

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.) Old Glory

By Mary Bennett, Aged 15, Bancroft, Pa.
Dear Busy Bee, I am writing again to try my luck. So I am writing a poem.
Flag of our country, for afloat
Over the land and the sea!
The steadfast light on Glory's height,
The banner of the free!

Purity speaks from your folds of white,
Truth from your sky of blue,
Courage flames forth in the crimson stripes
And leads to victories new.

Faithless like stars in the arching sky,
In glory your stars shine on,
And promise the peace that ne'er shall cease
In the land by the valor won.

(Honorable Mention.) Thanksgiving

By Madon E. Chase, Aged 10, Piner, Neb.
In England, at Yorkshire, a little colony of people, later called "Pilgrims or Puritans" lived. They were compelled to go to the king's church. They didn't like this kind of worship, so they met in a church of their own. The king had put soldiers on guard. If they were found the families were often separated and put in prison.
When it was no longer safe to meet in a church they met in the people's homes. Still they were often caught and imprisoned. After a time they became a little wiser and didn't keep a light. They also didn't sing or offer services, laugh or chat together about the king and his men, as they would be apt to be caught and taken away and punished.
At last they held a meeting and decided to leave England and go to Holland. They had a hard time to get away, but at last succeeded. After being in Holland a time they were surprised to see how their children took up the Dutch ways in both dress and manners. Their parents were afraid that they would forget their English customs. They soon began planning, and on September 6, 1620, set sail for America. They started in two ships, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*. In the two ships they carried 120 men, women and children. At sea the *Speedwell* sprung a leak and was forced to return. The company numbered 100 after leaving 20 on shore. At last they landed at Plymouth Rock, December 21, 1620.

They worked very hard, at last succeeding in building a house large enough for all. By spring 51 of the Pilgrims had died. At one time the living were hardly able to bury the dead.
In the spring they had built seven more houses, a fortress on top of a hill and had cleared 26 acres of land. Since some of the Indians were kind, the kind ones showed the Pilgrims how to plant corn and other things, as well as showing them how to make other things such as canoes, stone axes and to weave mats.
That fall the harvest was plentiful and they thought they would set a day of thanksgiving and have a feast. The Indians were invited, too. They brought turkeys, wild game and popcorn. The feast lasted three days.
From that day to this we have set aside the last Thursday of November as Thanksgiving in memory of the Pilgrims and to remind us to be thankful for all we have and love, which is a great deal more to be thankful for.

Our Play House

By Esther Brock, Aged 10, Piner, Neb.
One sunny bright afternoon in May I heard a rap at the door. I ran to see what it was and found my friend, Una Fisher. She was there to see if I could make a play house in the basement. Papa said we could have some boxes that are there and I have some things down there that papa gave me that we could use. We can be dandy. Ask your mother if you can come," said Una without stopping.
I ran quickly into the bedroom where I found mamma asking, "Oh, dear! I am, meaning to whisper, but instead I said it as if to wake her. But I asked her and she said I could go. Una and I had lots of fun and played in the play house until supper time.

A Parisian Bee

By Jeanette Alice Ferrand, Aged 10, Central City, Neb.
Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. My daddy was in the Y. M. C. A. and he is back. But when he was in Paris he sent my sister and I a French dress and it was lacy cloth and it is warm and when he came home he brought my sister and I a French doll and he brought many other things. I look at the letter of other children every Sunday. Well my letter is getting long, so I will close.

The Golden West

By Evalina Krueger, Aged 13, Blue Hill, Neb.
Dear Busy Bee: I will send you a poem, which I wrote in school. Our teacher told us to write a poem. The following is the poem which I wrote.

The golden west
Is where I love it best.
It is a land of golden grain,
It also is plentiful rain.

The golden west
With its beautiful mountain crests
And on the wonderful prairies
Is where I love to tarry.

The golden west
With its great green vest,
With crimson cactus flowers in numbers,
Is where I long for in my slumbers.

Lost in a Forest

By Ardian Fleper, Aged 11, Pender, Neb.
Dear Busy Bee: This is the first time I have written to you.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named June. She lived in a deep forest with her mother, father and baby brother. June's father had to work hard every day chopping down large trees. One morning before he left he told June to bring his lunch in the middle of the afternoon and not to stop on her way for she may lose the path and get lost. He had promised to scatter grain on the way and June was to follow this.

Late in the afternoon June started out with her basket. She followed the grain for a little ways, but later it was not to be seen, for the birds and wood pigeons had long picked it up. June did not stop for this. She thought she could easily find her way.
She stopped to pick pretty bright colored flowers and the more she picked the further into the woods she wandered until the sun went down and the stars came out one by one, but it was so dark in the forest she could not see. She sat down by a large tree and began to cry. She was also growing hungry. She took out a sandwich and ate it. Bye and bye June began to grow sleepy, she laid her head upon her arm and was soon fast asleep. She was awakened suddenly by voices which sounded very familiar to her. It was her mother and father and baby brother.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY

CHAPTER V. Balky Sam in the Way

Hal and Peggy, being down the driveway through the tangled wood with Penelope, the runaway bride, gained a good start when Billy sent Aunt Prue, Jonathan Cash and the guards tumbling into the dirt. Billy didn't wait to get back the lasso with which he had tripped the pursuers, but darted quickly after the others.
Lo and behold the runaways could see that the guards were still snoozing beside the gate. Hal had put them sound to sleep with his lullaby. And nearby were Balky Sam, Lonesome Bear, Johnny Bull, Billy Goat, Rollo the monkey and the birds also deep in slumber. Penelope the gate, was auto waiting to aid in the escape.
But while the castle guardsmen were asleep, the auto didn't



Lonesome Bear grabbed one of the guards.

have any idea of giving up the chase. They couldn't catch Penelope before they got to the gate, so they had a way of speeding word ahead. A shrill blast from a watchman's whistle sent a warning down the driveway. There another whistle and another and another, each guardman blew with all his might. The guards at the gate woke with a jump. They were amazed to find the gate open. And they were astonished when they looked up a driveway and saw Penelope, the lovely bride, in all her wedding finery, being dragged along by Hal and Peggy. But amazed and astonished as they were, they knew what

Chimney Swifts Tell How They Build and Hide Their Little Nests

Sixteenth Story of the Night
By MARGARET MSHANE

Whip-poor-will ceased speaking and stopped off the branch. He spread his wings and took flight in a twinkling. Moonbeam thought was the funniest she had ever seen. He zig-zagged in and out of the low, thick shrubbery. One minute he was lost to sight. Another minute he was directly in front of her, a short distance ahead. Sometimes he would fly near the ground and then spring suddenly in the air. Each time he changed his direction entirely.



THOMAS BERRY

"Well, this performance means something very important," Moonbeam said to herself. "Things on wings always have good reasons for their actions. May-

be this portends trouble. I will just follow him and see for myself."
Calling to Whip-poor-will to wait for her, she flashed her silvery gleam far ahead of her, glided softly into it and sailed through the dark wood. Soon she was at the stile of her waiting friend.

"Well, Whip-poor-will," she exclaimed, "what a funny way you have of traveling. My word! I would have thought you'd quit long ago. Why do you not fly straight? Don't you know you make your journey twice as long going in that way?"

"Who ever heard of a bird taking a straight course any place. You must be thinking of Bees, Moonbeam. They are the only people on wings that I know of who follow a direct path while traveling. They take a bee-line every place they go, because they could not go any other way."
"A bee-line. What in the world is that?" Moonbeam interrupted. "Why it is the shortest distance between two points. The bees can go that way because they have no nests to hide, and the location of a bird's nest is the greatest secret of a bird. If we traveled like the bees, and like you would have us do, finding our nests would be the easiest thing in the world. We could not possibly hide them. Then all of the mean people of earth, who like to shoot us or steal our eggs, would have no trouble locating our homes and children. They would just have to follow our straight course."
Mrs. Whip-poor-will and I have a most puzzling way of traveling. This is because our nests are located in low places, easily found. But we zigzag in and out among bushes and trees, high and low, and it is impossible for any person or any four-footed animal to follow us.

"You, Moonbeam, are the only one we could not fool. But we do not mind you because you will always be our friend."
"I suppose so, Miss Curiosity," Moonbeam would like to know where I am going."
"Well, as I was speaking with you in the branches I saw the top of the head of one of my cousins, a chimney swift, extending out of that big chimney. Suddenly I decided to go over and investigate."
Looking ahead of her Moonbeam saw a large, tall pile of rough stones. It was a very old chimney

she was sure, for the stones were weather-beaten and some of them had dropped out.

She followed, quickly after Whip-poor-will. Reaching the chimney they sat on its top and Moonbeam peered curiously into the dark abyss.

There she saw several small blackish birds. One was clinging to the inside of the chimney wall. He was propped against its side with his tail, and he rested in an upright position. Another was clinging to a bracket, which hung against the opposite side of the chimney. She wondered how it could hang on that wall so securely.

Her fitting gleams awakened several pairs of eyes.
Heads darted quickly up from underneath protecting wings, and all stared fixedly at Moonbeam, apparently making up their minds whether she was friend or enemy.
Whip-poor-will, watching from the rim of the chimney, swooped down and joined the circle.
The birds were only half awake, so they did not feel much like talking.

They told Moonbeam, however, that their tails were the most wonderful props. "Their tips are very sharp," they said, "and we can stick them into any crevice or wall. We rest comfortably this way for hours at a time and all the while we are building our nests."
"Your nests are wonderful things," Mrs. Swift. How do you manage to hang them so securely on the wall?"
"Mother Nature has placed a strong glue in our mouths, and with this glue we can fasten our nests very securely to anything. We mix them of twice action by sticking them in a little open work socket."

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Labels and Trademarks.
Few people have any idea of the amount of brain energy devoted to the production or selection of names or trademarks. It is common occurrence to see offers of from \$100 to \$1,000 for an attractive name for some proprietary article which a manufacturer proposes to put on the market. Such offers did not realize that a "taking" name is more than half the battle when he writes "What's in a name?"
Here are some suggestive tips to aid manufacturers as they desire to work the greatest number of the accompanying 27 labels gathered from the corner grocery and all suggesting goods for sale in the shop.

A Rebus.
My first's a precious glistening thing,
That looks quite showing in a ring.
Man asks my second loads to carry.
But oft inclined it is to tarry.
My whole appears with springtime dew,
Then grows and blooms in brilliant hues.
Can you guess the word?

How Old is Johnny.
When Johnny Jones, the brother of the famous Ann, was required to tell his age he realized that the reputation of the family for propounding knotty problems was at stake. So he smoothed down his hair to gain time, gazed quizzically into space for 30 seconds and finally spoke as follows: "When I was born my sister was one-quarter the age of mother. Sister is now one-third as old as father and I am one-quarter of mother's age. In four years I shall be one-quarter as old as father." How old is Johnny Jones?

A Necktie Puzzle.
Can you find a word, which when placed in the blank space of the necktie and read twice in going around from "The" to "Escaped,"

OUR PUZZLE GYM

A TRAINING FOR NIMBLE WITS

Director—SAM LOYD

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will complete the sentence and describe the picture?
8. Indiana. 9. Florida. 10. Vermont.
"A Puzzling Mixture."
His mixture consisted of 10 pounds of the 15c tea and 30 pounds of the 25c tea.
"Naming the Day."
On Sunday, the first day of the week, Kate promised to marry Danny "when the week after next the week before last." Therefore, she will marry Danny in 28 days after her promise. Had she promised a day earlier, then on Sunday, 22 days later, her promise would have fallen due.
"Recess Reported."
Nine pears are worth 4 cents.

CONCEALED STATES.

1. Utah. 2. Maine. 3. New Hampshire. 4. Connecticut. 5. Maryland. 6. Illinois. 7. Oregon.

KEEP YOUR ANSWERS TO COMPARE WITH SOLUTIONS ONE WEEK FROM TODAY