

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

EDITH MARTIN of Fairmont, Neb., and Chester Hart of Grand Island are the Busy Bee's Queen and King for the month of June, and all of the little writers for this department must show their loyalty to 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

IT WAS our national flag day, and Lulu, Tom and Gracie came home from the parade full of patriotic enthusiasm. Tom had been one of the foremost in the parade, belonging to the "Adams County Boys' Drill Regiment," which marched in uniform with flags 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 Adamsville, the parents, of course, turning out in the morning to watch the drill and flag display, and many had been the compliments paid to the youngsters, both boys and girls, on account of their fine display of flags and the orderly drill and parade 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, and to chat over the interesting event of the morning. "I'll tell you, girls, I never did understand how a man could be afraid of flags and go to battle," it seems to me that the martial music, the cheers of his comrades, the bravery of his officers and the sense that he is about to fight or die for his country would urge him on and make him feel like a hero, robbing him of all thought 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 cry.

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

"If anything I'd feel all the braver and determined to fight," boldly declared Tom. "Well, perhaps my Tommy would feel just like other boys have felt on such occasions," said a soft, quavering voice in the doorway, and the children looked up to see dear old grandma standing there with her sewing in her hands. She came out on the porch and took an easy chair that Tom gallantly brought forward for her. Then as the three grandchildren gathered about her—for they loved to sit and chat with grandma—she put her sewing in her lap, pushed her glasses from her nose to the edge of her soft white hair and smiled about on the rosy faces of her "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 I?"

"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 in a real battle with men, but engaged in a battle with fear, which was almost too much for him. You see, we've never talked much about your great-uncle Alf's war experiences, for he was a deserter." Grandma looked calmly about on the three young faces as she gave this bit of information about her youngest and favorite brother, who had long since been called to his fathers. "Not that we ever condemned him," grandma continued, "for we fully understood the poor boy's heart and knew he was not in the wrong."

"A deserter!" exclaimed Tom, horrified. "Our great-uncle—your own brother? Oh, grandma, that's a real disgrace."

"After you've grown older you'll not jump at conclusions so quickly, my dear son," said grandma. "First you must hear your great-uncle's story; then you may pass judgment on his conduct."

"But there's no excuse for a deserter,"



Oliver Moore

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

One of Busy Bees Has an Outing at Lake



AFTER A DAY'S FISHING.

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 350 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, NEB.

Dandelion Fairy

By Marguerite Mason, Aged 11 Years, 808 West Eighth Street, Fremont, Neb.

May was tired from play and lay down under an apple tree to rest. As she lay there she watched the dandelion seed as they took their flight into the air. "Oh, how I would like to go to the Land of Dandelions," she said. As she spoke a tiny fairy, dressed all in yellow silk, appeared and said: "I will take you. Just come and sit on this white cushion and it will carry us."

With that May noticed she had grown quite small and the fairy and herself were sitting on the top of a dandelion seed. A light breeze came up and they were lifted in the air until they came to a place many miles from May's home. When they stopped a door seemed to open in the side of a hill and in they went. The Dandelion

was thin, pale and his eyes burned with a feverish light. Without making an outcry I raised the window and had him in my room instantly. He threw himself on the bed, too weak to stand, and in a hoarse whisper said: "Sister, you must hide me—I've deserted!"

"For moment my heart cried out against what I thought to be the act of a coward; but I was too much overcome

to speak just then and stood looking at him, love, condemnation and fear battling for the mastery of my tongue. As I stood there Alf reached out and caught hold of my hands. Instantly I was on my knees beside him, sobbing on his breast. "Tell me, brother," I urged, "how could you do it?"

"He smiled at me and began to speak very softly. 'Sister, I simply couldn't stay. It was fear—FEAR—that drove me to do it. I kept thinking of what would become of you at home—of dear old father, of darling old mother, of you, a girl alone with a whole burden on your back! I dreamt that mother was sick and calling for me. I saw the crops gone to waste for want of hands to take care of them. I knew there was a battle to fight at home, a battle I had never thought of before. Then I feared that I might be killed—and there would be no one to look after those at home. I knew that Tom and Dan were in the very thickest of the fight and might never come home again. Why should my father give all his sons? Two of the three was enough for the country. One should remain with the old folks. And so the other night we drew up in line for a battle in the next day. Our enemy's campfires glowed a few miles from our own. When the sun should rise the next morning we would be ordered to advance. The sun would be fired, the battle fought, and I would sleep that night my last sleep without having told you all at home that instead of having been a hero I had been a coward—a coward to leave those who needed a fighter—a hero—at home. The thought of mother being sick, of father's feebleness, and your burden without some one to help you, was too much for me that night. I lay under the stars and thought and thought. At last, my head aching, my blood on fire in my veins, I decided to—to do it. I decided to—DESERT! I got

up and went to our picket lines. The night was dark and I waited my chance. Pretty soon I crept on my hands and knees away from the camp—away—from—the army. I had to do it or I would have lost my mind. It was not fear of fighting that drove me to do it—it was fear for the safety of those at home."

"Alf stopped speaking here, and fell over to a faint. I called our parents into my room. I shall not try to tell you of their mingled feelings; but over all there was a prayer of thankfulness from our mother's lips that once more she held her baby boy to her breast."

"But the dear boy who had come home to us under such circumstances did not get out of his bed for three months. The shock to his nerves had been too much. Kind neighbors came to help nurse him back to life, keeping their lips sealed about him until the terrible conflict of war was over. But even after peace came more rejoiced in this beautiful land of ours my brother Alf did not recover his health, though he was able to go about the farm and visit the neighbors. And when the snows of winter fell in the year '96 Alf again took to his bed to never leave it in the body. In the spring we laid him to rest, and we praised our great Creator that the dear boy had come home to us to die, and that he had not fallen on the field of battle with that fear in his heart, that fear for his dear ones; but not fear of battle. While some might call him a deserter, those who knew him and understood him called him a hero."

Grandma wiped a tear from her eye as she finished the story, and as they rose to go in to dinner Tom, with his arm about the dear old lady's waist whispered: "Tom glad you told me the story of Great-uncle Alf. I had never thought of—that side of a deserter. My never speak of him as a deserter, granny dear. He was a—HELLO."

How the Phebe Bird Got Its Name

By Grace Hays, Aged 13 Years, Falls City, Neb.

One time when the world was new, the moon was new, too. The moon was inhabited by people of the earth who came to the moon to live.

Among the people on the moon was a young man and a very pretty young girl. The man's name was Harry, and the girl's name was Phoebe. One day Phoebe was sitting on the edge of the moon looking down at the earth. She was wondering what the people on earth were doing. Suddenly she leaned too far over, lost her balance, and fell down, down, down to the 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 place 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.

The First Flower

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb.

Once long, long ago when there were no flowers, there lived a little girl named Bluebell. She had golden curls and blue eyes and a pale, pretty face. One day she went out to play in the woods. She played she was Lady Bluebell.

Flowers and trees were the houses of her friends. She walked up to a massive oak tree and knocked. To her surprise it opened and out came a little figure three inches tall. It was dressed in red velvet covered with sparkling dewdrops. Her black curls hung almost to her feet and her brown eyes were very bright. Bluebell was frightened.

"Do not be afraid," said the fairy. "My name is Fairy Almondine. See what I have for you?" Fairy Almondine held up a golden chain on which was a blue gem in the shape of a bluebell. "Oh, for me!" cried Bluebell. "Yes," said the fairy, "but you must rub it each day with this cobweb. The day you forget it you shall be changed into a flower and you shall be up and went to our picket lines. The night was dark and I waited my chance. Pretty soon I crept on my hands and knees away from the camp—away—from—the army. I had to do it or I would have lost my mind. It was not fear of fighting that drove me to do it—it was fear for the safety of those at home."

"Alf stopped speaking here, and fell over to a faint. I called our parents into my room. I shall not try to tell you of their mingled feelings; but over all there was a prayer of thankfulness from our mother's lips that once more she held her baby boy to her breast."

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The Elfs

Eunice Bode, Aged 19 Years, Falls City, Neb.

One moonlight night,
The elfin band
Came to frolic
In the woodland.

II.
Their queen, she sat
Upon a rock,
That with jewels,
Resplendent shone.

III.
Upon her head
A crown of light
That far and near
It made it light.

IV.
Around her throne,
A host to wait,
A thousand elfs,
Or more than that.

V.
This is the song,
That they do 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 lone.

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

The Fairies' Ball

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

It was delightfully cool down by the brook this hot day in June. Elva had been trying to make a bed to sleep and now he had just gone to the "Land of Nod." Elva ran down to the little brook and threw herself down on the soft green grass. How cool it was, the birds were chirping merrily and the butterflies were sitting about. She felt tired and just lay there watching the brook. All at once she heard a stir in the grass. She looked around and saw some tiny folks busily gathering acorns.

Birth of the Flower

By Alice Weyrich, Aged 8 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Clytie was a beautiful nymph. She loved the sun. She wore a pale green dress. When a cloud came over the sun's face and for many days, she would sit and watch until the cloud went away and she saw his face again.

Apollo, the great sun god, said she should not die like other mortals, but should be changed into a flower that has pale green leaves and turned his face to the sun all day. Can you tell what this flower is?

Queen of England

By Caroline Wilhelmina, Consort of George II.

Caroline Wilhelmina of Anspach, Holland was the queen consort of George II, king of Great Britain and Ireland. When she married George, however, he was the young prince of Wales, succeeding to the English throne at the death of his father, George I.

While a maiden in her teens Caroline was sought in marriage by the Duke Charles, son of Leopold I, but, owing to her strong adherence to the Protestant faith and Charles' Roman Catholic religion, she stoutly refused to become his wife.

Both as princess of Wales and queen consort Caroline's life was a most unhappy one. She was detested by her royal father-in-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 wifely and despicable 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 bear her pain without a murmur, sitting in the midst of her ladies and gentlemen of the court and conversing 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 company of the king.

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Stal Adventure

By Esther Stahlhut, Aged 10 Years, Nebraska City, Neb.

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 late in the afternoon. The boys put up the tent 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 got up and looked out of the tent and saw two big, shining eyes looking into his own. He picked up his knife, which was standing nearby, and almost at a single animal. There was a loud report and the animal fell over dead. Everyone was awake in a moment and rushed out to see what had happened. They took torches and went out to see what their comrade had shot. And what do you think they saw? Stretched 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 killed the lion had his skin made into a beautiful rug. They stayed about two weeks, but they never saw another lion.

Lizzie, the Elephant

By Sibons Chval, Aged 11 Years, 600 North Thirtieth Street, South Omaha, Neb.

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 England Lizzie took ill with an attack of colic.

A doctor in the place brought some medicine, which saved Lizzie's life. A few days later the animals were marching through the street, when 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.

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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 very good time. We went out sailing. It was at night, the boat just about tipped over. My mother and aunt were afraid to go, but my two sisters and I were brave. When we came home my mother asked me if I was afraid and I said no, and I told her about the boat. It was time to go to bed. The next morning I went out fishing. I didn't get any fish. My! but I was mad. I went home and we had dinner. The lake is a block from my aunt's house, so I could go down there any time I wanted to. I was very happy. My brothers got very lonesome when I was away. I didn't get lonesome because I was always down at the lake. I only stayed three days, but I was gone from my aunt's house all the time. I am always thinking of when I was there. After we had seen everything we went home.

Kill All Whom You See

By Lionel Brown, Aged 11 Years, Fairmont, Neb.

A very long time ago there lived a wicked giant whose name was Killallwhomyousee. In his yard were the skulls of his victims; everyone who came near his house was killed.

A prince heard of him and was determined to do away with him. He got his swiftest horse and set out to find Killallwhomyousee. As he neared the giant's house he saw a cave, and on going in he saw a chest on which was written, "Open This." The prince opened it and, to his surprise, out

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Illustrated Rebus

