

# Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

## In the Bee Hive

### Stories by Our Little Folks

**(Prize.)**  
**The Brave Boy.**  
Harry Coban lived with his mother and sister in a small cottage four miles west of Chicago. They were very poor and had to work for a living. One night as Harry was coming from Chicago where he had been on an errand for his mother, he heard some one say: "Partners I have some good news to tell you. Mr. Simpson is going to leave his store at 6 o'clock and is going to visit a sick relative in Brooklyn. Here is our chance to get a fortune. There will not be any one at the store, so we can break in the window and take all the money there. Harry wondered if he could reach Mr. Simpson's store before 6 o'clock. He did not want to hear any more that the robbers had to say, but



started to Chicago, which was three miles away. He saw Mr. Simpson at the store getting ready to go home. Harry told him what he had heard. Mr. Simpson called the police. When the robbers came in and were getting the money, the police stepped out from behind a curtain that was hanging there and arrested them. Mr. Simpson was very glad his store had not been robbed. For Harry's reward he gave him a nice house near his store to live in. Harry was employed in the store for \$20 a week. He grew to be very wealthy. Bessie Croudy, 12 years, Blair, Neb.

**(Honorable Mention.)**  
**Tommy in Fairyland.**

Dear Busy Bees: We would like to join your busy hive, so we are sending the following story: Tommy was in Fairyland. An elf had just come after him. There he saw all the fairies dancing and singing. Tommy could not speak when the queen of the fairies spoke to him. One little fairy said, "Don't speak to him yet, he is a little bewitched." But after a while Tommy began to talk and enjoy himself. All of a sudden he heard some one say, "Tommy, wake up! This is not the time to sleep. You must be off to school." Hoping this was the king of fairies, he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. At the foot of the bed he saw his mother standing, scolding him.—Marie Jensen, 14 years, Florana Jacobson, 13 years, Cozad, Neb.

**Animal Alphabet.**  
A for the Alligator, broad and wide,  
B for the Beaver, with valuable hide.  
C for the Coyote, prowling around,  
D for the Deer that leaps with a bound.  
E for the Elephant, clumsy and slow,  
F for the Red Fox we all know.  
G for the Giraffe, tall and slim,  
H for the Horse, that goes with vim.  
I for the Ibeex, standing on a box.  
J for the Jackal, resembling a fox.  
K for the Kangaroo, sleek as a cat.  
L for the Lynx, hair much like a rat.  
M for the Monkey, not pretty or fair,  
N for the Napu, resembling a hare.  
O for the Otter, who has webbed toes.  
P for the Puma, with spots on his nose.  
Q for the Quagga, a reddish brown,  
R for the Rabbit, a pet of the town.  
S for the Sable, with valuable fur,  
T for the Tiger, a dangerous cur.  
U for the Unaw, that fights the cat's paw.

V for the Vicuna, that is a good ma.  
W for the Wolf, a wiser crook,  
X for the Xiphodon, that lives on the Rubicon.  
Y is for Yak, that can't do a snap.  
Z for the Zebra, similar to a wildcat.  
Soloma Naiman, 13 years, Gilead, Neb.

**A New Bee.**  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to your page. I am sending you a poem that I made up. I have a little gosling. That follows me around. It is the prettiest gosling I have ever seen. That ever could be found. And then I have some rabbits. Six in all I see. Some are black, and some are white. All as nice as can be. With these I play most every day. And have a lot of fun. And then they go to sleep at night. When the day is done.—Gust Becwar, 9 years, Exeter, Neb.

**First Letter.**  
Dear Busy Bees: I am a new Bee. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am the youngest of them all. I have a pet pig; his name is Sign, and he takes 44 ounces of milk a day, and he only weighs nine pounds.—Florence Bixler, 8 years, Merriman, Neb.

**Likes to Go to School.**  
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I read the Busy Bees' page every week and I like it fine. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I like to go to school. We live on a farm. I have three sisters and one brother. We have a dog; his name is Buck. He romps and plays with the baby. My sister is writing, too. As my letter is getting long, I will close.—Ella Islund, 10 years, Ash-son, Neb.

**Hero, a Dog.**  
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your page. Our school got out May 14. We had a picnic. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday and like it fine. I will write a poem I made up:  
Hero's master was a soldier,  
And a brave old man was he;  
And he loved his doggie, Hero,  
For they were as happy as could be.  
They lived in a real nice house,  
And at the corner of the street  
Lived a little cunning deaf dog,  
Who with kindness ought to treat.  
It so happened, then one day,  
As Hero went down the street,  
He saw a runaway horse,  
And the deaf dog in the street.  
The deaf dog could not hear it,  
And this Hero seemed to know,  
For he quickly aided the deaf dog  
And it escaped death.  
Well, I must close. I hope some of the Busy Bees will write to me.—Alice Frost, 11 years, Elkhorn, Neb.

**A New Bee.**  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first letter I have written to you. I go to school. I am 8 years old and I am in the third grade at school. I have three sisters and one brother. As my letter is getting long, I will close.—Gudrun Islund, 8 years, Ashton, Neb.

**A Trip to Riverview Park.**  
Dear Busy Bees: As I have written once before, I thought I would write again. I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Witsell. I like her very much. There are 31 pupils in my room. I have two sisters and two brothers. Their names are Marie, Alvena, Louie and Ernest. One bright Sunday morning a few years ago some of our neighbors and we decided to go to River-view park to spend the day. We started about 10 o'clock and took our dinners along. It was a nice ride of about 16 miles. We walked all around the park, looked at all the animals and watched them boating. After we had our dinner it started to rain. It rained all afternoon. It rained so hard that we had to go in our cars to keep from getting wet. It was awfully slippery when we started home and our car slipped down into a ditch. We tried to get out, but couldn't. One of our neighbors had a rope in his car and a street car came along and pulled us out. After we drove a few miles it rained very little, so we all reached home safely.  
As my letter is getting long, I will close.—Helen Stuess, 11 years, Elkhorn, Neb.

**The Storm.**  
Dear Busy Bees: This is my second letter to the Busy Bees. I will tell about a storm when I was at school. The cloud came up in the afternoon. The wind blew and the lightning was bad. It rained very hard. There were two boards to cross a ditch in front of the school-house. I washed them both away. It kept on raining until the school ground was covered with water and still it kept on raining. The water was almost a foot deep in the school yard. Two or three of the children were crying; they were afraid they could not get home. After a while the sun came out and my father came after my sister and brother and myself. My teacher's name is Mildred Pancoast. I like her. She will teach another year. My letter is getting long, so I will close. Some of the Busy Bees write to me. Bernice Cunningham, 9 years, Fullerton, Neb.

**Conundrums.**  
What kind of robes are always made of wood? Wardens.  
When are a cook's hands and a cactus alike? When they are both in flower.  
What dog never barks or bays? A fire-dog.

**The Two Guardians.**  
And the Memory-Man said:  
In Siberia they tell how a Fox and a Wolf met together.  
"Greetings," said the Fox, "how does it happen that it is such a long time since I have seen you? I have been taking good care of the chickens on the farm near by."  
"Yes," said the Wolf, "I heard that I have been guarding the sheep on the same farm. But I am afraid we shall have to move, for I heard the moujik say he had had luck with the sheep and chickens."  
"That would be a pity," said the Fox, "for when a moujik trusts to luck and leaves us to guard his flocks, there is no need for Foxes and Wolves to go hungry."  
"Bad luck! is the easiest excuse of the neglectful man.—R.-W.

**No Friend Like the Dog.**  
Where will you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never selfish, pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility, forgetful of injuries and mindful only of benefits received? Seek him not; he would be a useless task. But take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you, but he will not abandon you to follow a king to his palace. Your friends may quit you in misfortune, but your dog will remain; he will die at your feet, or if you depart before him on the great voyage will accompany you to your last abode.—From "History of the Dog."

**What law is looked upon as being a very wicked one and is feared by almost everybody? An outlaw.**  
What kind of a table should every gentleman take with him when he is traveling? A time-table.

**Trace to eighty-nine and then see my dog, I call him Ben.**  
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.



## Babe Is "Ray of Sunshine"



Jean Larnabee, formerly of Omaha, and now of New York City, she has red hair and large blue eyes. Jean is known as "ray of sunshine" in the Elwell murder block.

very much, but still it is a change. She has red hair and large blue eyes. Jean is known as "ray of sunshine" in the Elwell murder block.

**The Making of a Canoe.**  
Dear Busy Bees: I am going to write you a story about "The Making of a Canoe." There was an Indian boy who met a white boy, and they became great friends. They wanted to make a canoe. So they made plenty of arrows to shoot animals for food. Then they made fishhooks out of bones. The Indian boy's mother made their lines out of Spanish Bayonet leaves. They made a wooden sword the boys used to cut their meat with. They started out when they got there it was dark. So they made a brush tent and layed down and went to sleep. When they woke up they were very hungry. They went out and shot some squirrels. Then they rubbed sticks together and made a fire around a big tree. Then they roasted their meat. When night came they stayed up late and kept the fire going. Then they went to bed. In the morning they started a fire. When night came they stayed up late because it was so near burnt out. At 1 o'clock it fell. It made the woods roar. Then they made a fire on top of the log when it burned away they scraped the charcoal and built a new fire and at last they got it made. Then they made three paddles, by burning and scraping. Then they went in the water, when they were going along they saw tracks of a tribe that was going to kill this Indian boy's tribe. So they worked hard all day paddling. When they got home it was midnight. When they told the dreadful news everybody got ready to fight and when the tribe came they were surprised to see them in the night ready to fight. The Indian boy's tribe won.—Harold Nye, Age 11, Niobrara, Neb.

**The Daisy.**  
Sweet little daisy, so pure and white,  
Oft have I gathered you from tender stem.  
I will see no more of the daisies white,  
Till springtime comes again.  
I have no daisies to cherish now;  
Cold winter has come again  
And nipped my daisies so pure and white,  
From off their tender stem.  
Daisies, fairest of all the flowers  
That blossom in the grove;  
How they spread their opening leaves  
Among the flowers I love.  
I hope that when I'm dead and gone  
That some kind friend will take  
A few of the fairest, sweetest flowers  
And strew them at my feet.

**Flower and Mac Hit the Dust for the East.**  
R. S. Flower, general secretary of the "Y," and Mac Ohman, assistant boys' work secretary, left Omaha early yesterday morning for an extensive automobile tour through the east.

**How Does a Fly Walk Upside Down?**  
There is a little sucker on the end of each of the fly's feet which makes his foot stick to the ceiling or any other place he walks, and which he can control at will. It is made very much like the sucker you have seen with which a boy can pick up a flat stone—a circular piece of rubber or leather with a string in the middle and more or less bell shaped underneath. A boy can pick up a flat stone with this kind of a sucker by pressing the rubber or leather part down flat on the stone and then pulling gently on it by the string. When he does this he simply expels

**Is "Mick" Happy? We'll Say So, My Yes!**  
The boys' division certainly misses the smile and pleasant voice of "Mick." He has been gone on his vacation for over two weeks now. It will still be a few days before the "Y" will be graced with his presence. However, according to his letters, "Mick" is having the time of his young life, so we can manage to get along without him for a little while longer.

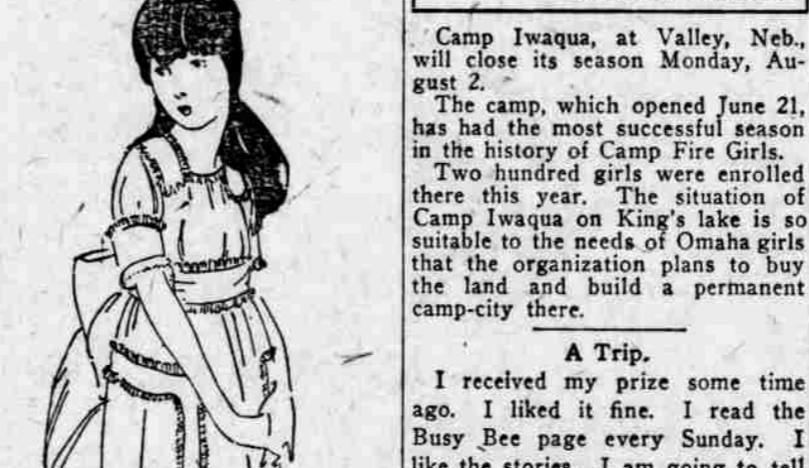
**Y. M. C. A. Victrola Is Back Again After Long, Long Stay at Camps**  
The boys' division of the "Y" is once more in possession of all its records, which have been gone for a considerable length of time. The Victrola records spent 10 days at the cadet camp at Valley, where they received lots of hard work, being used almost continually from morning till night. But they all returned in first-class condition, and they were a source of great pleasure to the fellows at camp.  
No sooner had they returned from this visit than they were off on another expedition. This time to Camp Sheldon, at Columbus, Neb., where they were gone for three weeks at a stretch. They helped the camp very much; in fact, according to "Mick," the camp would have suffered a great loss if it had not been for two records.  
But now the fellows are once

## Camp Fire Girls

### Exercises Every Camp Fire Girl Should Know

**Exercise 1.**  
Stand erect, shoulders up and eyes ahead. The feet will be placed close together, and flat on the ground. Now raise the body upward, balancing on the toes. Hold while you think 1-2-3-4-5; relax, raising and lowering slowly and evenly. Repeat the raising and lowering at least 10 times on the first day, and gradually increase from day to day until you can do the exercise 25 times.  
If your ankles are weak here is the drill that will build them:  
**Exercise 2.**  
Standing with the weight of the body on the right foot, raise the left and turn it inward as far as possible. Reverse, and twist it outward as much as you can, alternating this movement until the ankle feels tired; change to other foot, continuing your practice in the same way. Repeat daily.  
Do not forget your lungs. Here's a "setting-up" that will vary your lung practice.  
**Exercise 3.**  
Standing erect as usual, form the

### A Charming Organdie Frock.



Dainty indeed is the crisp, snear organdie from which this lovely little frock is fashioned. The square front is made of the same fine fabric, but finely pleated, while the serried pleats are restrained by narrow strips of insertion. The bretelles are outlined with a very fine lace, whose pattern matches that of the insertion. The lace trimming is also used effectively to adorn the irregularly cut hem. A touch of color is introduced at the waist-line, where two ribbons—one of pale blue and the other rose—make a pretty belt. The hat has a filmy lace crown, band of blue ribbon and pink rose.

**Lucille Likes Our Stories.**  
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your page but that is not saying I didn't want to join sooner. I have read many of the Busy Bees' stories and letters and thought them very interesting. I hope I can make my stories as interesting. I have only one brother. He is 13 years old. He will be a sophomore this fall. His name is Eldon. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I live in the depot. Papa has worked here for almost a year. He has been on the railroad for 15 years. Lucille Morgan, 10 years, Atwood, Neb.

**Tide, Not Time.**  
Where do you bathe?  
Pete—in the spring.  
Bill—I didn't ask you when; I asked you where!—Boys' Life.

**How Does a Fly Walk Upside Down?**  
There is a little sucker on the end of each of the fly's feet which makes his foot stick to the ceiling or any other place he walks, and which he can control at will. It is made very much like the sucker you have seen with which a boy can pick up a flat stone—a circular piece of rubber or leather with a string in the middle and more or less bell shaped underneath. A boy can pick up a flat stone with this kind of a sucker by pressing the rubber or leather part down flat on the stone and then pulling gently on it by the string. When he does this he simply expels

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## Nightingale Trills His Notes Only When at Home

### By MARGARET M'SHANE.

Forty-second story of the Night. Moonbeam was greatly interested in all Philomela had to say about her family.  
It surprised her, however, to learn that the Nightingale came from his winter home alone.  
This was certainly most extraordinary, for things on wings always travel in crowds.  
She remembered how her bird friends, before starting on a long journey, signal to each other at the hour of departure, meet in one place and set off gaily.  
They twitter loudly about the lovely day they have for their trip, where they will spend their first night, and what friends they expect to meet on the way.  
This was beautiful, but to travel all alone, as Philomela said the Nightingale did, was the oddest thing of which she had ever heard.  
Very much perplexed, little Miss Moonbeam decided there must be some mistake. She surely had misunderstood her friend.  
Finally she muttered to herself: "Well, I guess the quickest way to find out something you really wish to know is to ask."  
And so she asked.  
Philomela told her that it was true.  
"Mr. Nightingale does travel alone," she said, "when he returns from his winter home, and furthermore, after arriving, he will never allow another person in his small domain."  
"No, indeed, he will not! His copse is a very sacred spot with him, and his, by right of possession.  
"You see, Moonbeam," he comes early, finds the thicket and decides where the best location for a nest might be. Then he settles down and gets to work.  
"Me, oh my, how busy Mr. Nightingale is during those first days! I tell you, he hardly has time to eat or sleep."  
"Oh," interrupted Moonbeam, "does he build the nest for his family?"  
"Build the nest for his family," answered Philomela, "indeed, he does nothing of the sort. It is not the nest that worries Mr. Nightingale. It is his pretty voice.  
"When located in the thicket he begins right off to practice his lovely songs. He works with them constantly for hours and hours at a time.  
"You see, Moonbeam, his sweetheart, arrives from the south a week or so later, and Mr. Nightingale wants to be in perfect voice to welcome her."  
Philomela's eyes twinkled roguishly as she spoke.  
"He knows right well," she continued, "that if his song reaches perfection she will instantly fall head over heels in love with him, and that is just the very thing he wants her to do."  
"You should just hear him practice, Moonbeam. He trills and sings his pretty runs over and over again. Later he rehearses his phrases, repeating them in the same way. His notes are very soft and low until all the notes become quite perfect. Then he bursts forth, singing in a strong, full voice.  
"We Nightingales have many different phrases in our music, friend, and I tell you it is almost impossible for anyone, outside of our immediate family, to judge of the number, and Mr. Nightingale studies each one of them every day."  
"Well I do declare," exclaimed the Sky Maiden, "who ever thought a

**Nightingale Returning Home.**  
bird would practice so hard—of course, the children of earth must practice if they wish to know anything when they grow up, but that is because they neglect their work."  
"And the Nightingale works hard for the very same reason. His song is neglected through all the long winter months, Moonbeam."  
"A bird neglect his song, Philomela. Impossible."  
"Well, you see, Friend, while we are traveling our song is hushed for Nightingales sing only at home. So after six months of silence it takes good hard work to get our voices in trim again.  
"Home to us is where we build our nests and raise the baby Nightingales.  
"When the sap begins to move here in the underbrush something stirs within us, too, though we are many miles away. Maybe it is memory, or a desire to see our friends and the thicket again; I do not know. This much is certain, however, that the desire for the thicket we left in the autumn brings us safely back to its branches, even though the way will lead through many danger zones."  
And the listener thought what unusual creatures Philomela and her family are.  
Finally she whispered to herself, "Well, it is a good thing she has a brilliant voice, for she has anything but a brilliant dress. Now, why do you suppose she wears such sober looking clothes?"  
Philomela did look very drab. Her dress was all one shade of dull brown with a tiny strip of reddish brown at the hem. It was made very plain without a speck of trimming, and a simple little dickey of grayish white was worn in front. Could anything be more solemn!  
And so, while Moonbeam reflected that the dull brown dress was far too plain for one endowed with such marvelous song, she heard a sudden swish, and looking up, spied Miss Philomela with wings spread dart across the grove.

**This Bird Is Friendly.**  
Ever try to fight a chickadee? He is a sociable fellow, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington, which is conducting a national bird house building contest in which school children are winning blue ribbons. If you whistle to the chickadee he will invariably respond.

**Twelve-Syllable Rhyme.**  
The right taste  
To camp fare  
Is when all  
Do their share.

**Dear Sir,** wrote the anxious mother, "I fear Johnny is not trying enough."  
"Dear Madam," replied the worried teacher, "I assure you Johnny is quite trying enough. He is the most trying boy in the class."  
—Commerce, High School of Commerce, Omaha, Neb.

**A Young Scholar.**  
"Grammar is a mystery,  
Arithmetic he hates,  
But he takes the prize in history,  
He eats so many dates."

## For the Live Boys of Omaha

According to an article appearing in the June number of Popular Mechanics Magazine. Like a modern general he decided to inaugurate his spring offensive against the pest by first thorough aerial reconnaissance. Having secured an observation plane and a pilot, he inspected from a low altitude every square mile in the vicinity of the camp.

**"Y" Eads You Should Know—John Madgett**  
John Madgett, 362 North Fortieth street, is a boy who is well known to the "Y," but for the benefit of those who do not know him we wish to say that he is a fellow well worth knowing.  
Johnny spent two periods at Camp Sheldon this summer and won many honors while there. He won an honor monogram for his good work at camp during the first period, and he won a gold honor pin during the second period. These were the highest honors that could be bestowed upon anyone. Besides these honors, Johnny was declared to be the best camper in the second period camp.  
John is quite an athlete, especially along gymnastic lines. He has just completed his second year as a member of the junior leaders corps, and has proven himself to be a very capable leader. Johnny has specialized in mat work and tumbling, and he shows rare ability and originality in that line. He was a member of a six-man Y. M. C. A. gymnasium exhibition team which went to Lincoln and won second place in competition with all the teams of the state for the best gym exhibition. He won a place on this team by competing with all the best athletes in the boys' division.  
Johnny is the midget of the boys' division. But that fails to bother him any. His work shows that his ability is not measured by his size. Johnny is considered a very good swimmer, especially for long distances. Under the coaching of Physical Director R. D. Hicks, Johnny has become an expert fancy diver and can execute perfectly fancy dives any dive.  
Johnny is a favorite with all the boys and has many friends and admirers. He is a leader among boys and is expected to distinguish himself along these lines in the future.

**Mosquito-Breeding Pools.**  
Man has employed many weapons in his fight against the typhoid-bearing mosquito, but never until recently was the airplane used. A medical officer, stationed at an army flying field in Kentucky, was responsible for the innovation, according to an article appearing in the June number of Popular Mechanics Magazine. Like a modern general he decided to inaugurate his spring offensive against the pest by first thorough aerial reconnaissance. Having secured an observation plane and a pilot, he inspected from a low altitude every square mile in the vicinity of the camp.

**A LITTLE SERVICE, PLEASE**  
Scene: A Community Service class in cooking. This is not a case of too many cooks. There is one chef; the rest are waitresses. Valuable lessons are given in kitchen management and home economics in these courses.

