A SANDMAN ADVENTURE IN A GARDEN OF HONEY

"IT'S time for the Sandman," said Johnny Gay's mother.

Johnny knew it was, but he pretended to be very busy putting together a jigsaw puzzle on the nursery table so that his mother would forget all about the Sandman's visit.

Just at this moment Annie, the maid, came upstairs to say that there was a visitor downstairs to see Mrs. Gay, and so Johnny's mother said, "You put Johnny to bed, Annie," and Annie said, "Yes, ma'am."

But she forgot all about this promise because she happened to look out of the window and see her particular policeman standing on the corner, and she was so afraid that he would get away before she got out to tell him what a fine night it was that she hastily threw a cloak around her and ran out of the back gate—"Just for a moment. I'll not be a second away from you, Johnny dear," she promised.

Johnny didn't mind. He liked it. He was left all alone in the nursery at 8 o'clock with no one to say a word about the Sandman.

It was very comfortable to be allowed to finish his puzzle uninterruptedly. But presently he grew a little lonesome and began to wonder when his mamma or Annie would come back.

He thought perhaps he might get into bed by himself if his necktie hadn't been such a very difficult thing to disentangle.

"After all," he said, "I'm awfully tired of staying up. I do wish the Sandman would come."

In a moment he felt the queer little sticks coming in his eyelashes that he knew meant the Sandman was sprinkling him with the nice, fine, sleepy stuff he carries around and he looked up to see a big dark figure in a shadowy hat and cloak standing over him.

"Little boy," said the Sandman, for Johnny knew it was he, "what do you like better than anything in the world?"

Johnny thought it over and remembered something very good he had had for luncheon.

"Honey," he said, promptly.

"Come with me," said the Sandman.

Johnny followed him into a huge garden full of the most odoriferous flowers. There were roses, August lilies, tuberoses, violets, lilies of the valley, lilacs, sweet peas, heliotrope and rose geranium, while against the fence were masses of magnolia and honeysuckle, and in a wild corner there clambered quantities of arbutus.

"M-m-m," said Johnny, sniffing the sweetness, "that smells nice."

"It tastes even better," said the Sandman, and he led Johnny down a little path thickly bordered with violets.

The Sandman gave Johnny a slender golden instrument like a tiny pipe or a stick of macaroni, and he said, "Try how you like it."

Johnny thrust the tiny golden pipe down into the heart of the flower, and immediately drew up a rich, sweet liquid, very much like the honey he had that day for luncheon.

"Um-m," said Johnny; "It's awfully good."

He tried more violets with his golden pipe, and then he tried the roses, which were fresher and stronger and which he liked very much. He was just exploring the heart of a big, red rose to find where its honey was when he heard a sharp, buzzing sound at his side, and looked around to behold a large, important looking honey bee, who was humming away like a big top and looking most indignant.

"You're that boy, I suppose," said the bee, angrily.

"I suppose so," said Johnny, politely, "but my name is Gay, Johnny Gay."

"Humph," said the bee, who was almost as large as Johnny, or rather almost as small, for Johnny was certainly very much littler than when he left his nursery.

"Humph," said the bee again, "I suppose you are gay, but we aren't. We're very melancholy."

The bee seemed to feel a great deal of pride in this big word and repeated it several times.

"You've come down here," added the bee, "when we weren't expecting you at all and here you are doing damage—trampling, tearing and taking—that's what you're doing."

The Sand Man Was Sprinkling Him with the Nice Sleepy Stuff He Carries Around

The bee swelled so angrily at this that Johnny began to get frightened, and he was not at all reassured when he heard a soft rustle of silken wings on his other side.

He looked around sharply, and saw the most charming little creature he had ever seen in his life.

It was a little smaller than himself, with beautiful, glittering wings studded with jewels.

"Oh," said Johnny, "you're a humming bird."

The creature bowed and looked at Johnny very sadly.

"Come, we must fight it out," said the humming bird.

"Fight what out?" said Johnny, very much startled.

"You're an invader," said the bee impatiently, "and we don't want you here. So if you're going to stay you must fight the humming bird first and me afterward."

"Why, I think I ought to fight you first," said Johnny, "because you came first. 'First come, first served,' it says in my book."

"Oh, no, no; never mind that," said the bee, hastily. "I'm too busy improving each shining hour and gathering honey from every flower to care much about fighting. The humming bird is an idler and has nothing to do all day but to hum and look pretty; so he usually looks after the fights."

Johnny did not want to fight the humming bird, because it was such a pretty delicate sort of creature. He could not bear the thought of hurting its pretty wings, but he did not want to leave the garden either, because he had never tasted such delicious honey and he hadn't had nearly enough.

He was hesitating about what to do when he discovered that he was surrounded by a whole circle of bees quite as large and almost as important as his first acquaintance, who was buzzing away in great excitement at his side.

"You're arrested," he cried to Johnny; "you see, they've found out you were trying to pick a quarrel with poor Hummy, and they don't allow duelling any more, so they've arrested you for disturbing the peace."

"But I wasn't; it was you who made all the fuss," said Johnny.

Nevertheless, in spite of his protestations, he was surrounded by the circle of bees and ordered to march on to the corner of the garden.

Here a comfortable, matronly looking bee, wearing a large kitchen apron and spectacles, was putting up preserves at a tiny bench which was strewn with rose leaves, violet petals and pots of honey.

"We've got him, mother," called the bustling bee who had seen Johnny first.

"Don't disturb me for a moment, dear," said the bee in the apron; "I'm just finishing putting up my garden sweets. I'll be through in a moment."

Presently she finished her work and regarded Johnny rather severely over her spectacles.

"What has he been doing?" she demanded.

The bustling bee, whom Johnny had begun to dislike very much, thrust himself forward and began to recite a long list of Johnny's misdeeds.

"He has tramped, torn and taken," said the bustling bee. "He has disturbed the peace of the garden and attempted to fight a duel with poor Hummy."

At this last accusation the elderly bee regarded Johnny with great disapproval.

"That's very, very wrong," she said.

"I didn't," said Johnny.

"Tut! tut!" said the elderly bee. "Now you are talking like the katydids—dids and didn'ts don't go here."

"Ask the humming bird," said Johnny.

But the humming bird had gone back to the roses and Johnny couldn't make him hear.

"Well," said the elderly bee, "how much did he take? What do you consider the whole damage?"

The bustling bee was very busily making out an account, which he presented to the elderly bee, and which read as follows:

Trampling flowers and spoiling 12 quarts No. 1 honey, at 1-3c.....	4c
Tearing flowers and spoiling 12 quarts No. 1 honey, at 1-3c...	4c
Taking 3 quarts No. 1 honey, at 1-3c	1c
Disturbing the peace (fine).....	1c
Total	10c

"There it is," said the bustling bee, triumphantly.

The elderly bee looked the account over carefully.

"Which do you prefer?" she said to Johnny, "to be fined 10 cents or be well spanked?"

Johnny had just 10 cents in the world, and he decided to pay this over for the pleasures of the morning rather than to submit to a spanking at the elderly bee's hands. He had just paid over the 10 cents to the elderly bee when the bustling bee remarked:

"And he should be deprived of his sword because he attacked poor Hummy.

"I didn't," said Johnny.

"Tut, tut," said the elderly bee. "Remember the katydids. Either you must surrender your sword or you will be sure to have a headache and a stomachache, because you have eaten so much sweet stuff."

"I surrender," said Johnny, promptly, and without more ado he handed over the golden trumpet with which he had drawn honey from the flowers.

"Very well, then, it's time for you to go home," said the bustling bee, and he speedily escorted Johnny to the garden gate.

But when he really did get home and looked in the bank where he kept his money he found that his 10 cents was still there, and so he decided that the elderly bee hadn't been such a mean old person after all.

WHERE TO FIND THE BUSY LITTLE BEE

By Charles Christadoro

THERE are bees and bees, but when one is stung good and plenty the nice points about bees are forgotten, as one hurries for a splotch of clay to put upon the wound and take out the fire.

Of course, in stinging you, the bee killed himself, his barbed sting remaining in the wound. It may give you a certain amount of satisfaction to know that the bee who caused you the agony will never sting again, yet that neither reduces the swelling nor does it remove the pain.

Yet when you think it all over you may be fair enough to acknowledge that had you not interfered with the bee he would not have made your acquaintance. The small boy after he has been plastered with lumps of soothing clay a score of times learns that it is not safe to swing his hat too close to a beehive, nor is it the best thing in the world to pick a lusty bee off a flower when he is sucking nectar and laying up bee-bread in the way of pollen.

When you see a bee clumsily working his way through the petals of a flower, each leg sac filled with the yellowish, floury pollen, you say that's the wax that goes to make up his comb. Wrong. The pollen goes into bee-bread and is used as food for the little bees, queens and others. The wax is found on the abdomen of the bee in the folds or layers.

The queen, the workers, the drones. What a happy family on the face of it! But not so. The drones are killed or driven off when it suits the workers to do so. The queen, well, she's a jealous personage and were it not for the bodyguard of the workers the young queens would never leave their cells, but stung by the old, jealous, murderous queen, die from her sting thrust.

How wonderfully they work and with what nicety do they construct their comb! Cleanliness? No housekeeper ever kept a home as neat and as well aired as the interior of the hive of a bee. Ventilation is a thing well understood by them, for they vibrate their wings and not only keep the air circulating, but they have great heed for temperature as well.

If a foreign insect intrudes upon the privacy of the hive and, after slaying it, the body can not be removed, in case it poison the hive, they cover it in wax and hermetically seal it against disturbing the air of the hive by its decaying odor.

The domestic bee is robbed of its stores regularly and systematically, the bee starting in and, as it were, working overtime to make good the loss. If they were but organized and had their local unions, they could strike and demand redress. But they don't and the more they give up the more is expected of them.

The wild bees, if the tree is lofty and hollow from the butt up, make a great storehouse and if they are not discovered by either the two legged or the furred four legged bee hunters, they are apt to accumulate hundreds of pounds of honey in a single tree.

Mr. Bear, when, with ripping claws he tears a hole through bark and rotting wood and hauls out great hunks of dripping comb on his huge paw, soon pays the penalty and with eyes swollen and smarting, as if punctured by a thousand incandescent needles, he goes off to the brook to cool his aching head.

It is well that the two legged hunter, when he shakes the tree with the blows of his ax, first sees to it that he is made sting proof by heavy gloves and bee netting. Down comes the angry horde buzzing out protests and searching every nook and crevice for a place to plant a sting. But all in vain. Pans, tubs, pails, buckets are all filled with the golden, aromatic nectar of the gods, and the bees, with their wonted industry, begin at once a search for another tree. He's a brave little fellow and no mistake and will get square with you even though he kills himself in so doing.