

IN THE BEE HIVE



Stories by Little Folks

(Prize.)

Hope's Valentine.

"That one is the prettiest!" exclaimed one of a group of girls gathered about the show window of Smith & Co. commenting on the latest display of valentines. The one she referred to was an old-fashioned lay one. "Granny Davis made it," said another. "But look at this sign, girls!" Everyone looked and read: "Five dollars prize to the one who brings the most original valentine to this store before February 14."

"Oh, what a chance to get those furs I've always wanted!" cried Caroline Lewis, the mayor's daughter, and the leader among the girls. "Are you going to try, Caroline?" asked Ruth Davis. "Certainly am," was the reply, with a toss of the head, "and I mean to win!" A thin, poorly-dressed girl on the edge of the group smiled and then ventured her opinion. "I believe I'll try, too," Caroline sneered. "You couldn't win anything," she exclaimed. "Just look at your hands! How rough and red they are!" Hope flushed and put



her hands behind her back. Then she turned and walked rapidly down the street. The tears were streaming down her cheeks and a bitter resentment against the girls who taunted her with her clothes and poverty was in her heart. She soon reached her home, a tiny, weather-beaten shack where she lived with her mother and nine brothers and sisters. She did not enter the house, but sat down upon the grass. "Oh, if I only could win!" she thought. "Five dollars would buy my commencement dress." Suddenly a bright idea occurred to her. "I'll go over and see Granny Davis about it!" she cried, and soon reached the large colonial house where Granny Davis, a retired artist, lived. "Oh, granny," cried Hope, bursting into the room where that lady was calmly knitting. "I need your advice." Granny laid down her knitting and prepared to help her favorite friend. When Hope had told her story the dear old lady took the girl's sweet face between her hands and said, "Dear, I have a surprise for you. Go up in the attic and explore all those large chests and forget about this other for a while." Hope went up to the attic, where she had often played and sat down before a large old sea chest. She lifted the lid and a gasp of astonishment escaped her lips. There lay a picture, a faded tintype picture, yet it was remarkably clear. The face of a woman gazed up at her. The face was not exactly beautiful, but the expression was so sweet and trusting that it compelled one's confidence. Hope took it reverently in her hands and took it down to granny. "Oh, granny," she breathed. "Look! I know I should not have moved it, but I must know who it is!" Granny laughed, a low, tinkling laugh. "Why, Hope, dear," she exclaimed, "the wally! When I was young I was hoping you would find that. Would you like to use it for your valentine?" "Oh, granny," whispered Hope, "it would be lovely, but are you sure you do not mind?" "You are welcome to it, my child," replied that dear old lady. "Now run up and look in the old blue chest, where you will find some gold lace." Hope soon returned with the lace and with granny's help her deft fingers fashioned a quaint old valentine. "How lovely," she exclaimed when she had finished. "But, granny, I hate to do it." "Never mind, child, but run on home. I may have something for you tomorrow." As Hope walked slowly home an unselfish thought entered her head. "Have I the right to spend all that money on myself when mother needs glasses so badly?" When she reached home her mind was made up and her mother was to have the glasses. When she had put the other little Sawyers to bed she sat before her open window and planned to make over her last summer's dress for the commencement. The next morning Hope put the valentine carefully in an envelope and went to school. "Have you made that prize valentine yet?" sneered Caroline. Hope flushed and tightened her hold on the envelope. "I most assuredly have," she exclaimed proudly. "Would you like to see it?" The girls crowded about her, Caroline's friends ready to jeer and Hope's to praise. As the valentine came into view there were many gasps of astonishment. Caroline, however, merely scowled. At noon Hope stored the envelope in her desk, thinking it would be safe until she returned, but it was not. When she came back it was gone! "Oh, dear," sighed Hope, "what shall I do? Granny will be so disappointed." The valentine was not to be found, however, and Hope went home with a very heavy heart. "Cheer up, Hope," comforted granny when Hope told her. "I guess it's time for us to make another." "But

Windsor Children Take Factory Trips

The boys and girls from the seventh grade of Windsor school took two factory trips last Wednesday morning in charge of J. Shailer Arnold, assistant boys' work secretary of the "Y."

There were 40 boys and girls in the party who were chaperoned by the teacher of their grade and Mr. Arnold. They first visited the Gordon Rainier Candy company and saw various processes by which candy is made.

From there they went through the Peterson-Pegau bakery and were most interested in the story of bread-making in this modern factory.

Upon their return to school, each child wrote an essay on the trips through the factories as part of their school work. Other schools have various trips lined up of the same kind and they are proving a valuable asset to the school work according to teachers who have made the trips.

it won't be as pretty as that one," mourned Hope. "Of course not," replied granny. "Now I'll get some things and we'll make another." The valentine was soon made and it quite pleased Hope, although, as she said, it was not so pretty as the last one. The next day Hope took her valentine down to the store, but she did not win the prize. As usual, she turned to granny for comfort, which was freely given. "And, granny," said Hope, "I wish I did not have to go to commencement." Granny smiled wisely, but said nothing except to throw open the bedroom door. Hope gasped. There on the bed lay a dress, but such a dress! The material was of cream-colored taffeta and it was made in the latest fashion, but still girlish. Shoppers' hose and ivory fan went with it. Hope suddenly turned to granny's arms to cry and granny wisely let her. Hope graduated with honors and, strange to say, in the heart of her roses someone had placed her lost valentine. Granny had known that if Hope had won the prize the feeling between the latter and Caroline would become more bitter, so she took steps to prevent it, and she did. Strange as it seems, Hope and Caroline became the greatest of friends, thanks to granny.

Wilfred's Christmas Eve.

Dear Busy Bees: I read your page every Monday and enjoy it very much. I am going to tell you a story.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Wilfred. He was thinking what he wanted Santa Claus to bring him. Then he said to his mother: "Santa did not bring me what I wanted last Christmas, so I want him to come to my house first this Christmas eve."

Then his mother said: "Don't talk naughtily about Santa. He won't bring you anything." Then Wilfred said, "I won't do it any more." That night when everyone was asleep, Wilfred out of bed, put his shoes on over his pajamas, then he put on his coat and cap and went out where his father kept the ladders. He took a ladder and put it beside the house. He climbed on the house and sat by the chimney and said, "I am waiting for Santa." While he was waiting for Santa he fell asleep. When Santa came Wilfred was asleep. So Santa just went down the chimney. Santa put the toys by the fireplace and went away. Then Wilfred said, "I think I saw Santa's sled disappear over the hill." Then he went in the house to tell his mother about it and he said, "I got to see Santa's sled after all." Then he played with his toys and said, "Santa brought me the playthings I wanted this Christmas."—Nellie Zimmerman, age 10, Gregory, S. D.

Dot Puzzle



What Was the Origin and Meaning of Bread?

Bread is baked from many substances, although when we think of bread we usually think of wheat bread. It is sometimes made from roots, fruit and the bark of trees, but generally only from grains such as wheat, rye, corn, etc. The word bread comes from an old word, bray, meaning to pound. This came from the method used in preparing the food. Food which was pounded was said to be brayed, and later this spelling was changed to bread. Properly speaking, however, these brayed or ground materials are not really bread in our sense of using the term until they are moistened with water, when it becomes dough. The word dough is an old one, meaning to "moisten." This dough was an olden times immediately baked in hot ashes and a hard, indigestible lump of bread was the result. Accidentally it was discovered that if the dough was left for a time before baking, allowing it to ferment, it would, when mixed with more dough, swell up and become porous. Thus we got our word loaf from an old word, rhan, which meant to raise up or to lift up.—Book of Wonders.

Two Little Girls.

Two little girls lived a long time ago. One of the little girls was rich, but the other one was poor. The poor little girl's name was Betty and the rich one's name was Anna. One day Anna was running about her yard, when she happened to look out and see some children playing in the street. She thought, "Oh, what a nice time I could have out there playing. But she could not because her yard was shut in by a long and high iron fence. At the same time little Anna, playing out in the street, was thinking how nice it would be to be in there where there were so many nice things. That night neither of the children could go to sleep. A fairy appeared that night before Betty, the poor girl, and asked her what she wanted most. Then Betty said, "I should like very much to change places with the rich little girl." "It shall be granted," said the fairy, and she disappeared. Betty went right to sleep then and when she awoke she found herself in the little rich girl's place. For several weeks the little girl took Anna's place, but she soon found that she did not like it and she was lonesome. The rich girl had learned the same lesson in the poor girl's place, so they both wanted their old places again. The fairy appeared that night and they were sent home and they were happy and contented ever after.—Janice Windham, Aged 12, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Conundrums

What dog never barks or bays? A Firedog.

When are a cook's hands and a cactus alike? When they are both in flour (flower).

What kind of robes are always made of wood? Wardrobes.

What is the worst lock on record? Shylock (the wicked Jew in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice).

Just A Crumb.

Please throw me a crumb, I am hungry today.

The snowflakes have hidden my breakfast away.

My wings ache with cold and my feet are so numb.

If you please, just a crumb! The flowers are gone and the sky is so drear.

I linger in hope that the sun may appear.

It seems such a time 'til the spring-time shall come—

If you please, just a crumb.

Gibbon, Neb. ESTHER KIRK.

Ho, Hum!

Charles—Pretty warm today.

Harry—Warm? Say, boy, it was so warm that a while ago I saw a dog chasing a cat, and they were both walking.

Charles—That's funny. I saw the same dog and cat a while later, only they both had sat down a while to rest.—American Legion Weekly.

Camp Fire Girls

Council Fire Held at Y. W. C. A.

A council fire was held Saturday, March 19, at the Y. W. C. A. at 12:30 o'clock. Only new Camp Fire groups participated.

The Whoelo call was given by Miss Mae Louise Guy and Miss Ruth Hatteroth, after which the following groups entered the Aneah: Wauneka Alan, Lake school and the Aneah. The following groups took their Desire: Hehalo, Mewa Pota, Ha Ha, Viugon, Wapo, Taspauere, Bau Uta and Idaka. The candles were lighted and "Burn, Fire, Burn" sung, after which the new members gave their Desire and the circle opened to admit them.

Several girls from the Aneah group took their Woodgatherers' rank and honors were awarded. The Okiki group put on a stunt showing the old and new hiker; the girls exemplified the art of poncho rolling and discussed what to carry on such a hike. The singing of Camp Fire songs led by the Aneah group closed the meeting.

Hisi Group Give Old-Fashioned Dance

Hisi-Idaka group held an old-fashioned dance Saturday evening in the attic of Miss Ethel Hagai's home. The guests attended, dressed in old-fashioned costumes, and brought their own lunches. A few brought pork and beans, others apricots, pineapple; one four olives, another one apple and two pieces of cakes, to form the unique supper that followed the dance.

The Fire Department Has a Busy Day.

Go down-up folks ought to be careful about lighting fires, particularly when there is a wind blowing.

Not so long ago a man raked some dry leaves up into a pile and set them on fire. It was a most windy day, and some of the burning leaves were carried away by the wind. The man never knew what damage was done by his fire, and it might have been exceedingly serious had it not been for the promptness of the Teenie Weenie fire department.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY

quickly put out the fire. She had no sooner smothered the fire when, to her horror, she saw another burning leaf fall onto the roof of her house, quite out of her reach.

Dropping the cherry seed, she ran as fast as she could to the school

and almost immediately the Doctor came dashing madly over the little hill under the rose bush. "Quick, Fire! The hospital is on fire. Quick! Help!" he yelled.

The fire department dashed off at top speed for the hospital, where they

was carried out by Gogo and the Chinaman, while the rest of the little folks poured half a teacupful of water onto the burning roof.

The fire was soon put out, but it left quite a hole through the roof, which was made of waterproof card-



This is what happened, and it is to be hoped that the man who started the fire will be more careful in the future.

One morning Mrs. Lover was dusting the tiny furniture in her little bungalow she smelled smoke. Stepping onto the front porch the little lady saw a burning leaf flutter to the ground dangerously near the steps. The little woman ran into the kitchen and, dipping up a cherry seed full of water, she ran to the leaf and

house, and pulled hard on the tiny bell rope. At almost the first tap of the bell the Teenie Weenies came running from all directions, and in a few seconds the tiny fire department charged up to the bungalow, where they soon put out the burning leaf.

The little men were, just taking their ladder from the bungalow roof, after having put out the fire, when they were startled by loud cries from the direction of the hospital.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted the voice,

board and burned quite easily.

For some time the little firemen were kept quite busy, dashing about from place to place putting out the burning leaves, and everybody agreed that it was the most exciting day they had out in for some time.

"Where did all those burning leaves come from?" asked the General when the last fire had been put out.

"Huh!" grunted the Indian, pointing towards the big house near by.

"Jinks!" grumbled the Dunce. "That's all the credit I get for helping."

"You'll help more by keeping out of the way," answered the Policeman.

It took the Teenie Weenies all day to dry up the water which fell into the hospital and to patch up the hole that burned through the roof, so you can see what great damage can be done by burning leaves on a windy day.

400 Boys Attend Annual St. Pat's Shin Dig at 'Y' Boys' Rooms

Big boys and little boys, clean boys and dirty boys, well-dressed boys and boys in old clothes—in short, every kind of a boy in Omaha was seen at the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. last night. The occasion was the annual shin dig or St. Pat's party for boys members.

The party started at 7 o'clock and there was never an idle moment from the time the boys entered the building until they were bid "good-night" as they left at 9:30.

The entertainment consisted of a two-reel moving picture. This was followed by a comedy song and dance act by Mac Ohman and David Robel. A jazz band led by Stuart Gardner and his saxophone furnished the music for the party and pepped the boys up from beginning to end.

Floyd Brown, the young Omaha musician who has been giving a great many entertainments this winter, gave a most interesting program of magic which the boys enjoyed very much.

A four-round boxing match between Harold Eads and Charles Kane furnished excitement and fun. A Snub Pollard and a Harold Lloyd combed the program of entertainment and the boys immediately took part in a peanut scramble for a bushel of peanuts. Among the

Blessed by a Bull Fight

Jane Adams went once to a bull fight in Spain. She saw five bulls killed and as many horses. When her friends expressed their surprise at her indifference to the bloody sport, she said she had not thought much about it. Then she began to think. The more she thought, the more her conscience troubled her. She had been contemplating engaging in some form of social work. It suddenly was impressed upon her that she had been lulled her conscience to sleep by a dream of service that was remaining only a dream, that she was not really in earnest. It was the memory of her attitude of indifference to the bull fight that acted as a mirror to her soul and stirred her to action. She returned to America, and the famous Hull House of Chicago came into being. This is the only good thing we ever heard of connected with a bull fight, except when the tortured bull got even with his torturers.—Our Dumb Animals.

Coin Dropped in Slot Machine Calls Taxi

Machines such as this have been placed in the streets of Hamburg. The coin in the slot brings a taxi in a few minutes.

McMiv of London

Two Highlanders stood looking at the imposing facade of a building in Westminster. The cornerstone is the date in Roman characters, "MCMIV."

"Luke a' tho', Angus," said one. "A've never heard th' name McMiv before, but there's a Scotsman who's got his name on one of th' finest buildings in London. Ye can't keep 'em down, can ye?"—London Tit-Bits.

Here's something you probably don't know. We got it from the essay of a schoolboy. "In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean and this was known as the Pilgrims' Progress."—From the Boston Transcript.

March

"Oh March why are you scolding? Who is more cheerful than you?"

"Because," said growing, blustering, "The whole world scolds at me."

M. L. B.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

New Scout Troop at Christian Church

One more scout troop has been added to the large scout family of this city. A new troop has been formed at the First Christian church under the leadership of J. J. Richter, who will be the scoutmaster.

This new troop will be called No. 68. The troop started with 14 enthusiastic youths who promise to make good scouts with a little training.

Scoutmaster Richter will be aided in his work by several boys in the church who were former scouts, and have gone as high in scout work as is possible. Richter promises that his troop will be in the front with a little training.

Bible Study Exams For 'Y' Boys in April

Examination time will soon be here for the 700 boys in the Y. M. C. A.'s Bible Study clubs. The local boys' division is making a most strenuous effort to get first place in the United States for its Bible study work. Last year the local boys lost first place by only 20 diplomas and this year they are after the top place.

Dates have been set for the exams

One More Chance to Get Boy Monograms

The monograms which were recently awarded to boys for securing a new member, were not all distributed and the boys' work secretaries have announced that no more of the same kind of monograms will be awarded after this spring. Starting this fall a new style monogram, which has just been put on the market by the manufacturers, will be awarded as the official emblem of the Boys' division.

Thirty monograms were left over in the campaign conducted in February and E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary, announced last week that in order to give every boy possible a chance to win one before it is too late, a monogram will be given to every boy securing a new member the balance of March and to the new member as well.

This is a new departure for the boys' division and has never been done before. The monograms will last only a few days and every boy interested in securing one should line up their new members at once and bring him down to join.

The monograms which will be awarded in the fall will be for securing five new members during the September and October campaign.

Boy Scout Notes

Dr. Winfield Scott Hall of Northwestern university, gave an interesting talk to 75 scouts at Camp Gifford last Saturday night. The talk was given at the evening outdoor camp fire.

Troop 67, located at South Lincoln school, gave a big party for the members and parents last Friday night. Twenty-five scouts and 10 parents attended.

A special program was held at Camp Gifford on April 4 to 11 at Camp Gifford. Among the activities of the camp will be a patrol leaders school, a scribes school, and a scout aids school.