

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

A Lost Opportunity.

By Bertha Crocker, Age 13, Genoa, Neb.
The McNish family had recently purchased a 12-cylinder Packard, and Cyrus was so delighted that he bounced up and down as though he were made of rubber. The next morning at the early hour of 6 o'clock, Mrs. McNish stepped inside of Cyrus's room and called, "Get up, Cyrus, hurry now." "Gee whiz, what 'ya want me up so early for? I ain't had half enough sleep yet," and he turned over and resumed his sleeping. Wise Mrs. McNish walked out of his room and said to her husband, "I guess he doesn't want to go." Half an hour later Cyrus awoke.

(Honorable Mention.)

A Fourth of July Celebration.

By Constance Hamp, Burke, S. D.
It was early in the morning on Independence Day when Harriet Barnes opened her sleepy eyes and discovered that it was pouring rain. She was very much disappointed for she had hoped the day would be nice so she could go to a Fourth of July celebration to be held at a nearby town, but she contented herself with the thought that it might clear up.

The New Bee.

By Auralla Tillman, Age 9, Hopper, Neb.
This is my first letter to you. I am always anxious to get the Omaha Bee and read the letters and the stories. I am nine years old and in the sixth grade in school. Miss Lucile Copper was my teacher this year but I do not know who will be my teacher next year. I expect to spend my vacation on the ranch. I like to go to school. I would like to have some of the Busy Bees come to me.

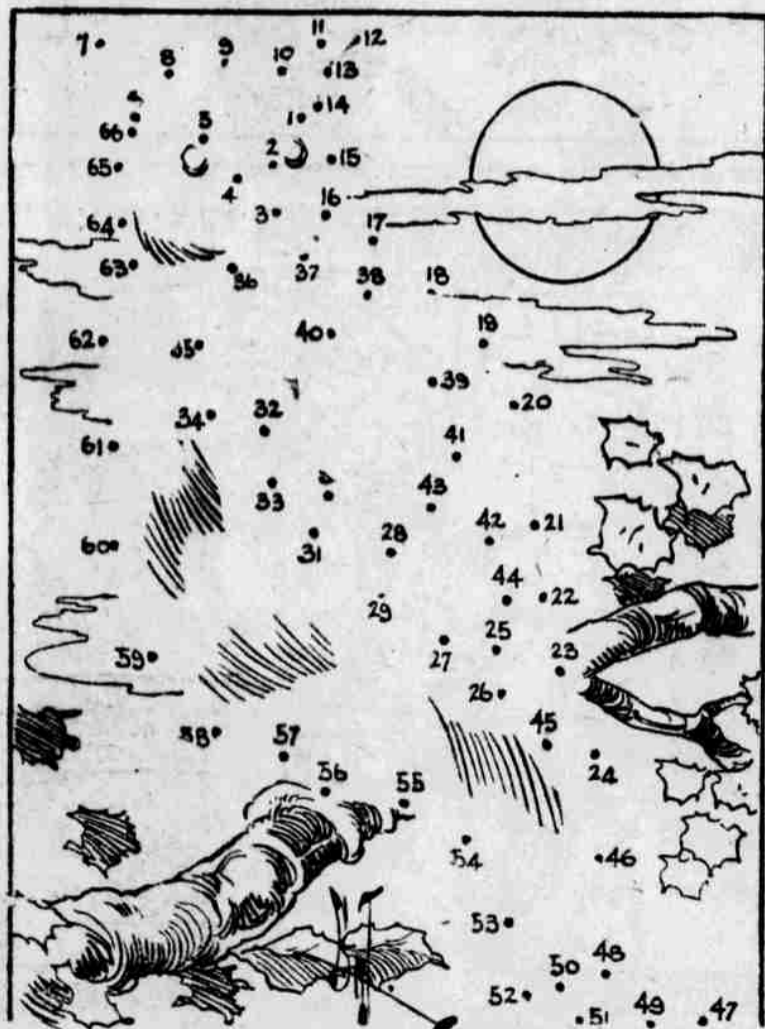
Baby and the Snake.

By Libbie A. Stravick, Age 11, Morse Bluff, Neb.
Once upon a time a small baby was playing out of doors. She was only 1 year and 2 months old. She was sitting on the grass in the side of the yard. Presently she looked down and in front of her was a large rattlesnake. She could hear it hiss. She cried so hard it brought her mother, who killed the snake.

First Letter.

By Bernadine Fredericksen, Age 8, Harlan, Ia.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I read your letters every week. I am 8 years old. Our school has closed for vacation. I will go into the fourth grade next year. My teacher will be Miss Tipton. I am helping my mamma take care of my little sister, Irene. She is 10 months old. I have a little brother, Gaillard. There was a basket dinner at noon, and a speaking program at 2:30, free dinner at 6:30. I have an uncle over in France and I wish he could have been here.

Our Picture Puzzle



To whoo! to whoo! to whoo! to whoo!
Trace forty-four and twenty-two.

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

Jokes

Ought to Be Pleased.
"That parrot you sold my wife doesn't talk," said the little man in the bird store.
"No, sir, I expect not," came from the bird dealer.
"My wife doesn't like it, and my children don't like it."
"But how about you, sir?"
"What do you mean?"
"I thought perhaps you'd like something in your home that didn't talk back, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bow Wow!

By L. T. WILLIAM R. DODD, U. S. A.
One of our future presidents had just blown into camp with the draft and was showing the Sweet Young Thing over the cantonment.
"What are all those small tents over there?" she murmured.
"They're pup tents," he explained.
"Oh, isn't it kind of the government to provide such nice quarters for our poor dumb beasts?"

Returning Good for Evil.

"Cholly tried to kiss me, upset the canoe, fell out, ruined his new suit and was nearly drowned. He's in the hospital now."
"Well?"
"What should I do?"
"I think you should go around and give him that kiss."—Kansas City Journal.

Sea-Go'n' Skipper—Captain. how does it happen that of all the men on board, the only ones who aren't seasick are those in your outfit?
"Metropolitan" Captain—The only way I can explain that, sir, is that most of my men are New Yorkers and got their first taste of the rough life in the subways!

Fresh from France.

Two soldiers kissed each other when they met at the Union station.
—Lewiston Times.
Private (just demobbed)—Understand, I take back every bloom'n' salute I've ever given you.—Blighty (London).

The Irreducible Minimum.

By Sgt. Bud Remate, U. S. A.
Pvt. Hale (coming from mess)—You ought to see all the cake that was thrown away tonight.
Pvt. Hearty—Gwan, that was a razor blade.

Grabbed.

"Did mother accept you the first time you proposed to her, daddy?"
"The very first time," replied dad. "I never had a second chance for my life."—Detroit Free Press.

Explained.

"When does a luxury become a necessity?"
"Immediately after one strikes up an acquaintance with it."

one cow and papa milks one. I am going to town school this fall. I am in the fourth grade. Well as my letter is getting long I will close.

The Five Dollars.

By Mary Ellen Barrett, Age 13, 4213 North Twenty-ninth Street, Omaha, Neb.
When Henry Burnes was four years old his father bought a plantation in Florida and went there to live.

Henry and his mother did not go with him, they went to pay a visit to Grandpa Hoff's first, for Mrs. Burnes did not know when she would see her parents again.

Henry was a pretty boy and his hair was the prettiest thing. It was curled in tiny rings about his head. At last the time came for Mrs. Burnes and Henry to go to Florida, grandpa said he must have a photograph of Henry to keep.

So one day she dressed Henry up to take him to the photographer. But company came, she went into the parlor, leaving Henry playing with the dominos.

When she came back he was not to be seen. She called him but he did not answer. She was just going out of the room when he came out from under the bed.

He had a pair of scissors in his hand and he had clipped his hair in little bare spots all over his head. His mother said, "You can't have your picture taken you look too bad." Grandpa said, "I would have given you \$5 rather than have you do that." That's how he lost five dollars.

My First Letter.

By Martha Himmelman, aged 13, South Side.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first time I have written and hope I will see my letter in your column. I will tell you a story about a poor family.

Once upon a time there was a mother who had six children, the oldest one being 12 years old. Of course she did almost all the work because her mother went out washing for a living. They had a neighbor who was an old lady. This old lady thought very much of these people. One day Sarah, (the oldest girl's name), said to her sisters: Why not bake a cake on mama's birthday. She never did have one.

Oriental-Occidental Bee



Iva Teruko Osanai

Iva Teruko is the Oriental-Occidental Bee who waits at her home in Fairbury, Neb., every Sunday for the Busy Bee page. She is nearly 3 years old and is the Japanese-American daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Osanai.

and we could get a receipt from Grandma Jones? "Oh, lets," cried all the children, "that will be grand." So the next day Sarah got the cake receipt from Grandma Jones. When she got there she read it first to see if she had everything. She did, so she started home. When the next day came Sarah baked the cake. She warned the children to be sure not to tell and they never. The next morning Sarah got up real early, put the charming frosted cake on the table and crept back into bed. When her mother got up and saw the cake she clapped her hands for joy. So all the children got up and the poor family ate the cake in happiness. The mother thanked her daughter very much.

First Letter.

By Inez Lindquist, aged 10, Scribner, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I think your page is very interesting. I go to school and I am in the sixth grade. My teacher is Elsie Weiland; I like her very much. I have one brother, Ernest, who is 14 years old and is in the ninth grade.

A Naughty Girl.

By Nora Heng, Age 12, Dumbur, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: May I join your happy hive. I like the children's page very much. I will write a story about a naughty girl. Ella was a naughty girl. She always disobeyed her mother. One day she asked her mother if her brother and her could go down to the river and play. Her mother said no, but Ella said she was going anyway. She went out of the house and told her brother, Edward, to come along. He asked her were she was going and she said down to the river. They played a while by the bank, when Ella spied a boat staked on. "Oh, Edward," she cried, "let's go sailing." "Won't that be fine," said Edward. They both scrambled into the boat and Ella untied it. Out into the river the boat went. All at once they heard it thunder; it grew louder and louder and was coming up fast. The sky was very dark. It soon started to rain. They both began to cry and Ella wished she would have obeyed her mother. When it started to rain their mother grew worried about them. She ran out in the field and

Moonbeam Comes to Earth And Is Frightened At the Darkness

Moonbeam Has Two Brothers, "Ray" and "Shine," and Mother and Father in the Sky Give Light to the Earth at Night.

By MARGARET M'SHANE.
(Second story of the Night.)

LITTLE MOONBEAM did not hear the call of the night blooming Cereus, and so she called out again as loud as she could:
"Dear Moonbeam, do come to earth and let me tell you all about the things of the Night."
But the Moonbeam heard her not. She was so far away and she did not dream that anyone of earth could speak to her from her great height, and she was so happy and so light-hearted, and her only thought was, hopping from treetop to treetop.



She had just come up over the horizon with her mother, the Moon, and her two little brothers, Shine and Ray, and she had no notion of straying away as she rose slowly up over the soft clouds.

Higher and higher they climbed into the realm of the twinkling stars, and, wrapped up in the soft, misty clouds about her, little Moonbeam felt very much secure, even though the night was awfully dark and silent.

She peered through her soft, fleecy enclosure for quite some time, reflecting on the ways of the clouds about her.

They seem so happy and green, down there on Earth, she mused.

I wonder what Earth does on such dark and gloomy nights, and who it is that makes the treetops sway; and who lights the woods with sparks of fire. I should so like to go and see for myself who does all these things on Earth.

And so she looked back closely at her mother, the Moon, who was asleep and half hidden behind a fleecy cloud. Her brothers, Ray and Shine, were with her in this secluded retreat. So no one saw little Moonbeam stray to earth on the bubbles of the night mist, and reach in safety the glorious greens of the treetops. Oh, how happy she was to be there!

She danced from treetop to treetop ran up and down the branches; played hide-and-seek under the leaves of the low-hanging limbs. The treetops swang her back and forth in their hammocks, and thus she played with her newly-made friends and told them all about her coming to earth.

And the Night listened too, for he was just as interested as the treetops in this exquisite little visitor from the sky.

Just how was she to get down on earth, she thought, so she could see the sweet smelling things that were sending such quantities of perfume to her from where they lay.

And the Night told her how: "Just fasten yourself securely to the heavy bark of the tree," he said, "and slide quickly down in the deep ridges and in no time you will find yourself on the soft green grasses that clothe the earth."

And so the Moonbeam did as the Night told her, and she had so much fun coming down the ridges of the

tree's bark that she felt like turning back and doing it all over again, but she could not do this, for the hours of the night were going fast and she had so much to see, in such a little while.

She skipped hurriedly over the soft earth in and out among the grasses. Softly she glided to the pool and startled the frogs, who were dozing in the soft mud on the pool's brink. They awakened with surprise and looked up at her blinking their eyes wildly, as she peered into their faces blinding them with her light. From the pool she wandered through the Garden in search of the fragrant perfume the flowers were pouring through the night.

She wandered on and on, but with each step she seemed to get farther away from the fragrant flower's bed; when suddenly a dark close-wood surrounded her.

She looked up, but all was total darkness save for her own faint gleam. She heard weird noises of creeping things beneath her, but she could not see who or where they were.

Poor little Moonbeam grew faint with fear, and was just about to call out to Mother Moon to send older brother Shine for her, when a passing group of Fire Flies sailing by the entrance of the wood made visible, to her, the way out.

She smiled at her fears and was a little ashamed, but she was so glad to get out of the dense dark wood, that she almost cried with joy.

The question now was, how would she ever get back? The treetops were too far away to help her, and she never could climb up the ridges of the tree's bark—it was lovely coming down, but going up was quite a different thing.

Cereus looking on was quite amused and quietly whispered through the Night to the little stranger.

"Do not fear, dear Moonbeam. I will show you the way home, but first you must let me introduce you to the beautiful things of the Night.

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answered, "no." Then the man said: "Come on then, lets go to the harbor," so they hurried on. When they put and Mr. Brown got there they put in the boys hook and sat there. After a while the bobber went under and they pulled the fish line. When they got the hook to the top it was a star fish.

A Nice Letter.
By Estella Hiner, Age 11, Aurora, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter I have written to you and I wish to join your happy circle. I am 11 years old and am in the sixth grade at school. I have two brothers and four sisters. I read the Busy Bees' page and think they are nice. We have a cow and two pigs and some chickens. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I will close, as ever. Goodbye Busy Bees.

Something to Sum Up.

