## The Busy Bees

IAT kind of a game do the Busy Bees like to play best? They say that little girls care for nothing else but dolls and playing house and school, and that boys like the out-door, more active games. However, I have my doubts, as I think there are many girls oftentimes called "tomboys," who care a great deal for out-door sports, while many boys are real book-worms or else like to tell riddles, puzzles or indulge in other indoor forms of amusc-

The last few years have witnessed a wonderful revolution in toys for children. Teddie Bears, Kewpie dolls and other such innovations were not used as play things by our mothers and fathers. Neither did the mechanical toys, moving engines and trains and miniature automobiles give pleasure then, as they do now,

I think it would be very interesting for the Busy Bees to exchange ideas with regard to the games they like to play the best, by means of letters to the Busy Bee page.

This week, the first prize was awarded to Milton Rogers, of the Red Side: second prize to Lizzie Herman, of the Red Side, and honorable mention to Bernice Ashburn, of the Blue Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)
Abraham Lincoln.

By Milton Rogers. Aged 14 Years. 3718 Dewey Avenue. Bed Side.

D you think that Lincoln's parents even imagined that some day Abraham Lincoln would become the greatest president of the United States? Do you think that the awkward, homely lad at the age of 7 or 8 looked like a very promising man? I am afraid not

Think how proud Lincoln's parents would have been if they could have seen him, when a man, as president. Lincoln, as you have learned, had very little education, but the little he had

he used to the utmost extent. Abraham Lincoln, as a president, was of a stern and rugged character. If he made up his mind to do a thing that he thought was right, regardless of all cise. he would do that one thing, and he

Lincoln, as a young fellow or man, was kind and lovable to all human beings. He

loved especially his little son, "Tad." Think of what Lincoln must have suffered during the war. Lincoln did not accomplished the feat that many other map of Kansas you will find this town could not have done. Think how slong the Arkansas river. deaths of the soldiers on both sides. Yes, it was covered with thick blue paper. them "Assop's Fables." Bunyan's "Pil-the south as well. Lincoln grieved just Their table was a log split through the grim's Progress," "Robinson Cruso," bear of the poor confederates, but he were successfully carried out.

Think again of the poor uneducated as the table. lad Lincoln was when young. But in spite of all this, when a man, Lincoln turned out some of the greatest masterpieces of the English literature. He was an excellent speaker, yet simple in words, sincere and plain in facts. All the people loved him, and he loved them.

Lincoln is the greatest man the United States has ever known. When the villatnous and half crasy Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln, the great president's death was felt as a sad hock, the world over and the people's

grief was universal and sincere. (Second Prize.)

A Joke on Me.

was caught, and I thought I was going money. to get in free, so I ran around the barn. The standard looked and I got made a garden on his father's haif lot. one was caught but one of my brothers, year. I began hunting for him. I had looked all over when I thought of look- he saw a purse. He picked it up. The ing under the two boxes that were by person who owned it had her and I said, "You think you are smart, clerk in the store. plg ran out and while I was raising that box my brother ran out from under the other box. They began to laugh at me By Mollie Coremman, 805 South Seventh Street, Omaha. Red Side. very loud. So the next time we played hids-and-seek I was on the lookout for the pig under the box. I was about 19 years old then; now I am 13 years old. My birthday is February 23. I am in quite different from her sister Ruth, who the eighth grade and expect to take the was very harsh and mean. May was 13 me?" eighth grade examinations. My teacher's name is Miss Althea Winell. This is a May had to do everything in the house true story. I was so giad to see my

> (Honorable Mention.) At Camp. .

first story in print.

The morning of August 25, 1918, found two wagonloads of people, provisions, but she was in heaven now, Often people gots, tents and a gaseline stove going out could see May crying bitterly over her in the country northwest of Gibbon for mother's grave in the little churchyard. a three days' camping trip. There were twenty-four of us who went out and sev- short clumsy girl of 22 and May was eral others came out for a day.

of Wood river, five miles from town. Buth was soon married to a poor farm-The boys fixed a couple of planks up er's boy, with whom she lived the rest of between a tree and a post for a table her life in a small untidy cottage. It and we are and cooked outdoors.

There was a well on the other side of Smith, as Ruth was new called, kept it few m'nutes.

We divided up in crews of eight each and each crew had one meal each day

to the nearest house to telephone to town health. Soon the whole country knew that for more supplies, and once while there

and wading several times. The first evening we crossed the river

on a tree that had fullen and played 'keep-away' with a volley ball that the hoard in charge of the "Mayground" let us take with us. The second evening we played games, including "miller boy." 'granger" and "London bridge," around the fire.

We all had nicknames, and it would take many more words than we are al-lowed to use to tell of all the good times Street, Omaha. Red Side. Age 13.

we expect to go again next year, and I, His father was a restices, shiftless, ne'erfor one, hope so

The Sun Fairy.

By Fred Levey, 3639 Davenport Street. Red Side.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the

pages.

3. 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 CHILDRESS DEPARTMENT.

cept a very good woman and her child. This woman begged for mercy, which she a sheet; he could chop wood, split rails, got, and the town was built up again drive teams and handle carpenters' tools, usually accomplished what he started to with good people, who lived happily ever and could do all so well that when his

Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

The Story of Little Hans.

By Kenneth McGill, Aged 30 Years Tekamah, Neb. Red Side. want that war to come, but he knew Little Hans lived in the town of Dodge,

sad Lincoln must have been at the He lived in a log house. The inside of as much for the south's loss as he did middle. On the smooth side they ate. for the north. It pained him greatly to On the other side there were four legs, or rather, limbs. Their chairs were

> or house, it always was clean. Hans' father only owned a half lot.

On this was built the house and a chicken Hans took good care of them. Hans' father mended shoes and his

mother sewed. "Robinson Crusoe." "Gulliver's Travels" him. and "Fairy Land."

He and his father and mother slept in the garret:

They had a dog and a cat. Their names were Rover and Kitty.

Hans was a newsboy. Every morning man Grove, Neb. Red Side. man Grove, Neb. Red Side.

One Sunday afternoon three of my got \$2.00. The man at the printing office brothers, my sister and I were out play- gave him half. This he put in the bank. ing hide-and-seck. We were playing it He did not sell papers long, but began for a while and in one game no one to blacken shoes. At this he made more

There was an apple tree and Hans

One day, as Hans was walking along. the corn crib. They had put a pig on it. Hans knew where the person under one box and I did not know it. lived and he went there. The lady gave The pig started to jump under the box him \$100 and her husband made him a

May and Ruth.

May and Ruth were sisters who lived

in a large farmhouse in the country. May was a kind and gentle little girl, years of age and Ruth was 14. Poor little while Ruth was sleeping or away. But May never complained because she had no one to whom to complain. Sometimes she would try to tell her father how harsh Ruth treated her, but he would By Besnice Ashburn, Aged is Years, Gib- not listen, saying he had plenty of bon, Neb. Blue Side. other things to attend to May only had other things to attend to. May only had one friend and that was her mother, The years flew by. Ruth was now a now a tall, slender, girl of 21. They were We pitched the three tents on the bank both talking of soon getting marriedwould have been much prettier if Mrs. the river and we carried water from clean. But she could hardly do any housework because she didn't learn how when she was young.

It happened that summer that a young banker by the name of Mr. Harney came to the country where May lived, for his we played croquet for an hour and a half. live in the great city of New York. May was to marry the young man and We went in swimming every afternoon They were married in the winter and May was soon living happily in one of the most beautiful homes in New York. Although she had plenty of servants she did as much work as any of them and her house was always as clean as wax because May had learned to work in her

The Story of Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a little The expense was divided among us and log but in Kentucky February 11, 1809. do-well man, always seeking the carlest way to make a living, who, in the course of his wandering from place to place. moved into Indiana when Abraham was years old. Though but a child Abra-Once upon a time there lived a town ham was given an axe and set to work full of had people. The north side always to help clear the ground for the halffaced camp in which the family lived lots of children Lena stood in the back little girl's name was Mary. The boy's One night about 2 o'clock the house One day the sun falry came down and for a year. The cabin when built had a told them that if they would not stop doorway, but no door: a window, but Lena The little girl's name was Alice. Paul did not like it, but Mary loved it fire was in the house, came up to the fighting she would burn down the town. no olled paper or glass, and nothing but She saw Lena was a new girl and she One day Mary was in the city. Paul house and kicked on the door. Ronald

Two Pretty Omaha Busy Bees



driven into the cabin wall. He could plow, cut grain with a sickle. father did not need his help he could hire him out to a neighbor for more than ordinary wages Abraham learned to read,

write and cipher at a school taught by some of the schoolmasters who in those days wandered about the country from town to town He went to school, as he what was the right thing, and so he a long time ago. If you look on the said, "by littles," in all, his schooling did not amount to more than a year. As soon as he could read he began to borrow every book he heard of, among

"A Short History of the United States," and Weem's 'Life of Washington." This last book got wet, and he bought it of knew what was right and his decisions made of a board made round, and it had the owner by pulling fodder for three three legs. Their beds were the same days. For a slate he used the wooden fire shovel, or shingles, when they were Although they had no fine furniture to be had, scraping them clean when they were covered with sums. His pencil was a charred stick. From the borrowed books he copied long extracts. using house. They had twelve hens, three brierwood ink and a quill pen made from roosters and two dozen little chickens. a turkey buzzard's feather. When paper They get six eggs nearly every day; for was not to be had he wrote the extracts on shingles or bits of boards.

After Lincoln grew up he moved to Illinois and became a lawyer, and before Hans had three books. They were: he died the whole world had heard of

Willie's Lesson.

Willie was now in the country spend- them about

It was Sunday morning when he asked ply was, "No, Willie, do you not know it is only bad boys who go fishing on wered the little one, tossing her head. Sunday and they too nearly always get hurt, because they should have gone to care what nature will say, I'm going to Sunday school. Wait until tomorrow and push my way up." you may go, but I do not want you to Get ready and go to Sunday chool like a nice boy."

These words were very disappointing to Willie, but he started to Sunday school hard earth, with a heavy heart for he and George had planned the night before to go the next morning.

he met George, who was awaiting him with his fishing rods and was much surprised to see Willie with his best clothes

on and so sad. "Why, Willie, where are you going? you said you would go fishing with me.' "No, George, mamma said for me to go to Sunday school and go with you tomorrow. Why not you come and go with

"Why not, George?"

"Well do you think I would go to Sunday school and have the other boys laugh at me? No indeed I won't."

"Well," said Willie, "I must go, and 1 promise I will go with you tomorrow. "Willie, you know we will be home by 12 o'clock and your folks won't know a thing different but what you are in Sunday school."

No. I guess that is true, so I'll come I think there will be many fish about

So off they went and began fishing They had fished for some time and had caught nothing, when into the river fell George. At this Willie jumped in after him, but in vain, both were struggling in the water.

It seemed to them as though they had been there for hours, but it was only a

"Oh." cried Willie in a sob, "don't you wish we had gone to Sunday school as namma told me to? But it is too late. Now we are nearly dead and I'm sure I don't know where I'll go to when I am dead for I've been so naughty." "It is too late now, but how I wish

had gone, too," said George. At this moment Willie's father came. He had learned that Willie had not gone to Sunday school and, knowing his wish to go fishing, had followed him to the

He got the two boys out of the water He did not say much to Willie, but he was soon in bed after reaching his home. that was a better lesson than words could have taught him. When he was well he always went to

Sunday school and left his fishing for

Lena's First School Day.

By Alice Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Deer Trail, Colo., Box 155. Blue Side. Lena White, a little girl from the country, came to a school in a country town. The room was a big one and there were the boy was not. He was selfish. The yard, of the room. A little girl was watching name was Paul. Mary had a pet bird, took fire. The goats, learning that the oped for a while, but soon began the bare earth for a floor. Little Abra- saw she didn't know what to do. Alice went to the bird's case and opened it, was the first to hear them. On awaken-

the loft, to which he climbed by pegs haven't a seat, you may come and sit purlor and get your birthday present." with me. Lens sat with Alice. Alice and when she opened the door she saw As he grew older he learned all the showed her the work and Lena did very about twenty of her little friends in the hings a frontier settler's boy must know. Well. Mrs. Read, the teacher, said: room. She was so surprised she forgot Katherine Pavis. The could plow, cut grain with a sickle, "Lena, here you are to do the spelling to look for her present, so mamma called Ronald Gladstone." things a frontler settler's boy must know. well. Mrs. Read, the teacher, said: room. She was so surprised she forgot "Lena, here you are to do the spelling to look for her present, so mamma called thresh it with a flall and clean it with ten times on the board." Alice did her them out for supper. They had ice work on the board right next to Lena, cream and cake and all kinds of fruit When the teacher marked the spelling for supper, and after supper they played Lena had the best. My, how glad and all kinds of games until about 10 o'clock, proud Lena was. When Lena went home and then it was time to go home. They at noon she said. "Mamma, I had the all said they had a fine time and wished best spelling today and the nicest friend." they could all come again on her next At the end of the week Lena had birthday. Lillian was now 8 years old. many friends.

Moral: A friend in need is a friend also for the many presents which she indeed. Speak kind words to everyone and friends you'll have. Oh, the merry soul has always the most friends. Every one wants a kind

Even the animals want kind words. Be kind to everything, are my words. I made up this piece myself.

The Arctic Poppies. By Mahel Hedgren, Aged 12 Years, 4224 South Thirteenth Street, Omaha.

Way up north in the Arctic regions where it is all ice and snow one could hardly believe that there are any flowers. But nature is kinder than that, for she must not give all the pretty things to one place. So she gives this

cold region a few flowers. These little flowers were away down in the earth. The ground was hard, so it could not push its way up into the

One of the flowers waited patiently (for there were two flowers) for many days, By Edda Mae Snyder, Aged 12 Years but the other was restless and in a hurry Provo, Utah. Blue Side. to get up into the world that nature told

The largest flower was very patient and good, but its little sister was cross his mother if he might go fishing with and cranky. "What color do you think George, his friend, but his mother's re- you will be?" asked the largest flower. "I don't know, or I don't care," One day the little one said, "I don't

> "Oh, don't the ground is too hard," cried the eldest sister.

> "Oh, I don't care," answered the little one, as she started to go up through the

For many days and weeks the biggest flower stayed underneath the ground. At last, when she thought nature was calling from the echool house. This school was her, she started to push her way up. It took a long time, but at last she came up. The flower now was a beautiful pink poppy. The pink poppy looked around for In the apring the teacher used to take her little sister, the white poppy. She saw us flower picking. This place was about a little dead, withered poppy lying beside a snowbank.

"Poor little sister, too bad you could not have waited for the time to come when you should come out of the ground a pretty white poppy," mouned the pink took our lunch along with us. After we

very good lesson, too." All the few weeks of summer in the

land were very happy because of the When I got home I was ready for a

pink poppy. She was so pretty and good good supper and bedthat the animals and birds liked to look at her and felt very cheerful and happy, again,

Busy Bee's Letter.

By Emma Luhke, Aged 15 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red Side. I have not written to this page before. I'll write now and be on the Red Side,

five boys at school. How are all the Busy Bees getting and drive him. along? I am fine and dandy. I have My dog is a Scotch collie dog.

four brothers. Their names are Carl. name is Scot. He is a very good dog, Willie, John and Henry. They were home and very sensible. He seems to undertoday to see us.

Busy Bee Letter.

By Dorothy Ward. Aged 12 Years, 4624 North Thirty-ninth Street. Red Side. Dear Busy Bee; I would like to join the red side. I have two little brothers I hope my letter will be in print. and one little sister. My little sister is 5 years old, and my baby brother is 2 years old, and my other brother is 10 By May Bell, Aged 12 Years, Fort years old, I so to Central Park school.

Crook, Neb. Blue Side. Monday, and George, too, did the same. I am in sixth A. My teachers name is years old. I go to Central Park school. Miss Niedemier.

The One Who Did It.

fightling again, so the fair; started to ham's bed was a heap of dry leaves in went to Lena and said: "Little girl, if you freeing the bird, and went into the gar- ing he smelled the smoke and quickly

now and happy.

he went into the field and buried it.

to the bird's cage and it was gone. She

mother, my bird is gone!" Paul heard

this and said to himself, "Why did I

sister. "I killed your bird." The girl went to her brother and said, "Brother,

did you do it? Why did you?" Paul

shook his head and said, "Sister, I will

never do it again." Now, boys and girls

never kill nor steal anything that is not

went to her mother and said.

## Their Own Page / Then United 11. Public School Roll of Honor

the begroom and locked the door. Mary did not hear the bird's voice. She went ·THAN·HALF·THEIR·SUBJECTS·LAST·WEEK·

kill the bird?" He went and said to his E Eighth A. Lillian Head yours. Paul did not steal or kill any- Elsle Sch thing any more and he is a good man Josselyn Stone Virginia White

Marfam Bassett. A Rirthdev Surnvice Viola Diedricksen, Aged 8 Years, Marne, in., route 1, red diec. Mary Peterson. Josephine Platner. Once upon a time there was a little girl named Lillan, and she had a little Seventh A. sister 3 years old, and Linian took her Dorothy Clark.
along to school some times. The little Camilla Edhoim
Nevada Jones. girl of 3 years of age was named Violet. One day Lillian took Violet to school Marie Neville with her. It was Lillian's birthday and Wilbur Olson.
her mamma wished to surprise her. So Sixth B. while the girls were at school their with mamma baked a nice birthday cake with Anna Newman. Lillian's name on it and sent word to Charles Rhodes, some of her little friends to be there at Sixth A.

home from school they went upstairs to play with their dolls. They were so busy playing they didn't hear what was on downstair. on downstairs. At half past 5 their mamma called them down for supper, Walter De Waal. Regina McAnany and when they came down their mamma said: "Lillian, you may go into the Louise Riley. Rosie Schultz. John T. Stewart.

She thanked them all for coming and received. They all had a very nice time.

By Pauline Rys. Aged 12 Years, Have-lock, Neb. Blue Side. It was a cold, bleak, winter morning The fire did not do much damage. when Frank arose. He ate his breakfast. and asked his mother if he could go skating. "Oh no," said his mother. "you the whole neighborhood. will accidentally hurt yourself or some one else." Frank was angry and went to the barn and got his new skates and By Joseph Lumpkin, 210 Hickory Street, Omaha. Blue Side. started off. It was two miles to the pond. When he got there he saw that there were some other boys. reading I heard the doorbeil ring. I went

Disobedient Frank.

He sat on the bank and put on his skates. Then he arose and started to skate. He was there for about half an hour when "creak, creak" went the ice. It was now too late, but he thought of how his mother had told him not to go. With a crash he fell beneath the ice. The other boys were quite a distance from him when the accident happened. They ran to the rescue.

that it was St. Valentine day. One way Frank had come above the water twice, and was going down the last time when of sending valentines was to mail them ing up. the boys reached him. They took him a day before Valentine day. When my by the arms and dragged him away from mother came home that evening told longer I save it the less you can buy danger. They took him home and his mother been a mysterious valentine. That even-

put him to bed. He was sick for two ing as I was eating supper my mother weeks, and his mother was afraid he told me that she was the one who gave would not get well. He was never allowed to go skating terious valentine. again, and never disobeyed his mother

His parents gave the boys each a By Dalsy Carlin, Aged 11 Years, 743 watch and some money. There never North Twelfth Street, South Omaha, Red Side. watch and some money. There never were any happier boys than these boys going home that night.

Picking Flowers.

By Harvey Peterson, R. F. D. 2. Box 90, Council Bluffs, Ia. Red Side. Where I used to go to school there was a large meadow right across the road called Meadow Brook school. This was along. He was a good watch dog and a not a very large school. All around the meadow were large elm and maple trees. good hunting dog. We had him a half By Alice Thomas, Box 155, Deer Trail, Coio. Red Side. We had to go through meadows and

two miles from the school. It was a large timber with pretty wild flowers. such as are found in the woods. fences before we got there. We always had lunch we all went flower picking "She learned a lesson," nature said; "a The teacher took a bell along with her to call us when it was time to go home When she called us we were all thirsty. Arctic region the little pink poppy danced We found an old well on the way home. We all took a drink and went home. We All the animals and birds of this cold had three or four miles to walk home.

This will be all this time. I will write

Busy Bee Letter,

By Della Mae Anderson. Aged <sup>9</sup> Years. Newman Grove, Neb. Blue Side. I have been reading the Busy Bee's page, and would like to join. I live in the country. I go to school and am in The weather is very muddy out here the fourth grade. I am going to tell It snowed some time ago, so it made the you about my pets. I have a pony, dog I wrote to Helen Adkins. I do not you about my pony. His name is Tony know whether she will get it or not. I and his color is bay, with a white foot go to school every day and have a nice and a white star in his forehead. He is time. There are seven going to our not very large. I have a saddle and school Their names are: Hull, William, bridle, so I ride him horse back. Some-Albert, Wayne, Carl and Maxine. The times he is tricky, otherwise he is very boys play ball. There are two girls and gentie. I also have harness and a little cart. Sometimes I hitch him to the cart

> stand everything I tell him. He also can shake hands very nicely, and knows many other little tricks. My cats are black and white, and they

> are very playful, but are afraid of my dog Scot. I am a new Busy Bee, and

> > Dick and Betty.

Ronald, a little city lad, had two white goats. The goats, Betty and Dick by name, were the same size. The goats were very gentle and liked to play. By Helen Agan, Aged 2 Years, Glenwood. Ronald's father bought him a small Is. Blue 85de. wagon, to which he used to hitch the wagen, to which he used to hitch the Once upon a time there was a little goats. Ronald had lots of fun playing The first day was a big one for Lena boy and girl. The girl was kind, but with the goats in the large bive grass

shot the little bird's head off. Then When Mary came home Paul went into

> COLUMBIAN, ophia Rheam Third B. Beulah Miller. Caroline Proebstins Gordon Smith. Waldo Williams.

Third A. Margaret Shipner Derothy Wass. MILDER PARK. Seventh A.
Alyric Sorensen.
Alvena Loftman.
Albert Curry.
Irene Haller.
Sixth B.
Leonard Thiessen.

Sixth A. Physics Behm. Edalyn Benson. Bernice Clarkson. Helen Sorensen. Heien Spencer. Claire Taylor. August Wirtz. Fifth B. Anna Beckman. George Handschuh. Raymond Frohn. Dewey Danleison. Otto Huth. Fifth, A Aleen Hansen. Florence Pursell. Gertrude Thiem.

Fourth B, Marguerite Groves. Helen Gregg. Edith Rouser. Ruby Betcher. Third A. George Bruner, Morris Dresher, Plorence Haller, Helen Pursell, Donald Roberts, Walter Rouser Ruth Swerdfeger Arline Wilcox. EOLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING BEE.

The Mysterious Valentine,

One day as I was sitting in my room

to the door and, to my surprise, the mail

man handed me a beautiful valentine.

There was no name on it, so I did not

found a slip of paper, saying, "From a

dear friend." I thought, who could have

sent me such a beautiful valentine; I

could not guess. I asked all my friends,

but they did not know. I knew, of course,

me the valentine. So that was the mys-

My Pet.

I am in the Fourth B. A week before

we moved the people next door had a

hig dog and seven little ones. One night

When we got the dog we named hin

Brownie. When we moved we took him

year. Then some one poisoned him.

Busy Bee's Letter.

I have not written for a long time. My

A Birthday Surprise.

Hoping to get a prize I will close.

mamma is in Omaha now.

he said "All, right."

MILLER PARK. Fourth A. Righth B.
William Greenman.
Arthur Klauschie.
Leonard Kieldosty.
Margaret Malloy. Piorence Isom, Ida Hislop. Irene Sorensen. Marie Bock. Ruth Weaver. Third B, Nettre muth-Nordas Jameson

RELLOM, Eighth B. Charles Brewer, Pauline Crane.

Fifth B. Edd.e Bartschat. Elimor Bastian Emma Konvalin. Clara Malloy. Louis Schreiber. Jerry Vanecek. Pifth A. Hurman Forney. Herbert Klauschie. Anna Krupicka.

TRAIN.

Samuel Israel. Ethel Katz. Sarah Katz. Bessie Meiches Nathan Miller. Sarah Minkin. Seventh M. Esther Geischer, Myrtle Witt. Sixth A. Alice Kleffner Mary Rampacek. Margaret Witkorski Gladys Mullen Yetta Ruback, Sarah Snitzer, Frances Darda. John Kowalewski. John Kowalewski Martha Krupa. Frances McTee. Bohnslav Pestal. Julia Tinnaitis. Mary Vidlak. Fourth & Lawrence Hug. Stella Tiunaitis. Third &. Cornelia Nelson. John Trouba. Muriel Yard. Pauline Zeigman. Seventh B. Sylvia Abrahamson. Israel Goodman. David Greenberg, Sarah Holzman. Le Roy Kelley. Arthur Koskey. Veta Meyers Rae Meyers Lillie Riseman.

SHERMAN. Eighth S.
Eivor Holm.
George Reynolds.
Seventh A.
Merial Lee.
Clarence Wooldrids. Glies Case
Edna Day.
Annie Holzman.
Martha Laflin.
Rebecca Nochinoff.
Rosina Shaflon.
Dorothy Williams. Fourth B. Eugene O'Donnell, Philip Retz. Els'e Wolfson. Thain.
Third A.
Lily Krepcik.
Mabel Mattes. Third B. George Burris Freida Mitchell. Anton Ort. Arthur Remington. Frances Torco. Annie Zezulak.

Fred Retz. Constance Wolfson.

ran and told his father. On rushing out to the Busy Bees. I would like to join of the house they found the goats at the Blue Side. I read the Sunday paper the door. The fire department was and I am always glad when I get to the quickly called and soon the fire was out. Busy Bees' page. I am in the fourth grade at school. I am going to write to After that the goats were more of pets the Busy Bees quite often. I must close than ever, not only of the family, but now. I hope to see my letter in print.

> Busy Bee's Letter. By Helen Burres. Aged 7 Years. Glen-wood Ia. Blue Side.

I am a little girl 8 years old, and am in the third grade at school. I take music lessons, and like it, very much. Santa was rent good to me this year He brought me a great big doll, a ring, and several other things. This is my first letter. I always read the Busy know who it was from. On the inside I Bee page.

PRATTLE OF THE KIDDIES.

Mother-You should save your money, Willie. The price of everything is go-

Willie-Then why save it, mamma? The

her all about it. She said it must have with it. Minister (dining with family of parishioners)-You're going to be a Christian

> man, aren't you, Bobby? Bobby (thoughtfully)-Yes, if it doesn't nterfere with being a drum major. Sunday School Teacher-Benny, can you tell me what a prophet is?

Benny-Buying something for a dime and selling it for a quarter. "What's the difference between electricity and lightning?" asked a little girl it snowed and the children wanted my brother's sied. He said, "No." Then, of her brother.

"You don't have to pay nothing for they said they would give us a dog. Then lightning," brother replied. Elsie (aged 18)-Why don't you take down your Christmas tree, Bobby, and throw it out in the backyard? Christmas

has been over almost a month. Bobby (aged 8)-Why don't you throw away your piece of mistletoe you've got tied to the chandeller in the front parior?

"Tommy, how is iron ore procured?" asked the teacher. Tommy considered carefully, but could grandfather was sick and died. My recall no official information. At last, however, he had a bright idea.

"I'm not sure how they do it now," he ventured, "but I think I've heard papa By Elinor Pickard, Aged 9 Years, 4331 Parker Street, Omaha. Blue Side. say that when he was young they smelt it." This is the first time I have written

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