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



# in the Bee Hivo

# Stories by Our Little Folks

I read your page quite soften. I am seeding you a story called "A Stream of Sunshine.

all day?

you know what I have seen that work she was not home. They wait-bas made me happy?" grandma ed until late for her and then they "No, what?" Arthur asked, look-

ing into her kind face.
I have seen a little girl running back and forth with such a sunny face. She wore a brown apron. Do you know who she could be?" "There she goes now!" Arthur exclaimed. "Why that's Susie

"What makes her so sunny. Ar thur?" grandma asked, To grandma's surprise, Arthur

opened the window and called: Suste, Susie, come here. Grandma wants to see you.

Susie ran into the room and asked of grandma, "What is it?"

girl?" grandma questioned. father while he's sick, and baby's cross with her teeth, so someone has to be happy." Susteanswered, "You are a little streak of Sunhine," said grandma.

(Honorable Mention.) Marion's Snow Baby. By Hazel Benson, Aged 12, Silver Creek. Neb.

ways had lived in the south. She had never seen snow until she came to stay with Uncle Henry.

Marion's parents went abroad on in the northern part of Illinois.

A few mornings after Marion had ground covered with snow. After she had her breakfast she and her Well he had heard that Louise was some little girl would write to me. cousins went out to play in the snow. They made a great snow man and a little baby snow child on the porch. They played games, too. She had a good time playing in the snow but soon got cold.

That night after she had got into her own little bed she began to think how cold the snow baby must be out on the porch. Soon he got up and took a blanket and be went out on the porch after the snow halv. She brought it in and put it into bed. Soon she dropped off to sleep but in about an hour she woke up cold and hivering. The bed covers were wet. turned on the light and found that there was a pool of water instead of the snow child. She called her aunt. When she found out what the treetops and about Smiling Teacher matter was she was very amused and the children. They were as and laughed a great deal. Next numerous as a flock of blackbirds morning when Uncle Henry heard in a field of wild rice and they were bout if he, too, thought it a great as scary looking as scores of large ioke. After that, Marion kept her spiders. Indeed so much were they snow babies out of the bouse.

### Unselfishness.

By H den Snodgrass. Aged 13. Fullerton, make sure that they were truly monkeys like Rollo, and not a fuzzy kind of grand-daddy-long-legs. story of a tenement house in Chicago stood looking over the smoky treets at a crowded thoroughfare where hundreds of busy, happy Christmas shoppers hurried to and

Tomorrow would be Christmas, but to the little girl the thought of Christmas brought no happy anticipation this year. She hadn't even penny with which to buy a gift for her overworked mother.

That afternoon she went down town she met a woman with a small hild. The woman stopped the little girl and asked her if she would care for her child for the day, the little girl said that she would and he would be careful with her. The little girl went home with the child and told her mother what

she was to do. Night came and she took the strange band of monkeys on our child home to its mother. The good hunting grounds. Drive them into woman handed the little girl a 50- the river!" shricked the wild moncent piece. The little girl paused to keys. take it but the woman said take it and spend it in some useful way. Teacher and the school pupils who

On her way home as she went by together among the branches of a a store she noticed some presents large tree. The wild monkeys gathin the window. She went into the ered all around and above and bestore and bought a present for her low until the children were in the overworked mother

### What Became of Ann?

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first come into our hunting grounds letter. I am in the Eighth grade seeking our food! We ee ek! at school and I have six teachers. We ee ek! chattered the wild mon-The story I am going to tell you keys, showing their teeth, At that sad fate,"

in a mill nearby. All that they carned went for clothing food and with their arms to protect them with the Ann's parents were selves, and seeing this some of the neck."

gone she would brush up the house A Streak of Sunshine.

By Jeas Schadel, Aged & Red Oak, fa.

Dess Busy Bees. This is the Each day she went home at 12 first time I have ever written to o'clock and would welcome her folks, who came home at I, with a

warm-dinner and a pleasant smile. One day they came home and no Ann, and no dinner welcomed them. Arthur ran up to his grandma and They hunted and hunted for her. asked, "What have you been doing But they thought maybe she had gone to see her cousin. Lucy, al-"I have first been reading and though it was very much unlike her then looking out at the people passing by," she answered. "Arthur do night when they came home from

> both started out to hunt for her. No one had seen her and her parents were in despair. At last, after many days, they had to give her up to be drowned. They wonder to this very day what really became of Ann.

#### From Colorado.

By Hazel Parks, Aged 11, Stratton, Colo. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first leter to the Busy Bees. I just finished reading the Busy Bee's page and I thought I would write. I Myrtle Smelker. I have five broth- own writing: "What makes you so smany, little married and has two children. My oldest brother is married too and with jolly St. Nick in his s wo boys. I have one brother Woll all be happy that day ers and one sister. My sister is

who served in the army 13 months. When Christmas comes along We have one dog, one cat and we had a pair of pigeous, but they Oh, can't you hear the sleighbells went away. I will close.

Selfish Mr. Naloney.

Marion's Snow Baby.

Platte, Nab

Platte, Nab

Platte, Nab

Platte, Nab

Platte, Nab

Slid;

Dear Busy Bees: I will now tell you about a little girl who loved to work

Louise, who loved to work, lived all alone in a little cottage, at the foot of Mount Mami. Near by was some business matter and left her business matter and left her Louise, who had no money, had to as Louise was scrubbi Mr. Naloney came in

DREAMLAND

**ADVENTURE** 

By DADDY

CHAPTER III.

Captured by Wild Monkeys.

like spiders with their long arms

and legs and tails, that Peggy had

to look at them a second time to

Rollo's Dream Stick huddled close

center of a big, living globe of mon-

keys, without a chance of escape in

any direction

kind of grand-daddy-long-legs.

he wanted the money.

Louise said, "What is the matter." on a very low tone, fearing that he might whip her for speaking. "Come," answered Mr. Maloney then he took her by the hand and led her to a beautiful room which had a beautiful bed and other furniture and then he spoke, and said: "This toom is your's." "Mine?" answered Louise. She was so shocked that she fell and bit her head on the end of the window sill. This nearly kill-ed Louise, and the doctor sa d there. But with Father Owl. was not any hopes for ber then died, and with a happy, heart went to heaven.

### A Young Skater.

By Lee Parmoie, Age 12, Omaha, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you I would like to join your club. I have one sister and one of an old Oak, brother. My brother is in the 12th A class and he is 17, and my sister 14 and she is in the eighth B class. I have been skating out at ce. Hoping that my letter will be tion, in print, I will close.

#### Sleigh Bell Song. Bernice Swengel, Aged 10, Pauliew,

Dear Busy Bees: This is the second lime I have written to you. I like your page very much and enjoy reading it. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Lewis: I like her very much. I have three brothers and two sisters. I would be very glad if some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I would am II years old and am in the sixth be glad to answer the letters. This grade. My teacher's name is Miss time I am enclosing a poem of my scould outshine him."

Bees would write to me. I would another around these goods who funny!"

It was grade. My teacher's name is Miss time I am enclosing a poem of my

THE SUEIGH BELL SONG. Christmas is coming, Hooray! With jolly St. Nick in his sleigh:

Hooray!

And can't you hear the little snow birds sing? By Teddy Weingard, Age - North Now see St. Nick come down the

# Comstock Booster.

By Iola Oxford, Aged 11 Years, Com-stock, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: I have been a with her uncle and aunt, as they work for a very cruel man. His but have not seen a letter from wanted her to go to school in name was Mr. Naloney. He was Comstock yet. This is a beautiful America. Her uncle and aunt lived very cruel to little Louise. One day little town on the Loup river. Our Louise was scrubbing the floor community church is putting on a program for ot bristmas. been there she awoke to find the though he had run 100 miles. Do 150 members in our church. Well. on know what he was panting for? I will close for this time. I hope

> holder monkeys crept nearer, and lashed at them with long switches, When the children drew in their legs, the wild monkeys laughed with

One saucy young chap swung close and gave Peggy a sharp ent with his switch "Ouch!" screamed Pcagy.

Rolls, the Wandering Monkey with a Dream Stick, turns Peggy, BUly Smiling Teacher and all Peggy's scheetmates into monkey. They jump through a circle on the blackboard and find themselves in Monkey-land. There they are surrounded by real, wild monkeys. That was too much for Billy to stand. He gave a leap to a vine above the head of the saucy wild money and in another second his long tail was twined tightly around the neck of the surprised young chap. Then Billy swung the monkey back and forth, making believe that Shricking and chattering, the he was going to dash his brains out wild monkeys swept through the against the trunk of a tree. All the time he squeezed the mankey's neck harder and harder until he squeezed

all the breath out of him. "Wee-ce ck! Weekee-ek! He's going to kill Cheeky, the son of Chief Chatter-Chee!" screeched the monkeys, and they promptly scrambled back to a safe distance, chattering angrily "I'll not kill you if you go away

and leave us alone," answered Billy, "Wee-ee-ek! You've come to our bunting grounds to take our food," screeched the monkeys.

passing through your hunting of 25 squares, as shown in the picgrounds. We intend you no harm, We are peaceful spider monkeys like ture, and history tells how on one yourselves," answered Rollo.

monkeys, for their angry chatter died away and they grew quiet as one old monkey spoke for them.

"Wee-ee-ek! If you are friends, set free the son of our chief, and go in peace. I. Clinging Tail, promise that we will see you safely on your panes?"

"A square is always a rectangle, but a rectangle is not always a square. Now, William, how many rectangles can you count in that window of 25 panes?"

'You speak well, Clinging Tail," answered Rollo, and Billy, not waiting to hear more, swing young Cheeky up to the safety of a tree branch and let him go. "We-ee ek! We-ee-ek! Here's a

"Wee-ce-ck! My father will pay you for squeezing my neck," chattered Cheeky, but all the other monkeys just grinned in the friend-Peggy, Billy, Rollo, Smiling turned to kindness and instead of liest sort of a way. Their anger urging the children to go away, they The little girl turned and went had been turned into monkeys by begged them to stay and visit

> But Clinging Tail, looking at Smiling Teacher, did not join in these Describe me who can! urgings. Instead be called Billy and I am sometimes a woman. Rolla aside and whispered a warn-

What Became of Ann?

Any direction.

"We ee ek! We ee ek! They have bears that there is a fair young lady minchey with you. He is looking for arithmetic. He was working in a new mate, and will be sure to field with a Dutchman when they pupples.

The was working in a new mate, and will be sure to field with a Dutchman when they pupples.

# Worth \$5,000,000, for her rich uncle. Bats Are Humiliated Because They Are Neither Birds, Beasts Nor Fish.

By MARGARET M'SHANE.

(Twenty-third Story of the Night. Moonbeam never ran so fast in her life, as when chasing after the

He darted so quickly in and our of the dense wood, that soon Mr. Owl was on the wrong track, and the last thing Moonbeam saw or him was when he dropped, gasping for breath, on the projecting stump

He was there but a few minutes, however, when he let out three weird who who who ooo ooos, This call was for Moonbeam, but Miller park nearly every day. This by now she and the bat were far is the first year I have been on the ahead, flying in the opposite direcahead, flying in the opposite direc-

> Suddenly Billy Bat swung onto a . naked branch and Moonheam flopped down in the center of a spreading leaf.

The rapid flight through the but soon Billy Bat recovered suc-

ficiently to exclaim:
"Old Hooty Owl had a run for

small, only about three inches long, looked at his wife, who was hanging Bird."
and they were dressed alike in soft beside him on the branch with her. The Eagle spoke solounly, "Re-

The rapid flight through the woods made them both breathless, were suspended by their heels. Suddenly Billy turned about and bung to the branch with his thumbs. "These are two very queer looking

his life that time. I reckon his creatures, said Moonpeau.

sides are beating might hard by are so much like Birds—but they ing in the way of its perfect happinow. Hooty thinks he is the swift cannot be birds, for they have long to the way of its perfect happiness, thing on wings, so I decided tails, large cars, teeth and they wear thick fur overcoats. Ar'nt they "Well," aid the Mouse. "All my "Well," aid the mouse. "All my "Well," aid the mouse. "All my his life that time. I reckon his creatures, said Moonbeam. They for there was only one thing standto show him tonight to... there was thick fur overcoats. Arint they

brows together in a worned frown,

personal question. If you belonged "Well, it shalf be done," replied to earth, Lassure you, it would never the Lagic - And now you or went on Bully it already.

Moonbeam sat silently, thinking teally belong, how foolish shows to have asked the question. Maybe she had been the splace Mother Nature placed her with the gods had endowed him in-

plied with the most period grace the secon has birds when we are not, "You must pardon me if I have compelling us to appear takes seemed rude, but both of you interest me greatly, pour so, in fact, than anyone I have met on earth," take appearance, never brings hape "Well" herein Bills, Bet The "Well," began Billy Bat, "to re- piness semble a bird the daintiest and the hard fate to bear?

#### The Bat's Story.

"Ages and ages ago, an ancestor of ours, a Mouse, did an act of heroic kindness to one of the cagles

of Jupiter.
. "The bird was deeply grateful and promised to give the Mouse in return anything that it desired, "Mention any request, said the Eagle, and in the name of my Master, Impiter, I will give it to

"Great was the joy of the Mouse,

hie I have loathed living among the It was all she could do to keep brasts. To me they are coarse and "Well, I am glad you reached home, whole, my dear. Bats are blowness whole, my dear bats are blowness over delicious owl delicates, you know, spoke a voice from the branch above.

It was all she could no to seep brasts. To, me they are coarse and from laughing they seemed so any low-horn. The utilities and restricted and not a day or an hour passes, that I do not long to live amusement, and said:

"Please, Mr. Bat, I would like to among them. If you could but give grip. Moonbeam looked up and saw a usk you something. Are you Birds, the wings this, the greatest wish of Bat, executly like Billy, banging to or are you not?"

The same tree. Both were very Billy Bat's eyes opened wide. He that moment, I too would be a

coats of dark brown fur, tipped wings half spread as if contemplat- flect well, he said, wings alone with silver white. They hung from the branches and whispered something in her ear, member also that Mother Nature with their heads down, and they. Moonbeam could not hear what he has formed each one of us for the

said, but she saw Mrs. But draw her place in life we are to 6.7." brows together in a worried frown. "I have thought among it well and then pause, and then, nod her head long," said the Mouse, "and I am the assent.

Turning to Moonbeam he said could a heast five among these cul-"What you have asked is a most fixated waiged people of the air."

be answered. But since you are, "And now conject," went on Billy who you are. Moonbeam, a child of Bat, "these wings that our great Olympus, it will do no harm for great grandfighter beense most you to know our story. But it rems longed for instead of hemg his very strange that you do not know bridly prevented him and us from walking on the ground where we

"Our story gors on to say that so most perfect being on amgs and hum hated was great great grand then to be only a Bat-is it not a father Mouse, that henceforth he ventured out into the world only at Night, when all other treaturehad retired

# Ned

He was only a tramp of the "Board vard" brees.

With no pedance or style. Birt his eyes were bright, like the stars at ment:

On his race there was a smile. So I stopped and patted his uneven

Or yellow and brack and tan-And in a sort of a way he seemed Government You're ust the right sort of a

didn't con lo mare. gave him a to milk and some crack to the

and made had a mee little bed. M im and no to or the pup and won't give hour up

And tomerous we'll christen him -I rould B. Rutherford,

# OUR PUZZLE GYM.

# A TRAINING FOR NIMBLE WITS

Director—SAM LOYD

Coperight, 140 by Sam Loyd

# ANN HATHAWAY'S PUZZLE



Ann Hathway's Puzzie. EIGHTERNTH WEEK PUZZLES Wee-ee-ek! We are only triends standing near Stratford, is a window keeping. There was \$1,000." becasion the English maid confused This answer seemed to satisfy the the mighty intellect of the Bard of Avoil with the following problem: "A square is always a rectangle, but panes?"

Elevator Boy's Puzzle.

Said, Billy Binks, the diplomatic elevator boy "You'll have to draw lots for the first trip. I can carry five ladies and eight gents, or six ladies and twelve kids, or ten kids and six

gents. Of course, the ladies went first so who can tell just how many fair passengers Billy Binks was able to "take up" on one trip?

A Rebus. You cat me, you drink me; And sometimes a man.

How Wit Wins. field with a Dutchman when they choose her. That would be a sad, uncarthed a box of silver coins. The discover the valuable contents.

"for the whole business is mine. It is a bit of money left me by an In Ann/Hathway's cottage, still mucle, and I buried it here for safe

"All right with that," replied the Detchman, as he caught onto the bait. "If you tell me how much money there is in the box it's yours. if you miss she's mine."

"That's fair, and you have the instincts of a gentleman," replied Pat as he made a quick mental calcus lation from the weight of the boxthat it contained something between \$50 and \$350. "I sent \$642.53 to my emother in the old country, so add that amount to what there is in the

"That is done so quick," said the Dutchman. "Then deduct that amount from

the sum of \$1,000 which was left me," said Pat. "Done again," said the Dutchman. "Now deduct those figures from \$357.47, which I had to pay the lawyers, and it leaves the exact

"That's right to a penny," said the Dutchman, after he had counted it carefully," and it proves that you are an honest man." It is not everyone that can see

find in the box."

through Par's mathematical trick-Puppies and Profits.

An animal dealer bought a number he story I am going to tell you keys, showing their teeth. At that sad fate,"
about a little girl.

Ann's father and mothers were the trees and to hurl them at the warning to Smiling Teacher, how he was first to break it open and the puppies and \$2 for a pair of rabbits. He sold them at an advance

posed of all but seven he had re- ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ceived just the amount of his investment, so that his profit was represented by the remaining seven ani- A straightline across the clock mals. What are the seven worth at which cuts haven the 3 and 4 and

# Toying With Treasure.

A miser who hoarded up a quality or \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold pieces used to keep the same in five bags. each of which contained similar coins. While toying with his treasare he would divide it into four piles. all exactly alike; then, to be certain none was lost, he would take two of the piles and construct three piles. each containing similar coins.

What is the least amount of money that the miser could have possessed under the circumstances?

## Guess This Word.

Iwo words which denote what old Shylock will hold On your house or your land ere he lends you his gold. Enjoined, name a being who wan-

ders from home, in many strange climates may sojourn or roam. But whereer he may be, in town, country or strand He can never exist in his own na

tive land.

17/LES "Schoo House Clock."

the 9 and II divides the dial into halves each ( which contains numbers footing in 39,

# "Pictre Arithmetic."

BAR plus MUFF minus ARM plus BUS pis HALO minus BUSH leaves BUFALO. WASP mas P plus HINGE nous E pt TON leaves WASH-

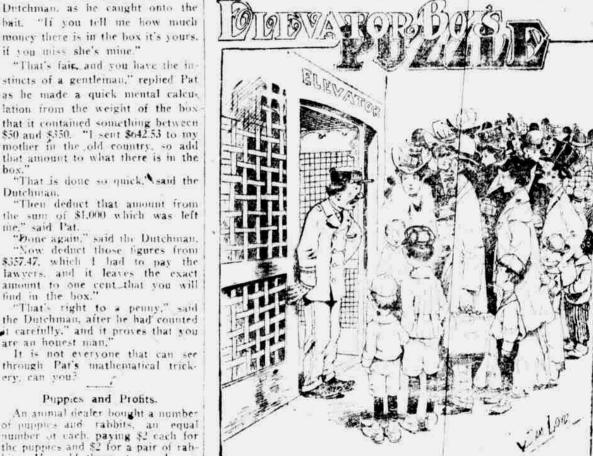
'TwentyConcealed Towns.' Brighton Froy, Hanover, Salem. Weare, Bagor, Athens, Benton. Brooklin, Jimel, Deering, Dover,

Gorham Maville, Warren, Ashton, Bethel, Letnon, Norfolk, Orange "Mann the Landscape." Brow. Hid. Roston, Foot, Arms. Neck. Fact Teeth. Waste (waist)

Finger, Hall, Soul. Bones, Sinews. Side and It. "liminating R." Tear, Drsc. Broom, Strand. Crow. Shor. Gray, Reel. Brass.

Ahyming Rebus." The wor PLEDGE.

Chart Wry Brand.



"Go softly" said the, Irishman, of 10 per cent. When he had dis-KEEP YOUR ANSWERS TO COMPARE WITH SOLUTIONS ONE WEEK FROM DOAY