

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



## Dear Little Primrose of The Evening Is Slain by Cruel North Wind

She Loved the Moon and the Moth and the Mist; When She Died Skylark Carried Her Away to the Beautiful Western Hills.

By MARGARET M'SHANE.

It was evening in the garden; the Sun tired out from his long journey across the sky had reached the Western Hills.

Here, as a large flaming ball he hesitated, to take a last look at the world he had worked so hard to warm and brighten all the day and fully content with the result of his labors, he suddenly dropped into a sea of fleecy clouds to sleep and dream of all the things of earth.

From this sea of fleecy clouds, the Twilight Mist, with her silver veil streaming behind her floated blissfully through the soft night air, and as the flower-folk looked on, she was seen to bend low and to lay the dainty evening Primrose, carefully in the arms of Mother Earth.

"She will give you, Mother Earth, the fullness of her beauty when the Sun has gone to his rest, and through her many of your earthly creatures will learn the joys of living," gaily the Twilight Mist spoke as she gave her gift to the Flower world.

Then, with her errand to Earth accomplished, she swayed about and was lifted by a warm wind, and was born away on the day atmosphere of a mid-summer's night.

The little Evening Primrose snuggled softly into the cool strong arms of Mother Earth and was soon sound asleep tired out from her travels from the far-away Western Hills.

As Night approached the garden, she stooped quietly to gaze at the little Evening Primrose. She was startled at finding her so still, and for an instant thought she had died on her way to earth, but gazing a little more closely she heard her heave a deep sigh, and burst open, spattering her dew drops all over a big red ant who was nesting under one of her leaves. The ant, too scared for words, scampered through the grass to his own hill-top there to figure out in safe quarters, who gave him the deluge.

And the Primrose laughingly watched him go his way, and looking up at the Night exclaimed:

**Primrose Awakens.**  
"I was taking 40 winks dear Night, for I was completely tired out coming so far with the Twilight Mist, but I will bloom for you all the more splendidly for my rest."

And the night, happy to hear her voice again, lingered by her side. At the dawn of the following day all the flowers chattered curiously over the visitor to the garden, and poor Mother Nature was so besieged with questions that she could not answer them all.

They watched the Primrose in all her moves and even though she did not grow so very near to them; more on the outskirts of the garden and along the paths, they chatted to her over each other's heads, and sent messages to her by the bees, and the birds and soon she was a favorite with them all.

The pale Night Moth sailing, the following evening, over the garden, stopped at the bed of the White Pansy.

He was so excited, he could hardly talk. Never had the Pansy seen him so interested, and he cried out through sheer joy.

"Just last night, Pansy dear, I noticed a beautiful new face in the garden. Lightening the path as I do with a streak of white, I saw in the shadows a most beautiful little face. It spoke of a far-away country, and it held thoughts too deep for words and its exquisite and mysterious perfume held me so spell-bound to the spot that I thought could not move. I will not have a minute's peace until I know its history and the why's and wherefores of its being here."

"I am afraid I know very little to tell you, Night Moth," the Pansy replied. "It came last night to the garden with the Twilight Mist. I saw her sailing with it through the warm air, and she layed it gently. Oh so gently, I have never seen a flower handled so beautifully, into the arms of Mother Earth, with the words:

"She will give you, Mother Earth, the fullness of her beauty when the Sun has gone to her rest, and through her many of your earthly creatures will learn the joys of living."

**Primrose Has a Story.**  
"So she must be the flower of joy and blessing. Indeed dear Night Moth, I wish I could tell you more of her. She interests me as well as you, but why don't you go over and introduce yourself and ask her for the story. She will be flattered at your interest in her."

She has a story, I am sure of it. No one could look out of her eyes as she does without having a story behind them; and then, just think where she came from. From the far away cloud of the Twilight Mists. I have no doubt she was worn out with her travels the first night she reached here. She is one



of the flowers of mystery, that much I do know."

And the Night Moth heard the story of the mysterious little Evening Primrose.

He heard how she had come to Mother Earth; how she had sailed through the clouds, wrapped in the veil of the Twilight Mist, and how glad she was to snuggle down in the arms of Mother Earth and rest.

**She Adores the Moon.**  
"And I am the flower of the evening and of the night," continued the Primrose, "and I bloom solely for the Night, and the stars, and the Moon. I adore the Moon and just feast my eyes on his splendour; and the Night is so soft and tender; and I play with the Fire Flies when they go dancing over the garden, and I would like you, too, dear Moth, to come and visit with me and play with me and take some of my honey."

"I will tell you a secret. Away down deep in the tube at the base of my blossoms there lies the choicest fruits. You will find it the most delicious honey you have ever tasted."

"In the Sunlight, while all the other flowers show their colors gay, and give their fragrance to every passing breeze, my bed is but a mass of soft green leaves; and then, as soon as the day has spent itself, I pop open with the most exquisite little noise, at times it is so loud that the birds have stopped on their course to see the reason of this noise, and I laugh back at them, with great big flowers, that are sometimes white, sometimes yellow, and sometimes again, a pinkish lavender."

"So you see, Night Moth, I choose to clothe myself in the soft, light, shades, like the shades you will see away off at the farthest ends of the Rainbow."

"The four petals of my white blossoms sometimes look as though they were covered with a thin moss. I am easily grown from seed and need only dry soil and sunshine for my food."

"My family all, are popular as Rock garden plants. We grow between these rocks very very thickly, and our blossoms show off well in relief against the cool grey rocks."

And so the Night Moth heard the story of the fascinating flower of mystery, and from him it spread over all the garden. The flowers all loved it as well as he and sometimes many of them sat up late to hear her pop her petals as she opened for the night, and to enjoy her mysterious fragrance. From that night on, the Night Moth was a frequent visitor at her spot in the garden, and he grew fat and healthy on the fruit buried deep in her throat.

**Cruel North Wind.**  
In the last two weeks of Summer a cruel North Wind visited the garden. The Primrose suffered much from these visits as cold was the one thing she could not endure.

She caught a heavy cold, which settled on her lungs; and having from her birth weak lungs, struggle as she might she could not grow strong again.

Mother Earth nursed her well. The little flowers all sent her their rarest perfumes, and some extra good honey; the Sun poured all his warmest rays over her; the Night sent her softest blankets, and the Night Moth nestled close over her with his wings spread far apart. The birds brought their leaves to cover her; and the Moon sat up each night with her; but all this care and depression could not make strong the tender lungs; so one night, while the Moon was by her side, she quietly passed away.

And all these friends mourned.

## Everything Went Wrong With Dumps Until He "Woke Up"

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

Once upon a time there was a queer little elf named Dumps, who lived all by himself in a dark little house down in a valley. Ever since he could remember, things had gone wrong with him.

He shivered in the cold and kicked the coal bucket when the fire wouldn't burn. He howled when he stumbled over his own dinner pots that he had left sitting in the middle of the floor, and he stood in his front door and scowled when the other, happy elves went by, without speaking to him.

He and his family had lived like that for years. When any elf wanted to describe something very sad he would say it was "Down in the Dumps," and so Dumps went on without a single happy day.

But the elves decided, suddenly, to give a party. Oh, it was going to be a very jolly party indeed, and Dumps heard about it. Almost every elf who passed was whistling, or singing something cheerful, and some of them were carrying their best green suits to the Wood Fairy's house to be pressed. And when Dumps heard about the party, he cried so loudly because he knew that he wouldn't be invited that the Wood Fairy heard him. The noise disturbed her so much that she went right down to Dumps's house to see what was the matter with him now.

"Tell me about it from the beginning, my dear," she asked poor little Dumps.

"I can't see the sunshine!" Dumps howled.

"Of course you can't," said the Wood Fairy. "Your windows are dirty. Get some nice spring water in your little pail and wash them."

Dumps had never thought of doing that. When he washed the windows the sunbeams streamed in like a golden ladder.

"Who can this new, fat, cheerful elf be?" asked all the other elves as Dumps arrived at the party, turning a double somersault into their midst. "We are all here except Dumps, and of course this isn't he?"

Then Dumps showed them how he could turn somersaults and make a see-saw out of a rush leaf. He taught them how to play base ball with white clover heads, and how to make a swing of braided grasses. He surprised himself with all the good time he was able to think up.

"Of course, this isn't Dumps," the other elves decided. "His name must be Delight," and Dumps never told them their mistake, for it wasn't really a mistake at all. Now, was it?

"Is there something else the matter?" the Wood Fairy asked.

"My fire won't burn, even though I kick the coal bucket every day," Dumps sobbed.

"Well, do try blowing the fire," the Wood Fairy suggested.

Dumps had never thought of doing that. His bellows were stiff, but he blew them very hard and crackle, there was a nice bright fire and his tea kettle began to sing.

"Oh, no!" Dumps sighed. "The other elves are giving a party and I am not invited."

"It is for all the elves and you don't have to be invited," the Wood Fairy said. "Stand up straight and let me brush your suit. Now run along, my dear."

So Dumps started up the hill to the party, laughing all the way for he just couldn't stop. You see he had so many years of being one of the Dumps to make up for. He laughed until all his wrinkles were gone and he was puffing out with happiness. He started bees buzzing and grasshoppers fiddling and crickets chirping, and a whole crowd of yellow butterflies flew along with him.

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## Here Is a Story of a Bird's Queer Nest Under the Water

By H. H. MINERS.

WE read of the wonderful brush turkey of Australia and think what a real adventure it would be to discover one of those strange birds and its huge nest, and yet right at home we have birds that build nests even more wonderful than that.

There are scores of common birds whose nests rival the strangest bird homes of the tropics. The nesting habits of some of these birds are so odd, interesting and instructive that they are well worth the time it takes to discover them. I know of no more valuable way to spend a spring day than searching out some of these strange bird homes and watching their owners.

If you don't believe it go down to the nearest swamp and watch that common water bird, the grebe. The books call it the pied-billed grebe, but you have probably heard it called by a far less dignified name. Surely you know this little brownish gray fellow. A pair of them are found in almost every pond and lake, rather shy, but not at all afraid. You can see them diving and swimming in almost any pond you visit. But I'll venture that not one boy in a hundred has ever found one of their nests and yet you have probably waded past scores of them while frogging.

You might search unsuccessfully for weeks if you did not know just where and how to look. Many times you have probably seen a

messy looking mass of reeds and grasses floating around and never given it the least thought. Yet had you carefully lifted the top of this mass off you might have found ten or twelve brownish stained eggs in the depression beneath, for this is the way Mr. and Mrs. Grebe build their nest.

You might expect that such a home would be built on top of a muskrat house or close to the shore, but not so. These industrious birds usually select some quiet spot a way from shore and carefully concealed in the reeds and rushes. Here they gather a mass of cattails, flags, grass, weeds and often small sticks. These are carefully laid across each other until a little floating island has been formed. Then mud from the bottom is brought up and the whole mass glued together, more or less loosely. In the top of this floating home is formed a depression, which is lined with feathers and fine grasses, and here the eggs

are laid. It is not a very pretentious looking home, but perhaps that is what is intended, for surely no prowling crow of bluejay would suspect that this unsightly mass of decaying vegetation concealed a feast for them.

and each in turn requested, that they might take her back to the Night-Mist. After much thought and consideration, it was decided that the Skylark should be called to carry her back to her home—knowing the sky so well, the others might lose their way.

**The Funeral Song.**  
And the Skylark through back his head, and the deep liquid notes of the flowers' requiem passed over the still air.

When finished, he flew to earth, and, picking up the pale, cool body of the little evening Primrose, he placed it gently in his long, dark bill; the bill, that had carried so many leaves to the Primrose during her illness, now carried her to her final resting place.

The flower folks silently looked on. The Skylark flapped his wings and rose slowly in the air; then straightening his pinions far and wide, he sailed with his burden of love towards the western hills.

Deep was the sorrow in the Garden family. They had all learned to love dearly the little Evening Primrose, whose visit to earth was so sadly shortened.

In the city of Humans, a soul passes on; it is quickly forgotten and its place soon is filled; but in the Garden city the soul's shadow lives on and on, ever and ever it lingers until it becomes part of their rebirth.

## Jokes

Getting an Earful.

A groom was brought in to the dining room to help the butler. The groom was willing enough, but not quite up to the vagaries of society. He asked a deaf old lady if she'd have any peas and she put her big bell-mouthed trumpet up to her ears to hear him.

"Heavens!" said the groom to himself, "this is a new one on me, but if she wants them that way, I'd better let her have them."

And down the ear trumpet went a generous spoonful of peas.—Philadelphia North American.

The Puzzle.

The teacher was trying to explain the dangers of overwork to one of the smaller pupils.

"Now, Tommy," she pursued, "if your father was busy all day and said he would have to go back to the office at night, what would he be doing?"

"That's what ma would like to know!"—Philadelphia North American.

Eats and the Prod.

I arrived from France yesterday and wired my father as follows:

"Father, I am coming home to eat. Slay the fatted calf and bring on the vin rouge. Invite the 'chickens' and instruct the old hand to jazz as I never jazzed before, for your prodigal son is coming home to chow."

"After eating Corned Woolly and hard tack for 11 months, I am now looking forward to something to eat—and I hope I get it."—By Sergt. D. Mordell, U. S. A.

Our Blase Weekly.

Monday—King George reviews journeyman tailors.

Tuesday—Business men's convention at Kankakee.

Wednesday—Fire at Hoboken.

Thursday—King George inspects fishermen.

Friday—Bathing girls at Long Beach take a bath.

Saturday—King George reviews gentlemen steeplechasers.

Ever Notice 'Em?

Visitor—What do you do with your spoiled pens. Dispose of them to the postoffice department.

Safety First.

"That unfortunate motorist seems to have two flat tires, engine trouble, a lurid vocabulary and a most disagreeable disposition," commented J. Fuller Gloom. "However, if I walk right by him, without offering him sympathy or endeavoring to be humorous at his expense, I do not anticipate that the wretch will attack me."

Boob Visitor—What's that fellow doin' in the corner?  
Artist—Oh, he's there just to help the composition.  
B. V.—Awfully decent of him, isn't it?—Punch (London).

Mrs. Flying Fish—You Johnny Flying Fish, come right back in this water! You'll get your feet dry and catch your death of cold.

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## In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize)

Memorial Day.

Arthur Worth, Age 10, Meru, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. Once upon a time there was a little boy, whose name was Jack. He lived with his mother and father in a cottage. They were very poor and it was a day before Memorial day and he did not have any flowers for the soldiers' and sailors' graves. He thought that if he could only get some flowers he would be very happy.

That day he found plenty of work to do, so he went to a lady and asked if she had any work, and she said, "Yes, I wish that somebody would hoe my garden," and Jack said, "I will do it for you." So he went and hoed the garden for the lady and that evening he went home with a big bouquet of flowers and a quarter to buy some flags.

The next day he went to the graveyard with some other children to decorate the graves of the soldiers and sailors.

When he went home that day he felt happier than ever before in his life. This is not a true story, so good-bye, Busy Bees.

(Honorable Mention)

The Wonderful Chain.

Theda Ormsby, Age 10, Trumbull, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: I like your letters just fine, and I love to read them. I would like to join the Busy Bees very much. I will start the story now.

Once when anybody went by a house, some bells rang and somebody would run at them and chains would clang together. Everybody was afraid to go by this house or see what was in it and making the noise. When anybody was about a quarter of a mile from the house they would hear the bells and hear the clanging of chains and see something white.

One day a boy came to this town and he said he wasn't afraid to go to this house and see what it was. He went the opposite way that the other folks went, and he went up and pecked in and saw the golden chains. Then he walked in the house and it was the chains ringing the bell and a sheet put over the window, and all the people honored this boy for bravery.

Her First Letter.

Violet Atkins, Age 9, Loomis, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join your hive. This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I am 9 years old and in the Fourth grade. I have eight chickens and a hen setting. I read your page very Sunday. I have two brothers and two sisters. My brother's name is Will and Dorothy. My sister's name is Irene and Dorothy. Will is 22, Herbert is 18, Irene is 20, and Dorothy is 12.

As my letter is getting long I will close.

I wish some one would write to me.

Papa's Cow.

Francis Hayes, Age 10, Elmwood, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: I am going to tell you a story about papa's cow.

Pet was papa's cow. She gave rich milk and was very gentle. Papa made a great pet of her and always

milked her himself. Papa had a hired man. He never did milk her, but one time he tried it and could not do anything with her. He went and told papa, and papa told him to go in the house and get his hat on and put his pipe in his mouth and then try to milk her. So he did it and he had no trouble in milking her. This is a true story.

First Letter

Terry Christensen, Age 9, Fowler, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I have five brothers and seven sisters. We have a dog named Jack, and he is the cutest dog and is very smart.

My sister is writing this for me, and I am telling her what to write.

I am in the third grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss O'Connor. Our school was out on the June 6 and I am glad for we have lots of fun when school is out. We go fishing and I am going to learn to swim this summer.

I will close now and send you a story soon.

Fifteen Minutes With Baby

Rose Fayner, David City, Neb.  
"Will you stay with baby for about 15 minutes?" asked Mrs. Hamilton. "Yes, I'll be glad to," I answered. So baby was left in my care, a condition he accepted smilingly.

"Come baby, I'm your guardian now." I sat and baby with a coo and a gurgle crawled on all fours to where was sitting knitting on a pair of wristlets.

"No, no, you can't knit," I said as baby cheerfully began pulling at my knitting.

I think baby understood for she crawled away into the kitchen.

I became so interested in my knitting that I forgot all about her until suddenly I was reminded of her existence by a loud crash and a long wailing cry.

I sprang to my feet, (I dropped six stitches in doing so and repaired it afterward) and rushed into the kitchen where baby was struggling with a table cloth that enveloped her, a bowl of gravy sitting on her head and streams of gravy trickling down her face.

"Oh, baby," I wailed, completely overcome.

Baby seemed to understand for she set up a howl that brought her mother in a rush to see what was happening.

I think baby knows better now than to pull at table cloths when no one is watching.

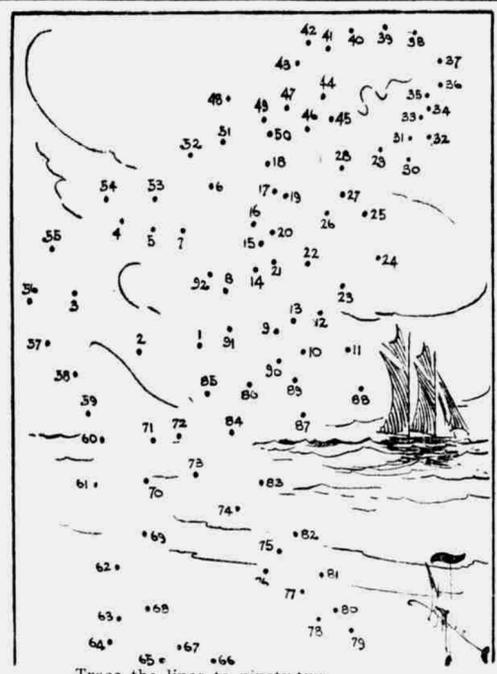
A New Bee.

Ruth Hans, Age 9, Anselmo, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I want to tell you about the fm. We have eight little turkeys and some little chickens. We have two dogs and one cat and eight pigs, a colt and calf. Good by to you all.

First Letter.

Gwendolyn Stump, Age 8 years, 1456 North Main Street, Fremont, Neb.  
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter I go to North school and am in the Fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Whippley. I have two brothers. I have no pets. I had some Busy Bees would write to a and I would be exceedingly glad answer.

## Our Picture Puzzle



Trace the lines to ninety-two. See who's waiting here for you.

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

## Make Pin Furniture

NOW we are going to tell you how to make some novel furniture for your doll house. Get a few black-headed pins and a spool of colored twist. Then you can find some scraps of velvet or satin or other cloth, also a tiny pasteboard box or a cork stopper. Perhaps with a diagram in front of you you won't need to be told how to go to work. But in case you should be puzzled, here are the directions:

Have a good box or a thin, round piece of cork for the seat. Cork is best, because the pins go in it so much better. You can easily cut a slice from a round cork stopper. Cover with the velvet or cloth.

Then stick in the pins for the back and twist the thread around them; lastly, stick four pins for the legs. After you have made a chair you will find that you can easily make almost any other article of furniture in the same way.

Here is another little toy that should be interesting to make. She is a mobile lady, though in reality she is a clothespin lady.

Before you start to dress her these are the features should be drawn out on the patterned cylinder. Over this clothespin head. This can be done with an ordinary pen and ink. If you wish to make her a jolly auto. Be sure to get her hood tied tight mobile lady, give a little upcrauder her chin, so that the dear twirl to the corners of her mouth. Whatever you do, don't forget to look as if she were smiling. Get the lady's goggles. You can cut your wish to make her look solemn these from black pasteboard and faced, bend the corners downward, stick them to her ears. She wouldn't after you have marked the febe a really, truly automobile lady. Goggles stick two pieces of thick paper unless she wore goggles.

