

TUESDAY NIGHT.

Mrs. Thomas J. Kelly

theater on Sunday afternoon, January 30,

and most representative audiences which

returned to us by dint of European con-

ditions. She was then just on the thresh-

Miss Nash's many Christmas greetings

was a charming letter from Carl Busch,

conductor of the Kansas City Symphony

orchestra, in which he enthusiastically

expresses his anticipation of her second

serves and only hope we can have her

To George Hamlin, who is to contribute

concert, belongs the honor of having in-

songs of Richard Strauss were first

recitals. Mr. Hamlin won signal recosni-

tion for them and a lasting credit for

American art and the American artist.

There is a musical club in Omaha which

quietly goes its way, giving its musical

writer published a little story about them

meetings. The Bee wishes all success to

composed of several other similar small

clubs, who might all join together at the

written by John Alden Carpenter, or

III. CanzonettaEdward Schutt

Susan McEachron.

Musical Notes.

The musical evening on Edward Mc-Dowell to have been given January 15 in the Young Women's Christian association auditorium by Mrs. Edith L. Wagoner for the members of the Business Women's chib and their friends has been postened to March 7 at the same place. The concert of Thomas J. Kelly coming on January 15 has occasioned the change.

liege. She is a voice pupil of Miss opper.

Or. Alma Webster Powell, L.L.B., Mus. A. M., Ph. D., will deliver her lectre. "Music Is a Human Need," at the alversity of Omaha next Tuesday eveng at 8 o'clock. It is free to the public, Powell is a graduate of New York siversity law school and of Columbia siversity political science department ad prima denne soprano from the Royal pers, Berlin; Royal Opera, Munich; eyal Oters, Prague, City Opera house Frankfurt-on-Main and Brestau and om the Metropolitan Opera house, New ork. Dr. Powell is sceking to interest this country in the establishment of we schools of music, such as are a portical by most torcign governments.

V. Idillo ... Louise Clark

Moszkowsk

.... Grieg

appearance with his organization.

back later this season."

HE other day I heard a story WILL SING AT FONTENELLE ON about an Omaha girl who had youth, beauty, an attractive like molten gold, rich, mellow powerful, naturally placed and of a timbre that almost made one tremble with the very beauty of it. She had finished her schooling without having had time nor opportunity for music, as credit for outside music study is not yet allowed in our high school, and her mother wanted her to graduate, so of course she was forced to choose some other study of miner importance to herself which was accredited. People said he voice was remarkable, so she decided to go to a teacher. The one she happened upon was one of those who charge for a full term in advance, and at the third leason give one an aria, and so on. She let her sing and sing one big number after another. After a couple of years the girl, feeling that she was almost a finished musician. decided to make a change and take a few lessons from one of the city's finest

The new teacher was instantly enthusiastic about the quality of her voice. She told her it was marvelous, but that she lacked in foundation work, that she needed understanding of what was to be done and knowledge of how to do whatever she wished with the voice in order to control every shade and inflection. In fact the fine singer was so charmed with the possibilities of the wonderful organ that she offered to give the girl extra lessons free and that when she was ready she would take her east herself and put her foot safely upon the high road to

The young girl accepted joyfully and for a time everything went smoothly. The first thing the new teacher did was to put her back to fundamentals of vowel sounds, breath control and all those details that go with complete knowledge of technic of the voice. She worked faithfully to calm down the tones from constant loud singing which would eventually wear it out, to careful sustained work, and to an exquisite planissimo such as the teacher herself commanded. Then came a day after a few months when the young girl came to the teacher and told was dissatisfied, that her friends all said her voice was growing smaller, which she felt was so, and therefore she intended to quit. The teacher, after a few perintent questions which showed that the girl did not in the least grasp the significance of her teaching, expressed her regret. So the pupil left the teacher was well known for her artistic work far beyond the confines of her home town and went back to her former teacher. Not to be outdone by her more contemporary, the first teacher advised the young lady to go to New half of the program for the approaching York, where she soon after secured a posttion either in a very minor part or in the troduced Straues songs to America. These chorus of a musical comedy, or in a vaudeville team. I forget which. And this with all her wealth of voice is all the young lady can hope for. The fault is not entirely with the superficial training she had received either, but lies mostly in the superficiality of the young girl On Mr. Hamlin's last European tour (a herself. She was not a thinker. She expected her voice and looks to act as a Berlin the delightful songs of John Alden Carpenter, the gifted Chicago composer. sort of musical auto upon the road to Carpenter, the gifted Chicago composer. success, without seeing the necessity for having brains for chauffeur. In the first | place if she had been a thinker, she would have realized the necessity for fundacase of the kind. Many an exceptional of boys and girls who are interested in voice is lost to the world in this way- music, all studying music with various the superficiality and the lax teachers. About two years ago the mental habits of its possessor.

in this column and at the time suggested Paderewski is one of those great per- that more clubs of the same kind might sonalities who have been long before the be both interesting and pleasurable. Each public. The writer remembers him as the member present will take his or her part first concert planist she ever heard, when in the program which will be given Satmany years ago as a little girl she was urday afternoon at 3:30 at the residence taken to his recital, mainly because he of Mrs. C. W. Axtell. Dorothy Arter is was going to play Mendelssohn's "Spinpresident of the club this year. Bernard Song" and "Hunting Song," two Hanighen is a guest. The following pronumbers which she had been laboriously gram is a sample of what is given at the practicing for many long weeks. These are the most that can be remembered of the concert, except that for many weeks thereafter she tried in vain to get that otle something into her playing of them that he had, which she described as a end of the season, and have some artist "sort of flying." His appearance Omaha tomorrow evening at the Audipresent some of the finest of children's torium will be an important musical songs and compositions such as those event which has long been anticipated

The Omaha Social Settlement presents
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Kelly in a program of Irish folk sons at the Hotel
Fontenelle Tuesday, January 18, at 8:29

(b) Waits

Mildred Mayberry.

Mildred Mayberry.

Mildred Mayberry. By Way of Introduction— Sidney Lanier's Greeting to Ireland. (Famine 1880). Thomas Moore's version of the Sham-IV. Humoresque Lillian Head.

"Fill Rock Tou to Rest. (Lullaby, or Sonatree type). Arranged by Charles Villere Stanford.

Childhood-(Pairies, Leprahaums, Lough-

VI. Gondeller Nevin Josephine Platner. Nevin Josephine Platner. VII. Berceuse, from "Joselyn". Godard Mary Leale. Cul. (b) Dance of the Skylark. Goldblatt Gladys Mickel. Anna Porter, accompanist. IX Arabesque Heller (a) The Young May Moon (Moore), old (b) The Laprahaun (Dr. Joyce), old air, in the Nincronny Field, old air, arranged by Harbary Hughen THE SENTIMENTAL LOVE,

X. Liebestraum Elizabeth Perrico.
XI. Butterfly Youth—

(a) My Love's an Arbutus (Graves), arranged by Stanford.

(b) The Little Red Lark (Graves), arranged by Stanford.

(c) When Love is Kind (Moore), arranged by "A. I."

(6) Ballinderry, arranged by Clifford Page. XII. Etude Mignonne

THE DEVOTIONAL LOVER.

rown Ups
(a) The Snowy-breasted Pearl, ancient air. (Trendated from the Irish by George Petria.)

(b) Gramachres Molly, ancient air.

(c) Would God I Were the Tander Apple Biossom. (Words by Katherine T. Hinkson to a Londondary air.)

THE RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS.

"A Christmas Carel" (Keegan). Old "Lament."

Purcell.
(b) The Minstrel Boy (Moore), O'Neill-

Stanford.

(c) The Shan Van Voght (Street Song—1788 A. D.), unknown.

THE TEAR.

(a) Esta: The Tear and the Smile in Thine Eyes (Moore). Air by Carol O'Daly, fourteenth century.

(b) She is Far From the Land (Moore). Air from Bunting's Collection.

(c) Carrigdboun (Denny Lane). Irish Maid's Lament.

(d) Over Here (Famine Song, Graves). arranged by Charles Wood.

THE SMILE.

(a) Kitty of the Cows (Graves). Petrie collection.

(b) Trattin' to the Pair (Graves). Petrie (c) The Gap in the Hodge (Bernard).

(c) In Dublin's Fair City (Street Song).
Arranged by Chacles Page.
(c) Reautiful City of Silgo (Graves).
Arranged by Stanford.
FAPS-WELL TO ERIN.
Dust "As Slow Our Ship Her Poamy
Frack" (Moore). Surviving got this air
front life harpist O'Nell.
Accompanier, Mr. Martin Bueh.

Peaners Nash and George Hamlin, who

MVSIC The Busy Bees

ARLY in February some of the leading men and women in the ONE OF OUR BRIGHTEST LITTLE "Why, it's Jimmie Green, you know," worked for us all winter and in the spring country will gather at Asheville, N. C., to discuss matters of interest to little boys and girls all over the country who are being abused and robbed of their childhood by being permitted to work in mines, canneries and factories. Long hours they spend in mill and factory, from early to late, working under the worst conditions so far as health and surroundings are concerned,

Safeguarding American childhood will be discussed and problems of child labor studied.

We Nebraskans are fortunate in being spared the harrowing sight of children of the tender ages of our own Busy Bees working in factories or mines, their childhood devoid of all the pleasant hours which are the birthright of children. This is because Nebraska has an excellent child labor law.

Our Busy Bees should be thankful that they do not live under such conditions as their less fortunate sisters and brothers. If there is anything the parents of Busy Bees can do to urge the passage of a national child labor law it should be done.

Two letters this week should be of especial interest to the Busy Bees, One is a joint letter from twins, Fredrick and Francis Barnard, and the other is a letter from Genene Noble, whose brother said on the Ford peace

Mary Louise Killen of the Blue side won the prize book this week. Honorable mention was won by the twins, Fredrick and Francis, and Frank

Little Stories by Little Folk

Summer at Oakwood Lodge.

Mary Louise Killen, Aged 12 1449 L. Street, Lincoln, Neb. Blue Side. "Toot, toot." The train for Crete carried nine jolly grade school girls for a happy week at the Young Women's Christian association summer home, where there was swimming, rowing, tennis, will be honored with one of the largest bloomer saden sult cases and descended has been assembled this season. It is to the station at Crete.

less than a year since Frances Nash was A ten-minute walk brought us to the boat landing. The boathouse with its great trees and rows of boats tied to old of her career, with triumphant ap-poarances in Dresden and Berlin to her anything handy, trees or stakes or the landing, certainly looked cool, and we credit, but America untouched. Among piled into the launch and soon found ourselves riding up the beautiful Blue river. Such scenery! I pinched myself to see if it were really true. If any of you Busy Hers have ever been there you will know how very beautiful it is, really it is simply indescrible. The trees hanging so it happened. A letter from Herman Zeltz, conductor far over the river on the right side and of the Milwaukee orchestra, says: "Miss the high bank on the other, and as we from work he started across the a reel Nash made lots of friends here, and cerchugged up the river it was beautiful to and an automobile came along and papa tainly will make her mark in the planistic see the water part at the prow of the stepped back, but Toni was just coming field. I wish her all the success she de- launch as we ploughed en.

It was a noisy bunch as we rounded a bunk house in the trees, a fine grove of oaks at the back of the landing where two rowboats were tied. How quiet it all was. No noises like city noises. In a little while we were all settled our cots. brought to Mr. Hamlin's attention by Mme. Carreno and by numerous Strauss little while we were all settled, our cots chosen and we were turned loose till supper time.

We spent the time in rambling around

By Leona Walter, Aged 16 Years, Waltoo,
Neb. Blue Side. On Mr. Hamlin's last European tour (a and came upon a place called Gooseberry Berlin the delightful songs of John Alden ference between quality and quantity.

The pity of it is that she is not the only.

This is the Junior Musical club, composed case of the kind. Many an exceptional lof boys and circle boys and girls have been extra picture; the river winding its way to-pair of blue shoes and she had already two pairs, one pair for school and a nice set tired of it. meetings from time to time, in which perch was screened in and used for a din- would have heard Helen calling her. ing room and was almost over the river. It was too early for the campfire right after supper, so we took a boat ride; some of us tried to row, but did not have very good success. The most beautiful thing of all was the campfire. The great blaze was so bright that it duzzled us; we tossted marshmallows and sang a song or two, then went to bed. This was only one of the many happy days spent here. My mother is a stenographer in this club and would be glad to assist in I am writing this on mother's machine. sometime forming a Junior Musical league If any of the Busy Bees can go to Oakwood for vacation next summer we can get acquainted as I am going there again.

(Honorable Mention.) Friend of King.

some other delightful musical entertain- By Frank Ribbel, jr., 1114 South Thirty-ment. Wouldn't that be interesting? second. Red Side.

It made me happy to see my story in print and winning the prize. The book from week to week.)

(By special permission of the author. Searchers found the mother lying frozen the time was full of pathos. These print and winning the prize. The book from week to week.)

(By special permission of the author. Searchers found the mother lying frozen the time was full of pathos. These were written to their memory: to death a short distance from her home. Emma lived to womanhood and became came today. It is a dandy. Thank you,

very much. Oh, yes, I want to tell you about it You know Joseph McCleneghan, the present king? Well Joe and I are in the same room at Park school. Monday morning Joe brought the Busy Bee page to school to show the teacher his picture and my story. It pleased the teacher and that we all talked at once about the Busy Bees and they all wanted to join. join and read the stories.

I wish you a happy new year. (Honorable Mention.) Letter from Twins.

From Frederick and Francis Barnard, Aged 10 Years, Onawa Ia., Red Side. We want to tell you that this letter will be a double letter, for we are double. We are Frederick and Francis Barnard, things. When we were little, mamma put us to bed one night, and Frederick mamma put Francis in front, and Fran-

Marguerite Diddock, seprano, will sing rext Tuesday evening at the Omaha university at the lecture given by Dr. Alma Webster Powell. Miss Diddock, who is the granddaughter of Joseph La Flesch, the last chief of the Omaha Indiana, will sing "The Omaha Tribal Prayer" and "Song of the Leader" in her ancestral tongue, and "The Land of the Skephue Water," by Cadman. Miss Diedock is the daughter of Mr. W. T. Diddock of Walthill, Neb., and a student at Bellevue college. She is a voice pupil of Miss Hopper. We have never been to Omaha, but we her. Lizzie started, but fell exhausted to come and see you.

A Kappy Christmas. By Genene Noble, Aged 19 Years, 2506 die. Hawthorne Avenue, Omaha, that Educ Side.

three blocks from us.

the Busy Eee maders do not know what first words to them were for her mother.

BUSY BEES.

Dorothea Moore

that is, so I will explain it to you. We well, I have to hurry, so good-bye," bought four balls of twine so as to have and away went Helen.

Margaret slowly walk stairs we started the strings. You put the person's name at their round and where their string ends. You run the they are old and have holes in them." strings up into the attic, down into the She ran the rest of the way into the cellar, downstairs, upstairs and all over house, where her mother was sewing, and the house. The people have to wind up said, "Oh, mother, I am going to make my tramping and all round good times. After their string and bring it back in a neat shoes cheerful errand shoes. Have you a ride of thirty minutes we picked up ball. At the end of your string you find not an errand for me to do?" "No, my our tennis racquets and our middy and your presents. We all brought our pres- child, not today." Margaret came out ents down to the living room. My brother spent his Christmas in Nor- quickly. "Oh, mother, can I go over and way, for he went with Mr. Ford. We had a very nice Christmas. And I child." And Margaret ran over and bewish you all a Happy New Year.

> Pet Dog, Toni. By Martha Johnson, Aged 12 Years, 717 East Fourth Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side. new shoes to be cheerful errand shoes. Our little dog Tonl was 14 and was

pearly 15 when she got killed. She was killed last week and I will tell you how One night when papa was coming home

across and the automobile ran right over bend and Oakwood came in sight. We had a great scramble to get our baggage together, and when we did find ourselves there we saw a low, red lodge with a Papa could not leave the hand. Papa could not leave the hand to the doctor and the hand is almost healed up now.

I hope my story is in print.

fielghts. The sun was just setting when It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon after a long clim) we reached the top, and Margaret slipped out of the house What a wonderful view! At the foot of with big tears rolling down her cheeks. the hill was a herd of cattle, the bells She went around to the side of the house softly tinkling gave more charm to the and cried bitterly, for Helen had a new supper bell!" and we had to leave this which her grandmother had given her. charming place and run for the lodge, Helen was going down town and if Marwhere a dandy supper waited for us. The garet hadn't been sobbing so loud she

threw open the gate and came running the toy is done, a big, fine horse. He across the yard to Margaret, who was looking at her shoes with a hole in the toe and the soles half off. She quickly that gets that will have to be awfully wiped the tears out of her eyes and stood gazing at the beautiful blue shoes. "Look at my new shoes," said Helen again. The? are my cheerful errand shoes. Every time lady Santa Claus, were sitting in the I wear them I am to do an errand for parlog, old Santa Claus was looking over said Margaret, gazing at them still in claimed in surprise, "I know who will more wonder. "Don't you like them?" said get that nice horse which I just fin-

of the house and then went back in help Mrs. Gordon move?" "Yes, yes, my gan belving the old lady move. Her legs got tired, but she kept on helping until everything was moved and then it was dark and Margaret ran home, for after all she had found that it did not take

Rewarded for Kindness. By Isadore Stein, Aged 11 Years, 1505 North Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Red Side,

Once as Johnny and his friends were playing they saw a man running and he fell on the ice. Johnny said to his friends, "Let's pick up the man and he will thank us," His friends made fun of him and went away. It took him a long time before he could pick up the man, end at last he picked him up. The man got up and thanked him and went away. Two days after when Johnny got up from bed he found his mother richly dressed, and instead of his old pants he found new ones and he found in them a hag of gold, and he and his mother lived happily ever after.

Santa Claus.

By Margaret Croshy, Acad 13 Years, Sutherland, Neb. Ellue Side, Santa Claus lives in the far north is the ice and snow. He dreads the cold unless the boys and girls have been extra good. For weeks and months he works

ments for means of making toys. First he takes a piece of wood and it looks like nothing, but after he gets to work at it it begins to look like a horse or some "Margaret," Helen cried again, as she thing until at last, in about one hour, steps back at the counter behind him and looks at it as he says: "I'll bet the child Then he places it upon the shelf, where it remains till Christmas.

One evening as he and his wife, old "Oh, aren't they pretty," his lists of good girls and boys. He ex-Helen. "Surely I do," said Margaret, lahed making." "Who?" she exclaimed.

go to have any peace at all, and Jimmie now. the dear little soul, his mother said he could not go, so he said nothing and went to help her clean house all day." "He should get it," so he did. Christmas eve Jimmie went to bed while his neigh-

Santa Claus started early on his long journey so as to get things out early. Sure enough a horse for J'mmie, a dollie for Mary, a sied for Tom, a doll, stove and bed for Hazel and many and many other things for the good children and a large sack of candy for all, but the naughty boy nothing, for he started the new year wrong while Jimmie started it right. San a can go so much faster with By Breta Pane, Aged 7 Years, Hooper, his reindeer and sleigh when children have been good; so it pays to be good. I have not written for a long time and My teacher's name is Miss Shafer. I am will write every Sunday from now on to in the third grade. I must close. I hope the page. Hope to see my letter in print my story is in print.

next Sunday. Our Donkey.

continued he. "Just the other day his he was to go back to his folks, and he neighbor boy wanted to go out to the ball gave the donkey and cart to us children game and his mother said no, but he Then we moved to Fullerton and the kept on unt'l his mother had to let him donkey is staying at my uncle's place

New Busy Bee.

By Doris Yetter, Age-1 10 Years, Fuller-ton, Neb. Red Side. One day the little girls asked their mamma if they could go out to feed the little squirrels. Their mamma told them they could go.

They started and when they got there they sat down on the hill and fed the little squirrels, and they sat down and

New Busy Bee.

I am a new Busy Bee. I live in town.

New Busy Bee.

By Audrey Byrlita Snider, Aged 10 Years. Gothenburg, Neb. Blue Side. By Donald Yetter, Aged 10 Years, Fullerton, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a girl 10 years of age. I would like to join the Blue side. My name is gentleman who had been in Alaska. He Audrey Byrlita Snider. I five in Gothenhad a little donkey and a cart. He burg, Neb. I will write a story soon,

Madame Paderewski to Sell Her Polish Dolls in Omaha on Monday

Their Own Page



SOME OF THE DOLLS MME. PADEREWSKI OFFERS FOR SALE

When Madame and Mr. Paderewski ar-, from 11 to 5 and after Mr. Paderewski's rive in Omaha tor his concert at the concert in the Avaitorium. In this work Auditorium on Monday evening they will be accompanied by a group of Polish refugees, who will be invited to make their homes here. These "waifs of Poland" are Madame Paderewski's Polish refugee dolls, made for her by a group this country is carried on through the of Pollsh refugees in Paris, sculptors and national American committee of the Popainters of renown, victims of the war. The proceeds of the sale are used to support this Paris colony and to buy A Vanderlip is honorary secretary. milk for the starving bables of Poland. The sales will be held at the Fontenelle

Madame Paderewski is an able auxiliary to the work of her husband, who is or ganizer and with Henry Sienkiewicz, copresident of the general committee for Polish relief, the headquarters of which is in Vevey, Switzerland. The work in lish Victims' Relief Fund, of which W. H. Taft is the honorary president and Frank

Madame Palerewski's Polish refugee dolls, first of all, are dolls, and every body knows that there is a vast difference between a dolly that little folks love to fondle and a puppet or manikin that serves as a model for fine clothes or period costumes. They are not a sad group of dolls, however. They are in hollday costume; the bright-colored silks, dainty hand-made lace and well-cared-for shoes and head coverings bring to the minds of those who see them the happy days of the home-loving peasants in sharp contrast with the present condition of Poland. The people they represent are a passing race; the occupations they portray and the homes of the rural folk of Poland are now destroyed, but the dolls come to us with all the pathes and sweetness that is expressed most elequently by

The dolls reflect the peasant life of Poland at its best. They are dressed in holiday costumes; the gayest and most fascinating striped and flowered silks and filmy materials run the chromatic scale with an abandon that bespeaks the wearers' fondness for pretty things. The bridal couple and their attendants wear the national boliday attire of the peasants of Cracow. The groom is resplendent in the high-topped patent leather boots and long white coat almost completely covering his blue and white trousers. His coat, which has descended to him from his paternal ancestors is of a material said to be indestructable, known as "sukmana." The bride has a beribboned bonnet that marks her as a matron, as a "Newly Wed." Unlike most other brides, her veil is of brocaded silk, gorgeous in colorings and heavy in texture. Her attendants are boys and girls of the neighborhood who have donned their finery for the occasion and the pleased expression on their faces show that they, too, are having a beautiful party.

No phase of peasant life has been emitted from the collection. The mountaineers whose life is distinctly apart from that led by the villagers in the lowlands have their costumes duplicated with an exactness and precision that would do credit to a model maker. The embroideries have been copied in miniature, and the goatskin coats of the farmer boys and herders are complete replicas of those worn by the one-time happy peasants when they were celebrating their simple feasts. Now there are no feast days in Poland; instead of the fresh, trimlooking costumes that the doll boys and girls wear, the real home life of Poland has passed into the war-darkened pages of history, leaving us instead of a happy people, the voiceless emissaries of Poland -Madame Paderewski's Polish refugee

Stories of Nebraska History: By A. E. Sheldon

Great Storms

(Continued From Last Sunday.) The two girls piled a feather tick on their mother's bed and crept under it. one on each side, with their shoes and clothing on.

When daylight came the storm was she said she was proud of her boys. She still raging and snow drifting into the read the story to the children-ferty in room. The two girls decided to go to a all-and then passed the paper and let neighbor's house a mile away and get each one read one or more stories. After help for their mother. Teiling their mother to have courage and keep quiet. the girls put on what scanty wraps they and the teacher said it would be a good could find and climbed over the wal thing. And those that didn't take The of the house, for the snow had filled the Bee were going to, so that they could doorway. As soon as they left the house they lost their way. The fierce cold win had no mercy. The snow cur their faces. Lizzie, the older girl, threw her arms around Emma crying, "Let dren knelt and asked God to guide them. Then Emma said, "Come on. We must go and get help for mother. This is the

All the day these two girls wandered and we want to tell you of some funny in the storm. Once they found a dugout where potatoes were kept and beat upon its locked door, but could not get always slept in the front, and that night in. Only a few yards away was the cia said, "I will sleep in front tonight." they lost their way and again wandered After a while he said, "I think, mamma, on. That night they scooped a hole in I had better change back, 'cause I am the snow and held each other close to and one-half of the live stock in the

In the morning Emma tried to encourage her sister to push on. She rubbed her hands and beat her face to rouse We and died in the snow with her sister starting from the schoolhouses

When she knew her sister was dead, must not go to sleep. I must not go to frozen and her clothes were torn, but pent Christmas with us. They live about Wednesday the sun came out and she We did not have a Christman tree this house she had tried so long to reach.

Mrs. Adolph Goebel of New York

The third and last great storm came January 12, 1888. The day had been so mild that men went about m their shirtsleeves and cattle grazed in the fields. The air was as soft and hazy as an Indian summer. All over the state men and stock were abroad in the fields and the school children played out of doors. Suddenly the wind changed to the north, blowing more furiously each minute hick blinding snow, first in large flakes and later in smaller ones flerce as bullets from a gun. There seemed no limit to the fury of the wind, nor the increasne density of the driven snow. Men ut and travelers staggered blindly on ot knowing where they were going. The storm, and the intense cold which followed lasted three days, and was almost immediately followed by another fierce storm. It was two weeks before the news from the farms and ranches began slowly to come into the newspaper offices. Then it was learned that the loss of life was the greatest ever known in the west. In Dakota over 1,000 persons were reported frezen death, and in Nebruska over ho, wind blew at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour and the mercury fell to M degrees below zero. In Holt county alone more than twenty people lost their lives

This great storm of 1855 is known as home. Many stories of heroism in the children. they never came. Their bodies were the newspapers to reward them and to saw at a little distance the neighbor's found lying close together in an open care for the other victims. field drifted over with snow. The older year, but had as much fun with the The people in the house saw her. siri had taken off her wraps and put be remembered the "Hard Winter" of "spider web" we had. Perhaps some of heaught her in and cared for her. Her them on her little stater. The story of "57, the "Easter Storm" of "73 and the their death told in the newspapers at "Great Blizzard" of '88.

"I can walk no further, sister, I am weary, cold and worn;
You go on, for you are stronger; they win find me in the morn."
And she rank, benumbed and weary, with a sobbing cry of woe,
Dying in the night and tempest; dying in the cruel snow. "Try to walk a little farther, soon we'll

see the gleaming light.

Let me fold my closk around you," but silence, her sister cold and white.

With the snowdrift for a pillow, fell in dying seep's repose.

While the snow came whirling, sifting, holiday till above her form it rose.

Search in western song and story, and riving their teams could not see the horses' heads. The roads were blotted. Than the silent heroism of the child who, in her wos.

Wrapped her closk about her sister, as she struggled through the snow.

Three young women school teachers

became famous as Nebrassa heroines of this storm. They were Miss Louise Royce of Plainview, Pierce county; Miss Etta Shattuck of luman. Holt county, and Miss Minnie Freeman of aira Valley. Valley county. Miss Royce started from her schoolhouse with three children to go to a house only a few yards distant. They lost their way and the children were frozen to death. Miss Royce after being out all night was rescued the next day so badly frozen that one of her limbs was taken off. Miss Shattuck sent her children safely home at the first signs of the storm, but lost her own way and wandered to a haystack. the school children's storm. Over a great She crept under the hay and lay there part of Nebraska it came between I and three days before she was discovered by 4 o'clock, just as the children were a farmer, coming to get hay for his stock. Two of her limbs were frozen and had to be taken off. She was removed storm are recorded. One school teacher, to her hume at Seward, where she died We think you should have a big picnic Emma pushed on to find help for her Mrs. Wilson, of Runningwater, S. D., a few weeks later. Miss Minnie Freesome time and ask all your little friends mother. She kept saying to herself, "I started from the school house with nine man tied her school children together in All were found frozen to single file with herself at the head of sleep;" for she had heard that when death on the prairie when the storm was the line, and thus guided them through one was freezing to go to sleep was to over. In Dodge county, Nebraska, two the storm to the nearest farm house, So she kept moving on all through sisters, 13 and 8 years old, daughters of where all were sheltered. reopie every that day and the next. Her feet became Mrs. Peter Westphalen, started from the where read with deep interest the story Their widowed of the heroism of these school teachers. My cousins and my uncle and sunt she stumbled on and fought for life, On mother watched anxiously for them but Thousands of dollars were raised by

In the annals of Nebraska will always