

Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

Being Useful.

"How can I ever be anything in this world or be useful in any way," sighed a little lame boy of about 12 years. "I thought I would be a soldier when I grew up, but how can I after falling on that ice and breaking my legs. I'm glad I saved Mary, though. Now, there goes Jim, the washwoman's boy. I'd rather be strong and poor like he is than rich and useless as I am. I wish I had some way to help somebody." After thinking a while, "I have it," he cried, "I can be useful." He doesn't go to school. I'm going to



call him in and see if he'll let me. Hearing a rap on the window, Jim looked up and saw that he was wanted. The door opened and Jim came in. The lame boy was very eager, so he plunged right into the subject in his mind. After listening carefully Jim said, "If I only had money to pay you, but I have none. If I had I would go to regular school, but you see I can't." "You won't have to pay me anything. I have nothing else to do," said the lame boy, eagerly. "Oh, would you do it for me?" exclaimed Jim. "I'd be so happy." "Then I will," replied the boy. "I can be useful to you."

—Violet Goff, 10 years, Nebraska City, Neb.

Lost in the Woods.

There was once a boy who always went away to school on Monday. Some day he went away and nobody knew of it. He wandered and wandered till he found himself in a large woods. By and by it grew dark and he could not find his way home. He then lay down and fell asleep. Johnny awoke in the morning at his usual time and looked around. Three stood a man with a long white beard. He asked Johnny, "From where do you come?" Johnny told him the whole story and the man said, "Come with me and I will take you home." He took Johnny to his home and gave him some breakfast. Then he said, "Now I will take you home." In the meantime at home Johnny's parents were anxious and hunted for him. Soon the man and Johnny came near the city and there they met Johnny's parents. They took Johnny and thanked the man for his kindness and gave him money for his trouble. Then the man went back to his home in the woods. Johnny and his parents went home. Johnny promised that he would never go away again without permission.—Mayne E. Dobby, 12 years, Schuyler, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my second letter. One summer when school was closed I went to grandma's for a month. I helped her with the work, and after we were through with our work I played with my cousins and some neighbor girls. Mamma says if I want to take music lessons I will have to stay at home this summer. My brother and I are going to help mamma take care of some flowers we are going to plant.—Ruth Heckman, 10 years, Friend, Neb.

Likes Our Stories.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to write to you. This is the first time I have written to you. I am going to send you something. We like the stories. I am visiting my Aunt Grace in Lincoln now. I bought my brother and myself a tablet today. We had an ice cream soda up town today. Maybe my daddy is going to Columbus to hunt us a house. We will move there. Will write some more later. Will close for this time. Your friend.—Henriette.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I'm 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I have one sister and five brothers. I have a pet cat. As my letter is getting long, I will close.—Elizabeth Mahloch, 9 years, DeWitt, Neb.

The Tornado.

This is the first time I have written to you. I read the Busy Bee's page every Sunday. I thought I would like to tell you about the tornado that went through here about two years ago. It was nearly 5 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in May. We were all standing in the door watching it. Just when my papa came home and said to hurry over to the garage, for there was a cyclone coming. When we got into the garage the tornado had gone past, taking the Lutheran church, which is near the outskirts of the town, off the foundation, and ruining a very pretty farm house about half a mile farther on. It would take a long time to tell you about all of the damage it did. My cousin was here that day and intended to stay a week with me. She was awfully worried, for her father had started home about a half hour before. He stopped in a farm house and put his team in the barn. He never found all of the wagon, one horse was down to the creek and the other had gone home. They were gray horses and my uncle said it took a long time before he could get them carried clean again. I hope we don't have any more tornadoes this summer.—Hazel Wilcox, 12 years, Clearwater, Neb.

Twelve-Syllable Rhyme.

He who learns To obey Will command. The right way.

One Sunday Afternoon.

Dear Busy Bees: One Sunday afternoon in summer we decided to go to Boelus and fish. It was the third time I ever went fishing but never fished, but this time I did. We did not take any lunch as we thought we would not stay long. We first went to town and then to the river. The first place we went to, we didn't catch any fish, so we took the car and went further on. There we struck a good place, for quite a number of people were fishing and all had quite a number of large fish. There was a bridge and we sat there and fished. Papa caught the first fish and mamma the second and third. Later on I took the fishline and sat upon a cement stone that extended into the water. The water there was about 20 feet deep and when I got a bite I lost my balance and fell into the water. Then I got out because I was afraid I might really fall in. Papa nearly fell into the water while he walked across the log from one side of the bank to the other, but he caught hold of a wire and got off the log. We stayed there quite long till it was nearly dark and then came home. We had gathered many bouquets of wild flowers that smelled very nice. When we came home we ate supper then went to the show. We felt very tired but we certainly had a good time. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close. I think the "Children's Page" is a very interesting page for children especially. I will soon write again to this page.—Bridget Pawloski, 12 years, Farwell, Neb.

The Summer's Wardrobe.

Summer is here with dress of green; The flowers' gaudy robes are plain to be seen. The sky above has a gown of blue; The rainbow's ribbons are delicate blue. See the blossoming trees Swaying in the breeze, Around which the bees are lurking; Hear the birds chirping. We know merry spring is here, Also the flowers, which to us are so dear. See the blossoming trees; Hear the humming bees.—Margaret P. Smith, 11 years, Fremont, Neb.

A Vision.

Last evening, as I sat in my easy chair beside the fireplace, a peaceful feeling came over me. Suddenly, soft rays of light, all colors of the rainbow, tinted the room. As I gazed into the cheerful fire, soft strains of music caught my ear. I looked in the direction from whence it came, and a vision arose. A lovely sight I have never seen. The figure, a beautiful young girl, was robed in a gown of white satin, made like the old Grecian type. Her Titan hair, parted on the side, was clasped from her face by tiny diamond barrettes, and hung in large, loose curls reaching her shoulders. Her arms, hands and feet were clad in a warm soft robe. Her face! No words can describe it. All the sweetness, dearness and purity of girlhood shone upon it. Her soft, hazel eyes spoke sincerity and truth from their deepest depths. "Margaret," little daughter! I cried, and ran to meet her. "Good-by, daddy; take good care of mother," she vanished. I clutched the open air, then slowly turned back to my chair. "Oh, God," I prayed, "please send that vision again!" KATHRYN REEVES, 12 years, Onawa, Ia.

Dot Puzzle



Why Does an Apple Turn Brown When Cut?

The reason is that when you cut an apple the exposure to the air of the inside of the apple causes a chemical change to take place, due to the effect the oxygen in the air has on what is scientifically known as the enzymes in the apple, or what are commonly called the "ferments." When the peel is unbroken it protects the inside of the apple against this action by the oxygen. The brown color happens to be due to the chemical action. The action is similar to the action of the air on wet or damp iron or steel, in which case we call it rust.—From the Book of Wonders.

The Monkeys and the Bell

And the Memory-Man said: A Thief, having stole a Bell, was while running away with his booty, caught and devoured by a Tiger. A band of Monkeys, having found the Bell, ran away with it in the trees. The people of the town hearing the Bell, grew superstitious and declared that it was a sign that a giant was devouring a man and ringing his Bell for dinner. A certain poor woman, however, finding that all her neighbors were leaving determined to investigate this noise, and found that the Bell was being rung by Monkeys. So she went to the Rajah and offered to silence the giant. The Rajah gave her money with which the woman bought some fruit and strewed it on the ground in the wood. The Monkeys dropped the Bell in order to grab the fruit, and the woman took away the Bell and showed it to the Rajah, who gave her a pension. Many people are frightened by the sound of a thing which would not be frightened of the thing itself. R.-W.

A New Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I am writing to you. I would like to join your club. I am 10 years old. I am in the fifth room at school. I live at the edge of town. My teacher's name is Miss Fetterman. We have 36 chickens and one cow. I have a little friend who would like to join your club. I play basket ball every Saturday at 3 p.m.—Carolyne Ladwig, Hebron, Neb.

The Lady Moon.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first story to the Busy Bees' page. Oh! Lady Moon, your horns point toward the east, with your beautiful face toward me. A poor little beggar like me. Oh, why is it that I am so lonely when I see your beautiful face in the sky; then I do not feel so lonely. Oh, why? Last night as I lay in my bed I glanced out through the window at you and I thought of how lovely it would be to be a child of the moon. A dear little Moonbeam on high would carry a message straight up to the stars, then carry them back down again. Oh! the Lord has only to pity a poor little beggar like me.—Bernice Kelley, 10 years, Haigler, Neb.

Dick Ellis Writes; Working in Panama.

The Boys' division received a letter this week from Richard F. Ellis, assistant boys' work secretary at the "Y" last year. I see your beautiful face in Panama. Ellis had a wonderful trip down and spent several days at Haiti. He has been over the canal and has enjoyed a couple of fishing trips on the Pacific ocean. He expects to go to work soon for the government on the canal and anticipates having a wonderful time there for the next two years. Dick wanted to be remembered to all the "Y" boys whom he learned to know so well and any boys who want to write to him can address him at Box 113, Pedro Miguel, Canal Zone, Panama.

In Praise of the Peanut

The peanut today to be regarded merely as the trimming for the circus. Since the war it has become a valuable food product. Salad oils, oleomargarine, soap and cooking compounds are now made of peanuts. One company timidly experimented with carload of peanuts 10 years ago. Now it consumes annually 300 carloads. Last year 12 southern states planted peanuts on 1,251,000 acres and grew a crop worth \$80,000,000. A peanut grower used to throw up his hat with joy when he received \$1 a bushel. Now he hems and haws when \$2.50 is offered for a choice crop. The Department of Agriculture is now making scientific studies to discover the best varieties of peanuts for particular purposes and to develop the best marketing systems.—Popular Science Monthly.

Twilight.

Day is dying in the west, Night sets her evening lamps in the sky; All the birds have gone to rest, The moon will be up by and by. While the deepening shadows fall From the stillness the whippoorwill's Mingles with the night hawk's cry And the solemn owl seems to shut one eye. One by one little stars go to rest; The moon shuts its other eye, And soon is out of sight at best. The first streak of dawn shows in the sky.—Eulah Johnson, 12 years, Creighton, Neb.

A Terrible Fate.

Dear Busy Bees: Once upon a time there lived a girl who was very bad and wicked. She would not do any work for her mother and let her sister do it all. One day she said she was going to seek her fortune. She traveled into the woods till she came to a witch house and then the witch came out and turned her into a log of wood and flung her into the fire, where she was burned to ashes. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me, for I will answer them.—Henrietta Tasks, 12 years, McClelland, Ia.

Conundrums.

When is a river like a violin? When it is bridged. What will make pie inquire? It will make pie inquire. What is the name of a disease that covering should be used? A counterpane. Why is the whole of anything worth a dollar? Because four quarters are always worth one dollar. When you speak of a bank of a small stream why do you say it is a bank? Because you are speaking of a bank of a small stream. Why should a housekeeper never put the lid of a refrigerator? Because it will cover it into me.

A Hint to Scholars.

A dear little dance of a girl, Aunt Edna, dreamed that she dipped on the lake. They ate up the rule. She had studied at school. And she had been to grow rapidly wiser.—A. M. P.



Cats Hold City Offices

Owing to the large numbers of rats that have appeared in Paris since the war, the city government has employed "official cats" to keep the city offices and museums free from rodents. Their pay is not magnificent, about \$2.50 a year, in food, but then, no new classes of labor who break into the industrial field are ever highly paid at the start. So what can a cat expect? The city is overrun with rats, and the war had sadly depleted the cat ranks. Cats were eaten during the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war, but during the late war the necessity for this did not arise. Possible means of eliminating the rats have been discussed by officials, but as yet no effective plan has been adopted to keep down their increase. Officials of the American Red Cross in Paris have investigated the matter and have come to the conclusion that about the only adequate rat catchers have been the cats, but that the cat forces are greatly outnumbered by their hereditary enemies.—Our Dumb Animals.

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The Hero.

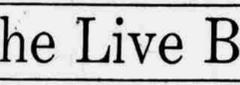
In the year of 1918, while war was going on with Germany, dogs were useful as well as soldiers. There was a soldier walking along a street in New York City when he saw a boy abusing a dog. The soldier taking pity on the dog picked it up, took it to camp and dressed its wounds. Bob, for that was the soldier's name, and the dog became good friends. The rest of the soldiers in camp made fun of the dog and abused it. Some weeks later the word came to sail for France. Bob took his dog with him. The dog even went to the trenches with him. The soldiers were only in the trenches three days when the Germans were gaining on them. The only way for safety was to reach the soldiers a mile back in trenches. As there was no way of reaching them they were in despair when Bob thought of his dog and how he had trained him to carry messages for him. The dog was brought forth and, message in mouth, he started forth on his errand. The soldiers then sent the other soldiers to aid them. The American soldiers came in time to save the day. The victory was theirs. But the hero was a dog which had been abused, kicked and laughed at.—Hazel Clugey, 14 years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Loves Pinky.

Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join your Busy Bees. I am in the sixth grade at school. I have a pet cat. I call him "Pinky." Every night he jumps upon the window sill and I let him in. Then about 8 o'clock he waits at the door to get into the house. Well, I must close for this time, hoping some of the Busy Bees will write to me.—Fay Jahner, Modale, Ia.

A New Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. Miss Mary quite contrary how does your garden grow? With silver bells and cockle shells and pretty maids in a row.—Mildred Rankin.



"Y" Open House for All Boys Important Event of the Year

"The biggest thing that has ever happened in Omaha for boys" will take place from Friday this week, September 10 until Saturday, September 25, when every school boy in Omaha above 12 years of age is invited to come to the Y. M. C. A. for a great time. It is the annual open house for boys and over 2,500 boys are expected to attend. Arrangements have been made to take care of every boy that comes, no matter how many, and all will have a wonderful time. The whole boys' division will be put at their disposal and the visitors will receive supreme for 14 days. They will be given all privileges of the boys' division from the reading room and victrola to the gymnasium and swimming pool. The boys will come according to the school which they attend, a day being reserved for each school. Two or three schools will come each afternoon at 4 o'clock and will compete against each other in athletic events in the gym and swimming pool. N. J. Weston, the "Y's" popular physical director will be in charge of the games and athletics in the gymnasium and pool and has a wonderful new lineup of athletic events for the boys. Ira W. Jones, the physical director of the Omaha Public Schools will co-operate in the open house program and will be present each day to help show the boys a good time. C. C. Weigel and R. D. Hicks, assistant physical directors will assist in taking care of the boys. At 4 o'clock each day the fun will start, when the boys will climb down the brass pole from the boys' division to the gymnasium below, and will start on the athletics and games there. There will be an hour of continuous fun and good time in the competition to see which of the several schools that day is the best. The winning school each day comes back on Saturday afternoon, September 25, to compete with all the winners each day for the championship. A fine felt banner will be given to the boys who win the championship.

Mac Returns From Automobile Tour

Mac Ohman, assistant boys' work secretary of the Y. M. C. A., returned this week from a month's automobile tour of the east with Mr. Flower, general secretary of the "Y." Mac is busy telling the boys of his trip and of the wonderful sights which he saw while away. He says that he is glad to get back, though, and is ready for Central High school to start Tuesday. Mac will be a junior in Central this year and will still continue with his duties here in the afternoons and on Saturdays as he did last year. Frank Bunnell, who has been working as assistant in the boys' division this summer, has finished his work and has left for Camp Sheldon with the Hi-Y fellows. He will be a senior at Central High this year and is captain of Company D. Frank has made many friends at the "Y" this summer and he will miss this fall. He will still keep his interest in the work with boys and will be a leader of one of the younger boys' Bible study groups this season.

Nightingales Popular as Cage Birds, But Die Early in Captivity

By MARGARET M'SHANE. (Forty-seventh Story of the Night)

Philomela stared for a full minute at Father Nightingale asleep on the nest. Then without a word of explanation or apology she spread her wings and flew off into the thickest depths of the underbrush. Moonbeam roused herself to start in swift pursuit, but before you could say Jack Robinson Philomela had returned. There she stood beside the nest, a huge bunch of soft green moss hanging heavily from her bill. Stopping quietly over the sleeping bird, she made the softest pillow you ever saw out of the green texture and then placed Father Nightingale's aged head very tenderly in the middle of it. Mr. Nightingale never blinked an eye or uttered a single sound while Philomela soothed the hurt head. He was just too weak to talk or to move.



Philomela soothes the invalid.

On special occasions and festivities of Birdland these three sing in trio, and when they do, their song is the most superb thing you ever listened to. "Sometimes between 3 and 4 o'clock in the early morning, if the Night lifts her veil a little, Cousin Wood Thrush will sing, but this happens very, very seldom. "You see they are all daylight folks."

Noises coming through the thicket drowned the words of Philomela. They were the voices of the jolly Night Breezes skipping home, for it was near the coming of Day. Moonbeam beckoned to the chattering Breezes to wait for her. Saying goodbye to Philomela and Father Nightingale, she sailed off with them to her home in the blue arc of Heaven.

Philomela waved goodbye with her wing, until Moonbeam was far on her way. Then she sat guard by the side of the Vanquished and sang her sweetest melody to the coming Dawn.

I'm glad that Grandma's speech don't grow fast and her head for then you couldn't even hunt around. I'm glad that you can't find them. Then only think what a should miss with a "Thank You" and a kiss.

A Young Traveler.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. If you like it I will write you again. I am 8 years old. When I was a baby I lived in Missoula, Mont.; then we moved to Redlands, Cal., where I lived four years. When I was 3 years old one day I ran away from home with my trunk, which I left downtown, and got on a San Bernardino car. The conductor did not see me until we were out of town, so they took me all the way 10 miles, and back to Redlands, then back to Montana, then to New York, then to Lincoln, Neb. I have lived in four states. I like California best of all. I love the beaches, the flowers, the oranges and the sun. I have two little sisters and two little brothers. My father is a typewriter man. I can write with it. I wrote this letter all myself. 8 years, Lincoln, Neb.

Local Hi-Y Boys In Camp at Sheldon

The Omaha Hi-Y camp of fifty older high school boys from the three Omaha high schools, is progressing in fine shape at Camp Sheldon, the state Y. M. C. A. camp at Columbus. The boys left at 4:25 p. m. Thursday in a special car over the Union Pacific, and the camp opened at supper that night. L. C. Oberlies of Lincoln, member of the State Board of Control and the best known man in Nebraska among high school boys, opened the camp at the camp fire on Thursday night with an inspirational talk which challenged every boy there to do things this year in a big way. Mr. Oberlies spoke again Friday morning at the conference address hour and again Friday night at the camp fire. His final talk was given yesterday morning.

Hi-Y Presidents Spend Summer in Different Places

The presidents of the three Omaha Hi-Y clubs have been enjoying their summer vacations in various and in entirely different ways. Only one of them has been in Omaha for the summer and the others have been scattered. Stuart Edgerly, president of the Hi-Y club of Central High school, and cadet major this next year, had been spending a month at Lake Minnewaska, at Glenwood, Minn., with his father and friends there. He has just returned and has been telling wonderful stories of the fishing and swimming there and his coat of tan surely looks like he had been enjoying outdoor living while there. Joe Lewis Shaaholz, president of South Omaha High school, has been working since school closed in June and will take his only vacation at the Omaha Hi-Y camp at Columbus from September 2 to 6. "Joe" has been working at two jobs this summer and has had little time to himself. He has had lots of time to be working up his plans for his club this year and promises the best year's work yet in the South High club. He has been working at the packing house during the daytime and at the Nicholas oil station on Seventeenth and Howard streets in the evenings until 9 o'clock. Joe says he is "rearing to go" and can hardly wait until the Hi-Y season opens in October. Neville Ogden, president of the Commerce club's president, is spending the summer working at Denver. In a letter received a few days ago he says that he plans to work right up until the time for the Hi-Y camp to start. He is enjoying the summer in Colorado and is also enthused over the prospect of a fine year's work in Commerce High for the Hi-Y club. All of these boys, together with 50 other leading high school boys from the three schools, will spend the five days, September 2 to 6, inclusive, together in a Hi-Y conference camp at Camp Sheldon, Columbus.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Local Hi-Y Boys In Camp at Sheldon

Following the fun in the gymnasium there will be a long swim for all the boys in the pool. The boys will be under the supervision of trained men from the time that they enter the building until they leave, and everything will be done to make every boy enjoy himself to the utmost. Everything will be free to the visitors, and boys need bring nothing to the "Y" but themselves. Towels and soap will be furnished them free, and there will be boy leaders present to help the men in charge direct the boys so that they may get the most pleasure out of their afternoon. Following the swim, there will be games in the boys' game room, and the boys will be allowed to look around and see just what there is to interest the boys in the fine club rooms on the second floor of the building at Seventeenth and Harvey streets. The only rules in regard to the open house are simply that boys must come with their schools. Each group will compete as a school against the others. E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is in charge of the plans for the open house, and says that this year will be the best that the "Y" has ever had. Some 1,800 lads visited last year at this time and it is confidently expected that over 2,500 different boys will take part this next week.