

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



Land of Oz

Tip Has Wonderful Experience With Marvelous Power of Life; Old Mombi Danced All Around Him.

After considering the matter carefully, Tip decided that the best place to locate Jack would be at the bend in the road, a little way from the house. So he started to carry his man there, but found him heavy and rather awkward to handle. After dragging the creature a short distance Tip stood him on his feet, and by first bending the joints of one leg and then those of the other—at the same time pushing from behind—the boy managed to induce Jack to walk to the bend in the road. It was not accomplished without a few tumbles, and Tip really worked harder than he ever had in the fields or forest; but a love of mischief urged him on, and a desire to test the cleverness of his workmanship.

"Jack's all right, and works fine!" he said to himself, panting with the unusual exertion. But just then he discovered the man's left arm had fallen off in the journey; so he went back to find it, and afterward, by whittling a new and stouter pin for the shoulder joint, he repaired the injury so successfully that the arm was stronger than before. Tip also noticed that Jack's pumpkin head had twisted around until it faced his back; but this was easily remedied. When, at last, the man was set up facing the turn in the path where old Mombi was to appear, he looked natural enough to be a fair imitation of a Giklin farmer—and unnatural enough to startle anyone that came on him unawares.

As it was yet too early in the day to expect the old woman to return home, Tip went down into the valley below the farm house and began to gather nuts from the trees that grew there.

However, old Mombi returned earlier than usual. She had met a crooked wizard who resided in a lonely cave in the mountains, and had traded several important secrets of magic with him. Having in this way secured three new recipes, four magical powders and a selection of herbs of wonderful power and potency, she hobbled home as fast as she could, in order to test her new sorceries.

So intent was Mombi on the treasures she had gained that when she turned the bend in the road and caught a glimpse of the man, she merely nodded and said:

"Good evening, sir."

But, a moment after, noting that the person did not move or reply, she cast a shrewd glance into his face and discovered his pumpkin head—elaborately carved by Tip's jack knife.

"Heh!" ejaculated Mombi, giving a sort of grunt; "that rascally boy has been playing tricks again! Very good!—very good! I'll beat him black and blue for trying to scare me in this fashion!"

Angrily she raised her stick to smash in the grinning pumpkin head of the dummy; but a sudden thought made her pause, the uplifted stick left motionless in the air.

"Why, here is a good chance to try my new powder!" said she, eagerly. "And, when I can't see whether that crooked wizard has fairly traded secrets, or whether he has fooled me as wickedly as I fooled him."

So she set down her basket and began fumbling in it for one of the precious powders she had obtained.

While Mombi was thus occupied Tip strolled back, with his pockets full of nuts, and discovered the old woman standing beside his man and apparently not the least bit frightened by it.

At first he was greatly disappointed; but the next moment he became curious to know what Mombi was going to do. So he hid behind a hedge, where he could see without being seen, and prepared to watch.

After some search the woman drew from her basket an old pepper box upon the faded label of which the wizard had written with a lead pencil: "Powder of Life."

"Ah—here it is!" she cried, joyfully. "And now let us see if it is potent. The stingy wizard didn't give me much of it, but I guess there's enough for two or three doses."

Tip was much surprised when he overheard this speech. Then he saw old Mombi raise her arm and sprinkle the powder from the box over the pumpkin head of his man Jack. She did this in the same way one would pepper a baked potato, and the powder sifted down from Jack's head and scattered over the red shirt and pink waistcoat and purple trousers Tip had dressed him in, and a portion even fell upon the patched and worn shoes.

Then, putting the pepper box back into the basket, Mombi lifted her left hand, with its little finger pointed upward, and said:

"Weaugh!"

Then she lifted her right hand, with the thumb pointed upward, and said: "Tough!"

Then she lifted both hands, with all the fingers and thumbs spread out, and cried:

"Peaugh!"

Jack Pumpkinhead, stepped back a pace at this and said in a reproachful voice:

"Don't yell like that! Do you think I'm deaf?"

Old Mombi danced around him, frantic with delight.

"He lives!" she screamed. "He lives! he lives!"

Then she threw her stick into the air and caught it as it came down; and she hugged herself with both arms and tried to do a step of a jig, and all the time she repeated, rapturously:

"He lives!—he lives!—he lives!"

Now you may well suppose that Tip observed all this with amazement. At first he was so frightened and

horried that he wanted to run away, but his legs trembled and shook so badly that he couldn't. Then it struck him as a very funny thing for Jack to come to life, especially as the expression on his pumpkin face was so droll and comical it excited laughter on the instant. So, recovering from his first fear, Tip began to laugh; and the merry peals reached old Mombi's ears and made her hobble quickly to the hedge, where she seized Tip's collar and dragged him back to where she had left her basket and the pumpkin-headed man.

"You naughty, sneaking, wicked boy!" she exclaimed, furiously; "I'll teach you to spy out my secrets and to make fun of me!"

"I wasn't making fun of you," protested Tip.



"OLD MOMBİ DANCED AROUND HIM."

tested Tip. "I was laughing at old Pumpkinhead! Look at him! Isn't he a picture, though?"

"I hope you are not reflecting on my personal appearance," said Jack; and it was so funny to hear his grave voice, while his face continued to wear its jolly smile, that Tip again burst into a peal of laughter.

Even Mombi was not without a curious interest in the man her magic had brought to life; for, after staring at him intently, she presently asked:

"What do you know?"

"Well, that is hard to tell," replied Jack. "For although I feel that I know a tremendous lot, I am not yet aware how much there is in the world to find out about. It will take me a little time to discover whether I am very wise or very foolish."

"To be sure," said Mombi, thoughtfully.

"But what are you going to do with him, now he is alive?" asked Tip, wondering.

"I must think it over," answered Mombi. "But we must get home at once, for it is growing dark. Help the 'pumpkinhead' to walk."

"Never mind me," said Jack; "I can walk as well as you can. Haven't I got legs and feet, and aren't they jointed?"

"Are they?" asked the woman, turning to Tip.

"Of course they are; I made 'em myself," returned the boy, with pride. So they started for the house; but when they reached the farm yard old Mombi led the pumpkin man to the cow stable and shut him up in an empty stall, fastening the door securely on the outside.

"I've got to attend to you, first," she said, nodding her head at Tip.

Hearing this, the boy became uneasy; for he knew Mombi had a bad and revengeful heart and would not hesitate to do any evil thing.

They entered the house. It was a round, dome-shaped structure, as was nearly all the farm houses in the Land of Oz.

Mombi bade the boy light a candle, while she put her basket in a cupboard and hung her cloak on a peg. Tip obeyed quickly, for he was afraid of her.

After the candle had been lighted Mombi ordered him to build a fire in the hearth, and while Tip was thus engaged the old woman ate her supper. When the flames began to crackle the boy came to her and asked a share of the bread and cheese, but Mombi refused him.

"I'm hungry!" said Tip, in a sulky tone.

"You won't be hungry long," replied Mombi, with a grim look.

The boy didn't like this speech, for it sounded like a threat; but he happened to remember he had nuts in his pocket, so he cracked some of those and ate them while the woman rose and shook the crumbs from her apron and hung above the fire a small black kettle.

Then she measured out equal parts of milk and vinegar and poured them into the kettle. Next she produced several packets of herbs and powders and added a portion of each to the contents of the kettle. Occasionally she would draw near the candle and read from a yellow paper the

recipe of the mess she was concocting.

As Tip watched her his uneasiness increased.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"For you," returned Mombi, briefly. Tip wriggled around upon his stool and stared awhile at the kettle, which was beginning to bubble. Then he would glance at the stern and wrinkled features of the witch and wish he were any place but in that dim and smoky kitchen, where even the shadows cast by the candle upon the wall were enough to give one the horrors. So an hour passed away, during which the silence was only broken by the bubbling of the pot and the hissing of the flames.

Finally Tip spoke again.

"Have I got to drink that stuff?" he asked, nodding toward the pot.

"Yes," said Mombi.

"What'll it do to me?" asked Tip.

"If it's properly made," replied Mombi, "it will change or transform you into a marble statue."

Tip groaned and wiped the perspiration

Look, Busy Bees!

Busy Bees are beginning to swarm, and so we will, for a while, give them an entire page on Sunday.

Boys and girls are invited to write a Thanksgiving story for Sunday, December 9, which must be in this office not later than Thursday. Every story will be printed, if possible, and two prizes will be given—one for the boy and one for the girl who writes the best story, according to his or her age.

Everybody write to the Busy Bee Page, Omaha Bee, and try to win these prizes.

New Patriotic Song By School Boy of 13 Years

Graham Butler, 13-year-old Sixth B pupil at Long school, wrote the following words to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" (Marcha L. Powell, principal of the school, thought so well of the boy's effort that he presented a copy to Superintendent Beverage, Master Butler lives at 2909 Franklin street.)

By GRAHAM BUTLER.

Sing hurrah for Uncle Sam
The nation great and strong,
Do the thing you ought to do
To help the war along.
Help defeat the enemy
And save our native land,
Show forth the flag of our nation.

Hurrah, hurrah,
Let's win a victory,
Hurrah, hurrah,
And set the whole world free
From the worst autocracy
That there could ever be,
Put in its stead a republic.

Pay your tribute to the men
Who died to save our land,
Buy a bond of Liberty,
And help them all you can.
Safety for Democracy
Is all that we demand,
Cheer for the flag of our nation.

ly. "You can't do anything with a marble statue."

"Oh, yes, I can," returned Mombi. "I'm going to plant a flower garden next spring and I'll put you in the middle of it for an ornament. I wonder I haven't thought of that before; you've been a bother to me for years."

At this terrible speech Tip felt the beads of perspiration starting all over his body, but he sat still and shivered and looked anxiously at the kettle.

"Perhaps it won't work," he muttered, in a voice that sounded weak and discouraged.

"Oh, I think it will," answered Mombi, cheerfully. "I seldom make a mistake."

Again there was a period of silence—a silence so long and gloomy that when Mombi finally lifted the kettle from the fire it was close to midnight.

"You cannot drink it until it has become quite cold," announced the old witch—in spite of the law she had acknowledged practicing witchcraft.

"We must both go to bed now, and at daybreak I will call you and at once complete your transformation into a marble statue."

With this she hobbled into her room, bearing the steaming kettle with her, and Tip heard her close and lock the door.

The boy did not go to bed as he had been commanded to do, but still sat glaring at the embers of the dying fire.

Dorothy Rose's Cartoon

If all the men sprain their wrists, who'll shuck the corn? Why the women?

Information for Scouts and the Campfire Girls

Trailing.

Trailing, popularly speaking, means following footprints, but the term really implies much more than that and signifies following the trail by means of the many marks an animal leaves behind on its way—a displaced stone, a broken twig, a tuft of hair on a bush, a scratch on a stone—any of the things a roving creature must unintentionally leave to mark its path.

It is an axiom that it is impossible for one to travel on earth without leaving a trail of some kind. Even in a big city this is just as true as it is in the woods, the difference being that in a city there are so many thousands of trails that it is almost impossible to follow a given one.

Trailing is essentially tracing by sight, or as the Dutch in Africa call it, following by the spoor when the quarry itself is hidden from view; and it is this use of the eyes alone in the pursuit of invisible game that distinguishes man, the hunter, from other animals, says Dan Beard in Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' magazine, for November.

There is no reason to think that any animal other than man employs eyesight for this purpose. Conspicuous tracks will not catch the eye of the stoat or the wolf in quest of prey unless a recognizable odor draws attention to the fact that a possible victim has passed that way.

Eyes of a Hound.

There are no authentic cases on record of wolf, bear, dog, fox or stoat following a trail unaided by its nose. The eyes of a bloodhound on the trail, for instance, are useful only to prevent the animal from bumping into trees and other obstacles in its path. There is nothing to cause one to believe that any of these animals, high though its intelligence, in certain particulars, has the knowledge of the shape and structure of the feet such as is necessary to tell the nature of the species that has left the trace of the direction it has taken. The animal depends upon its nose.

Smell will tell the fox whether the tracks are those of a chicken profitable to pursue, or those of a dog that

had better not be molested, and the gradual waxing and waning of the scent in this or that direction will indicate the course of the trail made by the animal.

Bird Songs.

Bird songs can be imitated on several different instruments, besides the old familiar way of whistling them. The voice can imitate them well also, as all who have heard the various bird songs by feathered warblers. The violin gives valuable suggestions of bird songs, too.

A lecturer on bird songs, Edward Avis, recently showed how Chopin drew his inspiration for many of his pieces from bird songs. In his nocturnes very strong evidence of this is given. The flute comes very near to imitate bird songs. By all means, if you have good whistling powers, do not disdain to learn how to imitate these bird songs, studying the birds in songs, in the fields and woods.

It would be a good idea to imitate their songs on the violin, too, and also to note down, when you go to concert where some of Chopin's pieces are played, to see whether you can detect bird motives in them.

Other composers, too, have put bird music in their compositions, but often it is like Beethoven's doing it in the "Pastoral Symphony," where he put bird songs bodily into a part of it. Chopin, it is claimed, gets the impression of the bird's song into his music, rather than the exact song.

Sometimes in orchestral music you will get the impression that birds are calling to one another. So you see that composers have drawn on bird music largely in their music. Of course, you know that the music of brooks and torrents and the crash of the surf has been used largely by some composers in noting down musical sounds in their compositions, "An Ocean Symphony" having been written, for instance, by a famous composer of modern times.

Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (Dec. 3): Name.

Anderson, Joh Lothrop
Nelson, Glena Long

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:
Timmermann, D. Edw. Rosewater
Hrbek, Joseph Jungmann
Feichtmayer, Irma Lincoln
Murphy, Ambrose St. Bridget
Alessander, Carmella Lincoln
Kingsbury, Sterling Clifton Hill
Schertz, Maria Comenius

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:
Carlson, Wallace K. Franklin
Kinser, Myrtle Dupont
Stubbendorf, Anna Lincoln
White, Rosie West Side
Hardy, Agnes M. St. Patrick

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:
Von Valkenburgh, Douglas Farnam
Theiler, John F. St. Joseph
Parano, Mary Mason
Djureen, Lester Franklin
Murphy Margaret A. Sacred Heart
Saunders, Fred Carl St. Agnes

Laughing Busy Bees

"If you don't stop bothering me," said the judge to the persistent book agent, "I'll be tempted to send you to jail."

"I wish you would, judge. Think of the opportunities I'd have with people always in when you call and plenty of time on their hands."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"It must be awful to have a boy go to war."

"Yes," replied the father, "but it must be ten times worse to have a boy who should go, but doesn't."—Washington Star.

"Twenty-two pounds to the long ton?"

"Twenty-two hundred and forty?"

"And how many to the short ton?"

"That depends on the coal dealer."—Boston Transcript.

Young Lady From City (to country storekeeper)—"Have you any ice cream forks?"

Storekeeper (anxious to be up to the times)—"Eh, no, miss, but we're expecting some lemonade knives."—Lillie.

Mrs. Newlywed was doing her own cooking and making a poor job of it. One morning a tramp came to the door and Newlywed asked him whether it was breakfast or work he wanted.

"Both, sir," replied the wayfarer.

"Well, eat that," returned Newlywed, handing out a biscuit and a piece of steak, "and you'll have both."

"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, mamma," said small Elsie. "My dolls are always getting broke when it tips over."—Chicago Daily News.

"So you found out for yourself that it was wrong to fight?"

"Yes," replied the boy, with a bruised eye and a swollen lip. "It was wrong for me; but it was all right for the other fellow."—Washington Star.

"What did she say her father did?"

"She said he owns a large plant."

"Oh, yes; I saw him watering a big rubber tree in a tub yesterday."—Florida Times-Union.

"Old Professor Gobbs has been teaching here a long time, hasn't he?"

"I should say he has—why, when he began teaching he lectured on current events; now his subject is medieval history."—Tiger.

"You farmers buy a good many gold bricks, eh?"

"Yes, and you city fellows buy a good deal of swamp land. I guess there are about even."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Juvenile Books

BABS BY Alice Ross Colver. The Penn Publishing company. \$1.25.
A very interesting story for young girls.

THE ARCTIC STOWAWAYS. By Dillie Wallace. A. C. McClure & Co. \$1.25.
This is a story of how two wealthy lads found themselves, as a result of an automobile accident, without money in a strange city. Not having money enough to engage a room in which to spend the night they climbed aboard a schooner, in the hold of which they went to sleep. Upon awakening they found themselves to be outside the harbor upon the open sea. After explaining to them that the vessel would not return for probably two years, the captain forced them to work as sailors and the adventures as such are very entertaining and interesting and will be enjoyed by every boy.

THE WONDER OF WAR IN THE AIR. By Francis Holt Wheeler. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.
A most timely—American boy's story of adventure, combining the fascination in the perilous excitement of flying and the thrill of modern war. The hero of the book witnesses some of the most historic raids of the war and takes a share in the destruction of one of the newest aerial monsters.

NIXIE BUNNY IN PARAWAY LANDS. By Joseph E. Sindelar. Becking-Cardy Co. 45 cents.
A rabbit story of the children of other lands and a companion volume to "Nixie Bunny in Manners Land," "Nixie Bunny in Workaday-Land," and "Nixie Bunny in Holiday-Land." The book has eighty illustrations in colors.

THE TENNIE WENNIES. By William Deane and Effie E. Baker. Becking-Cardy Co. 45 cents.
A story for children in the elementary grades, telling all about the Tennie Wannies who lived in Shag-hurst (a house made of an old shoe), and go to school made of an old derby hat. This book has many illustrations in colors.

THE WHITE BLANKET. By Baltimore Brown. G. P. Putnam & Sons. \$1.25.
Two boys, George Draper and Fred Morgan, were sent out into the Alaskan wilderness in search for a gold deposit supposed to be located near Ptarmigan creek. Their thrilling adventures while going through the mountains, over swollen rivers, into inviting valleys on search of the treasure, will be very interesting and entertaining to every boy.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF SCOUTS. By Percy Keepe Fitzhugh. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.25.
Every boy, whether he has "scout" to his name or not, will be glad to make the acquaintance of the hardy pioneers whose adventures are recorded in the "Book of Scouts." George Rogers Clarke, the Kentuckian, who wrested two forts in the west from the British during the revolution; Davy Crockett, the Tennesseean; Sam Houston, Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, Francis Marion, "Buffalo Bill"—these are only a partial list of the scouts whose deeds are narrated. There are 20 chapters in all—and the stories are all true.

Little Stories By 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 350 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. A story book will be given each week for the best contribution.

Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

in her little hammock until she got through performing. Susie did so hate to leave her little daughter, Polly, but the circus manager made her perform. Susie had a new nut to put in the circus and given to Polly. While she was high in the air, ready to leap, she saw pretty little Polly come running into the ring crying bitterly, and calling for Polly, she jumped to the ground and there met her death.

Later on as years passed by, Polly also became a performer and she rode a beautiful white horse named Toby. Toby obeyed her little mistress, Polly, very good. They both loved each other from the depths of their tender hearts. Now Polly had the misfortune to fall and break her leg and was left behind in a hospital. When she became well she was no longer fit to go with the circus any more. And Toby wouldn't obey anyone except Polly. So Toby was bought away from the circus and given to Polly, and they both lived happily ever after.

I hope I win a prize, for I have not won one yet.

A Battle in Our Back Yard.

By Mary B. Goldenstein, Age 13, Glenvil, Neb. Red Side.

One hot summer day, about two years ago, my brother and I, who were home all alone, got into a quarrel at the dinner table. I became very angry at him and took up my glass of water to throw at him, but I was afraid to throw so much, so I just threw a spoonful of water into his mouth as he opened it to tease some more.

That made him angry and he picked up a glass of water and threw it at me. I picked up another glass of water and threw it at him.

He then ran into the kitchen and ran after me with the bucket of water. I ran out of doors to the tank took a tin can which was lying near and