

Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

In the Bee Hive
Stories by Our Little Folks

Where Tom Found His Manners.
By Rachel Bauer, 47 New York Ave., Hastings, Neb.
Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was cross to the servants. One he kicked twice; but the dog growled and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

other girl got the shortest, so she was customer. "This will be my home," said the other girl crawling under the drooping branches of the evergreen tree. "All right, here's my store," she drew up a chair to the porch railing, ready for business. "Can I do anything for you?" she said to a lady advancing toward the counter.

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich you can spare me a drink of water." "We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you." The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he thought and, instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

"Yes, Have you any thread to match this?" she handed a strip of pink silk cloth to her. "I'll see," she drew the book from her lap, "Will this be all right?" "Yes, How much is it a spool?" "Ten cents." "I'll take two spools." She laid 20 cents on the counter, then departed.

Business went on as usual, and the lady came again. "Can you match —?" "Gay, come to supper!" ended the happy game.

Dear Busy Bees: This story is true. I was the storekeeper and my friend, the customer. I have tried to tell it as well as I can. I have not written to you before.

"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying on his back on the grass. He held out both his hands to Tom and drew him out of the ditch.

"Please help me out," said Tom, crying. "I will give you a dollar," said the boy, lying on his back on the grass. He held out both his hands to Tom and drew him out of the ditch.

"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying on his back on the grass. He held out both his hands to Tom and drew him out of the ditch.

"I am," said poor Tom, "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners."

Making Old Hearts Happy.
By Virginia Hickley, 421 11th St., Gretna, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I thought I would write you a story that I wrote.

One day a crowd of boys had been skating. Near the pond was a little house, where Grandpa and Grandma Swancy lived.

It happened that Mr. Swancy was cutting wood the same day. When the boys heard him they went over to the board fence that parted them and there they listened. This is what they heard: "Well, well, I sure am sorry that we can't have any Christmas next Thursday, but we will have to bear it."

This set the boys to thinking that they would like to give them a Christmas. So that night when they went home, they asked their parents if they could do this, and, of course, they said "yes."

A Wise Pony.
By Vera Gunderson, Omaha, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you page. I would like to join your club. I am in the Second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Jamieson. I will tell you a story of a Shetland pony I saw last summer when I was visiting my cousin.

We would go out in the field and play with the pony. We would have a lot of fun. We would run all over the field after her. One day my cousin got on her and she would not go because my cousin hit her. I told her it would go if she would talk nicely to her and throw her stick away. She did, and it went for her. We play with her every day.

My letter is getting long. I will try to write again, soon.

A New Bee.
By Hollis Ariens Hutchinson, Age 7, Fremont, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join your Bee Hive. This is the first time I have written to you. I am 7 years old and I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Barr. I have three pets, two ducks and one cat. My home is on the farm.

My First Letter.
By Margaret Wendeborn, Age 12 Years, Fremont, Neb.
This is my first letter to the Busy Bee Hive. I like it very much. I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade. I have one brother and one sister. Their names are Adolph and Dorothy. I am going to write more the next time.

Playing Store.
By Francis Johnson, 11 Years, Geneva, Neb.
What shall we play? asked one girl to another. "Dunno, whatever you want to," said the other, taking her last bite of candy.

The girls paused a moment, then one said: "I know. Pap gave me a book he used in his store with samples of thread on. You know the one I showed in school. One will be the storekeeper and the other customer. We'll draw straws. The one that gets the longest is storekeeper." She ran and came back with two straws in her hand, "choose." The

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE
By DADDY.
(Peggy and Billy hear that the king of the Wild Geese and beautiful Blue Goose have lost their children in the far north. Peggy and Billy, wishing to go to their aid, remember the fairy feathers left them by the geese in the spring, and are surprised when the feathers grow to the size of airships.)

CHAPTER II.
On the Wings of the Wind.
"Now we can sail away to Santa Claus land," shouted Billy when the fairy feathers stopped growing. "But maybe they will carry us some place else—perhaps out over the lake," suggested Peggy, who was just a bit doubtful, even though the dainty airships did look most inviting as they rested gently upon the hilltop.

The king of the Wild Geese said they would bring us to him and the Blue Goose. I'm going to



For the Live Boys of Omaha

A Night in Camp Gifford

Odors of cooking steaks and "twists" rise from the campfires of 30 scouts at Camp Gifford. We are spending Saturday night at camp and it is just 6:30. Gosh, those steaks are great! We cut them up into small squares and slip them on a smooth stick to broil over the fire. Scouts who like 'em with onions place a piece of onion between each square of steak.

Gathered around the campfire a little later we tell stories. The old story about Pat and Mike are circulated, and we spend a pleasant hour this way before going to bed. Taps blows at 9:30. "Lights out."

The night is clear and a few of the scouts have permission to stay out after taps and make star maps. The north star and the big dipper are pointed out, and we are told about the little bear made of stars that lies in the sky. Our scout manual contains pictures of the star formations and we take a flashlight to look at the pictures and see if we can identify the stars in the heavens.

Soon we, too, are in bed, and after what seems a few minutes of sleep, are awakened by reveille and turn out for a dip in the big swimming pool before eating breakfast.

Pine Tree Scouts Are Members De Luxe of Whole of Scouting

By RICHARD SCHOLES.
(Scribe of Pine Tree.)
Pine Tree scouting is the highest form of scouting known. Only scouts who have passed the tests raising them to the rank of first class scouts are eligible for membership.

System—that's what the Pine Tree patrol is famous for. Every scout must learn to do his bit, and must learn it well. Each scout has a number and a fixed duty. No. 1 is the senior patrol leader who directs the whole patrol; his assistant is No. 2, while No. 3 is the scribe who keeps the books, the library, the first aid kit and attends to publicity.

Omaha Boy Scout to Be Picked for Trip to European Battlefields

Who is to be the lucky Omaha Boy Scout who will get the free trip to England and probably France? That is the big question all local scouts are asking.

The International Scout Jamoree, arranged by the British Boy Scouts' association will be held in London in the Olympic stadium. More than 150 scouts will be in the American delegation.

The first class local council will send one scout, while 50 scouts will be sent from the second class council and 25 scouts from the non-council groups. Omaha will send one scout.

Hi-Y Bible Clubs

Friday night marks the close of the local Hi-Y Bible study clubs at the Y. M. C. A. Central, South and Commerce high school students have met weekly during the past six months to hear prominent speakers and to attend Bible study classes. A dinner, prepared by the Y. M. C. A. at a nominal cost, is also an attraction of the meetings.

Special programs have been arranged of entertainment by high school talent. One of the biggest meetings of the year was held the night of the Beatrice-Central game. More than 250 Central students and both foot balls team attended.

High School Students Have Divers Ways of Making "Pin Money"

High school students must eat, sleep and wear clothes. Going a little farther, how do students get money to enjoy life. You will naturally say that they get it from dad.

But here you are mistaken. Many of the students, a large number, earn their own living or help support themselves by working. They think it an honor and the workers are among the most popular students in school.

Every Sunday a story will be written about one way students have of making money. Write your experiences to Nathan E. Jacobs, Children Department, Omaha Bee.

Floyd C. Brown, Magician.
A unique way to earn money is to entertain as a magician. Floyd C. Brown, Central High senior, has spent hours studying the mystic art of Thurston and Houdini. Floyd has a regular magic wand now and everything necessary to be a magician.

Sammy Chipmunk Is Ever On Look-Out for Hawks And Other Murderers

By MARGARET McSHANE.
(Twenty-eighth story of the Night.)
Such a chatterer was Sammy Chipmunk!

Moonbeam did not have a chance to speak a word. Questions were popping on her tongue by the wholesale, but as soon as she opened her mouth to speak, Sammy would chatter on faster than ever.

He was a perfect picture as he rested on the wall with his little paws crossed on his breast.



His conversation consisted of chip, chip, chip, spoken very gleefully. In these few words he told Moonbeam lots about the neighbors, and everything about himself.

Tonight he sat very erectly. His little ears stuck up stiffly, his eyes opened wide apart and rarely, if ever, did they blink.

If it was not for the rapid beating of his sides he would pass for a stuffed squirrel.

Sammy was always on the lookout for danger.

This is why he selected the broad stair on which to entertain Miss Moonbeam. In these few words he told Moonbeam lots about the neighbors, and everything about himself.

It was more than just mere tail to Sammy. When he was cold or hot happy, sad or lonesome, the moonbeams rippled along his back, from the end of his beautiful tail to the farthest tips of his ears and into his little brain. Otherwise he was very much composed. His eyes never blinked like other peoples and his eyelids would never think of quivering like Moonbeam's scowled.

The shrill cry of a Hawk soaring overhead frightened poor little Sammy almost to death. He crouched motionlessly against the wall.

"Hawks are my greatest dread," he whispered quietly to Moonbeam as he watched the movements of the dark bird in the air above him. He invited Moonbeam to come along home with him "for there only," he said, "I feel real safe from prowlers."

So they jumped down from the wall and almost instantly they were at the front door of Sammy's house. He lived right underneath the same wall they were resting on, and but a few feet farther down. A bush, with thick branches shaded the entrance to his home and the front door was a little bit of a hole, three feet deep.

It was all they could do to get in. The door was so small, Moonbeam had to draw her silvery skirts close around her legs to keep them from rubbing against the sides of the hole.

Sammy, too, had to take great care of his tail as he crept in. But he held it just as straight as a rod and never once did it touch the walls of the entrance.

It was very plain that Sammy Chipmunk was mighty proud of that tail and Moonbeam did not blame him much.

It seemed more handsome than ever as it trailed after Sammy down the long corridor of his underground home.

It was in his little brain he carries a list of the location of these burrows and when at the first sound of danger away he darts like a flash of light. In a jiffy he is out of sight—somewhere else in safe quarters.

This keen sense of fear is always with Sammy because for years and years his family have been the prey of different animal birds, so by now it is a part of his nature to "feel afraid"—but he is perfectly unconscious of it—he calls it "watchfulness" and says "It is just a habit I have."

Moonbeam became very much interested in Sammy.

"Though he was something new to her and sort of an enigma, still he was so graceful," she thought to herself.

He reminded her of the little Elf she saw when she first came to earth. The one that lived inside of the tree and rang the blue bell to awaken the fairies.

She just could not keep her eyes off of him. It was as long as Sammy, large and bushy and how beautifully he handled it, most of the time holding it curled over his back.

After watching him closely Moonbeam saw that Mr. Sammy Chipmunk's tail was a real barometer.

Grade School Hikes

Grade school hikes conducted by R. F. Ellis of the Y. M. C. A. are proving very popular and successful. Boys from Highland Park, Florence, West Side and Benson have taken hikes with Mr. Ellis as leader. All declare that the best of times can be had on hikes.

Any group of grade school students who wish to take hikes on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons may do so by phoning Mr. Ellis at the Y. M. C. A.

It is claimed that 90 per cent of the women in this country buy ready-made clothes.

Hope to Turn Out First Class Lawyers By Holding Debates

Central High and Commerce High are going to "turn out" some excellent lawyers, if the debaters at these two schools keep arguing. Inter-class debates are popular in both schools. They also have debating clubs.

The students are taught to get on their feet and talk before any kind of an audience. It is good practice and in future years when John Doe becomes a famous orator some one will say, "I told you so. He was a debater at high school."

Our Puzzle Gym

CRISS CROSS READING.
LADY MINE can be banged to Maidenly in 26 moves of the blocks, as follows: M, L, A, I, N, E, Y, D, I, N, L, D, I, N, L, E, N, L, A, M, M, E, N, L, I, D.

Variable Annuities.
The three daughters together received \$35 per annum. The first year Phoebe, the eldest, was 10 years of age, Martha 8 and Mary Ann 2. They received, respectively, \$17.50, \$14 and \$3.50. Five years later, when the sixth payment was due, their combined wages amounted to 35. Phoebe received \$15, which was one-seventh less than she first received; Martha received \$13, being \$1 less than her first payment, while Mary Ann got \$7, or double her first share.

A Puzzling Luncheon.
The luncheon was worth 45 cents. John Spry contributed 24 cents worth and Tommy 21 cents worth. In dividing John's 25 cents Harry took 9 and Tommy 6, to equalize matters.

The Flagman's Puzzle.
The mathematical flagman says that two trains—one 132 feet long and the other 88—met and passed in three seconds, but when going in the same direction it took the faster

Criss-Cross Reading.
John Spry challenges us to discover a single word, which placed in the center of the shears so as to be read twice in going from "are" to "event," will complete his criss-cross sentence.
Can you find that word?

An Inquiring Mind.
On his morning stroll, Mr. Busybody encountered a laborer engaged in digging a hole.
"How deep is that hole?" inquired Mr. Busybody.
"Take a guess," replied the workman, who stood in the hole. "My height is exactly five feet and 10 inches."
"How much deeper are you going?" continued Mr. Busybody.
"I am going twice as deep," rejoined the laborer, "and then my head will be twice as far below ground as it is now above ground."
Mr. Busybody wants to know how deep that hole will be when finished? Can you tell him?

A Puzzle on Ice.
It is recorded that in a mile race, between two expert skaters the

Decapitating words.
Smelt, melt; Fannie, Annie; smash, mash; flag, lag.

Aviary Puzzle.
Here is a puzzle for the young folks. It is required to draw seven straight lines across the circle in such a way as to divide the aviary into separate compartments, each occupied by one bird.

Perhaps the grown-ups will have to be called in consultation for it's really not such a simple proposition as it might first appear.

AVIARY PUZZLE

Dot Puzzle

Mrs. Robin Looks Ahead.

"Forest Fay it will soon be May. Get in the web for my screen. It will be wise, for my babies' eyes—To make it of softest green.

Wind, wild wind, you have much to do. Errands on land and sea. Forget not, I pray, you're engaged in May To rock my cradle for me."

Conundrums.
Why is a postman's bag on the 14th of February like a confectionery's shop? There are many sweet things in it.

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he is aboard.

Why is a cook like a starving man? He kneads (needs) bread.

"Fizz-z sputter-r bang! Oh, what a horrid noise! What can be about it That pleases all the boys.

"Tweet, tweet, tr-r-rill! There is the sound for me! But boys and girls' opinions Never will agree."

AGAIN
"Why does it have to rain again, And muddle up the same again." The Robin sings a song of June And gently howls about again.

Before there's time to put again, The Jolly Sun comes out again.

She lets her temper cool again, And hurries off to school again.

While Robin sings a song of June, There goes that April Fool again!

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.