

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

The Orphans' Christmas.

(Prize.)
By Roberta Costanza, Aged 8, 173 North Main Street, Fremont, Neb.
It was Christmas eve in the Orphan's home, 12 orphans were wondering what Santa Claus would bring them. At 10 o'clock Miss Thorne, the matron, told every one to go to bed. Rose, a girl of 11, asked if she could hang up her stockings. Miss Thorne said they all could. That night little Betty, a 3-year-old, wanted her mamma so bad that she cried herself to sleep. That made Miss Thorne's heart soften a whole lot. She had a whole attic full of toys. I will just get those toys and give them to the poor motherless children. In the morning 12 children asked if Santa Claus brought them anything. Miss Thorne said "Get dressed, and afterwards we will have our breakfast in front of the fireplace. Then we go for a sleigh ride." All the children were so surprised, "You darling Miss Thorne," they all cried, "how could you be so nice?" "Oh, something taught me a lesson in kindness that I never will forget."
I hope Mr. Waste Basket is down town buying Christmas presents for some orphans.

(Honorable Mention.)

My Trip to Kansas.
By Margaret Kivler, Aged 11, Route No. 1, Okla., Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I read your page every Monday and enjoy it very much. I am going to tell you about my trip to Kansas.
This summer my sister and I went to visit our sister and brother in Kansas. We went with my uncle and grandpa. We drove through in my uncle's car. The first day we ate our dinner at Fairmont. We stopped at Hastings and visited our uncle and stayed all night. Then got up early the next morning and started on our journey. We ate our dinner at Holdrege that day. When night drew near we found ourselves in Holdrege, Neb., where two of our uncles live. We stayed there three days and on Thursday took our dinner and went to Beaver City to see Dr. Brewster in his airplane.
On Saturday we resumed our journey. At 4 o'clock we arrived at our destination—Bird City, Kan., where my sister and brother live. On Sunday we all went to a picnic dinner. We had everything good to eat and enjoyed the day fine.
One day we went to St. Francis and on our way we got stuck in the mud. When my brother-in-law got out to crank he discovered that we had lost our crank. So he had to crank it by the back wheel.
My sister has a little girl. She is over a year old. Her name is Pauline. I had a very nice time with her. We stayed seven weeks in the picnic camp out there. This is my first letter to the Busy Bees.

The Prize Winners.

By Martha Burdick, Aged 9, Franklin.
Dear Busy Bees: We do not take your paper at home, but I borrow it from one of our neighbors who takes it. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. This is the first time I have attempted to write to you, though I have been thinking about it for a great while. I had been wishing I could. I am 9 years old and I am in the Sixth grade at school. I have the chickenpox, but am getting over with it. I will try and write you a story named: The Prize Winner.
Every boy and girl was excited as they came out of school. A beautiful prize was to be given to the girl and boy who sold the most pins for the week, and every one was anxious to sell theirs.
That evening the streets were filled with boys racing to be first to sell their pins to the streetkeepers. Girls were bunching together to see how many each other had sold. Every boy and girl of the one room was on the street except one boy, who was always slower than the rest, who was buying Little Boy's selling pins to the people in the neighborhood, and one girl who was like the boy and was doing the same thing. The boys and girls who were on the streets thought that they were doing nothing. But when the day came for the prizes to be given the teacher called the girl and boy, who had not been working. (The other boys and girls thought) and gave the boy a watch and chain and the girl a wrist watch.
Discontented Alice.
By Caroline Stang, Aged 10, Coon Rapids, Ia.
Dear Busy Bees: Once upon a time there was a girl. Her name was Alice. She was sitting on the couch buttoning her shoes and she said to her mother, "I wish I had my shoes buttoned. I can't get my shoes buttoned. I wish I had hands to tend on me like cousin Mary has. I have no one to wait on me. No one to wait on you." Does not the baker wait on you, does not the grocer wait on you and does not the shoemaker wait on you, does not the farmer wait on you? No one to wait on you? Never say that again, my child.
I wish some of the Busy Bees

Buying a Victrola.

By Harold Bais, Aged 7, Winona, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I saw my last letter in the Happy Page and thought I would write again and tell you about our play that our school gave on Halloween night. In our play were witches and ghosts. The older girls were dressed as witches and the older boys as ghosts. The boys told ghost stories and sang a song about "Our Cohn Bones." The witches also sang a song.
After the play we gave a box social and our teacher decided to get a victrola with the money we earned and we are all happy at school now.

My Rabbits.

By Inez Linn, Aged 10, Scribner, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I have written ten you a letter before. I will tell you about my three pet rabbits. They are white and pretty. They have pink eyes. My uncle and aunt gave them to us. I think a lot of them. I wish one of the Busy Bees would write to me. I would answer them soon. With love from some. Well, I will close, for my letter is long. Hope to see this in print.

A Stepmother.

By Thelma Linn, Aged 14, Columbus, Neb.
There was once a little girl whose name was Mary. Her mother and father were dead. Now, Mary was a very mean and selfish girl; very few people felt sorry for her because she never thought of anyone but herself.
Poor Mary, what was she to do? Her only thoughts were that she would have to go to the reformatory, and as she did not like this, she threatened to run away. Her neighbor, who thought it over, said she would take her. This she did.
Mary was very good for a while, but when this stopped and she turned out to be the same girl. Her stepmother was very cross, as it did get on her nerves, because when she would send her uptown for something she would not come back until she felt like it.
Mary's stepmother was very mean at times, but she had to be. When Mary would read real mad she would say:
"You are not my real mother, so why should I mind you?"
Mary was very sick and her stepmother worked very hard to save her and restore her health.
After Mary was older she thought of her kindness and, feeling sorry, she said:
"Please forgive, mother, for being such a naughty girl; I will do my best for you whenever I am able to."
She fulfilled her promise and now is a very smart and happy girl.

My Dog.

By Clarence Dumas, Aged 11, Branning, Neb.
Once we had a dog and he could run very fast. He was a good dog and he could get the cows for us when we asked him. One day a car ran over him and I took him and put him in the cellar two days, and then he came out. He was lame for a while and then he got old and we had to kill him. I said goodbye to my dog and he went off with my father and was killed.

A Wolf Dog.

By Mildred Fisher, Aged 12, Claster, Clus, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees:
Please let me join your happy hive. This is my first letter to The Bee, but I hope not the last. I have four sisters and no brother. Except we have four rabbits, two Belgian hares and two golden jaws. We have also a very good, old dog.

How Animals Take Their Baths.

Human beings pay a good deal of attention to washing, but animals under conditions seldom wash in the sense in which we understand the verb. The contemporary press has come to the conclusion that, broadly speaking, the only creatures which wash themselves in water are the birds, and many of them, in fact, are absolute enthusiasts in the practice, as any one can see, even in towns, in the case of the sparrow. Some birds, however, much prefer a showerbath to getting into water, and splashing it over themselves; pigeons love a bath in the rain, and larks and cockatoos seem to bathe in this way. It might be suggested that the high temperature of birds, which about equals fever-heat in man, accounts for his love of washing in water. The birds, which do not bathe generally make up for it by dusting themselves. Everybody who keeps poultry knows or ought to know, that one of the necessities of foul-life is the dust bath, and the custom of using dust instead of water extends to all of the birds of the game and poultry family; while some few employ both dust and water, like the common sparrow. Reptiles do not wash at all, but

merely soak; and, in the case of beasts, deliberate washing with water seems to occur only with elephants. Females of the African elephant have been seen to dust their calves with mud and wash it off—soaping and slinging them in fact. Most naked-skinned animals like to wallow at any rate in hot weather, and so do many which are well furred; such bathing is enjoyed not only by rhinoceroses and buffaloes, but, as everyone knows, how dogs, and even by bears and tigers.
But wallowing is not washing, and when perturbed in mud leaves the wallower dirtier than before, until the deposit has caked off. The common mole, like the game birds, favor a roll in sand, but most of the hoofed animals contrive to keep their coats in order without either dry or wet cleaning.
Many supple-bodied animals and they can do all they want by licking; such are the cats and the mouse and their respective relatives. Bats are very assiduous both in licking and scratching themselves, and the continual scratching of the monkey tribe is not so much a search for parasites as a kind of a natural curly-combing. The Animal World.

Playground Fun.

By Harold Bais, Aged 7, Winona, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I am going to tell you about playgrounds that I went to this summer. The teacher's name is Miss York. She is my teacher in school this year. We had a pageant at playground this year. It was at the end of the season. We had bluebirds and butterfly drills. We had sun bonnet every Sunday. We had the overall boys had straw hats on and the boys had overalls. The sun bonnet girls had sun bonnets on. We played games, too. We had a girl to play for us on the piano. Her name was Jessie McDonald. We played pump to see who could pump the highest. I went to Omaha this summer and it was nice there. I saw lots of street cars. In the night they had their lights on and they made noise too. We went to see our friends there. I will close now.

Fourth Grade Bee.

By Helen Adams, Aged 9, Coonville, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I go to school and I am in the Fourth grade. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday.
I have a brother and a sister. My brother's name is Harry and he is 6. My sister's name is Frances and she is 5 years old.

My Pet Dog.

By James E. Carver, Aged 9, 2147 Spaulding St., Omaha.
I have a dog and he plays with me, and he fights every day. He can play hide and go seek and wrestle, too. His name is Tige.

An Iowa Friend.

By Lizzie Hildebrand, Aged 12, Denison, Ia.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter I have written to you and I wish to join your hive. I am 12 years old and in the Fifth grade at school and my brother is 14 years old and is in the Seventh grade. I have two brothers and one sister and their names are Emil, Ella and Johnny. There are 15 children in our school. We have a little white rat terrier and he goes with me to get the cows every night. I am writing you a letter to put in your paper. I hope I will get to see my letter in print.

A Valentine.

By Doris Jeanette Johnson, Aged 8, Council Bluffs, Ia.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your page.
I have written letters to two friends in St. Joseph, Mo. I like to write letters. I am 8 years old. I was born on St. Valentine's day. I have a little brother that is 5 years old and will be 6 next Saturday. His name is George, and a brother that is 12 years old. His name is Richard. I have one sister. Her name is Marion and she is 10 years old. I live in Council Bluffs. I go to Oak street school.

The Doll Family.

By Blanche Gipsack, Aged 8, Litwood, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I go to school and I am in the Second grade. I have a doll and her name is Dorothea and I have another doll, and I call her Dorothea's sister. She can sleep, too. She has curly hair. I play with my dolls and I sew for them. I have a little brother and his name is George. He does not go to school. He is only 4 years old. I read the letters that the little folks write every Monday. I hope I will find my letter in print. I like to read the letters.

Horseback Rider.

By Homer A. Erickson, Erick, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I have four sisters and one brother. Their

names are Ethel, Gladys, Bernice, Leonard and Louis. I am in the Seventh grade. There are two girls in my class.
I and my sister ride horseback to school. It is two and a half miles. I live on a farm 12 miles from town. I do not want to see my first letter go to the waste paper basket. I want to see it in the Busy Bee page.
We have two dogs. Their names are Tip and Duke. Duke is a bird dog and Tip is a cow dog. We have one cat. It does not stay around the house. It stays at the barn. If anyone wants to write to me I will be glad to answer. My story is getting long, so I will end.

Her Nephew.

By Olive Hosmer, Aged 7, Ord, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is the second time I have written to the Busy Bees paper. My first letter was put in the paper. I have a little nephew, his name is Richard. I am writing up to his house today. Just a little while ago he broke his rattle. He was 6 months old. He can say boy. I like to play with him.

A Fall.

By Mary Saxton, Aged 11, Decatur, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your page. I want to tell you about a boy who goes to our school. When we were out playing one day he began playing monkey and climbed a tree and got out on a limb. It broke with him and he fell to the ground. It did not hurt him. We all laughed at him. He laughed too. He got up and we went to playing something else. He did not climb any more trees that day. I will close.

Mischievous John.

By Leonard Clark, Aged 9.
Dear Busy Bees: Once upon a time there was a little boy who was about 4 years old. He went over to his father's barber shop to get some stamps for his mother. His father wasn't there and he took the razor and tried to shave himself. He cut his face and then went home crying and told his mother that a bull dog had scratched his face.
She said, "You'd better not go over to father's shop again."
She laughed as she watched the

Moonbeam Meets Screech Owl In the Hollow of an Old Tree

Mr. and Mrs. Screech Owl Have Two Sets of Eyelids and Turn Their Heads Completely Around Without Choking to Death.

By MARGARET M'SHANE.

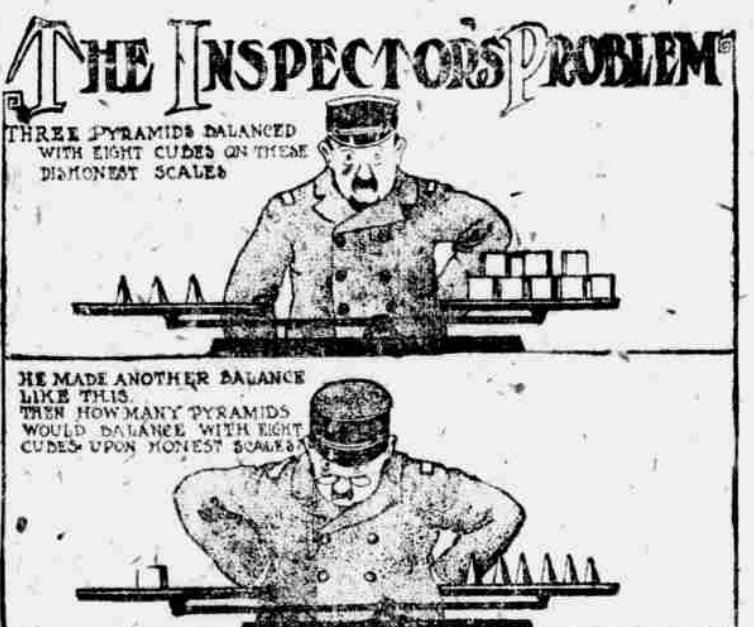
(Eighteenth Story of the Night.)
In the cool of the night a pompous little Owl stood at the door of his habitation to take his air.
He was not very large, but his ears stood up like horns, adding to his height and pompousness, and making him look very wise. He was proud of this demeanor and he gazed about him, with the air of lord and master of all he surveyed.
He had lived in the hollow of the same old tree for months past, long enough to make him the oldest citizen about the place. As such all the privileges of the locality were his. Let anyone dare question his right to all the nice bird-right. They were his by sheer right of proprietorship.
He peered about him with a pair of keen eyes—eyes that had never missed a mouse yet, as it happened for its supper—and eyes, set tonight, with determination to get an extra good one presently.
Moonbeam, in search of new fields of adventure took a path which led through the thickest and loneliest path of the grove.
Sailing on her way she climbed to the tops of the tallest trees. Here she stopped and looked about her. Below she recognized many friends. The Chimp-monks flitted gayly by playing hide and seek in the shrubbery, dressed in their pretty soft brown clothes. The Frogs hopped in and out of the pool, and some wandered leisurely on the banks. It was far too late in the night for comics to be about.
She laughed as she watched the



Pollex and told them if they would come to Earth, she would gladly come up and show them the way.
Starting towards them, a peculiar sound from the thicket attracted her. Completely forgetting what she had started out to do, she glided down the tree's bark.
Here, in the hole of the very tree she was resting on, perched Mr. Screech Owl, calling out to some body through the darkness with a most peculiar sort of a wail.
Moonbeam stopped and watched the newcomer. She was completely fascinated by his eyes, which peered out of holes in his short stockings. He was about nine inches tall, and he wore a suit of mottled gray and black feathers. Hidden behind him in the hole of the tree was a companion owl the same size, but dressed in rusty-red plumage. Her toes also stuck out of his stockings.
The Owls paid no attention to little Moonbeam, but looked about them screeching joyfully.
Moonbeam started nearer to the entrance of their home to watch them more carefully.
As her approach they suddenly turned their heads entirely around from front to back, without moving their bodies one inch. To her great surprise they did not choke to death, but regained their former position and started screeching once more.
She noticed that they had two sets of eyelids—an inner one and an outer one. Sometimes they would close one set and then again they closed them both.
"Well, these folks are certainly queer," quietly Moonbeam whispered to herself. Aloud, she said: "Please tell me who you are and how and where you live?"
Christmas.
By Mildred Galt, West Ninth Street, Grand Island, Neb.
Christmas, sweet Christmas, is An Its way.
And jolly Saint Nicholas, with his presents and toys,
That bring to the children all kinds of sweet toys;
Their stockings are hung all up in a row,
And filled from the very tip-tops to the toes.

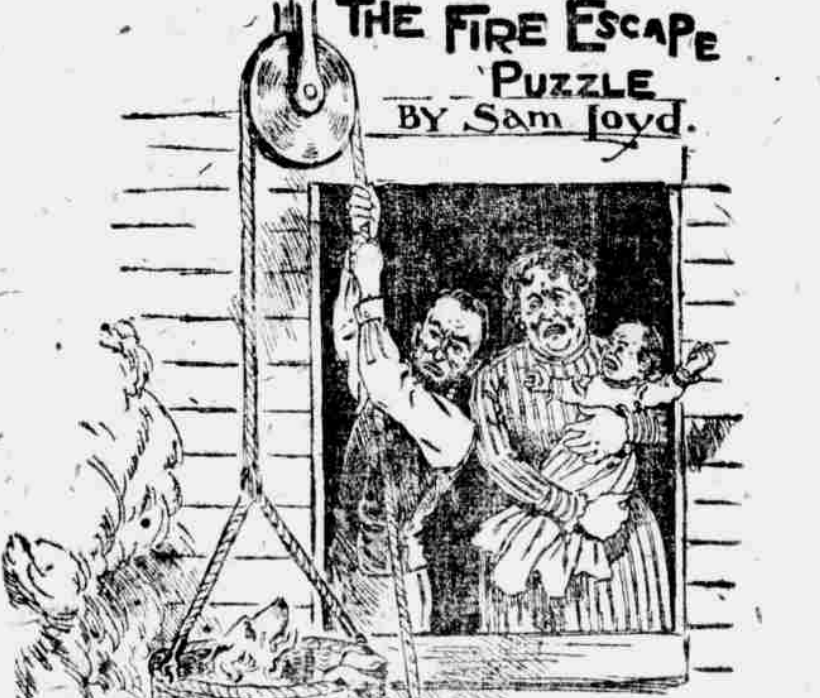
OUR PUZZLE GYM

A TRAINING FOR NIMBLE WITS
Director—SAM LOYD
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THE INSPECTOR'S PROBLEM
THREE PYRAMIDS BALANCED WITH EIGHT CUBES ON THESE DIAMOND SCALES
HE MADE ANOTHER BALANCE WHEN HOW MANY PYRAMIDS WOULD BALANCE WITH EIGHT CUBES UPON HONEST SCALES
Inspector Jones' duty is to prove the correctness of weights and measures throughout the town; to see that the poor coalman is not giving half a ton too much; that the conscientious butcher is not robbing himself by giving overweight; and that the much abused teamster is not actually defrauding the ice trust. But in this particular instance he is up against a ticklish problem—he finds a pair of scales, which are decidedly "off center," as they term it; the scales are "weighted" so as to balance, although the fulcrum is not in the middle, and one arm of the scales is considerably longer than the other.
You must not judge from appearances in this case, for with a puzzle-maker's license I have drawn the scales so as to give no clue to the puzzle.
In the first trial three pyramids balance with eight cubes, but when he places one cube on the long arm of the lever it balances with six pyramids. Assuming that a pyramid weighs one ounce, what should have been the true weight of the eight cubes?
Substitute Letter Puzzle.
In each of the following sentences there is a misspelled word, which may be corrected by substituting a letter for one missed:
We walked to the EDUE and looked into the tanon.
Had he been more AEILE the accident would have been avoided.
He thought it entertaining, but

The Fire Escape Puzzle.
Binks invented a fire escape which consists of merely a rope having large buckets at either end and running over a free pulley. In operation one bucket carries a heavier load than the other, and so descends as the lighter one rises. Binks says that the difference in basket weights should not exceed 30 pounds, that being the limit for a safe descent. For example, if a 180-pound person wished to descend by the Binks route it would be necessary to place a 150 pound weight in the basket at the ground end in order that the person might come down in the other.
Binks advises every family to have a worked-out schedule at hand, so as to waste no time when the occasion arises to use his device. His household consists of Mrs. Binks, 210 pounds; Mr. Binks, 90



ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES
"Unstamped Letters"
Mobile, New Bedford, Little Rock, Norwalk, Norwood, Omaha, Oneida, Oswego, Ravensna, Utica, Butte, Canton, Easton, Everett.
"Counting Chickens"
The young couple started with a capital of \$600, which increasing 25 per cent each year, would reach \$1,464.84 plus, at the end of the fourth year.
"Saving His Dinner."
A roost seven feet long would accommodate one rooster and four hens.
"The Mathematical Milkman."
By working backwards it is proved that he started with five, and a half gallons of milk in can No. 2. After the manipulations described, he had three gallons of water and one gallon of milk in can No. 1, and one and a half gallons of milk and two and a half gallons of water in can No. 2.
"Shooting the Chute."
We rose one foot in one-half a second and fell one foot in 1-20 of a second; 11-20 of a second to rise and fall one foot. Sixty seconds divided by 11-20 gives 109 1-11 feet as the length of the chute.