

Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

HOW many of the Busy Bees ever think, at this time of the year, of the little seeds and rootlets asleep under their blanket of snow, waiting for the first warm rays of the spring sun to awaken them from their long sleep? Don't you ever wonder what they do all winter long? Perhaps they have great times, talking and chattering, and maybe they sing and wonder what folks are doing here in the big world. And the millions of multi-colored leaves which carpeted the forest walks in the autumn time and above which a snowy coverlet is now laid, can you imagine what becomes of them? Some people think that these little fellows are pretty drowsy and that they sleepily blink their eyes open to see if it is time to wake, only to fall asleep again when they discover that it is not quite time yet to creep up from their winter beds. Perhaps the Busy Bees think differently and could write many tales of the merry times they have for the Busy Bee page.

The first prize was awarded to Adolph N. Hult of the Red side; the second prize to Elsie Knoll of the Blue side, and honorable mention to Emil Cejda of the Blue side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Indian War.

(First Prize.)
By Adolf Nathaniel Hult, Aged 8 Years,
306 California Street, Omaha,
Red Side.

We were once marching at sunset through the dark, dark forest on a narrow little road up and down the valleys. Nearer and nearer we crept up to the Indians, while the pretty pink and yellow sky softly faded away.

And now it was dark, and the moon set silver gleams streaming through the trees and the little stars came out, and the little breezes came singing a little lullaby.

In the morning, when the sun was rising, all of a sudden we were awakened by the cries and screams of the Indians. In a few minutes the bullets were rattling in the air.

When we were fighting the Indians fell by hundreds in the tall grass. At last the redskins were beaten, and swiftly they fled through the grass up and down the hills until out of sight.

And now we were on the homeward path, tired and worn, while the old sun was going to bed. The darkness came and we walked through the black, black woods until home we came and said our evening prayers.

Winter Sports.

(Second Prize.)
By Elsie Knoll, Aged 13 Years, Gretna,
Neb. Blue Side.

Winter is about the best time of the year for me. Sleighbells are one of the sports of winter. Many children take their sleds to school and at fifteen minutes recess give the small children rides.

A few years ago the boys and girls after school would bring their sleds and go to a fine coasting hill. This was the best coasting hill and we would have lots of fun. Afterwards a couple of boys would bring buckets of water and pour it on the hill and towards evening it would be ice. That was when we had the fun. I've fallen down there many a time because it was so slippery.

Many boys would take their skates and skate on this hill, too, because it was pretty good skating. On evenings when it was so dark, many would bring lanterns and put them beside this hill, which made plenty of light. There were even older boys and girls in the evenings that would love to sleighride here. Such crowds there would be that many had to be careful coasting down the hill for fear they would run into one another.

This winter crowds of boys and girls get wagons or buggies and all ride down to the river to skate. It is lots of fun if a person knows how to skate. I do not know how to skate very well, but as I just learned, I fall down quite often, but as I do not very far from mind it, and that is why many get up parties and go down there. It is sometimes dangerous, but hardly anyone goes down there unless they know that the ice is solid enough.

There is also another sport and that is snowballing. At school many children snowballed, but finally several children were hurt. Then the teacher said no one could snowball and that was the end of our fun; but she said we could snowball any place except on the school grounds.

Last year I made a large snow man. I first gathered some snow as large as a snowball, and then I kept rolling it in the snow until it became so large. I made his legs and arms by fastening sticks in it. Then I ran into the house and got an old coat and straw hat and put them on the snow man. Everyone that came by laughed at him because he looked so funny.

When I went into the house, and as it was evening I went to bed. I had been working the next morning and I chanced to look at the snow man. Oh! He was all gone, or rather, in plain words, melted, and nothing was left of him but the old straw hat and old coat lying on the ground. That was the end of my snow man.

Winter is the best for me, because there is much more fun.

Harry's Dream.

(Honorable Mention.)
By Emil Cejda, Aged 13 Years, West
Point, Neb. Blue Side.

One day Harry Wayne and Jack Wright thought they would go out into the woods to take a stroll. After walking for about an hour they decided to lie down for a little nap. And this is what Harry dreamed:

They were walking along when they saw a bird's nest in a large elm tree. There Harry began to climb up for the nest. When he got to the nest he found two large white eggs in it. These he put into his pocket and began to climb down again. Just as he reached the ground he heard a slight rustle in the leaves behind him. Turning quickly he saw a large bird fully as tall as himself. When the bird saw the eggs he began to chase Harry. Although Harry was a swift runner, the bird soon overtook him. Then he made a great noise and soon about fifteen birds came, among them a few policemen. They took him to court and he was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to be beheaded. The next day was appointed for the execution. A number of officers led him to an open space in the forest. There was nothing but a shock of grain. When they came to this the foremost of the men uncovered the stone for beheading. He was ordered to lay his head on the stone, and just as the ax was to descend he awoke to find it all a dream. Jack was already awake, and when

BUSY BEE WHO GETS FIRST PRIZE THIS WEEK



Adolph N. Hult

liked to answer him when he asked proper questions.

The first time Frank saw an hourglass he was very much amused, but he did not know what it was. His mother said, "An hourglass is made in the shape of the figure 8. The sand is put in at one end and runs through a small hole in the middle. As much sand is put into the glass as will run through in an hour."

Frank watched the little stream of sand. He was impatient, because it would not run faster. "Let me shake it, mother," said he. "It is lazy and will never get through."

"Oh, yes it will, my son," answered his mother. "The sand moves little by little, but it moves all the time. When you look at the hands of the clock you think they go very slowly, and so they do, but they never stop. While you are at play the sand is running, grain by grain. The hands of the clock are moving, second by second. At night the sand in the hourglass has run through twelve times. The hour-hand of the clock has moved all around its great face. This is because they keep working every minute. They do not stop to think how much they have to do and how long it will take them to do it."

Now, Frank's mother wanted him to learn a little hymn, but he said, "Mother, I can never learn it." His mother said, "Study all the time. Never stop to think how long it will take you to learn it. You will be able to say it very soon."

Frank followed his mother's advice. He studied line after line, very busily, and in one hour and a half he knew the hymn perfectly.

The Life of a Buggy Wheel.
By Grace L. Moore, Aged 12 Years, Silver Creek, Neb. Red Side.

I first was a tall old oak tree. I lived in a forest of oak trees. I lived there for fifty years. One day a few men came with a large saw and axe, one man saved me, the other chopped me. I finally went crash and down I came. I then was cut in smaller pieces and put in a long dry wagon. I was then hauled to the city of Lansing, Mich. I was hauled right up to the large door of a large building. There I was left overnight.

The next morning I was put in a large wood machine. I was then taken out and what do you suppose I looked like then? I was the form of a buggy wheel. I was a little dark then, so they laid me out in the sunshine to dry.

The next day I was painted a dull black by a negro man whose name was Tom. After I was painted I was again put in the sunshine for five days. After I was dry I was taken to the depot in a little cart. I was then packed in an express car and shipped to Detroit, Mich. I traveled one whole day. I got in Detroit about 12:30 midnight and was then taken in the depot by an old rough man who stole a ride on top of my car.

I was left there with a few other packages until morning. A little short man with whiskers came and took me to an implement building, where I was put on a brand new buggy and put in a room with other handsome buggies. I was kept there two weeks, in a handsome young man came in and looked me all over. Then he said, "How much is this fine buggy?"

"Ninety-five dollars, my son," he then said, "I don't just like the rubber tires."

He then put behind a beautiful iron gray horse driven by a handsome young man named John Dake. It was getting dusk when John drove into the farm yard with me. Then he cried aloud: "Hey, ma, how do you like her? She's 'fer goodness, hain't she?"

"'Fer goodness sakes, where did you get her?"

Then I next went in a nice warm shed until the next evening about dusk, when I was run out and was again behind the handsome horse.

Then I went out of the lane down a pretty country road till I came to another large farm house, I then was standing still. Soon I saw a pretty young woman whose name was Marie.

"Whose new buggy?" she said. "Mine," he answered.

Then I was buzzing down the road, when the horse jumped and, crash, went the new buggy and John and the pretty young woman were thrown out and John's arm was broken and Marie's back was hurt. There soon came a man who put them in his wagon and drove off. I was all smashed to pieces and left there and that was the last of the wheel.

My Pets.
By Mary Grerson, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Busy Bee. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Marsh. I have quite a few pets. I have a spotted pony; her name is Pearl. My pet dogs' names are Watch and Shep. I wish to join the Blue Side.

Busy Bee's Letter.
By Donald James, Aged 9 Years, Waterloo, Neb. Blue Side.

One morning when I was going up the road I found three little puppies in a sack and brought them home and found good homes for two of them and kept the other one myself and named him Zip. I hope all boys who read this story will never let puppies up in a sack and throw them away. This is a true story.

The Fruit Venders.

By Pearl White, Aged 12 Years, 562 South Thirteenth Street, South Omaha.

One day in Italy there were two children. There was a large girl and boy. One morning the girl started into the city before her brother. She had a large basket of fruits. When she had gotten into the city she met a wealthy man who bought all the fruit from the girl. As she turned to go home she met her brother just entering the city. So she went back with him to help sell his fruit. They had delicious grapes and oranges. So they went forth into the city to sell their fruit. When they had sold all the fruit they sat on a large stone to count their money. Someone gave her an extra coin and she was very pleased. While they were resting on the stone they were thinking of what nice things they would buy. So they went home and told their mother of their journey and ate supper and then went happily to bed. They were called the "Fruit Venders."

By Esther Bloom, Aged 15 Years, Wood River, Neb. Blue Side.

One day in June, mamma and I went to town. We drove a pony. Papa said before we left, he thought there would be a thunderstorm in the evening and for us to hurry back. When we reached the store we had to wait a while before we could be waited on. We were in the store about one hour, when we started home. Mr. Scott came out to the buggy. It had started to sprinkle rain and he said he thought we would get wet. Mamma said, "not out of that little cloud." When we were two miles and a half from home it began to hail. I spoke to Topsy, my pony, and she put her head up and started out for home. A mile and a half against hail, wind and rain we went until we came to one of our neighbors and we turned in there under a big tree. It was halting so hard along behind, because she always had wanted to go to school. Clarence had to go a mile to school. Little May got so far as the village, when she got lost. She did not know the way home. She was wandering up the streets, when she met a kind lady, who asked her who her mother was, she only replied, "Mamma." After a while, the lady looked on her ribbon and found her address. Then the lady took May home. When she got home she said she never would run away again.

Little May.
By Volta Torrey, Avoca, Ia. Blue Side.

Once upon a time a little girl named May, who was 3 years old, was out playing in the garden. She saw her brother get ready for school. When he left the yard, he forgot to shut the gate. As soon as he had gone a few yards, May ran out of the gate, and decided to run along behind, because she always had wanted to go to school. Clarence had to go a mile to school. Little May got so far as the village, when she got lost. She did not know the way home. She was wandering up the streets, when she met a kind lady, who asked her who her mother was, she only replied, "Mamma." After a while, the lady looked on her ribbon and found her address. Then the lady took May home. When she got home she said she never would run away again.

The Horse and Its Master.
By Evelyn Tagwerker, Aged 10 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a man and his master was very kind to it. The people were very rich at one time, but are very poor now. So this kind man tried to sell his horse. He put an advertisement in the paper, but it seemed as if no one would buy it. The next day he went out into the field, stood over his horse and wept. Just then he felt someone's hand on his shoulder. He looked up and saw a very kind face. It was a man. He asked him why he was so sad. The old man told him his horse and that they were poor and were nearly starving. He said: "I have helpless ones and they are crying for food."

The kind man said: "I will buy your horse, sir, and it seems to be a very nice one. I will give you \$1,000 for the horse."

Before the poor man had time to thank him for his kindness he was gone. The old man ran with joy into the house and told his wife the good news. They all danced for joy and were ever after happy.

Robert.
By John Phalin, Aged 9 Years, O'Neill, Neb. Red Side.

Robert was a sweet little boy of 6. He had only two sisters and one brother. One day Agnes, his oldest sister, went uptown, and his mother visited a neighbor. When they were gone Robert said to his brother, "I'm going outside, Willie."

"All right," Willie answered. "When Robert was out, just guess where he went! He went into the woods and thought he would pick some flowers. But, alas! when he turned around all he could see was flowers and trees. But help was nearer than he thought for he heard the sound of running hoofs, and looking westward he saw a horse.

The minute he looked, he saw old Dobbin, and he knew at once that father had sent her for him.

It was not long before Robert was in mamma's arms, and he almost sobbed. "I'll never go away from home again," and he didn't.

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MUSIC

WILL SING FOR HER OMAHA FRIENDS THURSDAY.

BY HENRIETTA M. REINS.
INCE the Melba-Kubelik concert the writer has been doing considerable thinking along the line of program making. Just what psychological processes do celebrated artists go through with which result in the selection of certain numbers to follow one another in the makeup of a program and of certain other numbers as encores? Do they actually plan to have a certain encore after a certain number because it seems to them that it affords a pleasing contrast in mood and manner, or do they just think "Oh, well, this is popular and shows off my voice well. I guess I'll sing it if I need an encore," and then sing it no matter where it comes?

It seems sometimes as though some of the men and women who stand at the very top of their profession display poorer taste in the makeup of their programs and the choice of encores than many others who are not so well known.

An artist in the matter of clothes demands not only that the fabric and the workmanship be of the finest, but that the selection be such that there is a general harmony in the costume as a whole. No matter how exquisite a piece of lace may be, if it is not in keeping with the rest it is laid aside for some future time. It is the artist in dress that takes up some pretty little fancy that soon becomes popular, then common, and the one who first took it up discards it and looks about for something else as pretty and useful to take its place. Why should not an artist in music be guided by the same rules in the selection of a program? If encores are given, should there not be a thought as to what had preceded them? Is it not the artist's prerogative and almost duty to hunt out new and charming bits of melody and by means of his or her great interpretative ability to show them to us in all their beauty, so that we may take them up and enjoy them, too, while the artist has gone on an found something else to consider worth while? Instead of always coming back with nothing different?

It was easy to see last Monday that the artists had one eye upon the gallery when they chose their programs. By the gallery is meant not the people sitting high up, but those superficial music-lovers who wax enthusiastic over a high or a long note, and who let considerable arbitrary pass over their heads unheeded, and sing or play a chosen "What the public wants" they are liable to get into deep water, for different parts of the public want different things. The only safe rule is to choose that which suits the artist himself and perform it in such a way as to make the public like it.

Madame Melba was very gracious, and she sang beautifully. We liked the old songs because of the way she sang them, but we did not like to have all of them. She did not give us one single little encore that she had not sung for about twenty years, and by the way of the oldest song she sang, the Mozart aria, was the least hackneyed. There are a great many songs everywhere about us that would have given her equal or greater opportunity for the display of her art in the place of "John Anderson," "My Jo" and "Comin' thro' the Rye."

A couple of them would have been like a whiff of fresh air to the listeners and still not have hurt her popularity with the gallery.

One other thing appealed to me as rather inartistic. Mr. Burke made a splendid impression with his musically singing of the "Benvenuto Cellini," but for an encore he brought out a mental attack right about face, such a quick and quick "Rolling Down to Rio" was so utterly different in every way—that it took a few minutes to get over the jar, and gave one a feeling of distaste rather than pleasure at the beginning. He also stumbled into the commonplace in his second group and gave us "Because" by D'Hardelt, for an encore, while the writer wondered "why."

When there were so many other songs for me to choose from, I thought of an old or popular should be left out of the program, but I think there is a happy medium in program building for which great performers especially should strive. I also think that they owe it to the public to let them hear some of the excellent and less usual compositions which have been written and are constantly being written, and which need only a favorable introduction to be loved.

Heinck and Elpham are singers who exercise judgment and good taste in program making, nor is their popularity all over the world confined to any one class as a result.

The change of date of the Omaha performances of the Nations Grand Opera of Canada from the latter part of March to February 19 and 20, has been welcomed by many music lovers as it will bring the engagement ahead of the Lenten season. Mr. Pryor says that the preferences up to date have been almost without exception in favor of "Samson and Delilah" for the second evening, so that opera will probably be given. Leo Slezak is said to be exceptionally well fitted for the role of Samson. He is spoken of as the "giant tenor," as he is six feet seven inches tall, well built, and has a big melodious voice and dramatic ability to match his proportions. Musical America, in speaking of the performance of this opera in Montreal says in part:

"The pre-Christmas week was chiefly notable for the appearance of Leo Slezak, the Herculean tenor, who sang Samson in the Saint-Saens Biblical opera for the first time in his life and made a tremendous impression by the magnitude of his voice and physique and the direct appeal of his acting. His performance, with Gertrude Reisch as Delilah, Rose as the High Priest, Salinger and Rudolf in important roles, and Jacquin conducting, was probably the finest ensemble that His Majesty's theater has ever witnessed."

"La Gioconda," which will be the offering for the first evening, is an Italian opera, and is particularly famous for the "Dance of the Hours," the charming ballet, which contains some of the best music of the opera. Anna Pavlova, the Russian dancer, in a recent article, writes of the many ballets, which are "plugged in by the ears," but cites this one from "La Gioconda," as an example of the rare exception. "Not absolutely essential to the action of the opera, this ballet is brought in so naturally that it really seems to be a vital factor, and furthermore its lightness and grace serve to throw the tragedy following into extreme somber relief."

Again the Creighton Glee club has the ball and is planning to make several musical touchdowns at its coming concert Wednesday evening, February 4. They want everybody to come and be on the sidelines, but nobody to root while some star performer is making his clever passes. Those of us who attended their concert last year remember with pleasure the "house party," which was one of the most unique and enjoyable concerts of its kind ever held in our city. The boys showed rare good taste in the artists whom they invited to give of their talents last season, and their choice of Mme. Lucille Stevenson and Mme. von Unschuidt for the coming concert will undoubtedly maintain the standard. Mme. Stevenson has been heard here before, and two years ago the writer heard her in another city as the soloist at a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Her unusually fine work at this time is still remembered with delight. Mme. von Unschuidt is favorably known elsewhere, and the lecture which she will give on Wednesday afternoon preceding the concert promises to be something different, as well as interesting, in the line of piano work.

Listen to this, progressive citizens of Omaha! Sigmond Landberg goes to Lincoln Wednesday and Thursday of next week to be examiner of music at the mid-term examinations of the high school, Lincoln, a much smaller city than we, has often shown itself quicker in steps of progress and advancement than we have. They have already accredited outside teaching of music in the high school course, allowing it to count toward a diploma as well as the study of any other science or art (and music is both). Why isn't Omaha ever in the lead in matters of this sort? Why do we not wake up and do something here? The cost would be merely nominal and the advantage to a great many of the students would be great.

An interesting musical program was given by Mr. Kelly and some of his students at the assembly hall of the Young Women's Christian association last Saturday afternoon, being the second of a series of 4 o'clock affairs which Mr. and

MISS MYRTLE MOSES



Miss Myrtle Moses

Though the late Lord Kelvin had his merry mood, according to an exchange, he was not very much of a wit. However, he once made a joke which was characterized by its completeness. While he was working at his deep-sea sounding apparatus a brother scientist asked him the height of a big coil of piano wire as he was carrying with him.

"It is for sounding," was the reply. "What note?" asked the questioner. "The deep," came the answer.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Musical Notes.
A song recital by Miss Myrtle Moses is to be given at the Young Women's Christian association auditorium Thursday evening. Jean F. Duffie will assist with piano accompaniments. The program, which is to start at 8 o'clock, is as follows:

"Aria Cavatine" from Queen of Sheba.....Gounod
"Barcarolle," Miss Moses.
(a) "Les Roses D'Alaphan".....Faure
(b) "Beau Soir".....Debussy
(c) "Nouveaux Soirs".....Vidal
Miss Moses.
(a) "Als Die Alte Mutter".....Dvorak
(b) "Wiegengesang".....Mozart
(c) "Abercrombie".....Strauss
(d) "Morgen".....Strauss
(e) "Zueignung".....Strauss
Miss Moses.
"Liebestraum" (No. 3).....Liszt
Mr. Duffie.
(a) "In a Little Garden".....Laddie
(b) "Across the Hills".....Rumel
(c) "Primavera".....Saller
(d) "Love's Echo".....Newton
(e) "A Birthday Song".....MacFadyen
Miss Moses.

Max Landow piano recital January 25 at the First Baptist church.

The musical department of the A. C. A. will meet at the residence of the Misses Fry Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The program is in charge of Mrs. Mosman. Mendelssohn is the composer who will be studied and a program from his works will be given, as well as a few numbers from Schubert and Schumann.

Mr. and Mrs. August M. Borglum gave a pupils' recital at their residence studio Saturday evening January 16. Those taking part were Blanche Weich, Louise Clark, Elizabeth Axtell, Jean Palmer, Margaret Wattles, Winifred Brand, Lili, Ilean Hoad, Dorothy Darlow, Ann Axtell, Grace Baudou, Helen Bicknell, May Hamilton, Elsie Dawson and Eleanor Lear.

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