

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



## In the Bee Hive

### Stories by Our Little Folks

#### Edith's Lesson.

By Lenora Major, Age 12, Fullerton, Neb.  
Once there was a little girl whose name was Edith. Her parents were wealthy and lived in a large house in Boston. Edith was very fond of the country and spent her summers there. When Edith was 6 years old she again went to the country. One day she went out for a walk through the woods by herself and her parents told her not to go far. Edith was so delighted with the beautiful scenery that she forgot not to go far. She kept on going until she got lost and did not know which direction to go. Finally she came upon a man in the woods chopping wood. He asked where she was going. She told him she wanted to go home, but had got lost in the woods. She told him where she lived and he said he would try to find it. He started out the opposite direction and took her to the camp where the Gypsies were and left her there and she had to endure their cruel treatment for about a week. Then her father, who was anxious of her, came one day and found her here and took her home. She had had a very good lesson and never ran off again.

#### Lambs at Gladys' Home.

By Gladys Swanson, Lyons, Neb., Age 9 years.  
Dear Busy Bees: As I saw my brother's letter in print I will write to you. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Anne Ruddy. I live one and one-half miles from school. I will try and tell you about our sheep. Papa bought four sheep. We had them quite awhile, when one morning we found a little lamb. It had a black face and four black legs. In about a week we got another. Then two more. So we have four lambs now. Their names are Nelly, Mary, Frankie and Helene. Frankie is mine. I have lots of fun with him and he will eat out of my hand.

#### A New Member.

By Evelyn Shawcross, Age 11, Grand Island, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first letter I have written to you. I have a little sister 5 years old. I have not gone to school for a while week, for I have a very sore leg. I probably can't go all next week either. I have a story, but it isn't true. Here it is:  
Lois got sick and the doctor came. He took her pulse, asked a few questions, then said: "What do you dislike?"  
Lois replied, "I don't like castor oil, bad medicine, oysters, apricots, bread and milk, and most of all I dislike to go to school!"  
The doctor went in the other room with Lois' mother. He left some castor oil, bad medicine, oysters, apricots, and said for her to eat plenty of them and also bread and milk.  
Lois soon got better and was glad to get to school again, for she didn't like the medicine. You see she really wasn't sick at all but didn't like to go to school."

#### A French Child's Story.

By Margaret Abbott, Age 9, Genoa, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: I am going to write you a little story told by a French child.  
Hello, American children! I suppose you don't know me. I am a little French girl, and my name is Sylvie. I am 9 years old and live in Paris. My father went to war and has never returned. My mother was killed in a bombardment. I was taken to a home for refugees. I felt very lonesome there, but soon cheered up, for there were other children there, and the nurses were very kind to me.  
When the American soldiers went through I went to see them. I felt thrilled through and through.  
Well, I will tell you the rest some other time, for the dinner bell is ringing.

#### The Fox Terrier and Her Pup.

By Roy Lindfield, Age 11, Ashland, Neb.  
May I join your Happy Hive? This is my first letter I have written. I am in the sixth A and I am 11 years old. My teacher is very good.  
I go sleigh riding quite often, but there is no snow so go sliding on now. I have a Black Beauty sled. I have a Fox Terrier dog and she is black and white. She is about 1 foot high and can do many tricks. She can run very fast and loves to go hunting. She caught a rabbit one day and was going to tear it to pieces, when I said drop that. She dropped the rabbit and I picked it up. It was nothing but a young one. She is afraid she is not going to get to go hunting when she sees a gun. She is 5 years old.  
Her little puppy is so fat he can hardly walk. He is about 4 weeks old. He can bite very hard when he gets hold of your finger. All he

#### My Book and Studies.

By Cecelia Grady, Age 11, Schuyler, Neb.  
I am writing my second letter. I was very glad to see my other letter in print, and I received the two letters from Busy Bees. I study arithmetic, English, physiology, history, geography and writing. I am in the seventh grade. Of all my studies I like history the best, but I like all the rest, too. I like to read books very well. We have a large book case of books at school. I have read them all. Some of my books are "Black Beauty," Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "Tell It Again Stories," "Daddy's Girl" and "Bad Little Hannah." I will close for this time. Hoping more Busy Bees will write to me.

#### My Pet Dog.

By Lucy Miller, Age 10, Stanton, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: I have not written before, and I wish to join your hive very much. I am in the fourth grade and I like my teacher very much. I have a nice story to tell the rest of the Bees. It was a muddy day when our dog Fido got into a fight. You can imagine how he looked; he surely was a terrible sight. I had a notion to scrub him, but my sister said that he would suffer more than if I wouldn't do it. He had quite a sore on the side of his head. I sure felt sorry for him, but it is healed up quite well now. Well, I will have to close.

#### Timothy.

By Floyd Bennett, 224 Harrison Street, South Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: I will tell you about Timothy. Tim was a nickname the boys gave him. Tim was a boy who always liked to be wild like an Indian. One day in vacation he and another boy were playing Indian when, with their bows and arrows, they shot at a hole in a big tree. They went over to it and looking in saw they had killed a harmless mother squirrel. Then, like all rube boys, went away thinking it fine sport. But they were paid for this. Tim, while running after his arrow, stumbled and fell. Now the other boy was running, too, so when Tim fell he could not stop so he fell on top of Tim. They both got up with a bloody nose. They ran home and the next day went to see if the squirrel was dead. When they reached there they found her dead body stretched out over her babies. They buried her and took her babies home to a pet par

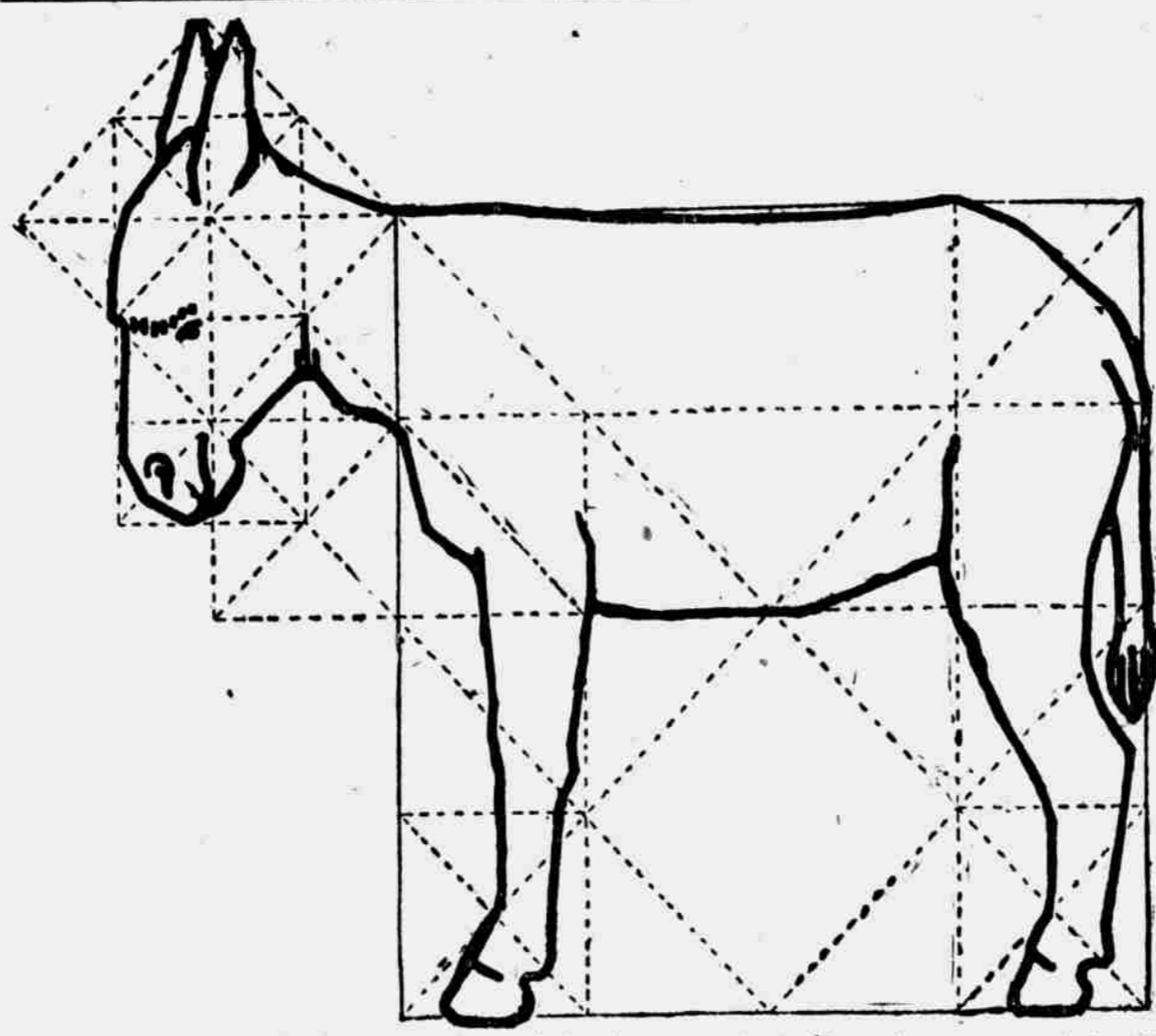
#### A Sad Story.

By Horace Sawyer, Age 12, 410 Seventh Ave., Shenandoah, Ia.  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first letter I have ever written you.  
When I was in the hospital there was a poor little boy there who had tuberculosis of the bone, and his mother would not come to see him hardly at all. He had to keep his leg held up with a heavy iron weight. He was only about 3 years old then. But he is probably dead by now.  
Your friend,  
HORACE SAWYER.

#### The Russian Bears Were Fussing Because Mrs. Bear Was Suffragist

(Continued from Last Sunday.)  
Mr. Russian Bear, who was by this time very, very hungry, tired and shivery, suddenly came to the conclusion that he simply couldn't stand Mrs. Bear's despotism any longer, and that it was about time to assert his rights. When the cage door swung wide and Mrs. Bear departed for a meeting of the Allied Animal Anarchists of the Prospect Park Zoo, he crept softly out of the cave under the rocks and made his way toward the house of Mr. Knowit Muchandall, the snow owl, who was said to be the wisest bird in the captive animal world. As he approached, Simon Snipandsnapatem, the cross-eyed cinnamon bear, who had just come out of his smelly old den to get a breath of fresh night air, called out, "Hello, Trotski, where are you going in such a hurry?"  
"I'm going to see Knowit Muchandall about starting divorce proceedings against my wife," answered Mr. Russian Bear.  
Simon Snipandsnapatem nearly fainted with surprise.  
"How on earth did you ever get up nerve enough to do that?" he gasped.  
"None of your darned business," growled Mr. Russian Bear, very profanely.  
"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it," returned the cinnamon bear, adding, "Anyway, I'm going along to see if you really do what you say you will." So he trotted along beside Mr. Russian Bear.  
Pretty soon they met old Vanity Fair, the peacock, who screamed at them raucously and asked them where they were bound for. Old Vanity Fair's days of beauty were about over, and her tail feathers were badly in need of renovating, but the poor old bird still retained a sort of queenly dignity in spite of her bedraggled condition. At sight of Mr. Russian Bear and Simon Snipandsnapatem, she spread the ragged remnant of her tail and tilted her head coquettishly.

## How to Draw a Donkey



Surely, any child would like to add an amiable donkey to his own private zoo.  
Well, then, why not draw or trace a donkey for yourself? Look hard at this drawing, put it away and see if you cannot draw the donkey from memory. Or, run your pencil over the black lines, to feel how to make the curves; then make your treachard drawing on another paper.  
If you like you may take this drawing as the pattern for a wooden toy. Paste it on thin wood and cut it out with a knife or scroll saw, cutting on the outer edge of the black line, for the real shape of the donkey is shown by the inner edge of the line.

If you draw a square of any size, adding the diagonals and diameters, as shown by the dotted lines, you can draw a donkey, making your own pattern to fit any piece of wood ready for use. The grain of the wood should run the long way of the toy, so that it will not split easily. Last of all, of course, there comes the painting of the animal in its proper colors.  
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lifted one leg from the perch, put it down again, and rattled his feathers.  
"Rubbish!" he remarked.  
This was the sign that he wished to be allowed to use his brains, so all the animals held their breath and waited.  
After fully a half hour's deliberation, he spoke, "Hum-mum" was all he said.  
"Wonderful!" gasped all the animals in chorus, and poor Mr. Bear gave a sigh of relief. Surely, if anybody could help him, old Muchandall could, and he felt that his troubles would soon be over.  
A sudden confusion at the edge of the paved courtyard drew the attention of everyone from old Knowit and his thoughtfulness to what was going on outside.  
It was headed by three or four of the porcupine police, whose duty it was to see that all the animals behaved themselves during their hours of freedom, and several more of the porcupines were lined up on the side. Two of the timber wolves brought up the rear, dragging a little cart in which were a number of red flags and round, black sinister looking objects with long strings attached.  
The animals forgot the old snow owl in their excited curiosity as they crowded around the crowd of newcomers. Mr. Russian Bear even went so far as to overthrow his chances of obtaining a decree of divorce by rushing to the fore in order to obtain a clear view of what was going on.  
He gave one look at the procession and then to the horror of everyone gave a wild howl, and fainted dead away.  
"What are they?" asked Mr. Bear showing his teeth.  
"Anarchist and Bolsheviki found with red flag and high explosives in her possession, high treason and alienation of affections on the part of Captain Jack, the African lion. Mrs. Captain Jack is bringing the matter into court!"  
Mr. Bear rubbed his forehead with his paw in a dazed fashion.  
"Bolski," he sighed, turning to his cowering wife, who was hiding behind his back. "Did you do all these awful things?"  
"Trotski, darling," she wailed,

Snipandsnapatem ran for some water and Vanity Fair spread her tail and fanned Mr. Bear's nose. When he finally came to he sprang up and shouted, "Where is she? Where is that woman?"  
"Trotski, darling!" came a shrill scream from the crowd, and like a shot Mrs. Russian Bear tore herself loose from the porcupine police and threw herself upon the shaggy bosom of her dumbed-out husband.  
"Bolski!" gasped he, "where on earth did you drop from and what were you doing with those porcupines?"  
"Dearest Trotski," wailed Mrs. Bear, flinging her arms around his neck. "Save me from those cruel beasts! They'll put me in jail. Oh, save me!"  
Mr. Bear put her firmly behind him and summoning all his dignity, walked up to the porcupine policemen and demanded in a deep, gruff voice, "What were you doing with my wife?"  
"She's arrested on four charges," asserted Bill Spikesticker, the chief of police, defiantly bristling up all over as if he intended letting fly a couple of quills at Mr. Bear for having dared to question the action of the law.  
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## Lovely Sweetpea Giggles--- Blushes and Is Kissed by Sweet William



By MARGARET M'SHANE.

On tip-toe I signal, tall and straight, ready for a flight to every little boy and girl, who has a garden.  
I am dressed, in red, and white and pink. Of beauty of form I have none; of fragrance and color only may I boast.  
Painted by Mother Nature in such gay colors has made many call me "The Painted Lady," but my fragrance the most exquisite of a little people of the garden, merits to me my right to be called Sweetpea.  
Being of a tender constitution, I have a crochety appetite and unless my food is prepared for me not to my liking I will die a loser.  
Old earth near the top will never satisfy my tastes. I like the soil that is two feet deep, and I want, greatly enriched, the richer the better. With this kind of food, an open sunny location, giving me plenty of light and fresh air, I can not stop growing, no matter how much I might be inclined to.  
Of all the flower-folk of the garden I like to live near best, it is Sweet William. I like him at my feet, because he grows low and leafy, and bears such enormous loads of blossoms that spread of the and wide, and cover up my legs.  
I have always been ashamed of my legs; they are so squawky and ill-shaped; and my body too is very thin. My fingers are long, and protruding and with them I hold fast to all things and bind the things I love the best, around with tiny rings.  
Sometimes I stretch my neck far over the garden that I am afraid will break. I am curious I would admit, but it is the curiosity of love to see all the children who visit the garden, because I never want the to leave without coming over to see me.  
One day when I was stretching my neck to see who the little girl was coming in the garden, my Sweet William bobbed up and kissed me on the cheek. I blushed crimson and giggled, and tried so hard to hide my face, but could not, and ever since then I have been called Kissing Hood, or the scarlet scented sweet pea.  
Sweet William has always flirted desperately with me, and he says it was a case of love at first sight.  
I hope he does not think I try to flirt with him, for my tip-toe attitude in the garden; but if you do, Mr. Sweet William, you are very much mistaken.  
But I like Sweet William very much. He is rather a plain fellow. I know, but so pert and independent that I cannot help but like him.  
Oh, here comes old Bumble Bee from the neighbor's garden. He teases me to death for my honey, and snicks all I have. Often I have fished my head when I have seen him coming, but it is of no use, for my perfume I cannot hide and he would find me even though I lived in the clouds.  
Mr. Bumble Bee visits me often. With his big, yellow trunk, painted round with black stripes, and his head cocked on one side, he feels himself lord and master of all his surveys, and nips honey, here and there, at will. He does not visit the other flowers as much as he does me. He loves me for my brilliant color and my sister, Gaiety, for her pink and white stripes; and then our exquisite perfume draws the scent of all the other flowers.  
This and Sweet William's attentions causes a great deal of jealousy in the garden. Our jealous friends say that we paint red and white, and that we stretch our heads so conceitedly far over our companions that we might attract all gaze.  
It is true we love to shine in nosegays, for we are the queen of flowers for nosegays.  
To be worn close to the heart of someone, who really loves you; to be fondled, caressed, and admired there, what could give greater happiness.  
The aroma of some stifles me so that I quickly sicken and die, with others I can live for hours.  
I do not want to die, but we must all die sometime, and if I do not live long in nosegay, it is sweet to die, pressed to someone's heart who loves—and to me of love, of the love that some one little girl holds for you, makes our happiness greater when we have passed on to the spirit world.  
For the last few days I have felt the northwest wind coming over the garden. It is so cool that I have to work hard to keep warm, but the joy of ripe old age has come upon me.  
I have been no idle loiterer in the garden, who merely ate and drank heartily, and made no return to those who gave me being.  
I have paid my debt of blood to the world. For this I came and to this world of bloom I must pass on to the spirit world, there to live and love and play with the elves, the bees, clouds, the night mist, and the dewdrops, hoping not to be forgotten by the little folks, for I will think often of the ones who came to my corner in the garden to visit with me, and give me drink when I lived with them on Mother Earth.  
Not all of the most valuable dogs in this present war have been of high degree. Thousands have been just "blain dogs." It's what he does, not where he came, that makes a dog or man worth while.

## Baby Belgians Returning Home



The toe, driven from their martyred country, the Belgian children who have been sheltered in Switzerland, while the big task was in progress, are being sent home. Here is seen a group of them in charge of an American Red Cross officer just before the start. They are too small to comprehend just what this new twist in their lives means, but it is not hard to imagine what will be their joy once they are back in old familiar surroundings, though the marks they left may still bear the marks of the invader's brutal heel.