

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize)
Hindy's Air Castle.
 By Paul Thompson, Age 12, Alliance, Neb.
 Said Hindy to Bill when the war first broke out.
 Let's first wipe out France and then England, and then go to Italy and capture her king.
 And last in the United States make our cannons ring.
 And then you can sit on a throne all of gold.
 And make the whole world do just as they're told.
 So they waited four years and still France didn't give in.
 But Hindy was sure in the end they would win.
 And then he got reckless with an old submarine.
 And said of our vessels the ocean he'd clean.
 He killed women and children and one fatal day.
 We made old Bernstoff "beat it" without delay.
 Then we began saving sugar and making transports.
 And eating less wheat and making new ports.
 And when our boys got over there and went over the top.
 Hindy saw his recklessness would surely have to stop.
 The Yanks kept on advancing always beating the Hun.
 They captured Sedan and went towards Metz on a run.
 And then old Hindy began to get wiser.
 And saw all was lost for him and the kaiser.
 And then the allies made him an armistice sign.
 Giving up his territory from France to the Rhine.
 And then he and the kaiser got it into their heads.
 That it wasn't them, so from Germany they fled.
 But the Yanks are behind him and they'll catch him sure.
 And then of his fighting spirit they'll him cure.

(Honorable Mention.)
Trying to Fly.
 By Elizabeth Palmer, Age 11, 512 G Street, Fairbury, Neb.

Little Aileen was sitting in a big apple tree in their orchard looking at her picture book.
 Now Aileen loved to pretend and so just now she was saying: "I know what I'll do, I'll pretend I'm a robin and then I'll fly." And fly she did, but instead of flying up, she flew down. She wasn't a bit hurt, but she thought she was, so she reasoned, "Well, I fell out of the tree and when people fall out of trees, they usually—they usually—she liked that word, it was so big and long, "they usually go to the hospital."
 Aileen loved to use long words, but sometimes she didn't get them just right. "And," she continued, "when people are in the hospital everybody is nice to them and give them nice things to eat, so I guess I'll go."
 Therefore she marched down the road at a very rapid pace for so tiny a girl. Presently she met old Mr. Wilkins, who was driving toward her. "Wal, hello Miss Aileen. Where you a goin' all by yerself?"
 "Good afternoon," she answered grandly. "I'm going to the hospital."
 He looked puzzled, but suddenly his face brightened. "Goin' to the hospital air ye? Well, yes, you hop in and I'll be ye."
 She obeyed and they merrily went down the road.
 Suddenly, "Why, Mr. Wilkins, that's my house. What did you bring me home for?"
 "Wal, ye see, I thought as how it was a gittin' late and maybe your mother would be gittin' worried about ye."
 "Well, wasn't you're right," she answered as they stopped. "Thank you, Mr. Wilkins."
 Needless to say she soon forgot all about it and when she did remember she didn't care to go.

By G. Martin Oster, Age 11, 2521 South Seventh Street, Omaha.
 Jack lived with his parents on a large clearing in a forest. Jack, who was 13 years old, knew almost all the work to manage a farm.
 His parents died when he was 11. Another farmer lived nearby. This farmer was a good friend of Jack's father. He adopted Jack until he was old enough to sell his farm.
 This farmer had three sons, Frank, Joe and Edward. They often played with Jack and helped him with his work.
 Many years passed. He was 19. There was a call to arms, for all young men had to go to war. Jack answered the call proudly, received training and went to the battlefield, where he was severely wounded. He had to go back to his native country for medical care. When he was well he went back to the battlefield, but was not wounded.
 He returned to his native country and met a girl his age. A little later he married this girl. He lived happily with his wife until all died.
 I hope the Busy Bees accept my story, as this is the first time I have written.

"Original."
 Ruth Anderson, Age 11, Weston, Neb.
 "The Gate City of the West." I wish to become junior of The Bee. One Saturday afternoon we took a trip to Omaha in our Ford. We were going to take our aunt home, who lives in Omaha on Decatur street. After we had been there a while we went to our uncle's home on Corby street. My brother and I went to the street car track and took the Florence car to our other uncle's home on Grebe street in Florence. I stayed there, but my brother went back to the other's at Corby street. Sunday my cousins took me to Florence park. Afterwards we went to Sunday school. In the afternoon we went to my uncle on Corby street and my aunt came and took my cousin and me to Riverview park. There were many animals in the park and it was the prettiest one I have seen. Florence park was pretty, too, it had a slide and a flower bed in it. I have also been to Hanscom park, which is better than the other two parks. I have been on top of the Woodmen of the World building. I have been to the movies in the Strand theater and like it fine. Omaha is worthy of its name, "The Gate City of the West." I hope this letter escapes the waste basket.

By Agnes Holden, Age 14, Petersburg, Neb.
 Dear Busy Bees: This is my second letter to the junior page and I hope to see my letter in print.
 Once there was a little girl named Margaret, who was the only child of the family. Her mother was old and had very poor health. Margaret hated to work at home but delighted in working for some one else. When her mother would ask her to do something for her she would get angry and begin to pout and say, "I don't have to."
 The older she got the worse she was. When she was about 12 years old she got angry one night and ran away to work for someone else.
 It was cold and snowing outside. When it was dark she tried to find a place to stay all night, but every body refused her a bed, so she stayed outside all night and returned home in the morning.
 When she reached home she found her mother dead. She started to cry and her father said to her, "You will always have something to remember, how you treated your mother." And this was true, for after that she changed altogether. She was good-hearted to everybody and always stayed at home. She lived with her father and kept house for him.

By Louis Zeleny, Age 9, Lincoln, Neb.
 Dear Busy Bees: This is my first time I have written to your page.
 I read your stories every week and enjoy them very much. I walk two and one-half miles to school and go nearly every day. I don't go now on account of the "flu."
 I am 9 years old and in the second grade. I have one brother and one sister that go to school with me.
 Well, dear "Busy Bees," I think I'll close for my letter. I'm getting long. I hope Mr. Wastebasket has gone for a visit and hope to see my letter in print. So, goodbye.

My Pet.
 Emma Smith, Age 12, Crete, Neb.
 Dear Busy Bees: As I didn't see my first letter in the paper I will write again. Once we had three little pigs; two of them died. I asked pa if I could take it. He said I might. I fed it milk and it soon became big and fat. It was so tame that it would follow me. When it was almost 6 months old it weighed over 200 pounds. Then I sold it and got almost \$40. Good-by, Busy Bees.

A Surprise.
 Lucile Bauer, Age 12, Atwood, Kan.
 Tor! Tor! I went the door bell. Bessie shut the book she was reading and went to the door.
 "Miss Bessie Devereaux?" blantly asked the messenger boy.
 "Yes, this is she," said Bessie, her heart in her mouth.
 "Message for you," and disappeared. Bessie opened the envelope with trembling fingers. Was it from the War department announcing that her brother was killed? Killed? She shuddered. Many thoughts raced through her mind as she opened it. When she got it open it read:
 "Will arrive next Friday. Have surprise for you. Brother."
 She read it with a sigh of relief and ran to tell her grandmother.
 It seemed an eternity until Friday. The train was an hour late but Bessie was there to meet her brother.
 The crowd was so dense Bessie could hardly get through; but she must see her brother? Who was that man over there in uniform with a black-eyed baby in his arms? In a flash she realized it was her brother. She ran to him.
 "See here, look at the surprise. It's a little French orphan found in a deserted village."
 "O, isn't she cute? She's pretty, too. Let's go take her to grandmother."
 "All's well, let's go, Nannette, and see grandma."

Thrilling Story of An Old Fire Horse Told By the Horse Himself

"Yes, it's true," sighed the fire horse mournfully. "There aren't many of us left. That hideous red and gold demon out there in the middle of the fire house floor has put an end to our long years of faithful and untiring service; so we have literally been put on the shelf. For a moment he thoughtfully munched the lump of sugar I had given him.
 "How is it that they keep you, and the fire demon which you describe in the same fire house?" I asked.
 The fire chief says when they get rid of me they have to accept his resignation also," answered the old horse, tossing his head proudly, "and as he is a very good fire chief, I am still here."
 "Are you his special pet?" I asked.
 "Well, I didn't use to be. In fact the chief seemed to have a grudge against me in particular when I first came on the force, but after that time when—oh, but that's another story!"
 "Please tell me about it," I begged.

the city where he had taken some of his produce to market, for which he refused to do anything on the plea that it was nothing and would soon pass off. The cold soon developed into pneumonia, and in three days he died. He had invested a good bit of the money realized from the crops of his prosperous farm in some mining venture out west, and six weeks after his death poor Mrs. Talbot read in the paper of the failure of the whole scheme with the result that hundreds of people had lost everything in the final smash. The Talbots had only the farm property and a few hundred dollars of insurance money left between them and starvation. Richard and Betty at that time were 18 and 14, respectively. Richard was eager to leave school and start into work in order to help out, but his mother put her foot down, saying that his education must come first.
 Betty in a vague sort of way realized that something serious had happened to the family fortunes, but her mother did not discuss the

means of a trolley at the side, the little family reached safety only to watch their home burn before their eyes. The night was cold with a promise of snow, and the children and their mother not being any too heavily clad, heavy colds resulted from the exposure. The children's strong animal spirits pulled them through, but Mrs. Talbot was not long in following her husband to the grave.
 "How very sad," I murmured.
 "Indeed it was," answered the horse, shaking his head slowly. "I don't believe I ever saw a more forlorn pair of children than Richard and Betty when they came out to my stall after the funeral. The Talbots had no relatives nearer than

the flying manes and distended nostrils of the three huge gray horses, who flew down the street dragging behind them the brilliant red engine. A stream of smoke and cinders followed in their wake, and like magic the street cleared before them in order that nothing should obstruct their passage.
 "What a glorious feeling it would be, I thought, to tear along like that with the wind whistling through my mane as it did when Miss Betty and I raced Master Richard on the bay mare up at the old farm. What wonder to feel that perhaps the safety of a home depended on the fleetness of one's limbs. If only I could have been able to race down the night of the fire on the 'arm dragging a great engine behind me and have arrived in the nick of time to save the dwelling of those whom I loved from destruction by the flames.

Before I thought what I was doing I reared on my hind feet and threw off my rider, and before the bewildered clown could collect his wits, I was off down the street like a shot after the fast disappearing engine. I finally caught up with them and tore along beside them until the scene of the fire was reached. Flames were spouting from the roof of a two-story and basement building, and on the top floor a frantic mother was crouched in the window with a 6-months-old child in her arms. I fairly quivered with excitement as the brave fire-fighters adjusted their ladders, and clambered to the rescue. Never could I return to the sordid drudgery of the circus routine when I might share in work as thrilling as this. The woman and child were wrapped in blankets by one of the firemen and brought down the long ladder to safety. The flames died down under the force of the stream of water that was turned on the heart of the conflagration and within an hour the fire was practically out. Several of the engine crew remained to watch the smouldering embers in case they should be rekindled by a vagrant breeze, and the tired horses on the engine were turned and slowly driven back to the fire house, while I trotted along after them, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do.

The firemen were so amused at my apparent attraction to their outfit that they forthwith made me one of them, and when the circus people appeared to demand that I be returned to their rightful possession, the fire company clubbed together and bought me for the department at my former owner's own price.
 My new work proved fully as fascinating as I had anticipated. The excitement even during the period of training, which, needless to say, was not quite so grueling as that undergone with the circus, was dashed for the harness at the sound of the gong, the thrilling race down through the crowded streets of the city, and the throb of the pumps as they forced the water into the great coils of hose, eventually became the very breath of life to me. I entered into the routine of the department and became part of it. The men petted me and the children of the neighborhood came into my stall

with offerings of sugar and apples, and the gentle pats of countless little, grimy hands. I loved them all, for they brought back to me memories of the good old days when Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were alive, and Betty and Richard played with me in the meadows of the Massachusetts farmstead.

One of my most frequent visitors was little Bobby Shea, the 5-year-old son of the chief. The little fellow came in nearly every day with a pocketful of apples and one or two of sugar, and one of the men would hoist him onto my back and walk me around the floor of the fire house, while my rider screamed with delight. He would put his two arms around my neck and say: "Dear old horse, Bobby's horse someday, when Bobby grows up to be fire chief. Won't you dear old horse?" And I would whinny by way of answer. Whenever we swept down the thoroughfare Bobby would always run out of the house to see us go by, and would shout himself hoarse as we flew past on our way to a fire, and so the time passed.

Days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years. I began to get old, but had by no means begun to lose my fleetness of foot and strength of muscle. However that might be, the fire departments of both New York and Brooklyn were undergoing many radical changes. Under the new regime the fire horses became a thing of the past, to be replaced in all possible haste by the new fangled motor trucks that roared like 40 of the lions and tigers from the circus. Much as the men hated to part with me, who had become their special pet, the day came when one of the huge trucks was installed in Engine House No. 12, and the chief put an ad in the paper for my disposal.

Each time the gong rang I suffered the most terrible agony, for, instead of having the iron chain dropped from before my stall, so that I could dart toward the suspended harness, the crew slid down the pole from above and mounted the red and gold usurper without so much as a nod in my direction. The other two horses had been sold. So my loneliness was even worse than if they had been there to hear me company in my misery. Bobby still continued his visits, I am thankful to say, and this helped somewhat to while away the long, lonely hours of waiting.

One hot, sultry night in July, about 7 o'clock, when dusk was just falling, a triple alarm sounded that caused even those hardened old fire fighters a twinge of uneasiness. The location was in one of the warehouses along the water front, so there would not be much rescue work to be done, but the danger lay in the fact that quantities of paints and varnishes, piles of canvas and sacking and hundreds of empty barrels were stored there. The place had not been open in some time, so that there was the added risk of back draft and suffocation from the fumes of the burning chemicals.

The men came down the pole like greased lightning and leaped into their places on the truck. I neighed and whinnied to be taken along, but to no effect. In two minutes the truck, rattled out of the door and down the street toward the spot from which the alarm had been sent.

(Concluded Next Week.)



"The terror-stricken child was directly in the path."

ged, scenting something interesting to narrate to my junior readers.
 "I don't mind telling you," said the horse, "if you will promise not to think that I am blowing my own horn." He was really a very modest animal.
 "I promise not to think any such thing," I eagerly assented, "if you will just promise to begin at the beginning and go right through to the end, and not stop once till you finish."
 "I'll do my best," agreed the horse with a little neigh.
 "Well, here goes. I was born on a farm in Massachusetts, where I remained until I was about 2 years old. All I had to do all day long was to race about the green fields with my mother, and taking my young mistress, Elizabeth Talbot, out for a ride every morning before lunch, which in itself was no effort at all, because Miss Betty, as everyone called her, was such a little thing that I scarcely felt her weight on my back at all. She was a sweet little girl of about 12 years of age, and even at that time, was an excellent horsewoman. She and I together have jumped more fences and raced down more long stretches of level road than many an older person. Betty's brother, Richard, was a lad of about 16 years, and he used to teach me how to do all sorts of things. From him I learned to pick up handkerchiefs in my teeth while at a gallop and to follow him down the lane when he carried lumps of sugar and juicy apples in his pockets.
 Life was all a path of roses then, and I had all I wanted to eat of sweet clover and juicy young grass that grew rank in the broad meadows on the farm. I loved the children with all my heart, and they loved me in return. We played out of doors every day when it was sunshiny, and when it rained, the children came into the stall where I was and climbed on my back and played hide and go seek in and out between my long legs.
 "Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were also very good to me, and once when I cut my leg on a sharp stone, Mr. Talbot put a soothing salve on it and bound it up carefully with soft rags, as if I had been one of his own children. The days flew by like lightning and I paid small attention to them as they passed. We were all so perfectly happy that there seemed no need to look into the future, when one night Mr. Talbot came home with a heavy cold from

Flint, Mich., so it meant the parting of the ways for the children and myself. A very sad parting it was, too, for we had been together so long that the thought of separation seemed almost unbearable. I was sold to a neighboring farmer, and the children cried little, salty tears on my neck when my new owners came to take me away. I never saw my little playmates again."
 The old horse paused thoughtfully for a moment and then went on.
 My new owners soon found that I was not of much use to them. I had never done any very hard work, my job having been that of playmate for the children rather than sold to a neighboring farmer, and the children cried little, salty tears on my neck when my new owners came to take me away. I never saw my little playmates again."
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