

Busy Bees :-: :-: Their Own Page

North Side Children Have Flower Parade



Left to Right—Elizabeth Muir, Florence Brumbaugh, Edward Blair, Nellie Muir, Helen Blair. WILLIAM BLAIR, 218 NORTH TWENTIETH STREET, AND PLAYMATES DECORATE THEIR WAGON WITH FLOWERS.

THE boys and girls in this part of the country know what it is to enjoy the Indian summer. No time in the year is it quite so much fun as it is at this season. A tramp into the woods shows us how wonderful nature is changing the color of the leaves of the trees and bushes. It is quite as much fun to gather nuts among the leaves now as it is in the spring to hunt for the tiny violets hidden in the same places. But while the Busy Bees are gathering nuts I hope they will not forget the little squirrels who must put them away for their food in the cold winter days. These little friends are so busy and it is interesting to watch them find a nut and run with it to a hiding place. Chattering among themselves they work, from early morning until late at night, hunting and hiding the winter's supply of food. It is so easy to tell the young squirrels from the mothers and fathers in the way in which they handle the nuts—it is not quite so easy for them to carry them and they have many troubles. A lesson in patience might be learned from these little animals for they seem to be untiring until they have accomplished their task. Perhaps when the cold winter days come and the ground is all covered with snow there will be some thoughtful little Busy Bees who will throw out a few crumbs of bread for the little squirrels who have only the food for the winter, which they are gathering now.

Little Stories by Little Folk

The Helpful Goldenrod.
By Ruth Lavett, Aged 12 Years, 2619 C Street, South Omaha, Red Side.
"Oh dear," sighed a goldenrod growing by the roadside. "I'm so lonesome and wish some one would come and pick me."
The next day a little girl came along the road with her mother. The little girl saw the goldenrod. "Oh, mother," said the little girl, "I want that pretty flower for Elizabeth, who is sick." All right," said her mother. "Pick it." She picked it and took it to Elizabeth. The very minute Elizabeth saw the goldenrod she got a trifle better and before another week was gone by she was up helping her mother, who took in washing to make both ends meet.
Now this child's doctor, who knew of the condition of the woman, did not send his bill in until the end of that summer and this was only the beginning of spring, so the little girl had planted a garden of goldenrods and then she sold them and paid her own doctor bill, which really was not as much as it should have been and ever since then Elizabeth always loved the goldenrod.

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.
6. Short and pointed articles will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.

Susie's Guest.
By Evelyn Vore, Aged 10 Years, 923 North Twenty-First Street, South Omaha, Blue Side.
"I only hope we won't meet any of the girls," said Susie, as she drew on her gloves.
Mother answered by a warning glance at the door opening into the next room. "If it were not that I expected the club this afternoon I would take her out myself, but, of course, I cannot leave, and she is so anxious to see the sights. Think, Susie, what it will mean to her, after not being in the city for twenty years."
Susie only frowned as she fastened her gloves.

"And of all," whispered her mother, "don't let her think that you are ashamed of her. Think how you would feel if you were treated that way, and you must remember how good she was to you last summer when we were at Highland Dell. You spent many happy afternoons in her house. She was very kind to you, now it is your turn to be so to her."
"If she only were not dressed so outlandishly," declared Susie in a low whisper. "Last summer, when she was at home, she was plainly dressed, but now—Oh, dear!"
She turned to the open door and called, "Are you ready, Mrs. Lamont? I guess we had better start."
Mrs. Lamont glided through the door out onto the porch. She was a picture of the olden days, with the very full skirt and old-fashioned bonnet, false curls and large sleeves.
"I am as happy as a child," said Mrs. Lamont. "I haven't seen the city for twenty years. I expect everything is changed. I suppose the subway is changed, too."
"Yes, it is, but I don't believe we had better go there today because it is so crowded about this time and is really very uncomfortable to ride. She did not add that they might meet some of the girls coming from shopping."
They turned down one of the business streets. She breathed more freely now, because they had not met any of the girls. Just as they were crossing the street they heard a "honk-honk." Susie turned to find a runabout a few yards away.

"Rose Sanders," murmured Susie under her breath. "Rose, of all girls, to see me with Mrs. Lamont."
Rose was a rich merchant's daughter, who all the girls highly respected.
"Hello, Susie, I was looking for someone to share my ride with me. Will you and your friend jump in?"
Susie looked at Mrs. Lamont. "Do you want to go? This is the lady that I was visiting last summer," turning to Rose, "that lived up in the mountains."
"That lady that lived in such a quaint house and had so many relics that you told about?"
"Yes, this is her, Mrs. Lamont."
They climbed in and Mrs. Lamont had a delightful smile on her face. Rose turned down one of the side streets and said, "We must see all of the sights and we can get over so much more ground than you could on foot."
Mrs. Lamont sat and chatted about how the things were changed. Susie sat quietly, thinking of how shamefully she had treated Mrs. Lamont, who had given her such a lovely time and now Rose was rewarding her instead of Susie, when Rose owed her nothing. The little old lady had a delightful ride between the two girls.
As Rose was leaving Susie said, "It has been awfully good of you."
"Not at all," answered Rose. "I really have enjoyed it more today since I have looked at it through someone's eyes who has not seen it before."
"I shall remember it all my life," said Mrs. Lamont. "I can't thank you too much."
"If you will only stay over tomorrow," said Susie, "we will take a ride in the subway and to the park and museum and many other places."
"I believe I will," announced the old lady happily. And she did.
But Susie had a different feeling when they started the next morning.
"It took Rose to open my eyes and make me see how selfish I was," she said to

shore of the Yellowstone lake, which is a very pretty lake. It has many beautiful colors in it. There is one geysers there that is very interesting. It is right on the shore. When a person catches fish in the lake they can throw the fish right over in this boiling hot geyser and cook them if they wish. After spending a few hours there we drove around the lake to the Lake hotel and stayed there all night. We saw a few bears and lots of little chipmunks there. We stayed at that hotel over night, so the next morning we started off again.
The poor drivers! The people do ask them so many questions. We had a couple in our coach that persisted in asking the craziest questions all the time. We had lots of fun with them. But the drivers are pretty smart, for sometimes their answers are about as silly as the questions. One time as we were passing a boiling hot spring one of the people asked, "Driver, how deep is this spring?" He answered: "It's eighteen feet, but it used to be twenty feet."
"Why, when the man went down to measure it he brought up two feet with him, and so that only left eighteen feet."
There were many more I could tell you, but as my story is nearly too long now I will have to cut these out.
We went after a long drive to the Grand Canyon hotel. We stayed there for a week. We had a grand time there. Every morning some of my friends and I would go out and watch the bears. One morning we saw four bears up in one tree. The mother, father and two little baby cubs. The cubs were both lying on a branch sound asleep. And the big father bear was sitting up as if to say, "Don't you touch my children." We took lots of Kodak pictures of the bears.
In the afternoon we would go horseback riding. That was lots of fun.
There were many large canyons around there and there was also the Great Upper falls and the Lower falls.
One afternoon the guide took a crowd of my friends and I down one of the canyons. It was 1,300 feet straight down, and at the bottom were the swift rapids of the Lower falls. Most of the way we had to use a rope to hold on to, as it was so steep. It was a little scary going down, but not coming up.
From Canyon hotel we went to Norris Geyser basin. We stopped there for lunch, that being our last meal in the park. After lunch a guide took a crowd of people around to see the geysers. At Norris there are more geysers than at any other place. The noise was terrific. We soon learned that most of it came from a geyser called the Growler. Next to it was a small geyser called the Baby Growler that had just recently broken out. But it is growing so rapidly in size and noise that it will soon be worse than its father, the Growler. We saw many more curious ones there.
From Norris we went to the depot and then that ended our joyous trip through the park.

A Little Story About Ants.
By Mollie Corenman, 805 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Red Side.
Ants are very interesting creatures. I will tell you some things about them which I saw. One day I caught three ants and three flies, and putting them in a small box I watched to see what would happen. As nothing interesting happened just then I left them. The next day I looked into the box and what was my surprise to see the flies dead, but the ants were all alive. On another day I saw five ants dragging a live caterpillar. The creature was trying to get loose, but it could not for the ants had a secure hold on him. After a while two ants went away. The three ants stood still as if resting. Suddenly two large red ants appeared and began fighting with the smaller ones. After a half an hour the three small ants were dead. Then the victors caught hold of the caterpillar, but in the middle of the way the two ants that had left appeared with ten other ants, and then a war began. It only lasted five minutes. After the fighting was through there lay on the battlefield dead the two red ants and one black ant. So this is the way the black ants avenged their friends' death. But while the battle was going on the caterpillar ran away. So neither of the ants had him for dinner that afternoon.

Honesty is the Best Policy.
By Ross Pycha, 11 Years Old, 184 South Thirteenth Street, Omaha.
Long, long ago there lived a small boy named Johnnie Johns. His parents were very poor and he had to sell papers to keep the family from starving.
One day as he was coming home from selling papers he found a pocketbook. He was surprised to see that it contained a \$5 gold piece and several paper dollars. When he opened it he happened to find a piece of paper on which was written: "If lost, the finder will please return it to Miss Vera Jackson, 126 North Twenty-fifth street."

The Right Kind of a Boy.
By Esther Christiansen, Aged 12 Years, 2520 South Nineteenth Street, Omaha.
A boy who had thoughtlessly hurt the feelings of a friend called in the evening and said, "Is Theodore in? I want to see him." The two had a few minutes' earnest talk, after which Theodore came back to the living room with a very bright face.
"Kenneth is a good fellow," he said, as his mother looked up inquiringly. "He was horrid to me today when I made an error on third base, and he came around tonight to apologize. He said he was sorry that he had been rude and thought he had been unfair. There are not many fellows who take the trouble to ask your pardon."
"Kenneth is a manly boy," said Theodore's father.
"Yes, and a generous one," the mother added. "We are glad to have you cultivate the friendship of a boy such as Kenneth. You will not go far astray when in his company."

Pop, you an' ma have got me guesst' in."
"What's the matter, son?"
"Ma tells me to always tell the truth an' you tell me to always be polite. Now, which shall I do?"

Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12. "This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1905	Margaret Adam, 1455 South 14th St.	Centonus
1901	Harold Baugh, 2031 Fowler Ave.	Saratoga
1903	Thelma Maude Brison, 911/2 South 28th St.	Mason
1905	Rose Camero, 614 North 14th St.	Cass
1900	Emile Cappelco, 2426 Maple St.	Lake
1904	George Cassman, 1218 Capitol Ave.	Cass
1906	Bertha Colhan, 2019 Spruce St.	Lake
1899	Milton Delford, 2824 Cass St.	Webster
1908	George Lewis Dennis, 1545 Park Ave.	Park
1901	Sarah Faier, 314 South 10th St.	Pacific
1904	Cornelius Farguhar, 3206 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy
1899	Louis M. Fials, 2314 South 12th St.	Lincoln
1902	Wallace Fyfe, 3320 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin
1903	Edgar Geisler, 2006 Dodge St.	Farnam
1904	Helene Gorman, 4672 Mayberry Ave.	Beals
1901	Caroline A. Helleman, 3107 South 30th St.	Windsor
1901	Franklin Hill, 2406 Pacific St.	Mason
1903	Florence Hobbs, 1707 Dodge St.	Central
1902	Madeline Jensen, 304 North 23d St.	Kellom
1900	Charles Keplinger, 3345 Boyd St.	Monmouth Park
1900	Loretta King, 700 North 41st St.	Saunders
1902	Irene Leigh, 533 Park Ave.	Farnam
1905	Martin Lof, 2115 Ohio St.	Lake
1898	Grace McKenzie, 2220 North 18th St.	Lake
1902	Charles Martin, 6025 Florence Blvd.	Miller Park
1898	Orville Miller, 36th St. and Curtis Ave.	Central Park
1898	Earl Nelson, 1908 North 26th St.	Long
1898	John Francis O'Neil, 1819 Grace St.	Lake
1904	Nora Rager, 3309 Camden Ave.	Monmouth Park
1899	Ethel Reinhardt, 2105 South 48d St.	Beals
1901	Ralph Rose, 706 South 18th St.	Mason
1900	Elizabeth Stapenhorst, 1811 Park St.	Lake
1900	Lewis Sullivan, Unifac, Park Ave.	Farnam
1903	Anna Katharine Thies, 1530 South 28th St.	Park
1902	Irene Wall, 2709 South 24th St.	Vinton
1903	Marguerite Whitmore, 3044 South 18th St.	Vinton

Gladys' Lesson.
By Louise Johannes, Tenth and G Street, Columbus, Neb.
Gladys was a very proud girl who liked to make fun of other little girls that could not afford to wear such fancy clothes as she did. She jeered and ridiculed Emily because her dress was somewhat ragged. One day the teacher in school offered a prize to the little girl whose sewing was neatest on an apron. After the aprons were done it happened that Emily got the prize. Gladys was mad because she didn't get the prize. After that she never thought herself more than any one else.

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"What's the matter, son?"
"Ma tells me to always tell the truth an' you tell me to always be polite. Now, which shall I do?"

Popular Writer of Fairy Stories

L. Frank Baum, author of the famous Oz stories, is, perhaps, better known to the children of present-day America than any other living person. The beginning of Baum's career as a writer of fairy tales began about 1893, and since that time over 1,000,000 of his works have been sold. His popularity even exceeds that of Hans Anderson among the readers of fairy books. He got his start in the literary world by telling fairy stories to his four young boys. The boys liked the tales, so did their mother, so when The Youth's Companion offered a series of prizes for the best fairy stories submitted in competition, he started out to win the first prize. He was successful in capturing the capital prize of \$2,000, his nearest competitor being Frances Hodgson Burnett, who was second. It was at about this time that he launched his well-known "Wizard of Oz." It is now a historical fact that an enormous financial success this play became. Early last spring his second volume of Oz was launched. "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz," which in reality is a fairyland extravaganza along similar lines to "The Wizard of Oz," and yet entirely different ideas than any other used heretofore by the author are followed in its construction. The characters introduced are the familiar ones of the Clockwork Man, the Shaggy Man, Polydore, Betsy Bobbin, Hank, the Duke, Queen Ann of Oogaboob, Private Piles, the Ugly Man, the Metal Monarch and Princess Ozma. Around these characters he has woven a fanciful and extravagant tale of fairyland adventures interspersed with comedy scenes and situations that abound with bright comedy.



L. Frank Baum

And thus we see that almost since the world began, generation after generation has been young or old, has shown delight in hearing of the "never, never land" fairy tale.

MUSIC

By HENRIETTA M. REES.
R. KELLY AND MRS. THOMAS J. KELLY have returned from a long visit to the principal musical centers of Europe where they heard many operas, scores of singer, famous orchestras, famous choirs, met many interesting and prominent musical personalities and are ready for the usual strenuous season which fall to their lot.
Mr. Kelly will begin to conduct the rehearsals of the Mendelssohn choir on Monday evening, next, and will immediately get the choir to work on some interesting novelties. In New York, Mr. Kelly visited the heads of the great publishing houses with a view to getting some things published in English, which he heard abroad. One of these is a work by the famous composer, Humpertinek, author of "Hansel and Gretel," and of the "Koenigskinder." It is being sung this winter by the famous Philharmonic choir of Berlin, but it is not published in English and one American house has already furnished a figure on the work; this will be printed specially for the Mendelssohn choir of Omaha.
In Chicago Mr. Kelly spent the time between trains in the library of the Theodore Thomas (Chicago Symphony) orchestra with Frederick Weasler, the manager of the orchestra, and scores were examined with regard to necessary orchestral parts to be imported.
A work by the now famous Modest Moussorgsky will be put into rehearsal on Monday night. This is the Russian composer, whose great opera "Boris Godounoff," has stirred the musical world more than anything since Wagner; it was written forty-three years ago and only came to the public notice five years ago.

The work which the Mendelssohn choir will sing is entitled "Jedusa," founded on a Hebrew theme and composed for chorus and orchestra. Ancient music will be represented by the "Crucefixus of Leiti," an eight-part chorus of exceptional worth. Sir Charles Stanford will be represented by some work, and also the very modern English composers, Haverall Brian and Percy Grainger, the latter being one of the most daring and original writers of choral music. His work is being taken up by the very best choral societies in the United States and England. The Mendelssohn choir members are urged to communicate with Mr. Kelly as soon as possible and those who intend to become members, who have not been members, are advised to telephone at once to him, Harney 287, so that they may get the benefit of the first rehearsal, which will be held on Monday night at the United States army building.
Enrico Palmetto, the distinguished Danish tenor, will sing at the Young Women's Christian association auditorium Monday evening, October 13. Signor Palmetto is the first number on the entertainment course of the Young Women's Christian association. Although a Dane by birth he has Latin blood in his veins. Signor Palmetto received his education in Paris, Munich, Berlin and other centers of Europe, where he is widely known as the Danish Caruso. He has received many favorable press notices from different parts of the country.

Once upon a time there was a lovely woman who was highly educated in music. This woman was sought out by several of the women's musical clubs in her home town and was very soon tendered the directorship of one of them. She felt she could do much for this club and in a generous spirit accepted the responsibility. As she also had a class of pupils she then arranged her teaching hours so that she would always have the regular time of the club meeting free, and spent a great deal of her spare time when she might have been devoting herself to her work to the arrangement of programs for the club and planning an interesting course of study. The woman worked long and faithfully, receiving no pecuniary reward, reviewing things that she already knew, to make things enjoyable for the members.
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Omaha has recently lost another of its musical members by the removal of Judge and Mrs. Howard Kennedy to Lincoln. Mrs. Kennedy has been the organist at the First Presbyterian church for fifteen years, and has been identified with the Tuesday Musical club and other musical life in the city. Last year she gave Omaha audiences the opportunity to hear Cadman's song cycle, "The Morning of the Year," and in the past has been generous in other musical ways. Her many musical friends will miss her a great deal and hope that she will be very successful in her new home.

Musical Notes.
Mr. Sigmond Landberg returned this week from a summer sojourn in Europe, and reopened his studio in the Wead-Baldridge building, 29th and Farnam streets.
Martin W. Bush announces that he is planning to give his annual piano recital on Monday evening, October 13. The program will be devoted to classical German music, and is in charge of Miss Bella Robinson.
The Omaha Women's Club Musical department will hold its first meeting Thursday afternoon, at 2:30 p. m. The program will be devoted to classical German music, and is in charge of Miss Bella Robinson.
Frank March presents Olga Kletter, aged 11 years, in a violin recital assisted by Mr. Harry Diebrow, baritone and Miss Ruth Flynn, accompanist, at the First Methodist Episcopal church, Tuesday evening, October 14, at 8 o'clock. Tickets may be had free of charge at any of the leading music stores. The program will contain many well known and interesting compositions.

Miss Blanche Sorenson, teacher of voice, who recently returned from the east, where she spent the summer, has reopened her studio, 20 E. Broadway, New York. In addition to her vocal studies, Mrs. Sorenson is director of the chorus in the Young Women's Christian association and supervisor of music in the Benson schools.

FRATILE OF THE KIDDIES.
Governess—If I were cousin german to you, what relation would my father be to you, Mildred?
Small Mildred—Dutch uncle.
"Johnny," said the teacher, "can you tell me what a skeleton is?"
"Yes, ma'am," replied Johnny. "A skeleton is a man that hasn't any meat on."
Aunt Alma—So you took your first dancing lessons today. Was it difficult?
Small Louise—No. All I had to do was keep turning round and winking my feet.
"Aren't you going to say your prayers, Willie?"
"No; I'm not. I am tired of praying for this family without getting any results."
Small Arthur—Mamma, I hurt my finger. Please tie a rag on it.
Mamma (after an examination)—It isn't injured enough to need tying up, dear.
Small Arthur—Well, tie a rag on it, anyway, so I won't forget which finger it is that hurts."