

Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

NO DOUBT many of the Busy Bees were rather impatient of the mild weather we have enjoyed until lately, for they were not able to indulge in their customary winter sports. However, old Father Winter is not as cruel as the Bees were beginning to think, and sleighing, skating and all the delightful sports of the season will soon be in full force. Let the Busy Bees think about it and they will find ample material for interesting stories and letters for the Busy Bees' page. We look especially for letters from those living out of the cities, as they have ever so much more opportunity to indulge in these pastimes than city children.

The heading for the children's stories should include the name of the story, the writer's name, address, age and the side to which he belongs.

If any of the Bees have pictures of themselves which they wish to send to the editor, the pictures will be printed on the children's page.

Prizes were awarded as follows: First prize to Astrid Sorenson of the Red Side; second prize to Helena Gifford of the Blue Side; and honorable mention to Howard McEachen of the Red Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

In Dreamland.

By Astrid Sorenson, Lindsay, Neb. Route One summer night I was lying on the porch watching the moon as it came sailing over the sky. "Why looking so happy, moon?" I heard a voice say, and when I looked up I could see it was that little star right alongside of the moon which had been talking.

"Little star," said the moon, "last night I was watching a big steamship far out on the ocean. On the deck stood a lovely little maid watching me as I looked out from the gray clouds which partly covered me. She smiled at me and said: 'Oh, moon, you have always been my true friend. You will now follow me out in the big world and every night when I look at you I know that way back there mid the New England hills someone is watching you, too. From there I have often watched you myself when I was home, and now, dear moon, you will bring my best love back there to those who love me. The sight of you, dear old friend, whom I have often watched together with my dear ones before I had to part from them, brings me back to my dear ones and I will watch you with my watchful eyes on all small, lovable maids like me, and make them happy by your friendly faces as you now have made me happy again. And now good night. I will be watching for you tomorrow night when I know you have seen those dearest in the world to me.' Here she stopped her little speech and walked away with a happy look on her face, and I kissed her pale cheeks and sailed on. Now I must go and do what she told me before I go back and see how she is. Now, little star, let us help each other and everybody's way and let us not let dark clouds hide us. I must be off for tonight."

And off went the moon and down fell I from the porch and in dreamland. But I went to bed and back to dreamland while the moon was sailing over the big blue ocean.

(Second Prize.)

Busy Bee's Letter.

By Helena Gifford, Age 8, 1006 Jones Street, Blue Side.

One lonely night I was wishing I had something to do. I thought how nice it would be if my room would help me some day. So the next day I told them all I thought about it. They all said they thought it a very good plan. I told them that it would be nice to have a boys' side and a girls' side. Then we must bring food and money. But we must have people at the head of each side, a president, a vice president and a secretary and a treasurer. Well, I was the girls' president, and I think they were proud of me. Each side ran races to see which could bring the most money. The girls' side won. One little girl named Vera said her father would take the things in his auto. Miss Gurske and another teacher and Vera and myself took the things.

The house had only one window. Two or three chairs, no rugs at all, a little stove that was very rusty and a bed. That was about all the furniture. Their eyes danced with joy when we came in. The mother is a widow with three children to support. Miss Gurske handed her the money which my room had given in a little box. Now this is a true story.

(Honorable Mention.)

On a Battleship.

By Howard D. McEachen, Aged 10 Years, Way's, Neb. Red Side.

One day when I was out in California I saw a fleet of seven or eight battleships. There was one of the ships that would let us on its decks. The others were anchored out in the ocean four or five miles. The Colorado battleship came right up close to the pier and anchored. Four or five life boats ran back and forth from it to the pier, bringing people back from the ship and taking others out. They charged 25 cents admission for grown-up people and 25 cents admission for children.

The boat was a first-class boat. It had six guns of different sizes, forty-one officers and 550 men, four smokestacks and two masts. It was 502 feet long, and sixty-nine feet six and one-half inches in breadth. It had three decks. The decks, or floors, were built of steel. The tables the sailors eat on slide up into the ceiling.

The sailors have three or four different suits to wear at different times. It stayed out in the ocean a way for two or three days, showing the people the ship. Then it and the rest of the fleet sailed away for San Francisco.

(Honorable Mention.)

Mother's Help.

By Helena Gifford, Aged 13 Years, 215 South 22nd Street, Omaha, Red Side.

They were all sad. Why and who was it that was sad? Because their mother was ill and her life despaired of. They all thought of many little things that they had done and that had displeased her and thought how, if she should get well, they would all be good to her. There was little Rosealie, who was 5 years old, Charlotte who was 3 years old and Helene, who was the oldest girl.

But then there were two boys, Walter and Gregory—there was 15 and the other was 17 years old.

Now, as they were all sitting in their mother's room, Gregory said: "If mother gets well I'll get up every morning and start the fire for her." Walter said: "And I shall always chop all the wood for mother." Helene said: "And I will wash

OMAHA BUSY BEE WHO DELIGHTS IN THE PAGE.



Helena Gifford

lives in Lexington, Kentucky?" A poor, old, worn-out woman spoke up and said, "I do." Then Edith asked, "Is your name Clay?" "Yes," she answered. "Have you a 3-year-old daughter?" "I had one, but she was thrown into the mighty ocean in a leather bag, and the shark wouldn't tip the boat over." "I have her here!" yelled Edith aloud. The old lady burst into tears. "Oh, you dear child, mother thought you were drowned." The old lady gave Edith \$100, and besides, many beautiful bags and ornaments of crocheting.

Christmas in Holland.

By Lily Schiffer, Aged 8 Years, 3018 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

The children in Holland do not have their Christmas like we do. We think ours is queer, too.

Now, I will tell you how they have it. First, the mother spreads a big sheet on the floor and then when their St. Nicholas comes they don't say a word. Then he asks who has been good during the year. They call that night St. Nicholas eve. The next day the good children find all kinds of presents, but the bad children find a birch rod for their mother to whip them with.

An English Custom.

By Rose Schiffer, Aged 12 Years, 3018 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

England has queer customs in celebrating Christmas. They begin their Christmas on December 24 and end it on January 5.

On Christmas morning it is the custom to go into the woods and bring a log home, which they call the Yule log. Every family that can goes merrily to the woods to fetch it. They cut it down in the woods and decorate it with holly and evergreens. Then they tie a long rope on the log and as many as can get hold of it will drag it home. They select a good musician to play on the way home. After they get it into the house they roll it into the fireplace. If the log burns out before the time, then their Christmas is over. They are supposed to save a piece of the log to light the next year's log.

Kindness to Animals.

By Mollie Corenman, 505 South Seventh Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I love birds and animals very much. I feel very sorry when I see a poor tired horse getting whipped because he cannot pull a heavy load up a hill. And sometimes it almost breaks my heart when I see the mangled body of a little sparrow lying on the street.

One day while I was playing with my sister we saw a dead bird lying on the corner of a sidewalk. It was very sad. Poor little thing! Maybe it was happy once, but it shall be happy again in a more beautiful place. There it will be happy and see flowers and birds which it never did see on this earth. We picked

the little body up and buried it. I also put a little stone on top of the grave, so we would know where the little thing rested. Another time, while we were playing by some boards, we heard a faint mew. We looked all around and at last discovered a weak little kitten. We lifted the boards and taking her kitten in my arms, I took it home. It gave it some milk and bread. And now, how it did eat! The next day it disappeared, and we haven't seen it since.

There are some children who are very cruel to animals, but most children are kind to animals. I hope all the Busy Bees are kind to poor dumb creatures. Some people think that just because the poor animals are dumb they do not feel any pain. But they feel pain if they are hurt or whipped just the same as people. In the summer I give our horse and cats very nice cold water and in winter they are also very comfortable. When the snow is on the ground I throw crumbs of bread out-doors, and the sparrows that fill our yard are very numerous. I think it is a nice idea when there is snow on the ground to throw crumbs out, and then in your heart you will feel you have done a kind deed.

A Christmas Story.

By Edith Cooper, Aged 12 Years, Elin, Neb. Red Side.

Santa Claus was working in his shop when he heard a knock at the door. He opened the door and there stood a boy and a girl. "Well, Well, my children! How did you get way up here in the cold?" "We came to visit you, said the boy. "Indeed, come in," said Santa Claus. The children walked into the shop. The little boy saw a rocking horse, which he thought very much of, and told his sister that was what he wanted for Christmas. "Well, my son, you shall have it," said Santa Claus in a gentle tone. The little girl found a large doll which she wanted. Santa Claus said she should have it. Santa Claus took them home in his sled.

The Midnight Adventure.

By Helen Adkins, Aged 12 Years, 1100 North Twenty-second Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

It was midnight and the stars were shining very brightly. There was a shrill whistle and then a hurry, and six little Brownies met. They were planning something.

The first one said: "How are we going to get the rig?" and another answered, "Oh, we'll get it; never mind." So the next minute one Brownie stole quietly to the City stable and got a horse and rig, and then they started.

When they got to the foot of the mountains they heard a low, buzzing noise. It frightened them. One said, "Oh, it's the snoring of the dragon, and if we can steal by him without waking him we shall be safe, but if we waken him we are lost!"

So they got out of the rig and tip-toed up the mountain side, and when they came to where the dragon was sleeping they began to tremble.

The first five Brownies tip-toed around him very quietly (for the dragon had a very sensitive ear), but alas! when it came to the sixth Brownie, he tripped on his shadow and fell right on the dragon, who awoke and arose with a mighty "Roar!"

The dragon took all the Brownies in his cave and locked them up. It was now two hours past midnight, and one little Brownie said, "We must reach the Brownie kingdom, the place to which we planned to go, before tomorrow, and we must try to escape."

After an hour's work they managed to dig a tunnel large enough for them to creep through. After they had escaped they went on further and finally reached the enchanted forest. When they shook the first tree a plate, knife and fork came down. The next tree produced potatoes and gravy and meat. The next one had candy and deserts. After they had finished this delightful meal they went on their way to the Brownie kingdom and reached there at the appointed time.

If you should ever visit Brownie kingdom you would be told of the six little Brownies' midnight adventure.

The Duck that Ran Away.

By Helen Agan, Aged 9 Years, Glenwood, Ia. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a duck. He lived with his mother and sisters. He had a very good mother, but he was the only boy. He was a bad duck. One day he went swimming in the river. "My!" he said, "the stream runs very fast!" It went so fast he could not swim. He went down the river about two miles till he came to a tree where the roots stuck out. He caught hold of the root and jumped out and ran till he was safe. He had some ducks were swimming. He thought he would take a swim, but he soon tired of that, so he thought he would go on and see what he could find. So he went on till he came to a river. He wanted to cross it, but he did not want to be drowned. He said, "I will follow the bank around till I reach the other side." He ran into a tree and hung his head. It was dark when he did that. He saw a barn in front of him, and as he went in he heard a voice say, "Hello." He knew where the voice came from. It was his mother and sisters. He was home again.

Rosebud.

By Geraldine Dotson, Aged 11 Years, Hay Springs, Neb. Red Side.

Rosebud was a small child, and was standing by the corner selling papers. No one would buy any, and she knew that if she did not sell any her father would beat her. At last, when she was nearly frozen, she started home. Some children came up to her and bought a paper. When she got home her father said to her, "Why did you not sell them papers?" "Because no one would buy any," she answered. Then he beat her and left, afterwards she thought she saw her mother coming to get her. Her father came home and kicked her, and told her to get up, but she could not. Rosebud could never sell papers any more.

The Cart Ride.

By Eldred Hammel, Aged 13 Years, Meeker, Neb. Blue Side.

One year my aunt and uncle wanted a cart ride. They had an old cart to hitch to the side of the house has been ordered and it is planned to install a lighting system and add a screened porch in the summer. The entire effect house of the playhouse is most beautiful, not to mention the fact that it is a very nice gift. Walter Peterson is the contractor and Henry Lehmann, grandfather of the boys, did the interior decorating.



MUSIC

BY HENRIETTA M. REES.

MUSIC is gaining strength constantly in the minds of the great American public. Its importance is being more and more appreciated as an educational force throughout the country.

The report of the federal bureau of education in Washington, which is given a lengthy discussion in the latest issue of Musical America is but another instance of the general awakening to the importance of its study as an intensive and vital force in the development and education of the people. The report suggests, among other things, the study of musical appreciation as being particularly appropriate for third and fourth-year high school work. The courses should include the study of musical history, lives of famous musicians, forms of musical composition and aesthetic of music. Selected compositions should be studied, the means of expression and knowledge of the instruments, outside the school, when seriously undertaken and properly examined and certified, should be given equal credit with any other four or five-hour academic study, and may be substituted for one of these in the regular school work, is another suggestion. This is along the line of the work now being tried in the schools of Washington, and the fact that it has been recommended nationally, it does much to bring music into its proper standing educationally. There is no academic study taught that demands such concentration to obtain results, and which develops so many other qualities of mind power as the study of music.

Stanislav Letovsky, a former Omaha boy, who has been meeting with success abroad, received notice in the musical journals this week in connection with his opera, "Frau Anna," which received its premiere at the Municipal Opera of Posen last month. Musical America gives him a biographical notice, telling of his early life here and of his career since leaving Omaha. He studied first in Prague and later in Berlin, where he devoted himself to theoretical work under Hugo Kautz, simultaneously keeping up his work on the piano. He accepted the position of conductor at the Municipal Opera in Kiel in 1908 under Director Gottschald, and during this period proved himself fairly productive as composer, writing a number of sonatas, variations, piano music, setets and quartets for stringed instruments, all of which were published. During the summer of 1910 he conducted in Berlin and since then has been active as opera conductor at the Municipal Opera in Posen, where, among other works, he conducted Wagner's "Ring" without rehearsal. While in this latter position he completed his first opera, "Frau Anna."

The New York critics are enthusiastic over the new opera recently produced there, "Amora del Tre Re," the music by Italo Montemezzi. The libretto is said to be much above the average and the music is almost ideal.

At a recent concert given by the Sinal Orchestral association, of Chicago, Miss Myrtle Moses, formerly of Omaha, was the soloist who drew the largest crowd, 3,000, that has ever attended a concert given by this organization. Miss Moses arrives in Omaha January 19 and will give a recital at the Young Women's Christian Association auditorium January 22, with Mr. Jean Duffield as accompanist. This will be her first appearance here after three years' study abroad.

Mr. Max Landow will give a piano recital January 29 at the First Baptist church. The program will contain numbers from Brahms, Schumann and Liszt, and many of them will be new to Omaha concert goers. Mr. Landow's recitals are always a musical treat and anticipated with pleasure.

Henry Cox is rejoicing in the possession of Tchaikovsky's First Symphony, which was given him at a Christmas present by the Symphony Study orchestra. Omahans interested in the doing of this orchestra will await its performance with interest.

Mr. Kelly's poem in the "Newsday in Church," which recently appeared in The Bee, is republished in the Musical Courier of this week. In the recent splendid writup of Mr. Kelly and his accomplishments one important point was omitted, one by means of which he is more satisfactory influence in the musical life of today than this music of Mozart," he says, and then goes on:

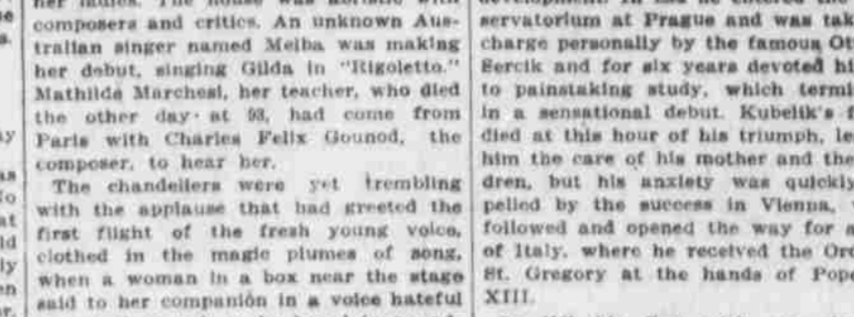
Its chief benefit is that it is so far as any art can be a simple and not a compound product. For in music, music, the just music, the music that Mozart set out to paint in tones or to delineate in melody, his supreme sensitivity to orchestration, his clear, youthful health of mind made it impossible for him to approach even remotely the methods which afterwards became the fetish of the sick men of modern music. Because Mozart never faltered, because he never dissected, because he never lost that aristocracy of style which is the mark of the finest qualities of his music, to play Mozart well the piano is to have a command of the smooth and flawless fluency which lies at the basis of all good and noble performance. To sing Mozart well is to have a vocal resource which makes Wagner facile and which defies the destructive explosions of Puccini.

Leon Laffite, a new French tenor of the Boston Opera company, gives some sensible remarks in a recent interview upon the habits of the singer. "In singing," he says, "careful living means more than any other branch of musical work. There is Titta Ruffo. He neither drinks nor smokes—and you will see how he can sing. Other musicians, it may be, can afford to be irregular in their habits, but the singer must take care of himself. It is not the sonority and brilliancy of the voice that only suffers from the bad habits of fatiguing hours, it is the quality of the voice itself."

From Pennsylvania comes the report of a small manufacturer of musical instruments, equipped with an electric light and an internal music box, which is to be used to lure fish, as it has been noticed that they were attracted by pleasant sounds. From California comes the report that a young lady interested in entomology, tried photographing music upon insects with the following results: The California beetle cannot stand music, three or four performances of "Home Sweet Home" or a few bars of ragtime being sufficient to kill it. The deadly tarantula falls into a stupor. Butterflies are not affected. The humble bee flies into a nervous fit. Wasps get wing paralysis and are unable to fly again, but are otherwise unaffected. Waxworms try to gnaw the horn, as though pleased. Why, oh, why did not the young lady continue in her experiments and see if it were not possible to discover a tura which would kill the pestiferous mosquito and the baneful house fly—a tura which could be hummed or played.

The usurious Frau, Eugen d'Albert is about to undertake his fifth matrimonial venture. This time it is a Fraulein Fritzi Jauner, a niece of one of the former directors of the Vienna opera house, a pretty girl some thirty years, his junior. The engagement has caused no little comment in musical circles, where a prophetic remark by Brahms is being recalled, who, as far back as twenty years ago, at a dinner given to commemorate a nuptial ceremony that had occurred a quarter of a century previously, remarked: "You d'Albert, will also one of these days celebrate your silver wedding but—with the twenty-five wife."

Famous Musicians to Be Heard in Omaha



devoted to his son's talents and he grew up in an atmosphere highly favorable to development. In 1882 he entered the Conservatorium at Prague and was taken in charge personally by the famous Ottakar Serick and for six years devoted himself to painstaking study, which terminated in a sensational debut. Kubelik's father died at this hour of his triumph, leaving to him the care of his mother and the children, but his anxiety was quickly dispelled by the success in Vienna, which followed and opened the way for a tour of Italy, where he received the Order of St. Gregory at the hands of Pope Leo XIII.

In 1903 his first visit to America stamped him finally and for all time as a virtual wizard of the violin.

Following is the program for the concert to be given by the Melba-Kubelik-Burke company at the Auditorium Monday night:

Aria—Benvenuto Cellini.....Diaz Edmund Burke.
Concerto No. 1.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Kubelik
Aria—The Mad Scene from Lucia di Lammermoor.....Danisetti
Madame Melba
Madame Melba
(a)Calm as the Night.....Bohm
(b)Leva I Have Won You.....Mozart
Edmund Burke
Aria—Il re Pastore.....Mozart
(With Violin Obligato).
Madame Melba and Mr. Kubelik.
Sousvenir de Moscow.....Wieniawski
Mr. Kubelik
Aria—Addio from La Boheme.....Puccini
Waltz—Se Saran Rose.....Arditi
Madame Melba
Aria—La Jolie Pille de Perth.....Bizet
Edmund Burke.

orchestra included several of the more modern British composers in its program. Those represented were Sir Edward Elgar, Granville Bantock, Frederick Delius, Halford Gardiner and Percy Grainger.

A new Russian society has been formed in New York for the purpose of making the general public more familiar with what is good and great in the literature of Russian music, but little of which is known in America.

Binket Greene, a celebrated writer and baritone, says this of the art of singing:

There are two truths I should like to see printed in capitals on the walls of every singing studio in England:

1. There is no physical reason, except in the extreme high registers of the voice, why any word in music should be pronounced differently from the same word in speech.
2. No sung word, however beautiful the voice, may be pronounced as though it were different from the spoken word.

And this brings us to the most obvious truth of all—no singer is to be considered able—that every country must have its own school of singing founded upon its own language.

Some of us who are inclined to consider the music of Mozart out of date, too simple, and not worthy of serious consideration in this day and age, will do well to listen to the words of Mr. Henderson of the New York Sun, taken from an article in which he discusses the origin of modern music. "There can be no more satisfactory influence in the musical life of today than this music of Mozart," he says, and then goes on:

Its chief benefit is that it is so far as any art can be a simple and not a compound product. For in music, music, the just music, the music that Mozart set out to paint in tones or to delineate in melody, his supreme sensitivity to orchestration, his clear, youthful health of mind made it impossible for him to approach even remotely the methods which afterwards became the fetish of the sick men of modern music. Because Mozart never faltered, because he never dissected, because he never lost that aristocracy of style which is the mark of the finest qualities of his music, to play Mozart well the piano is to have a command of the smooth and flawless fluency which lies at the basis of all good and noble performance. To sing Mozart well is to have a vocal resource which makes Wagner facile and which defies the destructive explosions of Puccini.

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Etude	Etude
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