

1912

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COME TO AK-SAR-BEN CARNIVAL



SEPTEMBER 25 TO OCT. 5, OMAHA



COME--Make arrangements to see one or more of these magnificent attractions:

PARADES--BALL

Automobile Floral Parade, Tues. afternoon, Oct. 1st
Electrical Parade, Wednesday Night, October 2d
Dedication Parade, Thursday Afternoon, Oct. 3d
Coronation Ball, Friday Night, October 4th.

CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS

will be brought here so everyone can see the greatest Wild West Show in the world. Bucking Bronchos, Rough Riders, Indians. Come See The REAL CHEYENNE SHOW every afternoon from SEPTEMBER 28 to OCTOBER 5, inclusive. At Rourke's Ball Park, seating capacity 10,000.

A STREET CARNIVAL FOR TEN DAYS

A Big Time--For Everybody--A Good Time. Parades and Performances Daily.

Don't Forget, Omaha, Come, Sept. 25 to Oct. 5, 1912

The Busy Bees

SINCE nearly every one in Omaha is thinking and talking about Ak-Sar-Ben this week let us have some of next Sunday's letters to the Children's page on this subject. One of the two prizes for letters which come in this week will be awarded for the best letter on Ak-Sar-Ben.

There are many phases of the subject about which you can write. You can tell the origin of Ak-Sar-Ben how and why it was started; or you could tell its history--the history of its development from the beginning. You might tell about the colors, what they stand for or about the meaning of the word itself.

You can describe the wild west show with its Indians, cowboys and bronchos, which is held in connection with the festivities this week; or you can write of the carnival which has an interesting and worth-while exhibit this year in the models of ships sent by the government--a battleship, scout cruiser, torpedo boat destroyer and submarine boat. The boys will be especially interested in these models.

Only one prize will be given for the Ak-Sar-Ben story because the Busy Bees who live outside of Omaha may not know very much about this festivity, because some Busy Bees may have their letters for this week written already and because others may prefer other subjects. But all who can, write about Ak-Sar-Ben. Let us see how much the Busy Bees know about this annual event.

We have two New Busy Bees today: Warren E. Anderbery of Minden, Neb., Blue side, and Elsie M. McFarland of Casper, Wyo., Red side.

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.

A lake in Iowa last summer we were invited to join a fishing party. Father set the alarm clock at 4:30 in the morning. By the time we were dressed and ready to start it was 5. I was very drowsy, but managed to dress and make necessary preparations. Before I knew it we were rowing over the cool water. Distant laughter rang over the lake, as there were many boats besides our own and each boat anchored in different localities.

It seemed to me that we rowed for quite a distance till we came to a stump of an old tree. This seemed a very desirable spot to fish, and it certainly proved so for me.

The tall trees threw shadows and their leaves rustled, while the moon beamed down upon us like a faithful old guardian, making it all very romantic.

While we were all sitting thus patiently waiting I saw visions of myself carrying home a large string of fish.

When suddenly I was awakened from my dream by a loud hurrah! We then knew somebody had been lucky enough to catch the first fish.

My energy returned and I soon hauled in a good-sized bass and then many other smaller fish, such as bullheads and sunfish.

When we returned to the Inn I was surprised to hear, and I am proud to state, that I had caught the most fish. I certainly ate a hearty breakfast that morning.

BUSY BEE AND HIS FAITHFUL PARTNER.



MYRON TIBBITS AND "SPOT"

old donkey, but he would not move. They were there for an hour and a half, then the poor old lady sat down and said, "There is no use, I'll not drive you any more Jim."

Then Mrs. Jones got out of her cart and waded to the shore. After she got to the house, she sent John, her 12-year-old grandson, after Jimmy. He worked with him for a long time and at last got him home.

After that Mrs. Jones drove John's pet pony, Teddy, and never drove old Jim again.

Drowned a Gopher.

By Warren E. Anderbery, Aged 7 Years, Minden, Neb.

I have been spending two weeks of my summer vacation out at my uncle's. I am now back in school, in the second grade. In the country my brother and I drowned a gopher out of the ground and killed him. Gophers eat the newly-planted corn, and uncle gave me a penny for each gopher I killed. We would carry water to a hole and pour it in and all of a sudden the gopher would come, and then we would have fun running after him and probably he would run down another hole, when we would have to get more water. I want to join the Blue Side.

Joins the Red Side.

By Elsie M. McFarland, Aged 13 Years, Casper, Wyo. Red Side.

As I am very much interested in the

Busy Bees' letters, I will join the Red Side and be a Busy Bee also. I am also sending an original story. I hope it will be good enough to win a prize.

Wants to See France.

By Ruth Smith, 2916 North Twenty-seventh Street, Omaha.

I have never been out of Nebraska in my whole eleven years, but I have often wanted to go to France.

France is the leading republic of the eastern hemisphere, lying in the southwestern part of Europe; is bounded by the North sea, Strait of Dover, English channel, Belgium, the Alps, the Mediterranean sea and the Atlantic ocean, which washes its western shores. It has 204,000 square miles and its population is about 40,000,000.

Paris is the most beautiful city in the world and is the capital of France.

Paris has a beautiful church called Notre Dame de Paris. I can write it, but cannot pronounce it. It has also a large hotel, called, Hotel de Ville facade.

The president of France is elected president for seven years.

Works in the Fields.

By Carl Paul Anderbery, Aged 10 Years, Minden, Neb. Red Side.

After all the wheat was harvested and the threshing machine came around, I helped them thresh. Sometimes I would scoop the wheat in the front of the wagon and sometimes I would go on top of the separator and watch the separator man attend to the separator and at other times I would go and watch the man that attends to the engine.

At nights I would be very tired and would go to bed early and be very stiff in the morning. But I like to go out in the field and work again.

Wants to Know Busy Bees.

By Ethel Brinkman, Aged 10 Years, 315 South Thirty-sixth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

After school I and my friends have a very nice time roller skating. On Saturdays we climb trees, sew, play with our dolls and other things. I would like to get acquainted with some of the Busy Bees, as I am only acquainted with two. I hope the Blue Side will get to work and win this time.

Police as Guardians.

Little foreign children, who come to this country ignorant of our language and of American ways, have been getting into all sorts of difficulties lately, and the authorities have decided that something has to be done about it. Just imagine how you would feel if you were set down in some great city and couldn't say a word to the people about you because they spoke a different tongue.

And, of course, the little foreign "kiddies" who come here are much worse off than that, as very often their parents have to work so hard that the little people have to look out for themselves as best they can without a mother or a nurse to see that they don't get into trouble.

Up to date the officials in charge of immigration have been doing the best they can for the children, but lately

they have decided that with the force at their command the job of looking after so many healthy boys and girls is too much for them. So the police have been called in, and now at each station house there is going to be a list of the foreign children in the precinct. In this way some sort of watch can be kept upon the little ones, and it is expected that with the big men in brass buttons to look out for them they will have an easier time of it--Junior Eagle.

Stool-Ball, English Game.

Originally played with stools by the milkmaids of Merrie England, this idea can be adapted to modern usage. This version, however, is very different from the accepted game of stool-ball as played at the present day.

A certain number of "stools" (flat stones in the open air and cushions indoors) are set up in circular form, at a considerable distance from each other, and every one of them is occupied by a single player; when the ball is thrown with the hand up in the air by "it," who stands in the center of the circle, every one of the players is obliged to alter his situation, running in succession from stool to stool, and if he who threw the ball can regain it in time to strike any one of the players before reaching the stool to which he is running, "it" takes his place, and the person touched must throw the ball until he can in like manner return to the circle. Rising quickly from the stone or cushion requires considerable agility on the part of the players.--Woman's Home Companion.

"John Smith" in Other Tongues.

The good old name of John Smith does not suggest in English any degree of aristocracy, but transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder, so to speak.

In Latin it is Johannes Smithus, the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi, the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus, the Dutchman flattens it as Hans Schmidt, the French flatten it out into Jean Smeat, and the Russian says Jonioff Smittowski.

When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clambers Mount Hecla the Icelanders refer to him as Johnne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smitta; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiwelki; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of Jihon Schmiddy; when he goes to Mexico he is called Jontli F'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among the Greeks ruins he turns to Ion Smikton, and in Turkey he is disguised as Yoe Seef.

Dead at His Post.

A farmer engaged a Swedish youth new to the country and informed him that he would be expected to be on the job each morning at 4 o'clock sharp. The "hand" failed to show up on time and the farmer threatened to discharge him. Then the "hand" invested in an alarm clock, and for some time everything went along nicely. Then he got into the field fifteen minutes late one morning. The farmer immediately discharged him,

in spite of his protestations that it was his alarm clock that was to blame.

Sadly returning to his room the discharged employe determined to ascertain the cause of his downfall. He had taken the alarm clock to pieces when he discovered a dead cockroach in the working.

"Well," he soliloquized, "Ay tank it bane no wonder the clock wouldn't run--the engineer bane dadd."--Minneapolis Journal.

Lady Birds.

While the little beetle we call a lady bird is passing the winter in sleep, it is gathered up by millions and shipped to the fruit farmers who suffer from the green fly. Every one knows this pretty insect, which is black or reddish, and spotted with yellow or black or red.

Lady birds live upon the green fly, and by turning them loose upon the fruit farms and melon patches it is found that when the lady birds wake up in the spring, they soon clear away the pest that does so much harm. Whole cargoes of lady birds have been shipped from America to England just for this purpose.

BABY IN GREAT MISERY WITH RASH

On Face, Spread Until Nearly All Over Body, Crust on Head, Hair Fell Out, Itch Terrible, Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

Monroe, Wis.--"When my baby was six weeks old there came a rash on his face which finally spread until it got nearly all over his body. It formed a crust on his head, hair fell out and the itch was terrible. When he would scratch the crust the water would ooze out in big drops. On face and body it was in a dry form and would scale off. He was in great misery and at nights I would lay awake holding his hands so what he could not scratch and disfigure himself. I tried simple remedies at first, then got medicine, but it did no good. Finally a friend suggested Cuticura Remedies, so I sent for a sample to see what they would do, when to my surprise after a few applications I could see an improvement, and he would rest better. I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and before I had them half used my baby was cured. His head is now covered with a luxuriant growth of hair and his complexion is adulated by everybody and has no disfigurements. I hope other mothers will profit by my experience and not be worn out with poor babies who are tortured with skin and scalp affections." (Signed) Mrs. Annie Saunders, Sept. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexioned red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little what it is almost criminal not to use them. Sold by dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 25-penny book on the skin and scalp. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

*Tender-faced man should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

A Sewing Club.

By Arline Helm, Aged 11 Years, 1811 Polk Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.

One day the girls' class at Sunday school decided to organize a club. So we got together one day after school to have our election of officers. I was elected secretary. We named our club The Willing Workers. At first we just had business meetings.

But the members and the people who thought they could be going to try to raise the church debt. So the girls' club pledged \$18. We decided to have an ice cream social. We made over \$11 and by the time we paid for the ice cream we had \$5 clear. Then we had a candy sale and with our ice cream social money, our candy sale money and our dues money we had our \$18 raised. We are making a quilt. There are twenty-nine girls in the club. The minister's wife shows us things that we do not know how to do.

I am in the Sixth B in school. I go to the Madison school. My teacher's name is Miss Kane.

(Second Prize.)

A Walk too Giesebler Spring.

By Alfred Mayer, Aged 12 Years, 603 Georgia Avenue, Red Side.

In my last story I said I would tell you about my walk to Giesebler Springs, twelve miles from Carlsbad.

We started at 9 o'clock in the morning from our hotel and walked straight up to the end of the street. When we were on the outskirts of the city we passed many small cottages. Almost all of these cottages are inhabited by Russians. They, with their cooks and sometimes families, come to Carlsbad every year from Rus-

Honorable Mention.)

A Fishing Party.

By Mildred White, Aged 11 Years, 2604 Chicago Street, Dundee, Neb.

While we were spending two weeks at