Children's Party at Happy Hollow

MISSES PAULINE COAD, MERCEDES JENSEN AND MASTER JACK COAD ENTERTAIN THEIR LITTLE FRIENDS.

An enjoyable dancing party was given by little Misses Pauline Coad, Mercedes Jensen and Master Jack Coad at Happy Hollow, Tuesday afternoon. The ball room was prettily decorated with American flags. Refreshments were served at 5 o'clock, the little guests being seated at two long tables, baskets of Killarney roses forming the decorations. Paper caps and candies were at each place as souvenirs.

Those present were little Misses Mary Jane Kinsler, Ann Axtell, Helen Rogers, Claire Daugherty, Catherine Barton, Helena Chase, Josephine Platner, Cecilia Fox, Catherine Coad, Virginia Pearce, Esther McVann, Dorothea Judson, Josephine Williams, Elizabeth Austin, Phyllis Hunter, Dorothy Darlow, Catherine Smyth, Charlotte Rosewater, Charlotte Todd, Gretchen Eastman, Catherine Cartan, Virginia Frenzer, Dorothy Balbach, Catherine Hastings, Charlotte Burrell, Josephine Latenser, Margaret Hughes, Geraldine Hughes, Gertrude Kinsler, Pauline Coad, Mercedes Jensen, Masters Millard Rogers, Marvin Bridges, George Latenser, James Roney, Milton Rogers, Hearkness Kountze, Wadleigh Barton, Thomas Kinsler, De Wolf Barton, John Mullen, Clifford Mullin, Edward Fuller, Edward Daugherty, Robert Downs, Jasper Hall, Dietz Nelson, Ledwich Crofoot, James Connell, Burton Howard, Wilbur Austin, Nelson Updike, Constantine Smyth, Myron Hochstetler, Howard Burrell and Jack Coad.

Busy Bees Own Cosy Corner

THIS is the week when all Nebraska children should feel especially interested in the fact that they are sons and daughters of Nebraska. For this is Ak-Sar-Ben week, when all loyal Nebraskans celebrate their state.

How many of the Busy Bees know what Ak-Sar-Ben means?

In the first place, the name Ak-Sar-Ben is Nebraska spelled backward. It is the name of an organization of the business men of Omaha, and the state banded together to promote the interests of Omaha and the state. These business men are called Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, because they are fighting to protect the honor and maintain the prosperity of Nebraska.

The colors of Ak-Sar-Ben—red, green and yellow—each stand for something for which the state is noted. Red is for beef, since Omaha is one of the largest packing centers in the United States. Green is for alfalfa, which grows in Nebraska fields. Yelow is for corn, which is the most abundant product of the state. The motto of Ak-Sar-Ben is, "We Grow."

This week's festival is the seventeenth autumn celebration which has been held in Omaha. People from many towns in the state are coming to Omaha for the street fair, the parades and for the ball, at which a king and queen will be crowned.

Are any of the out-of-town Busy Bees coming to Omaha for the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities? If so, let us have some letters from them telling of their experiences. Letters from the Omaha Busy Bees giving their ideas on Ak-Sar-Ben would also be interesting.

Today the prizes for the best letters to the Children's page go to Bessie Davidson, a Busy Bee who lives out in Washington state, and to Elizabeth Ransom of Omaha.

(First Prize.)

Our Pet Pig.

By Bessie Davidson, Aged 9 Years, White Salmon, Wash. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: We have a pet pig and it is just a little pig. My sister and I have fun with it just like we would a dog or a cat.

My aunt sleeps on our porch, and it comes up from the barn and sleeps with her; but she does not like that.

My sister will run races with it, but it nearly always will knock her down when she gets in front of it. It will scare the chickens and eat peaches, too. It will run on the porch so fast. It is on the porch now, grunting because my sister is trying to lift it, but it won't let her. One morning when we went to school he followed us to school, but came back soon.

(Second Prize.)

A Trip to Lincoln Park.

By Elizabeth Ransom, 3320 Lafayette Ave., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

In the morning when we got up we were expecting to go to Lincoln park zoo. But as it looked cloudy we waited until about 9 o'clock. Then my aunt packed a lunch and we got on the car and rode about an hour for it was five minutes of ten when we got off.

We went into the museum and saw the mammoth bones, stuffed deer and stuffed birds and many other things that would be interesting to a nature student.

We then went to the zoo and saw the birds and animals. There were white sparrows from Java, canaries from the Canary islands, and a bird of paradise and many others. All together there were 105.

As it was getting near lunch time we went down on the rocks and ate our lunch and drank the lake water.

After resting awhile and taking a few pictures we went to the babies' sanitarium and saw the poor, sick babies, but you are not allowed inside, so you have to stand outside and look in.

From there we went to the conservatory and saw all of the foreign plants and flowers. It was just like a jungle.

We then went down to Lake Michigan and took the Ann Marie (a boat) home. As we drew near to Chicago we saw a United States warship. We were going to take a picture of it, but we had just used up our last film.

When we got off the boat we saw the military drill and then we took the elevated car home, having spent a very happy day.

(Honorable Mention.)

A Robbery Made in an Airship.

By Colonel Maxfield, Aged 14 Years, Fairmont, Neb.

One dark night in July an airship landed on the roof of a large store. Two men got out of the airship. They walked to the center of the roof, where there was a square trap door which was used to get out on the roof by the attic. From the attic to the top floor, then they could go to other parts of the store.

When they had reached the top floor they descended the stairs to the office. In the office stood an old safe with an old wooden door. The lock was set into the wood. With a machine hammer and a coal chisel they cut the lock out of the wood.

The next morning the storekeeper found his safe open. The money was gone. The detectives tried to find a clue, but could not and they gave it up.

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 of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,
Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Playmates.

GLADYS MARIE ATKINS AND HER DOG QUEEN.

There are quite a few things children can do in the country.

As there is no fruit out here, we use wild fruit. I was up at the White river twice. The first time all of us went except two. We went up there to get some buffalo berries. It is about fifteen miles. We started at 6:30 and got up there at 10:30. We took our dinner with us.

When we got up there we unhitched, fed the horses and started to pick berries. We soon found some berries. After we picked some berries we found some wild grapes, then we started to pick them instead. We picked a tub full and then we ate dinner.

After dinner we picked berries. They are a little larger than a currant. They are red and yellow. They grow on high bushes, the bushes are real thorny. We picked till about sundown then we went and saw the river.

The water looks like milk. It was real low so we drove across it. On the other side of the river it is called Lyman county and there is a postoffice and a store. It is called Çawhite.

We went up to the store and got some water. Then we ate supper under the trees. It is a lovely country on the other side of the river. Then we went home. The last time we went we just got wild grapes; we did not try to cross it then, for the river was too high. We had twelve inches of rain in two weeks. The creeks were like a river. Altogether we got two tubs and two sacks ful of grapes and about six gallons of berries.

Before the girls went back we were invited away. That evening after supper we made some taffy. We each had a plate. My sister let hers drop in a tub of water. We pulled, pulled and pulled it and it took us a long time to pull it. We had a good time eating it up.

One day my sisters and I were taking the horses to water. My oldest sister took our young horse, Barney. When we got to the creek the horse wanted to go in the creek. She thought he was going to swim through the creek and got scared and jumped in the water. The water was so high it came over her head. She had all she could do to get out.

The Frog and the Butterfly.

By Madeline Cohn, 1202 Park Avenue, Aged 11. Omaha. Red Side.

In the bushes by the Hanscom park lake, a frog was hopping when a butterfly who was flitting overhead slowly came down and rested near the frog.

"How beautiful you are!" said the frog. The butterfly on being complimented advanced nearer the frog and it continued, "You are to be envied Miss Golden Wing for the great advantages you have. I have gone all around this lake and I know from that, that the world is beautiful, but I am too weak to travel where I would. But you with wings! What can be better than to be born a butterfly?"

"You are mistaken there my friend. It is impossible to be born a butterfly. I was first a worm and a very ugly one which all human beings hate. In fact I doubt whether anything would care for me. Ah, it is a very ugly life."

"To be ugly is nothing," said the frog. "For all ugly things I am one of the ugliest. If that is all, why I am right, you are to be envied very much."

"In truth Mr. Frog it is all. A worm lives in dread of man, birds and beasts. There are hardly any beasts who hurt any of us but birds of all sorts are even seeking for us. We are crushed under foot and despised everywhere. If there is anyone to be envied it is you, for fishing."

The frog could not wait till the butterfly finished and as it knew how the tale would finally end it broke in right there.

"A fishing bait you are used for, eh? I thought as much, but you need not tell me your story for I was once a polly-wog in this park. Boys came with buckets or pails and took us up by the handfuls. I was lucky to keep my wits long enough to escape each time and then I layed on the mud pitying my friends whom I knew were going to be used as fish baits. And T—"

At this moment a party of boys and girls who had come for a picnic, I suppose, ran through the bushes and saw the frog. The girls ran away while the boys said, "Give us a stone, quick. There's some sport."

The butterfly hearing the noise tried to escape, but on leaving the bushes was captured by one of the frog's spectators. It was handled till it could fly no longer.

This is a little story which came to me upon resisting the temptation of "catching a butterfly." Picture yourself as a butterfly or a frog and treat them as you would be treated. Also learn that "by pride or envy cometh only contention," and try to remember that all created beings have their own advantages or disadvantages in life.

Likes His Books.

Editor of the Children's Page: I wish to thank you for the two books you sent me for first and second prize. They were very nice. Sincerely,

C. A. MATTON,
824 South Fortieth Street.

A Constant Reader.

Dear Editor and Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the lovely book that I received as first prize. It is very nicely illustrated and I like the stories very much. Your constant reader,

RUTH REDFIELD,
2004 Binney St., Omaha, Neb.

Tom's Good Fortune.

By Pauline Swoboda, Aged 13, Plattsmouth, Neb. Blue Side.

Tom, the bootblack, worked every day to support the family. His father was dead and he had three sisters and one brother, who were too small to take care of themselves, so the mother had to stay home with them. Tom was the biggest boy and was willing to work to help out his mother.

One day as Tom was shining one gentleman's shoes she told him how poor they were and that the few pennies he earned in one day could only buy the bread for the hungry children.

The gentleman's eyes were full of tears and when he was ready to leave the chair he said, "Come with me."

So Tom went with him. He led him into a big office and the man said, "If you will keep my office in order and run errands for me I will give you $30 a month." The boy was about to leave the room when the gentleman stopped him, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out two shining dollars and placed them in Tom's hand and said, "Be back tomorrow at 8 o'clock."

Tom went home with a whistling tune. His mother, hearing him, said, "Tom, has some good news to tell us today."

And he really did. He came in the house and laid the $2.25 on the table and told his story.

His mother wept with delight and said "God bless you."

And the next morning at 8 o'clock he started to work whistling a merry tune.

The Gypsies.

By Thelma Fredericks, Aged 12, 222 East Fifth Street, Grand Island, Neb.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl who liked to go places and see strange people.

One day she told her mother she was going to pay a visit to the gypsies. Her mother told her she must not go. But she was a self-willed child and she determined to go. So one day she went away and down the lane to the gypsies' settlement.

Gypsies are rather peculiar in their appearance, having a brownish-yellow or olive colored skin. Their hair is jet black and their teeth shiny white.

This little girl was much surprised because they looked so different from the people she knew.

When this little girl, whose name was Dora, got there the gypsies were having dinner and they asked her to have some too. So she sat down and they brought her some black coffee and dirty eggs. She could not eat these so she got up to go, but just then a man took hold of her, and took off her rings and beads.

Then he let her go and she ran as fast as she could till she got home. She was badly frightened and could hardly tell the story. "Oh, mother, I will never go away again."

So it taught her a lesson and always after she tried to obey her mother.

SOME NEEDS OF A WIFE

The Wise Husband Provides for Her Change of Scene and Society.

A certain woman was restless. She was worn out, but it was not with physical work. Her husband was wiser, perhaps, than most husbands. He did not send her to the top of a mountain where she was the only inhabitant. He sent her to a resort where there were many new people, with new personalities and new topics of interest. She needed contact with the world more than she needed a cool climate. Frequently, says Collier's Weekly, men, who brush elbows with a dozen persons each day do not appreciate the solitude of their wives. Sometimes when a man needs as a rest to get away from miscellaneous humanity, contact is just what is needed by his wife. Frequently even if she has enough feminine society she lacks the society of men. Perhaps her husband never really converses, or is able to converse, with her. A man hidden behind his newspaper at the breakfast table is not a creation of the comic paper; he is a too frequent fact. Too often his wife does not interest him, because the sphere which is imposed upon her is too limited. Yet she may have been so confined to her own thoughts all day that she feels she will go crazy if she does not have some one to talk sincerely with, or some other human excitement. Birds often divide the care of the young, and when the female leaves the nest it is sometimes merely for change and rest. There are some who believe the French woman is more content than the average woman of other countries, because she has a share in the family business. She is a partner, instead of a sort of upper servant.

BAD TIME AHEAD IN GERMANY

Unprecedented Drouth Cuts Short the Food Supply.

POOR PEOPLE SURE TO SUFFER

Damage to Potato Crop Especially Discouraging, and High Prices Will Create Distressful Condition.

BERLIN, Sept. 30.—The situation confronting the laboring population and all persons living on small incomes is grave, and it is feared that there will be unusual suffering among the poor during the coming winter.

The summer's unparalleled drouth has not yet been relieved, except in limited sections of the northeastern and northern provinces of Prussia, and even there the rains were not of such volume as to recover the serious damage already inflicted upon the growing crops.

The potato crop, representing the chief food of the poorer classes, is in a most precarious condition. The Prussian government has just issued its first estimate of the probable yield of this crop, indicating a total of 22,667,000 tons, which compares with 32,720,000 tons actually harvested last year. Potato prices have already advanced 50 to 100 per cent in various parts of the country. Other vegetable prices are at a phenomenally high level.

The clover and lucerne crops were so damaged by the drouth that a second mowing was not even attempted in most parts of the country, while even the first mowings were generally very unsatisfactory.

Crop Damage Irreparable.

The damage to the crops has now proceeded to such a point that it is looked upon as irreparable, the semi-official newspaper has just said that no substantial improvement is to be looked for. The chambers of commerce and other business organizations are appealing to the government to suspend the duty on Indian corn and ordinary barley not fitted for brewing purposes. It is also recommended that these products be carried by the railways at half rates, as was recently decided in the case of other feed products. The Prussian ministry will in a few days take up and discuss the various relief proposals. It is some satisfaction to note that the grain crops have apparently yielded considerably more than had been believed at the time when they were harvested. Owing to the unusually heavy quality of the grain already threshed out the Prussian government has increased its first estimates of the probable yield. The wheat crop, which was at first estimated at 2,347,000 tons, is now placed at 2,425,000 tons, or only 57,000 tons less than last year's actual yield; while the rye crop is now placed at 8,452,000 tons, which is 262,000 tons more than the estimate of a month ago, and 411,000 tons more than last year's crop.

Germans Fond of "Lawing."

Excessive litigation is coming to be recognized as one of the worst habits of the German people as a whole. A statistician has recently found that during the year above 2,500,000 cases at law were of the most trivial character—so-called "bagatelle cases." As a consequence of this predilection of the people to appeal to the courts about trifling matters, the number of judges is relatively much greater in Germany than in Anglo-Saxon countries. There are not less than 9,974 judges in Germany, or about one for every 6,500 of the population. In Berlin alone there are 1,158 judges.

Just now the government is occupied with a bill for the reform of judicial procedure, which is in part designed to check excessive litigation.

One cause for the pressure of work at the courts is to be found in the fact that mayors of cities and police officials have no judicial functions in Germany. Litigation is also encouraged by the reasonableness of lawyers' charges, as well as by the costs collected by the courts themselves. Lawyers' fees are strictly regulated in civil cases according to a scale based upon the amount of money involved.

The publication of the gossipy autobiography of Madame Toselli, former crown prince of Saxony, has been much discussed in Germany, where the book has made a painful impression and has been generally condemned by the newspapers as a grave breach of common loyalty to old friends and relatives. Much curiosity was felt as to what action the Saxon court would take in view of the publication, since the contract between it and the former crown princess, under which she receives an annuity of nearly $10,000 from the court, contains a clause restraining her from publishing anyagainst her former husband. It is understood, however, from Dresden advices, that the king decided to take no notice of the book, believing that the best course toward his former wife would be to let her choose her own way to destroy the remnants of popularity that she enjoys with the Saxon people.

The remarkable successes of American surgeons in transplanting organs of the human body have awakened much interest among German surgeons who are doing similar work. Prof. Hermann Kuttner of Breslau university has recently succeeded in giving a patient a new shoulder joint through transplantation. The patient was suffering from a tuberculous shoulder joint, which it was found impossible to treat by the usual method of cutting away the diseased tissue. The surgeon thereupon decided to transplant a joint from a man who had just died from water on the brain. The joint was removed six hours after death and kept in a certain solution sixteen hours at a temperature just above freezing; then, after a bacteriological examination, it was inserted in place of the tuberculous shoulder joint, both ball and socket of which had been removed. The wound healed without any inflammation developing.

Fewer Studying Medicine.

The Journal of the American Medical association has recently published a report on medical education during the last year, and compared it with previous years. This report shows that in the year 1911, 227 fewer women were studying medicine than in 1910. In 1910 there were 157 women graduates, and in 1909, 162; while in 1911 there were but 159.

From these figures it may be surmised that women, while finding their way into practically all professions that were once followed exclusively by men, are not rushing into the medical colleges. It is possible that woman, naturally more sympathetic than man, finds the draft that sick people make upon a physician's sympathies too strong. There is no profession in the world where more is expected and more willingly given. That some women succeed as physicians is true; but that the strain upon them is prone to discourage the ambitious young woman and to make her pause before electing to enter the profession, these figures seem to prove.