

SYLITTLEBEESATIEROWNP

ITH MARTIN of Pairmont, Neb., and Chester Hart of Grand Island are the Busy Bee's Queen and King for the month of June, and all of One of Busy Bees Has an Outing at Lake a take of the chain around her neek and dressed in black, who said: "I can show to kill the giant." Then she DITH MARTIN of Fairmont, Neb., and Chester Hart of Grand Island them by writing the very best Fairy Story they can. Be sure and

mark each story either Red or Blue, so that Busy Bee's editor may keep you all posted as to which ruler is the most popular in having the most subjects and which one has won the most prize stories. Last week both the Red and the Blue sides won a prize story, making a very interesting start for the June contest. This week both prize stories were won by the Blue team, so those who are faithful to the King must be sure and send in a story next week, as that is the only possible way to have your side win.

Busy Bee's editor received a letter this week from one of the Busy Bees saying that school had closed and that she had to take only one examination, which she passed with a high average and is now ready for the sixth grade. She also sent her congratulations to Ruth Ashby, as the victorious ruler for the month of May.

The prize winners for this week are Miss Marguerite Mason, aged 11 years, 808 West Eighth street, Fremont, Neb., and Miss Grace Hays, aged 13 years, Falls City, Neb. Honorary mention was given to Miss Alice Wedrich; aged 8 years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

The teams now have four on the Red side and seven on the Blue,

Those who solved the beheaded word puzzle correctly in last Sunday's paper were Ethel M. Ingram, aged 12 years, Valley, Neb.; Thelma Jones, aged 10 years, Madison, Neb., and Marguerite Mason, Fremont, Neb. The three words were cheat, heat and eat.

Grandma's Flag Day Story By Helena Davis

WAS our national flag day, and declared Tom, solemnly. "Not though he of the foremost in the parade, belonging to the "Adams County Boys' Drill Regiment," which marched in uniform with fife and drum, while Lulu and Gracie had ridden in their pony cart in the line of vehicles that followed the "regiment." The day had belonged to the youth of Adams- Uracle. "It's most dinner time and we to hear it before we are called to eat." ville, the parents, of course, turning out display, and many had been the compliand girls, on account of their fine display that took place in the public square,

When Lulu, Tom and Gracie, very tired, but much excited over the morning's celebration, came home it wanted an hour till dinner time. Half starved, they sat on the big front porch to rest till they should be called to the longed for meal. the morning. "I'll tell you, girls, I never did understand how a man could be afraid me that the martial music, the cheers of his comrades, the bravery of his officers and make him feel like a hero, robbing of all thoug ht of fear for himself. I'm quite sure I'd feel that way. 'Fight for my country, fight till I help to win victory or die in the conflict,' would be my ery.'

Lulu, Tom and Gracle came home were your favorite brother, grandma." from the parade full of patriotic "Well, you hush up till grandma has told enthusiasm. Tom had been one the story," ordered Lulu. "I guess grandma knows the circumstances better than you do. So keep your opinions to yourself till she's through."

"Yes, let's have the story, granny," urged Gracie. "It's most dinner time and we want

"As you all know," began grandma, "my in the morning to watch the drill and flag youngest brother was Alf, a delicate, nervous, high strug boy, a bit like our Tom ments paid to the youngsters, both boys is now. He was only 15 at the breaking out of the rebellion in '61. When his brothersof flags and the orderly drill and parade Thomas and Dan-enlisted in the army Alf was wild to go, too. But our father, then

an old man, prevailed upon him to stay at home and help with the work on the farm. But day by day Alf became more and more restless. The spirit of war seemed to be ever upon him. He talked of nothing but war and the union. One and to chat over the interesting event of day he came creeping into my room, his face pale, his eyes unusually bright. Coming to me he bent over my chair and whiswhen he is going into battle. It seems to pered in my ear, 'Sister, I've got to go. My help is needed t vin the victory. Every boy and man should now be at his and the sense that he is about to fight post. I can't stay here and plow and or die for his country would urge him on sow and reap when the din of battle is ringing forever in my ears. You must explain it to our father and ther. I can't make them understand; maybe you can.' Well, before I could scarcely get it through my head that our young Alf really meant to go he was gond. He left home at night without a word of goodby, for he drended the pain of such a parting and wanted to spare us as well as himself. "Well, I told my parents the best I could, but the blow was a hard one, indeed. Three sons-and not one left to "Well, perhaps my Tommy would feel help the old father who was getting feeble. just like other boys have felt on such Three boys-all gone to shoot other boys, occasions," said a soft, quavering voice or he shot themselves! My mother broke in the doorway, and the children looked rapidly under this last shock, becoming ill up to see dear old grandma standing there through anglety over her boys, especially with her sewing in her hands. She came over Alf, whom she knew was far from out on the porch and took an easy chair rugged and would doubtless succumb to the that Tom gallantly brought forward for army privations and hardships. The days Then as the three grandchildren passed most miserably for us-the old father, too feeble to look after the farm; and chat with grandma-she put her sew- the old mother, sick through anxiety over ing in her lap, pushed her glasses from her her boys, and I, the only daughter, too nose to the edge of her soft white hair helpless to do anything but pray for those and smiled about on the rosy faces of her at home and those on the field of battle. and to attend the housework with what



AFTER A DAY'S FISHING.



earth. When she hit the earth she was instantly changed to a stone. Now all this time Harry was gathering grapes for Phoebe, When he came to the

lace where Phoebe had been he saw no one there. Just then some one came to him and said: "She has fallen to the earth." Harry then changed himself into a bird and flew to the earth. He hunted all day and for many days, Once he settled right on Phoebe, but he never knew it. He called, "Phoebe, Phoebe," but she never answered. Harry has never found Phoebe, but you can still hear him calling for her.

orary Mention

dwindled down to a stem, her feet sank into the ground and her head changed into a flower. Mrs. Flower felt very badly and planted the bluebell near the door, where

The Elfs. Eunice Bode, Aged 10 Years, Fails City, Neb. Blue.

it would remind her of Bluebell.

L One moonlight night, The cliin band Came to froile In the woodland. 11, Their queen, she sat Upon a throne. That with jewels, Hesplendent mone.

III. Upon her head A crown so bright That far and near It made it light. IV.

Around her throne, There stood or sat, A thousand elfs, Or more than that,

This is the song, That they did sing, That everywhere, Made the woods ring.

VI. Oh! Merry moon! Oh! Merry moon! Alas! Alas! You go too soon.

VII. But we will dance, Till the cocks crow; When morning dawns, Away we go.

VIII. And so they sang Till dawn of day, The time for them, To stop their play.

IX. And when the star Of morning shone, The elfs vanished; The woods were 'I

X. And many nights The elfs dld play; But to vanish At break of day.

The Fairies' Ball

By Helen Miller, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue.

now he had just gone to the "Land of Nod." Elva ran down to the little brook George 1. and threw herself down on the soft green

forth music. One day when she had had it reached in the chest and got an invisible about a month she was invited to a picnic, coat which she gave to the prince and In the excitement she forgot her chain, told him to put it on and he could kill the That evening a sad group of girls returned. giant. That night the prince got in the They told Mrs. Flower that Bluebell, soon goant's house and when the giant went to after they arrived, had cried out, "O, 1 sleep after eating two men the prince drew forgot to rub my chain." Her green dress his sword and killed the giant.

An Adventure

By Esther Stahlhut, Aged 10 years, Ne-braska City, Neb. Blue.

One day a party of young people went out into the woods to camp. When they arrived at the spot where they wanted to camp it was into in the afternoon." The boys put up the tests while the girls got the supper. They went to bed early that night, as they were very tired. About midnight one boy heard a low growl. He not up and looked out of the tent and naw two big, shining over looking into his own. He picked up his gun, which was standing nearby, and almed at the strange unimal. There was a loud report and the animal fell over dead. Everyone was awake in a moment and rushed out to no what had happened. They took torches and went out to see what their comrade had r'mt. And what do you think they saw? Scretched out at full length, a large mountain lion. Everyone was surprised to find a lion there. but they were thankful that the lion was dead. The boy That Eilled the Son had us skin made into a beautiful rug. They stayed about two weeks, but they never saw another lion.

Lizzie, the Elephant

By Sibuse Chval Aged 11 Years, 906 North Thirteenth Street, South Omaha, Neb, Blue.

Wombwell's wild animals were once the most famous in Europe. Among the animals was a beautiful female elephant, named Lizzie. While visiting a town in Enstand Lizzie took ill with an attack of colle

A doctor in the place brought some med-Icine, which saved Lizzie's life. A few days later the animals were marching through the street. Lizzie caught sight of the doctor, who was standing by his shop, and stopped at the door. The doctor came up to see what was the matter, and Lizzie thrust her trunk gently in his hand. The doctor took hold of the trunk in his hand and patted it in a friendly way to Lizzie's great delight. After a little of this caressing Lizzie marched forth again with evident pleasure.

Queens of England

Caroline Witnelmina of Anspach, Holland was the queen consort of George II., king It was delightfully cool down by the of/Great Britain and Ireland. When she brook this hot day in June. Elva had been married George, however, he was the trying to rock baby Frank to sleep and young prince of Wales, succeeding to the English throne at the death of his father,

While a maiden in her teens Caroline was grass. How cool it was, the birds were sought in marriage by the Duke Charles, chirping merrily and the butterflies were son of Leopold I., but, owing to her strong flitting about. She felt tired and just lay adherence to the Protestant faith and s there watching the brook. All at once she Charles' Roman Catholic religion, she heard a stir in the grass. She looked around stoutly refused to become his wife. and saw some tiny folks busily gathering Both as princess of Wales and queen con-

'You've never been at the front," smiled Lulu. "Maybe you'd feel differently were you facing a row of cannon handled by the snemy."

"If anything I'd feel all the braver and determined to fight," boldly declared Torn.

gathered about her-for they loved to alt "dear little ones."

"I don't think I've ever told you children of your Great-uncle Alf's experience during the short time he was a soldier, have 17"

"Oh, no: we've never heard about it." cried Tom. "Tell us, granny, dear. Was he ever in a battle?"

Grandma smiled, then began: "No, not a real battle with men, but engaged in a battle with Fear, which was almost too much for him. You see, we've never to his fathers. "Not that we ever conand knew he was not in the wrong."

"Our great-uncle-your own brother? Oh, grandma, that's a real diagrace."

"After you've grown older you'll not jump judgment on his conduct.

heart I could command. "Soveral months went by without a word from Alf. We could not locate him, though we tried hard to do so. Occasionally let- under an apple tree to rest. As she lay

did not know where their 'baby brother' they took their flight into the air. "Ob, family, we always alluded to him as the 'baby brother.'

"Now the conflict between the north and the south was growing more terrible. The talked much about your Great-uncle Alf's news of great battles and loss of life war experiences, for he was a deserter." came to us regularly, causing my mother Grandma looked calmly about on the three to become more and more ill and my father young faces as she gave this bit of in- to grow more feeble. The summer was fast formation about her youngast and favorite waning and the crops were all garnered, brother, who had long since been called though we had met with direful losses on account of having so little help. Deep demned him," grandma continued, "for gloom hung over our house, for I felt. we fully understood the poor boy's heart that Alf was dead, and although I never =

said grandma. "First you must hear your was roused from .my reverie by a soft I've descried!"

Little Folks

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one ride of the paper only and number the pages. 8. 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 ad-dress 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 DOPARTMENT. Omaha Bes. (First Prize.)

1 Dandelion Fairy

West Eighth Street, Fremont. Blue. May was tired from play and lay down ters came from Thomas and Dan, but they there she watched the dandellon seed as By Grace Hays, Aged 13 Years, Falls City,

was. Alf, being the youngest child of the how I would like to go to the Land of Dandellons," she said. As she spoke a tiny moon was new, too. The moon was infairy, dressed all in yellow silk, appeared and said: "I will take you. Just come and the moon to live.

> A light breeze came up and they were sitting on the edge of the moon looking grem in the shape of a bluebell. "Oh. for lifted in the air until they came to a place down at the earth. She was wondering me!" cried Bluebell. "Yes." said the fairy, many miles from May's home. When they what the people on earth were doing. Sud- "but you must rub it each day with this stopped a door seemed to open in the side denly she leaned too far over, lost her bal- cobweb. The day you forget it you shall

in my bed awake, thinking of the poor my room instantly. He threw himself on

rising I went to the window and there I against what I thought to be the act of do it?" "But there's no excuse for a-deserter," saw the face of my 'baby brother.' He a coward; but I was too much overcome

been a dream. By Marguerite Mason, Aged 11 Years, 808 How the Phebe Bird Got- Its

Neb, Blue, One time when the world was new, the habited by people of the earth who came to

(Second Prize.)

Name

wonderful sights they saw while returning.

and just as May was enjoying them so

sit on this white cushion and it will carry Among the people on the moon was a "Do not be afraid," said the fairy. "My sisted of wild honey and strawberries, us," With that May noticed she had young man and a very pretty young girl, name is Fairy Alamondine. See what I dewdrop wafers and water, which they grown quite small and the fairy and herself The man's name was Harry, and the girl's have for you." Fairy Almondine held drank out of acorn cups. were sitting on the top of a dandelion seed, name was Phoche. One day Phoebe was up a golden chain on which was a blue

Birth of the Flower By Alice Weyrich, Aged 8 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb. Red.

Clytle was a beautiful nymph. She loved alry then showed her first where many little men were working the tiny roots that the sun. She wore a pale green dress. first start the dandelions, and they went When a cloud came over the sun's face from room to room seeing the many little she would be very sad, and would sit and people at work, all in different dress, mak- watch until the cloud went away and she ing the different parts of the dandellon. saw his face again.

Apollo, the great sun god, said The Queen was so pleased to see her. ebs May said she never knew a dandellon was should not die like other mortals, but so hard to make before, and when she went should be changed into a flower that has home she would be more careful not to pale green leaves and turned its face to the destroy them. Just then the fairy said it sun all day. Can you tell what this was her turn to go to work and she would flower is? have to take May back home. Oh, the

The First Flower

much she felt herself falling, as she By Buth Ashby, Aged f2 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue. thought, from the dandellon. With that Once long, long ago when there were no she awoke and found she had been dream-

ever, and often thinks it could not have Bluebell. She had golden curls and blue good taste." eyes and a pale, pretty face. One day she she was Lady Bluebell:

> friends. She walked up to a massive oak wore a dress as red as her lips. tree and knocked. To her surprise it opened "Come, let's go to the ball." and out came a little figure three inches

frightened.

account of having so little help. Deep gloom hung over our house, for I felt that Alf was dead, and although I never hinted at my sorrowful conviction, I could read the same fear in my parents' faces. "One night in the early fall I was lying "A deserter!" exclaimed Tom, horrified, read the same fear in my parents' faces, a feverish light. Without making an out- him, love, condemnation and fear baitling was dark and I waited my chance. Pretty "One night in the early fall I was lying cry I raised the window and had him in for the mastery of my tongue. As I stood soon I crept on my hands and knoes away boys who were possibly that night sleeping the bed, too weak to stand, and in a hoarse there Alf reached out and caught hold of from the camp-away-from-the-army. I little brook, with the birds and bees. at conclusions so quickly, my dear son," their last sleep on the field of battle. I whisper said: 'Sister, you must hide me- my hands. Instantly I was on my knees had to do it or I would have lost my mind.

beside him, sobbing on his breast. "Tell It was not fear of lighting that drove me great-uncle's story; then you may pass tapping on my window pane. Quickly "For a moment my heart cried out me, brother," I urged, 'how could you to do it-it was fear for the safety of those at home." "Alf stopped speaking here, and fell over

"He smiled at me and began to speak very softly. "Sister, I simply couldn't stay. into a faint. I called our parents into my was fear-FEAR-that drove me to do room. I shall not try to tell you of their I kept thinking of what would become mingled feelings; but over all there was a over. My mother and aunt were afraid to of you at home-of dear old father, of prayer of thankfulness from our mother's darling old mother, of you, a girl alone lips that once more she held her baby boy When we came home my mother asked me with a whole burden on your back! I to her breast,

dreamt that mother was sick and calling "But the dear boy who had come home for me. I saw the crops gone to waste to us under such circumstances did not bed. The next morning I went out fishing. for want of hands to take care of them. I get out of his bed for three months. The I didn't get any fish. My! bat I was mad. knew there was a battle to fight at home, shock to his nerves had been too much. I went home and we had dinner. The lake battle I had never thought of before. Kind neighbors came to help nurse him is a block from my aunt's house, so I could Then I feared that I night be killed-and back to life, keeping their lips sealed about go down there any time I wanted to. I there would be no one to look after those him until the terrible conflict of war was was very happy. My brothers got very at home. I knew that Tom and Dan were over. But even after peace once more lonesome when I was away. I didn't get in the very thickest of the fight and might reigned in this beautiful land of ours my lonesome because I was always down at never come home again. Why should my brother Alf dids not recover his health. father give all his cons? Two of the three though he was able to go about the farm I was gone from my aunt's house all the was enough for the country. One should and visit the neighbors. And when the remain with the old folks. And so the snows of winter fell in the year '66 Alf there. After we had seen everything we other night we drew up in line for a battle again took to his bed to never leave it in the next day. Our enemy's campfires the body. In the spring we laid him to

glowed a few miles from our own. When rost, and we praised our great Creator the sun should rise the next morning we that the dear boy had come home to us to would be ordered to advance The guns die, and that he had not fallen on the field By Lionel Brown, Aged 11 Years, Fair-mont, Neb. Blue, would be fired, the battle fought, and I of battle with that fear in his heart, that would sleep that night my last sleep with- fear for his dear ones; but not fear of out having told you all at home that in- battle. While some might call him a destead of having been a hero I had been a serter, those who knew him and understood In his yard were the skulls of his victims; coward-a coward to leave those who him called him a hero." everyon needed a fighter-a hero-at home. The Grandma wiped a tear from her eye as killed.

thought of mother being sick, of father's she finished the story, and as they rose to A prince heard of him and was determined feebleness, and your burden without some go in to dinner Tom, with his arm about to do away with him. He got his swiftest one to help you, was too much for me that the dear old lady's whist whispered: "I'm horse and set out to find Killallwhomyousee. night. I lay under the stars and thought glad you told me the story of Great-Uncle As he neared the glant's house he saw a and thought. At last, my head aching, my Alf. I had never thought of-that side of cave, and on going in he saw a chest on blood on firs in my veins. I decided to-to- it before. We'll never speak of him as a- which was written, "Open This." The sister, I decided to-DESERT! I got a deserter, granny dear. He was g-HERO." prince opened it and, to his surprise, out

SCOTDS. sort Caroline's life "Little people, who are you and what are you doing?"

"We're gathering acorns to be used as cups at our queen's ball tonight." "Oh, little people, let me go, please." "If you pick one cup of acrons."

"That's easy." "Don't be too sure; look in the brook." Elva looked and saw a little girl about eight inches high, who looked like herself. "Oh, I'm a real fairy now, thank you." She set busily to work at picking acorns and sure enough it was hard work. After a while she got a cupful. "Now we will go." She was led down to a tiny boat, with leaves for sails. A little fairy helped her in and off they went. They came to a moss

covered rock and anchored the boat. "Come," they said. Elva followed them and soon came to a

little clearing in the grove. "Come and see if Tulip can give you a

ing. She still loves the dandelions, how- flowers, there lived a little girl named dress to wear to the ball. She has very Tulip lived in a little house in a large

went out to play in the woods. She played oak tree. She welcomed Eiva warmly and soon had her arrayed in a pretty spider-

Flowers and trees were the houses of her web silk dress over blue. Tulip herself They went off hand in hand. Dainty Cowtail. It was dressed in red velvet covered slip, pretty Bluebell, Cherry Blossom, modwith sparkling dewdrops. Her black curis est Violet, blushing Rose, Carnation and hung almost to her feet and her brown many others were there. Elva herself eyes were very bright. Bluebell was danced a gay waltz with Sweet William. After dancing they had lunch, which con-

sisted of wild honey and strawberries,

After supper the greatest event happened. Elva saw the fairy queen. She was very beautiful, with long golden hair, and dressed all in white. The fairies joined hands and sang:

The music grew fainter, softer, fainter. fainter, and Elva was once more beside the and gentlemen of the court and conversing

A Trip to Clear Lake

By Agnes Bushman, Aged 9 Years, 709 Georgia Avenue, Blue.

When I went to Clear Lake, Ia., I had a company of the king. very good time. We went out sailing. It was at night, the boat just about tipped go, but my two sisters and I were brave.

if I was afraid and I said no, and I told her about the host. It was time to go to the lake. I only stayed three days, but time. I am always thinking of when I was went home.

Kill All Whom You See

A very long time ago there lived a wicked giant whose name was Killallwhomyousee, everyone who came near his house was



WILHELMINA, CONSORT CAROLINE OF GEORGE II.

one. She was detested by her royal fatherin-law, who also hated most heartily his son and heir, the prince of Wales. And the son returned the father's hatred.

A biographer says of Caroline: "She was distinguished by an earnest integrity of purpose above and beyond the standard of her day." She also possessed great tact and wonderful patience. Regardless of her royal spouse's neglect and unfaithfulness. she always showed him the greatest respect and obedience to his wishes. Indeed, so tactful was she at times that it may be truthfully said she was "the power behind the throne," and, although the wilful and despotic George believed himself to have undisputed sway in all things, the reins of Caroline guided him without his knowledge.

Toward middle life Caroline became a sufferer from gout in its worst form, but, not wishing to be held in contempt by her husband, she would hear her pain without a murmer, sitting in the midst of her ladies as though she were in the best of health. And, again, on occasions she would plunge her leg and foot into ice-cold water to lay the inflammation and pain for the time being that she might take long walks in the

Caroline was born in the year 1683 and died in 1737. MARY GRAHAM.

Illustrated Rebus





ONE DAY HE CAME CREEPING INTO MY ROOM, HIS FACE PALE, HIS EYES UNUSUALLY BRIGHT.