The Busy Bees

HE charge has been made against our boys that they are not ONE OF THE INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE | now. The children's names are Lorence | by Jim, who had made up his mind to nearly so industrious as the girls. Ever so many letters for the Busy Bee page are received each week from the girls, but the boys do not seem to be able to apply themselves to the task, It is also true that the girls have received more prizes than boys, so that it seems to me that it behooves the boys to show that the charge is not substantiated by fact. Of course, it is not surprising that the girls read more and consequently write more than the boys do, but they had better look to their laurels.

Then there is the competition between the Red and the Blue sides. Sometimes the prize winners are mostly members of one side, then a change takes place, and the other side sends in the best stories. It has been a pretty even race until now. The Busy Bees must not neglect to state to which side they wish to belong when they write to the Busy Bee page.

This week, first prize was awarded to Mary Langdon; second prize to Lloyd Rowlett, and honorable mention to Harold Fast, all of the

Little Stories by Little Folk

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the

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 prises of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEFARTMENT, Omaha See, Omaha, Neb.

She can catch it dozens of times with-

She will hide her eyes while some on

hides the ball. When she hears the call

Come and find it, Betty," she runs about

Many times she finds it herself. If

she falls to get it, her mistress may say,

"Look behind the door, Betty. Look on

the top of my head. Look in mother's

Betty goes just where she is told, and

Sometimes she will drop it at her

master's feet and sit waiting for a game.

If he lifts his right foot, Betty jumps

If he lifts his left foot, Betty rushes to

She is always ready for that ball whe

If her master is talking or reading,

up and gives his foot a slap with her

When her master says, "Play dead.

scarcely breathes until he calls, "that

will do, Betty; get up and hunt your

"Now stand on your hind legs and

"Be careful; now bring the ball here

Then Betty walks across the room as

She shuts the door for the mistress,

She brings in the daily paper,

and put it in my hand."

This is Betty's game of foot ball.

I am, all ready to play."

catches it in her mouth.

and looks all over the room.

the right.

play again."

a silver dollar,

An Enjoyable Visit. By Mary Langdon, Aged 12 Years. Box 37, Angus Street, Gretna, Neb. Red Side.

A girl in our room proposed that we go to Omaha on an excursion and see the play "Little Women," and also visit some

Eleven pupils and two teachers went. We first went to the stock yards in South Omaha, or rather rode through them: then we went to the Iten Biscuit company and were all through the building. We saw many interesting things. As we went on the guide explained everything to us. When we were going he gave us each three different kinds of crackers and two pennants.

Next we went to O'Brien's candy factory, where we were also treated respectfully and enjoyed our visit. We saw how all kinds of candy is made, and when we left there we went up toward the depota-We then had our dinner and spent some time at the book and magazine departments.

Two girls after dinner went off from the rest of us and stayed for some time. This delayed us quite a little.

When they came back we went to the Kirkendall Shoe company and were shown through the factory there, and many things we didn't know were made known to us. We also saw interesting things, such as their huge spools of at last comes back with the ball in her thread, sewing machines and other ma- mouth. chinery.

We went to the Brandels theater and naw the play. We all enjoyed it very much, and when it was over and we were out on the street it was quite dark.

Then we went off for ourselves to meet the teachers at an appointed place and We had a light supper and then went to the depot.

We were very tired when we boarded the train, but we had fun, too. At our depot there were our folks to meet us. We had had a nice time that day and were fully satisfied.

> (Second Prize.) Betty.

Sy Lloyd Rowlet, Norfolk, Neb. R. F. D. Box 17. Red Side. Betty is not a pretty dog. She is small and brown and fat, but you forget all ball." this when you know her. Betty is the brighest dog I ever saw. She is about 6 years old, and is a good

playmaten Betty owns a little hard ball.

She plays "catch" and "hide-and-go- she is told. She can march all the way across a

room on her hind legs with the ball in

BUSY BEES.



of her time in the house.

But, alas! Like children she runs out n winter and catches cold. Then she gets croup, and must wear a blanket and take medicine until she grows better.

If you call on me when Betty is well, and give a short bark, as it saying, "Here same of hide-and-go-seek or foot ball want to." When the ball is tossed to her she

(Honorable Mention.) A Walk in the Woods.

By Harold Fast. Aged 10 Years, White-wood, S. D. Box 192, Red Side. One day I was following a little brook which led me by its singing to a deep jungle in the very heart of the big woods. A great fallen tree lay across my path and I sat down on its mossy trunk to of the pigs are red and two are black and see who my neighbors might be and white. what little feet were passing on the highway. Just in front of me was another fallen tree, lying alongside the stream, and under its roots, away from the brook, was a hidden and roomy little

the doorway for a curtain. "A pretty place for a den." I thought, 'for no one could ever find you there. Then I crawled in and went to sleep.

Busy Bee Letter.

it moves, and brings it back to be kicked By Iva Thompson, Aged 30 Years, Love-off again. Dear Busy Bees: I am writing my first letter to the Busy Bees. I enjoy reading the children's page. I go to Betty will wait a while. Then she walks school and am in the fifth grade. I am Busy Bee letters in The Omaha Bee every a little girl and am 10 years old. I have paw, as if saying, "I am ready; come and two brothers. Their names are Willie I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade and Hugh. I will close hoping to see at Kellom school. I hope my letter Betty," she drops upon the floor and my letter in print.

Scout.

By Florence E. French. Aged 16 Years. By Helen E. Swanson, 3824 North Twenty-Gillette, Wyo. Red Side.

By Florence E. French. Aged 16 Years. By Helen E. Swanson, 3824 North Twenty-Second Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

My name is Scout. The children drive me to school. I do not like to be driven. One morning as the children were driving me to school I ran into the fence so I run in off the range into the corral at the would not have to go to town. The ranch, which bears the brand "bar 11." children were very scared, but I not. I broke the shaft off their buggy rope which Jim threw. She was put on the colored paper and then the Busy name is Billy. He can get the cows. I She hunts in her master's pocket for so they did not drive me for a while. her left side. The "bar II" was put on Bees' page. My sister and I see which have caused their frinking After it began to get cold they moved the right jaw. It was burnt on. Then she will lay it down by her master Betty is a petted dog, and spends most to town. They do not firly me to school

Ivah and Virginia French. I am 8 years old. The children have a Shetland pony. They have it for a pet. His name is

The Selfish Girl.

By Edith Kenyon, Aged II Years, 229 Cuming Street, Omaha. Blue Side. Once there was a girl named Elizabeth Now this girl had a habit of being lazy and always saying, "Oh, I don't want to. One day her mother said, "Elizabeth please wash the dishes, because I do not feel well." But Elizabeth was reading an interesting story and said, "Oh, I don't want to." So the mother, as sick as she was, washed the dishes.

When Elizabeth went to bed she dreamt that a fairy came to her and said. "Do you want to go with me?" Elizabeth said 'yes," and so they went. Pretty soon they came to a little house which Elizabeth found was full of dirty dishes and two little children in the midst of them Then the fairy said to her. "I want these dishes done in ten minutes and if they are not done I'll change you into a fly. When the fairy went away Elizabeth sat fown and wept. Then the two little girls came up to her and said, "You had beltar wash the dishes or she will change you into a fly." Then Elizabeth said to them. By Helen Stennett, Aged 10 Years, Red "Will you help me?" "No, I don't want Oak, Ia., Route 8. Red Side. "No, I don't want to!" "No, I don't want to!" was the reply of the little girls. Elizabeth started to wash the dishes. It took her all night to do it.

Then the fairy came and said, "I would not change you to a fly; I hope you will help your mother now." Elizabeth promised, so the fairy brought her back home. will send for her and we can have a after and never said, "No. I don't Opal and both the girls went home very

Our Pets.

By Vera Prior, Aged 9 Years, Council Bluffs, In. R. F. D. 4. One night on October 17, we went to n party. We stayed till about 12 o'clock.

The five pigs are Lester's pets. Three

My little brother Ralph has a pet puppy. His name is Brownie. He was not our dog. He came to our house and Ralph claimed him. He is brown and

nouse, with hemlock tips drooping over When the snow was on the ground, he was gone for two days. We could not find him anywhere, but when the snow melted, he came out from under the

> Busy Bee Letter. By Anna Barmish, Aged 9 Years, 1122 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

> Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join the Red side. I have been reading the Sunday and I think them very interesting escapes the waste paper basket.

Life of a Cow Pony. Ginger was born, raised and died in

Wyoming. When Ginger was a year old she was At the age of 3 she was caught again reading this page. I have two kittens my sister and I were in bed she caught

make a cow pony of her,

She was high strung and full of life Jim always had a good reputation as being a good rider, but Ginger threw him off three or four times. Jim finally rode her and got her broke to ride without pitching. Then she knew he would not burt her and he finally taught her to ome to him from a large 700-acre pasture when he whistled for her. She grow up to be a fine, active horse

and as smart as she could be. She was the fastest horse in the country around After a long ride one day she was

urned into the pasture in the evening. She was standing close to the certal one Bighth A. morning with a broken leg. When Jim went to see what the trouble was she just whinnled and looked at him. She Edwin Jettz.

could not move. Jim just cried because

Viola Overham
Frances Robb. he had to have his best horse shot. Jim was then losing the best horse in his Ethel Adler.

He now often says, "If I had Ginger I sure would go some over the range." It is often said, one who dies is soon forgotten, but not so with Jim. He often mentions her name, "Ginger,

Eulalia's Good Fortune.

Eulalia was a poor little girl only s years old. Her father was dead and her mother very ill. One day she was in the Harry Mandel Cella Ross. woods when she saw a rich girl. Ediana went up to Opal Gor that was the child's went up to Opal Gor that was the child's lillian Linquist. (George Perlman, Rose Minkin. Opal had a basket with her. This she And Elizabeth helped her mother ever gave to Eulalia. Then Eulalia thanked

Eulalia did not open the basket until Ralph Johnson. Margaret Oblinger. Otto Schagun. Homer Schlen. and in the bottom an apple that would make the sick well if they smelled of it. Thillip Davis. It made her mother well and then she Raymond Djursen. It made her mother well and then she went around to houses making the sick well. After that Eulalia was as rich as Opal, because she got money for making the sick well. Then they lived happy ever after.

My Pet Pony. By Dorothy Lowe, Aged 10 Years, Kear-

ney, Neb. My pony's name is Dixie. One day my brother had him on the front porch and we tried to get him down the stone steps, but he was afraid of them, so we took him clear through the house and into the kitchen. There were some dishes on the table an he grabbed for them and pulled them off and they fell on the floor and broke. When we started to take him and it is very hard to catch him.

Busy Bee Letter.

Alice Davenport, Aged 8 Years, 311 North Eighth Street, Norfolk, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: I rend the stories in the papers every week and like them. This is the first time I have ever written to the paper and hope to see my letter in

Busy Bee Letter.

By Fay Baldwin, Aged 10 Years, Her-man, Neb. Red Side. Dear Busy Bees: How are you all? I hope I find you all well. I read the Busy ry Sunday, First, we read of us can get it first. I certainly enjoy She can catch mice. Last night when

Etta Davis. Frances Petersen. Mildred Peterson. Sixth A. Marcellus Anderson. Lester Benbennek

Florence Moriarity, Albie Somberk.

Marjorie Crichton

harles Hrdlicks. Vilhelmina Kral

Wilhelmina Kral. Henry Logan. Alfred Somberk. Raymond Manwar-

Beventh A.

Canitola Butt.

Osheroff Frances Hedongren. Pifth B. Adell Davis. Irene Falconer. Helen Endert. CASTELLAR, Eighth B.

Madeline Augustson. Margaret Boggs. Mildred Holstein. Hazel Martin. Third B.
James Buzzello.
Bennie Davidson.
Raymond Jourdan.
Howard Beers. lda Periman. Evelyn Sandberg. Bixth B. Mamie Adler. Arthur Englehardt,

Bighth B. Lois Heveridge. Helen Donohue

Henrietta Brown

Fourth A. Fourth B. Clarence Burds Hazel Davis. Helen Miller. Alice Spanstat. Alice Topp. Sixth B. Raymond B. Altee Seger. Margaret Ruemping. Suleima Gregersen. Mayme Hedengren Florence Jones. Irene Petersen, Frieda Siegal. Lee Mack, Rosie Schatz.

Eeventh A. Louis Chleborad. Charlotte Huntley. Harold McGuire. Sam Siegel. Fourth A. Bernedette Delehoy. Irving Hansen. Nettle Huth. Third B. Helen Pursell. Kenneth Seely. Bighth A. Elmer Anderson Joseph Janicek.

Their Own Page

out of life.

Public School Roll of Honors THAN HALF . THEIR . SUBJECTS . LAST - WEEK .

CASTRLLAR. Eighth B.
Dorothy Anderson.
Della Marxen.
Katherine North.
Anna Porter.
Bighth A.
Ruth Turnquist. Seventh B. Eva Davis. Johanna Ekstraud. Seventh B. Marjorie Guild. MILLER PARK. Herbert Dec. Wallace Johnston.

Eighth A.

Hugh Gait.

Olga Hillquist. Hedwig Melander Beatrice Peterson Sixth A. Gail Courtney. Ethel Hall John Bohan Helen Schellberg. Eleanor Osborne Fifth B. Julius Andergen. Mary Burt. Mabel Donley. Seventh A. Leonard Thiessen. Theima Larmon Waiter Wahlstrom Alvin Worthing. Sixth B. Earl Davis. Ernest Elter Fifth A. Fourth B. William Borgeson.

Sixth A.
Anna Beckmann.
Raymond Frohn
Muriel Gibson,
George Hanschuck. Pourth A. Alphild Gilquist. Fifth B. Lyle Anderson. Alta Bailey. Seventh B. Agnes Knudsen Howard O'Donnell George Turner, Clorence Wooldridge Pearl Betcher.
Chlvin Guthridge.
Aleen Hansen.
Florence Pursell.
Gertrude Thlem.
Bryson Wilbur. Seventh A. Minnie Wohtner. James Kennedy. Marjorie Burris. Ruby Kalb. Tirth A.
Theresa Beres
Elsie Krumweid,
Eugene O'Donnell.
Philip Retz.
Walter Samiane. Fourth S. Himer Issacs. Louise Krumweid. Frances Caughlin. Clark Hutchison. Jane Schiotfeid.

ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORBOW'S EVENING BEE

and a dog. He is very old. I go to a mouse. She played with it a long time; school in Herman. At school we have then pape took her out and put her in trapere, lawn swing and a merry-go- the cob house, because it was very cold round. We do not have to walk. We go I hope my story will be in printin a covered wagon. There are fifteen down the back steps he gave a leap and that ride in it. My sister and I take a jump for the walk. When he gets out music lessons. I like to take music leshe will go down the road very swiftly sons. Well, I guess I will close and leave room for the rest. I hope my letter will be in print and escape Mr. Waste Besket.

Busy Bee Letter.

By Marion Lowe, Aged 8 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side. Dear Busy Bees: I wish to join the Red Side. I am in the second grade. I have three teachers. Their names are Mr. Stryker, Miss Leas and Miss Troupe. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday.

Busy Bee Letter. By Geil Baldwin, Aged 13 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side. I am 8 years old and I am in the fifth

Busy Bee Letter. By Lots E. Militown, Aged 2 Years, Min-den, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Been: This is my first letter, but I have had one story published before. I wish to join the Red Side because red is my favorite color. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Cummings. I hope my letter escapes Mr. Wante Basket

Nature Study-Autumn. By Marian Webb, Aged 11 Years, 10 Court Street, Beatrice, Neb. Red Side. The summer sun is sinking. The sky is turning gray. The birds and bees and butterflies All have flown away.

The brook is running low. And everything is still.

socks were quite worn out, and walking

Memoirs of Mendel Beilis

(Continued from Page Six.)

A great weight was lifted off my heart. I thought I could see the hand of God in this, and I was sure He would see

me through my troubles. For seven days I remained at this police station. During this time I had nothing to eat except some bread which I bought for three kopecks a day, and tea. I was then taken to another prison. The policemen who were taking me noticed how pale and exhausted I was, and one of them said to me: "We will let you take a cab if you like.

"I haven't any money at all," I answered. 'Never mind," he said, "I will pay for

instead of walking."

When we got to this other station I heard instructions given for me to be put in a cell with other criminals. This frightened me. I again burst into tears. I was once more searched and my watch and everything else taken from me

The chief of the prison came to see me, and I begged him not to put me in the criminal cell. After a time he gave way, and I was placed in a room where only political prisoners were kept. When they heard the reason for my arrest they began to cheer me up.

"Never mind," they said, "keep cheerful. Justice will prevail. Don't let yourself be cast down."

Among them was a very nice Jew who had been sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment for the simple reason that his son, who had been away for a long time. had arrived at Kiev to visit his relations, although he had no right to live in the city. He told me his story. It seems that one night, when they were asleep, their house was raided. Twenty policemen and gendarmes rushed in, pulled the boy's father out of bed and took him to the prison on a charge of sheltering a man who had no right to be in Kiev.

He was a privileged person and was allowed to have food brought to the prison by his wife. When he saw that I had had practically nothing to eat for several days he insisted on my eating nearly all his food. He was one of the first to come and congratulate me after my release, telling me that he thanked heaven that

I had been set free. Another week went by and I was brought before the local prosecutor, by name Febenko. He did not waste a moment, but started:

prosecuting you. I am here because the authorities have ordered me, and my instructions are to send you to the chief I was taken back at this news. I began

Listen. Bellis. It is not I who am

BEILIS IN HIS UNIFORM AS A RUSSIAN

you want to send me to the prison where jeat, but I was sure that some kind friends shall have to wear prison clothes and would look after them. associate with murderers and thieves."

You will have to go to the prison." was taken back to the cell weeping bitterly. The air seemed almost to suffocate me. I fell on the floor. The other prisoners came to me and picked me up and tried to comfort me. Some of them assured me that I would be better off in the prison in which I was going, where once a day.

to tremble all over, and fell on his knees thoughts and all kinds of worries filled the police pushed him away.

Next morning the policemen came and "You have my sympathy," was his re- took me away. I was too weak to walk, ply, 'but I am sorry to say I cannot help and when they saw my pale face, they at once, without hesitating, offered to pay my fare. We had just boarded the tramear when a peasant jumped on and embraced me. It was my old friend ate sitting around the troughs in circles, Zacharchenko, who had told me of his

suspicions of Cheberiak. "Mendel," he cried, "we know you are one is given a mattress and warm food lincocent. All our people are praying for was too worried and miserable to pay any you. Don't be cast down. God will help I passed a sleepless night. Dreadful you." He had just time to say this when

my mind, and I became nearly distracted. As we approached the prison we saw For God's sake," I cried, "have pity I thought my head would burst. The some women selling fruit and bread to on me. I have done no harm. I have only thing I could think of that brought the warders and policemen. The kind- dirt. I put my bread down for a moment took place, and he did lead an honest I would never have a church where pews is rendered antiseptic by Bucklen's Are been kept here a long time and don't yet me any relief was that my wife and chil- hearted policeman who had paid my fare to return it to him, but when I went life until his fellow thieves found him. were bought and sold. I made up my nica Salve, a sure remedy for sores, even know the real charge against me, dren were safe at all events. I won- went and bought some apples. He gave again to pick it up it had disappeared. He told them that he was no an honest mind I would never stand for giving any-And now, in spite of all my sufferings, dered if they were getting enough to them to me. I refused to take them,

"Take them, Mendel Bellis," he cried, guilty. We will help you." With these words he put the apples into my pocket.

I looked up, and sow the prison was surrounded with great high walls. The door was cened, and I was dragged in. Immediately I was surrounded by a crowd of officials, who glared at me like wild beasts.

"You dirty Jew," was the first greeting I received, "we will show you how to use Christian blood for your dirty Passover cakes."

The man who said this took off his uniform cap and began to cross himself, "Thank God," he went on, "we have found the real murderer. You see, men, our blood will not be spilt in vain." A barber was brought immediately and

shaved my head and beard. My clothes were taken from me and I was told to put on the prison uniform. When they put on me a rough kind of shirt I began to cry. The stuff was so coarse that it scratched my skin until the blood came They took hold of me roughly and punched me all over to make sure that I had nothing on me with which I could commit suicide. Then they pushed me into a big room, which was very high and very dark. I could only see the floor and the ceiling. The sky was shut out altogether. There was one small barred window, and this opened onto a corridor. I was very downhearted when I thought I should have to remain a long time in this awful room. It was very damp. The water was running down the walls and the atmosphere was vile,

The other prisoners were shouting at one another, some of them singing filthy songs, others fighting among themselves. I went and stood in a corner, full of suf-

fering and misery. Some of the other prisoners knew who I was, and they called out to the rest, "Here is Beilis." In a second I was surrounded. Some of them, who believed me guilty, approached me and began to strike me; others, who believed me innocent, defended me, and pushed them away. At last dinner time arrived, 1 was almost famished, and had begun to wonder what I should do for food. I had not a single kopeck nor a piece of bread in my

pockets. Three troughs were brought in. They contained soup, but it looked like hot water with worms floating around in it. It tasted abominably. During the time I was there I refused to touch it.

There were seventy men in this room but only eight spoons among them. They each, when finished, handing his spoon on to the next. When my turn came I could not touch the stuff. They asked me to give my share to someone else, but I and watching over me. attention to them.

most impossible to eat in this cell. The help them they would go and tell his ! take them. Do me this favor. We are condition was awful. It was still summer Christians, be we do not believe you are at this time and the heat during the day him away to the police. was unbearable. The odor of perspiration almost made one faint. Then again, the the old life very unwillingly, but kept on the asphalt floors was very painful. sanitary arrangements were awful. For the secret from his wife. One day he was I asked for some more boots, but they these seventy men there was only one convenience, placed in a corner. How I lived through it all I do not know. It was only my determination to see my

> I found out afterward that prisoners were supposed to remain here for thirty days. The object of it was to test their strength, and see whether they were fitted for the hardships of prison life. But many broke down entirely long before the thirty days were up.

family again that kept me alive.

All the time I was there I kept praying to God to strike me dead, to put an end to my sufferings. Life seemed too terrible When night arrived there was a rush among the priseners to get a place on

the mattresses. Of these there were only

thirty among the seventy men. I could

only get hold of a corner of one, just enough to place my head one. My neighbor was a prisoner in chains. It was a cold night. I could not get warm. But one of the prisoners came to me and showed me how to make myself more comfortable. When he had gone the man in chains, who was shortly go ing to Siberia, began to talk to me. I could see that he wanted the whole mat

"Look here, you devil. Are you not afraid to sleep next to me? I could strangle you during the night with my chains," and he went to crush my throat with his hands. I replied quietly, "Why should I be

tress for himself After a time he said:

strangle me?" No sooner had I said this, than a strong, well-built prisoner went up to him and gave him a terrible blow in the face.

"You dog, why should you try to frighten him? Has he done any harm? is the only innocent one? He is miser-The man left me alone after that,

joy I was informed that my wife had I did not see her, but the food was given preparatory for the Sunday worship. "Dirty Jew. Eat and die. You see already how your fellow dogs of Jews in Kiev are collecting money to buy you

good food. But I did not mind his words. I was too happy to think that my wife was safe

One day one of the prisoners told me his story. He had been sentenced for I kept my share of bread-a pound and theft. It seems that he had been a thief Then a dumb prisoner approached and good woman and made up his mind that within its walls. offered me a piece of sugar covered with he would steal no more. The marriage

Soon after this I was transferred to anwife all about his past life, and also give other cell, where there was only thirty prisoners. By this time my boots and

He had no alternative; he went back to caught. His wife nearly died from the gave me an old pair of shees, in which life from then on.

help you," and, as he told me, as soon as he obtained his release they were both going to leave Russia for America. 'where," he said, "I can get honest work and earn my wife's respect."

on me. One morning a terrible row took place.

being indescribable. rest put on a special punishment diet, But I could see that some of the others only black bread and water being allowed pitied me and were upset because of his them. I had taken no part in the row, brutality.

shock, but in prison he confessed every- nails were sticking up on the inside. I thing to her and promised to lead a good tried to put the shoes on, but the nails cut my feet and made them bleed. When "Now I know all," she said, "I can I tried to walk I fell down on a small seat by the wall. While sitting there a prisoner came and gave me a blow in my side, telling me to get up and give him the seat. I could not

joined in, and a victous fight began. It swollen up, and my left eye could scarcely was an absolute pandemonium, the din be seen. Suddenly the door opened and the chief done to see whether I had any spirit. warder came in. He reported the dis- and would report this or other matters turbance to the governor, and as a result to the governor. I did not say anything thirty of the men were flogged and the at the time. I only sat down and wept.

One of the Best of Omaha's Institutions Talking of Retiring

but I was punished like the rest.

(Continued from Page One.)

me in school at that age," he has often afraid of you? Why should you try to said. He became a machinist and worked in the shops for some years. From his young days, however, he was active in church work.

It was in Boston while still a boy in his teens that he witnessed an incident that made him ever afterward one of the most democratic of church men. He went to Don't you see that among us prisoners he an aristocratic church where pews were sold to the members and where owners able enough. Don't you try to make him of pews had a right to put anyone else morning a very poorty dressed woman Sunday came, and I was called out of came to the church with her children. the cell by one of the warders. To my Not being acquainted in the church she simply selected a convenient seat and been given permission to bring me food. sat down with her children about her to me. As I went to take it, the chief a few ininutes the woman who owned he warder punched me in the face, saying: pew came in. She was a proud woman, with many costly clothes, and crusted with jewels. She belonged to one of the old and wealthy families of the old and

proud Boston "Do you know," says Father Williams, "that woman stood at the head of the pew for a number of minutes, until the poor woman caught the hint and moved out of her pew. The rich and proud woman took the pew. The poor woman with her ragged children walked out of a half-and went again to my corner, for years, but he fell in love with a the church, and of course never returned

"I made up my mind at that time that However hungry one became, it was al- man. Their reply was that if he did not one the right to put anyone else out of -Advertisement.

stand on my feet because of the nails, His story made a great impression and he, thinking my delay meant refusal, gave me such a blow in the face that the blood poured out of my nose and In a few moments the entire seventy had mouth. In a few minutes my face had I found out afterward that this was (Continued Next Sunday.)

a pew in a church. And I never have." After working for some years, the young Williams saved a little money and studied for the ministry. He had a little parish in Minnesota for a time and was then called to Bt. Barnabas in Omaha. After he had been here a year he made a curious proposition to his parish that they must either accept his resignation then and there or accept him for a life term "for better or for worse." The parish thought it a curious proposition, but he explained that he had resolved to find a place that wanted him and to put up there for life as he did not like to move around. The parish was glad to get him

ment was made. "I have been very happy here," he said. on the eve of his retirement. "I have not made a great deal of money, but out of their pew on Sunday. One Sunday what of that? I have been contented. and have had no ambition for more money and higher positions. I have worked here among my people and been happy to do so. It is the only happy life. It is the only real life, to renounce ambition, live humbly, and work hard. There is nothing in ambition, except of course the ambition to do and serve."

under those conditions and the agree-

The retirement of Father Williams is to take effect on St. Barnabas' day next aummer. By that time it is expected a new pastor for the place will be found. "I want it to be all fixed so that he can take charge the day I retire," said Father Williams. "I shall not meddle in his affairs at all after the day he takes up the work. I shall stay in Omaha and spend the remainder of my days here, as a member of this parish."

A Bruise or Cut