LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN.

HE BUSY BEES must send in their votes this week for the King and Queen Bees that they want to reign during the month of June. So far Edith Martin has the most votes for the blue team and Harry King and Queen of the Busy Bees and Some of Their Loyal Subjects Crawford for the red. It is very nice that the teams have kept so even on prize stories; counting this week's contest, both sides are even, each having four prize stories. The queen has more subjects at present, she having fifteen, while the King has only ten.

One little Busy Bee wrote to the editor and told her that school would close in two weeks, but that she only had to go one more week, as she had kept her grade high enough all the year to excuse her from the final examinations. I wonder how many more of our little writers have made this good a record. Another little Busy Bee contributed some poetry entitled "Boys, Bees and Animals." While we are not giving prizes for any contributions except what we call for, we are always glad to receive and publish anything that the Busy Bees want to send in that they consider will be of interest to the other

The first prize was won this week by Busy Bees' ex-King Maurice Johnson and the second prize by Frances Seltz. Honorary mention was given to Helen Holliday.

renders of their page. Remember, Busy Bees, this is your own page and it is

Only two correct answers were sent in to last Sunday's rebus. This was solved by Evn M. Allen of York, Neb., and Laura Kraus of South Omaha, Neb.,

"Now is the fishing season, when boys go to the pond."

your stories and contributions that make the page attractive.

LITTLE HOLLAND

"Oh, in some basement, or

"You should not talk so about a help

him from my heart. I wish he could talk

Mary and John turned into their own

stranger following her. "Why, it's Little

Holland'" she exclaimed to John. "See,

he has followed us home. I'm afraid he's

"Well, he certainly knew how to get to

the park and will know how to get home

from there," said John. "Suppose you take

him back there. I'd offer to do so, but he

Mary returned to the park, leading Little

the child did not draw away from her

seems to have taken a liking to you."

he can't tell me where he lives."

"Ah, Dutch is he?" asked the officer.

Then I think I can direct you to the place

around there with him and if he doesn't

Mary resented the cool indifferent man-

thing afraid."

Then it came time to go home, and as

By Maud Walker

HERE is a pretty little park in he has conversed with me in the cutest the heart of the city of New little smiles you ever saw. Really, brother, York called Washington Square. I've taken a great fancy to Little Holland. In the springtime the grass I wonder where he lives?" comes out green and restful to the eye; the flowers that border the walks Chink laundry," answered John. and encircle the cool fountain burst into how unkempt and unwashed he is. I bud and propare to bloom. And on the can't see how you can be so interested

first warm days the children pour from in him. He looks a real little vagabond." the great, dark, unhealthy tenement houses that form the back streets south and west less little child," childed Mary, of the square, into this breathing space where they may run and romp and feel American, and I'd learn all about him." the genial rays of the sun. One day in the early apring came little

One day in the early spring came little street Mary heard a footstep close to her John and Mary into Washington Square to play. They lived in a street leading side, and looking down, she saw the little to play. They lived in a street leading into the park, and their house faced the west. Also, their father had a good pos!tion in a big store and their mother had lost." nothing to do except to look after her children and their home. Thus you will see that Mary and John were not "tensment children," but of the "comfortable" class. So in playing in the park they rarely joined with the hundreds of other children that came there, but held them- Helland with her. And to her surprise

On this day I am telling you about Mary when she took hold of his chubby hand. was sitting on the soft green grass watch- In fact, he seemed to feel sufe in her ing her brother as he went up and down care. On reaching the spot in the park the bread walks on his roller skates. But where she had first seen him Mary sat her attention was called from John to a down and motioned to him to go. But the little figure that came and sat near her, child only smiled and remained beside her, It was a tiny boy, in ragged overcoat and In vain Mary talked to him; he did not muddy stockings and shoes. A rusty brown seem to understand a single word she said. mp partly covered his flaxen hair, which Then, as it was growing late and her straggled in an uncombed condition hang- mother would be expecting her at home, ing over his eyes, that were as blue as Mary decided to turn Little Holland over to the sky when it was unveiled by clouds, the park policeman, telling him, of course, His face was pinched and pale, and two of her fears that the little fellow was lost. of the front teeth were missing. On the Little Holland trotted along beside her whole, this child was one to be shunned as she ran after the big blue-coated officer. themselves so clean of Mary. She watched him for a few home?" minutes, then said to him:

to play with 7"

The little boy only looked at her, dropping his head in a bashful way. Then he say so?" walked down the path, stopping at an companion. After a little while John side his sister.

pointing toward the child who had solicited her sympathy. "Doesn't he look awfully solemn? I guess he's a foreigner, too, for he doesn't look a bit American."

"Oh, he's Holland," said John, "Orly Holland children have such white hair and stoggy legs. And see his eyes: they're blue like your doll's eyes are. Yes, he must be

"Well, I'm awfully serry for him," said where he lives. There's a family of Dutch Mary. "Let's call him to us and play with lives at No. 17 --- street. You can trot him. He is all nlone."

"Yes, and you might catch something, belong there just bring him back to me too," declared John. "Those foreigners al- and I'll turn bim in at the station. His ways have some disease maybe the light folks will find him in the course of a day who can tell? And he's dirty enough for or two, for he'll be advertised in the that. No, thank you, I den't want to mix papers." up with little Holland. Excuse me from

Then away went John, skating round home of Little Helland without his aid, by turns. and round the square. But hardly had he Taking the attle child's hand she went to gone when the little boy same alowly the place where the policeman had said a English to Mary, who was looking at her boward Mary, smiling in a hashful though Dutch family lived. But to Mary's disapinterrogatively. "Him playing went an" quite so closs. However, he kept smilling In do house mit a popper is my childer," at Mary showing her that he understood Just as Mary was on the point of going ness. and approc'ated her invitation to come and to her own home and asking her parents'

no word presed between them. Presently coming at a run after her. She was crying





Queen Bee, Fairment, Neb.



ALYS MARTIN, Fairmont, Neb.



Playing Horse

Semetimes the two play horse together.

on the floor like a very gay horse indeed.

he will fall down.



MARY ENGLA

Queens of England

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil
b. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

Omaha Bec.

(First Prize.) Jack and the Tiger

Maurice Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 1627 Locust Street, Omaha. Red. circus is here, the circus is here!" was heard throughout a small Montana village one day, and being an unusual event, it was a holiday. Everybody was going and so was a certain boy named Jack Noon, a young cowboy who wanted to see the animals, clowns, acrobats, loopreason or other had brought the and well dressed. But something in the "here's a little child lost-a little Hol- lasso with him. He paid his fare and went The policeman stopped and interrogated panther, monkeys, elephants and many horses when I go to Blair again. "Hello, little boy! Haven't you anyone Mary, Little Holland shrinking behind her others, until he emerged into the main as if in fear. "Well, how do you know the tent where the seats were. He got a seat child is lost?" the policeman saked. "Did in the front row and soon the show commenced with two clowns on a revolving By "Oh, he doesn't say a word, sir," Mary ladder, who were so silly that everybody unoccupied bench. But Mary kept watch- explained. Then she told the officer how laughed until the tears ran down their ing him, feeling serry that he had no Little Holland had followed her home and cheeks. It had all gone well and the man how she had tried in vain to have him go who was to do the loop-the-loop was just came skating up and stopped to rest be- away from her-tried to make him under- about to go when a loud roar attracted the stand that it was time for him to go home. attention of everybody, and looking around, "Look at that little boy," said Mary, officer. "I'll turn him into the station if hearts with fear, for there they saw a 'Well, leave the kid t' me." said the they beheld a sight that chilled their tiger rushing with savage fury boon a "Suppose he cries, Mr. Policeman: I'd hate making any silly jests. The tiger played fore dinner. to have him carried to the station if it with the clown as a cat would with a rat, frightened him. Indeed, I'd rather so and Jack thinking of a plan stole up bealong, sir, than to have the little Dutch hind the tiger and threw the lasso around

A Runaway Accident

By Frances Seltz. Aged 9 Years, De Soto, Neb. Blue,

music lessons. As she was unable to accompany me, I went in charge of my aunt, whose little daughter also takes music lessons. As the men were busy in the field at work they could not take us to Blair, so we were obliged to go on the train. We decided on the way to try and get a ride home. Luckly we met Mr. Climpson, one of our neighbors, who said he would take us home. He drove two horses, which had never seen an automobile. Farmers' horses seem never to get used to them. So we hoped we would not meet with any.

We had just reached my aunt's house, when we saw one coming. My sunt, the dog to chase the hogs from digging screamed with all his might. Some chilcousin and myself had barely time to jump, in the hay stacks. The dog obeyed. A dren hearing him ran to the spot where when the horses shied, tipping the wagon on Mr. Climpson. The horses ran into a post, breaking the tongue and harness. In this way they wrenched themselves loose from the wagon. Probably this was all the-loop, etc. Jack, who was an expert that saved Mr. Climpson's life, or at least with the lasso, which all cowboys have, serious injuries. Busy Bees, who have never been in such an accident cannot imagine how freightened we were. lonely little fellow's face excited the pity lander. I guess, sir, Will you take him into the first tent, where he saw the roar-could not eat nor sleep that night. I do ing lion, the still flercer tiger, the leopard, not think I will ever ride behind strange. It was reported that the lion was sick I have two dear little children and I

Cows at a Picnic

v Helen Holliway, Aged 11 Years, 5 South 7th Street, Nebraska City, Blue, One day when I was about five years old our Sunday school had a picnic in to take me, I thought I was not going to see him. Mary hesitated a moment, then said: helpless clown, who was now no longer We played games and had a good time bethe carryall and we all enjoyed the ride.

As soon as we sat down to eat our lunch suddenly a herd of cows came up, and we jumped up and ran away, badly frightened. the beast's neck and gave it a jerk and With their horns they turned the tables tied the rope to a tent pole. The tiger over. We called to some men that were seeing Jack rushed away after him, but working near by to drive them away, but he came to a sudden sto; and was held fortunately no one was hurt. We picked there in spite of his struggles by the lasso. up and made the best of the remainder of Before, when the tiger had the clown, the our lunch. We had a good time the rest cowboys had not been able to get a shot of the afternoon and went home very tired. at the animal for fear of hitting the man, I have never been to a picule in that grove but now a volley rang out and the tiger since.

ner of the officer and decided to find the and was weeping and laughing over him

"Him lose ho," she said in her best friendly way. Mary smiled back at him pointment the woman of the house shook lose he. Myself all day look. Now he I and motioned him to a seat on the grass her head on surveying Little Holland and gotten an' keep." And the little mother beside her. But the child would not come said: "No, I don't t'ink him to me belong, c'asped her baby boy to her breast, her blue eyes shining with love and thankful-

Mary turned homeward, going at a run, advice as to the disposal of Little Holland for she knew her own dear mother would Thus Fair en hour passed, and Mary she heard a cry of pleasure behind her soon be out looking for her. As she went and "Liftle Figure 17-as she mentally and turning around saw a little blonde along she felt glad that she had not turned called the child-weame friends, though woman-Little Holland on a larger scale- her Little Holland over to the policeman.

"The hearts of the peor are as full of John came book to Mary and asked her out comething in a foreign tongue and at love and axiety as are the hearts of the to put on the skates and have a little the first sound of her voice Little Holland well-to-do," said Mary to herself. "Clothes spin around the park. Mary declined, turned toward her, clapping his chubby and education only affect the exterior-not saying that she preferred to sit there hands and laughing happily. In another the interior, After this I sail always keep and "talk" with "Little Holland." instant the woman had the tousled head of my eyes open in the park for lone'v little "No, not words," confessed Mary; "but Little Holland against her mother's breast ones, especially for my Little Holland."

rolled over, dead. Jack was the hero of the day and many after. **RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS** (Second Prize.)

One day my mother wished me to take

When Collie Went After the Cows

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue. Ned was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hobart. They lived in the country. Ned was very fond of pets and when he was five years old his father got him a Scotch Collie. Every night when Ned went for the cows Collie went with him. Collie was too old now to go. He had hurt one leg so badly that he dragged it when he walked.

Ned was very sick. The doctors said he was dying. His father and mother were been a cowboy and Jimmie knew lots about stricken with grief. No one thought to go for the cows. Collie had laid in Ned's got home. Then he slid off and the cow room ever since Ned had been sick and refused to eat. He got up and limped slowly downstairs and out to the pasture. He collected the cowe and drove them home

Blowly he got better and finally was abla to go after the cows himself. But he never De forgot when Collie went after the cows

A Faithful Dog

By Anna Chval, Aged 13 Years, 906 South Thirteenth Street, Omaha. Blue. My mother when she was a young girl had a dog named Shep that used to go to meet her and her brother when they were coming home from school. He would not give them peace until one of them would put their hand in his mouth and let him By Glenn E. Musgrave, Aged 10 Years, 2415 take them home. This habit once sayed North Twentieth Street, Omaha. Blue. take them home. This habit once saved my mother's life.

Once she was sent to a neighbor's farm on an errand about two miles from her house and was delayed because of a snowstorm and had to wait till it was late in the evening. Thinking that her parents would be worried about her she started for home. As she shut the deor after her the became blinded with the snow. As By Hope Hution, Aged 3 Years, 2010 South you know, there are no etectric lights in Thirty-second Street, Omaha. Blue, house she found she was lost. But still to hatch. At last they hatched. They were she did not give up. As she was going on all nice but one, who was saucy. One

There was once a school Where the pert Miss Rule,

The Misses Disturbed the School

Taught a number of misses that vexed her; Miss Chief was the lass At the head of the class, And young Miss Demeanor was next her.

Poor little Miss Hap Spilled the ink in her lap, And Miss Fortune fell under the table; Miss Conduct they all Did Miss Creant call. But Miss State declared this was a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book, And Miss Lead undertook To show her the place where to find it; But upon the wrong nail Had Miss Place hung her vell, And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.

They went on very well, As I have heard tell, Tili Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding; Miss Conjecture then guessed Evil things of the rest, And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding. - Cheerful Moments.

pitchfork had been left stuck in the ground, he laid. They picked him up and looked which the hogs knocked down as they for the nest, which they soon found in the "Bloody Mary," when one follows started to run. The dog, running after tree. They got a ladder and put him in them, stuck the fork in his breast. And the nest. He had a broken leg. But this was the end of the "Faithful Dog." with his mother's care he got well.

The Fox and the Sick Lion

I By Bertha Petersen, Aged 12 Years, Wayne. By Paul Bush, Aged 16 Years, 2532 Decatur do Neb. Blue. Street, Omaha. and the beasts were made to believe that love them very much. Let me tell you a they could not show more respect than by short story about them. going to visit him. Upon this most of One is a little girl. them went, but it was particularly noticed Jennie. She is quite a bright little girl, that the fox was not among the number. and she sometimes makes us laugh by the The lion, therefore, sent one of his jackals odd things she says. to sound him about it, and to ask him why he had so little respect as never to come McComas grove, a beautiful place not far near him at a time when he lay so dangerfrom town. As my mamma was not able ously ill, and everybody else had been to sale would call "the burn." Even now she

"Why," replies the fox, "pray present quite a good little girl most of the time, teacher who said that if I could go, she my regards to his majesty, and tell him but once in a while she is naughty and then would look after me. We went out in that I have the same respect for him as she has to stand in the corner till she is ever, and have thought of going to see good. him and his his royal hand; but I have She has a brother, who has begun to been terribly alarmed at seeing the print walk alone. She calls him "a cunning of the feet at the mouth of his cave, all splendid little fellow." pointing forward and none backward, that I did not have courage enough to venture Baby will try to go quite fast, and often

Now the truth of the matter was that Sometimes he bumps his head and then this sickness of the lion was only a sham cries hard. Sometimes he does not get to draw the beasts into his den, the more hurt, and then he will laugh and roll over easily to devour them.

Jimmie's Experience

39 Amy Carr. Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb.
Blue.

Jimmie was a little boy who lived in the country whose parents cared little for him.

Letters have been received from the following Busy Boes, to be published later:
Malvin Newman, Omaha; Midred Durnall, Omaha; Susle Scott, Kearney, Neb.; Norine Schuloff, Plattsmouth, Neb.; Frances Titus, Holdrege, Neb.; Helen Holliway, Nebraska City, Neb. By Amy Carr, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb. country whose parents cared little for him. They didn't like children and made Jimmie _ work very hard, although he was only 11 years old. "Jimmy," cried his mother, "come now and go over to grandpa's to take something." "All right," said Jimmy. He started away. He soon got to grandpa's all O. K., but coming back he met a mean cow that had got out of the pasture. It plunged toward Jimmie and Jimmie plunged toward the cow and was quickly mounted on the animal's back. The animal was terribly frightened and ran as hard as she could, keeping on the road to take Jimmie home. Jimmie's father had once riding. He rode on and on until Jimmie still kept running. '

Boys, Bees and Animals He then quietly took his place in Ned's By Richard Page, Aged 8 Years, 2514 Caproom again, Ned was sleeping. My little brodder knows animals, De cats und dogs he sees: De dys he says is boddersome,

Und don't like bumblebees. He says they is such homely tings, Und flys about so funny, But I says, "Bredder, them's de tings Vot gives us all de honey."

He says. "Dat's right, they does do dat, Und how does it come from dem? I speck it comes dest like de eggs Dot comes from our big hen." The Dog's Mistake

When I was about 3 years old I was hanging on a gate calling the boy next door. When my fact got caught and I was trying to get it out, their dog thought I was trying to hit him and ran at me and

In the Nest

bit me on my wrist.

the country. She started to walk on, and In the nest there were four eggs. The when she got about a half a mile from the mother bird waited patiently for the eggs she felt the dog's fur and she bid him day he was naughty and he said to his take her home, so she put her hand in his mother. "I'm not going to stay in this old south and he brought her safely home. nest." As he said this he jumped down Three years later my grandfather sent from the next. When he got down he

ARY, not only queen of England but sovereign as well, was bors f Katharine of Arragon, Henry VIII's first wife. The date of her nativity was February 18, 1516, She was the third child born to Henry and Katharine of Arragon, but the other two (males) died in their infancy.

Mary's first years were spent in the close companionship of her fond mother, who looked after her daughter's education with strictest fidelity. Mary was a musical prodigy, for it is related that when but three years she could "play on the virginals."

While Mary was still an infant Francis I of France entered into negotiations with Henry VIII for a marriage between the baby princess and the dauphin, heir to the French throne. But nothing came of this proposed betrothal. A little laterwhen Mary was in her sixth year-a treaty of marriage between her and the Emperor Charles V was signed. The emperor was Il years old at the time.

When Mary was about 9 years old Charles V heard the court gossip from England that Henry was contemplating a divorce from Katherine of Arragon, and the disinheriting of the Princess Mary. He straightway broke his marriage contract with the little princess and soon married Isabel of Portugal. It is a strange coincidence that Mary-late in life-married Philip II of Spain, the son of Charles V, who had spurned her. She was some 11 or 12 years Philip's senior.

Before becoming queen Princess Mary's life was full of disappointment, imposed wrongs, degradations and deep grief. Her health was also wretched and her mind dwarfed. It is not so much a wonder that her reign was one of sickening bloodshed, which gave to her the title of path through the first twenty years of he life and notes its many turnings. From

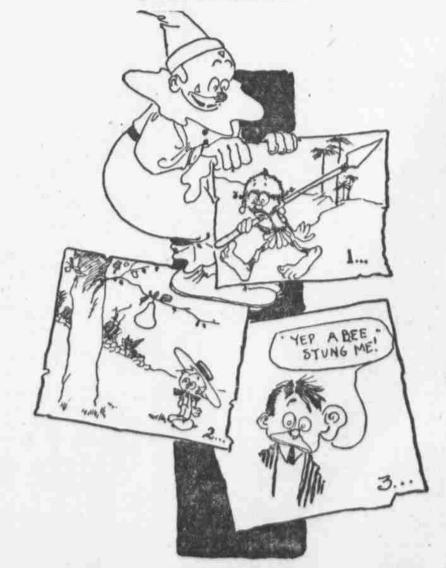


QUEEN MARY.

a gweet-tempered little maid with a precocious mind and quick intellect she grew into a soured and disappointed woman, her ambitions smothered in the budeven her birthright taken from her by her own father. She became a narrow-minded bigot, cruel and relentless,

Mary Tudor was in her thirty-seventh year when she became England's soverign queen and died in her forty-second MARY GRAHAM.

Beheaded Word Puzzle



No. I represents a Weapon; behead it and you have a fruit; behead it in turn and have a part of the body. Can you guess these?

Answer to last week's puzzie; Sinte, Late, Ate.

