## Busy Bees - Their Own Page

many of the Busy Bees ever think, at this time of the year, BUSY BEE WHO GETS FIRST folks were very poor and his father was of the little seeds and rootlets asleep under their blanket of snow, waiting for the first warm rays of the spring sun to waken 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 we 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 itmes they have for the Busy Bee

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

## Little Stories by Little Folk

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the

the paper only and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Omaha Boe, Omaha, Neb.

Every Tom, Dick and Harry.

At the end of the last day the teacher

Tom went home feeling very happy be-

The Brave Girl.

Helen was a very brave and kind girl.

I am a new Busy Bee and I wish to join

How We Secured Our Victrola.

Frank and the Hour Glass.

Cuming Street, Omaha. Blue Side

ran back to the track.

made up the play.

let's go home." He had his reasons.

thing he wanted.

Indian War. (First Prize.)

By Adolf Nathaniel Hult, Aged 8 Years, 3006 California Street, Omaha. Red Side.

We were once marching at sunset through the dark, dark forest on a parrow 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 sent silver gleams streaming through the trees and the little stars came out, and the little breezes came singing a little

In the morning, when the sun was rising, all of a sudden we were wakened 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 heaten, and swiftly by Genevieve Sharkey. Aged 13 Years, they fled through the grass up and down

35 Tenth Avenue, Courcil Bluffs, Ia.

Blue Side. the hills until out of sight.

And now we were on the homeward path, tired and worn, while the old sun same school, and were in the same class. was going to bed. The darkness came and we walked through the black, black to work very hard to keep him in school the sand is running, grain by grain. The her head up and started out for home. the artists had one eye upon the gallery

(Second Prize.) Winter Sports.

Winter is about the best time of the year for me. Sleighriding is one of the better than Dick and Harry and this sports of winter. Many children take made them jealous. One day the teacher their sleds to school and at fifteen minutes' recess give the small children rides. thing." A few years ago the boys and girls after school would bring their sleds and rung and all were scated in the room, the

go to a fine coasting hill. This was the best coasting hill and we would have lots who is best in their work for the month." of fun. Afterwards a couple of boys would bring buckets of water and pour ahead of Dick, but Tom was sick and had it on the hill and towards evening it to stay out for three days, but when he would be ice. That was when we had went back to school he worked very the fun. I've fallen down there many a time because it was so slippery.

Many boys would take their skates and said, "Tom has now the prize which is \$5." skate on this hill, too, because it was pretty good skating. On evenings when cause he had won the prize. it was so dark, many would bring lan-terns and put them beside this hill, which Harry will get their turn. made plenty of light. There were ever older boys and girls in the evenings that would love to sleighride here. Such crowds there would be that many had By Georgia Lewellen, Aged 10 Years, 203
Grant Street, Blair, Neb. Red Side. to be careful coasting down the hill for fear they would run into one another.

This winter crowds of boys and girls get wagens or buggles and all ride down out shopping Helen was told she might night. to the river to skate. It is lots of fun take a walk. She decided to go down by am just learning. I fall down quite often, The river is not very far from here, and that is why many get up parties and go down there. It is sometimes dangerous, 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 ground.

Last year I made a large snow man. I sticks in it. Then I ran into the house and got an old coat and straw hat and the Red Side. I hope my stories will be this fine buggy?" and got an old coat and straw hat and that came by laughed at him because he in print. looked so funny.

Then I went into the house, and as it was evening I went to bed. I had been By Leona Ewing, Aged 14 Years, 3315 working the next morning and I chanced Spaulding Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. to look at the snow man. Oh! He was all gone, or, rather, in plain words, the old straw hat and old coat lying on principal's name is Miss Smith, she is melted, and nothing was left of him but the ground. That was the end of my

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

(Honorable Mention.) Harry's Dream. By Emil Cejda, Aged 13 Years, West

Point, Neb. Blue Side. One day Harry Wayne and Jack Wright the Eighth grade to make candy and sell thought they would go out into the woods it the night of the play, so they did. to take a stroll. After walking for about They put it in sacks and sold it for 5 an hour they decided to lie down for a cents a sack. little nap. And this is what Harry On Friday night, December 5, at 8

dreamed: They were walking along when they hard, but the auditorium was crowded. saw a bird's nest in a large elm troe. The tickets cost 25 cents for adults and Then Harry began to climb up for the 10 cents for children. First on the pro-When he got to the nest he found gram was seven numbers on the Victwo large white eggs in it. These he put trola; second, minuet by kindergarten into his pocket and began to climb down children; third, exdance by older boys; again. Just as he reached the ground, fourth, a talk by Mr. Walker; fifth, umhe heard a slight rustle in the leaves be- brella drill; sixth, Robin Hood; seventh, Turning quickly he saw a Hansel and Gretel, and eighth, fan drill large bird fully as tall as himself. When We sold all the candy and made the bird saw the eggs he began to chase enough to buy our Victrola, twenty-four Harry. Although Harry was a swift records and a picture for our auditorium runner, the bird soon overtook him. Then he made a great noise and soon about fifteen birds came, among them a By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 12 Years, 2229 few policemen. They took him to court and he was found guilty of murder. He Frank was a very talkative little boy. was sentenced to be beheaded. The next He never saw a thing without asking a day was appointed for the execution. great many questions about it. Then a number of officers led him to an His mother was very patient and kind, she would get better if she had some open space in the forest. There was When it was proper to answer his ques- broth to eat. nothing but a shock of grain. When tions she would do so. Sometimes she they came to this the foremost of the would say, "You are not old enough to He was ordered to lay his head on the 10 years old you may ask me about it stone, and just as the ax was to de- and I will tell you,"

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, By Esther Bloom, Aged 15 Years, Wood looks about for something else as pretty "An hourglass is made in the shape of River, Neb. Blue Side. Harry awoke he said, "Let's get that nest, Harry." But Harry answered, "No. He was impatient, because it would not the store we had to wait a while before most duty to hunt out new and charmlet's go home." He had his reasons. run faster. "Let me shake it, mother," we could be waited on. We were in the ing bits of melody and by means of his

35 Tenth Avenue, Courcil Bluffs, Ia.

Blue Side.

Tom Dick and Harry all went to the look at the hands of the clock you think cloud." When we were two miles and found something eise he considers worth while? Instead of always coming they go very slowly, and so they do, but a half from home it began to hall. I back with nothing different? Tom was a poor boy and his mother had they never stop. While you are at play spoke to Topsy, my pony, and she put It was easy to see last Monday that and we walked through the black, black to work very hard to keep him in school the sand is running, grain by grain. The woods until home we came and said our as his father was dead. Dick's father hands of the clock are moving, second. At mile and a half against hall, wind and rain we went until we came to one gallery is meant not the people sitting stances as they gave him most every glass has run through the black, black to work very hard to keep him in school the sand is running, grain by grain. The hard as half against hall, wind and rain we went until we came to one gallery is meant not the people sitting high up, but those superficial music lowthing he wanted.

Harry's father was a rich man and had everything he wanted. Tom was very do not stop to think how much then the clock has moved all under a big tree. It was halling so hard a long note, and who let considerable when we got home, papa was very glad artistry pass over their heads unbeeded. By Elsle Knoll, Aged 13 Years, Greins, bright in school and did everything the Neb. Blue Side.

When singers or players choose "What to do and how long it will take them." teacher told him to do. He minded so to do and how long it will take them we did turned around and went back to the public wants" they are liable to get to do it." well that the teacher began to like him

learn a little bymn, but he said, "Mother, faithful pony, and we all call her a good only safe rule is to choose that which want everybody to come and be on the I can never learn it." His mother said, pony and she always answers us when suits the artist himself and perform it sidelines, but nobody to root while some said: "Tomorrow I will tell you all some-Study all the time. Never stop to think we talk to her. how long it will take you to learn it. The next morning after the bell had You will be able to say it very soon."

teacher said, "I will give a prize to one in one hour and a half he knew the They all worked hard and Harry was

The Life of a Buggy Wheel.

The motto was "Every Tom, Dick and By Grace L. Moore, Aged 12 Years. Silver Creek, Neb. Red Side. to the city of Lansing, Mich. I was "Marning." After a while, the lady the gallery. hauled right up to the large door of a looked on her ribbon and found her adlarge building. There I was left over dress. Then the lady took May home. One time when her mother was going

The next morning I was put in a large if a person knows how to skate. I do the track. As she came nearer, she wood machine I was then taken out and not know how to skate very well, but thought she saw something lying across what do you suppose I looked like then? the track. She hurried to the place and I was the form of a buggy wheel. I was am just learning. I fall down quite often, there on the track she found a large a little damp then, so they laid me out By Evelyn Tagwerker, Aged 10 Years, Co-but as I do not get hurt I don't mind it. les. She tried with all her might to re- in the sunshine to dry. leg. She tried with all her might to re- in the sunshine to dry.

The next day I was painted a dull move it, but it was of no use. The train would soon be there, and maybe the enblack by a negro man whose name was but hardly anyone goes down there unless they know that the ice is solid around her. Over in a neighboring yard, put in the sunshine for five days. After she saw a red table cloth. She ran I was dry I was taken to the depot in quickly to the place and grabbed it and a little cart. I was then packed in an buy it. The next day he went out into encore, while the writer wondered "why," express car and shipped to Detroit, Mich. the field, stood over his horse and wept. around the corner. She began to wave the cloth. The engineer saw it and taken in the depot by an old rough was then the cloth. She heard the train whistle as it came I traveled one whole day. I got in Dethe cloth. The engineer saw it and taken in the depot by an old rough man kind face. It was a man. He asked him program, but I think there is a happy stopped the train. He got out and asked who stole a ride on top of my car.

he said, "You are a brave girl." By this packages until morning. A little short buy his horse and that they were poor I also think that they owe it to the public to be short buy his horse and that they were poor I also think that they owe it to the public to let them hear some of the excellent time, the passengers were all out. "We man with whiskers came and took me and took me and were nearly starving. He said: "I lie to let them hear some of the excellent and were nearly starving. He said: "I and less usual compositions which have Last year I made a large snow man. I should all thank this young girl for her first gathered some snow as large as a bravery." One by one they dropped snowball, and then I kept rolling it in money in his hat. Then he gave it to room with other handsome burger and took me and were nearly starving. He said: "I have helpless ones and they are crying for food." the snow until it became so large. I made his legs and arms by fastening counted it. It counted was kept there two weeks, when a hand- horse, sir, and it seems to be a very nice some young man came in and looked me all over. Then he said, "How much is

"Ninety-five dollars, my son." rubber tires."

I was then put behind a beautiful iron gray horse driven by a hundsome young man named John Dake. It was getting I am in the Eighth grade and I am a dusk when John drove into the farm pupil of Monmouth Park school. My yard with me. Then he cried aloud: Hey, ma, how do you like her? She's very nice and likes to make our school pretty handsome, hain't she?" cheerful for the pupils, so she decided "For goodness sakes, where did you

that it would be nice to have a Vicget ber?" trola. Then she planned to have a Vic-Then I was put in a nice warm shed to his brother, "I'm going outside, Willie." that opera will probably be given. Leo trola concert and had tickets printed until the next evening about dusk, when and charged 10 cents aplece, but we did I was run out and was again behind the

not make enough out of that so she dehandsome horse. cided to have a play. Three teachers Then I went out of the lane down a pretty country road till I came to an-Then she thought it would be nice for other 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, o'clock, the play began. It was raining 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.

> Tim and His Dove. By Edna Carlile, Aged II Years, Under-wood, Ia. Red Side.

I once knew a little boy that had a little dove. He thought lots of it. If it would get a little sick Tim (for that is join the Blue Side. the boy's name) would doctor it until it would get better. He named it Fairy. One winter his mother was very sick and Tim called the doctor and the doctor said

So Tim took his dove over to one of the neighbors and said, "Won't you please sack and brought them home and found men uncovered the stone for beheading, understand that, my son. When you are kill my dove and make some broth, for good homes for two of them and kept mother is very sick." The lady said she the other one myself and named him Jip. would, so Tim ran home again. He would I hope all boys who read this story will scend he awoke to find it all a dream. When his mother said this, he never not let his mother see him cry, for she never tie pupples up in a sack and throw Jack was already awake, and when teased any more. He knew she always would not let him kill the dove. Tim's them away. This is a true story.

dead. In about an hour the lady came in with some nice hot broth. After his mother ate some she said that she felt almost well again. The lady brought broth every day until Tim's mother was well. The last time she brought some broth, when she went to go home, the door blew open and Fairy flew in and alighted on Tim's shoulder. "See, I did not kill your dove," said the lady. Tim did not tell his mother until she was well,

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

Red Side. One day in Italy there was two chil- a certain encore after a certain number dren. There was a large girl and boy, because it seems to them that it affords One morning the girl started into the a pleasing contrast in meed and manner, city before her brother. She had a large or do they just think "Oh, well, this is basket of fruits. When she had gotten popular and shows off my voice well. I into the city she met a wealthy man who guess I'll sing it if I need an encore." bought all the fruit from the girl. As and then sing it no matter where it she turned to go home she met her comes? It seems cometimes as though brother just entering the city. So she some of the mon and women who stand went back with him to help sell his fruit, at the very top of their profession dis-They had delicious grapes and oranges, play poorer taste in the makeup of their So they went forth into the city to sell programs and the choice of encores than his fruit. When they had sold all the many others who are not so well known. fruit they sat on a large stone to count | An artist in the matter of clothes detheir money. Someone gave her an extra mands not only that the fabric and the coin and she was very pleased. While workmanship be of the finest, but that they were resting on the stone they were the selection be such that there is a genthinking of what nice things they would eral harmony in the costume as a whole. buy. So they went home and fold their No matter how exquisite a piece of lace mother of their journey and ate supper may be, if it is not in keeping with the and then went happily to bed. They rest it is laid aside for some future time.

Busy Bee Letter.

were called the "Fruit Venders."

the figure 8. The sand is put in at one One day in June, mamma and I went end and runs through a small hole in the to town. We drove a pony. Papa said same rules in the selection of a program? end and runs through a small hole in the to town. We drove a pony. Fana small runs through a small hole in the to town. We drove a pony. Fana small runs rules in the selection of a program; middle. As much sand is put into the before we left, he thought there would glass as will run through in an hour."

Trank watched the little stream of sand. for us to hurry back. When we reached is it not the artist's prerogative and also it is not the artist's prerogative and also it is not the artist's prerogative and also it is it not the artist's prerogative and also it. run faster. "Let me shake it, mother," we could be watted on. We not started or her great interpretative ability to through."

The shake it, mother, we could be watted on the started or her great interpretative ability to through."

The shake it, mother, we could be watted on the started or her great interpretative ability to the show them to us in all their beauty, so "Oh, yes it will, my son," answered his buggy. It had started to sprinkle rain that we may take them up and enjoy town. Everybody said when they heard into deep water, for different parts of sical touchdowns at its coming concert

Little May.

like it.

for an encore he brought one's mental

when there were so many other songs

and less usual compositions which have

been written and are constantly being

written, and which need only a favora-

ble introduction to be loved. Schumann-

Heink and Bispham are singers who ex-

ercise judgment and good taste in pro-

gram making, nor is their popularity all

over the world confined to any one class

The change of date of the Omaha per-

formances of the National Grand Opera

of Canada from the latter part of March

bring the engagement ahead of the Len-

ten season. Mr. Pryor says that the

without exception in favor of "Samson

Slezak is said to be exceptionally well

the performance of this opera in Montreal

The pre-Christmas week was chiefly notable for the appearance of Leo Slezak, the Herculean tenor, who sams Samson in the Saint-Saens Biblical opera for the first time in his life and made a tremend-

first time in his life and hade a Gernendous impression by the magnitude of his voice and physique and the direct appeal of his acting. His performance, with Gerville-Reache as Delliah, Roselli as the High Priest, Salzinger and Rudolf in important roles, and Jacchis conducting, was probably the finest ensemble

that lils Majesty's theater has ever wit-

"La Gioconda," which will be the of-

fering the first evening, is an Italian

opera, and is particularly famous for the 'Dance of the Hours," the charming bal-

let, which contains some of the best

music of the opera. Anna Pavlowa, the

Russian dancer, in a recent article, writes

of the many ballets, which are "lugged

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

scems to be a vital factor, and further-

more its lightness and grace serve to

throw the tragedy following into ex-

Again the Creighton Glee club has the

ball and is planning to make several mu-

treme somber relief."

as a result.

says in part:

ing in the garden. She saw her brother old. She did not give us one single When she got home, she said she never would run away again.

The Horse and Its Master.

was very kind to it. The people were to get over the jar, and gave one a feel- Lincoln, a much smaller city than we, very rich at one time, but are very poor ing of distaste rather than pleasure at has often shown itself quicker in steps now, so this kind man tried to sell his the beginning. He also slumped into the of progress and advancement than horse. He put an advertisement in the commonplace in his second group and have. They have already accredited outpaper, but it seemed as if no one would gave us "Because" by D'Hardelot, for an side teaching of music in the high school why he was so sad. The old man told medium in program building for which what was the matter. She told him and I was left there with a few other him his troubles. He said no one would great performers especially should strive. The kind man said: "I will buy your

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 He then said, "I don't just like the 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, to February 19 and 20, has been wel-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 preferences up to date have been almost uptown, and his mother visited a neighbor. When they were gone Robert said and Delilah" for the second evening, so

"All right," Willie answered. When Robert was out, just guess where fitted for the role of Samson. He he went! He went into the woods and is spoken of as the "giant tenor," as thought he would pick some flowers. But, he is six feet seven inches tall, well built, alas! when he turned around all he could and has a big inclodious voice and see was flowers and trees. But help was dramatic ability to match his propornearer than he thought for he heard the tions. Musical America, in speaking of 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.

My Pets. By Mary Grerson, Aged 13 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side, Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. 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

Busy Bee's Letter.

By Donald Humes, Aged 9 Years, Water-loo, Neb. Blue Side. One morning when I was going up the road I found three little pupples in a



cert the writer has been do-

ing considerable thinking

along the line of program

making. Just what psycholog-

ical processes do celebrated

artists go through with which result in

the selection of certain numbers to fol-

low one am ther in the scakeup of a

program and of certain other numbers

WILL SING FOR HER OMAHA FRIENDS THURSDAY.



Miss Myrtle Moses

Now, Frank's mother wanted him to how we got home, that Topsy was a the public want different things. The Wednesday evening, February 4. They in such a way as to make the public star performer is making his clever passes. Those of us who attended their concert last year remember with pleasure Erank followed his mother's advice. He studied line after line, very busily, and in one hour and a half he knew the hymn perfectly.

Little May.

Madame Melba was very gracious, and the "house party." which was one of the most unique and enjoyable concerts ones because of the way she sang them, but we did not like to have all of them boys showed rare good taste in the Madame Melba was very gracious, and ing in the garden. She saw her brother old. She did not give us one single get ready for school. When he left the yard, he fergot to shut the gate. As soon as he had gone a few yards, May fate the oldest song she sang, the Mozart fate the oldest song she sang, the Mozart There are ver Creek, Neb. Red Side.

I first was a tail 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 sawed me, the other chopped me. I finally went crash and down I came. I then was cut in smaller pieces and put the same of the same, the oldest song she sang, the Mozart aria, was the least hackneyed. There are doubtedly maintain the standard. Mme. Stevenson has been heard here before, and two years ago the writer heard here for greater opportunity for the display of the same of the sa then was cut in smaller pieces and put met a kind lady, who asked her who a whiff of fresh air to the listeners and Unschuld is favorably known elsewhere, in a long dray wagon. I was then hauled her mother was, she only replied, still not have hurt her popularity with and the lecture which she will give on Wednesday afternoon preceding the con-One other thing appealed to me as cert promises to be something different, rather inartistic. Mr. Burke made a as well as interesting, in the line of plano work. splendid impression with his musicianty singing of the "Benvenuto Cellini," but

Listen to this, progressive citizens of attitude right-about-face with such a Omaha! Sigmund Landsberg goes to quick jerk by singing "Rolling Down Lincoln Wednesday and Thursday of next to Rio"-a song so utterly different in week to be examiner of music at the mid-Once there was a horse and its master every way-that it took a few minutes term examinations of the high school. course, allowing it to count toward a diploma as well as the study of any matters of this sort? Why do we not wake up and do something here? The wake up and do something here? The will be given, as well as a few numbers cost would be merely nominal and the from Schubert and Schumann. 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

Mrs. Kelly are giving for and with their students on Saturday afternoons each fortnight.

Last Sacurday the feature was a brief ecture on "Modern English Composers" by Mr. Kelly, in which he drow attention to the work of Frederick Delius, Granville Bantock, Dr. Walford Davies, Percy Pitt, Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Edward Eigar, Edwin Lemare, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward German, Landon Ronald, Dr. Frederick Cowen, Tertius Noble, Cyril Scott, Celeridge-Taylor and Rutland Boughton, and the women, Amy Woodforde-Finden and Liza Lehmann. Mr. Kelly gave interesting anecdotes and incidents of a more or less personal nature in connection with the lecture and described at some length the power of the famous English musical festivals.

By way of Bustration songs were sung by Miss Mary McShane, who gave representations of Sir Edward Elgar, Colerldge-Taylor and Amy Woodforde-Finden; Miss Blanche Bolln, who sang Liza Lehmann's bird songs and the new and very modern Cyril Scott songs; Miss Grace Doolittle, who introduced two real novelties of Bantock, an Arabian lament and a Chinese lullaby and gave also Cowen's "Snowflakes." Miss Emma Dickman sang Elgar's "In Haven" and Lebmann's "Seal Songs." Leslie Dick sang German's "Rolling Down to Rlo."

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, known to Omaha through her successful songs, particularly the one to Browning's poem, "The Years at the Spring," has recently scored an emphatic success at Hamburg with her symphony and particularly with her plane concerto. The critics wrote of both her compositions and her playing with

Mortimer Wilson, formerly teacher of violin and harmony at the University School of Music at Lincoln, and now director of the Atlanta (Ga.) Philharmonic orchestra, comes in for unstinted praise as a composer in a letter from Vernon Spencer, the planist, to the Musical Cou-

Maurice Ravel, a rising young French composer, has been receiving considerable notice from the press recently. He belongs to the modern French school, using Debussy's medium, which he expands by his originality and technical facility, to express ideas which are the product of perceptions at once sympathetic and keenly appreciative of ironical possibilities. His early works are sincere and vital, and his plane compositions and songs are spoken of as worthy of attention. The best of his larger works is a ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," which is practically an opera without words. This. according to a lengthy survey of his works by Philip Greeley, with its long flights and warmth of fertility is encouraging and bids fair for the future work of the young Frenchman.

In Tune. Though the late Lord Kelvin had his merry moods, according to an exchange, he was not very much of a wit. However, he once made a joke that was very characteristic in its completeness. While he was working at his deep-sea sounding apparatus a brother scientist asked bim the use of a big coil of piano wire ne was

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

A song recital by Miss Myrtle Moses in to be given at the Young Woman's Chris-tian association auditorium Thursday evening. Jean P. Duffield will assist with piano accompaniments. The pro-gram, which is to start at 8 o'clock, is as follows:

"Aria-Cavatine," from Queen of Sheba Miss Moses. "Barcarolle," A minor......Rub Mr. Duffield. (a) "Les Roses D'Ispahan"...... .. Rubenstein (b) "Beau Soir"......Debussy (c) "Nouveau Printemps".....Vidal (a) "Als Die Alte Mutter".........Dvorak (c) "Afterseelen" (d) "Morgen" (e) "Zueignung" (e) "Zueignung" Strauss
"Liebestraum" (No. 3) Liszt
Mr. Duffield.
(a) "In a Little Garden" Liddle 

Max Landow piano recital January 29 at the First Baptist church.

will meet at the residence of the Misses Fry Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Tro program is in charge of Mrs. Mosaman. Mendelssohn is the composer who will be studied and a program from his works

Mr. and Mrs. August M. Borglum gave a pupils' recital at their residence studio Saturday evening January 10. Those tak-ing part were Blanche Welsh, Louise Clark, Elizabeth Austin, Margaret Wattles, Winifred Brand, Lil-lian Head, Dorothy Darlow, Ann Axtell, Grace Baudo, Helen Bicknell, May Hamilton, Elsie Dawson and Eleanor



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