

Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)
The Silver Dale.
 It was a lovely moonlight night in the ball room of "The Silver Dale." The queen May Belle was giving a ball for the prince of the Streak of Moonlight. The miss at the ball who appealed most to the prince was to be taken back with him to his kingdom. All the Silver Dale was in such a tumult. Some were pale with fright and some were rosy with delight. There was one who especially appeared to the prince. She was a large one with a mass of black hair, and with many jewels in it and many rings on her fingers. She was a gaudy little thing, who flirted with the prince all evening. When it came time to go there was a very happy Penelope, who started off with the prince, but Penelope pretended she didn't care, yet deep down in her heart she was very happy and proud. For a long



dog awoke and barked and growled at the oxen. "What is the matter?" said one of the oxen. "Do you want to eat it?"
 "No," said the dog, "I never eat such stuff." "Very well," said the ox, "then let us eat it. We are hungry and tired." "No, you shall not, growled the dog. "Go away and let me sleep." "What an ugly, snappish fellow. He will not let us eat it nor eat it himself." I wish some busy bees would write me.—Clifford Luxbury, 9 years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

The Cat and the Hen
 And the Memory-Man said: A certain cat, having a great desire to eat a young chicken was unable to gratify her wish. During the daytime, the Dog watched over the chickens, and at night the Henhouse was fast shut. So, in the presence of the Dog, the Cat said to the Hen: "Let us be friends. See, as a proof of friendship, I will send one of my little kittens to spend the night with you, and the day after, you shall send one of your chickens to spend the night with me."
 So it was agreed, and next night a kitten slept in the Henhouse. The night following, a chicken went to spend the night with the Cat. But the chicken never returned. Thus the Cat got his feast of young chicken.
 "You will learn to be wiser next time," said the Dog to the sorrowful Hen. "Cats and chickens can never be equals."
 Unequal friendships often end in disaster. R.W.

Twelve-Syllable Rhyme
 Years will not
 Make a man,
 Trust fulfilled
 Always can.

What Laura Wished.
 "I wish spring was here," said Laura one day as she was going to school. "I have to go to school, and it is cold, so very cold. No bird is here to sing me a song so gay. No flowers here to greet me on the way. But only snow, only snow. Oh, dear me! I wish spring was here." I will write a longer story next time. Busy Bees—Rose Davis, aged 9, Schuyler, Neb.

Robin Dear.
 I am a dear robin;
 I came today
 To sing a song,
 To make me gay;
 To sing "Springtime is here."
 Dear Robin, dear,
 You bring us joy,
 Just as good or better than
 any toy.
 —Agnes Davis, aged 11, Schuyler, Neb.

A Fright
 Dear Busy Bees: I read the Sunday Bee every week, and like the stories just fine, so I thought I would tell you of the experience I had one Sunday at my uncle's place. My little cousins, Mildred, Helen, Jerry and I were playing in the parlor, when all of a sudden we heard a knock at the door. We all heard it and were frightened. Now it happened that there was a bed across the doorway. In our fright we did not think of going around the bed, so we rolled over, one after another. We told the older folks about it, and they told us that there was an open window and the wind shook the door. Then my aunt went and closed the window. Then we were playing in the parlor as if nothing would have frightened us. Good-bye, Busy Bees.—Lydia A. Hamsa, 9 yrs., Abie, Neb.

A New Bee
 Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I am 7 years old. I am in second A. I go to Brown Park school. I had two pet rabbits, one was brown and one was white, so I called one Brownie and one I called Whitey. They were getting so big I sold them. Well, I will close.—Harry Horak, 7 years.

Our Pet Dog, Rex.
 This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am 12 years old and I have a little sister who had a pet dog. His name was Rex. He was a fox terrier and everywhere we went Rex was always at our heels. We lived on a street where the automobiles are only about a minute apart. And one evening last summer while we were crossing the street I heard a noise and on looking around I saw little Rex kicking his last. He had been run over by an auto and he died in a few minutes. My brother buried him the next day and we had a regular funeral procession, and all the children in the neighborhood loved little Rex. I hope to hear from some of the Busy Bees. Little Celia Butler, 4006 South Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Neb.

My Pet Pig.
 Dear Busy Bees: I will tell my story about my pig. It is very small and it has a curly tail. Its color is red. I have one brother and two sisters. Their names are Herbert and Mabel and Annie. My teacher's name is Mabel Whitten and she is very good to us. She lives in Colon, Neb. We all like her very much. My letter is getting long, so I guess I will close. Good-bye, Busy Bees.—Willie Peters, 11 years, Yutan, Neb.

A Sleepy Dog.
 Dear Busy Bees: Once upon a time a sleepy dog went to a barn and jumped upon a manger full of hay. There he curled himself up for an afternoon nap. When he had slept in comfort for some time the oxen came in for their supper. Then the

Uncle Sam's Girl Scouts Go Camping

"Campward Ho!" A Bird's-eye View of Girl Scouts at Play!



MRS. JANE DEETER RIPPIN, NATIONAL DIRECTOR, GIRL SCOUTS.

Camp Fire Girls

Count for First Week Of Camp

At the appearance of many of her daughters. As they gaily trooped along, laden with many blankets. To spend a night under her protecting beams; But the Rain God secretly assembled her forces. And before the morning Sun Patter, patter downward came the rain. While rambling, rambling maidens hurried to Iwauqua's welcoming arms. Near the last of the moon More milestones were covered over hill and dale. Into the land of the palefaces; Now, 53 happy maidens Are met on a grassy point, overlooking sparkling Ganocodyn. Where they await the tales of their faithful Bobashoo.

A Hike

It was a fine spring day, the sun was warm and it had rained the day before just enough to settle the dust. As soon as I was ready I went over to Irene's and in about five minutes Irene and Florence and I started for Velora's. Frances and Margaret were waiting for us, but Velora, Goldie and Mildred had gone on and had left word that they had begun a trail at Thirty-sixth and Grand. So we started to trail them. They had left chalk marks, papers with jokes written on them, pictures, camp fire symbols and other signs to guide us. Finally the trail led through a small thicket into a meadow. Here the trail ended. We went back onto the road again, then we followed the road about a block. Here we came to another road leading north. We followed this road up a hill and on top we found a bridge over a cut made for a railroad. We found the others under the bridge. They had crossed the meadow. After eating our lunch we started home along the railroad tracks, singing as we went. All arrived home tired and hungry, but very happy. We had had fun.—Helene Henderson.

A Plucky Girl.

Jean Lorain was a little French girl 8 years old. Her father had been captured soon after the war broke out. Jean was 5 years old when it happened, and the shock killed her mother. Jean was very brave, and she was very plucky. She was walking home through the woods from the village. As she passed by a large clump of bushes she heard a low moan. Peeping through the branches she saw two Germans fast asleep and a wounded soldier in French uniform. Jean being a brave girl, looked around to find a way to help him to escape. Taking a pair of scissors from her pocket, she slipped up behind the soldier and whispered, "I am cutting you loose, come with me, but do not make any noise." He was very weak, but with Jean's help they were soon out of the woods. When Jean reached home she helped the soldier on a cot. In a few minutes she heard him whisper, "The Germans are going to attack our camp at midnight. Please tell them, and then I'll fall back exhausted." The camp was five miles away and Jean was the only one to go. Without thinking of the danger, she started out. She had to stop and rest many times, but at last reached camp and delivered the message. The Americans won the battle. To Jean's great joy the soldier she had saved was her father, and when the war was over they came to America to live.—Ruby Croudy, 14 years, Blair, Neb.

Conundrums.

What age is the most often ill treated? Baggage. What is the most disagreeable word? Gerbage. What age do single people never reach? Marriage.

Campania Causes Increase in Number of Boys at Y. M. C. A.

The membership campaign which is now on in the boys' division of the Omaha Y. M. C. A. is the biggest in the history of the boys' work there. Over 200 boys have joined the association thus far in September and this number will be swelled to 250 or 300 before the month is over. The special campaign lasts until October 6 and boys can join up until this time for \$6 for a full year's membership. This is a reduction of \$1 in the usual fee and includes not only membership, but lockers, towels, soap and game room privileges of the Boys' Division. The increase in membership has made necessary another addition to the boys' locker room, which has already been enlarged twice since last September. This new enlargement will take care of 100 additional boys and will increase the capacity of the boys' division to over 900 members and will allow over 1,500 different boys to be taken care of in the various activities that do not require membership. It is anticipated that the number of different boys touched definitely by the work of the boys' division this year will run over 2,000. Last year it was well over the 1,200 mark.

Leaders at Central Hi—Stuart Ederly

Stuart Ederly, 5110 Cumming street, is one of the most prominent boys in Central High school. He is a fellow of unlimited ability and shows it in many different ways. Ederly is a major in the cadet regiment and is liked by all the men under him. He is also president of the Cadet Officers' Club, and will be in charge of the Road Show, an entertainment given each year by the cadet officers to boost their camp funds. Stuart is president of the Hi-Y club, and from all indications will

New Members Party Big Social Affair

The first big social affair of the year at the Boys' Division will be the new members' party on Saturday night, October 9. All new boys members since September 1 will be royally entertained at their first "Y" stag party. Every new member will be given an invitation and also each boy who secured one or more new members will be invited. There will be over 450 boys in attendance from advance indications. The athletic program will be in charge of Mr. Weston, the physical director who will have games in the gymnasium and a swim in the pool. Four reels of comedy motion pictures will be shown to the boys and a program of games will be held in the Boys' Division on the second floor. Short talks will be made by all the boys' work secretaries, including the boys of the various features of the work for the winter. The physical directors will also be over boys of their program in the gymnasium and swimming pool. The prizes for securing the most new members will be awarded at this party and then the whole affair will close with ice cream for everybody. The party is entirely free to new members and boys who secured members and invitations will be sent to the boys entitled to attend by mail. No boy will be admitted without an invitation.

Central Hi-Y Club Gives Stag Party For New Freshmen

The stag party given at the boys' club rooms at the Y. M. C. A. last Friday night by the officers of the Central Hi-Y club to all freshmen boys of Central high school was a great success, both in numbers and in achieving the results desired. The idea of the party was to get the new boys beginning their high school career started in the right way, and to let them know that the senior boys were interested in their welfare. Twelve of the leading seniors of the school were the reception committee in charge of the social. Approximately 200 of the freshmen came to the party which was started by a swim in the pool. While this was going on, moving pictures were shown to the boys who did not care for the swimming. Following this a series of games were enjoyed by all. After the games short talks were given by George R. Smith, lieutenant colonel of the high school regiment; Stuart Ederly, president of the Hi-Y club, the foot ball captain, and E. E. McMillan and J. G. Masters. All these talks were along the line of getting started right with the idea that the seniors were for them and not against them. It was a fine get-together, too, and gave the new boys a chance to get acquainted with themselves. The junior employed class had a fine party last Saturday night, which was quite a surprise to all the members. Fred Kirkland, who has charge of this class of boys from 12 to 15 years of age, and E. E. Micklewright, the boys' work secretary of the "Y," had planned a little treat for the boys, which they were not to know anything about. After the class meeting, which is held every month to take up matters of importance to the class, it

Junior Employe Boys Given Treat

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Tried to Save Dog

John L. Franklin Thomas, a 14-year-old English boy, has been awarded a silver medal by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for his heroic endeavor to save a dog which fell into 70-foot well. The lad allowed himself to be lowered into the pit by means of a bucket, and, although he succeeded in bringing the animal to within 10 feet of the surface, he was forced to drop it from exhaustion and it was killed.—National Humane Review.

The Night People Gather At the Home of Cereus In the Copsé

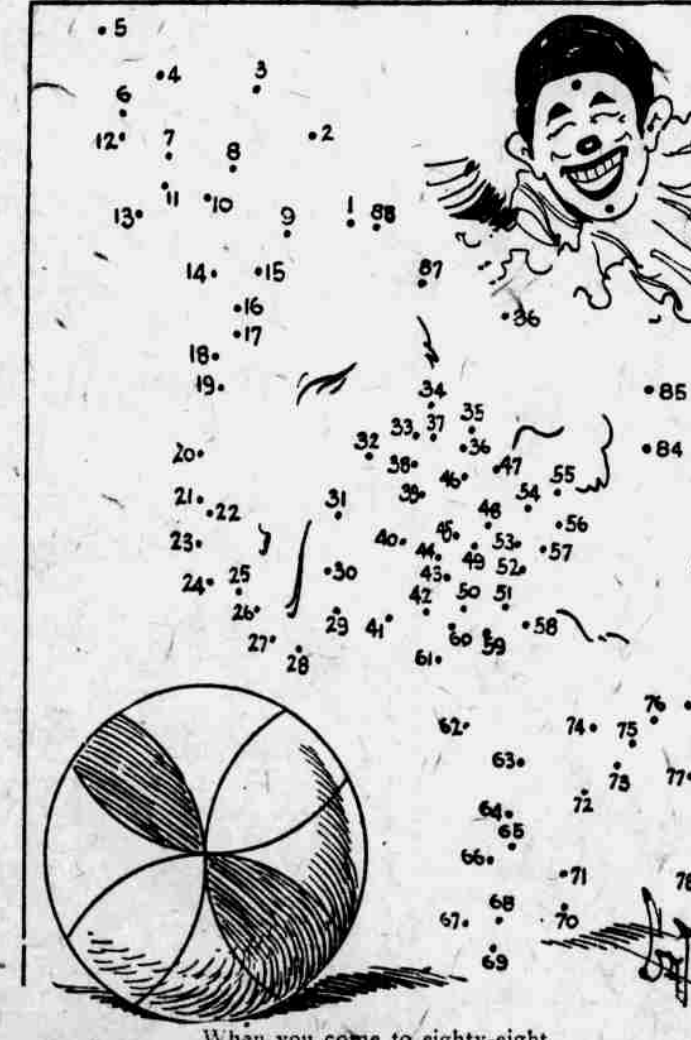
By MARGARET M'SHANE. (Fiftieth Story of the Night.)

Mother and Father Moon had barely touched the rim of the Western Horizon when Moonbeam skipped to earth to welcome the guests for her party. She sailed off with her frolicsome friends, the Night Breezes, who had begged and entreated to go to the midnight feast. They promised not to be the least bit frisky, never to stir a feather, or a hat, from anyone present, and to remain calm and tranquil the whole evening long. So under these solemn pledges the Breezes were permitted to join the merry-makers. In a few minutes Moonbeam and her escorts had arrived at the home of the Night Blooming Cereus. With the first stroke of evening, Cereus had opened her petals and now her perfume spread far and wide through the darkness. The pink streamers that fell so gracefully from her bloom danced gaily on the Breezes as they approached her side. Hooty Owl and family followed the Bats in close pursuit. It looked very much as though they were chasing them for their supper, but after saying good evening to Miss Moonbeam, the Bats hung by their heels from a nearby tree and Mr. and Mrs. Hooty perched smilingly on the very same branch. The owls acted as though they had never eaten a bat in their lives. Meanwhile Ferdie and Fifi Firefly were a busy party, gathering a sufficient number of their family to make a brilliant showing. The Fireflies all settled on the same tree, their dancers lit with full power. The tree looked as though it would be burned to ashes. Then the rest of the guests came all at once. The Scarab Beetles, Mr. and Mrs. Stag Beetle, Freddie Frog and Timothy Tree Toad poked along up the garden path. They came so slowly that no one noticed them until they all spoke to Moonbeam in chorus. It is needless to say that everyone present was amazed at Freddie Frog's appearance. He looked perfectly gorgeous in his new green coat and white trousers. Philomela Nightingale just could not keep her eyes off of him, and before many minutes she had hopped to his side. Philomela looked pretty herself with a pink shawl drawn around her shoulders and a sassy little hat tilted to one side. It was a very cozy Philomela, indeed, that sat to one side chatting ardently to Freddie Frog. Mr. and Mrs. Whip-Poor-Will and Brother Nighthawk were the last to arrive. Brother Nighthawk was so unaccustomed to flying near Earth that he got lost and had to be rescued by the Whip-Poor-Will. By now all the guests had arrived, and everybody was there on time. It was a happy crowd that heard the news that all were to join the Fairies in the glade at midnight. "Who was the best friend Ireland ever had?" a patriotic Irish-American was asked. "Columbus!" was the prompt reply.



Cereus Awaits the Guests.

Dot Puzzle



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

When you come to eighty-eight, You'll see my eighting Kate.

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"Y" Boys Leave for Military School

Two of the prominent boys of the boys' division left last week to attend school at Kemper Military academy at Booneville, Mo. They were Gage Hartman, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hartman of 209 Bradford avenue, and Ward Peterson, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. O. Peterson of 3313 Cumming street. Gage and Ward were constantly in the boys' division last year and took a prominent part in the various activities. They will be missed by all their friends at the "Y." Their address is in care of Kemper Military academy, Booneville, Mo., and all their boy friends are urged to write them there.

Who was the best friend Ireland ever had?

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