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

# the Bee Hive

#### Stories by Our Little Folks

By Gertrude Pawloski, Aged 9 Years, Farwell, Neb.

doctor lived in their town. But be-

Once upon a time there lived two

First Letter.

By Francis De Bou, Silver Creek, Neb. Route 2, Box 3.

I have two little sisters,

will write again, some time,

A New Bee.

By Lelia Peterson, Aged 12 Years, Osceola, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: This is the first

letter I have written to you. I en-

joy reading your page very much. I am in the Eighth grade at school.

sit down out in the yard, they wuold

come and jump in my lap. Every night I would pick them up in my

Arlene's Valentine.

By Emma Becwar, Aged 10, Exeter. Neb. It was three days before Valen-

apron to feed them.

valentine box at school.

pretty valentine from Alice.

and Arlene were friends ever after.

on the chair and she sits down and

waits until we tell her to come

down. Every day she meets us on our way coming home from school,

with something she would jump

She is a real car dog, if we are get-

ting ready to go somewhere she is

There are 15 pupils in my

is our baby.

One day in fall a family was

(Prize.)

A Story of Thrift.

By Rose Becwar, Aged 13, Exeter, Neb.

Once there was a girl named Gertrude. She had two sisters. Their raking up their yard to get rid of names were Violet and Emily. One the falling leaves. Their Father's day their parents gave each one of birthday was drawing near and they the girls a quarter to spend in any intended to give a birthday party way they wished.

As soon as Emily get hers off she burning the leaves and did not pay ran to the candy store and there much attention to the baby, who bought more candy than she could was standing near. The baby fell upon the fire and began to cry and she bought some ice cream. she bought some ice cream.

Violet was walking around, not knowing what she should buy, when she met her friend, Mildred, with a pretty necklace around her to the neighboring town, for no

"Oh, Mildred," she cried, "where did you get that pretty necklace?"
"At the jewelry store," replied Mildred, "and it only cost 25 cents."
"That is just the thing," thought Violet, and she went to buy it.
But Gertrude could not think of anything to do with her money. She anything to do with her money. She mother was very careful and nothhad always wanted a pretty ring, which she had often seen at the store, but she thought she would buy something else. I enjoy the Children's page very much. So goodbye, Busy Bees. just as she was turning one of the

street corners she noticed a picture in one of the windows. It was a peture of some wounded soldiers.

The Twins.

By Ruby Boyce, Aged 9 Years, Omaha.

Neb.

Once upon a time there lived two This gave Gertrude a thought. She went to the bank and bought a thrift stamp, and so started a thrift stamp card. She soon filled it with stamps, which she bought with money she carned by running errands.

Once upon a time there lived two twins. Their names were Ruth and Mary. They were each 9 years old. They lived on a big farm.

Ruth fed the chickens and Mary milked the cows. They each had some work to do. Ruth loved to fend the chickens.

Now, Busy Bees, which of the cirls do you think spent her money in the best way?

(Honorable Mention.)

Mary loved to milk the cows every evening. She and Ruth loved each other dearly. They played on the farm all the time. What one didn't have the other didn't.

The Disobedient Boy.

Ly Charles Williams, Aged 13, 1716

Spring Street, Omaha, Neb.

Once there was a boy whose name was John. John had wealthy parents, and as he was the only child he was much adored. On his way to school one. day he met a rabbits. I have a lot of pigeons and group of his schoolmates. Going swimming with us?" they

asked rather shyly.
"Nope," John replied. John liked school, so he refused.

They kept pleading until they succeeded in persuading him to go. too. When they got to the pool they heard a cry for help. Looking over the water they saw a hand just above the surface. John took off his coat, dropped his books and imped in. When he got to the hand he pulled it. A figure gradually arose from the depths.

When he writted to you. I am in the Third grade. I have four rabbits and I've got a pony and his name is Danny.

I have four ducks, and I go to a consolidated school. District 66-28.

e got the figure above the water it began laughing with all its It was his chum, Dick. "He fell for it," he shouted to the other boys. There was a roar of laughter from the small group. oke was on John, and he admitted it. But you may trust John never went swimming again

A Strange Adventure.

J. Merrill Turner, Aged 11, David City, Neb. Earl was walking along the road. thinking of what he would like to have for Christmas. But he was poor, he could not have what he His father had died, his mother took in washing. All at once he heard a faint cry. Earl wondered what it He followed the sound to an old farm house. He went inside-there was an old fireplace, there were some live coals. He went into a bedroom where he found very well. I am in the Fourth a bed with a boy that looked to be grade at school. My teacher's name about 7 years old, he was tied to the is Miss Grace George and I like her Earl untied the rope and very well. asked him where he lived. He said I am going to tell you about my So Earl took pet chickens. One day a hen stole he lived in Murry. him to his home. Latter he found out of her nest, and we did not out that this boy was "kidnaped," know it. After the chickens hatched, and was the son of one of the she came to the house for feed. wealthiest men in Murry. Earl was always fed the hen and her little re- chickens. The little chickens bebe given \$100 dollars He bought some new clothes came so tame, that when I would for Christmas with this money.

A Wicked Princess.

By Mary Elizabeth Furey, Aged 9 Years,
2909 Bristol Street, Omaha. Neb.

Dear Busy Bees; 1 am going to tell you a story about a princess.

Once upon a time there lived a princess who was very beautiful, tine's day and Arlene, aged 9, was and yet she was as spiteful and mean and yet she was as spiteful and mean busy making valentines. Her teachas she was beautiful. The princess' er had said they would have a big name was Edna. Edna's father, King Harold, was

had a very dear friend who was as kind-hearted as himself. Edna did to make the last valentine, which At last a war broke out and Harry But thought "this will be all right

was made commander-in-chief of for her because I know she won't he king's forces. Before the war he king's forces. Before the war give me any better." Three days was made over After and later Arlene was surprised to get a Edna was made queen. After a while Harry came back from the war and he was severely wounded. When he came to the court the

wicked princess had him thrown into a deep, dark dungeon, and fed him on bread and water for a long

After awhile the spiteful Edna died and her niece, Clara, ascended old and am in the seventh grade at We have two mules named Jack the throne. Immediately after as-cending the throne she had Harry released from prison and gave him one sister and one brother and he one sister and one brother and he is writing too. I will tell you about money and precious stones, and in a short while he sailed home to his my pet dog. She is 7 months old he turned around and awoke. It is own people.

The people learned to love such a playful dog. Princess Clara and they were thank- brother and I taught her some ful to have a kind-hearted queen at tricks, to wave her paw and jump

My Pet Pig.

By Ervin Grassmeyer, Aged 11 Years, Riverdale, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. and wants something from our bucket and if we would'nt treat her I am II years old and my birthflay is May 26. I am in the Sixth way on our heads and if there is

I raised a little pig last year. had its back broken and I shut up and fed it milk and oats, and was a great, big pig when I sold it. We have four rabbits. We raised them. The old mother died when young were about 3 weeks old. My letter is getting long, so I will close and leave room for the rest of the Busy Bees. So boodbye, Busy

PLAYGROUNDS FOR HAPPINESS



Bringing smiles to the faces of children is one of the great objects of Com munity Service. It is spreading the gospel of wholesome play for the youngsters. It turns vacant lots into playgrounds for them. Tin cans and rubbish heaps disappear and swings, skating ponds, baseball diamonds and running tracks take their place in cities, towns or villages where Community Service operates.

The Den.
Yvonne Macdonaldson, Aged 12, Council Bluffs, Ia. It has been some time since I have written to this page, but I thought I would write again. I am writing you a story of a secluded place I once played in and it is a true story. It is rather descriptive, but interesting stories will follow this from

Sunday to Sunday.

It was in the "den" that we spent some of our happiest days in "Old

Still it stands upon the hill and surrounded by the whispering firs, alone, and empty in the woods. Dashing fast and clear behind our garden and our queer little winding fence, is the brook. Our water and oy it furnished.

Where once the door was standing, growing now is a coverlet of ivy and the windows, still and spectral, look out upon the same familiar scenes in winter and in summer. My Pets.

By James Lorrell, Aged 9 Years, 729
Pierce Street, Omaha, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I want to tell Strange faces now peer at it from every street and doorway and like as not 'twill soon be inhabited by

strange people. you about my pets. I have a watch-For suddenly, yet slowly, too, has grown up a city called Hamilton. dog named Fluffy, and many white But still it stands alone and apart two robins in our tree every mornfrom other buildings. ing. I go out and feed them bread I will write next week other adcrumbs, and they are so glad they sing to me. And my biggest pet ventures I have had.

A New Bec. By Frances Lundstrom, Aged 7, Tekamah,

Dear Busy Bees: I would be

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first pleased to be a member of your time I have written to you. I am in I am 7 years old and in the second grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Shoemaker. We had consolidated school, District 66-28. a nice Thanksgiving this year, because grandpa and grandma, auntie names are Dorothy and Maxine. I and cousin came to eat turkey dinner with us. I will close for this

My Canary.

By Edith Mary Weddle, Aged 10, Craig, Dear Busy Bees: This is my second letter to the Busy Bees .. I will tell you about my canary My teacher's name is Miss Lesta He is very nice. He sings all day long. His name is Jack. When school. I have three sisters and one mamma is out in the kitchen doing brother. My sister's names are Irene, Bernice and Blanche, and my up her work, he will sing pretty songs to her. brother's name is Myron. Well, I Well, I guess I will have to close will close and hope to win the

for this time.

My Pet Chickens.

By Anna Jensen, Aged 9 Years, Blair,

Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first In the Woods. By Mildred Zibler, Aged 12 Years, 2431 Emmet Street, Omaha, Neb. In the heart of the big, deep yoods, the shy little violets were time I have written to you. I read your page every Sunday and like it idden. Over the pebbles rushed the iny brooklet. The tall, stately oaks, pines and evergreens were murmurng to each other in their own quaint language. Jack-in-the-pulpit was preaching his morning sermon. The irds were gayly singing. The stones and logs were covered with moss Across the path scampered a squirrel. On the breeze, came a whiff of plum blossoms. This is only one of Mother Nature's lovely spots.

A Toy Poodle.

By Sylvia Noble, Aged 12, Plattsmouth Dear Busy Bees: This is my first etter. I am 12 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Hempel. I am in the Sixth grade, I will tell you to go. And then a little boy came of my puppy. He is a toy poodle. He will howl when you play the piplays tag, and hide-and-go-seek. Edna's father. King Harold, was kind-hearted and good, and he also pretty valentine to Alice," said Arwhen we started, he followed. We had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show, which had a very dear friend who was as lene to herself, as she was going to the picture show. My friend, Helen Clement, and were going to the picture show, but not like Harry (as that was his name) because he was so kind to she made one, and she herself did not like it after she had made it.

Talking in Their Sleep. Albert Russel, Age 11, Hooper, Neb

Dear Busy Bee: One night as my brother and Arlene was very sorry and asked went to bed he started to talk in his Alice to forgive her, which Alice, sleep. He said: "Here's some cake, went to bed he started to talk in his who was kind-hearted, did. Alice coffee, and tea, you don't know and Arlene were friends ever after, what's good." Then I asked him what's good." Then I asked him "Where is it," then he said: "Right My Pet Dog.

By Anna Chlup, Age 11, Exeter, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: I am 11 years
mules. here on the table," and started to laugh. Then he began to talk about

and her name is Snippy. She is fun to here him talk .

Skating on Normal Hill.

By Nelson Fisher, Age 10, Peru, Neb. The hills of Peru are fine for coasting. About the best one is and 10 or 11 to the school l Normal hill. If you start at the They have a library here, too. top you can go four blocks. Some sleds go farther. They have made the track so slick you can go down on your skates. On our skates we grade at school. I like to go to mud we are all dirty from her feet go three blocks or more. Leland Parriot can skate the best on it. He lives at the bottom of

the first one in the car, and she has Normal hill. He takes his skates to chool and skates home. About a week ago Noel Wright vas pulling his big bobsled up the hill. Gaylord Chase was coming down on a little sled. They couldn't get the bob out of the road quick enough so he ran into them. It cut There's a streak of orange in this a gash in his head. Well, my letter

s getting long so I will stop.

I like to weed and I like to hoe But, Oh, How I hate to wash dishes I wish a dish had never been made! But what's the good of wishes? Mamma is calling and I'm afraid, must do the breakfast dishes."

My Pet Cat.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. have a sister. She is 19 years And a brother lo years old. Now I will tell you my story about my cat. I have a cat. It's name is Fossy. I can take it up in my arms like a baby. I can lay it down on the grass and it will stay there if I do not go away too far. Well, this is all for this time.

To the Rescue. By Fay Zahner, Aged 12, Modale, Is. Dear Busy Bees: I would like to

Goodby, Busy Bees.

Join your Bee Hive.
I will tell you about the adventures of my poor kittens. I had seven kittens and the most of the time they stay on the porch, but one day one of them got under the porch and could't get out, so I had to take the spade and dig him out, and he was sure pleased, because he came and licked my hand. I will close, because my letter is getting long.

Autumn Leaves. By Sylvia Anderson, Aged 8, Benson, Neb. The autumn leaves are falling,

It's time to husk the corn; The autumn leaves are golden, They fall from night till morn. The pumpkins must be gathered Beforesthey freeze and spoil. oresthey freeze an For pumpkin pie is lovely, And we cat them in the fall.

A New Bec. By Dorothy Gieler, Aged 9 Years, Omaha,

Dear Busy Bees: I thought I would write a few lines. This is the first time I ever have written to your happy hive. I am 9 years old and in the Fourth B at school. I go to Corrigan school. My letter is getting long so I will close. Goodby,

My Pet Charlie. By Emma Van, Aged 9 Years, Gothenburg,

Dear Busy Bees: Thus his first letter to the Busy Bee page. I have two brothers. I have a pet Dear Busy Bees: This is my log, and his name is Charlie. plays with me and my brothers. Every time any of us go out he fol-Well, my letter is getting long,

so I will close. I hope to hear from some one.

The Lost Girl. By Emmaline Butzirus, Aged 9 Years, Hastings, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to tell a story of a lost girl. Once a little girl went out to pick flowers. Her father was dead and they were very poor, and her mother had to go out working. While she was picking flowers it began to grow dark. She got airaid and did not know which way by and said: 'What is the matter?"

The little girl said: "I can't find my way home; will you take me home?" The little boy took her home, and they lived happy ever after. I would like the Busy Bees to write to me. I would be glad to answer.

First Letter. By Helen Creds, Aged 9 Years, Bee, Neb Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. My mother died three years ago. I have one sister and five brothers. I go to school. I am in the second grade and I go one mile to school. My father does the cooking and housework and my brothers help him with farming. My brother Theodore and I carry in the fuel and gather the eggs. We are getting 40 eggs a day. I have a pet dog and his hame is Fido.

Second Letter. Margaret Johnson, Aged 13 Years, Sprit

Dear Busy Bees: I saw my las etter in the Busy Bees' page and I thought I would write again. I have moved since I wrote my acres right outside of town. It is about eight blocks to Main street and 10 or 11 to the school house. I wish some of the Busy Bees vould write to me. My letter is getting long so will close for this time.

The Rainbow.

felen Clare Schneider, Aged 11, 2802 North Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Neb. After the rain has been pouring The rainbow comes out so bright. All pink and green and yellow, A grand and glorious sight. And behold! If there isn't anothe As the first one fades away,

There! It's as bright as day.

#### DREAMLAND **ADVENTURE** By DADDY.

The Rescue

(Peggy and Billy fly north in feather airboats to help the King of the Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue Goose search for their lost little ones. The young geese are found in the pens of the red trappers, from which they cannot escape because their wings are clipped.) Near the village of the red trappers was a grove of fir trees. Here sick for it was lying there and when they saw it was so tangled up in the the feather airboats settled softly rope it was tethered to that it was down, coming to rest among the heavy branches. Peggy and Billy Nawakwas rushed to the rescue and had to climb down the tree trunks after much tugging and many ex-

Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue could untangle its feet.

Goose they landed in a little pond close to the grove.

Could untangle its feet.

Then came the search for a place for lunch and at last one kind wom-"You'd better wait here while we an donated a spot in her yard for o into the village," said Billy, who the fire. After the lost wieners were feared that if the two geese came rescued from the fire and really enalong their honking would arouse joyed, a wonderful box of marsh-the red trappers. Then he and Peg- mallows are found, toasted and eatgy carefully crept among the tepees en. Then all went home, saying it which had once more settled down was the best hike ever. to sleep. Even the dogs were snoozing, while the snores of the red trappers showed that the men were in

deep, deep slumber. But the young geese were awake. linen and were trying to pass your

CHAPTER V.

Peggy Finds a Way.

through the bars they were sur-prised at the size of the captives. From the way the King and Blue Goose had talked they thought the lost little ones were tiny goslings.
They found them strong and lusty-looking young geese. They had grown fast during the months they had been shut up.

The young geese began to gabble oyously the moment Peggy and Billy came up, but quickly shut up at Billy's warning: "Sh-sh-sh-sh!"

"Now follow me," whispered Bilsoldierlike way in which the young geese obeyed. They lined up one after the other and, lifting and putthey marched behind him through the village and out toward the pond. the pond and swam to their parents found the prison pen empty. when the young geese fluttered into it was all they could do to keep back their loud honks of joy.

South," said the King after the first greeting. "We must be far away when the red trappers awaken!"

But have the first by Eva Loshbaugh, Age 13, Columbus, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first by Eva Loshbaugh. But now their joy turned to gloom, for when the young geese tried to fly they fluttered, turned on one lide and splashed helplessly back into the water.

"Alas! I had forgotten their wings are clipped. They cannot fly! honked the King.
"We will not let them perish, but you must keep still," said Billy. Then he studied the slipped wings and saw that only one wing on each bird had been clipped. This upset the young goose when he tried to

Billy tied two of the young geese together by their clipped wings and leaving their unclipped wings free. He thought they might fly this way hut the plan didn't work.

when they were little. Now the tain came and chased the bear. The feathers have grown out again, but girls were so afraid they said they will balance and maybe the young geese will be able to fly." "But how can we trim their

wings?" asked Billy. fluttering and splashing, and then, would. Well I will close

Nawakawa Group to

to the ground, but did not find this planations they finally succeeded in at all hard. As for the King of the holding it quiet until Gertrude Cole

They were no longer raising a textile honor, what would you call clamor with their honking, but a litclamor with their honking, but a little excited murmur showed that they were eagerly awaiting the coming of Billy and Peggy. This murmur helped to guide the children to the prison pen.

When Peggy and Billy looked through the bars they were surthrough the bars they were surthrough the bars they captives. daffodils, poet narcissus dande-lions, mint and lilies. The girls were blindfolded, each having to name

approximate cost not counting bargain sales.

They are hoping to work a most interesting chart and if butchers don't get its proper name and place it Billy found the gate and opened it won't be the Tomoke group's fault. inch by inch he rose into the air,

ly, and he was surprised to see the safely and securely.

"I can fly. I can fly. Ho for the South!" he honked loudly. "Ho for the South!" honked all

"I'm going to run ahead and tell wings to trim," whispered Peggy the King and Blue Goose not to make a noise," said Peggy. And it was a good thing she did, for them that the warning seemed too late.

(Next week will be told how the red trappers chase Peggy and Billy.)

would write to me.

"I have my doll scissors in my pocket," said Peggy. She brought very much to join your page.

## Camp Fire

The Nawakwa Camp Fire left the car at Albright and started on their hike. They had scarcely gone a the branches of a low-spreading mile when they saw a poor little lamb, at first they thought it was

Honor Tests

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first said to herself. Busy Bee page. The title of my she hurried over to them. In her story is, "Camping in the Moungreat hurry she bumped against the tain." One day about six girls thought it would be fun to camp in bank. This made the Bugs angry, run underneath the the mountains, so they asked their parents about it and they said yes. So they started to get ready to go. They wanted to go by Wednesday By Wednesday morning all the girls were ready. Irene's father took them out to a place where they thought was a nice place to camp. After he had helped them set up their tents, he went home. While the girls were out there they had more fun than they thought they would have. One night, when all the girls were in bed dreaming of happy things, a bear came prowling around the camp. He went into Irene's and Marie's tent and pulled Peggy watched this experiment around the camp. He went into very closely. "I have an idea!" Irene's and Marie's tent and pulled the covers off of them. The girls clipped the wings of these geese awoke and screamed until the capthe birds cannot fly because one were not going to stay another wing is smaller than the other. If night, so all the girls went home to we clip the big wings down to the size of the little wings, then they size of the little wings, then they to close. I wish some Busy Bees

A New Bee.

Eunice Stromquist, Aged 8, Lyons, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: 1 would like them out and at once went to work read the Busy Bee page every Monthem out and at once went to young trimming the feathers of the young day. I am 8 years old. I am in goose nearest to her. "Now, fly, fly," she said, shoving the youngster out in the water so he could get a I would like to have somebody write start. Across the pond he went, to me. I would be very glad if they

#### Beetles Are Aristocrats and Belong to Oldest Family in World

Thirty-first Story of the Night. By Margaret McShane.

Early the following evening Moonbeam settled herself between

The forked branch was a doorway into the dense wood. So before entering the thicket the little Adventurer preferred to tarry a while until fully decided just which way to go. o While deeply engaged in thought a loud scuffle in the grass below attracted her.

Stretching her head over the Stretching her head over the the while. Then they ran quickly leaves, she saw, near the foot of the after the ball. ree, a pair of black Bugs.

They were hustling about in the round ball, which was much larger them. than either of them. One Bug kept behind the ball.

pushed it vigorously with his hind legs, while walking backwards on his front legs. The position made thing you are rolling about him look as though he was standing your winter storehouse?" on his head.

The other Bug kept in front of the ball and rolled it by walking backwards and pulling it with his front legs. When the ball refused to move by being pulled forward he would jump on its top and overbalance it, advancing it in this way sev-

eral inches. Moonbeam sat engrossed in the curious performance. The Bugs were large and had ound, fat bodies. Their movements

were slow and clumsy.

After rolling the ball a few inches iurther, lo and behold it tumbled It seemed as though all was lost. "Two Bugs can never roll a ball wice their size out of a hole, Moonbeam thought to herself. will hurry over and help them. Never have I seen such energy.

Anything that works so hard, even f it is only a Bug, should be nelped." So she slid from off the branch and sailed along the fence rail to their side.

When she arrived at the spot, asistance was not needed. The independent Bugs had found a way out of their difficulty. One seized the ball and began to lous ornaments of us.

pull vigorously, while at the same time the other pushed with all his might and main. Working together in this way, the ball was soon lifted back to sevel ground and started all the shops of Egypt-rolling along its course, as though "Dear me," sighed the tragedy had never occurred.

of such pluck! Who are they, and dark eyes, "I wish we were in Egypt, what is this thing they are rolling for here we will never be anything along with such care?" Moonbeam more than a Bug, and have to lead a Hopping down from the fence rail "To think of the fuss they make

great hurry she bumped against the "If it were not for the good work

A New Bee.

By Margaret Richards, Aged 10 Years, Stratton, Neb. I wish to join the Busy Bees. 1 can hardly wait one week till another to read what the bees have to say. Here is a poem I made:

One, two, three, Who are we? We are little Busy Bees. Three, four, five.

All alive, Now we fly to the hive. I wish some of the bees would was glad to see them back and safe write to me. I will be glad to an- and after that John was called brave

they did was to open their shiny jet backs that resembled pieces of dark metal, and flutter two gauzy wings, making a loud humming noise all

"Please pardon me," said Moonbeam in a most apologetic tone of grass, evidently playing with a large voice, as she followed closely after " I did not mean to strike your ball The fact is I was most anxious to see and meet you, and my hurrying caused the accident. "Who are you, and what is this thing you are rolling about-food for

> Having visited Sammy Chipmunk's store-room just the night before, Moonbeam could not forget it, and it made her think that whenever an animal is busy he must be

laying away food for the winter. "Food," repeated one of the Bugs, as he glanced doubtfully at her. They were no longer angry with Moonbeam, but her awkwardness

made them suspicious.
"No, this is not food for us. "It is much more than that. It is three meals a day, and a house to live in for our babies, "We are Beetles, and we belong to one of the oldest families in the world.

The Beetles stopped working, and sat down beside the ball, People around here call us Tum ble Bug," went on the largest Beetle of the two, "but we are Scarabs-members of the famous Scarab family of Egypt. "There, we are no less a person than the Sacred Beetle of the Egyptians, and we are held by them

in deepest respect. They paint our image for their art galleries, engrave us on their precious gems, sculpture us in stone, and even make necklaces and prec-

"Our engraving on stone is called 'The Precious Stone Scarab,' and considered a most valuable relic. Huge prices are asked for these in "Dear me," sighed the Sacred Beetle, as he looked at his compan-

"Who would think Bugs capable ion, and the tears came to his bright, hum-drum existence as such.

ball and sent it rolling down the we do every day I would purposely bank. This made the Bugs angry, run underneath the next largest foot Moonbeam could see, but the most I meet on the road."

By Isabell Sutherland, Age 10. Dear Busy Bees: I will write you about Mable and John Cockley. They were both going through the forest, and they saw a bear and they did not know what to do, so they stood still for a long time and the first thing they knew it was just as close as it could be. And it bit Mable and after while John grabbed Mable and took her in his arms and ran home. Then mother

### 6 Doy Couts

Cage Ball Is Latest Boys' Indoor Sport

Cage ball is the new sport at the "Y." The ball is about four eet in diameter, and appears to the ye like a basket ball under a power-

ul magnifying glass. The boys are divided into two teams. A score is made each time a team gets the ball into the cage upon the running track. No fouls are called, and the fun sometimes becomes a little rough. The ball is also used for biff ball and also in a game resembling volley ball.

Inspection Trips

E. E. Mickelwright and Miss Emelia Pearson, Eighth grade teacher of Henry Yates school, are still heading the group of students each Monday on educational trips. The Peterson - Pegau company proved interesting for the students. The students will go through the Armour plant tomorrow afternoon.

Identity Revealed Of "Y" Bar Workers

The "stunts" on the horizontal bar in a truck by Y. M. C. A. workers in the May Day parade caused much comment. The identity of the clowns had been kept secret, but 'Mick" finally yielded to our pleas. The performers on the bar were these; N. J. Weston, C. C. Weigel, R. D. Hicks, Harold Jacobs and Barney Nordstrum. Others in the truck were these; Robert Keyt. Verner Shallberg, Porter Forca de Wallace Marrow, Ralph Church, Henry Smith, John Madgett, Kyle Marker.

\* Conundrums

When may you hang your cloak

mantle with ornaments. Why should a beggar never now his hands? Because they prove it is not needful that you Get Into Line, Boys! Here's Chance to Win Prize on Bee-Y Hike

The Bec-"Y" hike. That's the stunt, boys. Every lad in the city. whether he is a member of the "Y." a Boy Scout or a member of any organization, is invited to attend the hike to be given Saturday, May 22. The Bee will offer three cash prizes for the best stories written about the hike. The "Y" will do its

share by putting its leaders in charge. The Y. M. C. A. will also

furnish coffee free. All boys will be invited to take a free shower at the "Y" after the hike. First prize for the best essay will be \$5; second prize, \$3, and third prize, \$1. All stories must be handed to R. F. Ellis of the Y. M. C. A. by noon on May 27. The judges will be these: R. F. Ellis of the Y. M. C. A., Chief Executive G. M. Hoyt of

the Boy Scouts and Nathan E. Jacobs of The Bec. The stories must be written on only one side of the paper. No story over 200 words will be accepted. Write a short, snappy news article of

The hike will start from the "Y" at 9 o'clock, Mr. Ellis and a Y. M. C. A. physical director will be in charge. Many leaders from the iunior and senior high school classes

will also be there. Every boy must bring carfare for the round trip to Florence, his own dinner, a tin cup for coffee, which will be served free by the "Y," and

Shatter Record

Another record has been shattered at the Hi-Y clubs during the

### it her tail bobbed off. "When the sparrow has a toothache And the bluebird tears her gown and the robin falls to zobbin" If a chipmunk tumbles down, That day a mole and a bat can see A cow jump over a dead apple tree."

should give him alms (arms).

the whole hike, or you may pick out one point of the hike and write about

sugar for his coffee.

past year. One hundred and fiftyfive boys attended the sessions this year, missing less than three sessions. Twenty-four boys attended the sessions without one miss, while 54 lads attended every meeting except one. A total of 848 boys at-

### Dot Puzzle



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

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