

Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

The Fairy Shoes

Once upon a time there was a little boy and his name was Tom. Tom was always late to school and his mother didn't know what to do. One day she went to town and she complained and the people all said, "Why get a pair of fairy shoes." So she did. She went home very well pleased. Tom came home and the next morning he put on the new fairy shoes and started for school. Just as he was but half way he saw a rabbit over in the other field. He said he was going to get it so he crawled over the fence and his new fairy shoes started to pinch his feet but he didn't care. The fairy shoes knew it was near school time. He



started still farther in the field, so his little fairy shoes got off of his feet and went on to the school house and tip-tap, tip-tap, the little shoes went right up in front where Tom should have been.

Tom finally came to school. He put on the fairy shoes and next morning he was the first one there. The fairy shoes had taught Tom a lesson. Tom was never late any more. So let's all take up this and you won't be late to school.

I must close, good night Busy Bees. Frances Grasmeyer, 13, Riverdale, Neb.

Honorable Mention

The Story of Alice

Once upon a time there was a little girl, her name was Alice. Alice was a brave girl. Once her mother said to her, "Alice, I want you to go down town, and get me some meat, and some bread." Alice had on her every day dress, but she went down town, anyway. Her dress wasn't very dirty. She put on her hat and away she went. The first thing she saw was a boy. He said to her, "You got out of my way or I will throw this rock at you." Alice said, "If you do, I will throw something at you, too." "If you do anything to me I will throw this at you."

"Oh! I bet you can't throw it at me." And she went on as if nothing had happened. Soon she came to the store. Someone was getting waited on. Then she thought a minute what kind of bread does mother always get. Well, anyway, I will get Tip-Top bread. Then she went up to the counter. "I want a loaf of Tip-Top bread." "All right," answered the clerk, "is that all." "Yes, ma'am." Then she went down to the meat market and got twenty cents worth of beefsteak. One the way coming back she got home without talking to the same boy. By Lillian Davis, age 9, Gibbon, Neb.

Enjoyed Her Book

To the editor of the Busy Bees, Thanks to you dear editor, For the prize you gave to me, And for the kindly interest you've shown. Through the page of the Busy Bee, I have read my prize book all through and like it fine. My brother sent you a story a few years ago and got a prize book called "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and he liked it fine. So I thought I would send the poem that I made up in my own words and was so surprised when we got the paper and I found I had gotten the prize. I wish to thank you very much for it. I am now sending you a poem of mine called "The Easter Feast" or the "Two Little Grains of Corn." I have written quite a few poems and like the work fine.

A little girl planted two grains of corn, In the cold damp earth one April morn. Cold and helpless in their earthy bed, They closed their eyes and their prayers they said. But the sun came up and warmed their bed, And soon the living rose from the dead. They grew to maturity in the summer's sun, And a voice from heaven said, "well done!"

So if you have arduous trials and afflictions, And wished you'd never been born, Just take for your comforting lesson The two helpless grains of corn. —Myrtle McDonald, Aged 12, Blair, Neb.

The Use of Money to Ormond and Felite

Once upon a time a few years ago there was a girl named Felite. She was a very poor girl and lived with her brother, Ormond, who was 5 years old. One day in December Felite said to Ormond, "Here it is only a week and a day before Christmas and I only have one dollar. I get something. 'Oh goody,' cried Ormond, 'we will have enough to get something with, anyway.' Soon after that they were surprised to find that they were Christmas eve and Felite had the Christmas presents away all safe. You may hang up your stocking if you wish," said Felite.

"I'll be glad to," Ormond said, and he brought his stocking and hung it upon a chair. Next morning Ormond was up so early and Felite came down to see what the matter was. She saw Ormond and a carrier pigeon in the kitchen. Ormond holding a large purse of money. It had thousands of dollars in it. A note was with it and said, "To Miss Lane by Woodland Wood, Topeka, Kan." Why it must be your school teacher," said Felite. They went to Miss Lane's house and rapped on the door and Miss Lane answered, "This is your money Miss Lane and we found it on a pigeon," said Felite. "You poor children, just for being honest I will let you live here as long as you wish and I will try to be a nice mother," said Miss Lane. Ormond and Felite lived there for the rest of their lives.—Ruth Keyser, 909 South Twentieth street, Omaha.

Twelve-Syllable Rhyme

Songs are not In all throats, But all hearts Have sweet notes.

The Spider and the Bee

And the Memory-Man said: An envious Spider, observing that the Bee made profit with her honey, sought to enrich herself also. Seeing a merchant selling linen in his shop, she set to work and, all night long, spun magnificent webs. But, next day, the buyers purchased linen, and only looked askance at the Merchant who had neglected to brush away the cobwebs. Soon the Merchant took a broom and swept the webs away. The Spider was indignant. "See," she cried to the Bee, "how unjust is the world! Whose weaving was the finest, mine, or those that the Merchant sold?" "Yours, of course," said the Bee. "Who can deny it? But in your weaving there is neither warmth nor wear. Why, then, should it be bought?" "O that the greater usefulness lies in the coarser things." R.-W.

The Chimpanzee

A chimpanzee is a native ape of western Africa, somewhat formed like a human. It is five feet tall and has very long arms. It can reach low the knees when standing. He has long black hair and his face is hairless, showing his yellowish skin. His teeth are very white and beautiful. He has a gentle nature and is very friendly. He moves about quickly. His home is in the forest, where he lives in the trees. —Catharine Johnson, Aged 10, Spirit Lake, Ia.

Polly's Chickens

Polly has blue eyes and golden hair. Her face is all smiles and sunshine. Polly lives in a little yellow house at the top of a hill. Polly has some hens and chickens; their names are Miss Muffet, Speckle, White, Blackie and Shortlegs. Polly likes the chickens. One morning she saw Blackie coming toward her, but not alone. She had eight little yellow chickens with her. Polly ran into the house for some cracker crumbs for Blackie and her eight little black chickens. When she took Blackie and her chickens to their new house, then the eight little black chickens crept under her wings and cuddled down to rest. One little black head peeped out from under her feathers. One little bright eye looked up at Polly. Then she ran to tell Dolly all about her new chickens.—Bernice Beal, Aged 10, Fullerton, Neb.

Will Be a Nurse

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I go to school every day. The girls here at school have a Junior Campfire Girls' club and we have a lot of fun. I did have a cat named Sammy. He could do a lot of tricks. I have a sister. She is 5 years old. I am going to be a nurse when I get big. There are 49 in my room at school. Now my letter is getting long, so I will close. —Your friend, Doris Kimmel, 416 South Fourth street, Norfolk, Neb.

Dot Puzzle

The child who gets no orange with its dress may be suspected of the same two deficiencies which Stevenson attributed to that other child who got no orange with its food. Either she is not good or "her dear papa is poor." For brown and orange is a combination quite as popular this year in children's clothes as it is in grown-up modes. We show here a charming little one-piece slip-on dress combining these colors and throwing in beige colored crocheted buttons for good measure. The material of the frock is brown velvet, against which the stitching of two shades of orange floss is extremely attractive. This model is designed for the child of from 4 to 8.

BY CORINNE LOWE.

A New Bee.
Dear Busy Bee Friends: I am 9 years old and in the Fourth grade. I have all ones and twos on my report card. Tuesday we had a fire drill. We have 49 children in our school. Our teachers' names is Miss Brewer. I have three brothers and three sisters. We have a dog named Tootsy. As my letter is getting long, I will close.—George Benning, Aged 9, Norfolk, Neb.

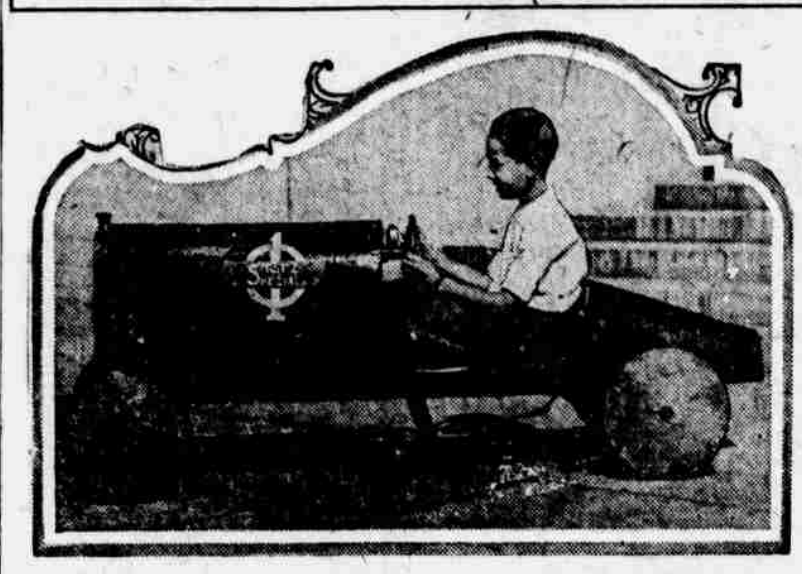
The Pet.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. The story I'm going to tell you about is myself. One day I caught a cat, and it was a big cat. One day I was going to town to get some things. The first thing I saw was the cat following me. Well, good-bye.—Harold Schepker, age 8, Columbus, Neb.

Conundrums.
From what are the most pictures taken? The camera.
What is the difference between a messenger and a penny? None, for they are each one cent.
Why is a wealthy East Indian always poor? He always has a lac (lack) of rupees.

Where is Uncle Bob, I wonder? Lost him just before the thunder.

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

Washington Kiddie Has Real Flivver



When Bob Tranton burns up the roads in Washington with his home-made baby Stutz, local motorists give him a wide berth. Steep inclines with sharp turns hold no terrors for the young speed king. Bob's creation is one of his own and the only equipment it has is a good brake. The youngster makes his best time on steep inclines. When motorists see him racing along at a record-breaking speed in his red flyer they take to the side of the road.

Camp Fire Girls

Annual Election of Officers

Monday was meeting day at Camp Fire headquarters. In the forenoon, the board of counselors met for their monthly meeting, afternoon the first meeting of the new guardians training class was held, and in the evening the annual election of officers of the Guardians association took place. The following officers were elected: Miss Bertha Vaughan, president; Miss Gladys Shamp, vice president; Miss Ruth Peterson, secretary, and Miss Velora Boone, treasurer.

Stage Hare and Hound Chase

The Weloc group entertained the Pamahog group at an outdoor hare and hound chase at Elmwood park Saturday. The confetti ran out and ended the chase when it was but half over. When it came time to roast the winners no caretaker was to be found and the ovens were closed for the winter, so the merry throng wended their way to Center street and hiked along till they came to a favorable spot, where they roasted the winners to a turn. After the various complications, darkness came and the girls found their way to their homes.

Why Do I Get Out of Breath When Running?

This is also caused by your brain in its efforts to keep up your supply of good blood. We breathe to take air into the lungs, where the blood which has once been through the arteries and comes back on its return trip to the heart is changed to the air in the lungs, before going back into the heart. The air which we take into our lungs purifies the once used blood and makes it into good blood again. When you run, the heart pumps blood into your arteries faster to enable you to run. Thus also, the arteries send much blood back to the heart through the veins, and this must be purified by the lungs before going back into the heart. To attend to purifying this extra amount of spoiled blood the lungs need more air, and thus you are made to breathe in more air for the purpose. Unless you are in good training—your wind in good condition, as we say—it is almost impossible for you to supply the lungs with enough air for the purpose, but whether you can do it or not, the lungs call upon you for more air, and cause you to try to get it, and that is what makes you get out of breath.—From the Book of Wonders.

Nearly two-thirds of all high school teachers in the United States are women.



The Teenie Weenies

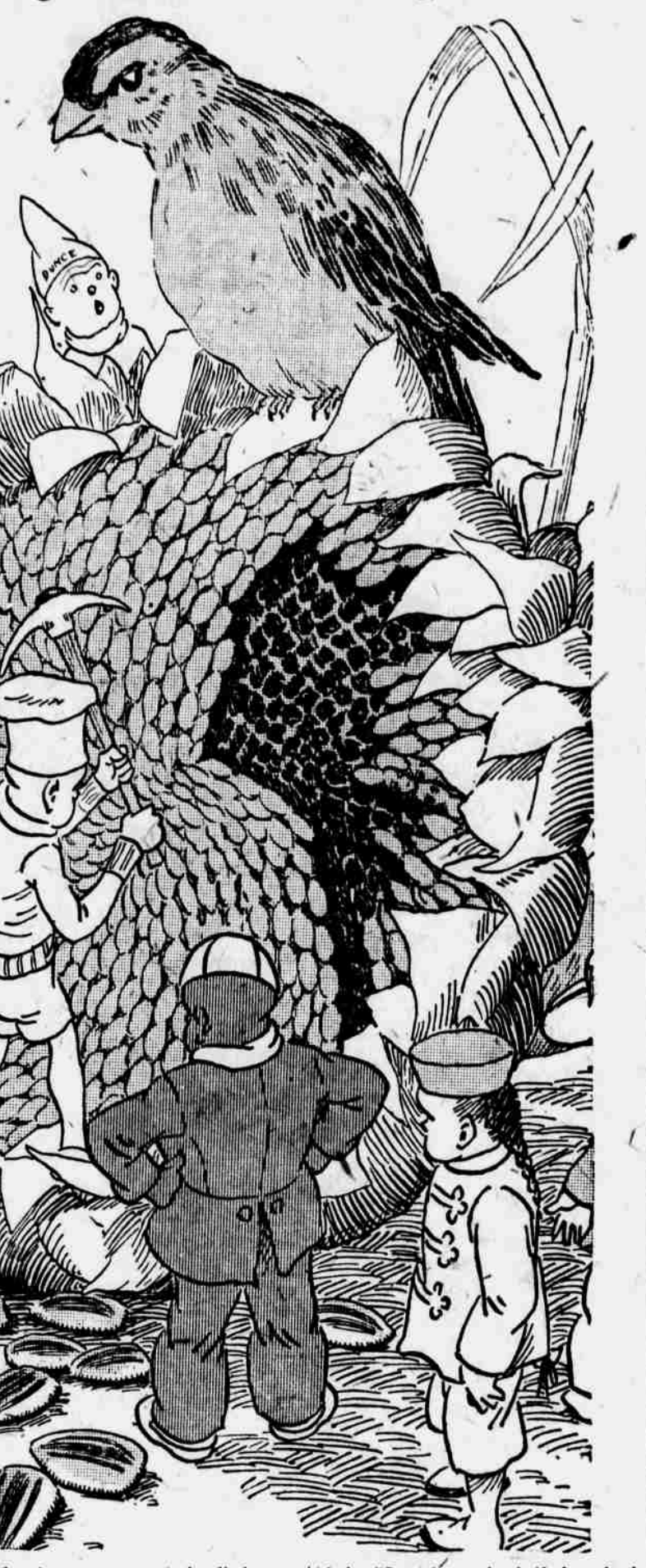
BY WILLIAM DONANEY

The Cook Finds a Way to Use Sunflower Seeds.

One afternoon the Teenie Weenies stopped at the house where Phoebe the parrot lived and, finding their friend all alone, the little folks climbed up on the table where the parrot cage sat.

Phoebe was sound asleep, her red head tucked under her wing, and the general had to call loudly four or five times before the parrot raised her head and opened her big yellow eyes.

"By the great cherry seed!" exclaimed the parrot.



Phoebe saw the little people at work and, flying down, she settled on top of the flower and begged the Teenie Weenie to dig out a few for herself.

"They're wonderfully sweet," said the sparrow. "They certainly do fit the spot. You'd like 'em yourselves."

The Teenie Weenies filled eight bags, which they carried to Phoebe's cage, and the parrot eat until she couldn't hold another seed.

"Whee, Susie!" cried the parrot. "I'm perfectly happy. Now go away and let me sleep so I can dream I'm eating the seeds all over again."

Several bags were filled for the sparrow, and the Teenie Weenies carried a few bags home for themselves.

The Cook ground the seeds into flour and made some wonderful pancakes, which the Teenie Weenies all declared were the finest griddle cakes they had ever eaten.

The little people laid in a great supply of the seeds, and every morning the Cook and Gogo are kept busy frying the tiny cakes.

Each Teenie Weenie can eat five of the cakes, which are about as big as the head of a carpet tack.

Group Meetings

Friday, the fire makers and torch bearers met at the Y. W. C. A. to rehearse songs which will be used at the Kiwanis benefit performance.

A Pet Dog

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I have a pet dog. His name is Fritz. He is a nice dog. Well, I will close for this time.—Harold Schepker, 9, Columbus, Neb.

Frank and the Birds

Frank was a little boy about 4 years old. He liked to throw stones at the birds. One day when he was playing a boy threw a stone at him. He went in and told his mother and she added: "How do you like to have stones thrown at you?" "I don't like it," he replied. "How do you suppose the birds like it?" "I don't know," he replied. "They like it about as well as you do," she said. He never threw a stone at a bird again. Paul Schminke, age 10, Nebraska City, Neb.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Standard Troop New Plan for Scouting

The disappointing thing about most contests and races is that there can be but one winner. And while the victor is exulting in his laurels the other contestants are disappointed, discouraged, and downcast. But now a new form of contest has been developed for scouts, one in which there will be as many winners as there are hard workers.

Headquarters has evolved a new organization to be known as the "Standard Troop." This means that the local council has set certain standards to which they expect a troop to be able to measure up, if it is efficiently conducted.

A list of "Standard Troops" will be published at the end of each month in the "Scout News" and also posted on some form of plaque at headquarters. Then the stunt will be to keep your troop on the list month after month.

The list of requirements which will become effective December 1, will be published in the next "Scout News." The present plan is to raise the standards March 1 to require that a Standard Troop must have at least one assistant scoutmaster and one scout aide who has attended the Scout Aide's training camp. Also the six months' time limit for remaining tenderfoot may at that time be reduced to four months.

A Scout Aides' Training camp will be held at Camp Gifford for three days beginning November 26. The purpose of this camp is to better prepare the leading scouts for the work this winter. Each day will have a full program and a great deal will be accomplished in a short time.

Forty "Y" Lads Have Perfect Gym Record For Three Months

Of the 350 new members which joined the Y. M. C. A. Boys' Division during September and October 40 of them have not missed a single session of their gym or swimming class.

This is a wonderful record for these lads who have become acquainted with the 900 other members of the boys' division in record time and are taking their places among the old members for regular attendance. Almost all of the new members have been attending their classes with great regularity but these 40 boys have had a perfect record ever since joining.

The boys with perfect attendance are: Tom Bigelow, Chester Danielson, John Devereaux, Forrest Epley, Edward Fitzimmons, George Flesher, Boyden Hilliker, Meredith Luse, Max Wright, Clark Holbrook, Burton Holmes, Otto Jacobson, Claude Jones, Herbert Skidmore, Dick Tagge, Charles Frank, Dick Wagner, Clarence Wablich, Arthur Wequist, Albert Young, Richard Sudenberg and Hymen Zdr.

"Y" Organizes Club For Employed Boys

Two weeks ago an Employed Boys' club was organized at the boys' division of the "Y" for the boys in the membership who carry or sell papers or who work after school and on Saturdays and come in the evening classes. Seventy-five boys are members of this club, which meets every Wednesday night in the boys' club rooms at the "Y."

Fred Kirland, assistant boys' secretary, is the organizer and promoter of this club and he is being assisted by J. S. Arnold, assistant boys' secretary. A varied program of activities will be carried on for the members of this Wednesday night club. One Wednesday evening each month will be given over to moving pictures, another to a general social and the other two will be devoted to Bible study and inspirational meetings for the boys.

Last Wednesday night a three-reel moving picture entertainment was put on for the lads in the club and 75 boys attended. This coming Wednesday a social will be arranged, with boxing, wrestling and games of all sorts. Refreshments will be served to close the evening. With the leader, J. S. Kirland and Arnold, the club is sure to have many interesting things in store for the boys this winter.

Camp Sheldon Club Organized on Hike

On the Camp Sheldon hike last week a permanent organization was formed of the boys who attended Camp Sheldon, the state "Y" camp, last summer and special activities will be planned for this club throughout the winter. Twenty-five boys make up the charter membership of the club and the other 100 boys who attended the camp this past summer will be initiated as they come into the club.

Russell Hunter was elected by the boys of the club as the president, John Madgett, was selected as vice president, and Ralph Barris was chosen as secretary-treasurer. All of these last were honor winners at the Columbus camp this summer.

The members of the club to date are: John Madgett, Maurice Vest, Porter Forcade, Arthur Head, Donald Brown, Tom Bowie, Hein-

Leaders at Central Hi-Clarence Hunter

One of the leading students at Central High school is Clarence Hunter, who, by diligent effort and perseverance, has won the favor of students and teachers. He is well liked by everyone and is always willing to do a favor for a person.

Hunter is a first lieutenant in the cadet regiment and proves a great help in the drilling of his company. He is also a vice president of the Cadet Officers' club and will be a great aid in presenting the annual road show next spring.

Clarence is advertising manager for the Student association and takes care of all the advertising matter for the foot ball games in a very efficient manner.

Hunter is expected to show up well in basket ball tryouts this winter and is considered a possibility for the first team. He is also closely connected with the Hi-Y club and the work that it is doing. Clarence is teaching a Bible class for the grade school lads at the Y. M. C. A. this winter.

My Bookshelf

The Boys' Book of the World War, Francis Root-Wheeler. This is the most complete and satisfactory war book ever put out for thoughtful readers. This author's gift of making difficult questions interesting and easily understood has never been surpassed. Every American boy ought to own this book and to those who had friends or relatives in the war it has special value. The French government has requested it for its permanent war collection. A book of the highest importance. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.

Because Luiga Bama, an Italian girl, faced deportation for reason she could not write, she passed the test after two weeks of studies and allowed to enter the country.