

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



In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

Smiles.

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, and took off her 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 the glass, she spied George with a handful of flowers. He stepped 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 stairway. 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. They 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 we had to 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 McQueen, 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 the 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

this very book 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 telegraphed to her aunt and her mother said: "Now, Jacqueline, I know you'll never forget again."

My Lost Kitten.
By Mary Anderson, 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 of what 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 Bees:

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. I have a rocking chair. Then I put

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

At that Smiling Teacher giggled in her throat, for Chief Chatter-Chee had seized her by the arm and dragged her powerfully up, up to the very treetops 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 into a boy or girl.

Rollo seized Peggy and Billy before Chatter-Chee reached them and dragged them into Billy's hiding place in the hollow tree. "Lay low!" he whispered. "Now we are in for a lot of trouble."

neck, and the chief will seek to punish you."

"But who will protect Smiling Teacher?" asked Billy. "I'll hide her, too," answered Clinging-Tail. Darting into the excited crowd of chattering monkeys, he tried to lead Smiling Teacher away. She had not been warned of the danger, however, and was eager to see Chief Chatter-Chee, who just then burst into the crowd, at the head of a lively, swaggering band of monkey braves.

the bed in the bedroom in the play house. I put a trunk in the bedroom and chair and a rug. Then the bedroom 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 Bees.

First Letter.
By Marie Hannah, Council Bluffs, Ia.
Dear Busy Bees: 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. Nobody 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 deserted cabin.

I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.

Life on the Farm.
By Robert Donahoe, 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 McGuffin, Aged 10, Bruning, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: 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 Banner. 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.

Referring to the popular legend of the settlement of Martha's Vineyard, it may be that there is a possible story which is worthy of being given in puzzle form.

It is told how in colonial days one of the sturdy settlers who had undertaken the difficult task of cultivating the rocky soil of that barren island essayed, with the aid of his little daughter, Martha, to set out a vineyard. To encourage her he permitted Martha to cultivate for her own profit a little square patch, and to make it more exclusively her own Martha asked for a fence around it.

"All right," said her father, "there's a pile of logs we can use for the posts. You count them and tell me just how far apart you want them set."

Martha made her calculations and reported to her father as follows: "I find that if we put the poles two feet apart we shall be short 110 poles, whereas if they are planted two yards apart, there will be 90 poles left over."

Now from the simple facts concerning the fence poles who can tell just how many square feet there were in Martha's Vineyard?

A Charade.
My first is 4-6 of a step that is long.
My second a person of state.
My whole is a thing that we know to be wrong.
As showing a symptom of hate.

Alphabetical Decapitations.
Paraphrasing a few of Josh Billings' bite sayings we present an innovation in decapitation puzzles: Insert a word in the first blank space, which with the first letter omitted must be placed in the second space.

The removed letters taken in their regular order will give one of Josh's famous proverbs: "Ideal" answers the first.

Billy Bat Tells Moonbeam The Secrets of His Life—And His Lovely Wings

perior—to those of man. Such gifts always hold more than one talent you know.

"But why did you wish your great, great grandfather Mouse to be satisfied with his lot. You would never have received wings if he had."

"Because Moonbeam, we are quadrupeds, but still we cannot walk. See what a hard time I have trying to take a step."

And Billy Bat jumped down from the tree and started to walk. It really was funny. At the first step his hind legs twisted around in such a way that his knees bent backwards, and his walk became a flapping shuffle.

Moonbeam had not the heart to laugh, for she saw from the expression of his face that he was much annoyed.

However, he was very, very brave and he walked on a few steps farther, swallowing a mouthful of pride at every step. Finally Moonbeam exclaimed: "Oh Fiddlesticks, Billy Bat, why do you care if you do not walk well. You fly so magnificently, even more beautifully than the birds of the air."

"When on wings you turn wonderfully, double over your path with the most marvelous precision, and dart here and there so rapidly and so gracefully. Never once do you strike anything in your course. If the best flyer in birdland would attempt to copy your doings on the wing, he would very soon come to grief."

"So you see, Billy Bat, the Eagle of Jupiter gave you more than just Bird wings. He gave you also the power to use them more skillfully, than these very birds that your ancestor envied so."

"My dear Moonbeam," said Billy Bat dropping his eyes modestly. "You flatter me too much. Let me flatter you too much. Indeed I do not, Billy."

Remember I followed after you tonight, and I tell you I have chased shooting stars all my life—and they travel mighty fast and in the most unobscured directions, too, but never did I go through such aerial gymnastics as when following you. Please never again wish you had not wings, Billy Bat. But I am so glad you told me the story."

"Well you may feel proud, Moonbeam, for I have never told anyone but you."

"Vagrant Dogs and Cats." About the meanest thing that a person can do is to go away from home, or move to another place, and leave the family cat to die from starvation or abuse. It is better, a thousand times better, to have it painlessly destroyed than to leave it to a lingering or tragic death. The same is true in regard to the tramp and vagrant dogs. We commend very strongly to our anticruelty societies to make it a part of their work to look after these vagrant animals and to either find them good homes or to humanely put them out of their suffering. W. O. S.

The Sunbeams.
By Lillian Nelson, Aged 10, Weibach, Neb.

Five little sunbeams playing in the sun all were merry and happy but one. This naughty little sunbeam pouted and looked all day. The other four sunbeams had a notion to shove him away.

But this the four sunbeams did not have. Because the fifth little sunbeam done this all by himself. He told the other sunbeams that he would run away and leave them all alone. They would play themselves to play.

So off went naughty sunbeam all by himself to play of himself. You soon he felt kind of lonesome. As he wandered in the way. When one day this little sunbeam said: "I wish that I had stayed where all my sisters and brothers are, at home, where they played."

He soon found the trail again and off to home he went. And when he reached his home. They said: "Aren't you sorry, Lent?" He said: "I am," and you may be sure that Lent is playing yet with his sisters and brothers that love him more, and we all do this.

Bill; the poor fellow may be ——. 21. Popular — justified the word, but this — critic called it slang. 22. The fond wife who wished to select a set of — furs to suit her hubby has not yet been — to please him. 23. The tourists raved over the — ruins and — so long in their admiration that they raved over the cold dinner they got. 24. They vowed — to go to sea again if — they reached the shore alive. 25. Merchants have — from poverty to wealth, by joining forces with competitors —; interests are sometimes better than rivalry. 26. When we asked him how he liked his first ride in the cars he said he would stick to his old — for the remainder of his days. 27. It is well to — a thief, but the timid man takes — not to catch him.

The Cost of Eats. "This seems rather steep," protested Algy, "60 cents for two simple luncheons." "Wartime prices," replied the pretty waitress, "and besides I served three pieces of pie." "That's true, and you ate two of them," remarked Percy to Algy, "but we were even on the rest of the spread which amounted to 36 cents more than the three pieces of pie. I'll owe you my share of the bill." How much does Percy owe Algy?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.
"Ann Hathaway's Puzzle." In the 25 pane window of Ann Hathaway's cottage can be counted 25 different rectangles.
"Elevator Boy's Puzzle." Billy Bink's schedule showed that men, women and children were in

the ratio of 3, 4 and 5, and that the elevator could accommodate 12 men, 15 women or 20 children. To prove Billy's figures, let us assume that a "kid" weighed 60 pounds, a woman 80 and a "gent" 100 pounds. He stated that he could carry "five ladies and eight gents"—1,200 pounds; or "sixty ladies and 12 kids"—1,200 pounds; or "10 kids and six gents"—1,200 pounds. The answer to the problem is that 15 ladies were carried on the first trip.

"A Rebus." The answer is A TOAST.
"Puppies and Profits." The dealer must have purchased 44 puppies for \$88 and 22 pairs of rabbits at \$2 per pair, a total of \$132. He sold 39 dogs at \$2.20 each and 21 pairs of rabbits at \$2.20 per pair, thereby getting back his outlay of \$132. The seven remaining animals would retail for a total of \$13.20, 10 per cent upon his original investment.
"Toying With Treasure." The miser must have had not less than 60 coins of each denomination which would make a total of \$2,100.
"How Wit Wins." Let us call the amount of money in the box, X and it becomes a simple matter to explain how "I put one over" on the Dutchman. He subtracted \$642.53 plus X from the original \$1,000; which left \$357.47 minus X. Now subtract \$357.47 minus X from \$357.47 and, of course, X remains.
"Guess This Word." The word ALIEN.

OUR PUZZLE GYM

A TRAINING FOR NIMBLE WITS

Director—SAM LOYD

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THE PUZZLE OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD



Let us see how quickly you can guess the others.

1. The — way of doing business is to — strictly for cash.
2. When a — bursts it is very important to restrain your —.
3. We ate six — and fed six — of corn to our horses.
4. We hurled a heavy — stone at the — and demolished the lock.
5. It may be well said that to — for a thing is not so good as to resolve to — it.

6. The horses were all fed in the —, but we all dined at the —.
7. Don't — a hornet or you will be apt to say —.
8. It was — to the strong wind he was unable to shoot the birds on the —.
9. As — are warm-blooded little animals, they are not partial to set.

10. Some — started — about their neighbors.
11. The cannibal told the missionary that his wife looked so — that she was fit to —.
12. Our — thought the water was too deep for the horses to wade through the —.
13. Madam, you should understand that when you sold, what was — became —.
14. The gate was held — for the prisoners to enter the —, then it was closed for the night.

15. When one goes to the — nothing is — than that he is financially going to the dogs.
16. "When we — home," said the hokey boys, "— must take his own medicine."
17. "We will — unnecessary argument," said the summer girl, as she handed him the —.
18. "Now — do you think of this," asked the young wife. "We have no more use for grandmother's — than you have for a hoop-skirt."
19. "You are said to have — when you find that you have not even — for a nest egg," said a very practical old man.
20. Never — or get mad at a collector for coming late with a

KEEP YOUR ANSWERS TO COMPARE WITH SOLUTIONS ONE WEEK FROM TODAY

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

(Rollo, the Wandering Monkey, with Dream Stick, turns Peggy, Billy, Smiling Teacher and all Peggy's schoolmates into monkeys. 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. I have a rocking chair. Then I put

CHAPTER IV.
Chief Chatter-Chee.

"Chief Chatter-Chee! Chief Chatter-Chee!" cried the wild monkeys loudly when Cheeky shrieked out that his father was coming. They seemed afraid of their children.

Clinging-Tail, the friendly old monkey, grabbed Billy by the arm and drew him behind a mass of vines that hid a hole in a hollow tree. He shoved Billy into the hole and pulled the vines in front of him. "Stay there!" he hissed. "Cheeky will tell his father, Chief Chatter-Chee, about how you squeezed his

neck, and the chief will seek to punish you."

"But who will protect Smiling Teacher?" asked Billy. "I'll hide her, too," answered Clinging-Tail. Darting into the excited crowd of chattering monkeys, he tried to lead Smiling Teacher away. She had not been warned of the danger, however, and was eager to see Chief Chatter-Chee, who just then burst into the crowd, at the head of a lively, swaggering band of monkey braves.

"Father! Father! A strange monkey squeezed my neck," wailed young Cheeky.

Chief Chatter-Chee, a bristling, fierce-looking chap, flew into a quick rage.

"We see-ek! Who has dared to touch my son? Show him to me!" Cheeky rushed around trying to find Billy, but Billy was safely hidden in the hollow tree. All the wild monkeys quailed before Chief Chatter-Chee's anger and it was plain to

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