

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THE 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 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 readers of their page. Remember, Busy Bees, this is your own page and it is your stories and contributions that make the page attractive.

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.

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

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

King and Queen of the Busy Bees and Some of Their Loyal Subjects



THOMAS H. KIMBALL, King Bee, Omaha.



RUTH ASHBY, Queen Bee, Fairmont, Neb.



ALYS MARTIN, Fairmont, Neb.



IRMA YARLETT, Lodge Pole, Neb.



MARY ENGLE, Omaha.

LITTLE HOLLAND

By Maud Walker

HERE is a pretty little park in the heart of the city of New York called Washington Square. In the springtime the grass comes out green and fresh to the eye, the flowers that border the walks and encircle the cool fountain burst into bud and prepare to bloom. And on the first warm days the children pour from the great, dark, unhealthy tenement houses that form the back streets south and west of the square, into this breathing space where they may run and romp and feel the genial rays of the sun.

One day in the early spring came little John and Mary into Washington Square to play. They lived in a street leading into the park, and their house faced the west. Also, their father had a good position in a big store and their mother had nothing to do except to look after her children and their home. Thus you will see that Mary and John were not "tenement 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 themselves aloof.

On this day I am telling you about Mary who was sitting on the soft green grass watching her brother as he went up and down the broad walks on his roller skates. But her attention was called from John to a little figure that came and sat near her. It was a tiny boy, in ragged overcoat and muddy stockings and shoes. A rusty brown cap partly covered his flaxen hair, which straggled in an uncombed condition, hanging over his eyes, that were as blue as the sky when it was unveiled by clouds. His face was pinched and pale, and two of the front teeth were missing. On the whole, this child was one to be shunned by Mary and John, themselves so clean and well dressed. But something in the lonely little fellow's face excited the pity of Mary. She watched him for a few minutes, then said to him:

"Hello, little boy! Haven't you anyone to play with?"

The little boy only looked at her, dropping his head in a bashful way. Then he walked down the path, stopping at an unoccupied bench. But Mary kept watching him, feeling sorry that he had no companion. After a little while John came skating up and stopped to rest beside his sister.

"Look at that little boy," said Mary, 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. "Only Holland children have such white hair and stooped legs. And see his eyes; they're blue like your doll's eyes are. Yes, he must be Dutch."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry for him," said Mary. "Let's call him to us and play with him. He is all alone."

"Yes, and you might catch something, too," declared John. "Those foreigners always have some disease—maybe the flu—what can I tell? And he's dirty enough for that. No, thank you, I don't want to mix up with little Holland. Excuse me from the Dutch."

Then away went John, skating round and round the square. But hardly had he gone when the little boy came slowly toward Mary, smiling in a bashful though friendly way. Mary smiled back at him and motioned him to a seat on the grass beside her. But the child would not come quite so close. However, he kept smiling at Mary, showing her that he understood and appreciated her invitation to come and sit beside her.

Thus half an hour passed, and Mary and "Little Holland"—as she mentally called the child—became friends, though no words passed between them. Presently John came back to Mary and asked her to put on the skates and have a little spin around the park. Mary declined, saying that she preferred to sit there and "talk" with "Little Holland."

"No, not words," confessed Mary; "but



LITTLE STORIES BY Little Folks

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RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.

Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee.

Jack and the Tiger
By Maurice Johnson, Aged 13 Years, 1837 South 7th Street, Omaha, Neb.

"The 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, loop-the-loop, etc. Jack, who was an expert with the lasso, which all cowboys have, for some reason or other had brought the lasso with him. He paid his fare and went into the first tent, where he saw the roaring lion, the still fiercer tiger, the leopard, panther, monkeys, elephants and many others, until he emerged into the main tent where the seats were. He got a seat in the front row and soon the show commenced with two clowns on a revolving ladder, who were so silly that everybody laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks. It had all gone well and the man who was to do the loop-the-loop was just about to go when a loud roar attracted the attention of everybody, and looking around, they beheld a sight that chilled their hearts with fear, for there they saw a tiger rushing with savage fury upon a helpless clown, who was now no longer making any silly jests. The tiger played with the clown as a cat would with a rat, and Jack thinking of a plan stole up behind the tiger and threw the lasso around the bear's neck and gave it a jerk and tied the rope to a tent pole. The tiger seeing Jack rushed away after him, but he came to a sudden stop; and was held there in spite of his struggles by the lasso. Before, when the tiger had the clown, the cowboys had not been able to get a shot at the animal for fear of hitting the man, but now a volley rang out and the tiger

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

One day my mother wished me to take 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. Luckily we met Mr. Climpson, one of our neighbors, who said he would take us home. He drove two horses, which he never seen an automobile. Farmers' horses seem never to get used to them. So we hoped we would not meet with any.

Cows at a Picnic
By Helen Holliday, Aged 11 Years, 515 South 7th Street, Nebraska City, Blue.

One day when I was about five years old our Sunday school had a picnic in McOmara grove, a beautiful place not far from town. As my mamma was not able to take me, I thought I was not going to get to go, but I had a kind Sunday school teacher who said that if I could go, she would look after me. We went out in the carroll and we all enjoyed the ride. We played games and had a good time before dinner.

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.

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 take them home. This habit once saved my mother's life.

The Dog's Mistake
By Glenn E. Musgrave, Aged 10 Years, 245 North Twelfth Street, Omaha, Blue.

When I was about 2 years old I was hanging on a gate calling the boy next door. When my foot got caught and I was trying to get it out, their dog thought I was trying to hit him and ran at me and bit me on my wrist.

In the Nest
By Hope Hutton, Aged 9 Years, 210 South Thirtieth Street, Omaha, Blue.

In the nest there were four eggs. The mother bird waited patiently for the eggs to hatch. At last they hatched. They were all nice but one, who was awfully. One day he was naughty and he said to his mother, "I'm not going to stay in this old nest." As he said this he jumped down from the nest. When he got down he

The Misses Disturbed the School

There was once a school where the pert Miss Ree, Miss Chief was the lass, At the head of the class, And young Miss Deconor was next her.

Poor little Miss Hap Spilled the ink in her lap, And Miss Fortune fell under the table; Miss Conductor they all Did Miss Cream 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 wall Had Miss Place hung her veil, And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.

As I have heard tell, Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding; Miss Conjecture then guessed Evil things of the rest, And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding. —Cheerful Moments.

The Fox and the Sick Lion
By Bertha Petersen, Aged 12 Years, Wayne, Neb., Blue.

It was reported that the lion was sick and the beasts were made to believe that they could not show more respect than by going to visit him. Upon this most of them went, but it was particularly noticed that the fox was not among the number. The lion, therefore, sent one of his jackals to sound him about it, and to ask him why he had so little respect as never to come near him at a time when he lay so dangerously ill, and everybody else had been to see him.

Jimmie's Experience
By Amy Carr, Aged 13 Years, Lyons, Neb., Blue.

Jimmie was a little boy who lived in the 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. "Jimmie," cried his mother, "come now and go over to grandpa's to take something." "All right," said Jimmie. 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 been a cowboy and Jimmie knew lots about riding. He rode on and on until Jimmie got home. Then he slid off and the cow still kept running.

Boys, Bees and Animals
By Richard Page, Aged 8 Years, 234 Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Red.

My little brother knows animals. He calls 'em dogs he sees: "Do they he says is hollerdom, 'Und don't like bumblebees."

The Dog's Mistake
By Glenn E. Musgrave, Aged 10 Years, 245 North Twelfth Street, Omaha, Blue.

When I was about 2 years old I was hanging on a gate calling the boy next door. When my foot got caught and I was trying to get it out, their dog thought I was trying to hit him and ran at me and bit me on my wrist.

Queens of England

MARY, not only queen of England but sovereign as well, was born of Katherine of Aragon, Henry VIII's first wife. The date of her nativity was February 18, 1533. She was the third child born to Henry and Katherine of Aragon, 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 later—when Mary was in her sixth year—a treaty of marriage between her and the Emperor Charles V was signed. The emperor was 23 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 Aragon, 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 "Bloody Mary," when one follows her path through the first twenty years of her life and notes its many turnings. From



Playing Horse
By Paul Bush, Aged 10 Years, 532 Decatur Street, Omaha.

I have two dear little children and I love them very much. Let me tell you a short story about them.

Beheaded Word Puzzle

No. 1 represents a Weapon; behead it and you have a fruit; behead it in turn and you have a part of the body. Can you guess these? Answer to last week's puzzle: Sisk, Lute, Ate.



LITTLE HOLLAND TROTTED ALONG BESIDE HER AS SHE RAN AFTER THE BIG BLUE-COATED OFFICER.



THE DOG'S MISTAKE



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