

Special Page for The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers



Land of Oz

General Jinjur's Army of Revolt

By L. Frank Baum.

TIP was so anxious to rejoin his man Jack and the Saw-Horse that he walked a full half the distance the Emerald City without stopping rest. Then he discovered that he was hungry and the crackers and cheese he had provided for the journey had all been eaten.

While wondering what he should do in this emergency he came upon a girl sitting by the roadside. She wore a costume that struck the boy as being remarkably brilliant: her kilt was of emerald green and her skirt of four distinct colors—blue in front, yellow at the left side, red at the back and purple at the right side. Fastening the waist in front were four buttons—the top one blue, the next yellow, a third red and the last purple.

The splendor of this dress was almost barbaric; so Tip was fully justified in staring at the gown for some moments before his eyes were attracted by the pretty face above it; the face was pretty enough, he decided; but it wore an expression of iscontent coupled to a shade of defiance or audacity.

While the boy stared the girl looked upon him calmly. A lunch basket stood beside her, and she held a faintly smiling in one hand and a hard-boiled egg in the other, eating with an evident appetite that aroused Tip's sympathy.

"He was just about to ask a share of the luncheon when the girl stood up and brushed the crumbs from her lap."

"There!" said she; "it is time for me to go. Carry that basket for me and help yourself to its contents if you are hungry."

Tip seized the basket eagerly and began to eat, following for a time the strange girl without bothering to ask questions. She walked along before him with swift strides, and there was about her an air of decision and importance that led him to suspect she was some great personage.

Finally, when he had satisfied his hunger, he ran up beside her and tried to keep pace with her swift footsteps—a very difficult feat, for she was much taller than he, and evidently in a hurry.

"Thank you very much for the sandwiches," said Tip, as he trotted along. "May I ask your name?"

"I am General Jinjur," was the brief reply.

"Oh!" said the boy, surprised. "What sort of a General?"

"I command the Army of Revolt in this war," answered the General, with unnecessary sharpness.

"Oh!" he again exclaimed. "I didn't know there was a war."

"You were not supposed to know it," she returned, "for we have kept it a secret; and considering that our army is composed entirely of girls," she added, with some pride, "it is surely a remarkable thing that our Revolt is not yet discovered."

"It is, indeed," acknowledged Tip. "But where is your army?"

"About a mile from here," said General Jinjur. "The forces have assembled from all parts of the Land of Oz, at my express command. For this is the day we are to conquer His Majesty the Scarecrow, and wrest from him the throne. The Army of Revolt only awaits my coming to march upon the Emerald City."

"Well!" declared Tip, drawing a long breath, "this is certainly a surprising thing! May I ask why you wish to conquer His Majesty the Scarecrow?"

"Because the Emerald City has been ruled by men long enough, for one reason," said the girl. "Moreover, the City glitters with beautiful gems, which might far better be used for rings, bracelets and necklaces; and there is enough money in the King's treasury to buy every girl in our Army a dozen new gowns. So we intend to conquer the City and run the government to suit ourselves."

Jinjur spoke these words with an eagerness and decision that proved she was in earnest.

"But war is a terrible thing," said Tip, thoughtfully.

"This war will be pleasant," replied the girl, cheerfully.

"Many of you will be slain!" continued the boy, in an awed voice.

"Oh, no," said Jinjur. "What man would oppose a girl, or dare to harm her? And there is not an ugly face in my entire Army."

Tip laughed.

"Perhaps you are right," said he. "But the Guardian of the Gate is considered a faithful Guardian, and the King's Army will not let the City be conquered without a struggle."

"The Army is old and feeble," replied General Jinjur, scornfully. "His strength has all been used to grow whiskers, and his wife has such a temper that she has already pulled more than half of them out by the roots. When the Wonderful Wizard reigned the Soldier with the Green Whiskers was a very good Royal Army, for people feared the Wizard. But no one is afraid of the Scarecrow, so his Royal Army don't count for much in time of war."

After this conversation they proceeded some distance in silence, and before long reached a large clearing in the forest where fully 400 young women were assembled. These were laughing and talking together as gaily as if they had gathered for a picnic instead of a war of conquest.

They were divided into four companies, and Tip noticed that all were dressed in costumes similar to that worn by General Jinjur. The only real difference was that while those girls from the Munchkin country had the blue strip in front of their skirts, those from the country of the Quadlings had the red strip in front; and those from the country of the Winkies had the yellow strip in front, and the Gillikin girls wore the purple strip in front. All had green waists representing the Emerald City they

intended to conquer, and the top button on each waist indicated by its color which country the wearer came from. The uniforms were jaunty and becoming, and quite effective when massed together.

Tip thought this strange Army bore no weapons whatever; but in this he was wrong. For each girl had stuck through the knot of her back hair two long, glittering knitting needles.

General Jinjur immediately mounted the stump of a tree and addressed her army.

"Friends, fellow-citizens, and girls!" she said; "we are about to begin our great Revolt against the men of Oz! We march to conquer the Emerald City—to dethrone the Scarecrow King—to acquire thousands of gorgeous gems—to rifle the royal treasury—and to obtain power over our former oppressors!"

"Hurrah!" said those who had listened; but Tip thought most of the Army was too much engaged in chattering to pay attention to the words of the General.

The command to march was now given, and the girls formed themselves into four bands, or companies, and set off with eager strides toward the Emerald City.

The boy followed after them, carrying several baskets and wraps and packages which various members of the Army of Revolt had placed in his care. It was not long before they came to the green granite walls of the City and halted before the gateway.

The Guardian of the Gate at once came out and looked at them curiously, as if a circus had come to town. He carried a bunch of keys swung round his neck by a golden chain; his hands were thrust carelessly into his pockets, and he seemed to have no idea at all that the City was threatened by rebels. Speaking pleasantly to the girls, he said:

"Good morning, my dears! What can I do for you?"

"Surrender instantly!" answered General Jinjur, standing before him and frowning as terribly as her pretty face would allow her to.

"Surrender!" echoed the man, astounded. "Why, it's impossible. It's against the law. I never heard of such a thing in my life."



"Still, you must surrender!" exclaimed the General, fiercely. "We are revolting!"

"You don't look it," said the Guardian, gazing from one to another, admiringly.

"But we are!" cried Jinjur, stamping her foot, impatiently; "and we mean to conquer the Emerald City!"

"Good gracious!" returned the surprised Guardian of the Gates; "what a nonsensical idea! Go home to your mothers, my good girls, and milk the cows and bake the bread. Don't you know it's a dangerous thing to conquer a city?"

"We are not afraid!" responded the General; and she looked so determined that it made the Guardian uneasy.

So he rang the bell for the Soldier with the Green Whiskers, and the next minute was sorry he had done so. For immediately he was surrounded by a crowd of girls who drew the knitting needles from their hair and began jabbing them at the Guardian with the sharp points dangerously near his fat cheeks and blinking eyes.

The poor man howled loudly for mercy, and made no resistance when Jinjur drew the bunch of keys from around his neck.

Followed by her Army the General now rushed to the gateway, where she was confronted by the Royal Army of Oz—which was the other name for the Soldier with the Green Whiskers. "Halt!" he cried, and pointed his long gun full in the face of the leader.

Some of the girls screamed and ran back, but General Jinjur bravely stood her ground and said, reproachfully:

"Why, how now? Would you shoot a poor, defenseless girl?"

"No," replied the soldier; "for my gun isn't loaded."

"Not loaded?"

"No; for fear of accidents. And I've forgotten where I hid the powder and shot to load it with. But if you'll wait a short time I'll try to hunt them up."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Jinjur, cheerfully. Then she turned to her Army and cried: "Loaded!"

"Girls, the gun isn't loaded!"

"Ho, ho!" shrieked the rebels, delighted at this good news, and they proceeded to rush upon the Soldier with the Green Whiskers in such a crowd that it was a wonder they didn't stick the knitting needles into one another.

But the Royal Army of Oz was too much afraid of women to meet the onslaught. He simply turned about and ran with all his might toward the gate and toward the royal mob which General Jinjur and her mob blocked into the unprotected City.

In this way was the Emerald City captured without a drop of blood being spilled. The Army of Revolt had become an Army of Conquerors!

(Continued Next Week.)

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Letter.)
The Junior Red Cross Girls.
By Helen Ballou, Aged 13 Years,
1421 K Street, Columbus, Neb.
Blue Side.

I am a member of the Junior Red Cross Girls of Columbus. We meet every other week at the different girls' homes and knit. Our club was organized last April.

We have 20 members, all from 10 to 13 years old. We elected officers at our second meeting. Pauline Coolidge was elected president, Dorothy Spiece vice president, Mae McCray secretary and I treasurer. Miss Helen McAllister is our leader.

At first we knitted wash cloths and then when the Red Cross yarn came we knitted mufflers and wristlets. We are now knitting quilts for the Belgian babies. Each girl casts 35 stitches and then knits a square. Then we take these patches and sew them together to make the blanket.

Last summer we had a sale. We sold cakes, candy and bread and flowers. We made \$15, which we gave to the surgical dressings department. We expect to have another sale soon. We have not yet decided where we will give the money we make then.

The girls wanted to have a hike before winter, so we had one on a Friday when there was no school. We decided that we would hike out to the river and have our breakfast and come home later. We went out at 7:30 and started back about 10:30. It began to rain when we were on the way, but not very hard until we had all reached home.

At our next Red Cross meeting we are going to elect new officers, as these now have already served eight months, and after this we will re-elect every six months.

(Honorable Mention)
Kindness to Dumb Animals.
By Harriet Cull, Aged 13 Years,
Box F, Burt County, Oakland, Neb.
A very busy day in New York City—James Monroe and Henry O'Connell were doing some shopping when James saw a lame bull dog. James then said to Henry, "I wish lame dogs would stay away from down town," and saying this he gave the dog an unmerciful kick which sent the poor innocent creature howling down the street trying to dodge the rushing crowd. This made Henry

angry and he left the boy James to do his shopping alone.

When James was going home that evening he saw Henry on the street car which he boarded. Henry was carrying the dog very gently in his arms. This made James feel very sorry and jealous for what he had done hurt his conscience, but he wouldn't let Henry see it so he started to laugh at him but Henry still held the dog. After the boys left the car and were walking home James stopped to think of what a noble thing Henry had done and that evening when he was reading his book he had bought down town he felt his conscience prick him so he left his book and went up stairs to bed.

That evening he didn't sleep more than about 4 hours. In the morning he went over to Henry's house and said, "Henry, I am very sorry for the dog and I will never do anything like it again," and he never did anything but kind things to dumb animals.

I would like to see my letter in print, but, of course, I am not expecting to get a prize, for this is the first time I have ever written. I wish to join the Blue Side.

TOO LATE.
The following letters were received too late for publication. We appreciate them and regret our inability to print them along with others:

Mary Martin, Omaha, Neb.
Mary Gint, Omaha, Neb.
Arizona Samers, Brainard, Neb.
Frances Bell, O'Neill, Neb.
Margaret Bell, O'Neill, Neb.
Irene Noyes, O'Neill, Neb.
Jeannette Olliphant, Hastings, Neb.
Marjorie Fleming, Avoca, Ia.
Luelle Bauer, Atwood, Kan.
Eleanor Kirk, Stockham, Neb.
Dora Dierke, Bennington, Neb.
Kathryn Kittelman, Bay Springs, Neb.
Dorothy Grady, O'Neill, Neb.
Geneva Grady, O'Neill, Neb.

My First Letter.
By Helen Smith, Aged 9 Years, 107 East Linden Avenue, Fremont, Neb.
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. I go to the North school. My teacher's name is Miss Longacre. I have a cat and two kittens and some chickens. I hope to see my letter in print.

My First Letter.
By Evelyn McGrath, Aged 11 Years, 1319 West Fourth Street, Hastings, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join the Blue Side.

I am in the fifth grade at the Morton school. We had two weeks' va-

SANTA CLAUS

(Prize Poem)
By Alice Bondesson, Aged 9 Years, 2712 Redick Avenue.

Santa Claus is coming,
Coming Christmas night,
When the clock's hands point to twelve,
He doesn't need a light.

He comes down the chimney,
When the fire is out,
And when no one is peeping,
To see what he's about.

And he goes straight to his work,
Of fixing the Christmas tree,
And putting the presents around it,
Some for you, and some for me.

He trims the house with holly,
On the chandelier hangs mistletoe,
To make people kiss each other,
When under it they go.

And when he has filled all the stockings,
Up the chimney he goes,
His face wreathed with smiles,
His cheeks as pink as a rose.

He then jumps into his sleigh,
His bag is empty now,
He rides through the snow without leaving a track,
He does it, though no one knows how.

The people on Christmas, like on Thanksgiving,
Have turkey and cranberry sauce,
They accept their gifts with joy,
And say, "Hurrah for Santa Claus."

ation this Christmas. I had a very nice time this vacation. I have been playing outdoors. A little neighbor boy and I built a campfire and roasted potatoes.

I enjoy your letters and stories very much.

Hoping to see my letter in print.

Jimmy's Christmas.
By Maxine Clark, Aged 9 Years, 3724 North Twenty-eighth Avenue, Omaha.

It was a cold December morning and on the corner stood poor little Jimmy. Jimmy was selling papers. He was 8 years old and was very poor. He had no mother nor father and had to sell papers to earn a living.

One day he was standing on the corner hollering, "Paper!" when he heard someone saying to him, "I will take three papers." "All right, sir," said Jimmy, "here they are." "How much will that be?" asked the man. "Three cents, sir."

Now it was near Christmas and Jimmy was trying to sell enough papers so he could buy himself new shoes, as his were pretty well worn. Christmas came and Jimmy did not have enough money to buy his shoes. He got up out of his bed, which was an old box with a gunny sack for a quilt, and what do you think he found?

There in the box with him was a pair of new shoes, a coat, a cap, a waist, a pair of pants, a pair of stockings and enough to eat for breakfast, dinner and supper and some candy and nuts. Jimmy thought this the merriest Christmas he ever had. On the floor of the box there was a note which said, "From Mr. Smith." That was the man who had bought the three papers.

I hope this escapes Mr. Wastebasket. I wish someone would write to me.

A Letter.
By Donald Scott, Aged 10 Years, Republican City, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first letter to the Busy Bee page. I will tell you about my Christmas. My grandma came to visit us the Saturday before Christmas. When I met her at the train she had a queer looking package in her hand. I wondered if it might be an air gun. When we got home the package was hidden where I could not find it, but when I came down stairs to look in my stocking Christmas morning, there was a dandy air gun, just what I had wanted. Besides my air gun I got two books, "Under the Lilacs" and "Little Men," written by Louisa M. Alcott; a silk handkerchief and a box of Plactinein. I have a sweater and a box of Plactinein. I am 10 years old. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Miller. I like her very much. I read the Busy Bee page every week. I would like to join the bedtime stories. I wish to be on the blue side.

A Letter.
By Clement Young, Aged 11 Years, Doniphan, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I am in the seventh grade at school. There are 13 in my class and my teacher's name is Miss Bolen. I sold the Collier papers for a while, but I have stopped them now. I have one brother 6 years old and is in the second grade. I would like to join the Blue Side very much. I have never read the Busy Bee page before, but I am glad I did so. I am hoping to see my letter in print. One of the Busy Bees write to me.

A Letter.
By Halcyon Henry, Aged 9 Years, Creston, Ia.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I certainly enjoy reading the Busy Bee page. I have one sister, no brothers. My sister's name is Ruby. She is 6 years old. I go to school every day and haven't been absent nor tardy this term. My teacher's name is Miss Cusack. Well, as this is my first letter I will bring it to a close, hoping it escapes the wastebasket.

New Busy Bee.
Estella Von Seggern, Pender, Neb. Aged 10 Years, Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to this page. My father has taken the paper for about five years. As we children were smaller we could not read the paper so mamma would read it. We children can read the stories except my smallest brother. We had a program December 21, but it did not

Raymond MacDonald Is New President Eighth Grade Class



Raymond MacDonald

The eighth grade mid-year graduating class held its election Thursday. Raymond MacDonald was unanimously elected president and Madeline Nichols, secretary-treasurer. The class enters Central High school the latter part of January.

Raymond MacDonald came to Omaha with his family from Lincoln recently. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George R. MacDonald.

fourth grade. Well, this is all for this time. Hope to see my letter in print. I will write more the next time.

The Rabbits' Christmas.
By Helen Ahlemier, Aged 10 Years, 1022 East Sixth, Fremont, Neb.

I read the Busy Bees' page every Sunday. This is the first story I have written. I will now begin my story, "The Rabbits' Christmas."

The rabbits were busy talking about Christmas and what they would tell Santa to bring their young ones. When suddenly the door opened of Peter Rabbit's cottage, and Peter said: "Oh! papa, will you please fix my little cart, Flossie broke it." So Mr. Rabbit had to go in and could no more listen to the conversation of the rabbits.

So one by one the rabbits filed away, as their children wanted something. There was no one to hold the conversation any longer. But as Peter's father was fixing his cart, Peter asked: "Are we going to have a Christmas like other folks, papa?" Peter's papa did not know what to say, but he said "yes, probably." Peter certainly did have a merry Christmas, for a little girl found Peter awaiting her on the Christmas tree on Christmas morning.

I am in the fifth grade at East school. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is my teacher. I wish the Busy Bees a happy New Year.

The Sea Gull.
By Mercedes Targe, Aged 11 Years, South First Street, Seward, Neb.

There once lived a little boy whose name was Tom. He lived near the ocean. One day as Tom was playing among the rocks a large sea gull came flying by. Tom cried "Oh! beautiful sea gull, pray give me a ride on your back." The sea gull came lower and lower and at last it stopped at Tom's feet.

Tom climbed upon his back. They flew and flew, they rose higher and higher, at last they came to king's palace. The king and his daughter were in the rose garden. The king ordered his men to tell Tom and his sea gull to come to the throne. They did as they were told. Tom was very glad.

They were invited to dine with the king. The king asked Tom to live with him. Tom said "the would." One day a sad thing happened. The king died and left the throne for Tom. Soon after Tom married the king's daughter and they rule the court today.

A Letter.
By Gretchen Pinsky, Aged 12 Years, Ravenna, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written a letter to you. I like to read the stories and letters the Busy Bees write, and would like to join your page. I like to make up stories and will some time send some in if my letter is printed. I hope to see my letter in print.

Have Never Written.
By Alma Sick, Aged 10 Years, Hancock, Ia. Red Side.

I have never written to the Busy Bees. I would like to be a member of the Busy Bee. I live on a farm. The other night I was gathering eggs in the barn. I heard some little chickens peeping. I hunted for them and I found an little chickens. I shed with 13 little chickens. I brought them up to the house and put them under a chicken coop. I went into the house and told mamma. She said I could have them if I took

My First Letter.
By Sterling Marshall, Aged 10 Years, Weeping Water, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I read the Busy Bee page, also the comic section every Sunday. I have two brothers and one sister. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Gordon. I am in the fifth grade at school. I would like to join the Red Side. Hoping to see my letter in print.

Laughing Busy Bees

These Modern Children!
Old Lady—You believe in Santa, don't you, dearie?"
Small Boy—No, I can't say that I do, and I don't believe little sister does either, but mother does, and we didn't like to disappoint her.

The Helping Hand.
Aunt Mary (horrified)—Good gracious, Harold, what would your papa say if he saw you smoking that nasty cigar?
Harold (calmly)—Dad? Why, he'd be tickled to death. They're his Christmas cigars from mother.

A New One.
Irate Wife (at 4 a. m.)—What do you mean coming home at this time in the morning?
Happy Husband—You see, it was like this, I went out to do my Christmas shopping early, but none of the shops are open yet, so I came back home.

Papa's Job.
"What is Billy Hardat doing these days?"
"Oh, he's busy as usual—working his son's way through college."

Christmas Spending.
Wife—Well, I'll spend a pleasant Christmas, won't we?
Husband—It'll be all we'll have left to spend.

Necessity.
"They say that one person can live well on 10 cents a week by following the conservation diet. Do you believe it's possible?"
"No, but I'm going to have to prove that it's possible when Christmas is over."

Teacher—Now, tell me, what were the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell on his head?
Bright Boy—I guess he felt awful glad it wasn't a brick.—Boston Transcript.

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day."
"Yes, sir," answered the young woman. "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."—Christian Register.

They were discussing that joke about getting down off an elephant.
"How do you get down?" asked the jocosmith for the fourth time.
"You climb down."
"Wrong!"
"You grease his sides and slide down."
"Wrong!"
"You take a ladder and get down."
"Wrong!"
"Well you take the trunk line down."
"No, not quite. You don't get off an elephant; you get it off a goose."

care of them. I got some bread and fed it to them. They ate it in a hurry. I got a little tin can and put some water in it and gave it to them. They are not very big now, but they are growing fast. I hope to see my story in print.

The Pig.
By Arthur Von Seggern, Aged 12 Years, Pender, Neb. Blue Side.

Years ago people did not know that pigs were good to eat.

"What will I tell you about it."
"In China there once lived a man who raised hogs. One afternoon the man went to town.

While he was in town his house burned to the ground.

There was a pig in the house. The pig was fried.

The next day the man told his son to carry out the pig. The son was going to carry out the pig. When he touched it he burned his finger. He had a little meat on his finger and it burned. So he put it in his mouth and it tasted so nice, and he ate all he could.

He told his father, and his father gave him a whipping.

One day his father saw him burning a hog and tasted it. It tasted so nice that he bought all the hogs in the country and afterward told his friends. And that is how they found that a pig was good to eat.

My First Letter.
By Beulah Cunningham, Aged 10 Years, Fullerton, Neb. R. 1, Box 105, Blue Side.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I read the Busy Bee page every Monday. I have two sisters and one brother. I go to school every day. I like to go to school. I am 10 years old. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Anna Henke. I guess I will close. I hope to see my letter in print.

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Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I read the Busy Bee page, also the comic section every Sunday. I have two brothers and one sister. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Gordon. I am in the fifth grade at school. I would like to join the Red Side. Hoping to see my letter in print.

The Fate of Wilhelm's Raiders.
Aged 11 Years, Bloomington, Neb.

When the Kaiser's men attempt to raid our country,
The American gunners will bring them down;
They'll never reach the Statue of Liberty,
Nor to big New York town.

When the boys in khaki come out and fight,
They will show them a merry chase.
And they'll know it was not a bluff, as the Kaiser told them,
But we'll fight them face to face.

We'll do as good as Washington did
When he fought in the revolution
in 1783.
But if they ever get over here
I believe Uncle Sam will take 'em.

A Silhouette



JANE POWELL Her Book

Jane Powell is a little Busy Bee. She is in the first grade and is rapidly learning to read. Fortunately, her daddy's library is picture books, for the most part. Jane is starting her own library and this is her bookplate.

last no longer than a half an hour. There were only four visitors.

Santa Claus came at school in an airship. As he flew over he dropped a package and a letter. The small children all rushed out of the school room and came running with a big package and a letter. The children were anxious to see what was in the box. The teacher opened the box and there was enough that all the children could get one and the teacher had three boxes left.

My brother is writing a letter, too. If this letter is in print I will write again. I wish the children of this page would write to me. I will answer them right away.

A Letter.
By Ottila Goeth, Aged 7 Years, Gresham, Neb. Blue Side.

I have a bird whose name is Dick. He has a little cage in which he sleeps and stays.

Every evening he goes to sleep as soon as the dining room lights are turned out.

I was sorry for him one time. The painters were painting our house and when they were tinting the walls they loosened Dick's cage a little.

We had some pictures on the table. After a while we heard a noise. We went in the dining room and the cage had fallen and Dick had flown out of the window.

A painter caught Dick and brought him in the house.

We soon found out that his leg was broken. We had a man fix it, and ever after that Dick has hopped on his leg as much as he wanted to.

Her First Letter.
By Clara Virginia Case, Aged 7 Years, David City, Neb.

This is my first letter. I have been sick but am well now. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I hope I see my letter in the paper. Well, I will close my letter now.

A Letter.
By Loretta Dugan, Aged 11 Years, Proctor, Colo.

Dear Editor: This is the first time that I have ever written to your Busy Bee page. My father takes the Omaha Daily Bee, and I enjoy the children's page and also the funny paper.

We moved from Nebraska to Colorado two years ago, and I enjoyed the trip very much. I am going to a country school. My teacher's name is Mr. Church and I am in the

A Letter.
By Halcyon Henry, Aged 9 Years, Creston, Ia.

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Tearful Tommy
Tearful little Tommy
Has no arms or tummy
Draw them with your fountain pen
And he may stop crying then.

