

IN THE BEE HIVE

Stories by Little Folks

How the Snowflakes Solved the Problem.

(Prize.)

As Dorothy trudged home through the snow she was not thinking of the party the girls were talking about, but of the problem she could not get. She had not missed one of the whole term. She could not hear to do so now. As her friends said goodbye to her, she did not even talk to them like she usually did, but ran into the house. She sat on the window seat for a long time, watching the snowflakes. Soon she saw some little elves come and gather the largest ones. They slowly made them into figures, in a sheltered place where the ground was brown. They slowly multiplied, subtracted and divided, until she saw in big figures before her, 190,567,248, the right answer. Just then the cat (called Calico because she wears a pretty coat of mixed colors) came in to snuggle



Why do dogs like children? It is difficult to explain, but we know it is true. And do you know that dogs are responsive to kindness? Do you know how faithful they are? They are as true as wax. That is, most dogs may be depended on to do the right thing, just like most boys and girls do what is right.

This is a little story about Florence and Scout. It is a true story. Scout is like a big brother to Florence. Sounds kind of funny to speak of a dog as being a big brother, but Scout watches Florence and he would not be well for any boy to pull her hair or tease her if Scout is around and could see what is going on. He sees everything that is going on around him, too. He is as sharp as tacks, as wagsy.

Florence's last name is Druessedow and she lives at 1141 Georgia avenue and goes to Park school. Sometimes Scout goes part of the way or all of the way to school with his little girl friend and sometimes goes to meet her when school is out. Of course, Scout cannot tell the time, but he seems to know just when school is out and he appears to be glad when he sees the kids coming home in the afternoon.

Scout has a history, just like some people have histories. About three years ago he was found by a neighbor of the Druessedows. The dog at that time was "as thin as a cobweb," as Mrs. Druessedow expressed it. He looked as if he hadn't eaten a square meal for a month of Sundays and the people were so sorry that they took him in and gave him a fine meal. Scout was very tired when he found these friends. After he had eaten his meal, he went to sleep and did not get up for a whole night and a day. It is believed that he was lost and had walked until he was all right. But Scout returned and had worried himself nearly sick, too. Dogs have their worries.

These friends who took Scout in three years ago lived in a flat and did not have accommodations for a pet, so they gave the dog another fine meal, opened the door and told him to go. But Scout returned the next day and scratched at the kitchen door so hard that the woman let him in. Her husband, who was a traveling man, was away at the time and when he returned home a week later at night time he was surprised to find that the dog would not let him in. It was Scout, who thought he was protecting the woman who let him in. He did not remember the man and perhaps thought he was a burglar.

Well, these people moved from the flat to a house next door to the Druessedows and they decided to keep Scout and adopt him. They did not have any children and after a while they had to move to Florida. Scout had become so friendly with the Druessedow children next door that the woman asked Mrs. Druessedow if she would adopt Scout and make a home for him. She asked her husband and he said it would be all right.

The Druessedows have had Scout three years and he is the pet of Florence and her sister, Roberta, and brothers, Robert and Allen.

Scout isn't what one would call a pedigreed dog, but he has a fine disposition. The only time he is cross is when someone is cross to him, but all the children on Georgia avenue like him so well that it is not necessary for him to be cross.

Dogs have their likes and dislikes, just like boys and girls and men and women. Scout's particular fondness is for candy. Perhaps that is why he is so fat. Every time Florence or any of the Druessedow children go to a store Scout goes along and usually he gets a piece of candy. Whenever he hears Mrs. Druessedow say, "Florence, I want you to go over to Dopley's," Scout jumps up and away he goes with Florence. And when he gets to the store he stands on his hind legs and holds his front paws against the candy showcase and looks at the rows of candy with a longing eye.

If you could have seen Scout more than three years ago, when he was an orphan dog, as thin as a rail, you would understand what kindness will do even in the case of a dog.

How Scout Found Florence



The Watermelon.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee.

I will write a little poem entitled "The Watermelon."

There was a watermelon growing on the vine.

And there was a picknicker watching it all the time;

And when that watermelon was ripening in the sun

And the stripes along its jacket were coming one by one,

That picknicker hooked it and taking it away.

He ate the entire melon within one single day.

He ate the rind in pieces. He finished it with vim.

And then that watermelon just up and finished him.

—Marjorie English, North Pebble Street, Fremont, Neb.

My Bookshelf

For Thin Folks.

"Young Larry went to Centerville. To see if swimming could be taught to him, so slim And minus vim That to a cold he always caught. While there he learned a lot of things: To swim without his water wings; And diving, too. And next they found him getting tall And broad and fat—and that's not all! He got so big He bought so he could breathe this fall. Now we who find we're getting thin Should get the air, weak out, weak out And never tarry. But, like Larry, Learn to swim and dive and grin."

—Marguerite Carrington, Aged 9, 4317 Dodge Street, Omaha.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

South Side Chamber of Commerce to Form Ten Scout Troops

One of the biggest undertakings along scout work ever heard of in this city has been undertaken by the South Omaha Chamber of Commerce. They met February 24 and decided to be responsible for the forming of 10 scout troops on the South Side.

Ten committees, each representing a different business interest were formed. Each committee is directly responsible for the organization of one troop.

This is the first work of this kind ever undertaken in Omaha, and a great deal of interest is being manifested in seeing how the plan works out. Chief Executive Gendell is very much interested and greatly appreciates the responsibility taken by the South Omaha business men in the welfare of the boys of that district, and will do everything he can to make the project a success.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

150 Younger High School Lads Enjoy Hi-Y Club Social

The Junior Hi-Y club of Central High school, of which Merle Hanna, is president and J. S. Arnold, assistant boys' work secretary of the "Y" are in charge, held a social last Thursday night, which was attended by 150 younger high school lads.

A special supper was provided for them and Bible study followed the dinner. Immediately at the close of Bible study, all the boys enjoyed a special program in the boys' division club rooms.

Mac Olman and David Robel provided amusement with a novelty song and dance act. An excellent comic motion picture was enjoyed by all of them. Some of the boys put on a boxing match, George Campbell led community singing. A special evening is being planned for these boys every few weeks, which will take up the evening from 7 to 9 o'clock.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Annual "St. Pat's Shin Dig" to Be Held March 19 for "Y" Boys

The annual Saint Patrick's party for all "Y" boys will be held on Saturday night, March 19, from 7 to 9:30, in the boys' division and assembly room at the local Y. M. C. A. Five hundred "Y" boys will attend this party which is one of the biggest affairs of the year.

It is called the annual "St. Pat's Shin Dig." Letters are going out to every member next week, telling them about it. Only members of the boys' division may attend this best and biggest program of the year.

A fine orchestra in charge of Stuart Lackerly will play for the "shin dig." A featured feature motion picture will be a part of the program. Guessing contests and contests for the boys wearing the most green, will be part of the program. Singing of Irish songs led by George Campbell will also please the boys and add to the enjoyment of the party.

Everything at the party will be green. Even the refreshments will be green. A scramble for green peanuts will be one of the features. Every boy securing one of the green peanuts when the bushel basket of ordinary ones is thrown to the crowd will get a prize.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY

"Who in the name of raw beef are you?"

"J-j-just four stranded Teenie Weenies," answered the Duncie timidly, for the four little fellows were just a little startled by the appearance of the dog.

"I thought so!" exclaimed the dog. "You smell rather familiar to me. I passed your house once about a year ago, and as soon as I sniffed



The Four Little Wanderers Are Shipwrecked.

Fortunately the weather was not cold, and the four Teenie Weenies rather enjoyed the adventure of drifting down the river. It was nearly dark when they set the raft adrift, and a most careful watch had to be kept for fear of drifting into a dangerous place. No light could be carried on the raft, for it might attract curious persons, as the banks of the river were thickly settled with houses and factories.

"We never can travel by day," said the Sailor as he noticed the streak of daylight appearing in the eastern sky. "Someone would see us, and then they would want to catch us, so we'll have to do all our traveling by night."

"When we all get in the country where there isn't so many folks, we can travel by day," said Gogo.

"Well, maybe," answered the Sailor. "But you can just let your last grape seed I don't want to get caught by any grown-up person, for we'd be penned up and exhibited at 10 cents a look, and that don't suit me at all."

As it was now getting quite light, the little fellows decided to make for shore and tie up during the day, for many houses were still scattered along the bank of the river.

Choosing a snug place under a dock, the little fellows soon paddled the raft into a dark place which was well screened from the curious. Making the raft tight to a nail which stuck out of one of the logs supporting the dock, the little men crawled into the can, which served them as a cabin, and lay down on a bed of shavings for a much needed sleep.

The Teenie Weenies slept for a long time, and they might have slept for many hours longer had they not been awakened by a loud hissing sound like escaping steam. Peering out of the can the little chaps saw the nose of a big dog sniffing at the opening.

"Land's sake!" exclaimed the dog,

Honest John.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you and I am going to write a story. John was a poor boy who lived with his mother in a house at the end of town. His father was dead and his mother was sick. One day as John was sitting in the house he heard a cry, "I am dying." John ran to his mother and saw that she was dead. He ran to the next door, where the Browns lived, and told them the news. Brown was sorry to him and had her buried where her husband was buried. John lived alone in the house and earned enough money for food. He was 8 years old when his mother died and now he was almost 16 years old. One day as he was in a store, a man came up to him. His name was Smith. He asked John if he would go with him to make him company. John told him he would go and the man said: "I will give you \$10 a week if you will travel with me." John sold his house to Mr. Brown. John and his companion went to a large city to stay there. They rented a room for them to sleep. One night as they were asleep John awoke and saw a man taking the money out of Smith's pocket. John said briefly: "What are you doing?" The man turned around quickly and saw him. John held out his hand as if he had a pistol. The man said nothing and then he thought and in a moment he said: "Let us each take half of his money and he will think a thief stole it." John said, "No, I am not a thief," and he ordered the man out of the room. The man went out and in the morning John told Smith and he said, "You are an honest and brave boy."—Kenneth Vandervalle, Aged 11, Cedar Rapids, Neb.

How John Saved the Train.

Dear Busy Bees—May I join your hive? I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Whitaker. I like her very much. I will write a story: "How John Saved the Train."

Once there was a little boy that lived with his parents on a railroad. One day when he was picking berries he discovered a broken rail.

A train was near, and the village was too far away to get any one to fix the track, so he stood by the track and waved his hands to get so they would stop. The train stopped and the engineer came out and asked why he did it. John told him and the people came to see what was the matter. The people gave John money for saving their lives. John went back to his home and his letter is getting long I will close. I wish some Bee would write to me.

—Yours truly, Vashie Mable Adkins, Box 115, Loomis, Neb.

My First Letter.

Dear Busy Bees—This is my first letter. I am 8 years old and I live at 2532 Fowler Avenue, Omaha.

Once there was a little girl and her name was Betty Ann. She was going to be 5, and her papa was going to give her a doll and her mamma was going to give her a ring of pearls. Her party was going to be that afternoon, and so she was very busy getting ready. Now it was time for the party and the children came. There were five children there, and they had the cream and cake, and the candles on it, and candy. Then her mamma brought out her doll that her papa got her, and then the pearls. She got many other things, so she had a very nice birthday, don't you think so?—Mariel Glyde Russell, age 8, 2532 Fowler Avenue.

Dot Puzzle

Can you finish this picture?

Complete the picture by drawing a line 1 and taking them numerically, and 2 and taking them numerically.

Life Savers' Degree Awarded 3 "Y" Boys

Three of the "Y" Boys' division's young swimmers last week qualified for the National Y. M. C. A. life saving award and are now registered lifesavers. The tests for this award are very strenuous and the boys have been working all winter to get through them.

C. Carl Weigel, assistant physical director has been in charge of this work and has dozens of boys working for the degree. There are four degrees, the learner's, swimmer's, leader's and lifesaver's.

The three boys who passed last week are now lifesavers, are: Joe Kaduzner, Mark Davis and Ray Lucas. All are prominent "Y" boys and have been members of the boys' division for two years.

Boy Scout Notes

A meeting will be held tomorrow night at scout headquarters to organize a Boy Scout drum and bugle corp. Eight of the best scout buglers in the city will be picked to form a nucleus for this corp. Four groups of ten buglers each will be added to this number at frequent intervals. There will be seven drums for the corp. These will be assigned immediately to the best drummers.

A picked patrol of eight scouts under the leadership of Scout Elmo Adams gave a very successful exhibition of scout training at the Hanscom Park A. Y. church as part of a Washington birthday celebration. Five hundred people were present.

Troop 35, which holds its meetings at the Armour Packing plant, will be reorganized next week. The troop is doing fairly well at present, but officials hope by reorganization to increase the work and membership of the troop.

Troop 9 gave a demonstration of scout work before a meeting of the Lions club February 22. This entertainment was appreciated by all the Lions, who gave the scouts a big feed for their work.

Last Week for Monograms

Stipelyly, boys. This is the last week that Y. M. C. A. sweater monograms will be given for securing one new member for the boys' division. Scouts who have earned monograms during the month of February by getting one new boy to join.

There are 25 monograms left and the boys' work secretaries of the "Y" thought that they would leave the offer open all of this week and give the monogram until next fall when a boy will have to secure five new members in order to get one. Better hurry up, "Y" boys, before the going rings on Saturday night for the monograms will be no more this spring.

Camp Fire Girls

Camp Fire Girls Enjoy Hikes

The Hashatuya group hiked down town from Forty-ninth street, February 19, and had lunch at the Y. W. C. A. After luncheon the group attended a movie. This entertainment was held in place of the regular meeting.

The fact that Tuesday was a holiday scout 39, and the girls were hiking. The Idaho group from the Madison school, with Miss May Leach, guardian, met at the school and hiked out to Camp Brewster.

The Group from Park school with Miss Prantee as guardian, went out to East Omaha on Washington's birthday. Later they walked along the river in search of pussy-willows. A splendid spot for fire building tests was located but rain of the night before made things so wet that nobody passed the test. After several attempts they at last resorted to the use of paper and soon had a dainty bonfire burning. After a few minutes lunch was set and space around the fire was at a premium. Apples were roasted, potatoes baked, and last of all, marshmallows roasted. After the feast was over the girls put out their fire and trudged back toward the swamp where the pussy willow grew. Here they gathered all in sight and then boarded the car for home.

Group Meetings

The Minnehaha group met with Miss Mildred Cullens Friday. The members decided to buy a count book with the proceeds of their candy sale. Two honor guests were present.

The Taspanhu group held their regular business meeting Thursday at Hawthorne school. Miss Stella Holmes, guardian of the group, was in charge. The members completed their looms and started waving head bands.

A group of eight met at the home of Miss Annabelle Kise Tuesday to discuss organizing a Campfire Girls Mary Louise Guyenet with the girls and explained what it meant to be a Camp Fire girl.

The Anegh group held their regular meeting at Hanscom Park school Wednesday, Mrs. A. E. Bisby, their guardian, was present. The members learned the art of fire building with out-of-doors material. Miss Ruth Carlberg, a fire-maker of the Alahit group, assisted the members.