

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

Smiles.

By Sylvia Bohm, Age 11, Avoca, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I am sending you a story of my own, which I hope to win a prize:

Poor lame Jennie sat at her window, looking out upon the dismal, narrow street, with a look of pain and weariness on her face. "Oh, dear," she said with a sigh, "What a long day this is going to be," and she looked wishfully up the street. Suddenly she leaned forward and pressed her pale face against the glass, as a rosy-cheeked boy came racing down the street, swinging his school books by the strap. Looking up to the window, he took off his hat and bowed with a bright pleasant smile.

"What a nice boy he is," said Jennie to herself, as he ran out of sight. "I am so glad he goes by here on his way to school. When he smiles it seems like having sunshine. I wish everybody who goes by would look up and smile."

"Mamma," said George West, as he came from school, "I can't help thinking about that poor little girl I told you about the other day. She looks so tired. I took off my hat and bowed to her today. I wish I could do something for her."

"Suppose you should carry her a handful of flowers some time when you go to school," said Mrs. West. "I'll do that tomorrow morning," said George. "If I can find my way into the rickety old house."

The next morning, as Jennie sat leaning her head wearily against the window, watching the rain drops chasing down, she spied George with a handful of flowers. He stopped in front of her window, and smiling very nicely, said: "How shall I find the way to your room?"

Jennie pointed to an alley near by, where he turned in, and with some difficulty found his way to the staircase. Opening the door to Jennie's gentle, "Come in," he said, "I have brought you a handful of flowers to look at this rainy day."

"Are they for me?" exclaimed Jennie, clapping her hands in delight. "How kind you are," she continued. As George laid them in her lap, "I have not had a flower since we lived in the city."

"Did you use to live in the country?" asked George. "Oh, yes," answered Jennie, "we used to live in a beautiful cottage, and there were trees and flowers and green grass. 'Well, what made you move here?'" "Oh," said Jennie, softly, "papa died, and mamma was sick so long that the money was all gone. Then mamma had to sell the cottage, and she moved here to try to get work to do."

"Do you have to sit here all day?" asked George. "Yes," said Jennie, "mamma says, may be we should forget the Lord if we had everything we wanted. And He never forgets us, you know!"

"Well, I must rush for school," said George, not knowing what to say next.

"Mamma," said George, that evening, after he had told her about Jennie, "papa must give them some money."

"No," said his mother; "he can not do that, and they would not wish him to do so; but perhaps he can help them some way so they may live more comfortably. But there is something else that will do more good."

"What is that, mamma: smiles?" asked George. "Yes," answered his mother; "and it is a good plan to throw in a kind word or two with the smile if you can."

(Honorable Mention.)

The New Year Resolution.
By Dorothy McQuarrie, Aged 14, Blair, Neb.

"Jacqueline, where are you?" called Mrs. Wyman one day.

"Here," said Jacqueline, coming out of the library with several school books in her arms.

"Please mail this letter when you go to school then," said her mother. "You know Aunt Amy wrote us that she would come and visit if we cared to have her. I am writing her to be sure and come."

"All right," answered Jacqueline, putting the letter in her pocket. "And oh, mother, I've made a dandy resolution. I'm always so forgetful and I'm going to overcome it." "That's fine, Jacqueline," said Mrs. Wyman. "I know you'll try."

After a hurried goodby Jacqueline rushed out. She was about a block from her home, when she remembered that she had forgotten a book, so she hurriedly ran back after it.

It was several days later, and Jacqueline sat by the fire in the library.

"I've lived up to my resolution so far," she thought. "Oh, I guess I had better look up about Lafayette." She pulled the volume from the shelf and had opened it, when an envelope fell to her feet. She picked it up and—Jacqueline nearly fainted, for it was the letter her mother had given her to mail. She now remembered that she had gone back after it.

this very nook and had slipped the letter between its pages.

She made her way to her mother and father and told them all about it. The tears gathered in her eyes as she said,

"I've not only made Aunt Amy angry, but I've not kept my resolution."

Her father telephoned to her aunt and her mother said:

"Now, Jacqueline, I know you'll never forget again."

My Lost Kitten.

By Mary Andersen, Aged 10, Blair, Neb.
One day quite a while ago a little kitten came here. It was just what I wanted. So I gave her a good bed and something good to eat. I thought sure she would like her new home, but at 7 or 8 o'clock next morning I found out she didn't. I put Snowball to bed, as Snowball was her name now. I am sure that name suited her because she was snow white.

I went to bed at 9 o'clock dreaming that Snowball and I would do next day. But next morning when I got up she was gone. At first I felt sorry, then very mad to think after such good treatment as she received from us she would act in such a way. Of course I hunted every place, asked everyone if they had seen a stray cat. I waited for her to return home, but no little Snowball seemed to come. I guess it was me or the house she didn't like. But if you ever see a stray cat with little gray eyes, please return her to me.

My Doll House.
Dear Busy Bee:

This is my second letter to you. I am in the Fourth A at school. I like my teacher, her name is Miss Phillipott. As I saw my letter in print last time I will write again. I am going to tell you about my doll house. Two Xmas ago I got a doll bed and furniture. I made some pillows and pillow covers. Then I put a sheet on the bottom of the bed. I made a quilt and put it on. Then I put a bed spread. Last Xmas I got two dolls and a set of dishes. For my birthday I got a doll buggy. At school we play marbles and spin tops.

I will write again.

the bed in the bed room in the play house. I put a trunk in the bed room and chair and a rug. Then the bed room was finished. I put a settee in the parlor and a chair and a rug. Then it was finished. For a kitchen I have a table, a clothes basket, and a cupboard. I think it is a pretty nice house. Well good bye Busy Bee.

First Letter.
By Marie Hamm, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Dear Busy Bee: This is the first

time I have written to you. I read the children's page every Sunday

and find much pleasure in it. I am

sending a short but true story to

the Busy Bees.

There once lived an old man in

the great west. He built a little

cabin in a large mountain facing the

muddy waters of the Yellowstone

river. Indians were very hostile at

this time and this is why he chose

to make his home in the mountain,

only for protection.

He lived here many years alone.

He fed upon the wild game he

hunted and the fish he caught. No-

body knows of the hardships he had

to bear. It happened one evening,

while all the world was slumbering,

that some Indians were wandering

about these mountains. They found

the old man in his little cabin and

killed him. There is nothing left

to tell this pitiful tale except his dis-

persed cabin.

I wish some of the Busy Bees

would write to me.

Life on the Farm.
By Robert Donahue, Aged 10, Council Bluffs, Ia.

I live on a farm, its name is Sleepy Hollow farm. We have four

cows and four calves. Their names

are Boss, Bunt, Blacky, and Red;

the calves are Belle, Spot, Sport,

Teddy.

I milk one cow, feed 11 pigs, get

the cows and feed them. I did have

a dog that was yellow and white. I

called him Colly. I got him when

he was a little pup and I had him two

years. He then died. I have a cow

and calf I like very much.

We have 20 acres of land and I

am in the fifth grade. Have any of

you had the flu. I have not, but all of

the neighbors have it.

I will write again.

A New Bee.
By Curtis McGaffin, Aged 10, Bruning, Neb.

Dear Busy Bee: This is the

second time I have written to you.

I am 10 years old and in the Fifth

grade at school. I ranked one in

my grade this quarter and last. My

father is editor of the Bruning Ban-

ner. When we do not have any

school I work in the office. I read

the children's letters every Sunday.

At school we play marbles and spin

tops.

I will write again.

be seen they had felt his fury in the past.

But to Smiling Teacher, the anger of Chief Chatter-Chee instead of being frightful was only comical. She chuckled and giggled and enjoyed the sight so much that Clinging-Tail couldn't budge her a step.

Thus it happened that Chief Chatter-Chee, chasing after Cheeky in the hunt for Billy, came face to face with Smiling Teacher, while she was still chuckling. Chief Chatter-Chee stopped short with such a surprised look that Smiling Teacher giggled harder than ever. She just couldn't help it. The wild monkeys gave cries of fright. They expected to see Chief Chatter-Chee burst into a mad fury.

But Chief Chatter-Chee didn't. Instead he forgot all about his anger and all about the hunt for Billy. He only smiled.

"Oh, Lady Monkey, you are fair," he chattered. "Lady Monkey, you shall be my mate and rule Monkeyland with me."

At that Smiling Teacher's giggles died in her throat, for Chief Chatter-Chee seized her by the arm and dragged her powerfully up, up to the very tiptop branches of the trees.

"No, no, I do not want to be your mate! You are cruel, cruel!" she shrieked.

"Yes, he is cruel, cruel, and he has killed mate after mate with his cruelty. She must be saved!" muttered Clinging-Tail.

Billy darted out of his hiding place to go to the rescue. At that moment, however, Smiling Teacher came tumbling down from the tree tops, with Chief Chatter-Chee chasing after her.

Rollo, the Wandering Monkey, sprang forward to meet them. In his hand was the Dream Stick with which he had turned Smiling Teacher and the children into monkeys. He aimed a blow at Chief Chatter-Chee, but Smiling Teacher swung into his path, and the Dream Stick struck her instead.

In an instant it turned her back into herself, and there she was, a frightened young woman, clinging, trembling to a tree branch high above the ground.

This change startled the wild monkeys. With frightened screams they fled away—all except Chief Chatter-Chee.

"Magic!" he shrieked. "The magic of the Dream Stick."

With a quick leap he jerked the Dream Stick away from Rollo and struck one of the children. Instantly the pupil changed back from a monkey to a boy. Shrieking loudly, Chief Chatter-Chee struck at the other children, and each time the stick struck, a monkey turned into a boy or girl.

Rollo seized Peggy and Billy be-

fore Chatter-Chee reached them and dragged them into Billy's hiding place in the hollow tree. All the wild monkeys quailed before Chief Chatter-Chee's anger and it was plain to

them that he had gone back after it.

It was several days later, and Jacqueline sat by the fire in the library.

"I've lived up to my resolution so far," she thought. "Oh, I guess I had better look up about Lafayette."

After a hurried goodby Jacqueline rushed out. She was about a block from her home, when she remembered that she had forgotten a book, so she hurriedly ran back after it.

It was several days later, and Jacqueline sat by the fire in the library.

"I've lived up to my resolution so far," she thought. "Oh, I guess I had better look up about Lafayette."

After a hurried goodby Jacqueline rushed out. She was about a block from her home, when she remembered that she had forgotten a book, so she hurriedly ran back after it.

It was several days later, and Jacqueline sat by the fire in the library.

"I've lived up to my resolution so far," she thought. "Oh, I guess I had better look up about Lafayette."

After a hurried goodby Jacqueline rushed out. She was about a block from her home, when she remembered that she had forgotten a book, so she hurriedly ran back after it.

It was several days later, and Jacqueline sat by the fire in the library.

"I've lived up to my resolution so far," she thought. "Oh, I guess I had better look up about Lafayette."

After a hurried goodby Jacqueline rushed out. She was about a block from her home, when she remembered that she had forgotten a book, so she hurriedly ran back after it.

It was several days later, and Jacqueline sat by the fire in the library.

"I've lived up to my resolution so far," she thought. "Oh, I guess I had better look up about Lafayette."

After a hurried goodby Jacqueline rushed out. She was about a block from her home, when she remembered that she had forgotten a book, so she hurriedly ran back after it.

It was several days later, and Jacqueline sat by the fire in the library.

"I've lived up to my resolution so far," she thought. "Oh, I guess I had better look up about Lafayette."

After a hurried goodby Jacqueline rushed out. She was about a block from her home, when she remembered that she had forgotten a book, so she hurriedly ran back after it.

It was several days later, and Jacqueline sat by the fire in the library.</