

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE

THIS week mostly fairy stories will be printed on the Children's page. Some week soon the editor would like to receive some stories from the children about trees, shrubs and flowers. This is the time of the year when quite a few of the children will be making gardens, and some of them will probably plant some trees. If the children will write about their gardens and about what they are going to do Arbor day, all the little readers will be interested in knowing what the other children are doing.

The Busy Bees must be careful not to copy stories. A short time ago one of the stories was copied from an eastern magazine. At present the editor has two copied stories, both from story books. The children who write for the Busy Bee page must make up their own stories. Each of the stories sent to should be marked "Original" if the children have made up the stories. Prizes are awarded only for "original" stories.

Prizes were awarded this week to Jeannette Miller of Fairmont, Neb., on the Blue side, and to Helen Verrill, queen of the Blue side, of Omaha. Honorable mention was given to Dorothy Taylor of Elsie, Neb., on the Blue side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Jean De Long, Alnoworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnard, Neb.
- Lillian Mervin, Heaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Huntington, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dumpeke, Benson, Neb.
- Maria Galingher, Bennington, Neb. (Box 12)
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, Day City, Neb.
- Rhea Fraddell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Aleida Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Eunice Rode, Falls City, Neb.
- Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Anna Vogt, 497 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lyla Roth, 606 West Kearney street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 11 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 69 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 528 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Ritt, Leshara, Neb.
- Hester E. Ritt, Leshara, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Krota, Lexington, Neb.
- Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 125 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Margaret Hamilton, 309 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Elsie Hamilton, 309 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Lughie Disher, 209 S. St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Hogg, 22 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Mildred Jensen, 78 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 24 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Aileen Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Sauer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Pauline Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Leta Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genvieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- William Davis, 21 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Haabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Henry Brown, 324 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Helen Goodrich, 409 Nicholas St., Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 232 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Helen Hendee, 418 West 12th, Omaha.
- Lillian Wirt, 418 West 12th, Omaha.
- Lewis Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Janette Innes, 315 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Bassett Ruf, 184 Binney street, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 346 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 269 12th street, Omaha.
- Orin Fisher, 129 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 209 Howard St., Omaha.
- Jack Erickson, 279 Howard St., Omaha.
- Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Helen Housh, 125 Lothrop street, Omaha.
- Emerald Goodrich, 409 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 107 Locust St., Omaha.
- Leon Carson, 114 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Hilsh Fisher, 329 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 207 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Elna Heider, 278 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Mabel Sheffer, 491 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 205 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Emma Carruthers, 211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Leona Denton, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Mae Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Anna Peterson, 211 Locust, Omaha.
- Zola Hedde, Orleans, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
- Edna Elna, Stanton, Neb.
- Edna Heider, 278 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
- Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
- Mildred P. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Leo Beckard, Waco, Neb.
- Pauline Paris, West Point, Neb.
- Glebe Stanny, Wilber, Neb.
- Frederick Ware, Winnebago, Neb.
- Pauline Paris, York, Neb.
- Edna Behling, York, Neb.
- Mary Reynolds, York, Neb.
- Maria B. Bartlett, 209 S. Eleventh, Omaha.
- Irene Freyhold, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Elna Mithold, Box 7, Malvern, Ia.
- Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manila, Ia.
- Leona Robertson, Manila, Ia.
- Margaret E. Wilber, Thurman, Ia.
- Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 5, Box 23, Missouri Valley, Ia.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Atchita, Ind.
- Adelina Serry, Monarch, Wyo. Box 82.
- Fred Serry, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Edna Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
- Fred Shalley, 230 Tenth street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
- Nellie Dickrid, Sidney, Neb.
- Eunice Rode, 532 Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
- Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
- Phyllis Hildner, 52 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
- Macie Moore, Silver City, Ia.
- Mabel Houston, 995 Sherman avenue, York, Neb.
- Dorothy Telleison, 446 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha.
- Mable Baker, Lambert, Wyo.
- Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.



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 or books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to: CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE.

The Daisy's Lesson

By Jeannette Miller, Age 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.

In a meadow, by a beautiful little brook, grew a little daisy, shaded by a parasol of lovely green leaves. It listened to the babbling of the brook, which told of fairies and elves that played in the woods on the other side of the pasture.

The daisy longed to do some good in the world and she felt sure if she could only tell some good little fairy of her wish she would receive help to do good.

Now this little daisy was too much like a great many people who never can see the good they might do nearest them. They always say: "If I were only somewhere else," or "If I only had more money," or mention some other obstacle that would fly away if they would keep their eyes open.

Because of like hindrances the little daisy never once thought of helping the big, fat frog that sat on the bank and croaked drowsily. It never once entered her foolish little head that the bachelor buttons that grew nearby would brighten up if she would only talk to them and show them the bright side of life.

But one night as she lay dreaming she was awakened by a wee little sound close by. "Oh, please!" said a soft little voice outside the green leaves, "won't you please let me come in? I'm very cold down here; the dew is so heavy. I'm almost soaked through. Please, please, kind daisy, let me in!"

The daisy looked again and again. Yes, she was sure it was a fairy, for it looked just like the ones the brook songs told about; so, of course, she let the little speaker in.

"You see, Miss Daisy," began the fairy, "I was dancing on a moonbeam and I stumbled on a weed and was knocked off and the dew from the weed fell on me. I was very miserable for awhile, but I will be all right now."

The fairy started as the sorrowful croak of the poor frog broke the silence of the night. "Oh, what is that awful noise," she gasped.

"That's the poor frog that's so dismal," answered the daisy. "It is always very sad and it always sounds in his croak."

"I should think so," exclaimed the fairy. "Won't you try and cheer him up?"

"Why had I not thought of that before?" she said to herself; then answering the fairy's request: "Of course I will."

The next morning when the fairy was leaving she spied the bachelor buttons drooping their heads: "Poor things," she sighed, "no wonder, though, they are so dull, going around with old bachelors all the year round. Why, I've seen whole

Jack's Dream

By Helen Verrill, Queen Bee, Aged 12 Years, No. 19, The Strehlow, Omaha, Neb.

The fairies every day go round and gather up all the withered flowers which little children have plucked and thrown away. They take them to fairyland and there they come to and never wither or die.

One day a boy came and picked all the flowers in the garden and threw them away. He did this several times until the fairies decided they could stand it no longer so that night the dream fairy came to him and with her she brought a large paper bag, Jack, for that was the boy's name, was in bed. The fairy closed the door and windows and then opened her bag and out flew a demon and he bowed low before the fairy saying: "What do you want?" the fairy said, "I want you to give this boy a bad dream that will make him stop picking flowers and throwing them away. With that she went out and the demon began to wave a long, black wand over the boy and saying magic words.

Soon the boy was fast asleep and in his dream he saw large roses, buttercups, daisies, poppies and all other kinds of flowers, he ran up to them and was just ready to pick a rose when it grew twice as large as he was and as he came toward each flower they sprang up taller than he was, himself. Then all the flowers began to make faces at him and he got so frightened that he strayed away from the path and got lost. He tried to cut down the flowers with his knife, but he felt a sharp slap across the ears, and then he gave up and began to cry. He felt someone shaking him and he woke up to find it was his father trying to waken him up. He got up and dressed quickly and went out into the garden, but not to hurt the flowers, but to water them. And every day after that dream he watered and cared for them.

How Grace Went to Fairyland

By Dorothy Taylor, Aged 9 Years, Elsie, Neb. Blue Side.

Grace was lying asleep under a tree when a fairy suddenly appeared from the stump of the tree and she said to Grace, "Would you like to visit Fairyland?" "Yes," said Grace, "I would like to very much." "Well, then," said the fairy, "follow me." The fairy touched the stump of the tree with her wand and a little door appeared. The fairy said to Grace, "Go in this door." But Grace said, "I am too large to go in that door." The fairy touched Grace with her wand and Grace became very small. Grace went in the door and saw some steps. The fairy led her to the bottom of the steps and opened a door that was there and went in, followed by Grace. When they were in there were lots of fairies sitting around a table spread with good things. The queen was sitting on her throne when

the boy, putting some bait on his hook. "Only an evil ruler fears enemies," "You are right, youth," said the king fervently. "And you have set me to thinking of many things new to my mind. I shall beg you to come to the palace and visit me. I can learn from you, though I am a king and you a peasant. But—do you angle all day long?" "Oh, no, sir; doing one thing all the time would make me very uninteresting. Now, were you to have more safety in your life, sir, you would be less discontented. I have heard it said that our king never laughs. That his subjects are far happier than he. That is because they find much beneficial employment. The king but rules. And ruling is a heavy work, and a thankless one, though paid for in gold. Gold doesn't love one. Gold doesn't offer the hand of friendship. It never lends a helping hand to the one in need, nor kisses and caresses the brow of the aged. Gold is very hard, and is a fitting companion only for a

haughty and unhappy king. And I am too content to want more of it than is needed to buy the necessities of life." "The king sat still and looked across the river for a moment. Then he bowed his head in his hand and sighed. "You are right, youth," said the king, "neither have feeling nor love." "But a king can love, and be loved, if he wishes," declared the boy. "If he enters into the life of his peasants—his subjects—and knows them, and lets them know him, he will find much to live for. Also, he will find much to make him smile with pleasure, to laugh with merriment, to weep with sympathy, and to give for sweet charity's sake." "I shall try your prescription, youth," said the king, rising. "Tomorrow all my fawning and flattering courtiers shall be dismissed and in their place shall be put men from the country, untaught, plain-spoken fellows, who will tell me things for my own good." "And for the good of your subjects, sir," interposed the boy. "Do not forget others—if you would be happy. Happiness cannot be found in oneself, but in the love and sympathy of others. That is the reason you have never known happiness, sir. You have thought only of self, and had about you a lot of cowards who pretended to think only of you, also, but who in truth hated you and lived a life of hypocrisy. Have fearless men about you and you will get strength from them, and, in time, will become a monarch all men will love. Think less of your position, and more of the people's position, sir, if you would be a real king." The king took from his purse two golden coins and offered them to the boy, who took the smaller one, saying that the field he might have caught would not have been worth more than that amount. "And I cannot take more than I can earn," he observed in a straightforward way. "You are a true philosopher," avowed the king emphatically, "and I must see you often." "I am only a peasant boy, and you are only a king," smiled the boy. "But perhaps you are poorer than I. If so, I shall gladly share my riches with you. But now I must hurry home, for my parents will be looking for me. I wish you more happiness in the future than you have had in the past. Good by, sir, and may luck attend you." And the king, his hands clasped across his breast, stood watching the boy as he ran limply across the hill, disappearing on the other side. Then, turning to one of his courtiers, he said: "A king may learn from a peasant boy."

Children to Save the Forest Trees

By John Davey, Kent, O.

ARTICLE VI.

Food for Plants. NOW, children, we want you to become the "saviors" of our trees by preventing them from becoming sick. If you were getting milk

from a cow that had great blotches of disease on her body, could you expect that such milk would be pure? If a vine is diseased, could you suppose that the fruit would be healthy? Ninety per cent of our apple trees are in a state of decay. Can we expect wholesome fruit from such a source? We simply know better.

If you know how to feed and take care of pear trees this is what you would obtain, as shown in photo 11. "Must we 'feed' trees?" Certainly. Can you expect to get work out of a man, horse or any other creature without a supply of food to renew the exhausted strength? Certainly not. The trouble with people has been they have not recognized the life of the tree and



CARE OF A PEAR TREE.



GROWING GRAPES.

Grace and the fairy went in. The other fairies got up from the table and started to dance and sing. Just as Grace was going to dance again she awoke and found herself lying under the tree and she was sorry it was a dream, but she thought it a nice one and so did her mother when she told it to her.

To Fairyland

By Helen Hutton, Aged 11 Years, 265 Bristol Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Ethel was about 8 years old and had helped her mother all day, as it was vacation time, so she was real tired. She took the book she loved to read, it was a fairy tale book. She read a little while, and then fell asleep. Pretty soon a fairy came and stood beside Ethel. The fairy said, "Ethel, you have worked hard all day would you like to go to Fairyland?" Ethel was delighted and said, "Yes."

The fairy said, "Get in my carriage," which was made of a rose. Ethel was just going to say she was too large, when she looked at the fairy and then at herself and found she was as small as the fairy. So

she got in the carriage and they rode a long while when the fairy said, "Here we are," and Ethel looked up and here she was in the most beautiful place she had ever seen. She got out and they went in many beautiful houses where many beautiful fairies were. Just as Ethel was going in the queen's chariot her mother called her for supper, she told her mother of the dream she just had and they both wished it was true.

Henrietta's walk to the store.

By Alois Berka, Age 9 Years, 234 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Henrietta is a little girl about the age of 7. Once her mother told her to go to the store, as she needed some sugar. So Henrietta set out on her way.

She had to go through a wood about 200 yards long, and in this wood were many fairies. Henrietta had never seen any fairies, so she wanted to see one, and every time she heard a noise she would look up, expecting to see a fairy.

Just then she heard a noise and looking up she saw a fairy dressed in white. Henrietta ran to meet the fairy, but it disappeared as soon as she touched it.

The fairy appeared again dressed in gray, and she said, "Follow me." Henrietta followed the fairy and she led her into the trunk of a tree. Then she took her all through the tree and just as she saw the last room, the fairy waved her wand and Henrietta found herself on the way to the store as if nothing had happened.

When she returned home she told her mother all about her adventure with the fairy.

The Singing Bone

By George Goes, Age 12 Years, Plainview, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time a country was troubled greatly with a wild boar. It wallowed in the farmers' fields, killed cattle and even men. This animal was so big that no one dared to go near the woods. Finally the king proclaimed that whoever should kill or capture the wild boar should have his only daughter in marriage.

Now, there were two brothers living in the country, one of a poor man, who wished to undertake the adventure.

The elder was cunning and wise, and the younger was innocent and simple. So they started out from opposite sides. The younger had gone a short distance when he met a dwarf.

He gave this to him to kill the boar because he was good and innocent. He thanked the dwarf and soon met the boar. He killed the boar and was taking it in the king; he met his brother at an inn. Both of the brothers started out, when the came to the bridge the elder brother

plant. They are living creatures, governed by similar laws that control our own being. How many of you have all the grapes you need? and yet you can have just as fine crops as you see in photo 12. There is absolutely no "luck" nor "chance" whatever in the growing of plants, shrubs or trees, nor in the production of fruit crops. There is a cause for everything that happens. Remove your cause and you obtain the desired results. Two years ago the country was astonished when I published and demonstrated that hundreds of thousands of tons of grapes are annually destroyed by ignorant men who pose as "expert grape trimmers" but now the reports are coming in that they (the writers) can raise "all the grapes I want and some to give away."

Your Uncle John can do no better work to make the world better than to give out to our enterprising newspapers the information how to get healthy trees and good fruit. But we are confronted with one very serious problem. With that question we will deal in the next article.

The shepherd took this to the king and it sang the same song. The king understood what it meant and he had the skeleton dug up and buried in the churchyard. The elder brother was sewed in a sack and thrown into the river. The elder brother had to suffer more for he told that he was a murderer and he went to the king under false colors. He also suffered before death came to him.

The King and Queen of Rain

By Rector Searle, Aged 13 Years, Ogallala, Neb. Red Side.

"I am the king and this is the queen, my wife," introduced the King of Rain. "We do lots of good making flowers grow and fill ponds and rivers for fish to live in. We also give people water to drink."

"I am going to the river today," said the king. "I will go there today, too. I know the fish would like a little more water," said the queen.

In the river they became acquainted with a rain drop that had never been to their palace above the clouds. He said he would like to go very much.

"Well," said the king, "I will see if the sun will take us tomorrow." The sun consented and so they went to the beautiful palace.

The palace was in the midst of a large cloud. It had floors of every kind of precious stones and metals you could think of and some you couldn't think of. The walls were of silver and looked like rain.

The little rain drop stayed with them a month, when he had to go to a little flower that was nearly dead.

New Queen's Letter

Dear Busy Bees—I thank you very much for voting to have me elected queen. I never even thought I would be chosen. While I am queen I will try and write extra good stories to show you all I appreciate your kindness. I hope I will make a good queen and I will try my best.

I think the "Busy Bee" page gets better each week, don't you? There are very good stories in it every week.

Thanking you all for your kindness I remain a loving friend, HELEN VERRILL, The Strehlow, Omaha.

Happy Days

UP THE hill, down the hill, Through the country lane, Off to school so early Then back home again.

Studying and learning, Through the living day, Except at noon and recess, When there is time to play.

And in the home at evening Ah, there they find real joy! Around the supper table— Papa, Mamma, Girl and Boy!



A Peasant Boy and a King

By Melissa Davis.

IN THE very, very long ago there dwelt in a country across the sea a king who was very, very unhappy. He often felt so tired of life as he lived it that he sometimes wished to die. And he would sit on his throne and sigh deeply. And his courtiers would vie with one another in trying to make their monarch's existence less unbearable. But they frowned upon him and flattered him not bowed down before him in the humblest manner. And all the time the king hated them for their humbleness and servility. But being a king, he held himself aloof from his fellow beings, and retained a haughty reserve.

One day while driving in his coach of gold and silver, the king beheld a little peasant boy on the banks of a river, fishing. The child looked up at him, smilingly. Then, without removing his cap and falling to bow respectfully before his monarch, the boy returned to his work, pulling out of the water a fine fish. The king was so deeply impressed by the boy's happy face that he called to his coachman to stop, as he would speak with the peasant boy.

As the coach stopped, the king called to the lad: "Come here, youth."

But the lad sat quite still beside the bank, holding to his fishing rod, fishing. "Nither I command you!" So spoke the king in imperious tones, beckoning to the peasant boy.

"But I must not leave my rod, sir," explained the boy. "I have a fish nibbling at the bait, and I must watch the line."

"Do you know who I am?" questioned the king in a severe tone.

"Yes, sir. You are the man the people call king. I would not know you but for your coach and retinue." The boy spoke in the easiest manner possible, without the least show of embarrassment. The coachman and outsiders trembled for the child's fate, for they feared he had offended his sovereign and would be made to suffer the penalty. But to their great surprise the king smiled—for the first time in months—and again spoke to the peasant boy.

"If I pay you a golden coin for the fish you haven't yet caught, will you come and speak with me? I, your king, beg this favor." And again the king smiled in an amused way.

"Oh, if you are willing to pay me for my lost time why I will come and speak with you, sir," agreed the peasant boy.

And he arose and approached the king's coach. The outsiders opened an avenue so that he might walk to the side of the coach. To their utter astonishment the king made room for the boy inside the coach and bade him be seated beside him. The boy looked up and shook his head: "No, sir, a peasant boy is not fitting company for a king. I prefer to remain aloof on ground and talk with you."

"You are a strange and bold boy," declared the king, a bit out of temper. "And why do you dare to refuse me—your king?"

"If you are my king, then I am your subject," said the boy. "And we each owe the other certain liberty. I must live my way and you your way."

Now it was the king's turn to be as-

tonished and banishing the frown which had begun to gather on his brow, he said: "You interest me, youth, and I shall get out of my coach and sit beside you while you fish. Will that please you—my subject?"

"I have no objection to your sitting on the banks of the river, for it is yours as well as mine," explained the boy.

The king laughed outright. "Why, youth, don't you know that river—and all the land about it—belongs to me, the king and ruler over this land?"

The boy shook his head: "That river is not yours any more than it is mine—except through you be a king. You cannot bridge it or change its course. You cannot stop its waters, or cause them to flow. It is God's river, and so is the land all about it. And you are God's creature as I am God's creature, and when he bids us leave this life you are as powerless to disobey as I am. So, I am as much a king in God's eyes as you are a king in the eyes of yonder courtiers."

"You have an old head on young shoulders," declared the king, motioning to a servant to throw his cloak on the ground that he might sit on it. "And I shall chat with you an hour—just as though I were a peasant like yourself."

"Or I a king like yourself," smiled the boy.

"Ah, you are a strange youth," said the king. "Come, tell me. Are you always happy?"

"Always very happy, sir," declared the boy. "In the first place, I am very busy

all day long helping my father and mother in the work of earning an honest living. I am too busy to be unhappy."

"Why do you not call me 'Your Majesty'?" asked the king.

"I like the plain title better, sir. Only God is my king."

The king knit his brows, then said: "Suppose I should command you to call me 'Your Majesty'?" And if you should refuse suppose I should order your head cut off?"

"Then you would be a cruel king, and committing a very grave crime, sir, for in having me killed you would be committing murder. My life belongs to my Maker, not a man of the earth."

The king sat silent for a little while. Then he said: "Tell me, my boy, where have you learned all that you say? There must be traitors in my realm, and they must have talked in your hearing."

"A good king need fear no traitors," said



"YOU HAVE AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS," DECLARED THE KING.