

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



Miss Hollyhock Woes the Peacock Butterfly in The Lovely Garden

She Tells All Her Family Troubles to This Unusual Butterfly and Chats With Her Friend, the Toad.

By MARGARET M'SHANE.

THE Peacock Butterfly had flown about the garden most of the morning.

He played with the Oriental Poppies for a while, but it was plainly seen by his actions, that the Oriental poppies (Poppy-bed) were not what he was in search of. He flew next to the Pansy bed and hovered over the golden laughing face of the flower, but this alike seemed not his goal.

He grew restless, a little irritable, and he twirled hither and thither on the breezes seeking a location. After much batting of wings, he finally settled down on the Morning Glory Vine, much disgusted and sore at heart.

Clearly he was not the ideal of the contented happy-go-lucky Butterfly. He was bothered.

This was his first visit to the garden this Summer. He was a little late in coming North, for belonging to the traveling Butterfly family, he spent the Winter months in the Southland.

"Here would he be like the Common Butterflies, that turn into eggs, or that live in torpidity in their shells for the Winter months. No, indeed, far be it from the beautiful Peacock Butterfly to waste precious moments in a shell or torpidity, when he might be whiling away the shining hours loving and being loved, in the home of the South Breeze, and when he could pluck the Daisies as he goes, his life was made for dreaming."

The Peacock Butterfly visited the garden only on rare occasions, when a special interest brought him there. His favorite haunts were the woods and the blooming meadow fields and this morning's call was the first he had made to the garden this season.

And the flowers' eyes were all as big as saucers, so astonished were they at the beauties of this gorgeous stranger.

They recognized him by his four big eyes, one on each wing—some of them had seen him years back. He was nothing new for instance, to the Crimson Rambler, who had watched his merrymaking years before. No new phase could he show to the shining Golden Glow, for she had held her spot in the garden for several years past, and the golden-faced Sun-Flower also had seen him before.

Those Reddish Eyes.

Oh, but the reddish eye in the middle of the upper wings, how they did fascinate the laughing face Pansy, and the Oriental Poppy could not hide her awe, of the black eyes on the lower wings with their bluish spots and grey circles around them, and these eyes and the two colored wings, russet brown on top and jet black underneath, were new to the Morning Glory, and they bewitched her so, that she just begged him to stay always near to her and live forever in the garden.

But what was this beautiful something he was in search of?—were the words on all their tongues.

And as their wonderings grew, he was seen to take a bee line and fly to the south side garden wall.

"Oh, the Hollyhock of course!" the flowers all exclaimed together. "How happy now he seems that he has found his goal."

And the flowers all watched with envious eyes the bed of the Happy Hollyhock, who at this moment was peering over the garden wall watching the neighbors' boys playing ball.

The Butterfly hew back and forth up and down he went floating on every light wind; and sailing recklessly with wide spread wings he encircled the Hollyhock high and low.

"Still loving to be noticed? How you do delight in showing off, Golden Butterfly," quietly remarked the Hollyhock, as she shrugged her shoulders, much disgusted with his antics.

"Please settle down or fly away you, don't be nervous flapping back and forth before my eyes," cried the Hollyhock. And she folded in her petals and turned her beautiful face from the Butterfly.

But nevertheless, talk as she might the Hollyhock did love to gaze on the beauties of the Butterfly, and she pecked from behind her shelter of heavy leaves.

A large dark spot on the outstretched wings attracted her. She started in sheer astonishment. This was indeed something new. Could it be the wonderful Peacock Butterfly, who prefers the woods and the blossoming fields and who comes to the garden only occasionally? She remembered hearing the Toad talking this morning about the lovely new butterfly in the garden, who was sailing about most distractingly with an adventurous air, and how the flowers all were trying to gain his attention attract him.

"Indeed, it must be the very



same," the Hollyhock said to the Toad at her feet, "for never have I seen a butterfly with such eyes, but the Peacock Butterfly—and there are four of them, two on each wing.

"Good gracious what a simpleton I was not to be able to tell the difference between him and the butterflies that visit us daily. How very ignorant he will think I am not to have recognized him immediately. And to think I turned my back on him.

"By now I am sure, fat froggy, that some flower, wiser than I, has received him with open arms and even snook her pollen on the air when—he turned her way, and at this very minute they must be chatting and having such a lovely time together. What will I do about it? Alas, alas—a day what happiness and delightful moments for me, I had but to reach out and take them."

And the Hollyhock retold her troubles to the Toad, who sat at her feet with his head tilted back and his eyes riveted on her face, listening on every word and to the honey bee who was at the moment perched on her top-most petal. For it was sympathy she really needed.

Regrets.

She mused on her actions, and turned them over again and again in her mind.

How he had come to her, without trying to attract him; how mean she had been, and how rude, and how different she should have been even though the visitor were but the common golden butterfly who calls on her daily; and how she did love admiration; and could she ever, ever, explain her actions, that she might see him again.

And from where she stood, she could see the Butterfly plainly, as she mused, sitting happily, gracefully folding and unfolding his wings as he talked to the Morning Glory on her lovely cool vine.

She thought she might send the Toad over with her excuses and apologies—but, no, the Toad was so awkward in his hopping over the garden that he might likewise be awkward of speech, and that would never do. But the Honey Bee if she were not in a stinging mood would do very well, but if she had her stingers out, she would be bitten, and in that case she would be just as bad as the Frog, or even worse, for sarcasm offends as nothing else can.

So the Hollyhock pondered away on the best means to right a very bad bargain, and she decided to promise the Bee some of her rarest honey if he would square her with the beloved Butterfly. And to herself she thought; I will just fill her chuck full with such very sweet honey, that she will feel sweet all over, and then she just cannot help but say sweet things.

So the Honey Bee flew off laden with the choicest honey ever a Bee got from a stately Hollyhock. Away he flew to the Morning Glory, who was chatting with the favored Butterfly.

And perched beside the Butterfly on a near blossom of the Morning Glory, he explained all, and gave the Hollyhocks apologies with such diplomacy and sweetness, that the Butterfly promised to see the Hollyhock on his way back; in fact he even told the Bee that it was to see the Hollyhock that he came to the Garden this very morning.

There was joy indeed and news delicious, to bring back to his kind friend.

Friends.

And the Butterfly kept his word. He stopped with the Hollyhock on his way back to the woods.

They chatted and they played to-

gether for hours, for he wanted to know all her joys and sorrows, "for beauty brings sorrows as well as joys," he said, "and having more than her share of beauty she too must have her sorrows."

And she told him about her family.

How happy they always had been together, and that they were called the "Happy Flower," and that they were healthy and hardy plants; very easy to grow; and that after once planted, they came up year after year.

They were the most popular and most generally known of all the old-fashioned flowers, and always grew very tall; five and six feet were the ordinary heights they reached, and one of their family had been known to grow 13 feet by actual count.

This one is deep red in color, and when the Wind visits the garden he is superb, as he swings back and forth on the wind waves.

A black red comrade leaned against her as she told her family news to the Butterfly, and the deep red blossom of Comrade's stalk mingled with her own rose pink, and cherry, and standing near by them were her pure white sisters spikes of bloom. Indeed they were a lovely sight.

"Yes, and we have our sorrows, too, as well as joys," continued the Hollyhock.

"The Slug worm, a loathsome, nasty mess of shapeless slime, killed my little sister just this Summer."

"They come to the garden at night when we are all asleep, for they eat in the darkness, and are invisible by day, for the good warm Sun is death to them."

"In the first few weeks of Summer this year, these Slugs came to the garden in hordes, and one morning when I awoke, I found my favorite sister wholly stripped of all her green. She was pale as death, and when we went to her side to see the cause of such distress, we discovered the hateful Slug gnawing away at her roots. Roots are the flower's heart, you know, so we were helpless. He had done his work of viciousness."

Death.

"And a short time later, another one of our family died of 'Rust.'"

"This is a deadly thing, and un-ruful, when once it gets established. The yellow spots, the well known symptom of 'Rust,' had crept up to the top leaves of her stalk, and the lower ones had fallen off, leaving her completely bare. The result of rust like this is immediate death. We hope it was a painless one."

"And can you tell me, please dear Butterfly, why the barbarous boy walking across the garden take such delight in striking us with big rough sticks? They seem to want to make us suffer. And pray why should they, when we give them so generously of our bloom and health?"

"See over there, a few feet away from us, lies one of the younger members of our family flat on the ground. A boy with a brutal stick passed this way this morning."

The Toad at the feet of the Hollyhock bothered the Butterfly, more than anything else on the south side of the garden, and she sneered at the Toad's dirt, and at his stupid face.

"You must not feel so, to the Toad dear Butterfly, for he is not dirty, nor is he stupid. He is my very best friend; he is the death of our greatest enemy the Slug, I was telling you about—that mean low-down, snail without a shell."

"The Toad eats every one he can find. They are his choicest food, and he grows fat and happy on them, while we rejoice."

"All the people of earth, who wish to grow beautiful species of my family should import a bucket full of toads for their gardens, and they will keep the garden free from many other vicious insect pests, as well as slugs."

The Valuable Toad.

"Well, well is that so," brightly spoke the Butterfly. "I am really surprised, for I did not think Toad's were ever much worth while—truly nature is a wonderful thing. Each insect, you and I, dear Hollyhock, every tiniest thing of earth, have their place to fill, their work to do. But I am tarrying too long with you. We will finish our visit another day, for the shadows, I see are lengthening, and it is time for me, a child of bright sunshine, to be on my way."

"Goodby, beautiful Hollyhock."

And the Hollyhock watched the Peacock Butterfly until he was far away. In the distance she could see the glimmering tints of his four gorgeous eyes, as he gracefully fluttered his wings against the breeze.

Tragic.

In a village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had had bad news.

"Shure, I have," she said. "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the war office?"

"No," she said, "I received word from Pat himself."

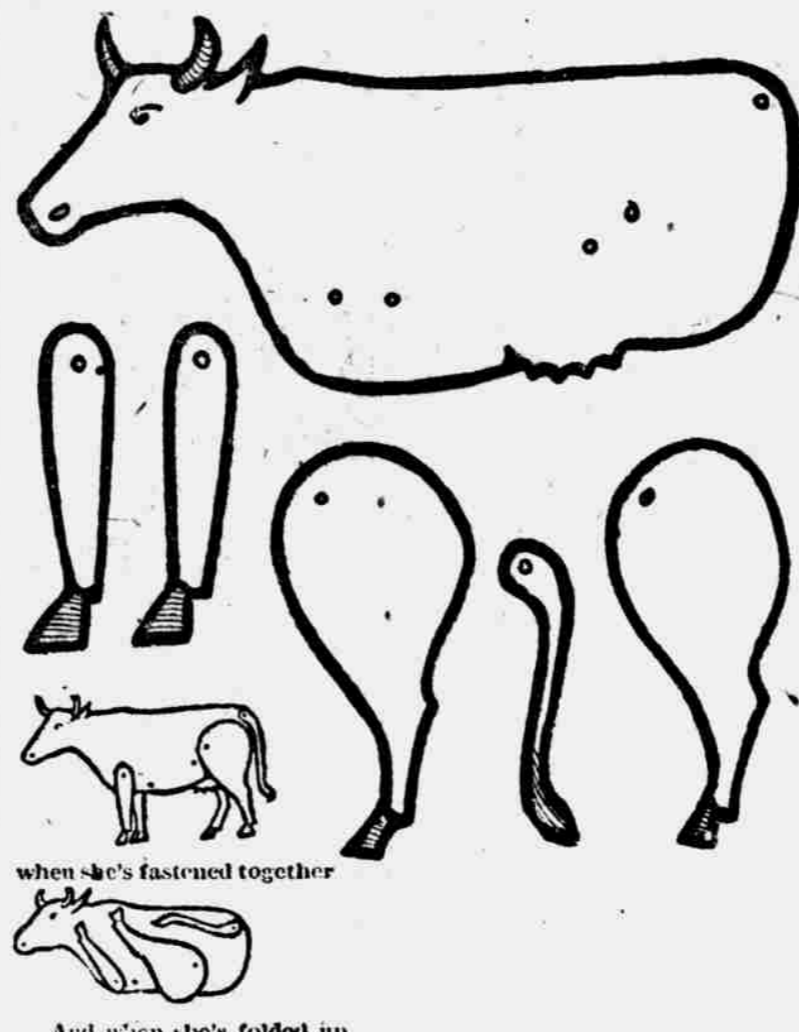
The priest looked perplexed, and said: "But how is that?"

"Shure," she said, "here is the letter, read it for yourself."

The letter said: "Dear Mother—I am now in the Holy Land."

American Boy.

The Fold-Up Family



HERE is Bossy Fold-Up, the Fold-Up Family cow. Paint her a nice dull red (or pale tan if you think she's a Jersey). Then paste the pieces on heavy paper and cut them out. You know you are to get some older member of your family to bring you some little brass "McGill Fasteners" with which to fit

Jokes

A Feat for Feet.

Jimmy had just annihilated the whole German army and he was putting his leaden warriors back into their respective boxes, when his roving eye glanced upward and spotted a large, black, fierce-looking invader.

"Father," he cried, excitedly, "there's a great big spider on the ceiling."

Jimmy's father, who is a professor, was busy at the moment, and answered, without raising his eyes: "Step on it, Jimmy, my boy, and do not interrupt me."—American Boy.

A Misfit.

The "mess" had not been what the men had been used to at home. One day on a hike a "candidate" was seen eating green persimmons by the C. O., who said in his most sarcastic voice, "Smith, we have mess at noon today as usual."

Private Smith saluted stiffly.

"Yes, sir, I was just trying to draw my stomach up to fit it."—Lt. J. L. Hill, U. S. A., in Life.

Inconsistent.

Sol Sodbuster—Wimern is cert'nly inconsistent.

Abe Orpington—Whatsa matter?

"My darter Sally was right in the fight for liberty an' freedom from be-ginnin' t' end—"

"Yes, yes—"

"And then, the first thing she does when peace is declared is to fasten herself up tightern' beeswax in a hobbie skirt."—Youngstown Telegram.

Heard It, Anyway.

Flatbush—I wish you'd get rid of that dog.

Bensonhurst—Why?

"Because he kept me awake growling when you got home last night late."

"That wasn't my dog growling. That was my wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

Safety in Sinking.

"An intelligent looking dog you have there."

"Indeed he is," said the proud owner.

"Now, if that dog could only talk, the things he might say!"

"Perish the thought. That dog has followed me into all kinds of places."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Miracle.

"She's a wonder, that quiet little woman over there."

"Why, what's she done?"

"I told you; she's quiet."—Baltimore American.

Our Picture Puzzle



Willie says he'll draw a ——— if some one will bring a carrot. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize)
A Trip.

By Ruth E. Method, Age 13, New Raymer, Colo.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I am going to tell you about our trip. We lived in Decatur, Neb., but we moved to New Raymer, Colo. We drove through our Ford. We left Tekamah, Neb., on Saturday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We went through Arlington and Fremont the first afternoon. We stayed at North Bend that night. We left North Bend about 9 o'clock the next morning. We ate dinner in Silver Creek, Neb. There was some snow on the ground there. We got to Kearney that night. Just before we got there we saw a man along the road who had run out of gasoline. We stopped and drained some out of our car. We went on to Kearney together. He showed us where there was a hotel and we stayed there that night. We left there quite early the next morning. We had some trouble with the car, but we had it fixed in Gothenburg, where we had dinner. We stayed in North Platte that night. From there on and before we got there the roads were muddy. They were muddy all the rest of the way here. We got to Julesburg, Colo., about dark. We left there about 7 o'clock the next morning. We got to Sterling at 11 o'clock. We did not leave there until 2:30 o'clock. We got here in New Raymer about 8 o'clock that evening. We were four days on the road.

(Honorable Mention)
A Pleasant Surprise.

Helen Edmund, Age 14, Astel, Neb.

Violet woke up early in the morning as it was her birthday. "Well," she said, "I wonder what I'll get today." She went downstairs and lo, on the table was a big fat letter for Violet. She quickly opened it and to her surprise it contained four War Savings stamps, and a \$50 Liberty bond. "Goodness, where did all this come from?" "From us," came some voices behind her. "Oh," said Violet, "how did you come here?" It was her four cousins and five friends from the country. "I guess," said Violet, "I helped some boys 'Over There.'" And she told her mother that night it was the best birthday she had in her life, and hoped to have several more like it.

A School Scare.

Theodore Perry, Age 12, Stratton, Neb.

The children were all playing on the school playground, when little Jack gave a cry of dismay and ran toward the schoolhouse. "Snake, snake!" he cried.

One large boy ran after him and asked him if he was hurt. "It hit my foot," he exclaimed. Before looking at Jack's foot, the boy went back to some other boys who were killing the snake.

He came back laughing and said it was harmless and only about six inches long.

Little Jack soon got over his fright and joined the others in their play.

First Letter.

By Susie Annabel Lilly, Omaha, Age 9.

Dear Busy Bees: I read your letters in The Bee and enjoy them very much. This is my first letter. I am 9 years old and in the Third grade. We have school every day now. We missed a whole lot on account of the flu. Our teacher's name is Miss Wriebel. I have not had the flu yet. I have one brother and his name is Jamie. He is 3 years old. I must close now.

First Letter.

By Mabel Ann, Age 11 Years, Scribner, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I will not write a story this time. I will write a poem:

Abraham Lincoln in Kentucky, He was always very lucky; He was very high and mighty, But he never told a lie. I hope this poem will escape the waste basket.

A New Bee.

By Edna Allen, Age 10, Blue Hill, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I read your page every Sunday and I like Bringing Up Father best of all. I think that if Jings would behave himself he would be better off. I wish to join your Bee hive.

A New Bee.

Dick Dennis, Age 7, Columbus, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your page. I like to read letters in the Busy Bee page. I am 7 years old and I am in the second grade. I have a dog. His name is Colly. He comes to meet me when I come home from school. I will close for my letter is getting long.

Our Dogs.

By Adrian Hodson, Age 9, Gothenburg, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: We had six dogs, but we sold one for \$5. One is bad, but the rest are good; the one that is bad is a fox terrier. We are going to sell one and give away one and kill the bad dog. We are going to buy a dog. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is in bed.

Erane's Experience.

Allice Erane, Age 13, Plainville, Neb.

Erane and her mother were French people. Erane and her mother believed Erane's father had been lost in a storm that began after he set sail from a small town on the Seine river, as he had never come back to them. Erane and her mother were very poor since then and they had to take in washing and do many little jobs, they could pick up.

One day, as they were down to the shore washing clothes one piece floated away and Erane ran after it. It floated down and under bridges, once it went under a bridge and staid so long she thought it might come out on the other side.

As she was over the bridge she met a man with bronzed face, and kindly he called her "tots," the name her father called her when a baby. He had the bright red garment looking like the one she was looking for. What had convinced him was his girl. It was the dress he had made for her when a baby.

Erane then knew her father, so she took him to her mother. Her father had made good money. Erane's mother never after that took in washings. Her father took them to live in a grand house in Paris.

A Picnic.

Luella Jenkins, Age 10, Wilsonville, Neb.

On the last day of school, May 23, our class, the sixth grade, went on a picnic down on the creek about a mile from town. One of my classmates and I went down to take the lunch about 10:30.

It was very hard to carry the freezer of cream and some ice. We had everything to eat for dinner and ice cream and cake. In the afternoon, while we were playing, we heard a noise. All looking up we saw an aeroplane which a doctor who lives in Beaver City has. He was on a trip west to another town. We gave some yells then, went to town and played on a girls lawn and had lemonade. I have written once before, but I wrote again.

Some "Camp Fire Girls" please write to me.

How Betty Became a Singer.

Opal Jenkins, Age 9, Wilsonville, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: Once upon a time there was a little girl named Betty Johnson. She was a good singer, but she could not take lessons because her mother was poor and just earned enough to keep herself and Betty. Her mother felt very bad because she couldn't, so she tried to save her money so she could take lessons.

One day while Betty was out playing she thought she would count her money. She found she had 17 dollars. Now she felt that Betty could take lessons. Then she called her in and told her. Betty was very happy now, and she became the greatest singer in Fair Port.

My Pet.

Helen Lurpin, Age 9, Carma, Neb.

My pet dog is yellow. He is a cow dog and he likes little children. When we got him he went back to his home twice. He goes with a team and he will help us catch the chickens. When we first got him he and the other dogs had a fight. His name is shepy. He is about 4 years old. When we go away he wants to go with us. My friend's dog and Shepy had a fight.

My letter is getting long for I must close.

Now I will write a poem: April showers bring spring flowers, How happy I will be. Then I can gather some for Billy and me. Googly Busy Bees.

The Lost Child.

Mary Reddon, Age 10, Blue Hill, Neb.

There was once a little girl whose name was Bessie. One day Bessie went out into the woods to pick berries. The sun was shining bright and she was happy. Bessie did not think how far she was going, or how late it was getting, so she went far out into the woods.

The moon was shining and the stars came out. Bessie grew tired, so she lay down on the grass and went to sleep.

Her mother and father went outdoors looking for the lost child. Soon morning came and Bessie woke up. She did not know which way to go. She turned around and went toward home. After she had walked about a mile, she met her mother and father. They were all happy and Bessie promised never to go into the woods alone again.

The Dance

By Helen Hay Hickey

Like little, eager children The tiptoe tulips stand. Row upon row of dancing heads In joyous saraband. With lithe, lone emerald petticoats, And happy hands tossed up, The sunshine is the laughter That brings their golden cup.