

Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

How the Ring was Discovered.
Dear Busy Bees: I have been a long time since I have written to you, so I have no very important news to tell you I will write a story. Jimmie's father was very poor and he had no mother. Jimmie's father's health was poor and he worked in a large mansion belonging to a rich man, for a living.

One day the rich man's wife was leaning out of the window and a beautiful diamond ring she had dropped off her finger and fell in a newly-dug flower bed, without the woman knowing it.

Later that day the woman had company and was going to show the ring to them, when she looked down on her finger and it was gone. She at once thought of Jimmie's father, and he was sentenced by the court to 10 years in prison.

Jimmie was very sorry and had to run errands and work very hard to make a living.

Then one bright day when Jimmie was going by the big house of the



gardener, who was sprinkling the flowers, called Jimmie and said he could have one of the hyacinths.

Jimmie was very glad and was walking towards home with the flower when crash, went the flower pot on the ground, broken in small pieces.

Jimmie was very sorry and was looking at the ruined pot when he saw something glistening in the bulb of the flower, and when he examined it, he found it was the lost ring.

He then ran back to the house as fast as he could and showed it to the woman who had lost it and told how he found it.

His father was then released and soon got well and they lived in the big house for a long, long time.—Yours truly, Charles Sinter, Wayne, Neb., Box 1.

(Honorable Mention.)
Grandma's Knitting Club.
Once upon a time there was a little girl named Julia. She lived with her grandmother, for her parents were dead.

One summer afternoon Julia asked her grandmother if she would teach her to knit. Her grandmother said yes, so Julia got a ball of white yarn and put them in the shade of an "old oak tree."

Her grandma got the yarn and knitting needles. Then when Julia knew how to knit, she asked her grandmother if, on Saturday afternoon, she could invite a few of her friends over. Her grandma said she did not care. So Julia invited them over and told them to bring their knitting along.

When Saturday came Julia got seven clean boxes and put them around the "old oak tree" and she was putting them there, her grandmother baked some cookies.

When her friends came they went to the tree and were knitting for a while and then they went out to play. Toward evening her friends said they would have to go home, so they started off. Julia invited them back to her grandmother's. Before they left she told them to bring their knitting along.

The next Saturday she would come over and see them. Then they went over to see each other every Saturday, and then they called it "Knitting Club."—Mary A. Jerman, aged 12, Verdigré, Neb.

In the Mountains.
By Laurence Sorrell, Age 11 Years, 729 Pierce Street, Omaha.
Dear Busy Bees: I will tell you a story about the childhood of my mother. At the age of 10 years they moved to Trail, B. C., in Canada. There they were met by her father and after buying supplies, they took a big boat by the name of "The Kootney." After riding a short distance they were landed in the Rocky mountains, which was to be their new home. It was growing dark, so they made camp in an old log cabin by the water side. There were no doors or windows, so her father kept watch with a shotgun handy as there were bears and other wild animals.

In the morning they had a great time catching fish for breakfast. They were very beautiful. They then started on their trip up the mountains. At the age of 10 years they were on the foot path, as there were no roads. It was about two miles to their cabin which had a big fireplace on one side.

Here she and her two brothers could play all they wished. They could find berries and other wild fruit. We often laugh at how they chewed puff off from trees for gum. They could pick big tiger lilies and other beautiful flowers. They did not dare to wander far from the house, for fear of wild animals, which would sniff under the door at night. One day a big black grizzly came around the house. Her father had gone to his work in his mine. It was called "The Golden Rena." They locked themselves in as his

mother was afraid to shoot the big gun which her father always left home. He finally wandered away. Another time a big porcupine climbed upon the roof of the log cabin and awakened them, and after finding out what it was they were not afraid.

They had a big swing in the yard, which they called a train and they would often play there were going back to Iowa, to their grandma's home. They liked to play with their father's picks as they could find piles of rock which they called a mine. She cannot remember one moment when she was lonesome. I could tell you many other things, but my story is growing long, so perhaps some other time I will tell you of their return to Iowa, and what became of their home in the mountains. Some day I hope to make the same trip as my mother made 20 years ago.

Hot and Cold.
"Don't drink your tea so hot. Collette, you will ruin your teeth!"
"With hot tea, Auntie? Why, only just the other day, you said it was ice water!"
"For the same reason. Food or liquid that is too hot or too cold will crack the enamel of the teeth just as surely as it will crack a fine glass. Tiny cracks, of course, but the different kinds of acid that there are in food will penetrate those fissures and soon you will have to go to the dentist. Of course, you must visit him from time to time, but there will be less need if you protect your teeth yourself. And even the dentist can only patch up, he can't restore the original enamel!"
"And I'll have toothaches, too? Oh, I'll be careful, Auntie!"—Georgette Beuret.

Twelve-Syllable Rhyme.
Girl who looks
For a catch,
Sure to make
The wrong match.

A Rag Kaiser.
Dear Busy Bees: One day some men made a rag kaiser. My father had gone to the war. We told my little sister, 4 years old, that he had gone to kill the kaiser. When we took her to see him we told her that that was the kaiser. She said: "Well, where is my daddy?"—Phillip Rubothom, 842 1/2 South Twenty-fourth street.

Alphabet Poem.
By Ethyl Bean, Age 13 Years, Lyons, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join your club. I have one sister who is 16 years old. I am out of the eighth grade. I am enclosing a poem.

A is for Anna, a lovely girl.
B is for Belle, who chums with Pearl.
C is for Clara, a fair-haired maiden.
D is for Doris, with jewelry laden.
E for Ethyl, who is very bad.
F for Fay, a fellow she had.
G for Gwendolynne, who loves to sing.
H for Harriet, with arm in a sling.
I for Ima, a very neat daughter,
J for Jennettie, a pig she did slaughter.
K for Kate, who loves to dance.
L for Lida, who lost her chance.
M for Millie, who thinks she's cute.
N for Nora, who fell in the shute.
O for Opal, who is very fat.
P for Pauline, what do you think of that.
Q for Queen, who loves to write.
R for Ruth, wou would faint at her sight.
S for Sarah, who loves to scold.
T for Tiny, who was told and told.
U for Una, who is very slip.
V for Vera, who is sure to win.
W for Wilma, who runs the show.
X for Xiao, who likes the snow.
Y for Yvonne, who can't spell a word.
Z for Zela, who at school stands third.

Dot Puzzle

17. 16 15 14 13
18. 19 20 12 11
21 22 9 10
24 23 6 7
25 37 5
26 36 3 4
27 35 2
39 38 46 1 32
45 29 30 32
44
40
41 42 43

Where is ———? Where is she? Trace to forty-six and see. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

Camp Fire Girls

Camp Iwaqua Opens Monday

Fifty girls will start out today, June 21, for Camp Iwaqua at Valley, Neb.

The group is comprised mostly of girls from the high school and graded schools of Omaha. The girls starting out at this time planned the trip early, to be back in time for their summer school course. A little vacation from school work spent around the woods of Camp Iwaqua will give them an extra amount of energy to speed up the work planned for their summer session.

Camp Iwaqua is located on Kings Lake 21 miles from Omaha, and two and one-half miles from Valley, Neb., the nearest railroad station. The Elkhorn, a delightful little stream, borders one side of the camp ground.

Eight specially constructed, well screened tent houses, furnished with cots accommodate the girls and their counselor.

The chief sports offered are swimming, canoeing, hiking, volleyball and fishing. The camp also offers first aid, craft work, basketry, nature study and community singing and folk dancing.

An honor system will be maintained and honors awarded for camp activities.

Trains leave Omaha via Union Pacific for Valley, 8:15 a. m.; 12:41, 4:25, 5:30 p. m.

Counselors will be in charge of parties leaving Union station every Monday morning.

Girls are requested to bring only very simple clothes and have each article marked. The camp uniform consists of dark bloomers, middle, red tie and tennis shoes.

One pair blankets, sheet and small pillow, three towels, plain underclothes, tennis and hiking shoes.

How to Dress at Camp
On the rainy days and on cool nights, it is very comforting to have a flannel middie. The white middies are needed, of course. Every girl needs more than one white middie, while she is camping, for she wants to be clean. There is no excuse for wearing soiled clothes any time or any place. Camp Fire Girls must always be neat and clean; there is no department store or any small town, and the underwear in the lake or the brook while she is camping so that she can always wear fresh clothing.

It is well to know that there are middle and middies. The loose fitting middie, made of cheap, flimsy material which we see for sale in the department stores of any small town, are no cheaper than well-tailored sailor middies, made of white duck, which can be bought by mail from big sporting goods houses which make a business of such clothes. Do not wait until the last minute. Send in your order to a house where you are sure you can get well made middies, in time to allow for the digressions of the mail. Often we get the notion that we are saving money by buying an unattractive imitation, simply because we have not investigated far enough to learn that the real thing is no more expensive. That is the psychology on which the 5, 10 and 25-cent stores are built up. Let us not buy even the simplest of our clothes blindly.

Perhaps you think we are making too much of the kind of middies you wear. Girls can look so charming in well made middies, and so unattractive in poorly made middies, that we feel we must impress upon them the difference. A middie should never be fancy; it should be cut on simple, sailor blouse lines, and should be made of coarse material. An in our experience, we have found that an impossible middie is seldom any cheaper than a well made middie.

The most appropriate hat for camping is the duck hat with a brim. Such a hat cannot be harmed by dampness and can be washed. Wear your hair simply.

Second Letter.
Dear Busy Bees: I have written a letter, but I have not seen it in print yet. So I thought I would write another one. My mother said that I may set three hens, and have them for my own. I have a little brother. He is going to be 5 years old July 7. I am in the second grade at school. We had a Christmas tree. I know how to crochet, knit and embroidery. My mother also gives me music lessons. I embroidered a cushion when I was 6 years old. I can sew and knit. The owl says to the moon, "Every one is in slumber land but you and me."

Your Eyelashes. Winifred.
I don't know what to have long and thick eyelashes like yours. Have you done anything to get them so? "No, they are quite natural, but I take good care that they don't fall out. If they do, you know, the eyelashes look irregular and shorter. But you can improve yours, and come easily. Before going to bed clean the eye, and with a clean finger tip dipped in pure olive oil stroke them downwards gently. Three times is enough. Dry with a clean, soft rag. Wash with tepid water. Dry thoroughly, then rub, very gently, a bit of pure vaseline on the border of the eyelid, but not on the lashes themselves. Next morning wash with cold, then hot, water. That cleans the dust away and promotes a healthy growth.—Georgette Beuret.



Children are no longer the recipients of hand-me-downs from mother, auntie and big sister. They have a world of fashion all their own, and designers throughout the country are busy turning out little costumes for the wee tot that are works of art. The fabric de luxe of the moment, as ever, is handkerchief linen. Dotted Swiss of red, St. Gall weave and organdy, crisp and fresh, are among the favorites, but when it comes to serviceability combined with beauty there is nothing to compare with shaggy, lovely handkerchief linen. Little Patsy thinks so, too, for here she is garbed in an adorable little frock beruffled and befrilled with val lace. A flesh color ribbon encircles her waist, with two long tab-like ends in front. Sleeveless, of course, just like those of many grownups, and wide and bouffant of skirt.

First Letter.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees page. I am in the Fourth grade at school. I am 9 years old. My teacher's name is Mrs. Myers.
The story I am telling you is about "Ruff's First Adventure".
Ruff was a little dog. He was out one cold morning when he met Father Hound. He took him in the barn and Mother Hound took care of him with her little ones who were called the "Brown Brothers." The "Brown Brothers" told Ruff not to go under the wood fence by the barn. But Ruff dug under and saw some chickens. He chased them until he came to an old hen with her young ones. She chased Ruff and he pecked him until he howled and then went back to the barn. He never went under the wood fence again.
Well, my story is getting long, so I will close. Goodbye, Busy Bees.—Lawrence E. Nye, aged 9, Niobrara, Neb.

Motherly Tabby Mothers Baby Silver Foxes



Silver fox raisers at Prince Edward Island, Canada, have suffered the loss of thousands of little foxes through the killing of baby foxes by the mother.

Mother foxes are unwilling to have their offspring handled by the caretakers of the farms, so they hide their young in secret underground burrows, where they die unless found in time.

So now, just as soon as a batch of baby foxes arrive they are immediately taken from the mother fox and turned over to motherly tabby, whose kittens have in turn been taken from her. At the end of six weeks the baby foxes are ready for a more solid diet and then they are permitted to shift for themselves.

Three Kinds of Roses.
"In the field sweet pale-pink posies
In the garden big red roses,
In the pleasant country places
Little red sun-burnt faces,
Tell me, three which will bring with her;
Tell me, three, which do you prefer?"

Charlie's Dream.
One night as Charles was in slumber he had a beautiful dream came to him. He dreamed that President Wilson came to take him for an airplane ride. He passed by Egypt and the Sphinx and Holland. In Holland he saw little Dutch girls with wooden shoes picking tulips and other beautiful flowers. Finally Charlie came to Fairland. Seven little elves came to meet Charlie. They were dressed in green trousers and red jackets. They took Charlie to the kind fairies. They were very prettily dressed. There were 10 in all. The fairies saw that Charlie was such a kind little boy that each gave him a wish. The next night they went to a banquet. He had a good time and a delicious dinner prepared by the Fairies.—Yvonne Peterson, aged 9, Gretna, Neb.

The Fox as Judge.
And the Memory Man said:
A Peasant took a Sheep to court
accusing him of having stolen his fowls. The Judge of the court was a Fox. The Peasant showed that no one but the Sheep had been near the farmyard. The Sheep replied that it had been asleep during the night, also that it did not eat flesh-meat.

But the Fox judged:
"Everyone knows that an accused person will try to excuse himself. When, then, the Sheep says that fowls are not good to eat, this is an excuse. I, myself, know that fowls are good to eat, and of delicate flavor. The Sheep, therefore, is saying what is not true. The Sheep must be put to death, its carcass given to the court and its fleece taken by the Peasant."

A judge with a prejudice cannot be a just judge. R. W.

Application Coupon for Swimming School
Omaha Y. M. C. A. Free Swimming School.
June 21-26, 1920.

Name

Address

School

Age

Can you swim

I hereby give permission for my boy to take Swimming Lessons during the week June 21-26, with the understanding that the lessons are free.

Signature of Parent or Guardian

Swimming School at Y. M. C. A. to be Free To All Boys
All this week the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. is to be placed at the disposal of every boy in the city of Omaha over 12 years of age who cannot swim. Every year at this time the death toll begins to come in and in nine times out of 10 the victims are boys who cannot swim and who venture into water beyond their depth and are gone. Very few experienced swimmers lose their lives each year and this number is constantly growing less and will continue to grow less as more and more boys learn to take care of themselves in the water.

Five thousand application cards have been distributed to as many Omaha boys for the swimming school next week and these must be filled in by the boys, they must be signed by their parents, and then brought to the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. where he is assigned to a class for lessons. The lessons will begin at 9 o'clock Monday morning and will last until Saturday. Experienced leaders will be in the pool with the boys to give them instructions and the school's teaching staff will be under the direction of N. J. Weston, physical director.

Everything is free.

E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary of the "Y," who is promoting the campaign said this morning that there is no reason why every boy in Omaha should not take advantage of this school. There is absolutely no charge for the lessons. The school is open to all boys who are interested in swimming. It is anticipated that more than 500 boys will learn to swim during this special week's campaign and all those interested in boys should get behind this worthy effort to help boys learn to take care of themselves in the water.

A limited number of scouts who are either working or in summer school can be accommodated over the week-ends, but in every case they must purchase meal tickets at scout headquarters at the rate of \$8 per week. If it seems that a boy is inclined to make use of the week-end periods merely to give himself a chance to make a little more money during the summer, he cannot be accommodated. In other words, if there is any possibility that a boy can spend a regular two-week period in camp, we will not allow him to come for the week-ends.

The last meeting of Troop A and the scoutmasters' and assistant scoutmasters was held at the Chamber of Commerce Thursday evening, June 10. Many troops were not represented. Your troop will suffer for it because there was a great deal of enthusiasm and much practical information in the air.

The new scribers' books were sold out in a hurry at the Troop A meeting. Those who purchased at that time will do us a favor if they will drop in and pay for same, thereby making unnecessary the sending of a statement. Troops which do not have this new book should call at headquarters at once.

Sea Scouts Deliver Flowers to the Sick
The Sea Scouts turned out last Sunday to do a good turn in the shape of delivering flowers to the sick in the hospitals of Omaha. A Camp Fire girl was sent out with each scout to represent their organization.

The flowers brought joy and happiness to the hearts of the sick when they were brought in their rooms, and many good words were said about these two organizations.

Boy Scout Notes
A limited number of scouts who are either working or in summer school can be accommodated over the week-ends, but in every case they must purchase meal tickets at scout headquarters at the rate of \$8 per week. If it seems that a boy is inclined to make use of the week-end periods merely to give himself a chance to make a little more money during the summer, he cannot be accommodated. In other words, if there is any possibility that a boy can spend a regular two-week period in camp, we will not allow him to come for the week-ends.

Sea Scouting
By George Henderson.
The Sea Scout crew is a new branch of scouting for older boys who have finished scouting or desire to study something on a bigger scale. It gives a boy opportunities never before attainable as he can learn the ways of the sea and still go to school.

The saying of the navy that the sky is the limit can be used by the Sea Scouts. There is no limit to what he may learn. Just watch them and see. The requirements that must be attained before a boy can become a Sea Scout are many.

He must be a first class scout. He must weigh 112 pounds and be 15 years old and he must have his parents' permission.

Now, altogether boys, the water's fine. Come on while there is room for more. Be at Scout headquarters every Friday night at 7:30.

Birthday Party
The first boat crew of Sea Scouts attended a party given by Mrs. Louis Smitania in honor of their son, Louis' 17th birthday at Carter lake, June 10.

After supper, which was a good one indeed, some of the boys went in.

Grade School Hike.
Fifty boys of Central Park grade school attended a hike led by R. E. Ellis, assistant boys' work secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Wednesday afternoon. The group hiked to Florence.

Camp Sheldon News
Registration for Camp Sheldon, the Y. M. C. A. camp, is very large already. All boys who wish to go to camp this year will have to make it fast and see Mr. Ellis at the Y. M. C. A.

Bitting.
Remember that when you put a bit into a horse's mouth you are putting a hard piece of metal against soft, tender flesh. Repeated hard cruel treatment will make the mouth hard and calloused. A firm pull on the mouth will not hurt it, if you occasionally relax the pressure, but jerking at the mouth ruins it. The bit should fit in between the tushes and the back teeth, and after you have put the bridle on, open the lips and see if the bit is in the proper place. If it is too high up it will wrinkle the corners of the mouth and make them sore; if it is too low it will hit against the tushes and make them sore. A curb chain too tight is very painful. If your curb chain is too short, lengthen it with a string or cord. The corners of an animal's mouth are sore from using a broken bit, you must use a straight bit. This is a common trouble with mules, and should be carefully watched by the driver. Never use a twisted bit nor wiper wire round the bit you are using; this is both brutal and cruel. Remember that most animals pull against a bit through pain and fright. Use your intelligence and treat your animal with kindness.

There is no greater cruelty than to force a steel bit into a horse's mouth during the winter time without previously warming the metal. This can be done either by dipping it into hot water or warming it over a fire or by blowing on it. Unless the frost is taken out of the steel, it will adhere to the sensitive skin in the horse's mouth and cause a very painful sore.—National Human Review.

R. B. Tedrow and D. T. Davis have been appointed deputy commissioners. Tedrow was scoutmaster of troop eight for some time, Davis was formerly Scout executive of Evanston, Ill.

Ferdie Firefly With His Lantern Out Is Just Plain Mr. Bug



Thirty-sixth Story of the Night
By MARGARET M'NEANE.
When Moonbeam called out to the Fireflies dancing through the trees of the woods, she spoke so loud she almost screamed.

Her voice surprised and startled even herself, and until now the little Adventurer had almost forgotten when and how she had come to the comfortable old tree in the grove.

At Moonbeam's words, Ferdie Firefly stopped dancing. He listened intently for half a minute.

Ferdie was tired dancing anyway, and the silvery voice of little Miss Moonbeam, as it echoed down the paths of the dark wood, attracted him far more than anything else in the thicket.

"Dance," he said to himself, "I can dance any old night, but hear a wonderfully pretty voice like this! Well, it does not happen very often. Here was something new for Ferdie.

The silvery voice was spoken to him as much as to anyone else and he was sure he would like the owner of it, whoever she might be.

So the gay gallant decided to get acquainted immediately.

Ferdie whirled around gleefully, and, sparkling his brilliant lights all the way, flew off to the tree Moonbeam was resting on.

Instantly Ferdie followed and soon the fiery dancers had squatted down in the deep ridges of the tree's bark.

As they settled themselves they made a great display of the lanterns they carried underneath their wing-covers.

They turned the lights off and on intermittently and spouted the flames boldly against the tree. The performance looked very much as if they were trying to set the tree on fire.

Moonbeam gazed steadily from the spreading branch at the actions of this strange pair.

Finally their lanterns went out entirely, and then—what do you suppose she saw? A pair of homely, blackish-brown bugs.

They were about an inch long and they had flat oblong bodies. Their wings were folded back and hidden from view beneath a pair of dull-toned wing-covers.

These were dingy and overspread with short faded hairs.

They were just about the ugliest things she had ever seen in her whole life.

"Can it be possible!" Moonbeam muttered in a very low voice, "that I am looking at the two beautiful creatures who danced about me but a few minutes ago?"

She rubbed her eyes, hoping to see them better and to make sure there was no mistake.

A second look convinced her that it was a sad fact.

Ferdie and Pifi Firefly, when not dancing through the cool green copse, were a most homely and unattractive pair.

Apparently they had no head, no eyes nor ears.

They wore large hats with the brims extending out from the front. These were the greatest puzzle to the little Spectator for, having no heads, what on earth could they

wear them on, and what in the world do they want hats for at night anyway?

Moonbeam knew that the creatures who dwell on earth under the rays of that blazing personage, Old Sol, needed some head protection from his viciousness, but the night was always cool and refreshing, so why this monstrous headgear?

Try as she might, her mind could not solve the reason, so she just left it to be explained by some one else smarter than herself.

Stretching her neck over the edge of the leaves she saw a pretty shield of bright yellow spread across their chests.

In the middle of the shield was one large black spot and on either side brilliant rose-red ones caught her eye.

The rose-red spots were dull-toned and so gay against their dull-toned backs.

"Why don't they just turn themselves inside out and live that way always," Moonbeam exclaimed, softly.

"To think of this plain pair being such beauties while soaring through the woodlands and so common-place now! It is a pity they do not dance every minute of their lives.

"I think I shall just bolt right down the tree, give them both a big, hard bump and send them sailing off through the air.

"Any creature so homely at rest and so very beautiful on the wing has no fit reason to be still!"

Ferdie and Pifi remained motionless on the tree bark all the while.

Ferdie was deep in thought figuring out just how to get acquainted with the pretty stranger.

He had heard plainly her compliments for their dance, quick as a flash, he decided that this was a sufficient introduction.

He brushed his wing-covers thoroughly, shined up the pretty red spots on his chest and threw his shoulders back very far. Then with his head held high he sauntered proudly up the tree-bark to Moonbeam's side.

Dreadful!
"Prudence Pedantic
She nearly went frantic
Because a young nephew said,
"Hain't,"
But when his big brother
Said, "Hain't got none, neither,"
She fell on the floor in a faint!"

They were large hats with the brims extending out from the front. These were the greatest puzzle to the little Spectator for, having no heads, what on earth could they

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Swimming School at Y. M. C. A. to be Free To All Boys

How Are You Coming On Bee-Scout Game Contest? Get Busy!

Sea Scouts Deliver Flowers to the Sick

Boy Scout Notes

Birthday Party

Grade School Hike