

LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

NOT ANY of the Busy Bees have written stories about Ak-Sar-Ben. Surely the boys and girls saw the wonderful electric parade and the editor is certain that plenty of Busy Bees attended the carnival on Children's day. The boys and girls who live in Omaha should remember that there are hundreds of little Busy Bee readers who live in distant towns, and some live on ranches and farms far from the cities, and they would like to read about the Ak-Sar-Ben floats and about the carnival.

Prizes were awarded this week to Sadie B. Finch, on the Blue side, and to Jennie Stuart, on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Marie Hostek, on the Red side.

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

- Jean De Long, Alnworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnhart, Neb.
- Lillian Mervis, Beaver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Bernington, Neb.
- Blanche Mitchell, Bennettsville, Neb.
- Minnie Gottlieb, Bennettsville, Neb.
- Agnes Dampka, Benson, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Benkelman, Neb. (Box 12).
- Ide May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rhea Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Alecia Bennett, Elgin, Neb.
- Blanche Bond, Elgin, Neb.
- Edith Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Martin Cappa, Gibson, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Anna Voss, 67 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Lydia Roth, 66 West Kossin street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Elizabeth Voss, 47 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 116 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schultz, Deadwood, S. D.
- Martha Murphy, 233 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Hutt, Leshara, Neb.
- Hester F. Ruit, Leshara, Neb.
- Alice Tempie, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
- Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
- Margerie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grasmeyer, 145 C street, Lincoln.
- Marian Hamilton, 2022 L street, Lincoln.
- Katie Hamilton, 222 L street, Lincoln.
- Irene Dishar, 2080 L street, Lincoln.
- Hughie Dishar, 250 L street, Lincoln.
- Charlotte Boppre, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln.
- Mildred Jensen, 78 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 24 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
- Althea Myers, 24 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.
- Louise Bliss, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, 1014 N street, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucile Lawson, Norfolk, Neb.
- John Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, 524 South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Edna McQuard, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Warren Davidson, West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Raabe, 269 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Emile Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Helen Goodrich, 404 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 223 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Avé Hendee, 411 Douglas street, Omaha.
- Lillian Wirt, 418 Cass street, Omaha.
- Lewis Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Juanita Jones, 222 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Bessie Ruff, 141 Binney street, Omaha.
- Meyer Cook, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Reuben F. Douglas, 19 S street, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 384 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 299 1/2 14th street, Omaha.
- Christ Fisher, 1210 S. Elm, Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 270 Howard St., Omaha.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 350 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
- First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE.

(First Prize.) The Tambourine Girl.

By Sadie B. Finch, Aged 12 Years, 2016 South Avenue, Kearney, Blue Side.

Rosalie was a little biddy. She came from a land far across the sea. Her parents and companions moved about the country in wagons. At towns and villages they pitched their tents and camped. Then Rosalie would take her tambourine and sing and dance on the village streets. The women built camp fires and cooked the coarse food which they had. Afterwards they wandered about the village telling fortunes and disposing of their brass jewelry and trinkets. But none attracted such attention as the little Rosalie, who, in her costumes, sang strange and wonderful songs and danced to the jangling of her ribbed tambourine. All summer she danced and sang and was happy. But summer passed and the cool days of autumn gave place to a long, cold winter. Alas! for poor Rosalie, she had never been strong. The little feet which had danced so gaily only a short time before, were now tired and weak. In the cold, uncomfortable tent she lay on her pallet, with scarcely the necessities of life. To work now to play her tambourine, and her sweet voice was scarcely audible. She often wished to see the village children gaily stripping to and fro from school, what beautiful spring morning the fortune teller, who found Rosalie fast asleep, attempted to waken her, but could not, for she had already awakened in her beautiful home above. They buried her in the edge of the forest. Oftimes children hunting for flowers or nuts by chance would find the lone grave with its wooden marker, on which the single word, "Rosalie." Sometimes they scattered the beautiful flowers on it which they had gathered in the

(Second Prize.) Lincoln Park.

By Jennie Stuart, Aged 12 Years, 247 Webster Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Tomorrow will be Wednesday and mother will have nothing to do, so she is going to take my brothers and I to Lincoln park for the first time. The day was bright, with a cool south wind blowing. We were going to stay all day, so we started early. The park was very pretty, with dark green beds of all sorts of flowers. We went to the monkey cage. I saw a baby monkey and I told mamma to look. The baby monkey had got out of its mother's arms and was picking up a potato. The mother went after it and put her arms around it as if she never would let it go again.

"Oh, look, mamma! There's a pig, a goat, a bear and some monkeys all in the same enclosure." We saw a building with a lot of cages around it. One was with lions and some tigers. One house was blind. A mother lion had some babies, but she would not take care of them, so they got a collar dog to take care of them. Then we went to see the elephant, the zebras, the walrus, kangaroo, a sacred cow and the wild geese. We were in a building where there were a lot of different birds (they were alive). As we were walking along we came to a building. I asked mamma what that was. She said that it was a museum. At the door we saw the skeleton of an elephant. There were a lot of different shells, cocoon and stuffed birds. There was a tent where there were a lot of ponies. I asked mamma if we could get on one. She said, "Yes." We each got on one. Mine was a brown pony. It was then 5 o'clock, so we started home.

(Honorable Mention.) Minnie.

By Marie Hostek, Age 12 Years, South Omaha, R. F. D. No. 3, Red Side.

There once lived a family who had a daughter named Minnie. She was a kind girl and when she was 19 years old she lost her father. Minnie had an uncle who was a priest. When Minnie was 16 years old her mother called her into her room and said: "Dear child, I must tell you that you must go and learn some trade. You see that we are not rich and we need money. I know you will not like to go, but what can we do? I wrote a letter to one of our friends, who asked them about sending you to learn dressmaking. They answered me, saying that they would like you to come, for they have a place ready for you. Think it over and tell me in the morning."

Out For a Drive



"DANDY" DRIVEN BY LEO BECKARD, FORMER KING OF THE BUSY BEES, AND HIS BROTHER, EDWARD.

Selections From the Story Tellers' Pack

Worse and Worse.
 TIPPING gets worse and worse on the other side," said Senator Dewey in a recent interview.

Entirely Too Fast.
 Julius Kahn of San Francisco was at one time on the stage with Booth and Barrett, but later he went into politics. He had himself elected to congress, and developed a sense of humor to contrast with the tragedy roles he played in the theaters.

One morning he went into a country hotel in California and gave his order for breakfast to a waitress who seemed utterly indifferent as to whether he got food or starved to death. She kept him waiting a long time, and his impatience grew until he had to give vent.

Calling a waitress who passed by his table, he asked:

"How long have you been here?"

"Who, me?" she asked sweetly. "I've been here three weeks."

"Then," said Kahn, "you're not the one that took my order. That one left before you came."—Popular Magazine.

A Power for the Preacher.
 A clergyman who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm was slightly taken down on one occasion by his Irish plowman who was sitting on his plow in the wheat field. The reverend gentleman, being an economist, said with great seriousness:

"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a pair of pruning shears here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horses are resting a short time?"

John considered a moment and then said:

"Look here! Wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit and while they were singing to peel 'em while to be ready for the pot?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Thunder and Lightning.
 A bishop came to visit a church where a colored minister was preaching. Loudly and with much gesticulation the preacher proclaimed salvation. When he had finished he approached the bishop and asked how he liked the sermon.

The bishop answered: "Why, pretty well, but don't you think you spoke too loud?"

"Well," said the preacher, "it's this way; what I lacks in lightning I tries to make up in thunder."—Lighthouse Magazine.

The Choicest People.
 In a sketch about Joseph Fels, the English multi-millionaire, who makes soap and naphtha and other things, a writer in the American Magazine relates the following anecdote concerning him:

"Once when Fels had been stating his proposition at length a listener, who was impressed by the genial humor, the profound kindness and the serene wisdom of this little Jew, turned to him quietly and said:

"Fels, the Jews call themselves the choicest people; the world has acknowledged that, and I, for example, am willing now to let you press to admit that they are indeed the chosen. But what are they chosen for?"

"The Jews," said Fels, "with a careless wave of his arm. 'The Jews were chosen to introduce Christianity.'"

Physician as a Fanster.
 Dr. Fenner was the most famous of medical jokers. His coachman was a man named Miles, who had been with him for many years. Mr. Miles was the youngest of twelve. Said Dr. Fenner one day:

"Miles, what a pity you never saw your eldest brother?"

"I did, sir, often," said Miles.

"But you couldn't," replied the doctor.

"Why, not, sir?" queried Miles.

"Because," said the doctor, "there were always ten Miles between you."—London Tit-Bits.

Two of a Kind.
 A well-known humorist expressed the opinion that the keenest repartee, after all, was the half unconsciously sort that sprang up wholeheartedly from the masses. Here is a story that he tells in support of his theory:

A woman who had been selling fish entered a street car with an empty basket on her arm, still giving forth an unmistakable odor of the fishy tribe it had carried. She took a vacant seat next to a young man, a noticeable "swell" who drew his coattails away and plainly showed his disgust.

"I s'pose," remarked the woman presently, "that you'd rather there was a gentleman sitting beside you?"

"Yes, I would," was the instant reply. There was a moment's pause, and then

Tommy Kat Loses Two Lives:-

OW, Tommy, I am going down the street on an errand, and warn you not to stir out of the house. There are very bad cats abroad today, and should you fall into any hands, you would be badly—maybe fatally—injured."

So spoke Mrs. Whitepaw Kat to her son, Tommy, a mischievous kitten, half grown. The Kats, mother and son, lived in a dear little house—formed by an angle between two barns—at the outskirts of a large city. And about them dwelt many other cats, some very reputable citizens and others of very questionable character. The latter lived for the most part in dark alleyways and picked up a precarious living from kitchen door to kitchen door, often coming into contact with an angry Bridger's broom or a basin of scalding water! The result of the last was never forgotten.

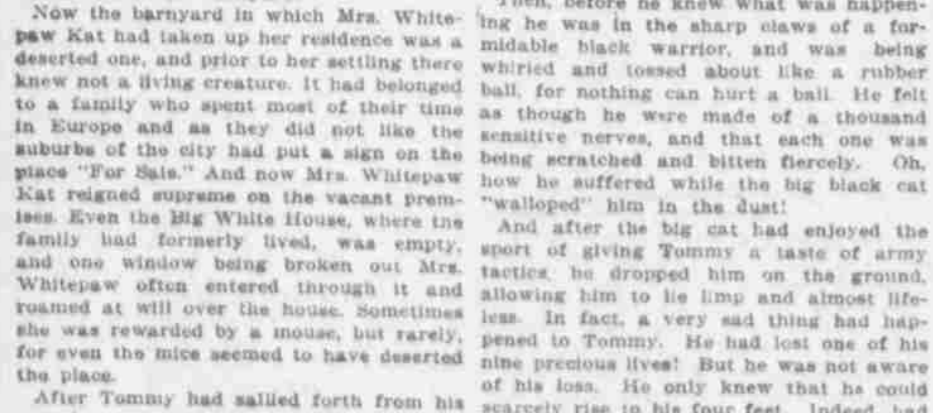
And Mrs. Whitepaw Kat knew of the perils of the back alley, and was being that best a young kitten like her own son, Tommy. So she warned Tommy to remain safe indoors while she was from home.

After his mother had been gone half an hour and Tommy knew she was safely out of sight and hearing of the yard in which they dwelt he waded from his pretty, cozy well kept house into the Big Out-of-Doors. Now, we cannot blame Tommy for loving the Big Out-of-Doors, and loving to bask in the sunshine. But we do blame him for going out during his wise mother's absence and disobeying her orders. She always allowed him plenty of exercise in the open and took him off hunting with her in the tall grass underbrush of the meadow a few hundreds of feet distant from the barnyard.

Now the barnyard in which Mrs. Whitepaw Kat had taken up her residence was a deserted one, and prior to her setting there knew not a living creature. It had belonged to a family who spent most of their time in Europe and as they did not like the suburbs of the city had put a sign on the place "For Sale." And now Mrs. Whitepaw Kat reigned supreme on the vacant premises. Even the Big White House, where the family had formerly lived, was empty, and one window being broken out Mrs. Whitepaw often entered through it and roamed at will over the house. Sometimes she was rewarded by a mouse, but rarely, for even the mice seemed to have deserted the place.

After Tommy had sallied forth from his cozy house, he went in quest of adventure. And pretty soon he found it. And it came in a most unwelcome shape. Tommy was "prowling" in a word his mother hated, for it was always applied to tramp cats round the back alley of the Big White House when of a sudden he heard a low "spaw" such as a cat on the warpath will make on beholding a possible victim.

Tommy turned to behold the largest black cat he had ever seen in all his life. And the warrior—for such he proved himself to be—at once took to a vicious manner. Then he fuzzed his long tail, tapping it excitedly on the ground. Tommy knew the meaning of the big cat's conduct, and feared him. Slowly he raised his little back till it resembled a half-pony. Then he spat back, but only in a cowardly way. He was young and small and not versed in the rules of fighting.



Then, before he knew what was happening he was in the sharp claws of a formidable black warrior, and was being whirled and tossed about like a rubber ball, for nothing can hurt a ball. He felt as though he were made of a thousand sensitive nerves, and that each one was being scratched and bitten fiercely. Oh, how he suffered while the big black cat "walloped" him in the dust!

And after the big cat had enjoyed the sport of giving Tommy a taste of army tactics, he dropped him on the ground, allowing him to lie limp and almost lifeless. In fact, a very sad thing had happened to Tommy. He had lost one of his nine precious lives! But he was not aware of his loss. He only knew that he could scarcely rise to his four feet. Indeed, he possessed but two feet (like children) he never could have stood upright, he was so weak. But having a goodly supply of "pegs" on which to lean, he got upon them and tottered homeward. But he had not reckoned on other adventures to be met with on the way. Along the alley came a boy and a dog. Now, the boy would not have hurt him, for he was a good-hearted little chap, and loved all animals. But he did not see Tommy, for the suffering fellow had crept behind an old barrel to hide himself from the big two-legged stranger. So the boy passed by without so much as a glimpse of him.

But the dog—coming behind the boy—decided to inquire as to his hurt. And he made a dash for Tommy, and got him by the back of his neck. By the time that the boy had turned about to call to his dog, Tommy had been shaken most terrifically. And he

By Maud Walker.

These words comforted Minnie. She started to pack her clothes and get ready. When she had everything ready it was late and she went to bed. In the morning she got ready and walked into the dining room. Her mother was waiting for her. She noticed that Minnie had cried. She knew that it would be better not to ask her if she cried, for she would start again. It was 9 o'clock and Minnie was ready

own happy home—or a home which had been so happy till this sad hour. And there, while awaiting a doctor—old Dr. Yellow-coat Kat—she got from Tommy the story of his disobedience.

"Ah, my boy," mewed Mrs. Kat, "you have to pay dearly for every false step in life. I pray this day's experience has taught you a lesson you will never forget."

Then the good doctor came and examined Tommy. "Ah, madam," he said in serious tones, "your son has sustained two very serious hurts. He—he has—But, madam, be prepared for bad news. Your son has lost two lives this day. He is in a sad predicament."

When Tommy heard of his condition he trembled from tail to nose. "It was my own fault, mamma," he mewed weakly. "You gave me warning, but I would not take it. And now I must go forth in life handicapped. Only seven of my beautiful lives left! Oh, mamma, how would I have gone forth and almost buried them away! Oh, how I must pay for that hour of disobedience! Two precious lives lost! I can never, never regain them!"

"No, my son," said the good doctor, standing near to Tommy's bed, "you cannot recover them; but you can make the most of the seven lives left you. Forget to pine and mourn. Only remember your past experience to your own gain. Obey your wise mother and grow up to make her proud of you. She forgives, and you must be worthy of her forgiveness. And now, adieu."

The good doctor left the sick room of Tommy and passed into the hall, where he cautioned Mrs. Whitepaw against allowing too much company to visit Tommy till he had grown stronger. "It makes a kitten very weak to lose a life," he explained. "And losing two increases the weakness. His vitality is low, but he will come out all right with your kind attention and love. Good-day, madam."

And Mrs. Whitepaw returned to sit beside Tommy, talking him stories of other kittens who had been foolishly and some into danger, but who had turned over a new leaf and forswore evil ways and had become strong and good again.

"And that is the thing I shall do, mamma," declared Tommy Kat. "But it took a strong will to make me realize which side of the fence I should stay on. After this, on the side of the fence with you, mamma."