

The Busy Bees

THE Busy Bees must have had a great time this last month attending the numerous Valentine and Washington parties. No doubt they learned to play many new games at these parties and can tell the rest of the Busy Bees something about them.

Now they must be prepared to settle down to a month of food, hard work at school, to take extra pains in preparing their lessons, in order that they may more fully enjoy the spring vacation when it comes, and the consequent games and activities.

This week the first prize was awarded to Ruth Kirschstein of the Red Side, second prize to Mollie Coreman of the Red Side and honorable mention to Ralph Hyese of the Blue Side.

BUSY BEE WHO WRITES PRETTY POEM.



Ruth Kirschstein.

My father takes The Omaha Sunday Bee. I am 5 years old and am in the fourth grade at school. I have two dogs and six cats for pets. I will write a story next time.

The Disobedient Child.
By Nettie Taylor, Aged 12 Years, Unadilla, Neb. Red Side.

Once there were two girls. Their names were Alice and Flora. One day Flora wanted to go to the city to spend the summer, but her father said that he did not have enough money and that if she would wait until next summer she could go, so she went upstairs to pack her things. When it was dark and the family were in bed she started. Before long she came to a thick wood. She started to go through, but the wood was so thick that she could hardly see. But after a while morning came. She sat down to rest and pretty soon she heard horses' hoofs. As she came over the hill she saw that it was her father. When he came near she cried, "Oh, father, I will wait until next summer!"

Her father lifted her upon his horse and went home. Her sister was standing on the porch when she got home and she said, "Oh, sister, how could you be so naughty?" She always obeyed her father after this.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)
Busy Bee Letter.
By Ruth Kirschstein, 200 Spencer Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I recently heard that there is an age limit for all those that write to your interesting page. As I have reached that limit, this will probably be the last time I shall ever write for the page. Nevertheless I shall read the stories every week. I have always understood that the object of the Busy Bees was to gather every possible sweetness from life into something that would make everyone who reads your stories the happier. As I thought about it this little poem seemed to form, and I thought I would send it to you that you might know what I imagine to be the origin of happiness:

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 over 150 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Give your name, age and address at the top of first page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.

Address all communications to OMAHA BEE, DEPARTMENT OMAHA, NEB.

The Origin of Happiness.

I. Over the ocean, in a land far away Was a grim old castle, and some folks say It was haunted.

II. Behind the dark walls dwelt a maiden fair, But behind those dread walls the folk did not dare venture.

III. So, therefore, they ne'er were allowed To know of the young maid, who within did grow in solitude.

IV. 'Twas the maiden's wont to throw her bright flowers Near passing folk to scent sad hours With sweetness.

V. Like the birds, she soon sweet music did make, From the rainbow, soft tints she next did take.

VI. Perfume of the roses, the shimmer of dew, The spray from the seashore, and out of it grew—Happiness.

VII. Over the world came far away from happiness flew, and held full away in hearts.

VIII. And people wondered what made things brighter, The air sweeter, and burdens lighter To them.

IX. And they ne'er did think in a land far away Of an old, grim castle that some folks say was haunted.

Our Visit to the Art Exhibit.
Mollie Coreman, 808 South Seventh, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Wednesday, February 4, at 10 o'clock, room 14, and our room, 16, had a delightful visit to the Omaha Public Library. We did not go to read books, but to look at forty-two pictures painted by some of America's greatest artists. They were all very beautiful and drawn with great care. Some of our school there was more. Most of the children walked because it was much better than riding on the street car. I will now describe some of the pictures.

"Edge of the Wood." The edge of the wood is always a beautiful place. This

one which I will now describe was painted by Charles C. Curran, New York. Tall, slender trees were growing out everywhere. Pink flowers and buds looked very pretty as their little faces peeped up amid the green grass and tall ferns. The warm sunshine made the picture more beautiful. A tall girl was standing by the slender trees and as the sunshine lit up her hair and face the edge of the wood was a beautiful sight indeed.

"Morning Sunlight," by Edward A. Duffner, New York. Near a cozy little cottage, with a book about fairies, she was forgotten. The morning sunlight shone down upon them in all its glory and radiance. They were both very glad to see the sun and so were the flowers and trees, grass and birds. Even the little path winding its way up to the cottage seemed glad to see this beautiful glorifier.

"Girl Combing Her Hair," by William Paxton, Boston, Mass. A beautiful young girl was sitting before her mirror combing her long hair. On the dresser were lying her pearls, jewel-box, two glass candleholders with candles in them, her perfume, powder, and everything that a young girl has to use. As she sat in a black chair with her beautiful hair all over her shoulders she was very pretty indeed.

"The Wonder Book," by Louise Cox, New York. A poor little girl was reading a book about fairies. She was very poor and as she read and on she forgot everything about her, the broken chairs, the smoky stove and the three-legged table. She only saw fairies and castles and flowers and trees. But when she had finished and looked around, there were no fairies or flowers, but the old chairs, table and stove.

George Washington.
By Blanche Hinkley, Aged 12 Years, Farnam, Neb. Red Side.

In the choice of the president of the United States all hearts turned to Washington. With deep regret he left his quiet home at Mount Vernon for the tumult of political life. His journey to New York was a continuous vacation. Gayly dressed people were waiting with baskets of flowers to see the president come. On the balcony of Federal Hall, New York, he gave his oath to support the constitution of the United States. Washington was born February 22, 1732, and he died December 14, 1799. When he was young he was bashful, but soon overcame it. Before he was 15 years old he had copied forms for all legal and mercantile papers. At his home he was like a prince of wide domain, free from dependence or restraint. He had a great dread of public life. He was capable of great endurance and was calm in defeat and sober in victory.

George Washington.
By Ralph Hyese, Aged 12 Years, 813 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

George Washington was born in Virginia February 22, 1732. His father and mother lived on a plantation. They had slaves to do the work.

Washington was a good athlete. He could beat all the other boys. He was a good student and went to school until he was 15 years old. His father died when he was 11 years old, but he had a good mother who took care of him.

When 16 years old he began work as a surveyor and went out to survey the

George Washington.
By Hazel Harske, Aged 11 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on February 22, 1732.

George was 11 years of age when his father died. He felt very bad. He had to work very hard after that.

When George was about 15 years old he thought he would like to be a sailor, so he made ready for the trip. When he was ready to leave he kissed his mother and saw tears in her eyes. So he decided to remain home with her.

Then George thought he would survey the land.

Some people came to him and said they needed a president. They decided to hold a meeting and talk it over. Then they nominated George and he was elected as president. He made a very good one for our country. He had served two terms and they wanted him to take it for another term, but he refused.

George died December 14, 1799. He was loved by most everyone in the United States.

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There I had lots of fun playing with two little girls named Hazel and Ethelton.

We had to stay there till 3 o'clock the next day. Then we took the train for Berlin, Neb., where my grandpa lived. My grandpa met us at the train with his horse and buggy and took us out to his place, which was half a mile from town.

Grandma and my Aunt Mildred were on the porch to welcome us. We stayed there three days and had lots of fun playing and visiting. I went to school with my aunt one day. It was the same school my mamma went to when she was a little girl.

On Thursday my grandpa took us up to my Aunt Blanche's. She lived two miles from Weeping Water, Neb. We stayed there until Saturday morning, then Uncle Perry took us to Weeping Water and we took the train to Omaha again. We got there about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. We spent the rest of the day in shopping and my mamma bought me a doll. We stayed with our friends again all night. Then Sunday morning we left Omaha for home. My papa and sister met us at the train. We were glad to be home, but we enjoyed our visit very much.

This is the second time I have written to the Busy Bee page and I hope my story escapes Mr. Wastebasket.

How the Willow Pattern Got Its Name.
By Herbert Edise, Aged 11 Years, Pawnee City, Neb. Red Side.

Long, long ago in the southern part of Japan a girl was born to a man by the name of Mandar. He named her Li-Chi. Now this man wanted Li-Chi to marry some noble, so he shut her up in his castle, surrounded by a barrier of high bamboo. Now there was a gardener named Chang, who tended the flowers on the other side of the barrier. It chanced one day that Li-Chi saw Chang when she was looking between the trees of bamboo. Of course, she fell in love with him. After that they saw each other many times.

Once, when they saw each other, they decided to run away. That night Li-Chi slipped through the window with one of Mandar's chests of gold. Chang was waiting below and they ran away down the lane. When they reached the bridge, they looked back to see if Mandar was following with a whip. When Li-Chi had slipped out of the house, Mandar had looked out of the window. He saw his daughter running down the lane.

When he got to the bridge, he caught up Chang and beat him till he was senseless, and he fell into the river below. When Li-Chi saw her lover falling into the river she jumped down, and was drowned with him. Their bodies could not be found afterwards.

Now it chanced that a willow tree sprang up where the lovers sank. It drooped its branches and the wind sweeping through them mourned and mourned. In its branches two doves came and they were Li-Chi.

Busy Bee Letter.
By Minnie Newmann, Aged 11 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Editor: I have never written to you before, but I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. I would like to be a Busy Bee and join the Red Side.

I am in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Persson.

My papa is the editor of the Wood River Interests. We get The Omaha Bee in exchange.

We have had a farmers' institute meeting for the last three days. I attended and had a very nice time.

I have one brother, who took an electrical bell and won first prize in the mechanical device department.

I just have one brother and no sisters. He is 14 years old.

Well, as news is scarce, I will close, hoping to see my first letter in print.

LORETOP.
Eighth A. Healy, Gwin, Ronald Kane, Clara Shultz, Theodore Waugh, Laurence Wells.

Eighth B. Philip Carion, William Funk, Ross Haines, Fred Laughlin, Hubert Shultz.

Seventh A. Gladys Calkins, Hattie Cunningham, Edith Frieden, Fred Funk, Jess Horvath, Elizabeth Taylor, Fred Victor, Amelia Wells.

Seventh B. Lucile Baldwin, Vivian Baldwin, Louella Larson, Lamona Mapes, Carl Peterson, Elva Ruppel, Gladys Duhren, Robert Jenkins, Elizabeth Elliott, Clark Morris, Geraldine Olson, Margaret Hoel, Mable Shultz, Mildred Greening, Vera Tre, Edith Dunham, Charlotte Funk, Edwin Radinsky, Esther Sawyer.

Fifth B. Frank Burdge, Irene Carlson, Grace Hunt, Elsie Rytman, Ward Kelley, Winnifred Kerr, Dorothy Widener, Fourth B. Elizabeth Barnes, Helen Williams, Gertrude Blomquist, Hazel Ayer, Helen Williams, Johanna Rodemser, Lillian Simpson.

Thyra Anderson, Thelma Burke, Edna Edwards, Dorothy Gilbert, Florence Miller, Raymond McGrath, Monte Smith, Ruth Wilinsky, Florence Worm.

LORETOP.
Fourth A. Dorothy Logswell, Frank Pastow, Henrietta Teal, Maxine Fisher, Pauline Hartnett, Vivian Lawrence.

Fourth B. Rosalind Platner, Eleanor Rich, Lorraine Larson, Judd Croker, Charles Martis.

WIDSON.
Eighth A. Anna Anderson, Ross Haines, George Goodland, Ethel Grant, Len Gross, Will Mosa, Will Nicholson, Halper Sutton.

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Seventh A. Christine Anderson, Vesta Seavers, Noia Fife, Ruth Hathroth, Edna Hildebrand, Louise Orman, Martha Peacock, Maurice Sirope, Edna Hildebrand, Mildred Wolford.

Seventh B. Alice Radin, Russell Pettit, Angelen Taylor, Helen Williams, Beulah Sundell, Edward Sundell, Ralph Thompson, Robert Plank, Gladys Reeves, Fourth B. Aldrich Hamick, Alice Huff, Jean Hampton, Mary Madocier, Adela Christensen, George Bang.

WIDSON.
Fifth A. Anne Janket, Lillian Dwork, Emma Krist, Vera Knebel, Wilhelmina Auchenbury, Thelma A. Agnes Rowan, Florence Brown, Lora Florida, Mary Boyland, Stanley Street, Sam Savage.

PACIFIC.
Eighth A. Leta Faler, Pearl Faler, Clarence Rogers, Clyde Rentrow, Esther Zalkovitch.

Eighth B. Mary Adam, Mary Digh, Antonia Flain, Harold Dryasell, Lillian Agge, Jacob Berovick, Samuel Green, Louis Robinson.

Sixth A. Sarah Faler, Stanley Walter, Ruth A. Moses Colombe, Gertrude Voester, Louis Coniger, Manuel Green.

Fourth A. Edna Hildebrand, Guelia Vail, Zola Kamael, Evelyn Dunn, Sarah La Ross, Armita Wida, Thelma Wida, Richard Walker, Edna Hathroth, Sophia Hathroth, Les Milder, Edna Hildebrand, John Montalbano, Tony Sofia, Thelma A. Agnes Rowan, Bertha Lawson, Wilbur Penn, Sam Fair, Joe Franconi, Ruth White.

COMMERCE.
Fifth A. Lillian Fossilhal, Edna Yeglatan, Libbie Jannak, William Nemcek, Frank Smadhal, Helen Gellus.

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Busy Bee Letter.
By Helena Newmann, Aged 9 Years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Editor: My sister is writing you a little letter. I also read the children's page every Sunday and would like to join the Blue Side. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade of the Catholic school. My teacher's name is Sister Concordia.

Busy Bee Letter.
By Clark Wikart, Aged 11 Years, Mendon, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Editor: I am a new Busy Bee. I would like to join the Red Side. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher is Ella Staastman. I like her very much. My age is 11 years. I hope to get a prize some time.

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By Martin Lowe, Aged 8 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

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Memoirs of Mendel Beilis

(Continued from Page Eight.)

They scarcely gave us any food. I was very sad and frightened. I had not had the chance to say good-bye to my children, and I kept wondering if I should ever see them again.

We went on by slow stages for eight days. As we were well on the way to the war when, to my joy, I was released. My plea that there were unmarried men in Kiev who had not been called upon had availed, and the order was sent that I could go free. I was overjoyed, and when I arrived back home we cried for joy.

Very soon after this things became very much worse for the Jews in Kiev. The pogroms began, and we all went through the most terrible horrors.

This was not my first experience of pogroms. I had been through one before in 1883. I well knew all they meant. Every Jew knows that pogroms date from 1881, during the reign of Alexander III, who hated the Jews, and soon after he came to the throne conditions for us began to grow worse. He made temporary laws known as "Fremennike Zakoni," which insisted that Jews had no rights of citizenship, and were only to be allowed to live in certain villages. Many Jews were turned out of Russia, and we all began to feel the difference in our treatment.

In 1883 came the first pogrom. It started in the south, and quickly spread all over "the Pale." We were at Neosherov at the time, and my father was doing fairly well. We heard that Jews were being killed and their houses sacked and burnt in many of the villages near us, and every day we expected the trouble to start in our own district. It was not the Christians who lived near us that we feared, but the wandering gangs of ruffians who were going around the country committing these outrages.

It was left to my father to take action. Acting for the local business men, he went to the village priest and asked him to call all the Christians together. This was done, and my father made a speech to them. He told them that if they allowed a pogrom to start in our village, and Jews were killed, that no one would make any money out of it. Nearly all of us were poor, and scarcely had even our furniture.

"What is more," he said, "you will bring disgrace on yourselves and on your children. Our blood will be on your heads for many generations. There are about 700 Christians in Neosherov. If you will promise me and your priest, that there shall not be a pogrom here, we will give you two rubles each now."

They accepted his proposal, and the 1,400 rubles were paid. We had no trouble, but the stories that were told us of what had happened in the other

Hoist Omahans Heavenward Two Thousand Miles Daily

(Continued from Page One.)

times the lad is forced to stop and back up his machine.

Oh, there is another side to it. The efficiency of a conductor in the modern skyscraper is calculated from the amount of electrical power he uses per mile traveled. Starts and stops take more power than a steady pull of eighteen stories. So if he has to stop many times, reverse the car and stop again for some absent-minded dollar chaser, his consumption of electricity at the end of the day shows up high on the automatic records, while his mileage shows up low.

Among the elevator conductors of Omaha are some who have handled the lever for many years. George Hurd, now for many years conductor in the federal building, claims to be the longest in the service. He has pulled the lever something over twenty-four years in this city.

More remarkable still is the fact that one of the city's best conductors, still hitting me over the head with their sticks, and were just going to draw me to my home, when one of them, who knew me, seized a revolver and cried to the man who was nearly killing me: "Stop, you dogs; you ruffians! Do you know that you have robbed our Mendel Beilis? Don't you know that he is our friend? I swear that if you don't give him back what you have stolen from him your life is not worth a single koppek. I will give you on this spot, you dogs! You thief! You murderer!"

The mob, listening to this speech from a Christian, did not dare to go on with their devil's work, and they left me alone, and did not go near my house. Thus my life was saved again owing to the interference of a Christian, and I escaped the dreadful fate which seemed to await me.

I can't tell you what some of my friends went through. My poor son Aaron was one of the unfortunate ones. He was living near me at this time. The mob caught him, beat him until they thought he was dead, took all his money and clothes, leaving him only his shirt collar, and then went to his house and destroyed all his furniture.

I am afraid I can't describe the horrors of this time. The trouble was started in the town by gangs of thirty or forty boys, who, armed with stones, began breaking the windows of all the houses where they thought there might be Jews living. There were soon joined by hundreds of others mostly members of the "Black Hundred," assisted by police and officials in private clothes. They paraded the streets shouting:

"Kill the dirty Jews! Destroy the dogs!"

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Pioneer Times in Omaha

(Continued from Page Nine.)

and friends alike were overcome with delight. This class as well as the two succeeding classes were small in number, totaling perhaps fifty pupils, and before I forget let me tell you that out of this number I know not a single one who has made a failure in life. From its ranks you can find men and women today famous in the various professions, statesmen, lawyers, ministers, prominent teachers, artisans of ability and character made so by their untiring energy and perseverance, for they were born of the same sticktiveness of their pioneer fathers and mothers and feared nothing. Many went long distances to school through the deep snow, through brush and bramble, with here and there a side-walk, some poorly clad, with perhaps a pair of father's old socks instead of overshoes pulled over their shoes to keep their feet dry. Many parents found it hard to buy the high prices for books and many pupils studied from the same set of books, but these days we appreciate the efforts of our parents and instructors

Vanished Landmarks

Very few of the old landmarks remain to mark the pioneer period. The steady march of improvement swept them out of sight and replaced them with stately structures of modern design. It was the custom in early days for the newspapers to issue carrier's addresses which were sold by them from door to door on New Year's morning. I have in my possession a number of these editions. The Excelsior on January 1, 1857, got its address on the usual way. It went into a listing of the various improvements made in Omaha during the preceding year, 1856, and read as follows: Of business houses, not a few. We find, that have been built anew—That handsome block on Thirteenth street, where Gitters gold and diamonds, neat J. H. Hurd's brick store, the new one, and Cammings' who never tires, On Farnam, from Grand Central via Sam H. Brown's old store, the new one, and well as McDonald's gay cloaks, and speak kind words to trading folks, On Douglas, too, Lehman & Bear, Jan. 1, 1857, got its address on the usual way. Fifty years ago Omaha had a population of 5,000 people. The town was strictly "western," but the pioneers were imbued with determination and they had great faith in the future of the then little town on the banks of the Missouri.

Durston, 1877 John T. Edgar, Nathan Shelton, Albert M. Henry and Nathan Swartzlander formed a board of directors and organized Omaha's first library. A portion of the third floor of L. E. Williams' dry goods store on Fifteenth and Dodge streets was rented and a Miss Sears installed as librarian. Mr. Edgar, a lover of books, donated his valuable collection for a beginning. In 1891 Byron Beal bequeathed to the city his valuable library, a rare and beautiful collection of cards and coins. By this legacy Omaha came into possession of one of the most valuable collections of coins in the United States. He also gave a lot upon which it was stipulated the library association should erect a suitable building, which has been done, and today Omaha has the best equipped library in the west.

Statistics of growth. The state of Nebraska has become a great commonwealth, one of the most flourishing states in the union. Omaha is a manufacturing center. Though small as yet, its manufacturing activities last year reached the gigantic total of \$300,000,000. It is a jobbing center; its annual business in this line amounted to \$100,000,000. It is the largest creamery producing center in the United States and each year \$2,000,000 pounds of creamery butter is shipped broadway.

Though thirty-ninth in population

Roll of Honor Will Be Continued in Tomorrow's Evening Bee

large plant and had pods of its own for boys and girls to pick.

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among the cities of the United States, it is fifteenth in bank clearings. Last year its annual clearings reached the stupendous sum of \$75,000,000. With South Omaha it is the second largest packing center, ranking only behind Chicago. The output of its packing houses aggregated \$15,000,000, and \$350,000 head of live stock were handled on its market. Though its grain exchange is young, it is a primary grain market, ranging fifth or sixth, according to fluctuations. In 1913 the grain receipts totaled \$1,500,000. Its real estate transfers amounted to \$1,200,000, and new buildings to the value of \$4,500,000 were erected during the year. Omaha is the largest refinery and smelter of fine ore in the United States; \$30,000,000 of precious ores were handled in this particular, and during the last year it has greatly exceeded all these figures. Its transportation facilities are of the best. Several railroad packing centers in this city and over 150 passenger trains arrive and depart from the Union and Burlington stations in twenty-four hours. The result of the work and accomplishments of our worthy pioneers of Douglas county.

It was faith that led Columbus to discover America, and faith again that conducted the early settlers to Jamestown, the Dutch to New York, and the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock; it has also led the pioneer across the desert and the rugged trackless forests and prairies, and faith has brought others in its footsteps to lay in our land the foundation of a civilization the highest that the world has known. We have had faith in ourselves, and in our Heavenly Father, therefore we have been successful pioneers, for fifty years ago Omaha was but a trading station for overland travelers, and the steamer boat whistle was a familiar sound. Today the whistle of the locomotive portrays the change brought about by the faith in ourselves to see and conquer.

While our Heavenly Father has caused the wrinkles and silvery hair, as well as the feeble step of age, that warns us to lay down the cudgel and turn it over to those we have so carefully fitted to carry on the now work, for—

We are not the plotters and schemers who work for the better day, for—

But the utterly foolish dreamers who dream of a better day, for—

Their courages are undiminished by waiting and failure, too—

For after their work is finished the beautiful dream comes true—

They are the fighters who fight undaunted for the utterly hopeless cause.

Ridiculed, jeered and taunted, with never a full or pause, and after they've fought and perished and after their work is done, the cause they have loved and cherished lifted to fame and won!

They know the meaning of the yearning, the sting of the blind world's scorn, but never the sunshine burning, the skies of their vision dimmed.

They're the warriors, true and splendid, whose battles and work are ended, or ever the dream comes true.

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