

## HONEY BEE

(Continued from March Issue)



**T**HE bees use not honey alone for food. They eat bread just as you do. But their bread is made from the yellow or brown dust you find in flowers. This dust is called pollen. The bees carry the pollen in a little hollow place in each hind leg. At home, the pollen is packed in the cell and kept as beebread.

You have learned that honey and beebread are put in cells. Some cells serve as rooms for baby bees.

The baby bees are fat, white, little things without feet and wings. They are taken care of by some workers which take food from their own stomachs to give to the little ones.

When a baby bee is large enough to fill a cell, it goes to sleep. The cell is closed by the workers. During its nap, something wonderful takes place in its body. When it wakes up, it is a full grown bee.

In the beehive, the queen rules. She does nothing but produce ba-

## Strange Facts

When greeting a stranger in Tibet, you must hold your right ear in your right hand and stick out your tongue as far as you can to the stranger.

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Joseph Conrad is a famous master of the English language. At the age of 25 he could not speak a word of English. For 19 years he wrote without any success. Once he received only 25 dollars in payment for 14 published volumes.

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George Bernard Shaw, a famous playwright, works in a revolving hut. He made this, so he can have the sun shining upon him all the time while he is writing. Most of his best plays were written in short-hand while he rides on buses and trains.

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A certain Miss Van Burren Da Lee, of Verona, taught school for 50 years. She never scolded any of her pupils except with her eyes. It was a sufficient punishment if she just looked at an unruly student.

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A place near Laloma, Kentucky, has the smallest church in the world. It has seats only for 3 persons.

by bees. Some bees are lazy and are called drones.

In the Philippines, bees live in the woods. When they are disturbed, they fight with their sting. But they can be domesticated and raised as pets. They can then provide children with fresh honey.

## The Battle Of The Crabs

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"Your face is turned the wrong way, my friend," they said. "Are you ready to fight with the waves?" They laughed because they thought the shrimp did not know how to fight. They asked the shrimp what weapon he had.

"My weapon," said the shrimp, "is the spear on my head."

Suddenly, a big wave came rushing towards them. The shrimp, seeing it come, ran away.

The crabs did not see the wave, so they were killed.

The wives of the dead crabs waited and waited. They thought the battle must be a long one. They did not know that their husbands were all killed. They decided to go down to the shore and help them fight. As they reached the shore, another wave came rushing to meet them and they were all drowned.

The little crabs, or fiddlers, were left alone on the shore. When these fiddlers were old enough to walk, the shrimp visited them. He related to them the sad fate of their parents.

"Your fathers tried to fight the waves," the shrimp said. "Who can fight the waves? They are mighty and strong."

The little crabs did not know what to do. They wanted to stay on the land where their forefathers lived. They also wanted to fight the waves as their fathers did. They ran back and forth, undecided about what they should do.

Today, if you go to the seashore, watch the crabs closely. You will notice that they run back and forth about the shore. They wish to fight the waves but they are not brave enough. They live neither on dry land nor in the sea, and they try to hide from the waves which rush towards them and try to tear them to little bits.