The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

AY FIRST marks the end of the reign of the present king and ONE OF THE BRIGHT BOYS WHO | will write a story next time. I hope to Mrs. Lembard. They make pretty things | been killed and she was left alone with place there was for him to go. queen of the Busy Bees and the beginning of the term for a new king and queen, who will reign until September first. It is customary for the Busy Bees to elect a king for the Red Side and a queen for the Blue Side, and all the Busy

Bees are invited to send in their votes. Choose from the boys and girls whose letters and stories you have found most interesting and instructive and whem you think are best fitted for the office. All votes cast must be received by the editor on or before Wednesday,

April 29, and the new king and queen of the Busy Bees will be announced Sunday, May 3. This week, first prize was awarded to Mildred Jens of the Red Side;

second prize to Bessie Erickson of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Marie Kuhry of the Red Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

My Ride.

By Mildred Jens, Aged 10 Years, 1308 Hayes Street, Columbus, Npb. Red Side. One spring morning as I was playing in the garden, watering my flowers, my uncle Edward wanted us to go on a trip, so we went. As we were passing the ocean I saw a hoat and as I watched it I saw a little girl leaning overboard until she fell over. When we reached Africa. one very hot afternoon, we went into the jungle. I wanted figs and cocoanuts. When my mother was not looking I went into a negro hut and was frightened by the black faces and so many red Hps. I ran out of the hut. After a week we went to Europe and met my young cousin. to school every day and am in the sixth Then we went to Asia and brought my grade. I hope to find my letter in print. grandmother and grandfather back to

(Second Prize.) Little Brother's Runaway.

America again. I was very glad when I

reached home. That was the very first

time I had a ride in an airship. I won't

look at Mr. Waste Paper Basket at all.

By Bessle Erickson, Aged 12 Years, Naper, Neb. Blue Side. One Sunday last fall mamma and papa went to visit. My two brothers, aged 9 and 10, hitched up a team and drove by little baby brother along. They drove down to the brush where the grapes were and tied the team to a tree and the buggy and started the team.

Some of the neighbors were picking grapes, too, and saw the team starting They got into their buggy and started after. They thought they could get ahead of the team that was running away, but they could only see the dust. When they crossed the river to our house they found first the buggy broken and the team gone. My brother was sitting on a stump laughing. He told them he had a fast ride. He was only past 3 years The boys were frightened and emptied the grapes on the ground. My oldest brother said, "I will never again hitch up a team when mamma and papa are not at home."

> (Honorable Mention.) The Proud Lily.

Long, long ago there grew up a proud | Hily as white as snow with a beautiful proud to bend its lovely head to look next time. at its little sisters who grew around it "Oh, dear lily," cried the little pansy one day, "why are you so proud? You never even ask any of us how we are feeling. Won't you look down and see how beautiful my colors are this morning?" But the proud lily never heeded the little pansy.

A butterfly came along and while visit you often. Why is it?"

I would not think of bending my pretty to the sky. I hope I shall never have like to join the Red side. to bend my head like other flowers." But the little butterfly said, "You are too proud," and flew away.

One day it grew dark and dreary, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, even the proud Illy slowly drooped its head, for it was filled with grief. When bid farewell to his friends. Dionysius Eugene Grau. Moses Kahn. Clara Shultz. He said: "You just want to go so you Laurence Wells. shone out bright and beautiful, the lily stood with its head still bowed.

Helping Teacher. By Alice Thomas, Aged II, Deer Trail,

Last Friday our teacher let us off at death I will be killed in his place" 2 o'clock. She said, she wanted four girls to clean the room. I was one and my sister another. We washed the board, We had a nice time. Then at 3 o'clock, tain day because he was to be put to Gladys Calkins we went home. We had a nice time death. He said good bye to all and re- Fred Funk. that night for a little girl friend spent turned just at the hour he was to be Harold Cunningham the night with us. Saturday morning killed. boots and went wading. We are having and honest. fine weather, just like June. The Busy

Bees write better letters every Sunday. Likes to Read. By Otto Claussen, Aged II Years, 128 E. E. Street, Ross Avenue, Hast-ings, Neb. Blue Side.

Busy Bees: I wish to join the Busy I'm's page. I read it nearly every I thought it was not fun to read, but I have found out it is. My teachel's name is Miss Sullivan. I go



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

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

pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

3. Short and pointed articles
will be given preference. Do not
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
CHILDERIS DEPARTMENT,
Omaha Res. Omaha, Neb.

Busy Bee Letter. By Marion Moore, Aged 8 Years, 710 Maple Street, Shenandoah, Ia. Blue Side,

Dear Busy Bees: I wish to join the Blue Side. This is my first letter and hope to see it in print. I go to school every day. Miss Ford is my teacher. hope my letter escapes Mr. Waste Paper Basket.

Misses Mother.

acress the river to pick grapes and took By Lucy Allen, Aged 8 Years, 2211 Charles Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees. My left little brother in the buggy because mother has been ill in the country for he was barefooted. They picked three three weeks. I will be glad to see her buckets of grapes and started back to when she comes home. I am in the the team, but it was gone. My little third A. My teacher's name is Miss Mcbrother had untied the horses, got into Cullough. I am glad to join the Blue side. I hope to see my letter in print.

> Likes Teacher. By Priscilia Van Decar, Aged 10 Years, Ord, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I have been reading the stories on the Busy Bees' page and have enjoyed them very much. I wish to join the Blue side. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. Mrs.

Wilson is my teacher and I like her very

much. I do not know of any story to

write today.

Stories Are Interesting.

Carrie Heacock, Aged 12 Years Gretna, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: I have been reading the Busy Bee stories in The Omaha Bee By Julia Griffin, Ninth Street, Fifth and I think they are very interesting. I Corso, Nebraska City, Neb. Blue Side. By Marie Kuhry, Aged 12 Years, Schuy- am 12 years old and go to the Sanborn My teacher's name is Mrs. Gottsch. I am in the seventh grade. This is the first time I have written to yellow pistil and with its face looking the Busy Bees page and I hope to see straight up to the clear, blue sky, too my letter in print. I will write a story

My Two Brothers.

By Hazel Fern Lake, Aged 11 Years, 3900 Larimore Avenue, Omaha. Red Side. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees' page, but I read it every Sunday and like it very much. I have two brothers. One is 7 years old and is in the first B class of Monmouth resting its beautiful velvet wings on the Park school. The other is a little rogue lily, it said, "Good morning, dear lily; who will be a year old April 35. His you are so very proud and hold your name is Vernon Wilber. The other is head so high that I fear to come to Orville Everett. Baby is very sweet and has two little teeth and some more nearly 'indeed I am proud, I am beautiful. through. He tries to talk a great deal and says a great many words. He can head for anything. I wish always to stand up by chairs and you don't have grow tail and stately, looking right up to pull him up to them either. I would

> Damon and Pythias. By Mary Lippold, Aged Il Years, Avoca Ia. Blue Side.

Pythias did something that Dionysius the earth trembled and shook and did not like and he was to be put in Clarence Hantin everything bowed its head in sorrow, prison and to be killed on a certain day. He asked if he could not go home and Helen Gwin.

will not be put to death." Damon said, "Let him go. He is an honest man. Let him go and I will be Tollver Dinneer put in prison in his place and if he is not back on the day he is to be put to death I will be killed in his place."

Ruth Kissel.

Pred Laughlin.

Evelyn Lowen-Then Dionysius consented. So Pythias went and Damon was put in prison.

When Pythias reached home he told Hubert Shultz. cleaned the erasers and swept the floor. his people he had to go back on a cer-We had a nice time. Then at 3 o'clock, tain day because he was to be put to

went walking; we walked a long Then Dionysius said they could both Myron Price.

In the afternoon we put on our go free because they were both true Hilsabeth Taylor. Amelia Wells. way. In the afternoon we put on our go free because they were both true

My Pets.

By Andrew Jacobsen, Aged 13 Years, Herman, Neb. Red Side. I have a pet cat. It is black and white. Its name is Baby. Last fall one of our horses stepped on its leg. It could not walk on it for a long time. Whenever we would touch it it would howl because it would hurt. It is all right now, It will come every time we call it Fifth B.
Baby." It purrs whenever we caress it. Ruth Brinser, cometimes after I go to bed it comes into Carroll Gietzen. 'Baby." It purrs whenever we caress it.

the room and jumps up in the bed and Ward Kelley. wants me to carees it. It likes to stay I in the house and sleep under the stove. Sometimes it gets into mischief.

I also have a pet dog. Its name is Fourth E. Bounce. It is not very large and is not very good at getting the cows. It is Ruth Farr. pretty good at catching burrowing animais. It is about 6 years old. It used to be our neighbor's, but when they moved away it came over to our place to stay and now it is my pet.

Kindness to Animals. By Hilda Rann, 2024 California Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. Rose was a little girl of 5 years and had little dimples playing around her LIKES THE PAGE.



Walter G. Preston, Jr.

mouth. She was kind to all animals. She would pet or say a kind word to each. One day her mother said to her, "Don't go out of the yard while I am down town and I will bring you something nice." Rose played in the yard for about an hour with her little dog. A howling of a dog was heard and in a moment Rose harness on him and hitched the dog to was up. A man was seen in the street. He was carrying a small puppy. "You cur, I'll show you, stealing my meat." he was yelling at the top of his voice. "You just dare hit that poor little puppy again and I'll hit you," called out Rose. The man stopped and laughed. "You hit me? That's a joke. You can have him if you want him. "Oh, I'll take him," she said putting the dog in her apron. When Rose's mother came home, she said they would keep him. Can you imagine Rose's

Enjoys Children's Page. Jeannette Weare, Aged 8 Years, 2865 Maple Street, Omaha. Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: I would like to join the Blue side. I have two sisters whose names are Lillian and Elizabeth. I go to Howard Kennedy school. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Hendrix. I enjoy the children's page very much. This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees and I hope to see my letter in print.

A Picnic.

Once the school children were going to have a picnic. We were all invited, We were all to bring something to eat. We played games and then we went to run races. Refreshments were served. It up in the air till he gets tired and then We all had a good time. It was at Norton's park.

Likes to Go to School. By Mildred Stark, Aged 9 Years, Kearney, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees' page. I go to the Whittier school and am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Vermillion and I like her very well. I like to go to school. I read the Busy Bees' page every Sunday. I like the funny page, too. I

An Experiment.

By Quentin R. Enochson, Aged 11 Years, Schuyler, Neb. Red Side. One Sunday a neighbor boy came over, we talked for a while then George thought about the shotgun shells in his an old colored woman. Her face Was The colored woman had a hole under away. She had saved one man's life, pocket. Then my two brothers, Ken- wrinkled and she looked very old. She her house in which she kept many and she did many other things for her neth. Victor and George went to shoot had once been a slave, her husband had things. She told him that was the only people. some blue rocks. After all the shells were gone. Kenneth went to get some powder. They took a shell and punched the cap out and filled the shell with powder and put a fuse in the hole where the cap was. They lit the fuse once, but it did not go off. Then they tried other experiments.

Soon someone went by our house and as our hoses were there, one jumped over the fence and I was sent to drive him

When I came back, they had another fuse in the shell. Kenneth lit it once. but he didn't think it would go off, so he lit the fuse again, but he just got his hand away, when it went off. The shell flew about sixty feet.

The powder that was left they put in the gun barrel. George shot it off. It kicked so hard the gun flew out of his hands and he staggered back. The gun Lursted open, up as far as the powder was. He hurt his finger very seriously. He went into the house to wash it, then his great secret he went home. He rang up that evening and said it was not as had as it looked, but it hurt the gun very much.

Tom and His Dog.

By Vera Dunn, Aged 11 Years, 2006 Hamilton Street, Omaha. Blue Side. When Tom was born his mother and father were poor and his father had to work. When Tom was a few years older he was going to the store when he saw a dog lying in the street. Tom went over to see if the dog was alive. It was, so he took it home. One day, after Tom's father got work as a milk carrier, Tom's dog acted as if he would like to help him with something, so the man put a dog's the milk cart to pull it and deliver milk. When they were about home the dog's master was very tired and lay down in the cart to rest. Fortunately, the dog knew the way back and brought him safely home. When his master awoke he found himself in the cart held up by the faithful dog. Ever since then Tom called him "Faithful" for being so kind to his father to pull his heavy weight. Now the dog still will pull the milk cart every day. Tom's sister was very fond of the dog and neither of them would part with him for anything. The dog's master would never make him go fast unless the dog wanted to. No one could buy this dog, though many tried.

Playful Prince.

By Myrtle Bloom, Aged 10 Years, Wood River, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter and I hope to see my letter in print. Papa has several horses, among them one which we call Prince. He is very playful. One evening papa went to milk and could not find his milking stool. After looking around for some time he found it on the other side of the water tank. Of course he thought some of the children carried it away, but the next evening, to his surprise, he saw old Prince with his milking stool in his mouth, punching anonly trick he does. He will catch hold of one of the sheep's hind legs and hold he lets go. Then he turns right around and gets some other horse by the tail and drives it wherever he wants it to go.

Are Making Hammocks.

By Vera Anderson, Aged 11 Years, Creston, Ia. Blue Side. I go to Jefferson school and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Cusack. I have two sisters. Their names are Clarice and Margaret. One is in the second grade and the other is in the first grade. Margaret's teacher's name is

They are making hammocks now.

The Old Colored Woman. By Andrew Lindberg, Aged 12 Years, 288 North Forty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb.

there was a small cabin, in which gal from his master.

colored man riding up to her cable. He ling into the house.

He went where he was told and wax One day, to her surprise, she saw a not any too soon, for the men were com-

got off his horse in a great hurry. He | They asked the colored woman many Omaha, Neb. told the colored woman that some men questions, but she would not tell. She Once in the western part of Kentucky were after him because he had run away went on with her work just as if rothing had happened, so the men went

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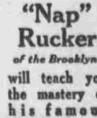






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man of him mentally, morally and physically. Every mother should urge her son to secure it and every father should insist that his son follow its teachings to the letter.

We give here small portions of Doc White's lesson which deals in part with proper methods of training and living. We also give two of the introductory paragraphs of Ed. Walsh's instructions.



Our First Lesson

Our first lesson will be by "DOC" WHITE prefaced by some timely advice on physical condition—how to get it and how to keep it. No one is better qualified to give you advice on this most important matter than is "Doc" White. He is a college bred man, who by using his brains, devised a secret, self-teaching system that enabled him to blossom out over night with that rifle-shot control of the beal that has ever since been a terror to the best and surest batters. Read carefully and fallow faithfully his advice on getting into condition and conserving your health, wind, sight and energy—then follow and practice his system of gaining control of the ball.

Lesson Number 1

By G. HARRIS WHITE

In this lesson I will talk "right off the bat" in plain, short English. Let's begin by admitting that Baseball is the Great American Game. Why? You will say—because it is the meat popular—everyhedy aleys it or is interested in it. A good reason, but here is a better one: Listen: It is the best builder of health (mental and physical), and a tremsendous moral force. It is a game that will not stand for whishy, cigarettes, profanity, vulgarity, cowardice, dishonesty, anger, discourtesy and lack of respect for superiors—not to mention a long list of minor faults and frailtien. Exceptional playing talent semetimes gets a man of questionable habits or character into a club, but he must "clean up" and reform from the moment he dons the uniform. Unleas he does so, he is simply a "flash and a sputter" and goes back where he belongs, and is cut of baseball for keeps.

To be a good ball player you must he a good man or boy physically. This is simply a matter of right living and faithful practice. Good pitchers are not often men of exceptional strength, but they are always good and fit men physically. Pitchers must have the pliable, sinewy, resilient muscles that endure, rather than the bulky masses that are capable of tramendous exertion that cannot be austained or quickly repeated. Below I will note a few simple rules to be followed which if faithfully undertaken will bring about your physical fitness in the very shortest time in which it can be done. As many of my readers have not attained their full maturity. I will particularly keep them in mind in my advice, so that any boy or youth as well as men can easily follow it.

Some of "Doc" White's Instructions for Shadow Pitching



SHADOW PITCHING. There is a name I have carried under my vest for a long time. It made a pitcher of me and gave ma that control of the ball that has turned the scale many a time against the best batters and players in the big leagues. Not every man can be a "SPEED RING," but any man who has "CONTROL" can be a successful pitcher. A slow ball and control are a far hetter combination than fast balls and passed balls and a few walks to first base. A base on balls is practically a hit—it gives the hatsman just as good a title to "first sack" as if he had knocked the stitches out of the first ball pitched.

When I joined fast company I was a raw recruit—just a good prospect. On the first trip of the club around the circuit I was not considered worth a ticket, and was left at

home with the cripples and with instructions to practice with anyone who wanted exercise. This gave me something of a joit and time to think. It also gave me a realisation that some day, in a one-sided game, the "F. is" would send me to the mound, and that my fate depended upon my showing him something when that day came. Control of the ball and how to get it was my problem, and efter heavy drafts on my gray metter and much experimenting, this is how I solved it:

Complete details of shadaw pitching are given in the complete course of instructions Introductory to Ed. Walsh's Contribu-

By ED. WALSH

For eight long years the spitter has been my stock in trade. With its aid I have won more games in one season than any pitcher of medern times. It helped me to do my share in one American Leagus Championship, one World's Championship and in two series of games for the Championship and in two series of games for the Championship of Chicago. Having thoroughly mastered control of this style of twirling. I have, for many years, been able to go in and finish (and sometimes save) games for my team with little or no time devoted to "warming up," and I count this one of the very valuable features of the spit ball. The change from a fast ball, a curve or a cross fire (left-handed), is so radical that it is an easy matter to baffle the most dangarous opponents if one has control. That last word is the secret of my success, excepting, of course, my knowledge of how to pitch. Knowing how does not avail much in our league unless one can go out to the slab and deliver. That is what the manager wants and what the people come to see, therefore, when I joined the White Sox I spent the better part of two seasons learning what I should have been taught earlier, namely, control of the ball, how to take a throw at first base, how to back up at the plate and at third, how to field bunts, and again, how to pitch what Billy Sullivan called for and when, which means that I finally learned control.

College professors and other scientists have tried to determine why a spit ball takes its peculiar curve. I do not know, but I do know how to make it break and that is the important thing. The moist ball can be thrown several ways, but the best, the most easily learned and therefore the existent to control is that shown in the Illustration.

The full instructions of Ed. Walsh are included in the ceurse and are marvelous is the extreme.

Public School Roll of Honor CHILDREN - RECEIVING THE MICHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF . THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK

Pifth A. Ruth Green. Helen Stanley Third B. Thyra Anderson Thelma Burke. Dorothy Gilbert, Morle Hanna. Eula Miller. Florence Miller. Bighth A. Philip Carlson Harold Clark. Florence Worm Gertrude Wood meyer. Third A. Rosalind Platner. Eleanor Rich. Maxine Wilson. Judd Crocker. Charles Martis.

Eighth B.
Ross Cohan.
Dorothy Edwards.
Clare Foley.
Helen Hale.
Moses Linsman.
Wallace Muir. Seventh A. Lamona Mapes. Carl Peterson. Alice Crocker. Emily Ross. Lois Thompson. Margaret Widenor Bernice Zimmerself. Ida Hoffman . Frank Baden. Helen Williams Rose Kraft.
Agnes Kutscher.
Maurice McMasters
Pearl Swartz.
Minnie Weitz.
Clarice Windelph. Johanna Broderson Lillian Simpson Fourth & Edward Sterner.

Henrietta Teal. Morris Block. Melvin Boulden. Pauline Hartnett

Pirth B.
Charles Hawes.
Walter Farwell.
Joe Hamilton.
June Hart.
Fourth B.
Arthur Delaterre.
Vera Koonts.
Deposity Larsen. Vera Koonts.
Dorothy Larson.
Miriam Mosher.
Mary Maizel.
Violet Nudhardt.
Emile Obse.
Lena Perlis.
Abs Olander.
Wayns Pons. Wayne Pope.
Merle Rips.
Georgia Reals
Bettie Seward
Jessie Sauers.
Edna Taylor. Fourth A. Helen Blair. Helen Hunter Otto John. Alice Masinda Marguerite Nelson. Lucile Quackenbush. Ernest Reuben. Third B. Milton Abrams,

Alice Everson. Viola Torsell. Clifford Hepler. Kenneth Higbes. Frederick Peterson Harry Osheroff. Alma Pedersen. Claude Rusland, Doris Vogel. Third A.
Thomas Hart.
Florence Lewis.
Evelyn Luce.
Audrey Thomas.
Zena Maizel.
Bloise Fowell.
Clyde Pope.
Eleanora Pruess.
Maxine Robinson,
Richard Wrenn. Mighth A. Lucille Moody. Dessie Schomer: Lillian Swartz. Stella Ocheroff. Evelyn Watson. Louis Weymuller Julius Wolpa. George Hastings, Arthur Higbee, Nathan Jacob, Arthur Lof. WINDSON. Righth S. Ethel Grant. Will Nicholson. Seventh A. Esther Carlson, Ruth Kinney. Sixth B. Charles Puls. Ralph Sutton. Eighth A. Giadys Keebler. Vincent Lake. Walter Lake. Mildred Stenner. Harold Sundell. Paul Sutton. Milo Austin. Meyer Brick. Marie Foley. Seventh B. Vesta Beavers. Ethel Butterfield. Noia Fife. Ruth Hatteroth. Marguerite For-

ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING REE

Marthena Peace Maurice Street. Walter Sundell.

Fourth E. Adela Christensen George Bang. Thomas Coleman.

Seventh A.
William Bang.
Grace Burgess.
David Cohen.
Karolins Helleman.
Nancy Hulst. Sinth B. Marian Fisher. Marjorie Smith. Fifth B. Reulah Sundell. Edlen Grobeck, Frank McNiel, Georgia Street, Gladys Hoopes, Harold Head. Helen Riley. Izetta Smith. Mabel Adamson. Marguerite Harding. Paul Nicholson. Robert Planck. Pith A.
Donald Moorman.
Fourth A.
Vera Kindell.
Third B.
Agnes Rowan. Florence Brown Harry Morris. Harold Noel. Lona Florine. Marguerite Shields. Mary Boyland. Ruth Keebler.

BANCROFT. Seventh B. Raymond Schupp. Victoria Stepanek Seventh A.
Adela Becker.
Jessie La Chapelle.
Sixth B.
Helen Chester.
Edward Seitzer. Sixth A. Charles Morris. John Mathauser. Wifth B.
Myrtle Jensen.
Gladys Jones.
William La Chapelle. Eilsabeth Richelieu. Fifth A.

Ella Hornig.

Robert Richelteu.

Cliver Sautter.

Fourth B.

Aifred Monaco.

Leo McCabe.

Mary Masilko.

Rosaita Hertz.

Rose Blanck.

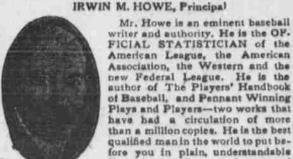
Torey Roberts.

Fourth A. Gladys Johnson.

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