
The Bird Flew Out.

Omaha.—Dear Uncle Ross: This is the first letter I have written to you. Last night a bird came in the house when the door was opened. We tried to get it out and it flew first to one side of the room and then the other. We could not get it out. So we turned the light out and mother held a lighted match outside the open door, and the bird flew out onto her arm. I am 8 years old and go to the Howard Kennedy school. I am in the Third A. I think the answer to the riddle about the clock is: Because it runs itself down. Hope I am right. Your niece, GENEVIEVE THIEHOFF.

CITATION (APA STYLE)

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