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



Crimson Rambler Chases grow among old-time roses best, for there is something more than mere the Sun and Clings to Old Methusula

Mother Rambler Climbs Over the Garden Wall and Tells About All the Birds and Flowers-Even Little Cinnamon Rose, Outcast of the Garden.

say one word.

Once he tampered with their beau-

carpet. Then it was that their vani-

ty asserted itself, so they reached

out and clung for safety onto the

and death of each occupant of the

Friend of Methuselah.

you say:

"They some times grow 100 years,

tain of eternal youth and never

"They seem to tell the world by these habits that they want so much

to live in every garden, and if so they promise not to be a bit of trou-

demanded of the modern rose-grow-

ers, it does far more, for it awakens

thought and inspiration and pos-

sesses a living spirit, and casts this spirit over the garden—the same spirit that made the ancient Per-

sians spread their rugs to pray and

meditate before a single bush in

Beautiful in the Moonlight.

"If it does not rise to all the tests

grew old.

flower.

ble to anyone.

By MARGARET McSHANE.

"Living 100 years in the world of the roses, long before any of you, little boys and girls, who visit me in the garden were born, my life has been elected to see the beginning and the end of all the roses of the garden, and climbing as I do, high above them all, I can see their every action, and I am the observer of all their ways."

Speaking hurriedly to the little boys and girls who had gathered at her feet, their big admiring eyes fixed on her Crimson Splendor, the Crimson Rambler climbed on and

She reached the top of the porch and soon after climbed to the highest eaves of the house.

Here she stopped a minute, and peered into the nest of a beautiful swallow. The swallow was standing on the side of her nest guarding five little eggs, and at the approach of the Rambler, she wrinkled up her near-white brow, and threw back her head, exposing to view beautiful chestnut - colored throat. Her mouth opened to re-proach the prowler of her home, but the Rambler softly laid her spreading branches over the nest; that it might be forever safe from the trails of the nest robbers, and noiselessly turned in the opposite direction. The swallow threw back her head and joyfully gave forth her liquid call in thanksgiving to the Rambler, and entered the nest, and spread her wings very gently over the tiny eggs that were

spotted with red brown specks.

The Rambler smiled back at the Swallow in recognition of her song. and climbed to the other side of the house, hoping to catch up with the sun on its journey over the roof.

The Sun Travels Fast.

The sun travels with such speed I am afraid I never will catch up live 100 years. with him. Each day instead of my gaining on him he gets a fittle ahead gaining on him he gets a fittle ahead of me," the Crimson - Rambler gasped, completely out of breath.

"But anyhow from this high point of observation I can see well over the garden path, and they say now, that they came to Methuselah just to form an arbor over the garden path, and they say now, that they came to Methuselah just to form an arbor over the garden path, and they say now, that they came to Methuselah just to form an arbor over the garden path, and they say now, that they came to Methuselah just to form an arbor over the garden path, and they say now, that they came to Methuselah just to form an arbor over the garden path, and so straight—always at ably yet.

"My sturdy stalks have climbed not the sly ones, or as you little very high by now, and a part of me boys, who visit my garden spot has reached to the highest eaves of would say, foxy," was once doomed to dwell in nar- what excellent taste you show, my row quarters. Yes, indeed; one day rambling shoots, and you sing the years and years ago, when I was song of the Persian poet while heavily laden with my clusters of sheltering and bending low? bought me from my keeper and carapartment. The air was close in the apartment, and the rooms were so small, I thought I could not breathe keepers, who leve the old-time close growing buds, depending on know.—The Olive Branch, at all. Beside one little window, I roses, must plant a row of York the message he wishes to send. did my very best to make her still and Lancaster roses. They are the helieve in me, as she had found me rarest of all the old-time flowers. is so generous to little Cupid. Never is so generous to little Cupid. Never in my hour of splendor; but try as Their blossoms open wide and does she object or even utter a I would, I grew more lonely each broad when in full bloom, and in word of pleading. A martyr to the day, and soon my leaves began to this open quality they have such a cause, a beautiful cause, she says, fall one by one, my crimson petals, cheery and hospitable look that and she lives and smiles on and her strewn upon the floor, were as so cherry and hospitable look that says.

'I am so glad to see you, and here of mes holds. She is so happy, she says, I sickened and was shout to die, pour out heaps and heaps of perwhen she gave me to a triend, who when she gave me to a friend, who fume of so perfect ans so pure a the little boy with the arrow gives owned a beautiful garden with quality that makes you forget their her, and she is so full of secrets views and terraces and lots of tresh lack of color, and that leaves your that sometimes she is afraid she will

"The very instant this friend bur- subtle fragrance. A fragrance that upon me. The new fresh food tast- leaves again in the heart. ed so good, and my drinking water was always so fresh, and it just poured over me from the biggest bit fussy, these wholesome and garden sprays I ever saw. With kindly York and Lancaster Roses. such food and drink. I felt once "They some times grow 100 years. again that life was worth while, and but never seem old. They are like that now I could make many again the Fairy, who drank of the foun-

Many Visitors.

"So in a few weeks I pranced forth with a beautiful new dress of soft and shiny green, and I was topped with the greatest quantity of tiny buds, that looked so very like little seed pots; and then it took but a couple of weeks more when I just burst out with all my brilliant beauty set beneath a crown of cool leaves; from then on, my side of the house was the most visited and talked about in the garden. Now I am happy again, for there are many who still love me. A few of my stray shoots (my

little children) ventured out into the great beyond one day. They just wished to investigate and see this "They seemed to love the free-nocturnal beauties lit by moonlight Briar and the Musk rose are the

have their way; so following this their soft white petals, rampant impulse they dangled for "My sisters and I will be found to me.

as they; and so they swayed, and they played, and never for once were they the least bit afraid. But not until the Wind had made havor

convention, there is a feeling away down deep in the heart of the one that clings to the old-time roses.

our family grow in profusion. We are bothered to death for our bulbs arms and legs and beads. They are and short roots, for what would a called the Fold-Up Family. They made-to-order garden be without are going to be printed on your roses? So we have been elected by page every Sunday for a while. Toconvention, the flower of the common rich.

"In these gardens, the owners hire others to care for us, seldom or never do they visit us, and here we have no personal relation with the family for whom we labor to bloom, with deepest reds, delicate pinks and fairest yellows: yellows that even rival the sunbeams in beauty as they travel over the earth.

Cruel Shears.

"In such gardens we only see the family when we become the victims of cruel shears. When one of its members comes stalking over the lawn, carrying huge, ugly shearsshears possessed of the most vicious eyes; that grit their teeth at the very sight of us, and that love to cut us wildly off our bushes.

"Such folks not only take our blossoms, but they cut our stalks as well. They cut us here and there, and carry us in shabby market baskets to the house, where we delight the eye for a few hours, and then die of thirst and longing.

"And the garden, what a sight it is when they have left! 'Betty's eyes are not so blue and her hair is out of curl' is the garden's wail, when left helpless after a visit from the flower mongrel, with the vicious

"Oh, how much we would all like to live with the Soul, who stopped on the street one day and bought every flower from the Flower-Venof their pretty blossoms did they der, because it 'hurt her inside' to see them die.

"I can see across the garden in a ty, and once again he stripped them of every one of their blooms, and he strewed their gorgeous petals on the great the group of Cabbage the garden path, making a crimson

"Their very warm and pleasing color, a happy pink, their wholesome and frank expression, charm as othoutstretched branches of a giant ers cannot, and they send a whiff of perfume here and there, that oak, the Methusula of our garden.

This sturdy oak, Methusula, has been the silent witness at the birth

A Trick

A Trick of Fate.

"It is an unfair trick of fate, that garden, and he will be a spectator such a beautiful thing, possessed of and won't have to fall back to conat my passing on, even though I rare and magic perfume, should have ductoring."-By R. J. Reiber, U. S. to go through life universally known Naval Air Station, Akron, Ohio. by such an ugly name, and its true birth-name, 'The Provence Rose,

word of greeting to the garden vis- put it .- Washington Star. beside the garden walk. Are they

itor. "Her delicate form, and close growing petals make her beautiful for bouquets, and by her fervid you' on one of these forest monthe roof. And would you believe "When choosing to shelter the color, she is the most sought after archs. Which tree would you sugit, dear little boys and girls, that I levely York and Lancaster Roses, of all the flowers of the garden by gest?" the little boy with the bow and ar-

chalant girl.-Kansas City Journal. "I rarely lift my head, that I do heavily laden with my clusters of sheltering and bending low?

The sheltering and bending low? ried me to her home in a very small 'Yes, but where leaves the Rose of he will take only her very biggest road)-I can't start my engine; the "You of my lovers and garden and he will select nothing but her and he will select nothing but her blooms, and then again I watch him, thing won't spark."

garden never to be forgotten of a just have to burst.

ied my feet deeply into the arms of answers the poet's question 'Where Lady Richmond is left at peace to Mother Earth I felt new life coming leaves the Rose of Yesterday'—it enjoy her own beauties that lie reflected in the little garden pool lying "And then they are so sturdy and by her side. need so little care and not the least

Cinnamon Rose.

"And over the fence across the road I see growing so strong and healthily the Cinnamon Rose,

"She is looked upon as a garden stray, I know, and that is why she grows by the roadsides and squeezes under the fence. She is ragged and small, and when her petals are dried she sends her cinnamon scent strongly over the fields and along the roadsides, so she will not be entirely forgotten, even though she

is but a little garden stray.
"Close at my feet grow the Sweet Briar roses, and a lovely row of

"Our garden owes much to the Sweet Briar, for early in the year, almost with the first days of the spring, she gives forth her fragrance as a little welcome note to the budding trees and the bushes. She is lavish also with her bloom, and "And it is just as beautiful in the coming so early in the year, she moonlight as in the sunlight. Many almost chases Old Man Winter out dom, and dangled and played at rays, and to watch the moths gather only roses that will give their per-I did not mind, but let them about and dance in ecstasies over fume to the evening air, and that is why I am so glad they grow so near

"And these are all the many, many many days.

The Wind blew them here and that there are many motives in beautiful things I see, little boys and there. He loved the frolic as well growing us, and a genuine love for girls, while I climb and climb, and

The Fold Up Family

"The common rich must have gardens and always in these gardens our family grow in profusion. We years and years of obedience to day we have Father Fold-Up. First paint him, make his suit brown or gray, his shoes black, his face and hands flesh color. Then paste the





When He's Folded Up.

pieces of Father Fold-Up on heavy paper and cut them out. Now, if holes open, and put the fasteners you will get some elder member of through, the little pieces bent over trees on the lawns. your family to bring you some little at the back. If you just can't get

Jokes

Peace Problems.

Jimmie (speaking for the 23d squad)—Corpril, did you tell your

Saving Them From Drudgery.

"So the officers will have a job

An Alibi.

"A chestnut," replied the non-

Just a Hint. He (somewhat embarrassed, after

She-Must be like some people I

Not in Wilhelm's Class.

"Did Mr. Grabcoin refuse you the hand of his daughter?"

Ex-Soldier - Howdy, old

aren't you out yet?

"How's that?"

Soldier-No.

young Dubson, "but when I asked for this productive region. It has prospective son-in-law, he asked me

"Not being quite as foolish as I there that it was time for me to be will say, goodbye. on my way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

opinion of the kaiser."

"Well?"

"Doctor, I've just received your bill for the operation you performed on me. Would you cut anything off for cash?"

To the Quick.

"Yes, my dear sir, anything-an arm or a leg, or what else you may wish removed."—Detroit Free Press.

That Makes It Proper. Her Husband-Did you take a \$2

"Let me carve the words 'I love (fa.) News. A Natural Inference. won't go to school this morning"

carefully of her bloom. Sometimes the car had stopped on a lonely and then five or six of you pile on him, hog-tie him and drag him along. What the Sam Hill does the little cuss think he is, anyhow-a like to join your hive. second lieutenant?"

Casting the Die. The possibility of future favors and the memory of past ones die at Not in so many words," said the same time.

in the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

A Trip to Southern California.

nia. We soon reach Pasedena. The of any one? climate is very delightful. We get on a street car and ride out to the

Oranges, lemons, peaches, pears, grapes, figs, olives, walnuts, al-monts and many other kinds of

The winter season is the harvest from about the middle of November until February or later. They are cut from the trees, sorted according to size, then packed in boxes and shipped away.

Tomorrow we start for Los Angeles. It is the center of all trunk railways. It is so beautiful that it is well named "the city of Angles." It has wide streets shaded with trees, and large parks, in some of which are beautiful lakes. The houses are surrounded by lawns, in which grow palms and India rubber trees. There are also pepper

Los Angeles lies in the midst of a hete. brass "McGill Fasteners" you can fasteners use a pin and push it fit the pieces together where the round holes are found. Punch the the back.

This morning while we were in the kitchen we heard a bird singing around it.

> him how he would regard me as a fine buildings and comfortable the porch stood Mr. Cathird singhomes. The city is surrounded by if I had ever heard him express his irrigated orchards and groves. Long trains of oranges and other

fresh fruit are always moving from tame. Goodbye, Busy Bees. it to the east. This is all I can mother we were coming to stay looked, I decided right then and tell you about Los Angeles, so I with you?—By Sergt, Rud Rennie, there that it was time for me to be will say, goodbye.

(Honorable Mention.) A Helping Hand.

Marie Havilces, age 10. Verdigre, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: This is the first when we heard a dog whine. We have her only friends. One tan to see what was the matter. When we got there we saw a wounded dog. I ran in and told my mother about the dog. She came out with me and she said we had to her a little playmate. As she was hear the said we had to her a little playmate. As she was Her Husband—Did you take a \$2 | That makes It reports that bill out of my vest pocket last night?

Dr. Marie Kitson amounces that she has again resumed her practice and I begged to keep him; so my mother said we could. We built a dog house for him. Then we were "Our Pet Dog." or observation I can see well over the garden path, and the entire garden, and I can watch all my sisters and cousins at their play.

Mrs. Snoops—Certainly not. Proboto of osteopathy, and patients can ably you don't know it, but there to shelter the beautiful York and attention—and is the first to say a was a hole in the pocket where you attention—and is the first to say a word of greeting to the garden vision of osteopathy, and patients can ably you don't know it, but there to shelter the beautiful York and attention—and is the first to say a was a hole in the pocket where you attention of osteopathy, and patients can be appointments by phoning No. I was a hole in the pocket where you attention of osteopathy, and patients can be appointment of the standard of the probability of the standard of the pocket where you attention of osteopathy, and patients can be appointment of the probability of requested to make appointments for a pug dog. It looked just like our did not know it at first, but we home, I will close. Your friend, found him, coming back. CLARA DANKER. found him, coming back. Dear little Busy Bees, I would

What the Dog Has Done to Help

The shepherd, the Airedale terrier and the Scotch collie are used in the war more than any other breeds of dogs. The collies are the very best ones. They are the holds. dogs any army can get to train. They do not need much feed and care. They too, are falthful and strong. When they are hunting they keep their noses close to the ground so they will not lose scent of the trail. They attend strictly to business, never paying attention to other people, or dogs. Their work is to find the wounded and they attend to it until they succeed. A dog, to be a good ambulance dog needs strength, fleetness, good sight, hearing and scent. Above all he needs love for his work. Not all dogs have this. The greatest kindness is shown to these dogs while they are being trained, for not a whip is allowed to touch them Not much food is given, seldom more than three biscuits a day. One day when the dogs were out for practice, some men went out on a big field and hid themselves Officers sent the dogs out to hunt for the men. Two men lay down close together. When the dog came up to them, what was he to do? Save one and let the other die? Oh no, not such a dog as he could do that. He stood as if thinking then he been to quickly run back and forth till help came. This dog was bern in the Scotch Highlands, Then he was brought to France, perhans he would have liked to remain in I think they're absolutely right, his Highland home, but he was not asked which he would rather do. He went where our hove wentwherever Uncle Sam asked. The dogs carry parks on their backs so when they find a soldier

he can bandage un his wounds as

we'll as he can until he gets back to the hospital. When the wounded

similar to this. The dog is also

used to carry messages. Little dogs A Trip to Southern California. have gone in the war with no Leon Nurnberg, Age 12, Plataview, Neb. thought of themselves. They were We have been on the train for trained and have gone and done three days and are now in Califortheir duty. What more can you ask

First Letter.

Dorn Johansen, Portsmouth, Iowa Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter to this happy page. I have one black and four black and white truits and nuts are grown on this little brother, his name is Roy. I have some riddles, I will time for oranges, which are picked also send the answers. They are the following: What is black and white and red (read) all over? A newspaper. What has eyes, but can-

not seer. A potato. Well, I must hurry as I'm going to school, and it is time. I'm starting, so I'll close for this time.

The Return of the Catbird.

La Verne R. Keettel, Age 11, Lyons, Neb. Dear Busy Bee: As you all know the plainly colored grey cathird al-ways builds his nest in some low bush, such as the lilac.

We have three large lilac bushes in our yard and each year a pair of cathirds come and rear their young

opened the door and what do you suppose? Right on the railing of ing to his heart's content.

Several times he has done this and each year seems more and more

A Surprise Visit.

By Agnes Clark, Age 15, Schuyler, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: Once upon a time there lived a little girl. She had no mamma or papa; and she was very poor. They had died years ago. She lived in a forest in a small time I am writing. One nice sum-mer, my brother and I were playing, kind to birds and animals, because when we heard a dog whine. We they were her only friends. One

"Our Pet Dog."

Clara Danker. Age 10, Riverton, Neb. Dear Busy Bees-I have never evenings, at which hours Mr. Kit- dog, so we named it Pug. After written before. I am going to tell son will be in the office."—Osage Pug was well we got a horse. We you about our dog. His name is son will be in the office."—Osage Pug was well we got a horse. We you about our dog. His name is (1a.) News. pony and a very slow horse. This daddy and I took him out hunting, year we sold our horse and bought We shot a bird, and threw it in the "Paw!" yelled several of the John- a Buick four. One day in the fall water. Gordon jumped in the water son children. "Bearcat says he we went car riding; the dog always and got it. We brought it home and a Buick four. One day in the fall water. Gordon jumped in the water went with us. We were going pret- mother cooked it. After we had "He won't hey?" roared Gap ty fast, when a car happened to eaten it I went to bed as I was very Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. Ark come toward us, so we turned out tired. My letter is getting tong. "Knock him down with something, of the road and ran over Pug. We Hoping Mr. Wastepaper basket isn't

Mother's Incubator. Hazel Turpin, Age 0, Corns. Nob. We have set our incubator the first time. I turn the eggs at night.

The Latest from Supposyville

When the temperature is sliding Upward in Supposyville, And Mr. Sun is turning roads-And highways to a grill:

When affairs of state are worrisome And spirits rather low, The king and Solomon T. Wise Know just the place to go.

In costumes rather sketchy And with faces all agrin, hey hasten to the swimming hole And gayly tumble in.

And there they dive and swim and sport As gay as any boys With most as many splashes, .

And a large amount of noise. "The only way to keep real cool,"

The king says, blowing bubbles Under water; "and the only way To drown your cares and trou-Says Solomon Tremendous Wise,

And takes a back dive neatly To come up smiling. "Only way To banish care completely!"

But if I dived like that I'd drown more than troubles.
Pshaw! I'd drown myself—that's

While Solomon's built for a diver Not so his royal highness. He has a floating figure and He floats with ease and finesse!

are cathered up what a joy it is to Oh, wouldn't it be nice if we Could hie to some hig pool have died if it had not been for this And drown examination cares. -Kansas City Star.

Our Picture Puzzle



Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning dos Hundreds of cases may be . And worries after school?

What Did Willie Draw? at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.