

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

Uncle Sam.

By Marjorie Martt, Age 11, North Platte, Neb.
The spirit of America made German leaders weep
When Uncle Sam marched over there.
And put the Huns to sleep;
Saved Paris from destruction,
Great London from alarm,
Rome from Hapsburg monarchy,
And Freedom from all harm.

(Honorable Mention.)

A Brave Bird.

By Helen John, Age 10 Years, Elmwood, Neb.
There was a little girl who lived in Virginia. Her name was Nellie. One beautiful morning she went out riding on her pony. She took the road to the river. There were many pretty flowers along the roadside. She came to a place where there were many trees. She heard a noise and, looking up, she saw some smoke and a bird flying around in it. There were twigs and leaves in her nest. The bird tried to save her little ones, but when she found she could not save them, she folded her wings over them and died with them. I think the mother bird was a brave bird. She could have flown away, but she did not.

The Rabbit

By Leland Troutman, Age 10, Benedict, Neb.
A few days ago there came a tame rabbit. Mama saw it as she was feeding her chickens. She told about it and we tried to catch it, but we could only get about three feet from it. I put some bread on a old box and I saw the bunny come and take the bread. The rabbit would eat with the old hens and it ran under one hen. We have an Airdale dog. His name is Scottie. When he spied the rabbit he ran after it but could not catch it. Another time the dog ran the rabbit under the barn and was going so fast that he bumped his head and rolled over. This is a true story. I hope to see it in print.

The Christmas Stocking.

By Alice Anderson, Age 9, Oakland, Neb.
Mabel had been taught to darn stockings very carefully. Many a time her mother said to her, "You should darn not only the holes, but also the thin places." One day Mabel was in a hurry. She wanted to go out to play. When she came to the last stocking she found no holes in it, but she saw that it was worn very thin on the knee.
"Never mind, it hasn't any real holes in it," she said. "I'll let it go this time," and quickly rolling it up with its mate, she threw it into her bureau drawer and ran out to play. It happened that Mabel did not need the stocking for a long time. In fact, it was Christmas eve. When she took it from the drawer. By this time she had forgotten all about it, and when she drew out a stocking for Santa Claus to fill with gifts, she did not know it was that particular one. Laughing with other children, she put the pin right through the thin place and fastened it to the mantle.
Now there were many presents put in Mabel's stocking that night.

Ruth Claudene Heywood



Ruth Claudene Heywood

Little Ruth Claudene Heywood weighs 40 pounds and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Heywood of Gordon, Neb. She looks for the pictures in the Busy Bee page each Sunday and today Ruth Claudene will recognize her own.

we got there. We had not intended to go in bathing this afternoon, but it was so hot that we went. So we took our shoes and stockings off and went in.
The water was very warm and we were trying to see who could go the farthest across without getting our dresses wet. I had waded almost across in that place when I stepped in a deep hole. The water came up around my neck. I screamed and my cousin came and helped me out. My clothes were all wet, so I put on a bathing suit and hung them out to dry. We had to dress before we could come to dinner and they got it all ready. After dinner we all got into the boat and went rowing.

Some other friends were there and we took a lot of pictures. There was a stand there and we bought candy, gum and pop. We had cake and ice cream before we went home that night, a tired but happy group.

From the Golden West.

By Lois Ruhl, Keeline, Wyo.
Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter to you. May I join your merry hive? I would like the Busy Bees to write to me. I live at an oil camp, and I have lots of fun. I am 11 years old. I am in the fifth grade. I like to write to you, and I like to read your stories and letters. I like to ride horseback and go hunting. I can't ride or walk much now, as I just had an operation for appendicitis. I may not have spelt it right, but I guess you can make it out.

Story About Rover.

By Elsie Hopkin, Age 9 Years, Bruning, Neb.
I have a dog at home. His name is Rover. He is so tame that he shakes hands and goes after the cattle and horses. We go out and give him something to eat. He comes right up to the door and gets it. Sometimes he goes and visits other dogs, and then he comes home again. We had another dog. His name was Spot. Rover was so homesick for Spot I cannot sleep at nights because he makes so much noise. He is so homesick for Spot. Sometimes Spot comes down to his place. Rover is tickled when he sees Spot come.

A Smart Dog.

By Gertrude Fisher, Age 9 Years, R. F. D. No. 4, Norton, Kan.
Dear Busy Bee: I have been reading your letters every week, so I thought I would join your page. I stay on the farm with my aunt. My daddy is in France, and my mother is in Oklahoma working in a bank. I am 9 years of age, and I'm in the fourth grade.

One time we found an old hen up in the hayloft of the barn with three little chicks and nine eggs besides. We have a little baby colt, and baby kittens, and little baby calves, and a dog. The dog is so smart. He can jump, roll over, carry mail and wood, and every time we go milking he runs and gets his pail. Well, I will not write any more. Goodbye.

A California Bee.

By Herbert Magee, Age 9 Years, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter. My uncle did live in Omaha and gets The Bee, so I read the Busy Bee page every week. I live in Los Angeles, and never slide down hill, for we don't have any snow. I saw the Pacific fleet. I hope Mr. Waste Paper Basket is out visiting. Guess I will fly in your hive. Goodbye.

Our Seaside Picnic.

By Florence Seward, aged 13 years, Omaha.
HONORABLE MENTION.
Hello, Busy Bees! How are you all? I thought I would write after being silent so long. I am writing about our picnic on the seashore. This happened three years ago, during our visit to California. Some relatives invited (my father, sister and me) to participate in a picnic on the seashore. We thought it would be great sport, so we accepted the invitation. Arriving on the shore, we scouted around to find a suitable place for depositing ourselves and lunch baskets. We soon discovered a group of nice flat rocks situated near the water's edge, and giving a good view of the cliffs and ocean. Our party scrambled upon them and we selected the flattest and largest for the dinner table. My sister and I were assigned the task of gathering drift wood to make a fire. Soon one was roaring merrily, while my cousin made the coffee.

Now, Busy Bees, you know that at most picnics the customary foods are pickles, sandwiches, olives, bananas, and other good things. We had pickles, olives and bananas. We also had sandwiches of two different varieties, real honest-to-goodness bread and filling sandwiches, and real sandy sandwiches. You hardly knew whether you were eating bread or sand. The reason we ate the sandwiches so quickly was because I had gotten a glimpse of a nice, big watermelon and a roast chicken. The watermelon had been put in a low place in the rock where the cold salt water could reach it. You can imagine how good it was. The watermelon was fine, but I'll never forget that roast chicken! We were having the time of our lives, eating and "gabbing" when a big wave came swiftly in and surrounded our rock on all sides, and washed up far on the beach. The spray had wet us all, and we woke up with a start. I grabbed the remains of the chicken and my sister tried to take the watermelon in

her arms, but made a sorry grab at it.

Well, here we were, just like on a desert island entirely surrounded by water. It gave me a thrill, however, as I thought of "Robinson Crusoe" and other noted castaways. My, how romantic to be held here, and have a party of rescuers come to our aid! My romantic dreams were shattered, however, when my cousin laughingly told us that the tide would recede in about four minutes, so there was no danger of being imprisoned here for any great length of time. When we had finished our feasting, the remaining food was quickly packed up and we sat down to wait patiently till the tide should go back. Suddenly, a big wave came dashing in, and, gathering force, dashed out leaving our rocks flat and dry. This was a signal for us to try to reach the shore before the wave came in again. Our party ran and jumped till we reached the shore. The auto had been left in a tiny little cave made of rocks. We jumped in and were soon speeding away towards home. By this time the sun had set, and it was dark. In California the nights are pitch black. You could hardly see a yard in front of you. The auto's searchlights pierced the darkness and brought us safely home. We had had a jolly good time and were glad we had taken the outing.

Playing House.

By Mabel Denker, Age 9, Elkhorn, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: One day when my cousins were up here we all went upstairs and started to play house. Two of us girls were dressed as men and the other two were dressed as women. When we were all fixed up we started to play. When we were just about started a tramp came on the place. We sure got scared. We didn't go down, so he went away. Then we played till half past four, then my cousins went home and my father came home.

A Young Gardener.

By Rose M. Brown, Age 12, Exeter, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first letter I am writing to your page. I read the Busy Bee page every Monday and enjoy it very much. My sister is writing, too. I am in the eighth grade at school. My brother, sister and I have to walk one and a half miles to school each day. I had a garden of my own this year, but it was pretty dry, as it does not rain here much. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me, as I will gladly answer all the letters I receive.

Moonbeam Meets a Frog and Learns of Frog Life and Tricks

By MARGARET McSHANE.
(Seventh Story of the Night.)

SHADOWS of the Night were shortening. Mother and Father Moon, sailing slowly on their way through the clouds, had more than half encircled the blue arch of Skyland. They were just about ready to dip behind the Western Hill, take a peep into the land of the birds, the trees, the flowers and the little boys and girls away off east of the Sun in China.

The Moonbeam saw that Father and Mother Moon were far along on their journey. She knew, too, that soon the first bright glow of light in the east would lift the Night's hazy blanket. By that time she must be safely home; so she hurried over to the pond to say good-bye to her friends, the Frogs. She found one large Frog sitting independently, self-composed, and very much alert under the beautiful sheltering growth of a pond lily. She heard him give a lively croak. A second, a third, a fourth croak followed. Then many others accompanied these, until a whole medley of strange sounds rose from the vicinity of the pond. This continued for some time. Then suddenly one voice stopped and instantly all was hushed.

"My, what a beautiful chorus you have, Mr. Froggy. I am so glad to hear one before I go back home to Mother and Father Moon, for I have heard a great deal about them. Have Frog choruses leaders, who signal others when to begin and signal again to stop at the approach of danger?"

The Frog turned quickly and looked up at the Moonbeam. "You are very much mistaken, Moonbeam. We frogs are extremely alert in sight and hearing, especially in sight. The Pond was very still when you approached. There was no movement along its edge or through the weeds and shrubbery nearby. One of our family, realizing the extreme safety of the hour, began to express his happiness at the mere joy of living. His



croak was the sign to the other Frogs in the Pond that no enemy was near, and, looking about them, their eyes gave them a second evidence of this safety. Then one by one all joined freely in the happy chorus. At your unlooked-for approach one Frog saw your light darting quickly back and forth. He was frightened because he did not know who you were, and instantly became silent. The others observed his silence, and knew that silence was a danger signal, so every Frog in the pond obeyed this keen impulse of fear and likewise became silent.

"Well, I do declare, you are a smart lot," exclaimed the Moonbeam.

"No, never have we Frogs been considered smart. In fact, they say we possess a low order of animal intelligence, but we have two great emotions, Joy and Fear. Our joy we express in song, and we feel quickly the approach of danger. "When wandering a short distance from the pond, for instance, one of our number may see an enemy ahead. We sense everything—a bird, a bear, a dog, or even a man, and at the approach of anything alive a familiar splash will be heard. This splash means a Frog has seen danger. Frogs, you know, always prefer to walk or jump a short distance to the edge of the water and then slip lightly into it and swim away. After this sudden splash, a second one and a third one is heard. The first splash was the signal of approaching danger, and

the others, without even looking, heard it and sought safety in the pond. Those of our number who cannot reach the pond flatten out on the ground and begin blending their color with the hues of the bank."

"Why do you Frogs live under the Pond Lilies and the weeds?"
"What a curious question, Moonbeam! How do you suppose we could get food unless we hid quietly in some sheltered spot in the pond. The weeds and the Pond Lilies are the best hiding places in the world, and around their roots and stems, and under their leaves are found water-beetles and bugs, snails and shrimps, cray-fishes and, in fact, all the most delicious things to eat. Things that would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious Frog."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the Frog scurried away after a fat, juicy-looking water-beetle and the Moonbeam darted off in her happy-go-lucky fashion on her way to Father and Mother Moon.

Dogs of the Far North

By L. V. KELLY.

To those who are blessed with the benefits of modern transportation facilities it is hard to realize that there are parts of the continent where nature is so wild and rough that it is almost impossible for man to travel. In broad sections of the forest and mountain districts of northern British Columbia this is particularly true, travel being possible in any season only to men on foot and to the most agile of animals. Horses or others of the usual beasts of burden can make no progress through the tangles of fallen timbers, swamps, rocks and jungle. Yet man's best friend has proven his ability again to come to the assistance of his master. In summer, spring and fall, he is the pack-dog, bearing on his back such supplies as his master cannot carry; in winter he is the sled-dog, drawing the loaded sled. The accompanying photograph was taken in the depths of the northern woods, over 150 miles from the nearest railroad. Dogs and men live on the game killed and on the essential tea and sugar and bacon carried in the packs.

There are now approximately 3,000 dogs in the various departments of the German army. They have been trained by the German Red Cross Dog society.

OUR PUZZLE GYM

A TRAINING FOR NIMBLE WITS

Director—SAM LOYD

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SANDWICH MEN PUZZLE



ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Counting-Out Puzzle.

Frank Jones' clever puzzle-game of counting out all the girls and leaving the boys is successfully worked by commencing to count from May. Counting round and round to the right, it will be found that the 13th is invariably a girl and the boys all "get left," which is really the proper thing for gallant boys under the circumstances.

How Old Are the Boys.
Jimmie's younger brothers were, respectively, 13 and 11-12 years.

A Doughboy's Puzzles.
Sedan, Tours Rouen, Lens, Lemans.

Taking a Partner.
Since thou ncle paid 1,200 for a third interest, the entire business was worth 3,600. Of this Junior owned 1,600 and Senior took 800 of Uncle Dombey's contribution and Junior 400. Then the three interests were similar.

Guess This Date.

Bobby made his speech upon September 21.

A Puzzle in Eggs.
The grocer sold the basket containing 29 eggs. There were 12 duck eggs in one basket, and the remaining baskets, containing respectively five, six, 14 and 23 hen eggs; so he had left four times as many hen eggs as duck eggs.

Correcting Spelling.
Warmth, Knave, Edge, Obey, Weigh, Exhale, Agile, Jesuit, Lyric, Slit, Arms, Fealty.

How Much Money?
Sixty-nine cents is the smallest amount above 3 cents that cannot be represented by four American coins.

Missing Consonants.
Nine nuns neared Nineveh.

Sandwich-Men Puzzle.

These sandwich-men were sent out in correct alignment to advertise an important event in town. In crossing Main street they got all mixed up in the traffic and when they reformed, as shown in the sketch, their announcement was "pied," as the printer says. Can you put them in their proper places so as to show what they are advertising?

The Butcher's Puzzle.

Our butcher bought for his Thanksgiving trade 100 fowls for \$100. He paid 62c for chickens, \$1.02 for ducks and \$1.34 for turkeys. He made 12c on each chicken, 22c on each duck and 25c on each turkey. Now, he was clever enough to invest that \$100 to the best possible advantage, so how much profit did he make?

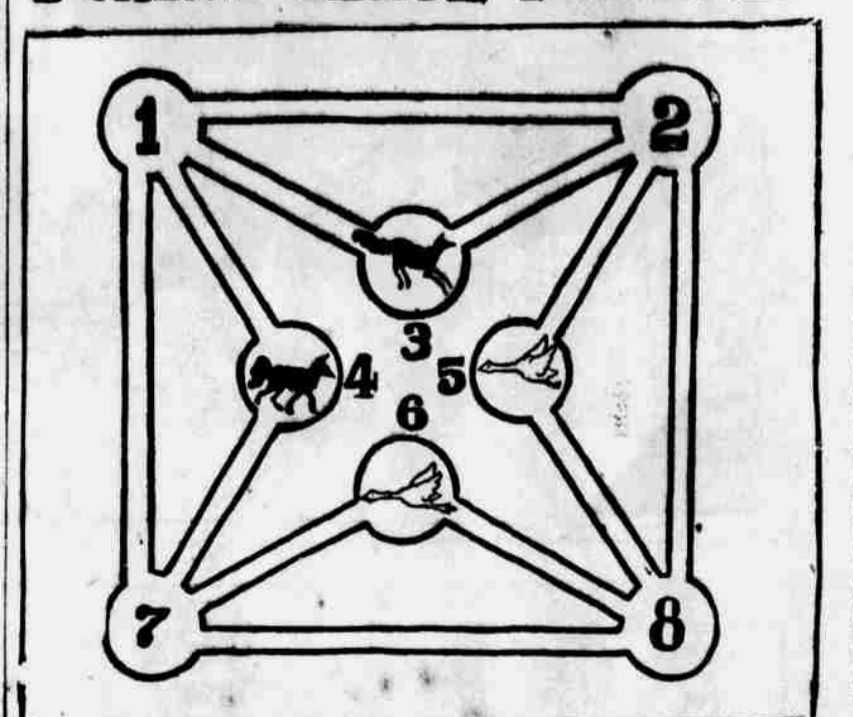
A Puzzling Blowout.

Our guests who arrived 2 hours late, explained: "We had a blowout one hour after leaving home, and had to finish the trip at 3-5 of our former speed. If the accident had occurred 50 miles farther, we would have arrived 40 minutes sooner." Now who can tell the distance our guests traveled?

Puzzling Variety.

I bought 20 souvenir cards for 20 cents. The embossed ones cost 4 cents; plain black prints, four for 1 cent and the two-colored ones two for a cent. How many of each sort did I get?
Fox and Geese Puzzle.
Moving in turn, first a fox, then a goose, from one circle to another, in how many moves can their positions be reversed so that the foxes shall occupy 5 and 6 and the geese 3 and 4?

FOX AND GEESSE PUZZLE



KEEP YOUR ANSWERS TO COMPARE WITH SOLUTIONS ONE WEEK FROM TODAY