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

In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

A New Bee.

By Grace M. Lewis, Aged 12, Dexter, Ore.

Dear Busy Bees:—

I do not know if you will accept this or not, as I live so far away, but I hope you will.

My mother used to live in Omaha, Neb., and her father was clerk in one of the offices there.

This is the way I happened to find out about you: Mother has a cousin in Kearney, Neb., and she sends us the funny papers and I always read the little stories of the Busy Bees, and enjoy them very much. And I hope I will receive some letters from the Busy Bees. I will sure answer them, as I like to write.

I had the Spanish influenza about Christmas. I was in bed about three weeks.

I like to read the funnies and would like to take the Omaha Bee, but I suppose I am too far away.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Starving People.

By Pearl White, Age 13, 1414 Brown, Omaha Neb.

One day as Tom was going out hunting all of a sudden he heard a small, faint call. He said to himself, "I think that sounds like a coyote, I will go help it."

Off Tom started. When he reached the place there lay a small coyote caught in a trap.

Tom loosened the trap, threw it aside. The little coyote looked up at Tom as if to say, "I thank you, my kind little boy."

Tom picked up the pet that he had found, took it home and gave it some meat.

One day seven years later, a famine came and the people were starving to death. Tom and the coyote went to get food to save the people.

That day the coyote killed two bears and three goats. They started for home, reaching it just in time to save the people. Two years passed over and the famine was ended. The people praised Tom and the coyote coyote lived happily ever after.

A New Bee.

Eva Giles, Age 12, Hartington, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees:

This is the first time I have written to your happy bee hive. I will tell you about our rabbit.

One time when papa was mowing the clover, he ran over a nest of rabbits and cut one of their legs off. My brothers were with him, and they brought the rabbit home and we put it in an oatmeal box.

We had to go to school the next day, so we got up real early. We went to look for our rabbit and could not find him. We hunted and hunted for him. My little brother, who was nine months old, was creeping around on the floor. He went by the broom, and he was laughing and screaming so we went to see what the matter was, and the rabbit was sitting behind the broom. We took the rabbit up by the fence and when we came home the rabbit was still there.

Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close.

The Little Brown House.

Adah Allen, Age 11.

Mrs. Woodland lived with her three children at Sumferville. It was a small village at the foot of a mountain, and the little "brown house" that she lived in was half way up the mountain.

Peggy, the youngest, had golden hair and blue eyes; she was quiet and plain, while Margaret, on the other hand, was just the opposite. She was dark, noisy and had many airs. Bob was like his sister Peggy, quiet, solemn and fair.

Mr. Woodland has died one month before, and the little brown house was very dismal.

Bob stalked around proudly, for his father had said that he was the man of the house, just before he died.

Now the children were sitting before the fire, when the door opened and Mrs. Woodland stood in the doorway. "Oh, Mummy!" cried the children.

"Bob," said Mrs. Woodland gravely, "I am afraid you will have to go out and work. You know we were never rich, and now it is very bad."

"Oh, Mummy, of course I will. Am not I the man of the house? Where shall I go?" cried Bob, eagerly.

"That is what I do not know," replied his mother, sadly.

That night, as Peggy was going to bed, she heard a sob in her mother's room. She stopped before the door and heard her "mummy" say: "Oh, if we only had money.

The next morning old Mr. Smith found a little girl standing in his doorway.

"Why, Peg Woodland, what are you doing here?" he cried.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, please, won't you give Bobby some work; we need money so bad," said poor Peggy, quaking from head to foot.

She told her story to the old man and he willingly consented to take Bob and give him a job for $10 a week, and to let Mrs. Woodland do his washing. And now they live happily in the "little brown house."

Where Go the Boats.

Catherine Soliday, Age 13 Years, 812 Main Street, McCook, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I think I will write to you a story about where go the boats.

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river,
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boat ashore.

My story is getting long so I will close for this time.

First Letter.

Margaret Hansen, Age 11, Tilden, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I am going to tell you of our little neighbor boys on Easter morn. I hid my eggs in selected corners and I went over to their house and got the boys. I took them out to find them. They found all of them, but the little boy who is 2 years old, wanted them all he would take them all out of the largest boy's pocket and put them in his. After they got them all found I took them and divided them up all even and gave them to them. They were happy and went home and told their mother all about it.

A Long Walk.

Carlota Davis, Age 8, Ord, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: Once there was a queen and king who had three daughters and two sons. One time on a very hot day they all went for a long walk and took their dinners. The boys went one way and the girls went another way. As the girls were walking along, they soon got thirsty and went to a spring which was nearby to get a drink. They got a glass which was in their lunch basket and got a good cold drink, but went farther to eat their lunch. It was a good thing they went farther, for they met their brothers who were lost and couldn't find the way home. So then they walked together for a long ways until they could barely hear the 12 o'clock whistle at town and then they sat down together to eat their lunch. They ate a good dinner, for the queen had put up a good dinner for them. When they got through they went farther still just for a walk. And they picked violets and sweet peas and different kinds of flowers on their way. But soon they saw it began to grow dark and they went towards home and told their mother that they had had a good time. And it happened they dreamed at night the same things that had happened on their journey.

A New Bee.

Arthur Hoagland, Age 9, North Platte, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have ever written. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. We are having a play down here, it is called, "Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter." There are eight boys and four girls in it. First the jumping jacks come out and do funny tricks, then each girl, resembling some season, koes to dancing and singing. While they are doing this the curtain goes down. In scene II, a young lady is entertaining a young man. This man always bows and every time he bows he falls flat on the floor.

For adults we charge 5 cents and for children 2 cents. I think I will close now.

A Nice Letter.

Veronica Lake, Age 11, Brainard, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I was 11 years old the 30th of May. I like to write letters. I will answer any one who writes to me. I write to my cousins and I write to one Busy Bee girl. We live two miles from town. I am in the Fourth grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Lillie Cabela. My first teacher was Miss Agnes C. Starr. She fas a very good teacher. My sister is in the Sixth grade. I have 12 chickens, they are nice and they are like balls.

Goodby, Busy Bees.

Toodle's Vanity.

By Wilma McFarland, aged 11, 1916 Lothrop St.

Toodles felt very proud, indeed. He was a gray kitten with a beautiful tail, and he had a new rose-pink ribbon bow.

"I'd like the ducks to see me," he said. "I won't speak to them, though. They don't have rose-pink bows." And off he trotted to his favorite playground, the yard, holding his tail very erect.

The ducks were busy making a mud pie. There were Bill and Fluffy Waddle, Duckie Broadtoes, and two of the little Webbers.

Mrs. Sparrow's Troubles.

Fred Draper, Jr., Age 9.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written. I am 9 years old, and was in the Fourth grade, but I was promoted to the Fifth grade. I am going to write a story about "Mrs. Sparrow's Troubles."

I am back from the south and have built my nest in an old oak tree. I have had a lot of troubles and I am going to tell you about them. One day I was in the street picking up crumbs for my breakfast, when whizz went a stone right past my head. I flew quickly to my nest shaking like a leaf.

Then I went down to finish my breakfast. Just as I lit, I saw a boy coming with a gun and he shot at me just as I flew away, and it grazed my wing. I flew quickly away to get my breakfast some place else.

Pretty soon I came to a big house where I saw some crumbs on the ground. I flew down and ate them and then hopped around on the ground. When I started to fly away, something held me back. I knew right away that I was caught in a net that was meant for rabbits. I struggled and squirmed but could not get out. Just then I saw a boy come toward the net. I gave one more big pull and got out and flew home, but my ankle was badly sprained. After that when I see a boy coming, my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.

Hope Mr. Waste Basket is sick.

A New Bee.

Miss Opal Tonner, Aged 9, Big Springs, Neb., Box 71.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I go to school and I am in the fourth grade. I read the Busy Bee every Sunday. I have a brother and sister. My brother's name is Omer and he is 13. My sister's name is Pearl, and she is 15 today.

A New Bee.

By Louise Urick, Age 12, Scotia, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the "Children's Page." I hope it does not find its way to the waste basket. I like to read the letters the other busy bees send to the page.

I am 13 years old and am in the eighth grade. I like to go to school. I have a quarter of a mile to go to school. I live on the farm four and a half miles from town. If I see my letter in print I will write again.

The Happy Farmer Boy.

Melvin Laper, Age 6, Scotia, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I am 6 years old and in the first grade at school. I have two cats, their names are Goldie and Tommy. My two horses names are Jess and Maud. Jess is a blind horse. I ride my horses, but I could not ride them because it rained all day.

I am the only boy in our family. I wish I had a little sister or brother. I live six and one-half miles from town. I took four loads of corn to town for my papa.

Mamma has 255 little chickens and gave me 25 of them. We have 10 little geese and three big ones.

First Letter.

By Louise Johnson, Age 9, Omaha.

Dear Busy Bees: I go to Central Park school. I am in the third B. I have two brothers and two sisters. My brother and I take music lessons on the piano. I like to read the letters on the Busy Bee page. This is my first letter.

New Table of Weights.

By George W. Hanson, U. S. N.

An American gob in England standing on the platform of a railroad station stepped on the scales to weigh himself. The scale was graduated by stones, a stone being equal to 14 pounds. He seemed to have some difficulty in figuring it out and finally an English gentleman stepped up and said:

"Can't you tell your weight, Jack?"

"Sure," replied the gob, "it's about 11 stones, two bricks and a couple of boards."

Hist!

By Pvt. Russell Van Horn, U. S. N.

Major (to soldier that was smoking)—Say, do you want the Huns to see that light? Are you a traitor?

Soldier—Not so loud, sir, they are liable to hear you.

Proof Indisputable.

By MARGARET G. HAYS.

"How do ye tell the age of a fowl?"
Of Michael Daw, asked Pat.
"Shure by the teeth," Mike gave reply.
"They have no teeth; how's that?"
"Shure, Pat," said Mike, "the age of a fowl.
By the teeth, is safely known;
I take wan bite—the evidence—
Is given—by me own."

Unpleasant People.

Mrs. Grubley met her bosom friend in Big & Bulkley's.

"How do you like your neighbors?" asked the friend.

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Grubley, who was buying a hat for her little boy. "You see they don't like children."

"How do you know?"

"They hurt Clarence-pet's feelings dreadfully. When he throws stones at their dog or plays the hose on their windows they look real crossly at him."—Tit-Bits.

Not So Slow.

Employer (to new boy)—You're the slowest youngster we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything.

Boy—Yes, sir; onbody can get tired as quick as I can.—American.

Conquered Through Love

"There wasn't anything she wouldn't do when I got her seven years ago," said teamster John B. Bergh, of a large Boston concern, speaking of the little white mare that won a champion shield in the Boston work horse parade. "She would kick, bite and buck without provocation.

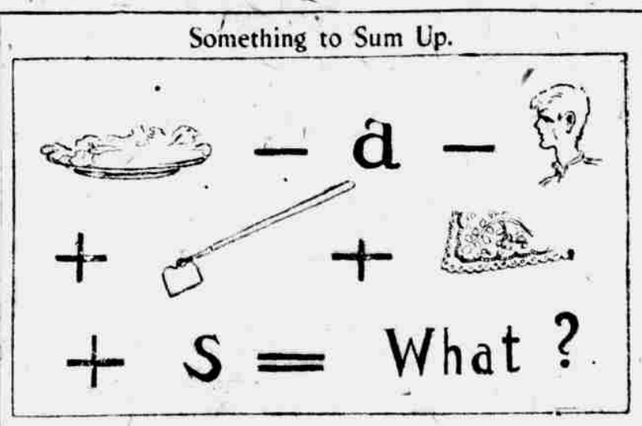
"The very first day I went into her stalll I brought her sugar. She started to be mean, but I talked to her a lot and fed her good. That day she weighed 830 pounds, and today she tips the scale at 1,250, and has ribbons and medals won in competition with 2,100 other work horses. She can pull over two tons and the longest working day doesn't tucker her.

"After I fed her right and got her on the gain, I started her education," Bergh volunteered.

"She's the kindest, most affectionate friend I ever had," the man continued, after the horse had been rewarded with several lumps of sugar. "I've never carried a whip on this team; never needed it. Children can play all around her feet and be safe.

Daisy has been taught to tell her age by pawing the correct number of years, 14. She will rub Bergh's face and carefully take from between his teeth a lump of sugar which he holds for her. Daisy has been in six work horse parades and has won a ribbon every year.

Something to Sum Up.



Got a Match?

Next time you light a match, think of this:

About 10,000 matches are scratched in this country every second that passes, and of these 95 per cent are used by smokers to fire pipe, cigar or cigarette.

The man whose head for figures turned out that information also estimates that the time lost by the smokers in lighting matches—not in smoking—is worth $515,024 each eight-hour working day.

He arrives at his estimate by figuring that it takes 15 seconds to scratch a match and use the light, and that 213,759 men whose time is worth 30 cents an hour are holding matches at the same time, thus losing golden minutes at the rate of $1,068 a minute, or $64,128 an hour.

No one, so far as we can learn, has figured out how large a percentage of the match scratchers throw away the matches while they are still burning; but it has been estimated that a half of the fires, which cost the United States $250,000,000 a year, are caused by carelessness.

Wood, phosphorus, chlorate of potash, rosin, whiting and powdered flint are the makings of this little device.—Popular Science Monthly.

Mud Geysers in California.

On the eastern shore of Salton Sea, Cal., a field of mud geysers recently came into existence. The field spreads over a little more than two acres. The geysers are various-sized caldrons of hot mud.

Until 15 years ago this sea was a dry, salt-incrusted area with a maximum elevation of 265 feet below sea level. In the year 1904 the Colorado river ran over its banks, and the water entered into the basin, making a lake of 400 square miles. This inflow was stopped in 1906, and since then the Salton sea has been shrinking. The geysers appeared a short time ago—caused presumably by earthquakes in the vicinity.—Popular Science.

Iron Pipe Makes a Good Sprinkler.

Somebody attached to the Arroyo Seco library and playgrounds in Los Angeles had a bright idea. In order to sprinkle the rose hedges and vines in the grounds with little trouble, a ¾-inch pipe was perforated at intervals and placed on top of the fence. The pipe was then given water connection; and now, when the water is turned on, the entire hedge and border of flowers is sprinkled. Another length of perforated pipe takes care of the library terrace.—Popular Science Monthly.

Safety First.

"The greatest safety device known is a careful man," says the sign near the approach to a certain time card rack, and to impress the need of care on the careless, a railroad that has made a specialty of "safety first" campaigns has installed the sign board turnstile shown above.

Workmen must pass through the stile. The time card board where they get their cards on entering in the morning is so placed that as a workman halts to get his card he is confronted by the turnstile, where a board at the level of his eyes carries in three languages the warning to "be careful."—Popular Science Monthly.

The Bleeding Heart.

Alice May Bondesson, Age 11, 2712 Redick Avenue.

Once Psyche held a candle of yellow,
Over Cupid, the God of Love;
All would have been well had not a drop of tallow,
Fallen from the light above.

But alas! it fell on the sleeping god's shoulder,
He awoke with a painful croy,
Then toward Psyche his heart grew cold and yet colder
Then he flew away to the sky.

In despair was Psyche, her calling was vain,
She went for an hour,
Then went into the garden and followed a lane,
That was bordered by hearts, or love's flower.

They were delicately tinted in light and dark reds,
With slender long stems of green,
But Psyche saw that day, as she passed the many beds
Something she'd ne'er before seen.

She stooped to be sure that what she saw was true,
For at the tip of each tiny heart,
Was a drop of blood, whose beautiful hue
Was lighter than the other part.

So the girl's and the flower's hearts bled together
For Cupid, whose hasty depart,
Had caused the flowers to bleed forever,
So they've since been known as "Bleeding Heart."

Strange Tails.

It was Robert's first visit to the zoo.

"What do you think of the animals?" inquired little Ben.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied:

"I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."—American Boy.

Moonbeam and Cereus Talk About Fairies and Sleeping Children

By MARGARET McSHANE.

(Fifth Story of the Night.)

NOW that the Moonbeam had seen and talked to some of the beautiful nocturnal beings, she waited patiently hoping that Cereus would soon speak.

She was thrilled and so happy to be just where she was— "Never, never, will I go home again," she thought to herself; for she knew she had still many more wonderful things to see and hear about.

By this time every Fairy had gone on her individual way to the Fairy feast, and the Night once more was very still. Occasionally a friendly Owl screeched or hooted through the heavy darkness—he was so happy to be alive and to be on earth this beautiful night, and he just could not help but screech out his happiness to his companions; but his screeches startled the little Moonbeam so that she almost slipped off the spreading branch, on which she was resting so comfortably.

"Oh my goodness, what was that," she exclaimed looking in the direction of the woods where the screech came from.

"Well, I guess I will learn what that is, the same way I am to learn about many other things," softly she whispered to herself, as she quietly settled down after her fright.

Long and silently the little Moonbeam pondered on these mysteriously things that were bobbing up all about her, and on Cereus too, she thought deeply—what a wise flower she was. She seemed to know so many many things, and she was so very beautiful. So interested had she become in all that Cereus told, that she had entirely forgotten to ask her about herself.

Who was she and where did she come from? Maybe she came from a country as far away as her own in the sky. These were things she just must know, even if she had to put off learning about the Fairies until another time.

"Well little Moonbeam, just what would you first like to know about these lovely little Fairy Folks we have been watching, so long, this night."

The Moonbeam surprised in her wonderings looked intently into the eyes of the blooming Cereus. She burst out quickly with:

Moonbeam's Question.

"Before I hear or see another thing, dear Cereus, I want most to know who you are and where you came from."

To this question Cereus only smiled, and bending low she whispered in the ear of her little friend.

"That is a secret you will hear another time and from some one else but me. Maybe your Mother the Moon, or the Owl you heard just now will tell you. The Owl is a pretty wise old fellow and quite a talker when you get him started. But now you must hear about the Faries. Let me see, just where shall I begin?" asked Cereus. "They have a long, long story and it is all interesting I hope I will not forget any of it."

"Well, tell me first, where these little people live," the Moonbeam asked eagerly.

"Oh these wonderous little people of Fairyland live in leafy

branches of the trees and in the half open buds of the flowers of earth we all love so well. Some of them, who are more fond of seclusion, live in the hollow trunks of real old trees and others hide themselves in the drooping blossoms of nodding flowers. They talk about the earth unseen, both when we sleep. They are very small in size and are especially interested in the affairs of the people of earth, but the children of this earth they love the best. They hover over their slumber cots, and dear Moonbeam, when pearing into the sleeping faces of these children of earth, have you not often seen them smile and laugh in their sleep?"

"Oh many times, dear Cereus, when I have been playing with my brother, Ray. We often have taken turns looking in on them, while they are sleeping, and many a time my brother, Ray has wakened them, hoping to hear what they were laughing about."

Fairy Talk.

"Well my dear Moonbeam, they would never tell him. It was the Fairies talking with them in their sleep that made them smile and laugh, and when they waken, they never can remember what the Fairies said to them, because the Fairies fly quickly away to their homes with the secrets they have whispered to them hidden safe and sound."

The Moonbeam lifted a pair of bewildered eyes to the face of Cereus and said:

"I wonder what these secrets are?"

"This, my dear will never be known."

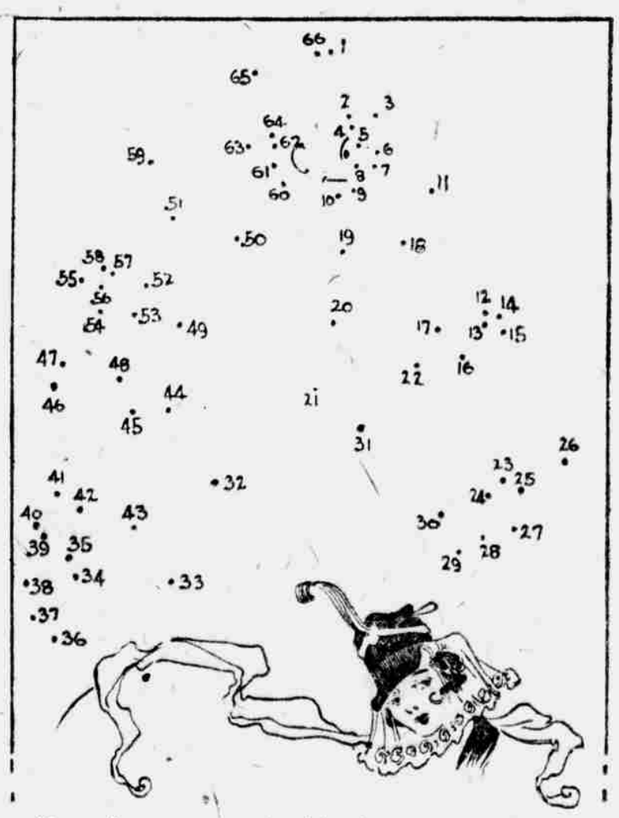
For the Love o' Toodles.

"I have called, madam, in answer to your advertisement that you have found a dog. My wife thinks it is her Toodles."

"And can you describe it to me?"

"Well—er—not very well—you see I never like to swear in the presence of a lady."—Wichita Eagle.

Our Picture Puzzle



Now when you come to sixty-six.
You'll see the beau she always picks.

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

THE BIBLE SAYS:—