

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

HAVE all the Busy Bees voted for the king and queen bees for May? Ever so many votes came in last week, and up to date Thomas Kimball of Ormond, Fla., or Omaha, has the highest number. Ruth Ashby of Fairmount and Edith Martin, also of Fairmount, come next, each having the same number of votes. Marjorie Pratt of Kearney and Harry Crawford of Nebraska City have the next highest numbers.

Some of the Busy Bees living in different towns are beginning to get acquainted through our page. Isn't that nice? Louise Raabe, our Queen Bee for April, with her brother August, called on the editor the other day. Louise has had a letter from Ruth Ashby of Fairmount, who wished to get acquainted with her because they are both Busy Bees. Louise has answered the letter, and so these two little girls have gotten acquainted. Maurice Johnson, our King Bee for April, was also a caller last week, and the editor hopes she may come to know a great many more of the boys and girls.

At one of the Omaha schools last week the children, among whom are some of the Busy Bees, gave a fairy play, in which many of them took part. The pictures published this week are from photographs made at the time. They show how the children entered into the spirit of the play. It seems a nice variation in the routine of school work, and give the children a chance to show what they can do. It means extra work for the teacher, but most of them are willing to do something along the line if the children will only help them.

Will Pearl Smith, who wrote one of the prize stories that appeared March 31, please send her correct address to the Busy Bee editor. A prize and a letter were mailed to Pearl at Beemer, Neb., April 3, and both have been returned to the office unclaimed. Will Pearl or anyone knowing her please communicate with the editor at once.

The prizes for the best original stories on some thrilling adventure were awarded to August Raabe first and Mary Engl second prize. Honorary mention was awarded to Mildred Jones.

At Saunders School They Give One Day to Children in a Fairy Play



QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS AND HER TRAIN.

BULLFROGS AND BUMBLE BEES.

Jack and Marie Fought Flood

By Frances Marion

THE Browns had lived on the banks of the Missouri river. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their son and daughter, Jack and Marie, respectively. One April day Mrs. Brown was called to see a sister who was very ill in a town some twenty miles distant. As Mr. Brown had some business to attend to in the same town he decided to accompany her. Thus Jack and Marie were left to keep house and look after the farm in general. There was an old woman making her home with them who helped with the light household tasks, but she was too aged to superintend things in general when the master and mistress were absent, so this duty fell upon Jack and Marie jointly.

Those who know anything about the Missouri river will not be surprised when I tell them that for some weeks past this mighty and turbulent stream had been changing its bed. This was nothing uncommon, but the fact that the waters were slowly and surely coming nearer and nearer to the Browns' house and barns gave the family reason for uneasiness. They had seen the water rise and recede towards the opposite banks. Indeed, when Mr. Brown had built his big, roomy farmhouse overlooking the river he felt secure in the location, for the banks were high and the river curved outward, enclosing the promontory-like point on which the house stood. But the late rains and melting of the snows further north added to the danger that now threatened. However, Mr. Brown, nor the farmers living along the river did not feel immediate danger. They figured out that about next spring the real trouble would develop, and that then they would have to move back to safer points.

"We'll be gone several days, son," said Mr. Brown, speaking to Jack on the morning of his and Mrs. Brown's departure. "As it is too wet to plow—and a bit too heavy in the barns—there's nothing to hasten us home except our children. But you are a little man and Marie a little woman; so I feel certain you can look after everything as well as your mother and I could. You are most trustworthy youngsters."

"May as long as you wish," said Jack. "Marie, Aunt Jane (the old woman) and I can take care of the ranch all O. K." And, while Jack was talking to his father, Marie, inside the house, was assuring her mother that the home would run on as smoothly during her absence as when she was present, urging her to make a nice visit and not hurry home.

Jack drove his parents to the railroad station, a mile distant; then he returned and took up his work about the barn. Marie, with Aunt Jane's help, churned, baked and prepared the meals. Thus the children were busy all day and very early in the morning the roar of the mighty Missouri, a few hundred feet away, made Marie at work in the house stop to listen and shudder. Although she feared nothing now, she trembled to think of the danger in store for their house and outbuildings in the future. Her father had said that morning that if the river did not turn its course during this high water time he would be obliged to have the house moved back some hundreds of feet before another spring thaw. This would occasion a great expense and considerable loss of land, which would be swallowed up by the water.

"That evening about sunset Jack went down to the water's edge to examine a pole his father had set into the bank by which to gauge the rise of the river. In the morning the water was about three feet from the top of the pole. Now, to



JACK AND MARIE WENT TO THE EDGE OF THE BANK.

LITTLE STORIES BY Little Folks

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.
- 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.

The Rat and the Chick

By August Raabe, Aged 9 Years, 229 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.
It was spring and we had young chicks. They had just been out of the shell about a week. Their mother was very busy scratching out bugs from the ground for them. Whenever she found one she would call "cluck, cluck," and they would come running and tumbling one over the other. One day they were all peacefully together except one who had strayed away from its mother. Just then a big rat came running out of the garden and seized the chick. The other chickens set up a great cackle. Grandma and I heard it and we ran out to see what was the matter. We saw the rooster pecking the rat desperately and the rat dropped the chick and ran away. But the chick was dead.

The Boy Was Fairly Caught

By Mary Engel, Aged 13 Years, 1309 South Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Neb.
"When I was a boy at school," said an old man. "I was often very idle. Even while at my lessons, I used to play with other boys as idle as myself. Of course, we tried to hide this from the teacher, but one day we were fairly caught. 'Boys, said he, you must not be idle. You must keep your eyes on your lessons. You do not know what you lose by being idle. Now, while you are young is the time to learn. Let any one of you who sees another boy looking off his book come and tell me.' 'Now,' said I to myself, 'this is Fred Smith. I will watch him, and if I see him looking off his book I will tell.' 'Not very long after I saw Fred looking off his book, so I went up and told the teacher. 'Ah!' said he, 'how do you know he was idle?' 'Please, sir,' said I, 'I saw him.' 'Oh, you did, did you? And where were your eyes when you saw him? Were they on your book?' 'I was fairly caught. I saw the other boys laugh, and I hung my head, while

the teacher smiled. It was a good lesson for me. I did not watch for idle boys again."

A Thrilling Experience

By Mildred Jones, Aged 12 Years, North Loop, Neb. Blue.
"Won't you please let me ride your pony?" said a poor girl. "No, I won't, so get out of my way, you little beggar," said the rich girl. "I'm not a beggar," and with that she let her pass. "Oh, my! I wish papa and mamma were not dead, and I am so hungry," she sobbed. The rich girl went on and soon came to the woods, but as she rode in she slipped and fell from the saddle, but she was dragging with her foot in the stirrup. She called for help, but none came to her. In the meantime the poor girl had gone into the woods where she was to sleep. "What is that?" she cried. "I thought I heard someone calling. Yes, there it is again," she cried, and ran toward the pony she had just caught sight of. She stopped the pony, but the rich girl had fainted. She got her on her pony and carried her to her home, where she found she had a large cut on her head. While the rich girl was sick she would have no one care for her but Marie (the poor girl). After the rich girl (Kate) got well Marie was given a home there. Afterwards Kate always said to Marie: "You have saved my life and taught me a lesson always to be kind."

Adventure with the Bees

By Maurice Johnson, Aged 12 Years, 1227 Locust Street, Red.
Joe was a mischievous boy, always meddling with other people's business or getting other people into trouble. But one day he received a lesson that he never forgot. One day in summer he went to visit his uncle and aunt who lived on a farm not far from a forest. On the morning of the second day's visit he started for the forest, which was not far away. When he came to the forest he had hardly taken a dozen steps before he came upon a beehive, and thinking it would be great fun to bother the industrious little bees, he picked up a stone and threw it at the hive. It knocked the hive over and out came the bees, buzzing with anger at the boy who had so rudely stopped their work. Joe tried to brush the bees away, but in spite of this they grew more angry, and when Joe stopped brushing with fatigue he found that the bees were stinging him all over. At last he gathered his senses enough to run as fast as his legs could

Marjorie's Burglar

By Louise Raabe, Aged 11, 2029 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha, Blue.
It was the night of the electrical Ak-Sar-Ben parade. Everybody was going to see it. Nobody wanted to stay at home. At Mr. Brown's house the children were very excited. Indeed, at the supper table on that particular night Marjorie complained of not feeling well and her mother thought it best for them to stay at home. But Marjorie was an unpolished girl and did not want to deprive the others of their pleasure. So she decided to stay at home alone with Spitz, her dog. After they were all gone Marjorie made herself comfortable on the lounge in the dining room with Spitz. She thought as long as Spitz was with her no harm could befall her. The gas was turned low and Marjorie fell into a doze and so did Spitz, who had been romping all day with her brothers. Suddenly she was awakened by stealthy footsteps and she saw a man standing in the doorway leading to the kitchen. She got so scared that she uttered a terrible shriek. The man was turned low and rushed at the man. A second later a bullet came flying past Marjorie's head. Then Spitz attacked the man so furiously that he dropped his revolver. While the burglar was busy with the dog Marjorie slipped through the opposite door into the



ANSWER TO CUT-OUT PUZZLE TWO WEEKS AGO.

A Brave Hunter

Joey took his big shoot-gun And forth into the wood Went to find a big black bear, Or anything he could. Shoot quite dead before his eyes And homeward went to stay, For he was quite a beautiful lad, Was this small hunter, Joe. Just as he neared a little pond, And cast his eyes around, He saw to his great terror A-crawling on the ground. A tiny worm, all fuzzy white, That couldn't hurt a fly! But Joey, eyes a-bulging out, Began to run and cry! Fast as his legs could carry him He homeward went to stay, And never has he hunting gone Since then, so his folks say. MAUD WALKER.



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A Narrow Escape

By Rosebud Sanderson, Aged 13 Years, Gothenburg, Neb. Red.
Once upon a time, for things must happen upon a time, several girls decided to spend a day in the woods. The day decided upon dawned bright and sunny, so they started early, carrying their lunches with them. Reaching the woods a short time before noon, they set to work to prepare the lunch, which they spread upon the ground on newspapers. They were just sitting down to eat when one of the girls, named Florence, suddenly pointed at something and cried "Look! Girls, look!" Looking in the direction she pointed the girls saw a large bull with great pointed horns coming toward them. The girls were very much frightened and started running in every direction. The bull came on till he came to where the carefully prepared lunch had been spread, and then stopped and began to help himself. This gave the girls time to notify a man, who succeeded in catching the bull. The girls were now too thoroughly frightened to stay longer, so they gathered their things together and started for home.

The Boy and the River

By Ruth Durfy, Aged 12 Years, Berlin, Wis., R. F. D. No. 3, Red.
A boy who lived in the country was sent to the city one day to sell some butter and eggs for his mother. He had to walk all the way. He was not a very bright boy, as you will soon see. On the way he came to a river and sat down to rest. He saw the river running by and thought it must all run by before long. I think I shall wait and see, he said. So he sat down on the bank. The little boy sat on the bank all day. At night the water was as high as it was in the morning. Then he went home. Where have you been, my boy? his mother said. Why did you not sell your butter and eggs? The boy said: "I stopped at a river and waited to see the water all run out. It

Queens of England

Henrietta Maria, queen consort of Charles I of Great Britain and Ireland, was the youngest child of Henry the Great, king of France, and Marie de Medicis. She was born at the Louvre on November 25, 1609. When the royal infant was only five months old the long delayed coronation of the queen, her mother, took place. The following day Henry the Great was stabbed to death by a madman, this terrible act fulfilling the prediction of a fortune teller that Henry would not live twenty-four hours after the coronation of his consort. Owing to this prophecy Henry had deferred the coronation of Marie de Medicis for so many years, but after the birth of his sixth—and last—child he was urged by his queen consort to do her the justice of having the coronation ceremony performed without delay. It is said he complied reluctantly, fearing the fatality of the ceremony. When Henrietta was 15 years old she was wedded to Charles I of Great Britain and Ireland. Though in later years they became most devoted husband and wife their first years were made unhappy by frequent quarrels over religion, Charles being a Protestant and Henrietta Maria a most devout Catholic. After becoming queen of Great Britain and Ireland Henrietta was called Queen Mary, the English not liking the French name she bore. As queen consort of the ill-fated Charles I, Henrietta Maria's life was a most checkered one, beset by warfare and perils. Had she not made her escape to France during Charles' last trouble she would have gone to the block with him. But she lived to see her eldest son, Charles II, made king of Great Britain and Ireland. She died in her sixtieth year, after many years of great physical sufferings.



HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I.

The Flower

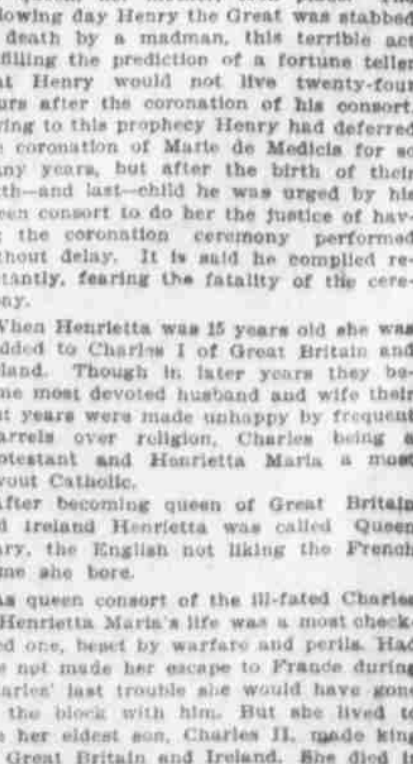
By Herman Krelle, Aged 9 Years, 1318 Center Street.
Centuries ago a nobleman named Charney was arrested and sent to prison in a fortress in southern France. He amused himself by writing on the wall, but that was soon filled up. He then wrote on the table and that was soon filled too. One day as he was walking in the courtyard he saw the earth moving. He stopped short, thinking his friends were digging an underground passage to get him out. Looking more closely he saw that it was a poor, sickly looking plant trying to pierce the hard soil. The next morning he looked at it, and the light had already taken away its sticky look and it was a nice plant. One day his jailer passed so near it that he was afraid that he would crush it. So Charney called attention to the plant. The jailer said that if he had not taken pains in watering it the poor thing would have died. Charney was amazed at his jailer's kindness, saying that when he was set free he would repay him. "Only do my duty," said the jailer. Charney was set free and he took home the flower.

The House in the Woods

By Ada Wilson, Aged 10 Years, 1208 Ohio Street, Omaha.
One day last summer we were out hunting violets and we came to a small wooden house. There was a small window in one side which was covered with a piece of paper. We could see two chairs and one table, with a bed spread on the floor. Pretty soon we saw an old woman with a red shawl around her. She came to the house and went in. We asked some women in the woods, and they said she was an old witch. They said she was out hunting someone so she could ask them for money. Stories have been received by the editor from the following Busy Bees and await publication: Dorothy McAllister, Omaha; Anna M. Chval, South Omaha; Alta Ribler, Kearney, Neb.; Florence Cornblith, Omaha; Philo Hewitt, Lexington, Neb.; George Titrol, Omaha; Ruth Thompson, Omaha.

Mary Graham

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MARY GRAHAM.