

The Tale of the Teasing Bumble Bee

By F. ELIZABETH PERKINS.

ONCE there was a bumble bee, who had a beautiful time all day long and buzzed about at his own sweet will, wholly without regard to the feelings of others. He went from flower to flower and coaxed them to let him have their honey, and as soon as he had filled his bag with it he flew away and left the flower all bare of sweetness. Some of the flowers even tried to close up when he came near, to save their honey, for well they knew his ways, but they could not prevent his entering, and soon he had their whole store.

Where he kept his honey no one knew. He lived in the forest somewhere, for it was towards the forest he always flew when he had filled his bags in the garden. But of course, none of the flowers had followed him, for they were stay-at-home people.

Besides the flowers there were three children in the garden, a boy and his two sisters. They also learned to dislike the visits of the bumble bee. One day he stung the boy, merely for mischief, and ever after that, when he brushed their faces, the children would all jump and scream and run away. He quite enjoyed teasing them by flying close to their faces on purpose, until his wings would actually brush their noses, and then how they would jump, and the mischievous bee would be buzzing off on his way laughing at them in his own quiet fashion.

One day when little Eleanor had taken her bread and milk out under the trees to eat it in the garden, along came the bumble bee and buzzed right into her ear, so that she jumped and spilled her milk all over her clean dress. How the mischief laughed! He could hardly contain himself for merriment, and when her sister came running out to help repair the damage, the naughty fellow flew straight into her face, so that in her confusion she stumbled and fell screaming in the grass.

Nor was this all. When the children's mother lay out in the hammock to take her afternoon nap, hardly had she closed her eyes when she heard the drumming of tiny wings all about her, and opened them again. In vain she tried driving the bumble bee away with her fan. The troublesome fellow was determined not to go, and returned again and again to the charge. He loved to tease people, and the more annoyed they appeared to be by his presence the more determined he was to stay there and annoy them.

One day, however, the time came when he would gladly have gone away had he been able to do so, for in his flights about the yard he ran up against something soft that seemed to close about him so that he could not use his wings. For a few minutes this did not alarm him much. He thought that by putting forth a little more effort, of course, he could break through the flimsy thing, so he only swelled out his chest the more and butted his head first in one di-

rection and then in another against the meshes of the spider's web that held him. But he soon found that it was all in vain, that the more he struggled the deeper he was becoming involved in the web, and his hum grew angry. Then he saw the spider that had caught him, and the spider was chuckling to himself, a heartless chuckle the bumble bee thought it, but it was very much such a chuckle as he had chuckled himself many a time, when he had taken all the store of honey from a flower and flown away with it, and at the sound the bumble bee was filled with rage and fought harder than ever against the web, but all in vain. Then the spider ran forward and wound a fresh rope about a leg of the bee, and then another one, and another, until pretty soon, the unfortunate bee was so tied up that he could not move at all.

When he found that it was no use making any further struggle, the bumble bee began to plead for mercy, but at this the spider only chuckled the harder. Then the bee called out to the flowers to help him, reminding them that he was one of their oldest friends and had visited them day after day for many months, but the flowers replied, "You only visited us to steal from us. You are no friend of ours."

Then he turned to the children and called out to them to help him, and reminded them that he had sung to them through many a summer day. "Yes," replied the children, "but you only did it to make us jump. You are no friend of ours."

The old spider was feeling very sure of his prey, and was smacking his lips at the feast that was before him, and thinking over in his mind what friends he should invite to dinner, when the bumble bee tried new tactics. "If there is no one here," said he, "who will be a friend to me and set me free for love, perhaps some one will set me free for honey. I have a great store of honey in the woods and the child who will set me free again shall have it all."

At this it was the turn of the children to smack their lips, for they all loved honey, and the boy advanced with a stick in his hand and had soon destroyed the spider's web, so that the bee escaped, and with a flutter of his wings, rose into the air. "Follow me," he called to the boy, and headed straight for the forest. The boy followed, and after a long walk came to a hollow tree all surrounded by bees, and inside it was a great quantity of honey. He was overjoyed at the sight, and carefully marking the place, hurried home again and got his father to help him, and between them they secured the whole mass of honey and carried home great buckets full of it, so that he invited all the children for miles around to come to a feast of honey.

But the other bumble bees were so angry with the one who had betrayed the hiding place of their stores that they attacked him and stung him to death.

Growing Fruits and Flowers at Sea

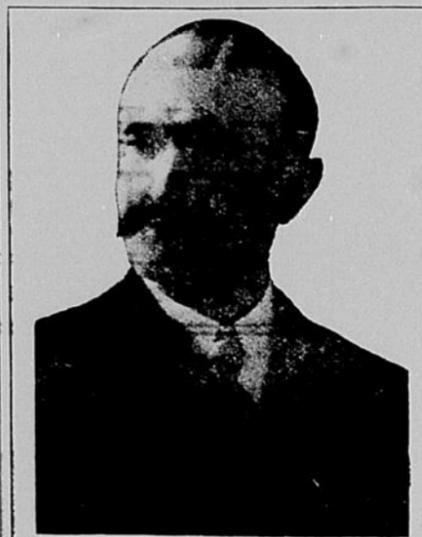
PERCHED up on top of one of the great modern ocean liners are a greenhouse and vegetable hotbeds. On the way over the seas recently passengers with money enough to pay for their exclusive privileges, picked freshly blooming roses or carnations daily and were served at table with luscious strawberries, ripened at sea, and crisp lettuce, cool cucumbers, also grown far from land, speaking in one way. Soon an orchard is to be added and fresh peaches and cherries will be added to the luxuries of the ship's tables.

These greenhouses, gardens and orchards on shipboard are only that many of the extraordinary things that have been provided to make the trans-

Atlantic journey more comfortable. Down below decks of one great liner may be found a department store, where an endless variety of smaller articles may be purchased. It has the atmosphere of a real dry goods establishment with its clerks and customers. Nearby a drug store with its varied stock and jingling cash register add to the metropolitan aspect. In a less conspicuous place is Complete safety deposit vaults may be found in still another place, where passengers may store their valuables while en voyage. A printing office, complete in every appointment, is stowed away in still another place, and here the ship's daily newspaper

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Our Next Serial Story



Earl Ashley Walcott.

THIS is the man who wrote the new serial story which is to appear in our Literary Magazine following "The Nation's Pawn," which is now coming to a successful close.

Earle Ashley Walcott is his name. He "arrived" as a writer of national prominence only a few years ago, but when he arrived, he got there "with both feet," as they used to say. He produced only two novels previously to the one purchased by us, but both of them made a distinct hit and were ranked among the "best sellers" during their time. One of them, "Blindfolded," which appeared

in 1906, was perhaps the most talked of book of that year and was read everywhere. It was a mystery story that was really a mystery story and there was no letting up for the reader who started the book until he finished it. In 1907 his second novel appeared, "Apples of Discord," which also was widely read.

"THE Open Door" is the title of the novel whose serial rights we have purchased at a large cost. It is also a mystery story and in every respect as intensely interesting as "Blindfolded." Its scenes are laid in San Francisco—a city well selected for mystery stories. Its plot touches every phase of San Francisco's cosmopolitan life and at every turn of the road through the story there is new mystery which baffles explanation until the very concluding chapters. The story possesses a characteristic not always found in mystery stories—it is an excellent piece of literary work also.

MR. Walcott is a native of Illinois, but he was taken to the romantic atmosphere of Santa Barbara, Calif., in his early youth and became a "literary feller" when a mere lad, his first venture being as editor and publisher of a juvenile newspaper the size of note paper. It combined at once the yearnings of the youthful editor for the ideal and his sense of the practical, for mingled with personal items and the price of cheese and other necessities were little stories that dealt with the hair-breadth adventures of imaginary heroes. After these "puppy" days, young Walcott took a collegiate course in the University of California. Then, after experience with the college journals and magazines, he took to real newspapering in San Francisco, first as editor of a weekly newspaper. After that publication's untimely death he went to the daily newspapers and served a long time with the San Francisco Examiner.

Through the years of his newspaper experience, Mr. Walcott came in contact with all phases of San Francisco life and he knows that unique city as well as anybody can. He found in it rich literary material which he has put into his novels and into short stories contributed to Century, Scribner's, Overland, Ainslie's and other high grade magazines.

WE have another important announcement to make—the purchase of a strong love story by Mabel Herbert Urner, which is to appear in an early issue. Miss Urner is one of the biggest successes of the past year. Her first important story made a great hit and was more widely discussed than any other story so far published anywhere this year. This story was the famous "Journal of a Neglected Wife," which appeared as a 6,000 word story in the February Everybody's Magazine and which was later expanded into a 40,000 word book to meet the demand for it. The first edition of 15,000 copies was immediately exhausted and a second edition is also going rapidly. Miss Urner's work is in great demand among publishers and we are fortunate to secure her story, which is called "The Appeal."

JUST a word for this particular issue of our Literary Magazine. It is filled with good short stories and the element of humor predominates in the two stories, "Roundsmen Clancy's Catch," and "Papa Stickenstein's Cat." The former is by that prince of humorists, Strickland Gillilan. There is also a strong adventure story, "The Cigarette," and a Short Story by Edwin L. Sabin, "After the Honey-moon." There is also a good special article on "The New Woman of the Orient."