

SYLITTLEBEESTIEROWNP

Early Summer Days Are Pleasant Days for Little Fuks on the Farm HESTER HART of Grand Island and Edith Martin of Fairmont have been elected king and queen of the Busy Bees for the month of June. Almost all the boys and girls voted this month, especially

the last week. The Blue side, Ruth Ashby, queen, came out ahead in the contest this month, it having two more prize stories than the Red side. However, the Red side has every reason to be proud, for it had only sixteen contestants, while the Blue side had twenty-seven. While the Busy Bees are privileged to register their stories with either side, the editor thinks it would be a good plan to watch and try and keep the sides more even. Let us try it this month.

During June the Busy Bees will write Fairy stories. No particular subject will be assigned, but it must be a fairy story to compete for a prize. We have already had several very good fairy stories and the editor feels sure this will prove a delightful subject on which to write. Remember, the new month begins today.

She would like to speak, too, of the care that has been exercised this month. So generally have the rules been followed that there has been no trouble to speak of and it has been a real pleasure to go over the letters. Thank you for this, Busy Bees.

The first prize for last week's stories goes to Dorothy McAllister of Omaha, the second to Clara Lundberg of Fremont, and honorary mention to Louise Stiles of Lyons, Neb.

Only two of the Busy Bees succeeded in solving the illustrated rebus this week. They were Miss Ruth Weller, aged 10 years, 1005 Second avenue, Nebraska City, and John Sherman Ashby, aged 8 years, Fairmont, Neb. It was solved as follows: "When the clock struck 9 it was time for the school bell to ring calling the boys and girls to books."

Only two more of our Busy Bees found the correct answers to the beheaded word puzzle. They were Emma Kostal of Gothenburg, Neb., and Rosebud G. Anderson of South Omaha. "Spear, pear and ear" was the correct solution.



BUSY LITTLE GARDENER.



OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON DRIVE.

they set out to hang the basket. The not stay there. He would either get up Bluffs and rode to Wilcox's flower house. eldest of the party was Helen McLauren, on the box and jump over or tunnel under. Then we got off and rods in a wagon a lithe, little maid of 12. So Helen, her so we turned him loose. He did not go far about two miles,

chum. May Davis, who was 11 years old, away, but would come every time we We went to the woods after dinner, and and "the kids" started off. Now it hap- called him to be fed. In the fall I had I went alone. I picked wildflowers, and I pened Uncle Bill was very fond of red another rabbit given me. She was all traveled on and on until I happened to pepper and so some had been put in the yellow, so I called her Goldie. They made look back, and cauld not see anyone. I May basket. They had not far to go, when their home in the furnace room of the looked and listened. I heard my mamma coming to a sudden turn in the road a church, which is close to where I live. calling my cousins. I ran toward the sound slight noise startled them and, turning, Here they have raised two families of and soon came in sight. What do you they beheld a huge panther just ready to baby bunnies. They came all winter to think I saw then? Something white with spring. Helen's wit was as quick as she get their apples and baked potatoes. Bob- gray spots on was flopping in the air. The was herself, so, bidding the other children tail is a very playful fellow and loves to dog was snapping at it. It was a bat. Its run to ask Uncle Bill for his help, she play with a little dog. The dog chases body is something like a monkey's, it has reached into the May basket and grabbed him around the yard, then the rabbit chases little, sharp teeth and can bite. It can not handful of the red pepper. She threw the dog. This is a very funny sight to see very well in the daytime. Almost all the red pepper into the panther's eyes just as he sprung. The animal crouched back for a moment overcome by the sudden pain. Then he renewed the fight. Helen was preparing to give him another dose,

but there was no need, for just as he again. sprang Uncle Bill appeared and shot him to the ground and thus saved "a little heroine."

Billy's Fright

people who think all rabbits are afraid. day it sleeps in a tree, hanging by its leg. A man that was with us held up a stick and it hung to it.

This is true, and I hope you, too, may some day see a bat.

We were hurrying around to close the had tied his horse (Fansion) to let it graze windows of our little cottage, which was and it had wound itself around the tree on the St. Lawrence river, when I espied and was pulling the rope tighter and a boat in which were some people that tighter. The horse was in terrible agony- looked very much like Canadian Indians. The day was a dreary day anyway, but situation looked very dangerous. A neigh- now a storm had come upon us as a tiger bor rushed out to cut the rope so it would pounces on his prey, and the little cot-

took out his pocketknife and cut it, but it The boat, or canoe, as it came nearer, that th

time of it. In the bottom of the boat a

woman sat and a child was clinging to her

By Maud Walker ASTER Nickel was not a boy, nor it, grandma?" And the little miss was on

Master Nickel's Experiences

a man; nor was Master Nickel a the point of weeping as she looked lovnor legs, nor hands, nor feet, nor palm.

sometimes got into the possession of a and get rid of it."

"he." Master Nickel had no sex, ingly at Master Nickel lying in her pink head! But Master Nickel was "That's it," declared grandma. "You most important in the eyes-more espe- can't keep a cent in your possession a cially in the pockets!-of little boys. Mas- minute without its burning your fingers. ter Nickel, then, was nothing more than Now, go right straight and spend that

a 5-cent piece. But Master Nickel's many nickel, and when you grow up you'll have experiences are worth telling to the little nothing to go to housekeeping on. Spend boys and girls, for he lived with the small it-right now, else you'll have a blister in folk of the land mostly. Of course, he your hand. Hurry! Run into the store grown-up, but he did not stay so very The little girl, understanding that her long. Grown-ups have such small regard grandmother was a bit childish and at

for nickels in general, and this one in par- times cross, decided to keep the coin till ticular, for he was worn quite smooth and another time when she should be out alone had no great value in the eyes of adults. or with some little girl friend; so Master (Now, I must beg the little readers' pardon Nickel had 'the pleasure of her company for speaking of Master Nickel as the mas- for several days. Then one bright morning, culine gender, since I just said he was while grandma was napping by the window not a "he." But I find the story easlor in the sun, the little miss ran out to the to tell if I use a personal pronoun, and the gate to play with some neighbor children masculine gender seems to fit Master who had happened along. There was Fred-Nickel better than does the feminine, for die Spinner in the group, and he had a fine he had often such hard knocks and "tough" new top. "Oh, what a love of a top!" cried experiences that were I to call him "she" the little girl who had Master Nickle in her would make the reader shudder some- pocket. "Where did you get it, and how



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Une pon 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. 6. 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.

Omaha Bee.

Faithful Rollo and the Fire

(Second Prize.) By Clara Lundberg, Aged 10 Years, 48 South I Street, Fremont, Neb.-(Blue.)

Mabel was having a dreadful dream that night. She seemed to be smothering, when when we lived in the Rocky mountains suddenly she awoke, and there at her bed- in a little mining town called Central City side was her faithful dog Rollo, pulling at her night dress and barking as loud as he could. The room was full of smoke sel gulch, about four miles over the hills. that came up the stairway close to her Uncle came for us with the buggy and door, and she knew in a minute that the Billy the horse. Bully was a good horse,

Fansion's Rescue By Margaret Leake, Aged 14 Years, Fre-mont, Neb. Blue.

One Sunday as I was cating my dinner I heard a noise out in the neighbor's yard. A Storm on the St. Lawrence There is no fence between our yards and By Roy Faverty, Aged 11 Years, 2130 South they are very close together. I ran out Forty-Sixth Street, Omaha. Red. they are very close together. I ran out and saw a most awful sight. Our neighbor

its eyes were popping out of its head. The reliave her of the terrible choking. He tage shook.

times. Therefore you will pardon my use 'much did you pay for it?" of the masculine pronoun employed in "I got it down at the postoffice store and speaking of Master Nickel.)

He could not remember the time when spinning the new top on the sidewalk. he first came into the world, but there was "I'll give you a nickel for it," said the date printed on one of his sides that little girl. And she produced Master told you he was pretty old for so little Nickel from the folds of her apron. Fred- By a thing. He did not remember, though, die Spinner was not anxious to sell his the first real admirer he ever had. This top, but after a little bargaining he deadmirer became in a short time his chum, cided to let the little girl have it if she of his owner. The owner, admirer and the top and Freddie pocketing Master timber. chum was small Tim O'Toole, an Irish Nickel. But with the nickel in his posladdle of 10. Small Tim had no other session Freddle soon departed from Daisy's across the bear and he shot and wounded minion in the greasy pocket that had a to buy. Like Daisy, Freddie could not little hole in it. But this hole had been keep money without its burning his hands. duly tied shut with a bit of string, so that He was running toward the "Rackett" failing out.

"Ah, you fine feller!" said Small Tim Sirr Brown, a boy of his own size. to Master Nickel one day. "I'm glad me dad give you to me. You're the furst nickel I ever had, an' I mean ter spen' you fer somethin' nice. Maby I'll git candy an' maby I'll git a ball." Then Small Tim fondled Master Nickel, polished him on his knee and replaced him in his greasy pocket. But, sad to say, the string that held the hold shut had become undone, thus leaving a doorway for Master Nickel to drop out through. And true to the law of gravitation, Master Nickel, much against his will. fell rolling onto the ground one evening as Small Tim ran down the street with some other boys.

There he lay in the dust, the setting sun shining full on his brightest side. Along came an old lady leading a little The child spied the piece of money girl. and, stopping, picked it up. "Oh, grandma." she exclaimed, "see, I've found some pretty money! May I get some gum?"

you don't spend money for any the nickel together," suggested Sim. "See, indeed. such abominable stuff. You'll keep that I've got lots of bait." And he held open nickel and put it in your bank. When his pocket, displaying to the admiring eyes you're of age you'll have a neat sum to of Freddie a wriggling mass of angle set up housekeeping with." WOFDLE.

"But, grandma, I don't want to set up "All right," agreed Freddie. "We'll go housekeeping. I want to spend the nickel. fishin' furst. I'll git somethin' great when It didn't cost you-nor anyone-anything, we git back this evenin'." I found it by own self. Why can't I spend Away they went to the river. There they him to me an' leave me look at it. I know

I give 5 cents for it," answered Freddie,

The Miner and the Bear

(First Prize.) Dorothy McAllister, Aged 12 Years, 3858 Franklin Street.-(Red.) One day two miners in Gunnison county.

Colorado, thought they would hunt for the confiding all his plans and great intentions. would promise to allow him to spin it a bear that had come down from the moun-But some of these plans meant the ex- few minutes every day. The little girl tain. After they had gotten about four penditure of Master Nickel. This was a (whose name was Dalsy Peck) gladly miles from home they decided that one very unpleasant thing for him to contem- promised Freddle the pleasure he asked for should go one way through the timber plate, too, since he had grown so fond and the exchange was made, Daisy getting and the other another way through the One of the miners happened to come

money, so Master Nickel held full do- gate and went off in quest of something it. The bear started after him and so he climbed up a tree, leaving his gun on the ground, as he could not take it up the tree with him. The bear came up to the Master Nickel might not be in danger of store, where a 5-cent counter held all that tree and as he was wounded he could not was dear to a boy's heart, when he met climb it, so he laid down at the foot of the tree to walt for him.

"Hello! where you goin'?" asked Sim, The miner stayed up in the tree the rest himself starting to the river with a fishing of that day, all night and till noon the rod over his shoulder. next day. "Goin' to the Rackett," said Freddie, His partner got worried about him and

"I've got a nickel to spend!" "Where'd you git it?" asked Sim, all in-

"Sold my new top what I bought yeste'day to Daisy Peck for it," explained Freddie, not very careful about his gramthe bear and came closer very carefully, bachelor. mar. But Sim cared as little for grainmar as did Freddie and understood him perfectly.

"An' where'd you git the fust nickel?" Sim questioned.

"Earned it packing water to ole Miss Anderson's garden," said Freddie. "But, see!" and he lovingly held Master Nickel up to view, "I'm goin' to buy somethin' now. Want to come 'long with me?" "Say, why don't you go fishin' with me

terest.

die's heart. "Gum! Laws, child, how wicked! No, fust; then when we come back we'll spend sleeve. "Can't hardly see his year." dle.

"All right," agreed Freddie. "We'll go tested the small fisherman. "What's slickness got to do with its value?" asked an older boy. "Here, toss

house was on fire. CHILDEEN'S DEPARTMENT, burned, she thought, and jumping from her time.

smoke and flames drove her back.

Her good dog Rollo all this time had he wanted to cross the track before that been barking at the window, and Mabel time. Billy had quite a load-mamma, now ran to him and threw up the sash. uncle, my little brother and I. The road There were men below and she heard her led first down hill through the town and father's voice say. "Don't be frightened, then up to the top of the hill on the op- the park. They had a fine time. While they hearts and souls were dashed around with we will save you children. Be ready to posite side. The depot was about half- were gone two little boys came with a lit- them, for it was then we saw their immejump when we tell you."

children to the window, for they were now around the bend came puffing and snorting take it back. all awake, and leaning out they all saw the train. The engine looked like a harda blanket held beneath by four pairs of breathing monster, and I suppose Billy told them about it. They asked their The windows were forgotten, the rain arms. "Jump, jump, you're all right. Don't thought it to be, for he started to run mother why she did not take it. But the came down and poured in as my father be afraid, we won't let you fall," urged up the hill as fast as he could. Uncle mother got them one, and it has a lot of and brothers rushed out in a large boat to the men. The children did jump. Little stood up in the buggy and pulled the reins little bables now. They take good care rescue them. The larger boat could en-Sue first, Ollie next and Mabel last. The back with both hands. We held our breath, of them. They can tell why the old cat dure the waves better and with several good dog Rollo had jumped to the ground The road was narrow, on one side was or the babies come. If it sits in a certain men at the cars soon reached the Indians. the minute the window was opened. Mabel the rock, on the other the creek, and we place they know that it wants some milk. It was just in time, for as the woman and treated her dog kindly after this and never thought every moment we would go down. And in another place, they know that it child were lifted out the canoe broke down forgot him after his death.

A Little Heroine (Honorary Mention.)

tree heard and answered him and told him The McLaurens lived in Montana on a not to come too' close, as the bear was large ranch. Near them lived the Davis at the foot of the tree. The miner saw family and near them lived a lonely old

and as he saw it did not stir, he went up . It had been the children's custom every to it and found that it was dead. The year to hang "Uncle Bill," the bachelor, a About a year ago I bought a little rab-

but he had one fault-he never could get Her two little sisters were fast asleep used to a locomotive. Only a few trains in the next bed and mamma's room was come to Central City each day and one below. Perhaps mamma and papa were could easily avoid them by watching the

bed she rushed for the stairway, but the Uncle told us to hurry up, as the 11 o'clock train was due in half an hour and

but Billy kept the road, and when we were wants some water. all over, with foam in his mouth and as ever. sweat running down his body. Uncle got

named him Bunny Bobtail. I put him in a

seemed so long before he could cut the P rope. After he cut it Fansion fell on her dians. The men kneeling in the boat were side and coughed up a few drops of blood, fighting the waves with anxious faces. Their arms were bare and their struggling but in a few minutes she was up and eating grass, to our great relief. This is a forms showed that they were having a hard true story.

It required but a moment to bring the were just crossing the railroad track, when girls were not at home. So they had to The misty mountains frowned at the When the girls came back their mother seemed ready to overwhelm all.

on top of the hill he stood still, shaking The cat is still alive and is as friendly With all hands at the cars they were soon

Lost in the Woods

Saturday, the 18th, about half-past 10, buse Chval, South Omaha; Richard Page,

STUCK HIM

PAPER DDY'S

Letters have been received and will be published later from: Margaret Langdon, Gretna, Neb.; Helen Sanford, Omaha; Si-

Beheaded

Omaha. Red. my mamma and I went over to Council Omaha.

young picnickers declaring they had a fine hand, fishing. But all stopped to examine Freddie tossed Master Nickel toward joke on their comrade, who was obliged Master Nickel, who was the pride of Fred- the big boy, but, sad to tell, the slippery to go off in the woods to change his clothes, little fellow went wide of the mark and donning what garments could be spared by "Gee, it's an old one " said one small fell, splashi into the water. A cry from various of his boy friends till his own fisherman, polishing Master Nickel on his Freddie rent the air. All the boys cried should be dried hanging from a tree limb. "Oh!" for they, realized the great loss But after the boys had departed from the picnic ground, going into hiding with "But he's worth 5 cents," declared Fred- Freddie had suffered. "Gee!" said the big hoy, "you can't toss their dripping friend, one of the little girls

went in the water."

to give me anuther one." heart beating with sympathy for his sorrowing friend. Besides, had not Freddie promised that he-Sim-should help to spend the coin that evening after their re-

turn to town? And so Master Nickel lay in the cold little fishes that came swimming that way. They would stop in their frolic to examine the quaint, round ,gilstening thing and to nibble at its hard edges. But upon finding that it was not eatable they would swim away, laughing and chatting together about the funny new stone that had come

into eight in their realm. still lay in the bottom of the river. One Master Nickel, who once more became the day a picale crowd-boys and girls- came property of Freddie. to the mossy bank that shaded the very spot where he was. They spread a cloth Freddie, in a burst of generosity. "We'll

and chatting beneath the trees that fur- of hoky-poky an' go outside on the sidenished them with such fine shade. One walk an' divide it amongst us. What you of the picknickers-a lively boy of 12-got all say to that?"

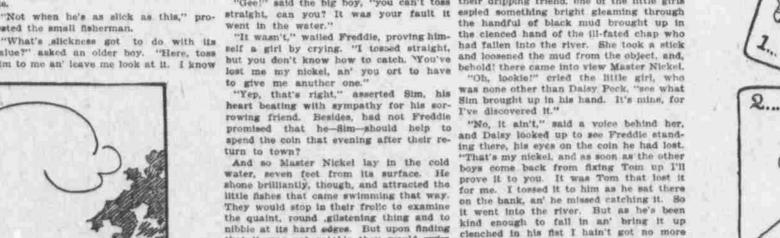
"Grand!" oried the little girls in one too near the water's edge, and in a careless noment stopped backward and went tumb- voice.

ling into the river. He strangled, splut- And Master Nickel knew his fate. Again tered, grasped a handful of mud from the he was to commence his wanderings from river's bed and came to the top, yelling hand to hand, from pocket to pocket, from iustily for help. Several strong arms were drawer to drawer, till at last he should be out to assist him on shore; and the acci- so worn that none would accept him in dent, which might have been fatal, was payment. Then what would become of

but a inughable incident, after all, the him? ,



HE STRANGLED, SPUTTERED, GRASPED A HANDFUL OF MUD FROM THE RIVER BED AND CAME TO THE TOP. .



fault to find with him. But the nickel's mine, all right." And owing to the evidence brought to bear So the months went by and Master Nickel in the case, Datay relinquished all claim to

"Say, we'll all have a treat off'n it," said and had their basket dinner there, hughing all go to the drug store and git a big dish

SOUP

Picture No. 1 represents what the had boy did to the countryman; No. 2 is what the little boy is trying to get, and No. 3 tells you what the old man is doing. The last three letters of each word are the same. Can you guess them?

Bunny Bobtail

Little Friends

By Lanore Allen, Aged 11 Years, 120 South Twenty-Fifth Street, Omaha. Red. The birchbark cance was large, but light, and the wind-driven waves dashed it about Once I knew two little girls, who went to here and there, and as we watched, our

ways up on a small level platform. We tie bit of a kitten in their arms. But the diate danger.

Their faces were frightened as they sat in their crouched position. and the wind-driven waves dashed it about

waves and the gray sky and sullen clouds

and the Indians grabbed our boat in time. on shore and then in the house to be warmed.

started to hunt for him, calling his name By Louise Stilles, Aged 11 Years, Lyons, right, but I never will forget the fright By Marguerite Salisbury, Aged 10 Years, many times. At last the miner in the Neb Bine. We had that day. Si2 South Twenty-Second Street, By Melvin Frame, Aged 8 Years, Hebron, Neb. Red.

bear had lain down there and died from May basket, and this year was no excep- bit. He was brown and white, and we the effect of his wound. The miner was tion to the rule. afraid to come down, as he thought the So accordingly at an early hour on May'1 pen made of chicken wire, but he would found several of the town boys, rods in good money."