A Highly Magnified History

By L. FRANK BAUM.

66TT Is but honest that I should to do as I pleased. "It immediately occurred to me that acknowledge at the beginning of my recital that I was born an ordinary Woggle-Bug," began the creature, in a frank and friendly tone. "Knowing no better, I used my arms as well as my legs for walking, and crawled under the edges of stones or hid among the roots of grasses with no thought beyond finding a few insects smaller than myself to feed

"The chill nights rendered me stiff and motionless, for I wore no clothing, but each morning the warm rays of the sun gave me new life and restored me to activity. A horrible existence is this, but you must remember it is the regularly ordained existence of Woggle-Bugs, as well as of many other tiny creatures that inhabit the earth.

"But Destiny had singled me out, humble though I was, for a grander fate! One day I crawled near to a country school house, and, my curiosity being excited by the montononous hum of the students within, I made bold to enter and creep along a crack between two boards until I reached the far end, where, in front of a

he gave his pupils. Not one of them was more attentive than the humble, unnoticed Woggle-Bug, and I acquired in this way a fund of knowledge that I will myself confess is simply marvelous. That is why I place T. E.—Thoroughly Educated upon my cards; for my greatest pride lies in the fact that the world cannot produce another Woggle-Bug with a tenth part of my own culture and erudition."

"I do not blame you," said the Scarecrow. "Education is a thing to be proud of. I'm educated myself. The mess of brains given my by the Great Wizard is considered by my

"Nevertheless," interrupted the Tin Woodman, "a great heart is, I believe, much more desirable than education or brains. "To me," said the Saw-Horse, "a

good leg is more desirable than either." "Could seeds be considered in the examine his person.

light of brains?" inquired the Pumpkinhead, abruptly, "Keep quiet." commanded Tip,

"Very well, dear father," answered the obedient Jack. The Woggle-Bug listened patiently

weven respectfully—to these remarks and then resumed his story.

"I must have lived fully three years

in that secluded school house hearth," said he, "drinking thirstily of the everflowing fount of limpid knowledge before me.

"Quite poetical," commented the Scarecrow, nodding his head approv-

"But one day," continued the Bug,
"a marvelous circumstance occurred
"a marvelous circumstance occurred that altered my very existence and brought me to my present pinnacle of greatness. The Professor discovered me in the act of crawling across the hearth, and before I could escape he



had caught me between his thumb and

forefinger. "My dear children,' said he, 'I have captured a Woggle-Bug-a very rare and interesting specimen. Do any of you know what a Woggle-Bug is?'

"'No.' yelled the scholars, in chorus. "Then,' said the Professor, 'I will get out my famous magnifying glass and throw the insect upon a screen in a highly-magnified condition, that you may all study carefully its peculiar construction and become acquainted with its habits and manner of life.' "He then brought from a cupboard

most curious instrument, and before could realize what had happened I found myself thrown upon a screen in a highly-magnified state-even as you now behold me.

The students stood up on their stools and craned their heads forward to get a better view of me, and two little girls jumped upon the sill of an open window where they could see

more plainly.
"Behold! cried the Professor, in a loud voice, 'this highly-magnified with this idea; but he submitted to having his left leg amputated by the Woogle-Bug; one of the most curious in sects in existence?"

With this idea; but he submitted to "Friends, I entreat you not to quarrell pleaded the Tin Woodman, and whittled down to anxiously "As anxio

insects in existence!' "Being Thoroughly Educated, and knowing what is required of a cultured gentleman, at this juncture I

stood upright and, placing my hand upon my bosom, made a very polite bow. My action, being unexpected, must have startled them, for one of the little girls perched upon the win-

The Professor uttered a cry of horror and rushed away through the as the rest of your person." was left alone in the school room, still | "Because you are built as absurdly |

in a High-Magnifiled state and free

this was a good opportunity to escape. I was proud of my great size, and realized that now I could safely travel anywhere in the world, while my superior culture would make me a fit associate for the most learned person I might chance to meet.

"So, while the Professor picked the little girls-who were more frightened than hurt-off the ground, and the pupils clustered around him closely grouped, I calmly walked out of the school house, turned a corner, and escaped unnoticed to a grove of trees that stood near."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the Pump-

kinhead, admiringly.

It was, indeed," agreed the Wog-gle-Bug. "I have never ceased to congratulate myself for escaping A are so sorry that Brownell Hall is while I was High Magnified; for even going to close, for we were looking my excessive knowledge would have forward to happy school days there.

proved of little use to me had I remained a tiny, insignificant insect."

forward to happy school days there.

One of the jolliest and prettiest parties ever held at Brownell Hall mained a tiny, insignificant insect."
"I didn't know before," said Tip, looking at the Woggle-Bug with a Mother Goose carnival, and most of puzzled expression, "that insects wore the day students took part dressed as clothes."

state," returned the stranger "But in sold, a Holland booth for ice cream hearth of glowing embers, sat the master at his desk.

"No one noticed so small a creature"

"No one noticed so small a creature"

"No one noticed so small a creature life of a tailor—tailors having, like trimmed in daffodills war candy made

himself around slowly, that all might "He must have been a good tailor,"

"He was a good-hearted tailor, at any rate," observed Nick Chopper. "But where were you going, when you met us?" Tip asked the Woggle-

Bug. "Nowhere in particular," was the reply, "although it is my intention soon to visit the Emerald City and

arrange to give a course of lectures to Patriotic Salute. select audiences on the 'Advantages of Magnification." "We are bound for the Emerald

City now," said the Tin Woodman; 'so if it pleases you to do so, you are welcome to trayel in our com-

The Woggle-Bug bowed with profound grace.
"It will give me great pleasure,"

said he, "to accept your kind invitation; for nowhere in the Land of Oz could I hope to meet so congenial a company. "That is true," acknowledged the Pumpkinhead. "We are quite as con-

genial as flies and honey." "But-pardon me if I seem inquisitive—are you not all rather—ahem!—rather unusual?" asked the Woggle-Bug, looking from one to another with unconcealed interest.

"Not more so than yourself," answered the Scarecrow. "Everything in life is unusual until you get accustomed to it." "What rare philosophy!" explaimed

the Woggle-Bug, admiringly. "Yes; my brains are working well today," admitted the Scarecrow, an

accent of pride in his voice. "Then, if you are sufficiently rested and refreshed, let us bend our steps toward the Emerald City," sug-

gested the magnified one. "We can't," said Tip. "The Saw-Horse has broken a leg, so he can't hearts and cupids. The following 28 bend his steps. And there is no wood around to make him a new limb from. And we can't leave the horse behind because the Pumpkinhead is so stiff in his joints that he has to ride."

"How very unfortunate!" cried the Woggle-Bug. Then he looked the party over carefully and said: "If the Pumpkinhead is to ride, why not use one of his legs to make Bill O'Brien, leg for the horse that carries him? Judge that both are made of wood."
"Now, that is what I call real Hartford Cress, a leg for the horse that carries him? I judge that both are made of wood." cleverness," said the Scarecrow, approvingly. "I wonder my brains did as a jumpingjack," sneered the horse,

not think of that long ago! Get to rolling his knotty eyes in a vicious work, my dead Nick, and fit the manner. "Even your head won't stay Pumpkinhead's leg to the Saw-straight, and you never can tell Jack was not especially pleased forward!

fit the left leg of the Saw-Horse. Nor are none of us above criticism; so let was the Saw-Horse especially pleased us bear with each others' faults."
with the operation, either; for he "An excellent suggestion," said the growled a good deal about being Woggle-Bug, approvingly. "You "butchered," as he called it, and aftermust have an excellent heart, my ward declared that the new leg was metallic friend." a disgrace to a respectable Saw-

Horse. dow-sill gave a scream and fell backward out the window, drawing her companion with her as she disappeared.

"I beg you to be more careful in your he. But now let us start your speech," said the Pumpkinhead, sharply. "Remember, if you please, that it is my leg you are abusing."

They perched the one-legged Pumpkinhead upon the Saw-Horse, and tied him to his seat with cords. Saw-Horse, "for it is quite as flimsy so that he could not possibly fall

+++++ BUSY BEE SOCIETY RERERE

REFERENCE



To Society Bees

Δ LL the younger girls in Omaha was given last Saturday. It was a Mother Goose characters. There "Nor do they, in their natural was a wishing well, where punch was

success were Virginia Barker, Eliza beth Barker, Eleanor Smith, Esther Missen-Margaret Eastman, Margaret Eastman, Wingen Wingen Richardson, Marjorie Ribble and Elizabeth McDonald.

We hope that there will be as nice Charlotte McDonald. a school here at home when we are high school juniors. Lovingly, MARGARET.

Valentine Party.

Dorothy Knox entertained a Valwere given to three little girls. Those and love." present were:

Gladys McGabin. Mildred Voyles, Elizabeth Paffenrath, Florence Nestor, Eleanore McKuka, Catherine McCoun. Helen Hartman Gertrude Carlisle, Teresa Christman,

said the Scarecrow, somewhat en- Claire Abbott's Party.

Claire Abbott was hostess at a Valentine party Thursday. The afternoon was spent in hunting for hearts and there was a Valentine box for favors. Her guests were Lucile Race, Ruth Chatfield, Josephine Black-wood, Adelaide Finley, Jane Horton, Jean Hall and Flora Root.

The Sunday school children of All Saints church have a flag salute every

Valentine Party



CLIFFORD AND GRACE JOHNSON.

Little Grace and Clifford Johnson gave a Valentine party Thursday afternoon at their home, 423 North Eighteenth street. The home was beautifully decorated with flowers, valentines, playmates were the guests:

Nellie O'Brien, Doris Gilbert, Helen Brien, Loraine Sinich, Margaret Brien, Grace O'Brien, Helen Hawes,

Giris—
Grace Johnson,
May Powell,
Gladys Shonfield,
Wanda Wells,
Violet Dustsch, Diantha Faulkner, Clara Louxe, Dorthea Altrock, Viola Altrock. Boys-Norval Wells, Dwight Faulkner, Lee Coyne, Blaine Wall.

whether you are looking backward or

"I have," returned Nick, well pleased, "My heart is quite the best "I beg you to be more careful in part of me. But now let us start

feasters sitting around They were at Gladys Shonfield's party last

door to see if the poor children were injured by the fall. The scholars followed after him in a wild mob, and I filmsy?"

"Flimsy! me flimsy!" cried Jack, in Scarecrow, they all advanced in the direction of the Emerald City. (Continued Next Sunday.)

NOTE—Busy Bees will please send their society items to Mar-garet Shotwell, Busy Bee society editor, care Bee Office 0........

Hostess for Girls



Dorothy Sherman

as a Woggle-Bug, and when I found that the hearth was even warmer and more comfortable than the sunshine, I resolved to establish my future home beside it. So I found a charming nest between two bricks and hid myself therein for many, many months.

"Professor Nowitall is, and the most famous scholar in the land of Oz, and after a few days I began to listen to the lectures and discourses he gave his he cats, nine lives, as you probably know. The fellow was exceedingly grated. The house was decorated with sevel with such cats, find the squirile without sugar was for sale. The gires at a Valentine party Saturday. The house was decorated with so class for sale his gave his mis gave his mis gave his mis gave his mis ga

Nancy Finson, Eleanor Hamilton, Frances Edgerley, Polly Robbins Dean Robbins, Ruth Carpenter Constance Perley, Ann Perley, Jane McConnell, Josephine Drapier,

Ann McConnell Emma Hosgland, Jean Jewell, Dorothy Sherman, Katherine Baxter, Eleanor Baxter, Margaret Widener, Charlotte Haller Helen Brown, Charlotte Smith, Elizabeth Paffenrath, Dorothly Guckert,

served games were played. Prizes erhood, uniting all mankind in service

John Inkster Usher. John Inkster is one of the Boy Scouts who helped usher at the pasee the war zone some day for himself, and until then he is doing all that he can to help his Scout team.

Armies for Liberty.

Two armies, composed of kiddies from the neighborhood of Fortieth day. and Farnam streets, have been having sham battles in trenches and open fields.

General George Connor and Captain Thomas Austin, with their army, surrendered to General Billy Connor and Captain Burton Guckert. The greetings from their grandma, Mrs. defeated army was fighting for liberty, but it was young and lost. The victorious army fought for supremacy and won.

Pup and Kitten Fight.

Elinor Kountze has international troubles at her house, and it's all on count of her Pekingese puppie, "Hi-Black Mask," that she received her birthday last September, and the Angora car that she bought at the White Elephant sale. Now, this cat is named Fritz, and, although Elinor tries to call it Fluffy, kitty refuses to come to any name but Fritz. Hi-Wee and Fritz don't agree on lots of things a good talk that Hi Wee forgets his

Hilda from Holland.

Little Jeannette Borglum was a typical Hilda from Holland at the costume party given by Miss Mary Cooper at the Blackstone. A bright blue skirt, short-sleeved waist, with a cunning little red jacket, wide, Dutch cap and even wooden shoes transformed the little girl into a Hollander. Jeannette's doll was dressed in Dutch costume, too, and her dress was just like her little mother's, even to the tiny wooden shoes.

For Junior Red Cross.

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The Feast

This is the feast

Two enterprising and patriotic youngsters, Thomas Sutphen and Leroy Zust, will give a radioptical show at Thomas' home, 420 North Forty-first avenue, Monday evening. The home picture show will give views of America and foreign countries. Gertrude Sutphen will sell home made candy during the "movie"



Helen is one of the dancing dolls of Dorothy Sherman, on Thirtyeighth avenue, entertained 26 little
girls at a Valentine party Saturday, under the direction of Mice Country and go to the co "No one noticed so small a creature as a Woggle-Bug, and when I found that the hearth was even warmer and more comfortable than the sunshine, I resolved to establish my future I resolved to establish my future

Red Cross between now and George Washington's birthday, February 22,

entine party at her home, 3926 Har- Sunday morning, and also a pledge candy was placed on each plate. The and have been neither absent nor tardy birthday cake was garnished with since I started. ney street. The guests all came in to the church. Rev. Mackay says it birthday cake was garnished with dear little Valentine costumes. The is an inspiration to him to hear the tiny lights. Those present were:

Boys-Arthur K. Barnes, Boys-Robert Caldwell,

For Junior Red Cross. Jane Horton and Caroline Abbott, triotic meeting at the Auditorium who attend Park school, gave up Valtitoo long, and hope it does not find the none to be found. Foolish man, he is the service of the good that laid the golden eggs.

Will close with a riddle: What kind of the good that laid the golden eggs. brothers in the army, and receives letters from France very often from his brother, Robert. John hopes to Park school, asked all the children to do without Valentines, so the school would have a 100 per cent member-ship, and many of the boys and girls

By Phyllis Brown, Aged 9 Years, Route 1,
Box 23, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

Dear Rusy Bees: This is my first letter ship, and many of the boys and girls are giving a much money to the Red Cross as they spend on Valentines.

This was they spend on Valentines.

This is an area of the spend of the letter in the Sunday Research of the letters in the letters in the Sunday Research of the letters in the Sunday Research of the letters in the letters in th This se tool was 100 per cent Thurs-

Valentine Thrift Stamps. Dorothy Higgins and her little sister, Largaret, and their cousin, Hay- Miss Cooper's Valentine party at the den Storz, were all surprised to receive thrift stamps as their Valentine Gottlieb Storz. Mrs. Storz gave all her children and grandchildren thrift stamps instead of Valentines, and Grandpa Storz added a few for good

Knitting Kneedles Fly. David Shiverick Smith, Eleanor Smith's 3-weeks-old brother, is very interested in watching Eleanor's knitting kneedles fly. He will lay quietly in his crib blinking his eyes as her needles go in and out on the gray sweater for the Red Cross. Eleanor ters, Louise and Eleanor, write that says he is the most important member of the Floyd Smith family.

Amy Virginia Bernstein not only and since Fritz is larger than Hi-Wee tagged the fire shovel, but her dad he thinks he's boss, and it's only after found a little card tied to the handle Japanese origin and Fritz forgets his Easy." Amy Virginia is like Jack Annapolis and is attending preparapeace and harmony in their American plate clean," for she wants to help the Sammies, and has learned to knit and make trench candles for them.



Prairie Campfire Girls of Gothenand tickets are now being sold throughout the neighborhood for 5 cents each. Everybody is invited.



Little Stories By Little Folks

The Two Ness's. By Nola Kerms, Aged 12, Aurora, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Editor: Once there were two words

in a land where people could not tell one word from another.

They were called "The Two Ness's." They me. were very unhappy for they had heard of words that had different meanings or

were very unhappy for they had heard of words that had different meanings or names.

So one day these two ness's decided to see if they couldn't separate and earn better names the same as other words had done.

So they talked it over and decided to separate and each one go far away and stay for a year. Then come back to where they started from.

So they started and one went to the far south over rivers, trees, plains, and deserts. Until it came to a town in a hot country where the hot sun poured down upon the people without mercy. It stopped at a house where a woman and little baby lived. The baby was sick and the woman was afarid it would not get well. So at each evening she would go to the door and look to see if she could see any signs of rain and would say to herself, "It will surely rain tomorrow and my baby will get well." But it died in a few days. This ness's name was hopefulness.

The second ness stayed at home for a

was hopefulness.

The second ness stayed at home for a while there went up the mountain not far from home to a girl's cottage. There it

When the year was up both returned and told their story.

I hope to seethis in print.

(Honorable Mention)

Our School.

boxes were soid there was something I don't remember ever having in our school. A box of candy was given for the most popular lady getting the most votes. Our teacher's name was among these and she won it. Then the boxes were hauled out and they made something over \$60.

This is the first time I have written and hope to see 170 story in print

hope to see iffy story to print.

candles in candlesticks to decorate the dining room and a basket of month. This is my second year in school

dining room was decorated beautifully throughout with decorated valentines. After refreshments were whose kingdom it stands. One broth-For pets I have a little white bob-tailed of it.

A Letter.

Personals Blackstone.

Room 8, Saunders school, raised

\$5.25 the first day of the Junior Red Cross drive, and the money is still coming. The children are trying to earn what they give to the Junior Red Cross.

Dorothy Guckert and Polly Robbins are doing their ten-mile-Campfire-Girls-hike on paved streets, so

many block a day. The Scott children are wintering at Houston, Tex. Margaret and her sis- grade. they miss their Omaha playmates, Hunter Scott likes Omaha and schools best.

Curtis Shears, an Omaha boy, who lives in Washington, D. C., has reof the sugar bowl, which read, "Go ceived the principal appointment to German name, and they both live in Spratt and his wife and "licks the tory school for his examinations next week. Curtis ranked high in his studies in Omaha and all his schoolmates hope he will have success.

Maurine Richardson made a very pretty Bo-Peep at the Mother Goose carnival, and as she walked across the stage no one could blame the lambs for scampering after such a pretty shepherdess.

Ruth Carpenter has taken Maud Brown's place with the Junior Dramatic club.

turned to her home in North Platte. Ruth Lynch gave 25 cents to the Junior Red Cross for herself and 25

cents each for two other children who

could not afford it. The she gave every child in room 8, Saunders school, a little valentine. *****

Too Late

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

Gretchen Gaeth, Douglas, Wyo. Margaret McCellan, Fremont, Neb. Gladys Coe, David City, Neb. Edwin Metz, Nebraska City, Neb. Maurice O'Kane, Paxton, S. D. Maurice O'Kane, Paxton, S. D.
Ruby Tobin Stromsburg, Neb.
Wirth Oriedesel, Gregory, S. D.
Ella Timm, Papillion, Neb.
Ruth Meredith, Ravenna, Neb.
Velma Ochsner, Stromsburg, Neb.
Opal Ferrin, McClelland, Ia.
Annie Collins, 4019 W St., So. Side.
Shirley Nelson, Dye, Neb.
Portia Jeffrey, Lexington, Neb.
Theodore Perry, Bloomington, Neb.
Margaret Crosby, Sutherland, Neb.
Florence Hann, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Carey Weeping Water, Neb.
Martha Johannes, Columbus, Neb.
Myrtle Fleischman, Manley, Neb.
Margaret Bell, Osceola, Neb. in the week days. I go to school and am in the fourth grade and I like my teaches fine. I am learning to knit, I belong to the Red Cross. For pets I have a dog, two cats, two colts, Paddy and Sam, and a bantom hen. I would like to join the Blue Side. I will close for this time, I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.

A Letter.

to me, so goodbye.

First Letter.

while there was no bread in the house she would say, "Too, much to eat makes me lazy," Or if she broke a dish she would say, "I never liked that one very well anyway," and would be just as cheerful as ever.

By Lois Sudana,

Dear Busy Bees. This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. We take The Bee and I read your page every Sunday.

My teacher's name is Miss Barry and I am in the fourth grads. My teacher said we could have a Valentine hox if we would promise to make all of our valentines, bepromise to make all of our valentines, be-cause she said she thought it was foolish to spend our money for valentines, when we could make them. I think it is fun to make them. I cut some kewpies out of the magazine to paste on the valentines and I think they are just as cute as what we buy. Well, my letter is getting long. Goodby-Busy Bees.

> My Birthday Party. By Ellen Young, Aged 11 Years, Box 423, Rosalle, Neb. Blue Side, I have never written in the Busy Bee page before. I am going to have a birthday party. I did not tell them. After school the children bought presents and brought them to me.
>
> Then mamma had to go up town to get some ice cream and cookies. While she was

> gone we played games. There were more than 20 children present.
>
> After they had eaten the ice cream and cookies they went home. I wish to see my letter in print.

My First Letter.

By Rosemary Middlemiss, Aged \$ Years.
4507 Lafayette, Omaha.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter
to you. I would like to join the Blue Side.
We take The Omaha Daily Bee every day.
I go to school every day. I am in the third
grade. My teacher's name is Miss Gray.
I have no sisters or brothers. But I have
a little lamb for my playmate. She follows
me wherever I go and in the night I say
good night lamby and she will say ba ba.
And when us children play hiding go seek
she will hunt for us. My letter is getting
long so I will close. Hope to see my letter
in print.

My teacher's name is Miss Youngson and I like her very much.

I have one little sister, 3 years old. Her have one little sister, 3 years old. Her By Ida Anfel, Age 13 Years. Clarkson, Neb. Bue Side. Once upon a time there was a man that

for pets I have a little white bob-tailed dog. His name is Bob, and he is with us girls wherever we go.

We had a white Angora cat, but it disappeared. Do not know whether it was killed or stolen.

As this is my first letter. I will not make it too long, and hope it does not find the waste basket. Every day she laid a golden egg. Of

First Letter. By Mildred Johnson, 409 Blaine Street, Holdrege, Neb. My Dear Busy Bees: Please may I join any Dear Busy Bees: Please may I join your Bee page? I would like very much to join the Blue Side.

I enjoy the Bee page and I will promise to be faithful. I don't suppose you have to make such vows as these, but I enjoy doing it, and it fills space quickly.

I have several stories I would like to send in Maybe you Busy Bees would not care. Bee, also I like to see Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs

in. Maybe you Busy Bees would not care for them, but I certainly enjoy writing Helen Nygaard was dressed as a Valentine in tulle and red hearts at Miss Cooper's Valentine party at the teresting Busy Bees. New Member.
By Lyndon Moore, Aged 10 Years, 342s

Taylor Street.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter.
I would like to join the Blue side.
I have three rabbits. I read the Busy Bee page and enjoy it ery much.
Well, my letter is getting long, so goodby. I hope to see my letter in print,

First Letter. By Betty Watkins, 1511 Georgia Avenue, Omaha. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I am in the Second grade at Park school. My sister, Marian, is in the First

grade.

I want to tell you about the two kittens my cousin in Indiana has. The name of one is Pat and the name of the other one is Towney. Pat is very timid and runs and hides when anyone comes to the house. Towney is not a bit timid. He likes men the best. I used to haul Towney in the doll buggy. doll buggy.

I was 8 years old last week and my sister is 6.

I want to join the Blue Side.

New Member.

By Una Tillman, Age 10 Years, Red Oak, Ia.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter
I have written to you. Im busy reading
the junior stories every Monday evening. I
go to school and I am in the fifth grade.

My teacher's nade is Miss Florence Peterson. I wish to be a rearrier and colories. son. I wish to be a member and join the

Hoping to see my letter in print.

By Portia Josephine Jeffrey, Aged 9 Years, 14 Washington Street, Lexington, Neb. Dear Bu Bees: My name is Portia Jeffrey. I have one sister and three brothers.
We all go to school, but the baby. He is
just 14 months old. I am in the Third
grade and 9 years old. My teacher's name is Harriet Fleishman, who has been visiting her grandparents, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. E. Fleishman, has re-

The Stars.

By Melvina Schure. Aged 11. Humphrey,
Neb.
Dear Editor: Seeing that my story was too late t' time before, I have decided to write again. The way I happened to write this poem was: One night I could not go to sleep and I was thinking if I could write a

poem, and all of a sudden I made up this This is the first poem I have written.

Some evening when I go to bed And see the stars shining overhead. I think how nice it would be up there To sit and see the light shine from very-where.
The stars look very small, but bright, The stars look very small, but oright, And shine a long distance through the night. Most stars have corners five, And seems to me that they are alive.
But if I live to know
If they're alive, I'll write and tell you so,

Goodby, Busy Bees, New Blue Member.

By Alma Schneekioth, Aged 11 Years,
Bennington, Neb., Box 144, Blue Side.

I would like to be annexed to the Blue

I have made up a poem called "Spring! Now the sleds are put away. In the old shed by the hay. And the little birdles sing the sleds are put away.

In the good and pleasant Spring. Now the skates no more are used, 'Cause the big pond's water will coze, When we jump upon the lo Well fall in as sure as rich

table with 16 little

Dancing Helen Nygaard



Helen Nysaard

Patriotic Party. Mrs. Arthur K. Barnes, 5106 Jackson street, gave a patriotic birthday party for her son, John Herman Barnes, who celebrated his seventh Barnes, who celebrated his seventh birthday. The colors were red, white and blue. There were little Dear Busy Bees: I am a little girl, 6

Richard Sandberg John Herman Barnes. John Dressler,

measure.

To Soldiers



