

# Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

## In the Bee Hive

### Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize.)  
**The Newsboy.**  
 "Will you come and buy a paper?"  
 Said a weakly boy one day.  
 "You can get out for a penny,  
 And that isn't much to pay."  
 "Come now, don't be angry,  
 For you know I'm very poor."  
 And he stepped behind the stranger  
 And stood against the door.  
 His clothes were torn and ragged,  
 His face was sad and pale,  
 He was not as strong and sturdy  
 As the other boys with mail.



IV.  
 "I can't refuse to take one,"  
 Said the stranger, with a smile,  
 "But that won't be much to help you,  
 For you've such a great big pile."  
 V.  
 Down the street skipped the happy  
 Laughing, dancing and singing for joy;  
 For whatever little kindness  
 That you may do or say  
 May make someone happy  
 And gain for you the day.  
 —Glen R. Gallup, Age 13, Lyons, Neb.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**Kate's Dog.**  
 Kate was the daughter of the widow Talor whose husband was killed in the war. Kate's mother had got along pretty nicely on her \$15 a week until Jimmy got sick, and then they didn't have any money to support them, so Kate had to part with her dear little dog she sold him to an officer, to get medicine for poor little Jimmy. It was a hard job to part with the little dog she had become so attached to but it had to be done. One day long after when Kate was sitting by the window thinking of little Trixie (for that was its name) she felt quite funny for her to be thinking of Trixie whom she had almost forgot and never thought of any more, so she wondered what was going to happen but just then she heard the joyful bark of a dog and, running to the door, she saw the dog and the officer who had bought him from her and the man came up to her and said, as he handed her a check, "You're in luck, getting your dog back and getting over \$10,000 besides." But, stammering at the check, "Then I'll explain," said the officer. "When I went to war I took Trixie with me as a mascot and as company as I was lonesome, and when I was taking very important papers to the general I was wounded severely and could not walk and the faithful dog ran and barked until I saw some of the enemy's soldiers coming then he came to me and whined and I tied the papers around his neck and he bounded off to the general's tent and then the Germans came up and searched him, but not finding anything important they passed on. But Trixie did not forget me for he came back with some men who took me to the hospital and when I got well I saw Trixie receive the big gold medal then I was sent back here and got a \$20,000 check, and here I am, half of it is yours." Then the man left and said, "Good bye" to Trixie. And as every story ends, Gladys Ryan, 11 years, O'Neill, Neb.

**A New Bee.**  
 Dear Busy Bee: This is the first time I have written. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Reba Yeakle. We have two dogs, their names are Rover and Casay.—Evelyn Sellwick, age 9, Jansen, Neb.

**A Hunting Trip.**  
 Dear Busy Bee: How are all of you now? I am in the fourth grade and am 9 years old. The story I am going to tell you is about mine and some other boys' own lives. One day in November when we were trapping we trapped along the river bank of the Missouri. We were after our traps, but when we got there we had a big skunk. It was about 10 o'clock and the time because he was caught in a No. 1 trap and a No. 2 trap, so another boy and I went over to our other hole where there were some other traps and we got them. When we got back the skunk got away, but my brother grabbed a big stick and got it under him and I got a trap on his foot, pulled him out and killed him. Well, I will close. My letter is getting long. Goodbye, dear Busy Bee.—Lawrence Nye, Age 9, Niobrara, Neb., Box 54.

**The Dog and His Image.**  
 Once a little dog had some meat. A big dog came to him and said, "You are not going to have that meat, for I am going to take it away from you." And he took it away from the little dog. Then the big dog went home and he had to cross a brook on his way home. There was a plank across the brook and when he crossed the bridge he saw his shadow and thought he saw a dog in the water that had a bigger piece of meat. So he dropped his piece of meat and he did not get the other piece of meat. So he did not get any meat after all.—Eldon English, Aged 10, Overton, Neb.

**Bee and Catbird.**  
 And the Memory-Man said:  
 A bee, who was busily engaged in gathering honey for the hive, and who was getting very weary, for the day was nearly over, was annoyed by the persistent hoarse screaming of a catbird perched on a limb near the heavy honeysuckle vine whence the bee was procuring the nectar.  
 "Stop that ugly note, do!" exclaimed the bee petulantly. "If you must sing, vary the note a little. That monotonous cry gets on one's nerves."  
 "Why should you talk of monotony?" retorted the catbird. "Every nest I build is a little different, but every cell you build is a monotonous repetition of the last."  
 "Your song is monotonous because you can sing nothing else," replied the bee, "my cell repeats itself because of its perfection."  
 To vary from what is good is as foolish as to repeat a fault.  
 R-W.

**Twelve-Syllable Rhyme.**  
 If you work  
 As though bored,  
 You won't win  
 A reward.

**Our Garden.**  
 We have great big garden,  
 Where pretty roses grow,  
 And when it's green in springtime  
 It's a lovely place to go.

So our garden's nice  
 All the year 'round;  
 It's even prettier  
 When the snow is on the ground.  
 And when the catkins from  
 The poplar trees fall down,  
 And the tulips putting on  
 Her gayest new red gown.

Then the yellow roses,  
 They certainly do stun  
 All the people passing by  
 For they're golden as the sun.

Then roses and gladiolas,  
 They quickly come;  
 Then some popcorn  
 In the autumn sun.  
 —Betty May Aldrich, Aged 8, Nebraska City, Neb.

**Likes School.**  
 Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter to the Bee. I have four sisters and three brothers. I am 13 years old and I live two miles from school, but we go to a country school. Our teacher's name is Rebecca Jensen. I like school. I am in the seventh grade. We live four and a half miles from Minden. For pets I have a pony and two pet pigs. They are red.—Inez Ream, Aged 13, Minden, Neb.

**An Eighth-Grader.**  
 Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter to your page. I am 12 years old and am in the eighth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Rebecca Jensen. There are 20 pupils in our school and four pupils in my grade. We go to a country school. I have two sisters; their names are Quenn Alta, aged 9 years, and Gladys Irene, aged 2 years. My birthday is July 24. My baby sister is July 24, also. Well, I guess I will close. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I will gladly answer all letters I receive.—Grace Adams, Aged 12, Minden, Neb. R. R. No. 3, Box 54.

**A Hunting Trip.**  
 Dear Busy Bee: How are all of you now? I am in the fourth grade and am 9 years old. The story I am going to tell you is about mine and some other boys' own lives. One day in November when we were trapping we trapped along the river bank of the Missouri. We were after our traps, but when we got there we had a big skunk. It was about 10 o'clock and the time because he was caught in a No. 1 trap and a No. 2 trap, so another boy and I went over to our other hole where there were some other traps and we got them. When we got back the skunk got away, but my brother grabbed a big stick and got it under him and I got a trap on his foot, pulled him out and killed him. Well, I will close. My letter is getting long. Goodbye, dear Busy Bee.—Lawrence Nye, Age 9, Niobrara, Neb., Box 54.

Teacher, explaining an example to her class: "Now class, look at the board while I go through it."

## A Happy Little "Mother" Is She



This charming little foster mother, a farmer's daughter of Sidley, Sussex, England, looks after a litter of 10 little pigs which were forsaken by their mother. The "little mother" feeds the pigs from the bottle every two hours, who seem to delight in her unusual form of kindness.

## Camp Fire Girls

**Our Last Council Fire.**  
 By Wichaka Group.

About 6 o'clock on a cool, yes, a very cool, September morning, several groups of girls were to be seen on a grassy plot near the river. Some were sitting Indian-fashion on the ground, others walked about talking together and still others were busily arranging three tepees in a circle. The attitudes of all, however, suggested an impatient waiting. Those talking were often seen to stop and gaze down the trail at the least suspicious sound. Time passed, minutes were as hours to them. What could they be waiting for? Any one of them might tell you. Hadn't they set the alarm last night for a quarter of 5 and awakened innumerable times during the night, to think with a start that it must be very late, only to find that it was still dark? And hadn't they rushed about when they found that there was a flush of color in the east. You know the sun sometimes rises very suddenly when you want to see it. Oh, yes, and the rapid hike to the woods, then the wait for the late ones. Surely, they had thought, they would miss it. Then the sunrise across the water! Could there ever again be such clouds, color, and sun? Why, it is like a ball of beaten gold, they exclaim. Then for a moment they were silent thinking. Suddenly they resume their talking. What a hurry, after the sunrise, they were in, for the crowning glory of the morning—the council fire. How she, pointing to one of the girls, had spilled half a skillet of potatoes in her lap. They had had only two small skilletful, and it was the largest skillet. Indeed, when they thought of it she must have spilled at least two-thirds of them. Then the hike after breakfast to this spot. Several, however, had stayed behind to attend to the food, and they were such a very long time in coming. Surely they had waited for hours. Then a few scraps of laughter and song were carried up to them. The rest were coming! Once more all was hurry and bustle. Head bands were grabbed, moccasins put on and numerous details attended to, while, above all, the happy laughter and voices were heard. The council fire would soon begin.

**Hold Ceremonial Meeting.**

Alneah Camp Fire girls held a ceremonial meeting Wednesday evening at the home of their guardian, Miss Lone Hemingway. Mabel Stout and Irene Mancuso took the rank of woodgatherer and Jean Hite, Dorothy Pugsley and Lydie Robinson took their desire to become members of Camp Fire. Honors were awarded and a short business meeting concluded the evening.

**A Sunday Hike.**  
 On a bright and sunny Sunday, when the world was all at rest; The merry Camp Fire maidens, Maidens of Alneah camp, Took their packs and went so quickly, Quickly to the lake called Carter. In their bloomer suits so clever, All the girls prepared for fun; Rowed their boats upon the water, Water—where they tried to fish. Flowers—which beautify the earth. Built a big fire on the lakeside, Ate their lunch with perfect vim. Rested, then they started homeward, Homeward—to the ones they loved; All with praises and much wishing, Wishing—for a repetition.

**New Group Formed.**  
 The Misses Ruth Mick, Eleanor Lowman, Eugenia Reese, Charlotte Loomis, Leola Jensen and Marjorie Adair met at the Y. W. C. A. and formed a new group. They chose Dakonawa for their name. Mrs. Earl K. Lewis will be guardian.

**Ansankude Group.**  
 "The Ansankude group held a meeting at the home of Helen Rapp Monday. The girls practiced songs and planned their honors for the outdoor ceremonial Saturday.

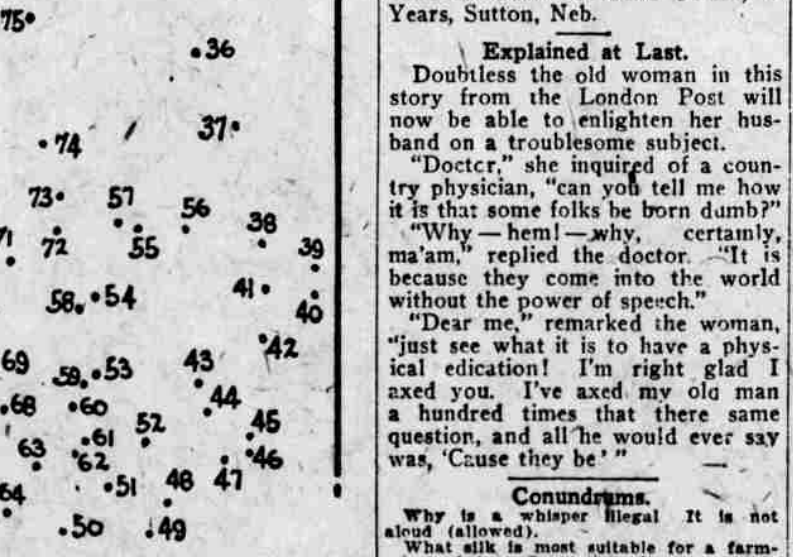
**Do the Ends of the Rainbow Rest on Land?**  
 The ends of the rainbow do not rest on anything. You see, the rainbow is only the reflection of the sun's rays thrown back to us by the inside of the back of the raindrops, which are still in the sky after the rain. Of course, if any of the drops of water touched the ground they would cease to be raindrops and, therefore, could not reflect the rays of the sunlight. So, what we think of as the ends of the rainbow do not really exist at all. The rainbow is only a reflection of the rays of sunlight from countless drops of water in the air, which the sun's rays must strike at a certain angle in order to reflect back the light so we can see it. Where the sun's rays do not strike the drops of water at the right angle no light is reflected, and there is the end of the rainbow.—Book of Wonders.

**First Letter.**  
 Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter. I like to read the little folk stories, so I thought I would write a few lines. I wish to join your club. I am 7 years old and in the second grade. I have a little niece named Avona. She is 14 months old, and I like to play with her. I have six brothers and two sisters. I like to play with my little niece better than I do with my doll. I live in town. My teacher's name is Miss Brown. There are 16 children in my room. I hope to win a prize. I will close for now.—Cornelia Gemar, 7 Years, Sutton, Neb.

**Explained at Last.**  
 Doubtless the old woman in this story from the London Post will now be able to enlighten her husband on a troublesome subject.  
 "Doctor," she inquired of a country physician, "can you tell me how it is that some folks are dumb?"  
 "Why—hem!—why, certainly, ma'am," replied the doctor. "It is because they come into the world without the power of speech."  
 "Dear me," remarked the woman, "just see what it is to have a physical education! I'm right glad I axed you. I've axed my old man a hundred times that there same question, and all he would ever say was, 'Cause they be!'"

**Conundrums.**  
 Why is a whisper illegal? It is not aloud (allowed).  
 What skill is most suitable for a farmer's necktie? Grosgrain, of course.  
 Why are dentists like waves? Because they are billowing (bill owing).  
 What is the difference between an astonished brutal man and an English breakfast cake? One is a mazed ruffian and the other is a raised muffin.

**Dot Puzzle.**  
 I think a pair of russet shoes is very nice for Sunday. But sometimes I should like to lose my shoestrings then. If I would choose what I would do on Monday, I'd run upon the soft green grass a little barefoot country lass.



Trace around to eighty-eight. See what's playing round with Kate. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

## The Teenie Weenies

**The Clown Wiggles Out of a Tight Hole.**  
 By WILLIAM DONAHEY.

"Jimme, I wish the whole day could be mornings," said the Dunce one afternoon. "It's always so quiet in the afternoon, and I like to have somethin' doin'."  
 "Well, let's do somethin'," suggested the Clown, who liked to be moving almost as much as the Dunce.  
 "What'll we do?" growled the Dunce. "Everybody's tired or they're asleep or they're doin' this or that and haven't time to have any fun."  
 "Let's go see Rhyming Rabbit," suggested Zip. "Him funny fellow, and we have much fun."  
 This suggestion seemed to please the other two Teenie Weenies, and they set off down the garden towards Rhyming Rabbit's home. The Rhyming Rabbit lived in the big woods some distance from the shoe house, and when the little fellows came to his hole, which was under the roots of a large oak tree they found the old fellow was not at home.  
 "I'll tell you what we can do," said the Clown after the little chaps had waited for some time. "Let's go into that big house over there and look around. Maybe we can find somethin' to eat."  
 The house the Clown referred to was only a short distance from where the Teenie Weenies sat, so the three little fellows soon made their way to the door.  
 "General, him don't like to have us go prowling mo' houses," said Zip, who was usually a very good boy.  
 "Ah, he don't care if we are care-



ful not to disturb things," cried the Clown.  
 "That's right," argued the Dunce. "He told me that the time I fell into the dish of pudding. He said that he didn't care if we went into houses, but we must not meddle with things."  
 Having convinced Zip that there was nothing wrong in going into the house, the three little chaps crawled through the crack under the door and began exploring the place.  
 In one room they found a toy automobile, which they played with

far away and the water's fresh, and it's a lot warmer than the creek." The three Teenie Weenies hurried to the chicken yard, where the Clown took off his clothes and began washing, while the Dunce and Zip looked on with many grins.  
 By the time the clothes were dry-



it was nearly supper time, and the three little fellows arrived at the shoe house just as supper was served.  
 "Didn't I see you fellows swimming in that big pan over in the chicken yard?" asked the Policeman as the little folks sat down to the table.  
 N-n-n-n-no, t-t-I wasn't swim-

ing, answered the Clown. "I was w-washing my clothes."  
 "Washing your clothes?" exclaimed the General, suspiciously, "why were you washing your clothes?"  
 "They smelled, sir," answered the Clown, "and I was trying to wash it out. I don't like smelly clothes—always like to have them clean."  
 "That's right," said the General, "always keep your clothes clean."  
 The Dunce and the Clown exchanged knowing looks, and two Teenie Weenie hearts thumped mightily hard, for, as the Clown afterward said, "that was the tightest hole I was ever in."

**Why Do Our Hearts Beat Faster When We Are Running.**  
 When you start running, the brain knows at once that your legs and other parts of the body will need more blood to keep them going and so the brain sends down orders through his special nerves which make the heart beat faster to get busy, and they do. Then when you stop running, your heart is beating faster than necessary—there is really an oversupply of blood being pumped through your system for the time being, and that makes you uncomfortable, until the brain sends word through the other set of nerves to the heart to slow down the heart beat. It is better to stop running gradually, to give the heart a chance to get back to its normal beat gradually, also.—From the Book of Wonders.

Miss Ada Neild of the University of England has the distinction of being the first woman ever registered as a student at Harvard university.

## For the Live Boys of Omaha

**Bible Clubs Hold Formal Openings**  
 Between 800 and 1,000 Omaha lads attended the opening dinners of the Bible Study clubs conducted under the direction of E. E. Micklewright, the boys' work secretary, at the "Y" last week. Each of these boys has enrolled in one of the various clubs and will attend each week from this time until the end of next April. This is the largest Bible study opening the boys' division has ever had and the men in charge are more than pleased with the turnout.  
 Last year the local association had 850 different boys enrolled and attending the club meetings each week and took second place in the United States for Bible study work, losing first place by only 28 points. This year with well over 1,000 different boys in the clubs, the local boys' division is after first place in the country.  
 Any boy in the city over 12 years of age may enroll in one of the clubs, which are taught by the most experienced and efficient men that can be found in the city. There are classes for all ages of boys from 12 to 20. A great majority of the club members are older high school boys from 16 to 20 years of age. No boy under 12 may enroll this year in the Bible study work.  
 Fred Kirkland, who is in business in Omaha as a member of the firm of the King Hardware Co., 2109 Cuming street, is also a member of the staff of secretaries of the boys' work division of the Omaha "Y." Fred has been at the boys' division for the last three years and is in charge on the evenings when the junior employed boys attend.  
 While Fred is not so well known among the boys who come in the day

classes, he has a host of friends among the lads who carry and sell papers in the afternoons and who come to the big boys' club in the evenings for their gym and swimming work and their fun and recreation.  
 He is always planning some kind of a party for these lads to get them more interested in their work at the "Y" and the boys trust Fred always. Many of the "Y" lads think that Fred's main job is at the Y. M. C. A. and that he is merely in the hardware business to pay his expenses.

**Basket Ball League To Be Conducted for Local Y. M. C. A. Boys**  
 A basket ball league for boys will be opened this week at the "Y." Games will be played on Thursday evening for younger high school boys and on Saturday afternoons for grade school lads. The only requirement necessary to play in the leagues is that a boy must be over 12 years of age, a regular member of a Bible Study club, and attend three-fourths of the meetings.  
 This will admit many boys who are members of Bible study clubs at the "Y" but who are not members of the boys' division. Regular teams will be formed with a captain in charge of each team and the Junior Hi-Y league will play its games after the Bible club meetings on Thursday evenings starting at 7:30. The grade clubs will play after their club meetings Saturday afternoon, starting at 1:30. These leagues will last for the next few months and are in direct charge of Carl Weigel, assistant physical director at the "Y."  
 Boys who do not attend three-fourths of the sessions of their Bible study club each month will be disqualified and suspended until they have attended meetings again in succession in the same month.

**Two Scout Deaths Reported Last Week**  
 It is with the greatest regret that Boy Scout headquarters announces the death of two of the most faithful members of the scout organization. Eldro M. Nelson, 2333 California street, and W. Franklin Worrell, 3411 Hawthorne avenue, both answered the last call in the past week.  
 Eldro Nelson, 14, was well advanced in the scout work. He was a member of Troop 18, and was a first-class scout. He joined the scouts in February, 1919, and has gradually worked his way to the front. He was well liked by his fellow scouts, and always had a helping hand for everyone. He will be greatly missed in the work of Troop 18.  
 W. Franklin Worrell, while a new member of the scouts, was a prominent member of Troop 65. He was 12 years of age, and had been a scout since June 1. Chief Executive Hoyt and other officials attended the funerals of these lads.

**Hallow'en Party Coming.**  
 Friday night, October 29, will be celebrated by the "Y" boys as Hallow'en with a big party arranged by the boys' division and physical department for every boy member of the association. It is expected that over 400 boys will attend this party, which will be free to every lad.  
 Special Hallow'en stunts will be arranged, both in the boys' division and in the gymnasium and swimming pool. Ghosts will be everywhere and the boys who attended the party last year will remember the great sport which was enjoyed by every one.  
 The fun will start at 7:30 and will last until 9 p. m. Every member of the boys' division is asked to reserve Friday night this week for the "Y" annual Hallow'en frolic. Norman J. Weston and E. E. Micklewright are in charge of the affair

and will be assisted by a large corps of volunteer leaders and by the assistant boys' work secretaries and physical directors.

**Attendance Record Made at "Y" Saturday**  
 Last Saturday was a record day for the boys' division of the "Y" and more boys used the various privileges than on any day for a long time. By actual count, 628 different "Y" boys used the gym, swimming pool, boys' game rooms, reading room. This sets a record which will be hard to beat.  
 The boys' division, teaching over 1,500 Omaha boys at present with its program of development for spirit, mind, and body, is a veritable beehive these days. Gym classes are going in full swing, over 75 different boys are learning to swim with special lessons each week, over 800 different boys have started into the Bible study clubs, and any afternoon one may see dozens of boys lined up in the boys' game room waiting to play on the ping pong, cue rone, and checker tables or play the victrola.

**Duty Unit for Scout Services Is Formed**  
 Scout headquarters has announced a new method of recording the services rendered by the Boy Scouts of this city.  
 Any scout doing a service such as police duty or passing out announcements will be recorded with one duty unit. This is in the form of a card which will be filled out immediately. Five of these duty units may be exchanged for one gilt service star. This star is to be worn on the right sleeve of the scout uniform. When a scout has received five gilt stars, he may exchange them for one silver star. Great interest is being shown in this new scoring system and many scouts are already competing for first hono-