

The Busy Bees :- Their Owl Page

BY HENRIETTA M. REES.
HE other day a friend said,
 "My sister wants to start her children in music lessons pretty soon, but she hasn't yet selected a teacher. She thinks she ought to get a teacher for beginners real cheap, and then when they get more advanced she will send them to a better one. What do you think about it?" I told her that I thought her sister would make the mistake of her life if she held that idea, and chose the teacher for the price. That there were good teachers who charged a moderate fee, but that a cheap teacher for beginners was an expensive proposition in the end. It is really in the beginnings that the foundation of the future is laid, and even though one does not aspire to the heights, one wants to know correctly as far as they go. Music is largely a process of packing away habits into the subconscious mind. If in the beginnings of technic correct habits are formed and practiced so thoroughly that the active mind may go on to other difficulties it does not need to bother continually with them. If correct habits of practice are formed in the beginning, pupils will go on working upon a systematic plan without effort.

If something of the poetry of music and expression is explained to the beginner he will become more enthusiastic to bring out that part of it, and learn to listen and work for the music itself. If a poor teacher is chosen the pupil is taught but a minimum of the things that he should know. He is told to do this or that. Technical conveniences are not given or explained, mistakes are ignored, and instead of correct habits working into the subconscious mind to be used under certain conditions, bad habits are contracted, with the result that the poor pupil loses interest, and will not practice, and when a better teacher is chosen, he has to work against all the trouble which has been brought about by "just any teacher being good enough for a beginner." Poor teachers can not be chosen by the price, but any one thinking of starting their children in music should if anything use greater care in the selection of the first teacher than any other one. A seed put into fertile soil and sunlight will flourish and grow, but one that is carelessly placed in sterile soil and shade and given no water, even though it is transplanted later, will usually suffer from its early blight.

The program which Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will present at the Hotel Pontefielle for the Social Settlement the evening of January 13, is a revision of a program which they presented at Chicago university several years ago, when it was very successfully received. The program was an outgrowth of several others and the one which they will present a week from Tuesday will be practically an outgrowth of them all. Just as much ancient Roman pottery 2,000 years old and much sought after, has been discovered to have been made in central New Jersey, so many of the songs masquerading as original folk melodies are not genuine. Mr. Kelly has been indefatigable in his research and care in the selection of his present program, and the numbers presented will be absolutely authentic Irish musical antiques, some of historic as well as musical value.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly plan to do much work in connection with these recitals in Chicago, Mr. Kelly having specialized for several years along these lines.

With regard to the singing of folk songs, Plunkett Greene, one of the foremost authorities upon the art of singing makes the following interesting remarks: "Simple as it appears, and simple as it should sound, no branch of singing is so difficult as accompanied folk songs. We begin the singer whose lungs fall, whose rhythm falters. In a modern song it can be forgotten, in a folk song never. The integrity of the phrase, however long, is its very essence and before its march, words and prosody values and all else go down like nine pins—The accompanied folk song is the hardest thing to sing in music—the best to the man who is master of his technique depends upon the golden rule: You must never break a phrase, however long."

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will be pleased to know that they will not desert Omaha entirely, when they move to Chicago in the near future. An arrangement has been effected by Mr. Kelly, whereby he will spend his week-ends in Omaha regularly. Mr. Kelly coming occasionally to assist him. This is principally because of the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church, where Mr. Kelly has been musical director for several years, and which was loath to part with him. The plan is gratifying to many others as well, for it will enable Mr. Kelly to teach Saturdays and Mondays, and to continue as director of the Mendelssohn choir of Omaha, which thanks to his efforts in the past has made a marked influence upon the musical life of our city, and won for itself an enviable reputation elsewhere.

The San Carlo Opera company, which will return to Omaha under the management of the Tanager Temple (Shriners) January 27, 28 and 29, is now double its former numerical and artistic strength. The four different productions which will be staged at that time are: Thursday, Verdi's "Aida"; Friday, "Rigoletto"; Saturday matinee, Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor"; evening, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; and "Paelestra." Three different casts of principals will sing the four productions, aided by a splendid singing chorus of forty, a symphony orchestra of thirty selected players and a beautiful ballet section. The latter is headed by the distinguished premiere danseuse, Signorina Margherita Paganini, and includes the youngest and most beautiful of all operatic ballerinas.

Artists of more sensational reputation may have been announced for Omaha this season, but it is safe to wager nothing to date has aroused more interest and anticipation than the joint recital to be given by Frances Nash, pianist, and George Hamlin, tenor, at the Boyd theater on Sunday afternoon, January 30. Referring to George Hamlin's success with the Chicago Opera company on Christmas day, Felix Borowick says: "So far as general vocal excellence was concerned, the honors fell to Mr. Hamlin, whose singing was of admirable quality and whose enunciation was a model of what enunciation should be." On the same occasion the Chicago Journal says: "Hamlin is singing better this season than he ever sang before. He gave his

WILL SING AT BOYD'S ON THURSDAY.



Mrs. Louise Homer

role considerable distinction. He looked well, acted well and sang very well."

Another opportunity will be given the New York public to judge of the combination of colored lights and music this week when Modest Altshuler and the Russian Symphony society, which presented Scriabine's "Poem of Fire" that way last year, will present Lindow's "Enchanted Lake" in a similar way. Mr. Altshuler has persevered in the idea and studied changes in its presentation, so the outcome will be awaited with interest.

More than the usual amount of interest is centered in the appearance of Ignace J. Paderewski at the Auditorium next Monday evening. Mr. Paderewski has not been heard in Omaha for several years. For many years he has been acclaimed as the world's greatest pianist, and press and public alike have been lavish in their enthusiastic praise at his recitals in the larger musical centers this season.

Mrs. Louise Homer will appear at the Boyd theater on the evening of January 13 instead of January 16, under the auspices of the Tuesday Morning Musical club. Mrs. Homer is one of the best known and well-loved of great contraltos, and her appearances at the Metropolitan Opera in New York are always of importance. Her program for Omaha is:

- I. Aria: "The Faro Senza Euridice," from "Orfeo ed Euridice".....Gluck
- (a) O, wie lieblich ist das Madchen.....Schumann
- (b) Die Nacht.....Strauss
- (c) Mit demselben Namen.....Strauss
- (d) Entenlied.....Wolf
- II. (a) Sing to Me, Sing.....
- (b) I Send You Roses (new).....
- (c) She and Lamb.....
- (d) The Stormy Evening.....Homer
- III. Aria: "Mon coeur," from "Samson et Delila".....Saint-Saens
- IV. (a) A Ballad of Trees and the Master.....Chadwick
- (b) When I Bring to You Coloured.....
- TOY.
- (c) I Know a Maiden.....Blanche Goode
- (d) Mendelssohn's Stream.....Old Irish
- (e) My Kingdom.....Walker
- (f) Mrs. Edwin Lapham at the piano.

Mr. Freeman is making arrangements to return and reopen his vocal studio, February 1. During his absence from Omaha Mr. Freeman has been president of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, an leading musical organization throughout the middle west. During Mr. Freeman's former residence here he has for several years directed of music at the First Congregational church, and was frequently heard in recital work.

Miss Alice V. Davis has been appointed Omaha correspondent and business representative for the Musical Leader, a weekly musical magazine published in Chicago.

The weekly recitals by pupils of Alice Virginia Davis and Cecil W. Berryman have been resumed at their studio. These classes take place on Saturday afternoon at 1:30, after which Mr. Berryman and Miss Davis play for the pupils. Those interested are invited to attend.

Two student concerts will be given during the coming week, Tuesday evening, January 11, at 8 o'clock at the Miller Park social center, the other at the Casselberg social center at 8 o'clock on Friday evening, January 14. Those taking part at Miller Park social center are: Miss Anna Leaf, and Charlotte Abrams, members of Mr. Landenberg's soprano class, and Mearns, Joe Herman, Fred W. Frederickson, Phineas Whitcomb, Meredith Keayson and Miss Clara Schneider, pupils of Mr. Frank Mach. These concerts are given by the board of recreation of the Board of Education, E. T. Graff, superintendent of schools; C. H. English, superintendent of recreation.

The Immanuel Lutheran church choir will give its regular monthly song service at the Immanuel Lutheran church, Ninth and Cass streets, Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The soloists in the anthem will be Rudolph Helgerson, Wilbur Westrom and Selma Jerpe. The offertory will be a trio for violin, cello and organ. "With Palm" Mendelssohn, sung by Miss Olin, violin; H. P. Powell, cello, and C. W. Coolidge, organ. Mr. Coolidge is the organist of the church. Bernard Lindberg, acting pastor.

Pupils of Luella Allen's violin school, assisted by Miss Gaines, reader, will give a program at Kellom school auditorium Wednesday evening. The following will take part: Miss Wilson, Miss Leaverton, Miss Schmeckenburger, Joe Harding and Robert Mickel.

The Omaha Conservatory of Music, in weekly recitals, presents pupils of the expression department at the Conservatory theater, Sunday, January 9, at 4 o'clock. The program will be furnished by the following: Miss Leaverton, Hazel Yetter, Marjorie Skidmore, Gertrude Marks, Florence Cotterill, Besie Cotterill, accompanist. The second part of the program will be devoted to "play," "The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory, with Evelyn Brewer, Floyd Perry and Hazel Yetter in the cast.

A "For Sale" or "For Rent" Ad placed in the Bee will accomplish its purpose.

HOW many of the Busy Bees made New Year's resolutions this year? "I did! I did!" you all chorus.

How many are going to keep their resolutions? It is a fainter chorus of "Ts" that I hear.

Have any of the Busy Bees already broken their New Year's resolutions? "I have," respond Johnnie and Mary and others, with hanging heads. And so it goes.

Here is a New Year's thought for some boy, but whether it is at New Year's time or any other time, it is worthy of consideration.

In a certain twelve universities, 210 men tried for positions on the foot ball teams. Some of them smoked cigarets, some did not. Of the men who did not smoke, 65.8 per cent succeeded in making the team. Of those who smoked, only 33.3 per cent were able to get into the game. If you don't smoke you have two chances out of three; if you do smoke you have only one chance out of three.

This applies to many other things than foot ball, hence it's importance.

Related votes for Belle Robinson of Tekamah, Neb., for queen of the Busy Bees were received.

This week, Frances McDonald won the prize book. Ella Thode and Magdalene Glandt won honorable mention, all three being from the Blue Side.

Brother and Sister Who Are Busy Bees

By Rosalia Heriz, Aged 11 Years, 355 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Neb. Ed. Bee:

A long time ago there lived a girl who was very pretty. Everyone loved her until she was old enough to understand that she was pretty. Of course, when she found this out she thought she was far more beautiful than she really was, and then she began to boss everyone. Her friends grew less and less and finally she had not a friend left except her mother and father.

When all her friends were gone—being near New Year time—she decided to gain them again, so as to start the new year out good. At last New Year's eve came. While she was in bed she began to think. This is what she thought: "When I get up tomorrow morning I will eat my breakfast and then wipe the dishes, wash the baby and make the beds. That will be starting the new year out good. Then I will go over to my friends and try to gain their friendship again."

In the afternoon I will go over to Madeline's house and take her out for some fresh air. Poor girl! She always has to stay in the house, and she has been lame such a long time."

New Year's day came at last. She did all as she had planned to do the night before. She gained her friends and made life much easier for her mother.

As New Year's day is soon here don't you think that it would be a good thing to start the year as this girl did? Maybe you did not do the same things this girl did, but whatever you did do, try to better it and soon you will be a great favorite among your friends.

I received the prize book a few weeks ago and I was very pleased with it. I will write often if I can think of a good story.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Feeds Squirrels.

By Frances McDonald, Aged 12 Years, Tilden, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about the squirrels.

There are many squirrels in Tilden and there are about three living around my home.

We have one row of walnut trees at the south side of our house and we do not get very many walnuts, because we let the squirrels have them.

This year they took quite a few walnuts, but they did not last long, so we got about a jar full for ourselves, so we are feeding them to the squirrels.

One day about two weeks ago I took a very heavy paste board box and put a whole lot in it and put it up in a tree which had frozen apples on it, because they were so hungry they would go up the tree and get these frozen apples, but the squirrels did not go near it because they were afraid of it. So one day it fell on the ground and then they came and ate them, but soon they were all gone, so I put another pan full in the box. Today they get in the box and duck their heads down and all you can see is their tails.

The chickens and squirrels play together. The squirrels will chase each other and then they'll chase the chickens and the chickens will chase them.

I like to watch them all and feed them. I am going to feed them all winter.

Honorable Mention.

By Magdalene Glandt, Aged 9, Benson, Neb. B. D. Route 1, Blue Side.

The Sprained Ankle.

Harry has been a long, long time at the window, watching the boys as they go past on their sleds.

It is a bright afternoon, and they are enjoying the coasting very much.

Harry draws a long sigh, which makes his mamma look up from her work, and say, "I know it hard for you, darling; but think what might have happened to Johnny if you had not saved him."

Would you like to know what it is which keeps Harry indoors, while there is so much fun outside?

Well, while he is counting the sleds as they go down the long hill in front of the house, I will tell you.

It was on Saturday afternoon, a week ago.

He was out coasting with the other boys.

Johnny Ware, a little fellow only five years old, was coasting down the hill, and Harry and several other boys were going very swiftly down the hill, and Johnny was coming up.

"Get out of the way!" shouted one.

"Look out, Johnny, turn to the right," cried another.

But the little fellow did not know which was right, and, being bewildered, stood still.

The sleds were almost upon him, and it seemed as if he would be run over, when Harry caught him, and threw him on one side, but not in season to save his own ankle.

It was badly sprained, and he had to be carried home.

But when Harry remembers the danger, and how near Johnny came to be run over, he does not complain.

I hope this story will be in print, and would like to join the Blue Side.

Tells of Dog.

By Ella Thode, Aged 11 Years, 363 Hamilton Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

We had a black Newfoundland dog named Bismarck. We got them from my mother's uncle in South Omaha. His eyes were brown and he was very gentle. He was 7 years old when he died and two and a half feet tall.

He could carry a piece of meat home in his mouth and come down to meet me when I came home from school. He used to watch the house and would bark if anybody came up the street at night.

He could shake hands and he would sleep mostly during the day. He only bit one person. If he saw a cat he would run it up a tree. He would bite people who would hit my brother, when he was around. He dug a deep hole under the porch and slept in it because it was cool there.

We fed him meat, potatoes, bread and bones.

He was killed by coal wagon in front of our house, when he was crossing the street.

Mining Salt.

Walter Preston, Jr., 101 South Thirty-Fourth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

It is very interesting to study about salt. In some cases salt is mined like coal. A deep vein is struck by sinking a shaft, and then getting at it with pickaxes. The salt is then taken to the surface in a cart, and taken to a refinery. The fine part is used for the table, cooking, etc.

Another way they mine is to drill a hole until they strike the vein; then they run water down, and it soaks the salt and carries it along with it. The water is then drawn out, and evaporated, leaving the salt.

Visit Mother at Hospital.

Thelma Campbell, Aged 11 Years, Malvern, Ia. Red Side.

We live on a farm of 1,000 acres and my papa farms 300 acres. This fall after school began my mother had to go to the hospital at Council Bluffs. After she

Kearney's Prize Baby is This Little Miss.



Helen Chapman

This is the prize baby of the Kearney Baby show which closed its doors New Year's night. To her was awarded the sweepstakes and it was a popular choice, for there are few Kearney people who have not seen the happy face of little Helen Chapman and answered her cheery prattle. The prize baby is the 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Chapman of Kearney. She not only took the prize in the 1 and 2-year class, but was awarded the sweepstakes over all. In the 6 to 12 months class Harry Crawford's child got first award.

started out with his faithful companion, Pedro. When they reached the mine John lighted his acetylene lamp and went in. They had not gone far before a woman's voice called out, "Is that you Don?" The boys gripped their guns and stole around the corner. There lay an old Mexican woman. When she saw the boys she muttered something about "Discovered."

"Then," said she, "I might as well give up."

"Have you heard anything of a boy named Don Carlos?"

"Yes," said Frank after a pause. "He was killed last night."

"I will have to give up," she said, "go ten paces back and turn off on a little side tunnel, there you will find gold and plenty of it."

John hurried back and there was a pile of free gold from the rocks. When he had his pockets filled he went back where he left Pedro. He found him in a great state of mind. The old woman was dead. They hurried back and reported their discovery to their fathers.

Will Write Story.

By Mabel Geiser, Aged 10 Years, Columbus, Neb. Route 2, Box 6, Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees. I live on a farm about a mile from town.

I go to a town school. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Rhea. I will write a story next time. I will close now, as my letter is getting long. I hope Mr. Waste is getting calling.

The Old Mine.

By Warren Blakely, Aged 11 Years, Phoenix, Ariz. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there lived a boy in Mexico named John. His father was a white man. He was prospecting in the mountains while John and his mother stayed down in the little village at the foot of the mountain. In a mountain near the village was an old mine, old indeed, for no one knew how old. The mine was supposed to be haunted, for every night there appeared a brilliant light that shone like a star on the mountain side.

John wanted to go, and explore the mine for he was a brave boy. At last he

Stories of Nebraska History : By A. E. Sheldon

Great Storms

Nothing is more terrible during the settlement of a new country than a great storm. A long severe winter is full of danger even to the gravest and hardiest pioneers. Thousands have died of cold and starvation in the settlement of this country. Every state has its stories of great storms and the hardships and suffering which they brought to the people.

Three great storms stand out above all other storms in the history of Nebraska.

The first of these began December 1, 1850, with rain from the southwest, but soon the wind changed to the northwest and became fiercely cold. The snow fall which followed was the deepest ever known since the settlement of Nebraska. It was five feet on the level and in three days. Storm after storm lasted during the winter. As one writer of that time says: "A terribly cold winter set in December 1, 1850, freezing into ninety solid blocks of ice all the days of December, January and February."

There were very few settlers in Nebraska in those days. Most of them were in the counties near the Missouri river. Every one of those counties has its old settlers' stories of the "hard winter" of 1850-51. In no winter since has the snow been so deep, so badly drifted or remained so long as in that winter.

The second great Nebraska storm came at the end of winter, instead of the beginning. It had been raining on Easter Sunday, April 12, 1851. Just before dark the wind changed from the southwest to the northwest, the rain changed to

Helping Others.

By Mary E. Grewson, Aged 14, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

One day while in town, I noticed a small boy along the cold street with only a torn coat and trousers, stockings, with holes in them, and a pair of shoes, which were much too large for him.

When he was passing me, my heart was touched with the thought "Will he have a nice Christmas dinner, and will he have warm clothes?" I now remembered that we had clothes that were too small for my brother, and would fit him very nicely.

On arriving home, I asked my mother about the plan, and she consented.

The whole week I was busy fixing up the clothes, and also a basket of goodies. I wrapped them up in holly paper, and put it in a large basket, and then put in a card, saying "Santa." On Christmas eve I went to the house, knocked at the door, and then ran to hide. When the door opened, I saw the little boy, and heard him say, "Oh, mamma, Santa has come."

This is a true story.

The Fox and the Crow.

By Henry Mallendorf, Aged 13 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

One lovely summer day a large flock of coal black crows were soaring through the air. They were calling, "Caw, caw, caw," to everyone they met. They had not the least thought of anything happening to them. Nevertheless, there happened to be a bunch of rough boys out hunting. They were killing any kind of bird they saw without having any use for them.

It happened that they shot at this bunch of crows and wounded a large, handsome one. They then went on their way, leaving the poor thing lying suffering on the ground for some animal to feast upon.

Soon a sly, old, greedy fox came running along, looking for his dinner. To his great delight, he found the poor wounded crow. He sprang for it very suddenly, but this time his wisdom proved wrong, for the crow saw him and jumped away just in time. After the fox had made several attempts to get the crow, a little boy came by, carrying the fox away. The boy took the crow home. The crow became tame and its wound healed and he stayed with the little boy who had saved his life.

Receives Prize Book.

By Viola Diederksen, Aged 10 Years, Route No. 1, Marie Ia. Blue Side.

I thank you for sending me the prize book which I got yesterday. I like the

Gets Arm Broken.

Leona Walter, Aged 13 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

One evening about 5 o'clock I took my niece, cousin and brother along with me to go riding on the merry-go-round. My cousin went ahead with my brother and my niece and I stayed behind. Before I go on I will tell you how my niece is. She was 2 then, but now she is 4.

As we were crossing the street Charlotte ran ahead of me. There was a team of horses coming at full speed. Charlotte fell and the horses, frightened at the noise of the merry-go-round, kept on going and stepped on Charlotte's arm, and put part of its hoof on her leg. She got a broken arm and her leg was badly bruised and her hand and fingers were cut a little. She was taken to Lincoln several times before her arm was well. She wore it in a sling a long time, too.

Interested in Work.

By Glen Gardner, 265 North Sixty-second Street, Benson, Neb. Blue Side.

I am very much interested in the work of the Busy Bees, so I thought I would like to be one too. I would like to be on the Blue Side, as that is my favorite color. I am 13 years old and am in the seventh B. Next week I will send in a story. I hope to see my letter in print.

Ill-Mannered Children.

By William Linton, Aged 7 Years, Clay Center, Neb. Red Side.

"Give me another piece of pie," that was what Ruth said.

"That is not the way to ask," said her mother.

"You cannot have pie unless you say 'please,'" said Ruth.

"No," said his mother, "Charlie can have no pie unless he says 'please.'"

Then Charlie got down from his high chair and, ran after Ruth.

"I am going to grandma's to live," said Ruth.

"I've my nightie in the bag and I shan't stay here. I'll go too," said Charlie, and off they started. When they got to grandma's house they felt rather ashamed, but the dear old lady was glad to see them.

"Are you going to stay for tea?" she wanted to know.

"We are going to stay all the time," said Charlie, "when we want pie."

Then grandma looked grave and told them they must go home, for they were naughty children.

Trip to Platte Center.

By Helen Dorwart, Aged 9 Years, Friend, Neb. Red Side.

We started to Platte Center Saturday morning at 6:30 and got there at 11 o'clock that noon. We were invited for the farmers' festival. It was going on when we got there. We were going home in our own car Monday morning, but it rained from 6 a. m. to 7 a. m. and then the roads were muddy. So at 4 that afternoon we started for home and when we got about eight miles from Columbus ran off into a ditch. Just when we got into a house it poured down rain so

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