

BUSY LITTLE BEES ON THEIR OWN PAGE.

CHESTER 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 school."

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

Early Summer Days Are Pleasant Days for Little Folks on the Farm



BUSY LITTLE GARDENER.



OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON DRIVE.

Master Nickel's Experiences

By Maud Walker

MASTER Nickel was not a boy, nor a man; nor was Master Nickel a "he." Master Nickel had no sex, nor legs, nor hands, nor feet, nor head! But Master Nickel was most important in the eyes—more especially in the pockets—of little boys. Master Nickel, then, was nothing more than a 5-cent piece. But Master Nickel's many experiences are worth telling to the little boys and girls, for he lived with the small folk of the land mostly. Of course, he sometimes got into the possession of a grown-up; but he did not stay so very long. Grown-ups have such small regard for nickels in general, and this one in particular, for he was worn quite smooth and had no great value in the eyes of adults. (Now, I must beg the little readers' pardon for speaking of Master Nickel as the masculine gender, since I just said he was not a "he." But I find the story easier to tell if I use a personal pronoun, and the masculine gender seems to fit Master Nickel better than does the feminine, for he had often such hard knocks and "tough" experiences that were I to call him "she" it would make the reader shudder sometimes. Therefore you will pardon my use of the masculine pronoun employed in speaking of Master Nickel.)

He could not remember the time when he first came into the world, but there was a date printed on one of his sides that told you he was pretty old for so little a thing. He did not remember, though, the first real admirer he ever had. This admirer was a small, fat, Irish child, confiding all his plans and great intentions. But some of these plans meant the expenditure of Master Nickel. This was a very unpleasant thing for him to contemplate, too, since he had grown so fond of his owner. The owner, admiring and chummy as Master Nickel, an Irish lad, laddie of 10. Small Tim had no other money, so Master Nickel held full dominion in the greasy pocket that had a little hole in it. But this hole had been duly tied shut with a bit of string, so that Master Nickel might not be in danger of falling out.

"Ah, you fine feller!" said Small Tim to Master Nickel one day. "I'm glad me dad give you to me. You're the fust nickel I ever had, an' I mean ter spend yer for 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 hole 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 girl. The child spotted the piece of money and, stopping, picked it up. "Oh, grandmamma," she exclaimed, "see, I've found some pretty money! May I get some gum?" "Gum! Laws, child, how wicked! No, indeed, you don't spend money for any such abominable stuff. You'll keep that nickel and put it in your bank. When you're a girl you'll have a neat sum to set up housekeeping with."

"But, grandmamma, I don't want to set up housekeeping. I want to spend the nickel. It didn't cost you—nor anyone—anything. I found it by ows self. Why can't I spend

it, grandmamma?" And the little miss was on the point of weeping as she looked longingly at Master Nickel lying in her pink palm.

"That's it," declared grandmamma. "You can't keep a cent in your possession a minute without its burning your fingers. Now, go right straight and spend that nickel, and when you grow up you'll have nothing to go to housekeeping on. Spend it—right now, else you'll have a blister in your hand. Hurry! Run into the store and get rid of it!"

The little girl, understanding that her grandmamma was a bit childish and at times cross, decided to keep the coin till another time when she should be out alone or with some little girl friend; so Master Nickel had the pleasure of her company for several days. Then one bright morning, while grandmamma was napping by the window in the sun, the little miss ran out to the gate to play with some neighbor children who had happened along. There was Freddie Spinner in the group, and he had a fine new top. "Oh, what a love of a top!" cried the little girl who had Master Nickel in her pocket. "Where did you get it, and how much did you pay for it?"

"I got it down at the postoffice store and I give 5 cents for it," answered Freddie, spinning the new top on the sidewalk.

"I'll give you a nickel for it," said the little girl. And she produced Master Nickel from the folds of her apron. Freddie Spinner was not anxious to sell his top, but after a little bargaining he decided to let the little girl have it if she would promise to allow him to spin it a few minutes every day. The little girl (whose name was Daisy Peck) gladly promised Freddie the pleasure he asked for and the exchange was made, Daisy getting the top and Freddie pocketing Master Nickel. But with the nickel in his possession Freddie soon departed from Daisy's gate and went off in quest of something to buy. Like Daisy, Freddie could not keep money without its burning his hands. He was running toward the "Rackett" store, where a 5-cent counter held all that was dear to a boy's heart, when he met

Sim Brown, a boy of his own size. "Hello! where you goin'?" asked Sim, himself starting to the river with a fishing rod over his shoulder. "Goin' to the Rackett," said Freddie. "I've got a nickel to spend!" "Where'd you git it?" asked Sim, all interest. "I found my new top what I bought yesterday to Daisy Peck for it," explained Freddie, not very careful about his grammar. But Sim cared as little for grammar as did Freddie and understood him perfectly. "An' where'd you git the fust nickel?" Sim questioned.

"I earned it packing water to ole Miss Anderson's garden," said Freddie. "That's see!" and he lovingly held Master Nickel out to view. "I'm goin' to buy somethin' now. Want to come 'long with me?" "Say, why don't you go fishin' with me fust; then when we come back we'll spend the nickel together," suggested Sim. "See, I've got lots of bait." And he held open his pocket, displaying to the admiring eyes of Freddie a wriggling mass of angle worms.

"All right," agreed Freddie. "We'll go fishin' fust. I'll git somethin' great when we git back this evenin'." Away they went to the river. There they



LITTLE STORIES BY Little Folks

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 suddenly she awoke, and there at her bedside was her faithful dog, Rollo, pulling at her night dress and barking as loud as he could. The room was full of smoke that came up the stairway close to her door, and she knew in a minute that the house was on fire.

THE MINER AND THE BEAR
(First Prize.)
By Dorothy McAllister, Aged 12 Years, 3525 Franklin Street.—(Red.)
One day two miners in Gunnison county, Colorado, thought they would hunt for the bear that had come down from the mountains. After they had gotten about four miles from home they decided that one should go one way through the timber and the other another way through the timber.

One of the miners happened to come across the bear and he shot and wounded the bear. 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 tree and as he was wounded he could not climb it, so he laid down at the foot of the tree to wait for him.

A LITTLE HEROINE
(Honorary Mention.)
By Louise Raabe, Aged 11 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

The McLaurens lived in Montana on a large ranch. Near them lived the Davises and near them lived a lonely old bachelor.

It had been the children's custom every year to hang "Uncle Bill," the bachelor, a May basket, and this year was no exception to the rule. So accordingly at an early hour on May 1st good money.

Freddie tossed Master Nickel toward the big boy, but, sad to tell, the slippery little fellow went wide of the mark and fell splashing into the water. A cry from Freddie rent the air. All the boys cried "Oh!" for they realized the great loss Freddie had suffered.

"Gee!" said the big boy, "you can't toss straight, can you? It was your fault it went in the water."

"It wasn't," wailed Freddie, proving himself a girl by crying. "I tossed straight, but you don't know how to catch. You've lost me my nickel, an' you ort to have to give me another one."

not stay there. He would either get up on the box and jump over or tunnel under, so we turned him loose. He did not go far away, but would come every time we called him to be fed. In the fall I had another rabbit given me. She was all yellow, so I called her Goldie. They made their home in the furnace room of the church, which is close to where I live. Here they have raised two families of baby bunnies. They came all winter to get their apples and baked potatoes. Bobtail is a very playful fellow and loves to play with a little dog. The dog chases him around the yard, then the rabbit chases the dog. This is a very funny sight to people who think all rabbits are afraid.

FANSON'S RESCUE
By Margaret Leake, Aged 14 Years, Fremont, Neb. Blue.

One Sunday as I was eating my dinner I heard a noise out in the neighbor's yard. There is no fence between our yards and they are very close together. I ran out and saw a most awful sight. Our neighbor had tied his horse (Fanson) to let it graze and it had wound itself around the tree and was pulling the rope tighter and tighter. The horse was in terrible agony—its eyes were popping out of its head. The situation looked very dangerous. A neighbor rushed out to cut the rope so it would relieve her of the terrible choking. He took out his pocketknife and cut it, but it seemed so long before he could cut the rope. After he cut it Fanson fell on his side and coughed up a few drops of blood, but in a few minutes she was up and eating grass, to our great relief. This is a true story.

Little Friends
By Lanore Allen, Aged 11 Years, 129 South Twenty-Fifth Street, Omaha, Red.

Once I knew two little girls, who went to the park. They had a fine time. While they were gone two little boys came with a little bit of a kitten in their arms. But the girls were not at home. So they had to take it back.

Lost in the Woods
By Marguerite Salisbury, Aged 10 Years, 512 South Twenty-Sixth Street, Omaha, Red.

Saturday, the 18th, about half-past 10, my mamma and I went over to Council

Bunny Bobtail
By Melvin Frame, Aged 8 Years, Hebron, Neb. Red.

About a year ago I bought a little rabbit. He was brown and white, and we named him Bunny Bobtail, but him a pen made of chicken wire, but he would

young picknickers declaring they had a fine joke on their comrade, who was obliged to go off in the woods to change his clothes, denning what garments could be spared by various of his boy friends till his own should be dried hanging from a tree limb.

And after the boys had departed from the picnic ground, going into hiding with their dripping friend, one of the little girls espied something bright gleaming through the handful of black mud brought up in the clenched hand of the ill-fated chap who had fallen into the river. She took a stick and loosened the mud from the object, and behold! there came into view Master Nickel.

"Oh, lookie!" cried the little girl, who was none other than Daisy Peck, "see what Sim brought up in his hand. It's mine, for I've discovered it."

Bluffs and rode to Wilcox's flower house. Then we got off and rode in a wagon about two miles.

A Storm on the St. Lawrence
By Roy Faverty, Aged 11 Years, 213 South Forty-Sixth Street, Omaha, Red.

We were hurrying around to close the windows of our little cottage, which was on the St. Lawrence river, when I espied a boat in which were some people that looked very much like Canadian Indians.

The Boat, or canoe, as it came nearer, proved to us that the occupants were Indians. The men kneeling in the boat were fighting the waves with anxious faces. Their arms were bare and their struggling forms showed that they were having a hard time of it. In the bottom of the boat a woman sat and a child was clinging to her. Their faces were frightened as they sat in their cramped position.

The birchbark canoe was large, but light, and the wind-driven waves dashed it about here and there, and as we watched, our hearts and souls were dashed around with them, for it was then we saw their immediate danger.

Letters have been received and will be published later from: Margaret Langdon, Gretna, Neb.; Helen Sanford, Omaha; Sibbus Chval, South Omaha; Richard Page, Omaha.



Picture No. 1 represents what the bad 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?



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