

BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

MANY new Busy Bees are joining the ranks of young writers each week, and most of them have asked to be on the Red side. This will make the contest for the next three months much more interesting, if the new writers will continue to send in stories. Several of the Busy Bees write that they are having a good time spending their vacations in the country, and the editor was pleased to see that they took time to send in stories and poetry, even though they were away from home. If any of the boys and girls have been to see a circus recently perhaps they would like to tell the other Busy Bees about it. Surely the boys and girls would all like to hear about the funny clowns and also about the wonderful animals that they saw.

Prizes were awarded this week to Eunice Bode, queen of the Blue side, of Falls City, Neb., and to Pauline Squire, on the Red side, of Grand, Okl. Honorable mention was given to Ruth Ashby, on the Blue side, of Fairmont, Neb.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Emile Brown, 223 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Jean De Long, Alamosa, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnhart, Neb.
- Lillian Marvin, Heaver City, Neb.
- Rachel Witt, Hastings, Neb.
- Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Joseph Lamotte, Bennington, Neb.
- Marie Gallagher, Benkenman, Neb. (Box 12).
- Lu May, Central City, Neb.
- Edna Linn, Central City, Neb.
- Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.
- Rueck Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.
- Edith Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- William Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Lydia Hottel, 406 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Alma York, 401 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Lovelace, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Justine Crawford, 483 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 23 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Elythe Krenz, Lexington, Neb.
- Margerie Tompkins, Lexington, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 145 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Edna Hampton, 209 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 230 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Hugh Disher, 230 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Rogers, 27 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Stiles Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Nevada, Neb.
- Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
- Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Gertrude Mc. Coup, Neb.
- Orin Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
- Mildred Erickson, 709 Howard street, Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 709 Howard street, Omaha.
- Louis Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 833 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 833 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.

- Helen Goodrich, 470 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 322 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendes, 462 Lodge street, Omaha.
- Justine Jones, 279 Fort street, Omaha.
- Lillian Wirt, 414 Farnam street, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 86 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Adel Morris, 341 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 209 Lehigh street, Omaha.
- Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Helen Houdk, 125 Lehigh street, Omaha.
- Elliott Johnson, 107 Locust St., Omaha.
- Leon Carson, 121 North Fort, Omaha.
- Pauline Coode, 201 Farnam street, Omaha.
- William Howard, 422 Capitol Ave., Omaha.
- Edna Fisher, 120 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 277 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Edna Hoden, 1789 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Mabel Johnson, 414 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 206 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Emma Carruthers, 211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Leona Denison, The Albin, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Maie Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Margie L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- Lois Bredde, Orleans, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Leola Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
- Edna Kutz, Stanton, Neb.
- Edith Gola, Stanton, Neb.
- Lena Petersen, 2211 Locust street, East Omaha.
- Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
- Clara Miller, Union, Neb.
- Edna Johnson, Wilcox, Neb.
- Alia Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Maie Grunko, West Point, Neb.
- Edna Johnson, York, Neb.
- Pauline Ware, Winfield, Neb.
- Frederic Parks, York, Neb.
- Elsie Stanton, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carrie B. Bartlett, Ponkashie, Ia.
- Katherine Miller, Malvern, Ia.
- Ethel Mulholland, Box 7, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Edna Johnson, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Edna Johnson, Manilla, Ia.
- Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Mis-souri Valley, Ia.
- Adeline Sory, Monarch, Wyo. Box 22.
- Fred Sory, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
- Fred Shelley, 230 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Atina, Ind.

When the Old Cat Dies

BENEATH the green tree swinging,
In the idle summer day,
Bob and Nell and Totty
Love to linger and to play.

One swings while two keep counting,
'Till one hundred has been said;
Then gradually the swing does stop,
When the "old cat" is quite dead."

And then another takes the swing
And it livens up once more,
And there're two to keep the count
Just as was done before.

And each in turn swings many times
'Way up, 'way up, so high!
And each in turn does linger long
To "let the old cat die."



Little Stories for Little Folks

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE.

Mary's Sacrifice.

By Eunice Bode, Aged 12 Years, Lock Box 22, Falls City, Neb. Blue Side.

It was in the children's ward at a great hospital one day, when some visitors came in with fruit and flowers for the little invalids.

One little girl, called Mary, had been made happy by a beautiful rose that a kind lady had given her. Mary was ever so fond of flowers, and the big pink rose was a delight to the child.

In a bed near her own, Mary saw a little girl (who was doomed to lie still all her life because of her weak back) looking longingly at the rose. Mary's heart was touched, and she thought, "I will give my rose to her, because she can never get well, and perhaps I will." Then, calling the nurse to her, she said: "Please give my rose to that little girl over there."

The nurse kindly did so, and the look of joy on the child's face repaid Mary a hundred times for the sacrifice of her rose, for she took pleasure in making others happy, as everyone should.

John and Tom.

By Pauline Squire, Aged 11 Years, Grand, Okl. Red Side.

John and Tom are newsboys and brothers; also twin brothers. They are or-

phans and had to go to night school and sell papers in the day time. Their father was a rich man before he died, but an old aunt claimed all the money, and the boys were only 4 years old at that time and could not do anything. The aunt put them in an orphan asylum, and they had stayed there until they were 10 years old. Then they went to selling newspapers, and their aunt let them have the attic in their father's house for their room. One day they were walking down the street, Tom was shouting: "McKinley shot; buy a paper and read the news—only 1 cent."

A young woman stepped up. Her name was Mary Mingers, and she handed him a nickel. Tom looked at her in surprise and said: "Here, Miss, you gave me a nickel, and you only owe me 1 cent. The young woman smiled and said: "Come with me, sonny. I have looked for a boy since three years ago that would give me back a nickel when he sold a paper to me and I gave him a nickel instead of a penny. Papa is hunting one, too; but, now I've found you, he needn't hunt for one anymore. What is your name?"

"Tom Mingers," was Tom's prompt reply.

"Mingers? That is my own name," said Mary.

Tom and Mary started off and soon found Mr. Mingers, and who should they find but John with him. "I have found one of my half-brother's children," he said.

"There is Tom," cried John, pointing his finger at Tom.

Tom and John went home with their uncle and cousin and never again went to their old trade of selling papers. Soon they proved their rights and got their father's fortune and lived happily ever afterward. They found that honesty is better than riches.

The White Hen.

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 14 Years, 223 Foster Street, Evanston, Ill. Blue Side.

"Tell us a story, grandma," urged the children.

"What, another? Why, I've told you all I know."

At the table a strange noise was heard coming from the underbrush nearby. All eyes were turned in the direction of the noise and, to the surprise and horror of each picnicer, they beheld the head of a bull calf thrust through the bushes. His eyes were wild and he belched maniacally.

"All get into the wagon and I'll draw down the side curtains," commanded Mrs. Thomas, in tones as quiet as she could command. But her own anxiety was noticeable in her voice. "Boys, some of you would better climb those trees there, those that have the low limbs."

In less than ten minutes to tell about it all the girls—five in number—were snugly tucked under the seats of the wagonette, and the side curtains drawn down and fastened securely. But all the boys decided to fine safe refuge in the trees, thus giving more room to the girls; and satated about on tree branches some ten feet above the ground, or in the trees' crotches higher up, they were quietly waiting the maneuvers of the bull, which stood still behind the bushes, looking wildly toward the picnicers. Mrs. Thomas remained beside the wagonette, preparatory

to getting inside the closed vehicle as soon as the animal showed any signs of visiting the picnic grounds.

After five minutes spent thus the bull decided to come to the front, and Mrs. Thomas got inside the wagon. Her only uneasiness now was on the two horses' account. They had been tethered some distance down the river—perhaps a quarter of a mile from the picnic grove—where there was plenty of fresh, green grass for them to feed upon, and a spring stream trickling across the meadow from which they might refresh themselves whenever thirst prompted them to do so. But Mrs. Thomas feared the bull might wander in their direction and, seeing them, take it into his ugly head to gore them, for their ropes held them fast to within a space of twenty feet.

Out of the bushes came Mr. Bull, walking calmly toward the picnic spread. Mrs. Thomas kept her eye on him, looking from under the cover at the front of the wagonette, and the boys in their perches also kept tab on Mr. Bull's actions. Forth he came, about fifty feet into the grove, and then suddenly stopped and shook his head. Then he tried advancing a little further, but something held him in check. Mrs. Thomas discovered immediately what that something was. It was a rope around the bull's horns and was evidently a long lariat, the other end either being fastened to an iron picket driven into the ground or tied securely to a tree trunk. "We are safe, children," called out Mrs. Thomas. "The bull is fastened to a lariat and cannot come within fifty feet of our camp; but all stay where you are till I investigate." So saying, Mrs. Thomas got out of the wagonette and went over to within a few feet of the tied animal. He did not seem to relish her approach and shook his head, pawed the earth, belched and showed his rage, but the rope was secure and strong and kept him from making further advancement toward Mrs. Thomas. "Ah, old fellow, how angry and unscrupulous you are," said Mrs. Thomas. "But that rope of yours is very strong. That is what I wanted to know. I guess you would be able to bother us, but it is just as well for us to move our camp."

Then the children were allowed to come to earth and two of the boys offered to run to a farm house, about a quarter of a mile from the grove, and to ask if this animal belonged to the farmer living there and if so to ask if some farmhand might come and move the bull a little farther from the picnic ground. Mrs. Thomas thought this a good idea, and Harry and Georgia Grey hurried off toward the farm house.

Letter from Frances

Dear Editor and Busy Bees: I am away out in the country enjoying a pleasant vacation. But in spite of this I have not forgotten the delightful "Busy Bee Page." I have stolen away for a few moments and have just finished writing a poem for the page. The verses are entitled "Dick's Visit to Grandpa's."

A few days ago I wrote a poem entitled "To an Easter Lily," but try as I may, I found it impossible to find a good ending for it. I think a good little plan to awaken interest on the page would be if the poem was printed incomplete, and then allow the Busy Bees to try to write a good ending for it, and see who would get the best. I will now close, remaining your ever faithful Busy Bee.

FRANCES JOHNSON,
323 North 25th Ave., Wausau, Neb.

An Indian Legend.

By Helen Miller, Aged 14 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.

The Great Spirit viewed his work with pride. The plains, the mountains, the rivers and the forests in which were deer for the red man's food, and the red man himself, he was the greatest work, and to him the Great Spirit gave possession of all he had made.

But one thing was lacking. This beautiful country, the birds, flowers and trees could not be seen, for there was a great darkness over all the land.

So the Great Spirit made the sun, which was to give light to the earth. When it was done he started it on its journey from the wide prairie of the west to the great mountains and rivers of the east.

Higher and higher rose the sun, lighting the path where it went. Straight east, through the clear blue sky it traveled over the great rivers. The trees and flowers welcomed him gladly and put on gay colors. The birds sang in the forests. The sun kissed the maize, the red man had planted turning some of it a beautiful red and some a golden yellow. It shone brightly down on the trees and the little children played in the warm light. Its rays darted down through the rustling leaves of the trees on the river banks, and dotted the streams with specks of brightness. The red man paddled about in his canoe, safe, because of the light.

So the sun went on, ever towards the east, leaving beauty and happiness in its path. It was nearly time for the daily rest, which the Great Spirit promised the sun, and the crimson ball sank lower, hunting for a place where it might sleep. Over towards the east stretched the great ocean, known to us as the Atlantic.

So the sun went on, came the voice of the Great Spirit, and the sun sank into the ocean and the rosy light died out of the sky and darkness fell.

The great waves rolled in towards the shore and the sea was very rough. Dark clouds gathered overhead and great birds

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from Frances

Dear Editor and Busy Bees: I am away out in the country enjoying a pleasant vacation. But in spite of this I have not forgotten the delightful "Busy Bee Page." I have stolen away for a few moments and have just finished writing a poem for the page. The verses are entitled "Dick's Visit to Grandpa's."

A few days ago I wrote a poem entitled "To an Easter Lily," but try as I may, I found it impossible to find a good ending for it. I think a good little plan to awaken interest on the page would be if the poem was printed incomplete, and then allow the Busy Bees to try to write a good ending for it, and see who would get the best. I will now close, remaining your ever faithful Busy Bee.

FRANCES JOHNSON,
323 North 25th Ave., Wausau, Neb.

An Indian Legend.

By Helen Miller, Aged 14 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.

The Great Spirit viewed his work with pride. The plains, the mountains, the rivers and the forests in which were deer for the red man's food, and the red man himself, he was the greatest work, and to him the Great Spirit gave possession of all he had made.

But one thing was lacking. This beautiful country, the birds, flowers and trees could not be seen, for there was a great darkness over all the land.

So the Great Spirit made the sun, which was to give light to the earth. When it was done he started it on its journey from the wide prairie of the west to the great mountains and rivers of the east.

Higher and higher rose the sun, lighting the path where it went. Straight east, through the clear blue sky it traveled over the great rivers. The trees and flowers welcomed him gladly and put on gay colors. The birds sang in the forests. The sun kissed the maize, the red man had planted turning some of it a beautiful red and some a golden yellow. It shone brightly down on the trees and the little children played in the warm light. Its rays darted down through the rustling leaves of the trees on the river banks, and dotted the streams with specks of brightness. The red man paddled about in his canoe, safe, because of the light.

So the sun went on, ever towards the east, leaving beauty and happiness in its path. It was nearly time for the daily rest, which the Great Spirit promised the sun, and the crimson ball sank lower, hunting for a place where it might sleep. Over towards the east stretched the great ocean, known to us as the Atlantic.

So the sun went on, came the voice of the Great Spirit, and the sun sank into the ocean and the rosy light died out of the sky and darkness fell.

The great waves rolled in towards the shore and the sea was very rough. Dark clouds gathered overhead and great birds

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from Frances

Dear Editor and Busy Bees: I am away out in the country enjoying a pleasant vacation. But in spite of this I have not forgotten the delightful "Busy Bee Page." I have stolen away for a few moments and have just finished writing a poem for the page. The verses are entitled "Dick's Visit to Grandpa's."

A few days ago I wrote a poem entitled "To an Easter Lily," but try as I may, I found it impossible to find a good ending for it. I think a good little plan to awaken interest on the page would be if the poem was printed incomplete, and then allow the Busy Bees to try to write a good ending for it, and see who would get the best. I will now close, remaining your ever faithful Busy Bee.

FRANCES JOHNSON,
323 North 25th Ave., Wausau, Neb.

An Indian Legend.

By Helen Miller, Aged 14 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue Side.

The Great Spirit viewed his work with pride. The plains, the mountains, the rivers and the forests in which were deer for the red man's food, and the red man himself, he was the greatest work, and to him the Great Spirit gave possession of all he had made.

But one thing was lacking. This beautiful country, the birds, flowers and trees could not be seen, for there was a great darkness over all the land.

So the Great Spirit made the sun, which was to give light to the earth. When it was done he started it on its journey from the wide prairie of the west to the great mountains and rivers of the east.

Higher and higher rose the sun, lighting the path where it went. Straight east, through the clear blue sky it traveled over the great rivers. The trees and flowers welcomed him gladly and put on gay colors. The birds sang in the forests. The sun kissed the maize, the red man had planted turning some of it a beautiful red and some a golden yellow. It shone brightly down on the trees and the little children played in the warm light. Its rays darted down through the rustling leaves of the trees on the river banks, and dotted the streams with specks of brightness. The red man paddled about in his canoe, safe, because of the light.

So the sun went on, ever towards the east, leaving beauty and happiness in its path. It was nearly time for the daily rest, which the Great Spirit promised the sun, and the crimson ball sank lower, hunting for a place where it might sleep. Over towards the east stretched the great ocean, known to us as the Atlantic.

So the sun went on, came the voice of the Great Spirit, and the sun sank into the ocean and the rosy light died out of the sky and darkness fell.

The great waves rolled in towards the shore and the sea was very rough. Dark clouds gathered overhead and great birds

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.

Letter from the New Queen

Dear Busy Bees: I want to thank you for the favor you have shown me in voting me queen and I hope that the Blue side will be the winning one again.

Wishing you all as pleasant a vacation as I am enjoying, I remain,
EUNICE BODE,
Falls City, Neb.