

Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

In the Bee Hive

Stories by Our Little Folks

Prize.
Thanksgiving in Mother Goose Land.
 All was noise and confusion in Mother Goose Land, because the Mother Goose children had gone on a strike. Brownie Scout had just brought Mother Goose the news and it had alarmed her terribly. She paced the floor of her tiny house nervously, wondering what to do. "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she moaned, wringing her hands. "To think this should happen just at Thanksgiving when I need their help most. Read me that list again, Brownie Scout." Brownie Scout produced a tiny piece of parchment paper from one of his lightning shoes and read aloud. "Peter Pumpkin Eater wants a new house to keep his wife in. The man from the south wants hot porridge instead of cold. Bo Peep wants new sheep. The lady from Banbury Cross wants a black horse. Jack and Jill want a new pail to bring water in, and Tom the Piper's son refuses to steal any more pigs. After this he's going to steal sheep." "Oh, stop, stop! Brownie Scout," begged Mother Goose, covering her ears with her hands. Brownie Scout re-



placed the paper in his shoe and awaited Mother Goose's orders. "What shall I do, Brownie Scout?" asked Mother Goose. Brownie Scout pondered for a moment and then said, "Why don't you go and see what they are striking for?" he asked, and then give it to them. "That would be a good idea, Brownie Scout," she said. For that the man from the kitchen and tell the chocolate cook to give you three sugar plums. "Now hurry! I will go on and you may follow." Mother Goose mounted her goose and flew away in the direction of her children's home. She found them doing just the opposite of what they should. "Children! Children!" cried Mother Goose. "This will never do! What ever is the matter?" No one spoke until Jack muttered sullenly, "We're on a strike. Then every one began to talk at once. "What do you want?" shrieked Mother Goose. "Now Jack, you talk. What are they striking for? What do they want?" "A Thanksgiving dinner," said Jack. "Yes, yes, that's what we want," shouted the crooked man, and the rest took up the cry. "A Thanksgiving dinner," grasped Mother Goose. "Why, you never had one before!" "We know it; that's why we want one now," said the man in brown. "Well, I'll see what I can do," promised Mother Goose and taking a magic mirror from her pocket she said, "Come here." The Mother Goose children crowded around her. The mirror revealed the nursery of two small children who were quarreling over a Mother Goose book. "Are you ashamed?" cried Mother Goose, "now if you were there, there would be no trouble at all! Get to work now and you shall have a Thanksgiving dinner." The children went gaily to work and soon everything was peaceful once more. The mirror soon revealed the two children playing happily with their Mother Goose book. Mother Goose fulfilled her promise for when Thanksgiving came "fists" was awaiting the children of Mother Goose Land—Helen Parker, Brownville, Neb.

(Honorable Mention.)
"Dorothy's I Can't."
 Dorothy was sitting in school looking blankly at her geography questions. She was disturbed by some one saying, "The next question, Dorothy." "I can't answer it," she replied, "Dorothy," said Mrs. Jones, her teacher, "do you know what the last four letters in 'American' mean?" "No," she answered stubbornly. "Now remember this, it spells 'I can't.'" On the way home she thought of it all can. Her mother met her in the hallway and asked, "Dorothy, can you shut the garage doors?" "I guess I can," she replied, and ran to obey. There was always a streak of sunshine in the Brown home when Dorothy said I can. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.—Inez Hardy, Aged 12, Columbus, Neb.

A New Bee.
 Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I am 8 years old. My eyes, blue and my hair a golden brown. I am 4 feet tall. I have a mother, a father, and a big sister and a little one. My big sister is 14 years old. My younger one, 16 months old. I like to play fairy and think it is fun to make up poems. This is the only one that my sister thinks is not silly. When 'tis summer time When 'tis summer time The leaves hang on the vine. Girls in fluffy dresses are seen on the street. At night you hear the crickets creek. A. Judson, age 8, Wayne, Neb.

My Baby Brother.
 Dear Busy Bees: I've got a little baby brother and he can walk and say bye, mamma, papa, and night. He is 15 months old. There is an old Jersey cow in our yard and my baby brother says it's a hoo-ba. I am 8 years old, and I am in the fourth grade. It is snowing up here today and it is very cold. My baby brother is playing with mamma now. I will close for this time.—Ruth Haese, Aged 8, Linden, Neb.

Thanksgiving.
 "Gobble, gobble," says the turkey. "Thanksgiving's coming soon; The people will have a happy time, For I'm as fat as a balloon."
 "Cluck, cluck," says the yellow hen, "I'm afraid they will eat me, too; I am the pet of a little boy by the name of Glen; I wish I knew what to do."
 —Gladys Schomer, Age 11, Millard, Neb.

How Robin Got Its Red Breast.
 A long time ago in the far north there was only one fire and this, guarded by a little boy and his father. If this fire went out the polar bear had the north for his own and could do what he pleased. One day the father was very sick so the little boy had to guard the fire. He watched after his father and guarded the fire for three days and three nights. Then he fell fast asleep. The polar bear was sitting right there. When he found out the boy and father were both asleep he jumped on the fire until he put it out, and then ran away to tell his wife and children. But a little robin saw this and when the bear ran away he searched until he found some sparks. He then started a fire there. Then scattered sparks all over till every one had a fire. Although he scorched his little breast red, he had enough fire and the polar bear did not get the north for his own.—Agnes Stewart, Aged 11, Danneberg, Neb.

Our Good Time.
 Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you, but I read the Busy Bees page every Sunday. I am going to tell you about my aunt and three cousins coming a year ago this August. They came to visit for about a month, then they were going to Lincoln, when my other aunt lives, then home. There names were Edith, Lillian, and Alice. Edith was a grown girl, Lillian 14, and Alice, 12. They came from Rochester, N. Y. While they were here they came out to our place which is four miles from town. They came in the morning, and were going back the next day. Alice was about my age, so we had planned a good time. The morning they came, we went to meet them, as we only lived half a mile from town. When they got there we ate dinner first, then rode my pony, told stories, and dressed up. Then we had a good time. The children of doors and popped pop corn, roasted apples, and fried tomatoes, as we thought we were good cooks. When we were through, a little neighbor boy came over with his pony hitched to his cart. We took a ride, then ate supper and went to bed. When we had our breakfast the next morning, they had to go. We were all sorry and hope they come again. I must close.—Margaret Stanton, Aged 11, North Loup, Neb.

A Thanksgiving Tale.
 Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you and I will write often. I am going to write about a "Thanksgiving Tale."
 One day as Thanksgiving was drawing near Betty was thinking of how she could make some one happy. She soon found a way. As she was out doing her errands she saw a little girl crying. "What is the matter that you cry so bitterly?" asked Betty. "My mother is very sick and we are poor so that we cannot buy food that she needs," cried the girl. "Oh, that is all right, go home and you soon will be well supplied," said Betty. When the little girl got home she found a turkey and many good things to eat on the table. Betty had surely made some one happy and was very glad.—Esther Swislosky, Aged 12, Columbus, Neb.

Dot Puzzle
 If I could count the snowflakes That are falling from the sky, I'd know addition all by heart. And how to multiply. And Teacher'd say, "Well, little boy, I'm pleased to hear you count so well!"

Dot Puzzle

Trace from one to sixty-four. See who stands outside the door.

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

A Great Lover of Flowers and Music



BEATRICE ESTELLE MILLER
GAYCHELL SCHWARTZ

Little Beatrice Estelle Miller is one of the little Busy Bees who loves flowers and music better than any toy, cat or dog she has ever seen in her life.

Little Beatrice Estelle is but 3 years old, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Miller, and lives at 3035 California street, Springtime, that brings the blossoms, is the gayest time of all for this small miss.

Camp Fire Girls

Group Meetings

The Shumala group held a ceremonial meeting, Tuesday afternoon, at the home of Miss Ruth Beardsley. Three of the members took the Woodgatherer's rank.
 The Blue Bird group met at Lake school, Thursday afternoon, with Miss Anna Robinowitz, the Blue Bird leader, in charge.
 Miss Mary Louise Guy initiated a group at Ralston, Thursday afternoon. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Julia Steinberg, who was named guardian. This group will be known as the Ralston group of Camp Fire.
 The regular meeting and election of officers of the Caseyok group was held Friday at the home of Miss Alice Jellen, with the following result: President, Miss Alice Jellen; secretary, Miss Marjorie Creighton; treasurer, Miss Genevieve Gross; treasurer and guardian, Miss Margaret Boggs.
 A call meeting Dakota group was held Monday. The members decided to spend the meeting hours between noon and Christmas making gifts for the mothers of the members. Mrs. J. Jones was honor guest at this meeting. The members gathered Saturday afternoon for a hike to Florence with their guardian, Miss Alice Lewis, in charge.
 A council fire was given Friday by the Mason, Castelar and Lake Street schools. The girls entered the council room, giving the hand sign, and three of them lighted the candles. The members then took their desire to become Camp Fire Girls, after which Miss Helen Hatcher explained the law of the Camp Fire. Thirty-seven members were present.
 The last meeting of Walocca group was spent packing and delivering a lounifull basket of "goodies" for a poor family of six children and their parents.

Thanksgiving's Cookie Jar

Kim, the guardian of Lexse group, suggested that the members buy a two-gallon jar and fill it with cookies for a Thanksgiving offering to the old ladies' ward of the county poor farm. The plan was carried out successfully, and the old folks were delighted with the surprise. Thirteen glasses of jelly accompanied the cookie jar donated by Lexse group.
 Each girl took great pleasure in making her cookies. Many had never made them before. Some thought their cookies too hard, some thought them too soft, but just the same the cookies tasted good to the old ladies.
 Pauline, a future cook of the Lexse group, was disgusted when she found that she could not roll her dough. It kept sticking to the rolling pin and fingers. When her mother came to the rescue she learned a new thing in the art of cooking. Ruth tried her best, could not make cookies, so she did not have any to send. Betty must have a short memory. She forgot to make her cookies until it was too late, so she brought two glasses of jelly. Colinda made fine-looking cookies, but sometimes looks are deceiving because her cookies were too hard. Elizabeth, who is the youngest miss in the Lexse group, made the best cookies of all. But we understand that Elizabeth's mother had a hand in the making.
 Maybelle made fine cookies, but just an even two dozen, so there weren't enough of her cookies to pass among the crowd. Marie made a batch of cookies and tried to claim that she made them all herself, but mother told on her. She never got a thick enough batter, so mother helped her out. She was able to give double her share to put in the jar.
 We are sure each girl enjoyed her part in giving services. To many of us, making was something new. This Thanksgiving day of 1920 found each girl of this group a much wiser and happier Camp Fire Girl.—By Tingea.

A Learned Parrot

Missouri's most gifted bird, a parrot named Polly Langston, died recently at the age of 53. Polly was a feathered prodigy whose remarkable talents included many vocal and linguistic accomplishments.
 She could sing and talk English as well as Spanish, her mother tongue; pray and sing several of the old familiar hymns which she had picked up at church and social gatherings, besides having a wide repertoire of conversational "small talk." At one time, when the circus came to town and Polly had poured forth her sage salutations to the passing paraders, the attention of the late P. F. Barnum was attracted to her and a large cash offer was made for her, but her owner could not be induced to part with her.
 She remembered to her passing hour an event of her early life, when a cyclone wrecked the town and brought death to scores of the inhabitants. Polly survived by a miracle, but for more than 40 years afterwards whenever the "dark clouds" gathered she became so frantic with fear that it was necessary to put her where she would escape the lightning's flash and the roar of thunder. One of her favorite expressions was to say, "I've had such a delightful time."—Our Dumb Animals.

Poem.
 "What is pepper, Mother?"
 "It makes your nose sneeze!"
 "Pepper, little brother, is it made of pepper?"
 "Then she sniled, 'Now spell it!'"
 There were just six letters—
 Half of them were 'P's."
 —R. Moulton.

The Teenie Weeniees

BY WILLIAM DONANEY

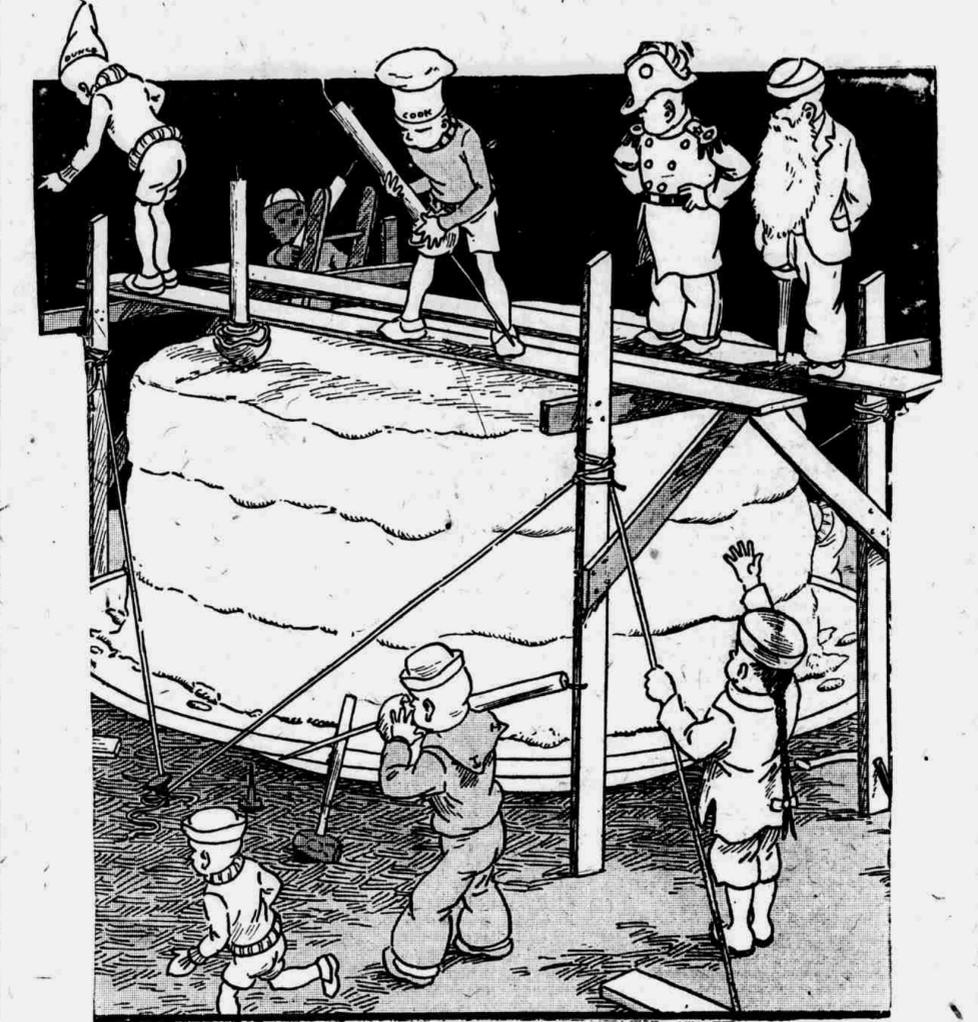
The Chinaman Makes a Discovery.

The Teenie Weenie washing was usually a big one, and the Chinaman and Zip spent the better part of four days each week at the work. Except for the Duncce, the Teenie Weeniees are extremely clean. When the week's washing had been ironed, folded and delivered

so much about having candles on her birthday cake."
 "Can't we afford to buy just six little candles, Auntie?" asked a big girl of about 12 years of age.
 "No, my dear," answered the woman. "We haven't the money."
 The Chinaman climbed up a vine which clung to the old house near the open window and cautiously peering over the sill he saw a kind faced woman and a big girl.

"You shall have candles on your birthday cake all the same," muttered the Chinaman, as he brushed two tears off his fat little cheeks and hurried away.
 The Chinaman made inquiries of his friends about the house. He learned from the chickens next door, from two mice and a sparrow that the woman whom he had heard talking was the aunt of the two girls. Emily was the little one the

"I know where there are some candles," cried the Turk. "They're out on the ashpile back of the big house where the rich folks live. They had a birthday cake there several days ago, and I saw them candles thrown out only this morning. We can trim them up and fix them so they will be just as good as new."
 Several Teenie Weeniees set out in search of the candles, while the general and the Old Soldier made a trip to the house, where they found the cake.
 It sat on a shelf in the pantry, and after the little fellows had examined it carefully they decided it would be necessary to build a scaffold over the cake, for the icing was too soft for even a Teenie Weenie to stand on.
 The little folks carried the heavy



to the tiny houses beneath the rose bush, the Chinaman usually spent the rest of the week visiting his many friends near the shoe house.
 One Friday morning the little chap set out to visit an old hen who lived some distance from the rose bush, and as the little fellow walked along under the cover of some bushes he heard a woman talking.
 "The woman's voice came through an open window, and the little chap stopped to listen, for the voice was sad and it touched the Chinaman's kind little heart.
 "I do wish we could afford to get candles for Emily's cake," said the woman. "I'll nearly break her dear little heart, for she has talked

The woman was covering a lovely layer cake with frosting, while the girl looked on with wide eyes.
 "Somethings has gottie be done about this," muttered the Chinaman as he slid to the ground. "Somewhere we gottie get that candles for birthday cake."
 Just as the Chinaman walked around the corner of an old summer kitchen, which stood in the rear of the house, he heard sobs within. Peering through a knot hole the Chinaman saw a little girl crying sootily to herself and hugging an old rag doll in her soft arms.
 "O, Minerva!" sobbed the little girl, cuddling the doll. "I do so want candles on my birthday cake."

Chinaman had heard sobbing in the summer kitchen, and the older girl was Emily's sister, Jane.
 The family was very poor, but the mice, the chickens and the sparrow said they had never known such nice people.
 The Chinaman hurried to the shoe house as fast as his little legs could carry him and told the sad story to the Teenie Weeniees.
 When the Chinaman had finished his story that wasn't a dry cheek in the tiny place.
 "Of course, we'll get those candles," cried the General. "And we'll put them on that cake tonight so that the little girl shall have her birthday cake just as she wants it."

planks over the house and pushing them through the crack under the door they soon pulled them with ropes up to the shelf.
 The Teenie Weeniees worked almost all night, but they certainly gave little Emily a great deal of pleasure.
 The poor child was almost beside herself with joy when she saw the six little candles on her cake, and she squeaked Minerva, her rag doll, so hard it actually ripped.
 To this day the family can't understand how the candles appeared on the cake. Jane and her aunt think it a great mystery, but Emily says Minerva told the fairies and the fairies put on the candles.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Champion Eights Reaching Climax

The champion eight-competitions in all the junior gym classes at the Y are nearing the final tryouts. The interest in the tests have created much eagerness among the boys. The original plans of N. J. Weston, physical director, and according to him, they are getting results.
 The present standings of the eight leading boys in each class are as follows: Jr. Employed A; Richard Kuehler, 1475; Dick Wrenn, 1345; Forest Epley, 1345; Alfred Withrow, 1330; Sam Marcus, 1290; Frank Hulac, 1265; Angelo DiGiorga, 1255; Vinton Lawson, 1250.
 Champion eight scores, Jr. Employed B: Edward Reis, 1360; Jack Goff, 1360; Victor Froemel, 1160; Kenneth Mulaney, 1135; George Winston, 1135; Arthur Wendall, 1125; Harry Rubenstein, 1125; and Howard Chaloupka, 1125.
 Junior B scores: Arthur Head, 1460; Alwine Marble, 1435; Charles Rendla, 1425; Ralph Barris, 1360; Morgan Myers, 1350; Wrenn Vranas, 1295; Carl Lindell, 1285; Walter Kasper, 1255.
 Champion eight scores for Junior C: John Staley, 1480; Ernest Weymuller, 1475; Arthur Smith, 1460; Alan Shoorthill, 1395; Max Wright, 1380; Maurice Vest, 1355; Tom Bowie, 1320; Myron Lush, 1275.
 Junior D scores: Fred Martin, 1225; Henry Rupe, 1100; Burton Holmes, 1075; Tom MacDonald, 1050; Don Brown, 1000; Bardette Hawkins, 1000; William Lamoreaux, 950; Arthur Van Arsdale, 900.
 Scores for Intermediate Employed: Howard Pope, 1200; John Brandt, 1100; Morton Andrews, 1050; Edwin Hilberg, 1025; Edward Samuelson, 1000; Willis Redensbaugh, 795; Meredith Gleason, 875; Harry Eastman, 850; Theodore Drady, 850.
 High standing records of Junior A squads: Lee Inouye, 850; L.

Memberships at "Y" Increase Rapidly

Although November is usually a slow month for new members at the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A., November, 1920 has been an exception. Fifty-four new members and renewals were taken in during the month despite the fact that the big fall membership drive was but a few weeks ago.
 During the past week the following boys have taken out a year's membership: C. E. Harris, Jr., Ralph De Long, Don Jones, Clifford Moen, Frederick Ketz, Joe Whealy, Donald Erion, Homer Schleh, Charles Kuehl, Edward Grant, Ralph Kahn, Lawrence Barber.
 The cheerfulness and friendliness of his disposition are the chief characteristics that has made him the delightful friend of every one who knows him. His good nature is felt the minute he steps into the play room and begins calling to those he knows a friendly greeting.
 Edward attends Central school where he is a great favorite with the pupils and his teachers. He lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Shea at the Morris apartments.
 It was a Sinn Feiner who, when being called a "lobster" answered: "Tis a compliment ye're making, for a lobster will die before he puts on a red coat."

A Popular "Y" Lad—Edward Fitzsimmons

Among the 300 new members brought in during the fall membership campaign there was one small chap, Edward Fitzsimmons, who joined. It seemed that a membership would be almost useless to him as he has but very little use of one of his legs due to infantile paralysis. It seemed a puzzle how he would be able to compete with the other boys in the active games of the "Y."
 Nevertheless Edward had been looking forward for a long time to his twelfth birthday so he could join the "Y." He had made up his mind that he would and could take part in all the boys' activities. With this determination he has never been discouraged and always gets into the games of competition with the fellows of his age.
 In the swimming pool Edward has developed an unusual skill in swimming and diving. This is his favorite sport and in it he excels. Since taking out his membership he has been regular in all his work and never misses Bible club on Saturday noons.
 The cheerfulness and friendliness of his disposition are the chief characteristics that has made him the delightful friend of every one who knows him. His good nature is felt the minute he steps into the play room and begins calling to those he knows a friendly greeting.
 Edward attends Central school where he is a great favorite with the pupils and his teachers. He lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Shea at the Morris apartments.
 It was a Sinn Feiner who, when being called a "lobster" answered: "Tis a compliment ye're making, for a lobster will die before he puts on a red coat."

Junior Employed Notes

The felt emblems arrived last week and the boys are proudly exhibiting their purple and gold insignia of the Junior Employed Boys club. There are over 80 members in the club now.
 Mr. C. W. Beers, office secretary of the Y. M. C. A., began teaching one of the Bible classes this week. He is a real "fellow" among the boys and is well liked and respected.
 In about two weeks the junior employed boys will hold their first water carnival in the "Y" swimming pool.
 Last Wednesday the club had Bible study, initiation of new members and boxing bouts.

Older Scouts Hold Instruction Camp During Holidays

The scouts' aid camp for older scouts was held at Camp Gifford, November 26, 27 and 28, under the direction of F. W. Oswald, assistant scout executive of the Omaha council.
 The purpose of this camp was to train the older boys in leadership so they could go back to their troops and be of service to the younger leaders. There were only 15 scouts at the camp, and these were all recommended by their scoutmasters as the leading members of their troops.
 The scouts attending this camp were Francis Murphy, Mark Fair, Lyle Selhammer, J. P. Atkinson, Louis Hunberd, Paul Cowles, Paul Maschel, Ralph Church, Harold Zepfak, Robert Higgins, Anton Meroch, Robert Black, Emil Shukert and Lohm Behmke.
 Their time at camp was divided so that half of the day was given over to instruction and the rest of the time to recreation. The camp was a decided success, according to Chief Executive Hoyt.

New Court of Honor Will Hold Meeting

The new court of honor of the Boy Scouts of this city will hold its first meeting of the season tomorrow afternoon at the city hall. This organization consists of five prominent men of the city.
 This court meets for the purpose of acting upon the application of the scouts for admittance to the first class circle and also to consider the men eligible for merit badges.
 At this meeting four scouts will be awarded the first class insignia for having passed the requirements necessary. Sixty applications have been received at headquarters for merit badges. These will be taken up one at a time by the council and those deserving badges will receive their award.