

# Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

## In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

**Prize.**  
**A Loning Boy.**  
Oh, how I long,  
A girl to be,  
But then of course  
It wouldn't be me.  
But if a girl  
I might be,  
I'd be a good one  
You'd just see!  
I'd have lots of dolls  
And for them I'd make  
Pretty little dresses,  
Then you'd see I'm no fake.  
And oh, I'd have,  
Such lovely curls—  
And I'd fix them like mother's,  
In twists and twirls.  
Long trailing skirts  
And sometimes wear;



Tho I might fall—  
When I climbed the stair,  
I'd go to girls' parties,  
And have fellows, too,  
That would spend their money  
On candies not a few.  
But if I were a girl  
My hands I'd have clean  
And very quiet keep;  
And not be heard but just be seen.  
But I'm only a boy,  
And a boy must stay—  
And let the world go on  
In the same old way.  
Maurine Stone, 12, Millard, Neb.

Honorable Mention.

**A Plucky Lad.**  
Dear Busy Bees! This is the first letter I have written to you. I am 9 years old. My birthday is the twenty-second of September. I am in the fourth grade, and go to the East school. I have a bicycle and can ride it very well. Once when I was riding it I bumped into a car. I got over and got a bloody nose. My fingers were cut and my head was hurt, but I was out playing that night. Carl Holmes, 9, 420 North Bell Street, Fremont, Neb.

**A Circus at Last Arrived.**  
The circus had at last arrived. We kids had looked forward to the great event and had stood looking at the huge posters with many pictures on them in gay colors. One thing that had attracted our attention was a picture of a monkey which ad- vised "Rolly, the talking monkey." While the tents were being pitched on the circus ground we kids went to view the sights. The gang, Slim, Freckles, Four-Eyes, Fat and myself, or Shorty, went up in the morning. "Let's look around the place and see if we can't find that monkey," said Fat. "I don't believe a monkey can talk, anyway, do you?" "Show bills are the biggest, fattest, grandest liars, besides newspapers." "Not counting yourself," grinned Freckles. We had not long to search for the monkey, for we saw it in a cage. "I'll bet that is him," shouted Four-Eyes. "Found, you asleep didn't we Mr. Rolly?" said Slim, but the monkey only opened his eyes and looked at him. "If Rolly goes to sleep we can't find out if he can talk or not," said Fat. "Let's get him awake." Fat grabbed his head and struck it against the bars. The monkey seemed to mind it. Suddenly Mr. Rolly jumped up and before Fat could grab it the monkey had his cap. "Hey, Shorty, Slim, what am I going to do, that monkey has my cap that I just bought yesterday, don't you remember I lost my old one down at the creek and if I lose this one Ma will give me 'Hail Columbia.' We can't get it out with that stick and that's the only way I know of." "I guess you'll have to get in that cage and get it," suggested Four-Eyes, or get "Hail Columbia," sorry land. The door of the cage we found to be locked firmly with a padlock. "Maybe if we coax him he will come," said Fat. "Nice Mr. Rolly, pretty little monkey darlin', angel child come here we have something nice for you. Do monkeys like candy?" he asked us. "Don't know, ask the monkey and find out," Fat went on with his pleading but the monkey only looked quite wisely at Fat. "If that monkey can talk he is mighty bashful," said Fat, finally, disgusted. "Who says the monkey can't talk," said a loud voice behind us and we expected to see a big man who would nearly kill us, but when we turned around we saw a little man that we at once concluded was the monkey's master. "Rolly doesn't like to talk before strangers when I am not around," he said. "Rolly, give the boy his cap." Rolly walked up to the bars and said to Fat, "Next time keep your cap on your head." Fat looked and stared. The monkey could really talk even if we didn't see him move his lips, but then, maybe monkeys talk in their throat. "How old are you Rolly," asked Slim and Fat. "Old enough to know my cap belongs on my head and not shaking it at monkeys." "Rolly has to have something to eat now," put in the man, "and he doesn't like to be bothered." "Yes, go away now boys and come to see me when I am not so busy." "Good-by," said Rolly. "Didn't we say that monkey could talk," Fat said. "Maybe it's so and maybe it isn't," said Fat. That night we found the monkey couldn't really talk—Cinderella Guthman, 14 years, Plainview, Neb.

**The Bell.**  
Ring, ring little bell!  
Your silvery chimes echo o'er the dell.  
'Tis midnight on the hill;  
Ring oh bell again!  
Echo o'er the land so still!

Then a ray of light  
Makes the forest bright,  
Not a sound is heard,  
Another ray of light:  
And the twitter of a bird.

Then the patterling little feet  
Of something fast and fleet,  
Dance upon the woody glen  
In the darkness of the night;  
Little dancing feet that come  
To make the forest bright!  
Frances Johnson, 11, Geneva, Neb.

**My Dog Bob.**  
Dear Busy Bees: I have a dog and I call him Bob. He's a good dog and he will do anything for me. He and I go swimming together. He is getting so he can jump very high. When he is "it" for "Run a Mile" he can find me every time. Theodore Lincoln, 12.

**Aunt.**  
Dear Busy Bees: May I join your merry hive? This is my first letter to you. Once upon a time there was an old, old lady. She was called Aunt. She wore a checkered dress and a brown coat. Aunt had a candy stand in the Emerson park. She lived in an old house. When she would walk on the floor it would squeak. Aunt was a kind old lady. All the children loved her and she loved the children. One day Aunt had to leave Emerson park. The children were very sad. They all said good-bye to Aunt.—Jeannette Miller, 9, Kearney, Neb.

"Who's dat peekin' in do do?  
Set mah heart a beatin';  
Thought I see spook a'round ho.  
On mah way to meetin'  
Heard a rustlin' all 'round  
Tress all sort o' jagged;  
As 'long do frosty group'  
Funny 'shadders wriggle."

**The Brook.**  
Laughing little brooklet,  
Sparkling in the sun,  
Where are you going,  
Where have you run?

Daisies white on every side,  
Boats upon you often ride,  
Clover near your waters hide,  
Till you reach the ocean tide.  
Dorothy Davis, 11, Gibson, Neb.

**Independence Day.**  
It was the year 1900 and July 2. I was sitting in a chair helping grandma finish the lovely white dress I was to wear on the Fourth. "Oh, grandma," I said, "mama was telling me where we are going day after tomorrow. Please tell me. I just can't wait." Grandma looked at me over her glasses and smiled. "Have patience, dear," she said, "and just wait on your dress and get it done. I'll tell you—I'm dying to—but I promised your mother I would not." Well, of course, there was no help for it, so I sewed on my dress an hour longer and ran down to the kitchen. Ella, our "darker" cook, was giving my cat some milk. The cat, which by the way, was black as night, was also named Ella. I wonder why Uncle Robert, who gave her to me, named her that. Still the two "Ellas" are very great friends. "Dorothy," cook said, "Do you like nice ginger cookies with raisins in 'em?" "Oh! do!" and soon I was munching a big cookie. Between bites, I said, "Has mama given you any orders to make lunches or anything for the Fourth, Ella?" "Laws now, child," she answered, "gwan on your way. You'll ain't get nothing out of me by asking questions!" So I was still in the dark as much as ever as to where we were going on the Fourth. But with sewing and a tea party Mary Ellen, my chum, gave, the third of July passed quickly. On the Fourth mother woke me bright and early. I dressed myself in my beautiful white dress and white shoes and stockings. My hair was all in curls. "Oh! Dody,"

## Dot Puzzle

Only fifty dots to trace,  
Then a ——— fills this space.  
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

## Camp Fire Girls

**Council Fire**

Following the old Indian legend of Seven Directions, the Camp Fire girls formed in seven groups for their council fire Saturday, October 23rd in Hanscom park. The center group was composed of guardians who welcomed the girls into the circle. The group from the east, west, north, south, below and above, were led by the Misses Seva Swanson, Rosalie Platter, Grace Gallagher, Mildred Hamilton and Ruth Armstrong. After the circles were formed Miss Belle Ryan of the school board gave a talk on "The Job of Being the Right Sort of Girl."

Honor heads were awarded and ranks given, after which camp and clan honors and special honors for work on the camp newspaper, were awarded.

**Groups Tie Tags**

Camp Fire group of Dundee school were entertained Tuesday afternoon at the home of Miss Esther Cunningham. The afternoon was spent in tying tags for the Salvation Army drive of Saturday, October 30th.

Mrs. J. B. Miller and Miss Katherine Douglas entertained their groups Thursday afternoon at their homes. The members worked on the tags for the Salvation Army.

**Gives Halloween Party**

Miss Ruth Bracken entertained the members of her Camp Fire group at a Halloween party Friday evening at her home. The evening was spent in games and dancing and the rooms were beautifully decorated in yellow and black and Halloween favors.

A wireless class for first class Boy Scouts was opened last night.

**Form New Group**

A new group was started Monday afternoon at Hawthorne school. Miss Stella Holmes was in charge and applications for memberships were received. Eighteen girls were present.

**Hold Regular Meeting**

The regular meeting of Mason school group was held Tuesday afternoon. The Misses Hatteroth and Henrietta Medlar addressed the members.

**Why Are Most People Right-Handed?**

Most people are right-handed because they are trained that way. Being right-handed or left-handed depends largely on how we get started in that connection. When we are young we form the habit generally of being either right-handed or left-handed, as the case may be. Most people correct their children when it appears they are likely to become left-handed, as we have come to think it is better to be right-handed than left, and that is the reason why most people are right-handed. As a matter of fact, if we were trained perfectly we should all be both right-handed and left-handed also. Some people are so trained and, when we refer to their ability to do things equally well with both hands and wish to bring out this fact we say they are ambidextrous. It is not natural that one hand should be trained to do things while the other is not.—Book of Wonders.

## Halloween

"The air resounds with tuneful  
From myriads of straining throats,  
All hailing Folly Queen;  
So join the swelling choral throng,  
Forget your sorrow and your wrong."  
In one glad hour of joyous song  
To honor Halloween."

**An Experience.**  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written for this page. I will tell you about an experience I had, as I was coming home from town. One day I forgot that I had not paid the grocer for a bottle of milk. I gave him a bottle but not the money. I hurried back to the store and told him what I did. He paid him the money and then went home. That is my story. I live at 251 North Platte avenue. Wayne Gardner, 9, Fremont, Neb.

## Have Pet Kitten

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written a story to you. We had a little kitten. It was gray and white. We girls would take our dolls' dresses and dress it up. Its name was Tommy. One morning after my mother got up she let the cat in. It jumped up on the bed and came over to me and purred in my ear. I was afraid and jumped over the head of the bed. It scared me, and when I saw what it was I was surprised.—Ruby Woods, 10, 140 North Maple, Fremont, Neb.

## The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY

The Little Folks Almost Hear a Halloween Story.

The Teenie Weenies had decided to celebrate Halloween by having a picnic supper in the woods around a big campfire. It was almost night before the little folks set out for the big woods, and it was quite dark before they had their campfire lighted. The little people gathered about the fire while the Lady of Fashion and the General told stories. The Lady of Fashion had just finished a story when a huge cat



creaked under the bushes and sat down quite near the campfire. The Teenie Weenies knew the cat, for he lived in a big house quite near their village, and he had a reputation for having a nasty temper and a sharp pair of claws. "Good evening, sir," said the General, rising from the stone on which he sat. "Welcome to our little circle." "Good evening, everybody," said the cat pleasantly. "Having a Halloween party?" "Yes, sir," answered the Cook. "We're just telling stories. Maybe you would like to tell us a story?" "Why, yes," answered the cat, blinking his big yellow eyes at the fire. "I can tell a story."

"Oh, do, do," cried the Teenie Weenies. "Well," began the cat. "You all know that a black cat sits on the broom with the witch when she flies about on Halloween—so I'm going to tell you just how that cat happens to be along."

"Once there was an old witch, who lived alone in a hut at the edge of a great forest. The witch was lonesome, and she took a great fancy to a black cat which sometimes visited the forest. "If I could just get that cat to ride with me on my broom when I

## For the Live Boys of Omaha

**Camp Sheldon Film Of Local "Y" Period Shown Boys' Parents**

Last Saturday evening the two-reel Camp Sheldon film which was taken during the Omaha boys' camp period at the state "Y" camp at Columbus, Neb., were shown to a large crowd of parents and boys who attended the camp. The films are very fine, indeed, and show in excellent detail the wonderful equipment of the camp, as well as the perfectly organized program of activities, which were in charge of E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary at the "Y."

The showing of the film was prefaced by a talk by R. S. Flower, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who told of the ideal equipment and program of the camp. E. M. Baber, associate state secretary of the "Y," spoke between the reels, telling the parents of the boys of the program of character development at the camp. The program was closed by a short talk by J. Dean Ringer, whose son spent three weeks at the camp this summer. Mr. Ringer told of the camp from a parent's viewpoint.

Many were the fine comments from the parents of the lads at the first showing of the film and all are enthusiastic about their son going back to "Nebraska's finest boys' camp" next summer. A special period has been reserved for Omaha lads under the direction of Mr. Micklewright and 150 boys will be taken to the camp with the finest leadership in the city in charge of the various activities.

**Opening Bible Study Clubs Well Attended**

Six hundred and thirty Omaha lads from 12 to 20 years of age attended the opening meetings of the Bible Study clubs at the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. last week. Every one of these boys was fed with a fine hot dinner at a cost varying from 15 cents for the grade school lads to 25 cents for the older high school boys. Meals consisted of hot roast, scalloped potatoes, bread and butter, cocoa, and ice cream.

Special speakers during the week were J. H. Beveridge and Dwight N. Lewis of Des Moines. Mr. Beveridge speaking on Tuesday night and Mr. Lewis on Friday evening. Four Hi-Y clubs and one Grade School club constitute the Bible

**Study work of the boys' division for the year.** The largest club is the Central Hi-Y club made up for high school boys all above 16 years of age. There were 190 of these lads at the meeting last Friday night.

E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary at the "Y," stated at the close of the week's work that there will be over 1,000 Omaha boys in Bible clubs this year as compared with 850 last year. The basketball leagues for Bible students will open this week at the "Y" on Thursday and Saturday in charge of C. C. Weigel. These are expected to stimulate the Bible study work.

**Several Hikes Arranged.**

On Friday this week an all-day hike will be conducted by the boys' division of the "Y" for all boys who attended Camp Sheldon this summer. Almost 100 of the 150 boys who attended the camp are expected to go on the hike when a permanent Camp Sheldon club will be organized.

The boys will leave the "Y" at 9 a. m. in charge of E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary, and will return at 5 p. m. that evening. Special stunts are being arranged for the trip and leaders at the camp this summer will act as leaders on the hike.

On Thursday an all-day hike will be conducted for all boys members of the "Y" by the physical and boys' departments under the direction of N. J. Westop, physical director, and J. S. Arnold, assistant boys' work secretary. The boys for this hike will leave the "Y" at 9 a. m. on Thursday and will be gone all day. Boys going on both hikes will bring their own lunches and a tin cup each. The "Y" will furnish hot coffee for the boys on the hike.

## Collie Buries Playmate

Much can be said on both sides regarding the question, "Do dogs reason?" and Miss Violet Burrows of Fresno, Cal., has recently written of an incident which she regards as proof that they do. One of two dogs that had been playmates was killed by an automobile. "The survivor," writes Miss Burrows, "realizing that this was the end of it all, took the dead dog by the scruff of his neck and dragged him towards the hole that he had dug. It was fully 10 minutes before he accomplished his task; but after a long and painful and resting he managed to get his burden into the shallow grave. Lying for some brief time above the terrier's resting place, he looked with sad eyes at the people who had gathered to watch this unusual, interesting scene.

"Rising at last, he reversed his position to the opposite side, so that he could scratch the earth back. He started his labor of love, hardly resting until his task of covering the remains was complete. When the last earth had been replaced, he stood over the grave and mechanically on long drawn-out cry, as if offering up a prayer to the 'god of dogs,' then composed himself quietly upon the grave. Here he kept a silent all-night vigil. For many days after that collie might be seen lying with his long-pointed nose hitched to the ground, and the shade of that big tree, and neither rabbits, butterflies nor food could tempt him away.

"There are many people that may doubt that a dog would be capable of such an action, nevertheless, it is true, so it goes to prove that animals do reason."—The National Humane Review.

## Conundrums

What's the difference between a plasterer and a fisherman? One carries a hook, the other carries a cod.

What's the difference between a boat race and the name of that nation to you? I know (row man).

In what way is a mother like a thief? The more pokeman he finds to pick the happier he is.

What's the difference between a geologist and a fisherman? One carries a hook, the other carries a cod.

What's the difference between a boat race and the name of that nation to you? I know (row man).

In what way is a mother like a thief? The more pokeman he finds to pick the happier he is.

What's the difference between a geologist and a fisherman? One carries a hook, the other carries a cod.

What's the difference between a boat race and the name of that nation to you? I know (row man).

In what way is a mother like a thief? The more pokeman he finds to pick the happier he is.

What's the difference between a geologist and a fisherman? One carries a hook, the other carries a cod.

What's the difference between a boat race and the name of that nation to you? I know (row man).

In what way is a mother like a thief? The more pokeman he finds to pick the happier he is.

What's the difference between a geologist and a fisherman? One carries a hook, the other carries a cod.

What's the difference between a boat race and the name of that nation to you? I know (row man).

In what way is a mother like a thief? The more pokeman he finds to pick the happier he is.

What's the difference between a geologist and a fisherman? One carries a hook, the other carries a cod.

What's the difference between a boat race and the name of that nation to you? I know (row man).

In what way is a mother like a thief? The more pokeman he finds to pick the happier he is.

What's the difference between a geologist and a fisherman? One carries a hook, the other carries a cod.

What's the difference between a boat race and the name of that nation to you? I know (row man).

In what way is a mother like a thief? The more pokeman he finds to pick the happier he is.

What's the difference between a geologist and a fisherman? One carries a hook, the other carries a cod.

What's the difference between a boat race and the name of that nation to you? I know (row man).

In what way is a mother like a thief? The more pokeman he finds to pick the happier he is.



Animals have feelings just as much as human beings. If I cannot speak when folks are cruel to me, I can feel.

## Leaders at Central Hi—George Benolken

One of the leading men at Central High school is George Benolken. He is a student of unusual ability, and enters into all the activities of the school.

Benolken is a captain in the cadet regiment, and has proved himself to be a capable leader among men. He is well liked by his officers and men. He is also treasurer of the Cadet Officers' club.

"Ben" is an athlete of no small ability. He plays end on the school football team, and shows a strong fighting spirit at all times. He also has quite a reputation as a basketball player. He made a letter several years ago, and is expected to play a great game this year.

George is president of the Student association, and has proven himself to be a good man for the job. He has had charge of several mass meetings this year that were the best seen at Central High for many years. He is also sergeant at arms of the senior class.

Untiring and ceaseless energy coupled with considerable ability has made it possible for George to get ahead in school life. He is an active worker in the Hi-Y club of the school.

## Scout Masters to Finish Course Soon

The men enrolled for the Scoutmasters' training course are progressing rapidly in their instructions and will finish their course November 9.

The men in charge of this training give out the information that the class is the best ever enrolled. They are picking the work up very rapidly. This course is being given under the auspices of Creighton university.

Several of the troops who are in urgent need of leaders will be very well fixed when this class is ended. The troops will be given over to very competent men who will give the boys the best of training. Scout headquarters feels proud in being able to obtain such competent men as leaders.

## J. Franklin Worrell Great Friend of "Y"

In the death of W. Franklin Worrell last week, the boys' division of the "Y" lost one of its very best

This is one of the annual parties put on for all boys of the membership. Another one will come during the Christmas holidays and the third one will be on St. Patrick's day in the spring, which was such a huge success last year.