with my cousin, Hilda Gocken. We started early one Sunday morning and took our dinner. The roads were very dusty and the weather very hot, but nevertheless we had a good time. We got home about 7 o'clock feeling that we had a pleasant ride.

I have four sisters and one brother. I also have a small nephew whose name is Lyle D. W. Ludwig. My oldest brother died at Camp Grant, October 7. He left for camp September 5.

As my letter is getting long, I will close and write again some other time.

### Aunt Becky's Story.

By Cinderella Guthman, age 14, Plainview.

"All right," said Aunt Becky to the children. "I will tell you a story."

It was after the Civil war when a girl about 12 years old came with her parents to North Dakota. Her name was Becky. A rude log cabin was Becky's home. You may think it was lonely for her but with her mother for her teacher and her books she was not lonesome and besides there was plenty out of doors' splendor to look at.

Half a mile westward was the boundary line between North Dakota and Montana. Not far away lived the Black Foot Indians. One day Becky decided to walk across the boundary line. The country was hilly. By the time she had climbed one of the hills she saw before her the Black Foot camp.

Everyone was running back and

forth. There was great excitement there. First she thought they had seen her. A great fear seized her. Perhaps they would scalp her like she had heard of them doing. But she shook off this fear, because she knew the Indians were on friendly terms with the white people, but she knew also, if they knew there were people so near they would come to her home and be far unnecessary things, and take every thing that struck their fancy.

The best thing she thought of was to hide. She concealed herself in some bushes so she could watch the Indians. The excitement thrilled her. She saw about a dozen warriors ride to the north. She wondered what it could mean. She could hardly help from falling backward when she saw someone else was hiding in the bushes, too.

The figure said, "Shh, don't yell, be quiet." The face was tanned so she thought the boy was an Indian; Indians being the only thing she had in her mind now. "I am running away from them," he pointed to the camp. I have been there two months and am tired of it. I have tried to escape many times, but it was unsafe. Who are you? How did you get here? Schooly lives near. You haven't any horse?"

"No, I walked. We live about a mile from here," said Becky.

"Oh, it's good you live so close and the Indians know nothing about it. Could I hide in your house for a few days?"

"Yes, you may, then you will tell us more about yourself. Hurry!"

The boy said, "I am very glad I came this way as they seldom cross the boundary line. My first name is Sam."

As they walked home Sam said, "Some other Indians destroyed our home, killed my parents. I managed to escape but without knowing it I walked into another Indian camp, but they were kind to me. The old chief didn't think any of his sons were as smart as I, so he wanted me to teach his people our ways. That is why there is such excitement now. They have discovered I am gone. They grew careless and tired of watching me."

When they reached home, Becky's father said after hearing Sam's story he could stay with them as they didn't have a son.

"I just know that boy was Uncle Sam and the girl was you," said

## Peter Learns From His First Adventure That Puppies Must Think

His Tail Snapped By a Duck and His Fall Into a Frog's Muddy Home Teach Peter To Think and Act for Himself.

By GENEVIEVE BOND.

Oh, such a hot day. Mother had gone away and the puppies were very thirsty. The man who took care of us had forgotten to fill the water pan. I looked over at my brothers. Their pink tongues hung out of their mouths, shaking their little, fat bodies. The sun grew hotter, overhead the blue sky was without a cloud. It was not right to leave home without permission, but my throat was so dry, and in spite of the objections of my three brothers, I started forth, although we were not allowed to wander around alone and the big yard seemed a wilderness. The scent of water, which came to me on the breeze, served as a guide to my search.

Soon I came to the prettiest, rippled pond, set in the green trees. On the water floated some brown and white birds, but I paid little attention to anything but the cool water. Shaking the water from my eyes after a long drink, and raising my head, I saw that one of the large brown birds was floating toward me.

"Quack, quack," she said. "What are you doing, drinking from my pond?"

She stepped to the shore in an angry manner. I barked fiercely at her, but she started toward me—every moment seemed to increase her size and the fierce "quack, quack," which I had never heard before, filled the air with a terrible sound. Fascinated, and not daring to move, I watched her approach.

"Insolent puppy," she screamed at me in that queer voice of hers. "Barking around my pond and drinking my water when you should be in the kennel where you belong."

With that, she caught my tail in her powerful beak. Oh, how it hurt. She swung me around by giving it a few extra jerks, and finally let go.

I didn't stop to bark, but started for home as fast as I could run. It was the one place I wanted, where I would be safe from such horrible birds. Not even a thirst as bad as the one I had just quenched would ever drive me away again. I rushed on, paying little attention to where I was going, and then, as if one adventure was not enough for a puppy, in one day—what do you suppose? I scammed around the pond to see what was there.

### Mr. Croak's Home.

I felt myself falling, falling, and then that was all. Everything became dark, and a queer buzzing sound filled my head. It had seemed hours since I had been by the lake; every bone ached and was cold.

Around me were only high, high walls, not a sound, just silence. High above was a patch of blue sky. What was it, and how had I fallen here?

Maddly barking and clawing the dirt, I tried to let someone know where I was, but no one came to my rescue. My nose hurt, the skin was all off of it, and finally, tired out, I lay down on the nasty dirt to think. Suddenly came a funny little squeak and a tiny voice.

"Why, you big dog, how did you get down here?" Bewildered, and searching the walls and bottom of the pit for the someone who was talking, I was filled with amazement. Nothing was to be seen. Suddenly the voice came again, in another funny, cross squeak:

"Well, why don't you talk instead of gazing around in that puppyish fashion?"

This time, noticing where the voice came from, I looked into the dark corner, and there was a brown frog, with queer mottled spots on its back and a white throat. Its skin was moist and shiny and its little beady eyes shone angrily in the dark.

"What is your name, please, and did you, too, fall into this horrible place?" I asked.

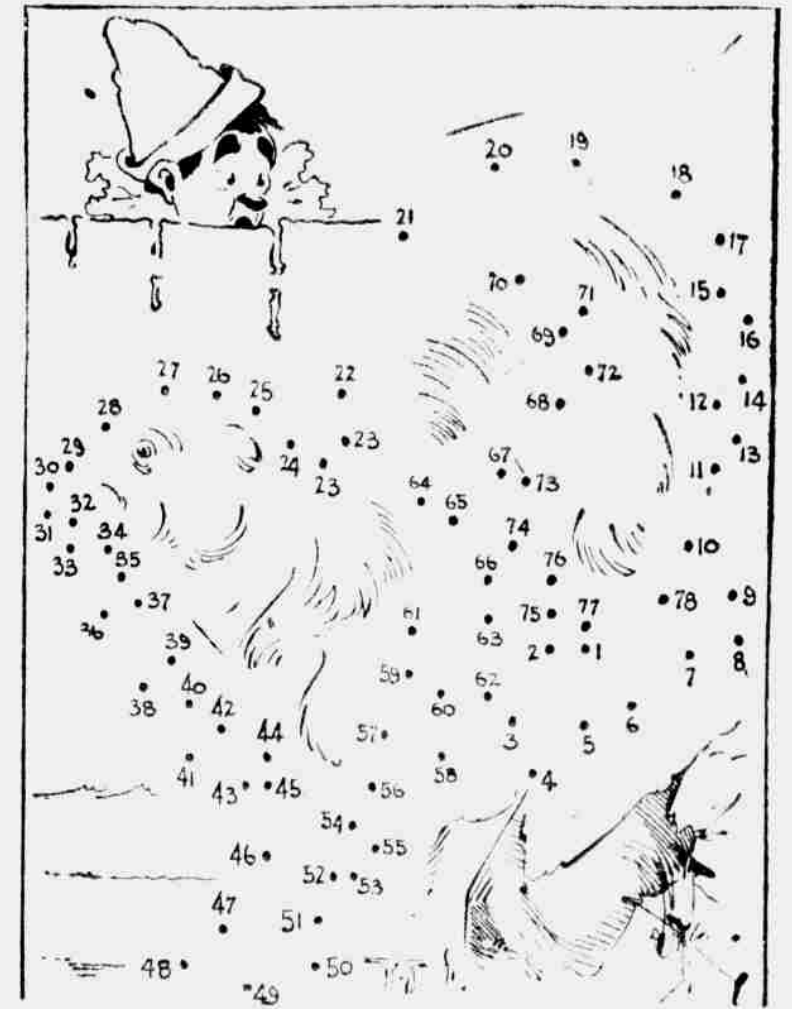
"Horrible place, indeed," he replied indignantly, "this is a very fine place and it is my home—where could you find a damper, cooler, more suitable place for a home? I am Mr. Croak, and you came falling into my home in a very unbecoming way."

"It's not like my home and my mother is not here. Could you please, Mr. Croak, tell me where to find my mother, and how to get out of here?"

"Why should you want to go away?" said Mr. Croak. "Isn't this a wonderful place to live with lovely luscious bugs to eat, and damp mud to live in?"

It was not a nice place for me. Bugs, indeed! They were not food. If only I could have my nice warm kennel and my mother to wash me off. Why had I run away, down into this dark place with no one but a cross frog to talk to. My ears drooped, and drooping to the ground I tried to think of some way to get out. The walls were so steep. Suddenly an idea popped into my head. Why not dig myself out? Amid the protests of Mr. Croak, who said I was spoiling his nice home and getting it all dirty, I began to dig, the dirt flying from my front feet as they pawed the earth. I realized for the first time that even little dogs must learn to think for themselves—and think quickly in self-defense—or they will be trampled upon and beaten.

## Our Picture Puzzle



Dots are scattered everywhere.

Trace and see a

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

Sam, her small nephew when the old Aunt Becky and Uncle Sam story was finished. "I am not telling," answered Aunt Becky. "Small Sam regarded the story and I did." The children, having escaped from real Indians,