

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

Harry's Dream.

By Florence Winkelman, Age 13, Rising City, Neb.

A crowd of school children were on their way from school one night after school. Their teacher had given them a talk on "How to Save Food," that afternoon. One boy named Harry threw away a piece of bread. "You must not do that," cried the children. "It will help some poor children from starving," said one little girl. "Oh I don't care," he replied. That night he dreamed he was a Belgian child and was starving. An American soldier came along and gave him a piece of bread, just as he was going to thank him, the soldier faded away and Harry found himself lying on the floor beside his bed. He got up and dressed himself. After his work was done he went to school and told the children how sorry he was. After this he never threw any food away again.

(Honorable Mention.)

A New Bee.

By Rose Ornduff, Age 9, Omaha. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Goodrich. She is very good and I like her very much, especially Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs. I am in the Fourth grade at school. I am 9 years old. I go to school every day. I have \$5 in thrift stamps. I will close hoping to see my letter in print.

A New Busy Bee.

Vera Birdall, Age 9, Mandan, Ia. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Goodrich. She is very good and I like her very much. I have one sister and her name is Violet. We live on the farm and ride to school in a school hack. I have two pets, one dog and one cat. My cat is black and I call it Ribbons. My dog is yellow and white. I have a little black mule. I hope to see my letter in print. I would like very much to be a Busy Bee.

The Snail's Door.

By Dorothy Skinner, Lodgepole, Neb. "How funny" said a slug to himself. "I'm sure this is Tommy snail's house, and yet it is all closed up, and I can't see any sign of him." "Can't you?" said a voice, and turning around the slug saw a mouse watching him. "Where is Tommy Snail?" he asked. "Inside the shell," answered the mouse. "Inside the shell?" said the slug, "then why doesn't he come out?" "Ah, Tommy Snail is very wise and clever, he likes the wet weather, you know and so, when it is very dry, he just seals himself up in his house and waits until it comes, and it won't be long now." As the mouse moved away, the gentle rain began to patter, patter and soon the slug and the snail were in a tiny pool. After a time the

snail began to move a little, and lo, a crack appeared in the doorway. Splash! Splash! The rain bounced up and knocked at the snail's house. He pushed open the door and put out a sleepy head. "Hello," shouted the slug. "Hello, Tommy wake up! here's the rain again." "Yes," said the snail, creeping out, and letting the drops splash all over him. "I'm glad it's come, friend slug, it's very pleasant to feel. Shall we have a talk together?" "And the slug and the snail moved off side by side through the pretty shining puddles.

The Disobedient Boys.

Myrtle Catterlin, Age 13, Silver City, Ia. Bobby and Gertie live on a farm. Their grandma said they might go to the home coming for heroes. The morning of the home coming they flew around and got their work done up and started early. After they got there they saw Ben Jones going around with a cannon. (with real powder). As soon as grandma saw him she told Bobby not to go near. Bobby soon found Buddy Smith, his best friend. As everyone went to see the parade Ben followed, but left his cannon under a bench. Buddy soon spotted it and told Bobby if he would go with him he would shoot it. Bobby said yes (for he had forgotten what grandma had told him). Bobby and Buddy soon got the cannon. They loaded it and pulled the string, but before they could get far enough away it went off. Their faces and hands were burned badly.

Both boys and Gertie had to go home with grandma before they saw all of the parade and miss this day the day they had waited so long for. So after all it does not pay to disobey.

A Brave Fireman.

By Adeline Oeschelinger, Age 12, West Point, Neb. A little girl and her mother staying in a hotel, which was 14 stories high, one night were awakened by not being able to breathe well. As they awoke they found that smoke was coming into their room and that the building was on fire. The mother did not know what to do, but the little girl was ready. She put on her coat and slippers and went from hall to hall and gave the alarm. Later when the people were all out the mother happened to think that she had left her canary, which was so much to her, in her room. When the little girl heard this she ran right into the burning hotel to her mother's room. When the firemen saw her they quickly put up ladders and one man who was very brave climbed up to the window of the ladies' room. There he found her and the canary—he put them under his arm and started down. When he was about half way down the building collapsed. But he was not afraid, he acted as once. He grasped tighter to the

Three Rothert Brothers Home From California



Harlo

Waldo

Lorace

Sons of Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Rothert

Three happy brothers are Harlo, Waldo and Lorace Rothert for they have such good times playing together with their bicycles and tops. The boys have spent many pleasant months in California, where they could swim in the ocean and spend long hours building castles in the sand. They were glad to return to their little friends in Omaha, however, and answer "present" when the school bell rang.

A Baby Elephant Is Taught Manners

In a recent exchange it is stated that the elephants are amazingly like a human being in the way they discipline their young. In proof, it tells an amusing incident seen by a French traveler in an extensive lumber yard in Burma.

While the adult elephants were faithfully at work, the youngsters played about the yard. The elephant that attracted the traveler's particular attention was hauling, in her chain harness, huge tree trunks from the bank of the river. She had a heavy load, a fact that her offspring did not realize. Bent on playing a prank, he wound his little trunk about one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his strength. Conscious of the suddenly increased weight, the mother stopped and looked around. She saw the youngsters back there and shook her head solemnly, but paying no further heed to his teasing, bent again to her work. Meanwhile, however, the little rascal with his mischievous trunk had loosened the ring that fastened the traces to the load.

While the mother was straining to set the burden in motion again, her rascally son pulled with all his might against her, and pulled so steadily that she was quite unaware that she had been disconnected from her load. Then, suddenly, the youngster let go. Naturally enough the mother was thrown to her knees, and her driver hurled in a wide circle from her back.

The culprit sought a huge woodpile that seemed to offer him at least a temporary protection. His mother however, was soon in pursuit, and he had to flee. Round and round the woodpile he dodged, but his mother with her iron harness clanging noisily behind her, kept close at his heels.

Although the little one's greater agility gained some space for him at the corners, his mother eventually overtook him. The first blow of her trunk drew from him a bawl of pain. At the second he sank, quite humbled, to his knees, and then he endured without a murmur, although with many tears, a sound thrashing. Finally the mother let him up. With tears still streaming and with drooping trunk he took his disconsolate way out of the yard. The little fellow had won the complete sympathy of the observer. Consequently he was overjoyed to witness during the noon hour a touching reconciliation. The mother did all she could to comfort the penitent little sinner. She caressed him with her trunk, cuddled him up against her, and looked at him as if to say, "You have a mother who loves you."—Our Dumb Animals.

Cock-a-Doodle-Do

DAVID CORY.

Cock-a-doodle do, The Mare has lost her shoe, And Mrs. Pig has bought a wig As all the ladies do.

She says "I'm now in style!" With a piggy-wiggly smile, While all the Barnyard Folk Consider her a joke.

But never, never mind Mrs. Pig if they're unkind; If you wish why shouldn't you Wear a wig of purple hue?

Mrs. Hen will wear a comb Wherever she may roam; Tho' it's funny, I declare, When she hasn't any hair!

And the horse will answer neigh When you offer him some hay! Now, it don't seem so queer, You should want a wig, my dear.

Looks to me as tho' the joke Was on the Barnyard Folk! —Exchange.

SUBSTITUTION PUZZLE.



Change one letter in the name of the animal shown here so as to form the name of a well-known American statesman.

Little Moonbeam Meets Cereus and Learns of Night Life

There Is Nothing to Fear at Night and the Bugs and Owls and Fairies and Elves Are Out for a Good Time With Each Other and Moonbeams.

By MARGARET MESHANE. (Third Story of the Night.)

The Moonbeam turned quickly at the words of Cereus. The voice was so kind and gentle, that she heaved a deep sigh of relief. She did not know who the speaker was, but when she turned and looked up, she saw the most beautiful flower, she had ever seen in her whole life, gazing down at her with eyes so very gentle and so kind. All her loneliness and fear left her immediately, as she looked into the kind face of the flower; and the desire to return to Mother Moon vanished likewise with her fear. "How I should love to stay," she said softly to herself. For full two minutes, she hesitated between going back to her home in the Moon, or accepting the invitation of Cereus to spend the night on earth.

"But I do so want to stay," she cried softly. I am sure Mother and Father Moon would not mind. And how I would like to know and speak with the things of the earth's night. And when I knew them all well I can bring Brothers, Ray and Shine with me next time, and let them also know these beautiful things of the Night.

And so the Moonbeam accepted the invitation of Cereus to stay with her and meet all of the wonderful things, that fly about, and live, and sing, and dance, during the glorious hours when darkness covers all the earth. She jumped and nestled closely beside her new-made friend in the soft green foliage. "Were you really afraid in the dark woods, Moonbeam?" Cereus whispered to her little visitor. "I watched you as you came down the tree's bark to earth, and I saw you playing with the tall grasses, and the Frogs, and I hoped you would come over to see me. But the next thing I knew, you were almost out of sight, and then I saw you groping in the woods, I knew you were lost, and frightened."

"I was afraid, because I did not know the way out," Cereus. "Then the Fire Flies passed with their lanterns lit very brightly, and I could easily see the way." "You should have asked the Beetles or Chip-Munks to take you out. They know all the paths of the woods as well by night, as they do by day, and you should have just jumped on their backs and told them you were lost, and they would gladly have carried you any place you wished to go." "Well I never thought of that."

Elsie sat quietly watching the spectral flames, as they glowed against the bricks of the fireplace. "O, how I wish I could go, too!" Mrs. Peterson, getting up from her work, bestowed upon Elsie such a kiss that the little sigh was forgotten. Five minutes elapsed. "Mother, will you please move



How easy it would have been, the Moonbeam replied hurriedly.

"You love the Night just as much as we do, do you not Cereus? And it is your hour, too, as well as ours," the Moonbeam whispered to her friend.

"Oh, yes, I have always loved the Night. It is so beautiful and so good I cannot help but love it. It is kind to the flowers, and the birds, and the trees, and if it were not for the Night, the poor blind bats and Owls, that fly about, could not see at all. The Night opens their eyes, and lets them see the pretty things of the earth, as well as hear them. And it is very good to the children who sleep and brings them lovely dreams. Many of these little boys and girls do not like the night. They are afraid of it, and they think it is something bad and fearful. Isn't this too bad, Moonbeam, when it is so beautiful, and should never make anybody afraid?"

"Tick, tick, tick, came sounds from the woods near by, and the ticking was followed by the soft ringing of dainty Harebells. "What is that Cereus?" the Moonbeam exclaimed, as she drew closer to the side of Cereus. "Oh, that is the elf giving the call for the Fairies. "I am glad it has come. I did not think, however, it was so late. "But, who are the Fairies and what are they being called for?" the Moonbeam said excitedly. "They are the wonderful little fellows of the earth and they have a most fascinating history. I cannot tell you their story, now, for in a minute more they will be upon us."

my chair to the window, maybe I can see the children when they pass by?" Elsie asked her mother. "Certainly dear," replied her mother. Elsie was moved to the window, and patiently she watched. "What is that noise in the dining-room?" "Why you know Uncle Charles is coming to see you tomorrow.

Our Picture Puzzle



Trace from one to 82 And a — runs for you.

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

A Nice Letter.

By Gilbert Schweser, Aged 11, David City, Neb.

I am writing you a letter to put in your paper. I am 7 years old and in the Fourth grade at school. My birthday comes on November 25. My sister Lenore is 6 years old. She is in the Second grade. Her birthday is on March 7. I have been taking piano lessons for two years. Have played at several recitals and other entertainments.

Last week I played a piano solo at the church when mama entertained the ladies' society. My sister Lenore sang two little songs and I played the accompaniments. She has a pretty good ear, for she can play some of my pieces by ear. And she can tell any key we strike on the piano almost the full length of the keyboard without seeing it. We are to play and sing for children's day. Sister just started to take lessons this spring. I like the stories in your paper. Sister always draws the puzzles.

Elsie's Halloween.

By Helen E. Ahlemeyer, Aged 12, Fremont, Neb.

It was 7 o'clock. Josephine, Mae, George and Jack were getting ready for their Halloween calls. But little Elsie was not to go. She had just recovered from an attack of pneumonia, and her mother had thought it best for Elsie to stay at home. After the children were gone,