

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



Land of Oz

Tip makes an experiment in magic.

The boy, small and rather delicate in appearance, seemed somewhat embarrassed at being called "father" by the tall, awkward, pumpkin-headed man; but to deny the relationship would involve another long and tedious explanation; so he changed the subject by asking abruptly:

"Are you tired?"
"Of course not!" replied the other.
"But," he continued, after a pause, "it is quite certain I shall wear out my wooden joints if I keep on walking."

Tip reflected, as they journeyed on, that this was true. He began to regret that he had not constructed the wooden limbs more carefully and substantially. Yet how could he ever have guessed that the man he had made merely to scare old Mombi with would be brought to life by means of a magical powder contained in an old pepper box?

So he ceased to reproach himself, and began to think how he might yet remedy the deficiencies of Jack's weak joints.

While thus engaged they came to the edge of a wood, and the boy sat down to rest upon an old sawhorse that some woodcutter left there.

"Why don't you sit down?" he asked the Pumpkinhead.

"Won't it strain my joints?" inquired the other.
"Of course not. It'll rest them," declared the boy.

So Jack tried to sit down; but as soon as he bent his joints farther than usual they gave way altogether, and he came clattering to the ground with such a crash that Tip feared he was entirely ruined.

He rushed to the man, lifted him to his feet, straightened his arms and legs, and felt of his head to see if by chance it had become cracked. But Jack seemed to be in pretty good shape, after all, and Tip said to him:

"I guess you'd better remain standing, hereafter. It seems the safest way."

"Very well, dear father; just as you say," replied the smiling Jack, who had been in no wise confused by his tumble.

Tip sat down again. Presently the Pumpkinhead asked:

"What is that thing you are sitting on?"
"Oh, this is a horse," replied the boy, carelessly.

"What is a horse?" demanded Jack.
"A horse? Why, there are two kinds of horses," returned Tip, slightly puzzled how to explain. "One kind of horse is alive, and has four legs and a head and a tail. And people ride upon its back."

"I understand," said Jack, cheerfully. "That's the kind of horse you are now sitting on."

"No, it isn't," answered Tip promptly.
"Why not? That one has four legs, and a head, and a tail!"

Tip looked at the sawhorse more carefully, and found that the Pumpkinhead was right. The body had been formed from a tree trunk, and a branch had been left sticking up at one end that looked very much like a tail. In the other end were two big knots that resembled eyes, and a place had been chopped away that might easily be mistaken for the horse's mouth. As for the legs, they were four straight limbs cut from trees and stuck fast into the body, being spread wide apart so that the



sawhorse would stand firmly when a log was laid across it to be sawed.

"This thing resembles a real horse more than I imagined," said Tip, trying to explain. "But a real horse is alive, and trots and prances and eats oats, while this is nothing more than a dead horse, made of wood, and used to saw logs upon."

"If it were alive, wouldn't it trot, and prance, and eat oats?" inquired the Pumpkinhead.

"It would trot and prance, perhaps; but it wouldn't eat oats," replied the boy, laughing at the idea. "And of course it can't ever be alive, because it is made of wood."

"So am I," answered the man.
Tip looked at him in surprise.
"Why, so you are!" he exclaimed. "And the magic powder that brought



THE MAGICAL POWDER OF LIFE

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 accepted.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution. Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

look. Edith's cheeks burned, and she heartily wished she could sink through the floor. However, she reached her destination just then and was glad enough to alight from the car and enter the store.

First, Edith went to the tie department to choose a silk tie for her mother.

As she knew nothing about shopping, she chose a yellow tie with red silk stitching around the edge, very flashy and loud. The clerk looked curiously at the young shopper.

"How much, please?" she asked.
"Ninety-eight cents, ma'am," replied the clerk. Edith thought a moment. "If I just paid six cents for papa I would have 91 cents left for the rest of my friends, and I could make it up for papa next Christmas."

She handed the clerk one dollar, and received two cents back. As all cheap things could be purchased in the 10-cent store, Edith went there. As she was looking over men's ties, cheap brushes, etc., she saw a sign, "Tooth-brushes, six cents; real price, 10c."

Edith selected an imitation ivory brush in a dainty satin box (Edith paid most on the box, hardly any for the brush). "My, I have made wonderful bargains," she said, as she got on the car to go home, after purchasing a 10-cent back comb for her big sister with a double row of imitation rubies (Edith must have been investing some stock in the 10-cent store). She did not know that some people have big heads, and some have small heads, so took the first comb she saw, and the most fancy.

When she arrived home she told her mama and papa quietly what she had bought for sister. "Mamma praised it, and papa said, 'Magnificent!' but could not hide the twinkle in his eye. 'Oh, papa, what's the matter?'" she said. Then papa explained to her how cheap the thing was, and it might not fit her, as mamma had brought out one of sister's caps, and it proved to them it was far too large. When Edith saw her mistake, she burst into tears, but her mamma comforted her, saying, "Never mind, darling, mother will go down town with you tomorrow, and we will get better things."

"And I will never go down town shopping alone until I learn more about it," she said. Her mother's answering smile assured her she was right.

Visiting a Lumber Camp.
By Jeannette Oliphant, Age 11 Years, 402 South Garfield Avenue, Hastings, Neb. Blue Side.

Some of our largest forests are near the great lakes. Most all the land between the Atlantic ocean and the Mississippi river are covered with pine, oak, beech, hemlock, maple and spruce trees. There is a large forest of pine trees in Maine. Very much hard wood covers a large region of our eastern and central states. There are other forests of importance growing in the valleys of other rivers. On the Rocky mountain plateau there are many pine trees, and west of it is the great Pacific coast forest, which is said to be the most densely timbered region on earth.

The men that work in the forests build themselves log cabins, filling the cracks with sod and mud. About fifty men live in one large cabin. They sleep in bunks built along the walls. The men go to the forests in the fall and remain there all winter. There is one man who is called the under-chopper. He goes through the woods and marks the trees that will make a cut with their saws, on each tree, which is pulled back and forth by two at each of the ends.

The choppers then fell the trees. The men chop above the saw cut until the giant of the forest falls with a crash to the ground.

The limbs must now be trimmed off and the trees saved into timber. The next thing is to get the logs to the mill. This is done on sledges, pulled by two or more horses over a road of ice or snow. The roads are slippery, so the horses can pull the sledges easily.

The first thing is making the roads. After the snow is well beaten down the sprinkling machine is used. After the water is frozen to ice, sledges are used. In the spring when the rivers thaw the logs are floated on the river to the mills.

When the logs are taken to the mill they are sawed into lumber, ready to be shipped down the lakes. Some of the mills have gang saws and also band saws. The band saws move like a hand of leather up on two great wheels, one above the other. As it wheels it cuts the lumber with its teeth into boards faster than the gang-saws can.

I hope to see my letter in print or winning the prize. Will write a story later.

Being Thankful.
By Irma Nuquist, Aged 10 Years, Osceola, Neb. Red Side.

Annie was a poor little girl. Her mother had to work hard to support them. She helped her mother all she could. Always she was kind and gentle.

Frances was a rich girl. She had everything she wanted. Frances was not happy though.

On Thanksgiving day Frances was out walking. "I don't see what Thanksgiving is for anyway. I have nothing to be thankful for," she grumbled.

Annie met Frances with her face in a pout. "Why, don't you know it is a 'Thanksgiving day?'" asked Annie in surprise. "You should be thankful, not pouting."

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Busy Little Honey Bee Leads a Very Busy Life

Little Miss Marjorie Morehouse speaks the French language as well as she does her native tongue, for she has been studying since she was 4 years old. Miss Marjorie's father, who is Captain Rex Morehouse, expects to serve his country abroad one of these days and when he returns

they will have great times conversing in French. Marjorie is 11 years old and attends the Columbian school. She is an industrious knitter and has made her father a pair of warm wrist-lets. She is so interested in her knitting that she takes it to school with her and often knits on the way home.

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Laughing Busy Bees

A Raid on Japan.

Last night when everything was very quiet in the room a fat little mouse came sneaking along the floor, jumped up on a chair, then onto the table. In half a second more he was in the midst of the little Japanese village in the round crockery dish; before one could say "Jack Robinson" he had knocked over the little house, tumbled the tiny Japanese lady into the lake, stolen her best parasol and turned the bridge upside down. Then he sat down and ate all the rice husk mountain and the beautiful lawn and pit pat pater he whisked off to his hole in the wall. What still be done to him? Policeman Jolly Dog says he shall be imprisoned, but Kitty Kat says he shall die.

The tiny Japanese lady says she wouldn't so much mind if it hadn't been her only parasol, and how can she stand on the lawn all day without it? I can't imagine, can you?

Labor Lost.

Mr. Harrison had been invited out for Christmas dinner, but he had been warned that he would have to do the carving. He bought a cook book and a turkey and worked out a blueprint of the bird. He took a couple of lessons from the server at his restaurant. Christmas day found him awaiting the turkey with self-confidence and a degree of pride. They were seated at table. The maid came in and bore upon her tray a little roast pig.

Recreation for Small Dolls.

The little dollies can be amused hours at a time if you make them a slide out of a large box and let them slide down it. Don't make it too steep so that they fall on their heads, but just enough to slide gently down. I think it's a good plan to have a cushion to land on, then you are sure they won't be hurt. You can make them hammocks out of a large handkerchief, too!

A Fearful Accident.

Betty looked Lucy China Doll before the open fire the other night, but she forgot to put her to bed afterward. She left her so close to the fire that her eye melted and ran back in her head, her wig came off and her side was so badly scorched that it is all blistered. She'll never be the same, although Dr. Dolby is doing everything that he can to help her.

Earning Christmas Money.

Silk-Hatted Gentleman (suspiciously)—What are you planning to do with all those snowballs, my little man?
Boy—I'm sellin' 'em—three for a nickel. And them as don't buy gets 'em for nothin'.
The gentleman in the silk hat bought the lot.

Cause for Worry.

"What are you crying about?" the kindly old gentleman asked the sobbing small boy.
"Cause my pa's a philanthropist."
"Well, well, that's nothing to cry about, is it?"
"I guess you'd think it was. He—he says he'll give me \$5 for Christmas providing I can raise an equal amount. Boo hoo!"

Christmas Morning.

Nurse—Johnnie, see the lovely new brother that Santa just brought you! Johnnie (doubtfully)—Well, I s'pose we'll have to keep him this year, but next year I'm going to give him away to Sammie Smith.

A Doll's Christmas Tree.

You are going to have a tree for your dolls, of course! You can trim it with bits of cotton, red cranberries, small candies and popcorn.

sure she could wade in it, even if mamma had told her never to go into water. So into the water she stepped. Oh, how nice and cool after running so far after the naughty bee. Soon the water got deeper and little May wished she had not gone so far in the water. She was so far in now she was afraid to turn around, so all she could do was to call to the dear mamma, who was so far away she could not hear her. Poor May! How she would love to be at home once more with mamma and the little baby. She tried to go on, but, Oh, dear! She hit her poor little foot against a stone and down she went. "Mamma! Mamma!" she cried. "Come to your poor little May and she will never, never be naughty again." What would have become of May, I can not say, had not kind Farmer Jones, just now passing by, helped May out. He took her as far as her own gate, where she stood, wet and weak, until mamma found her. She was sick many days after that, but she never once after failed to do just as mamma said, for she knew that mamma knew best of all.

How Waterwings Saved Her Life.

By Hazel Karker, Aged 12 Years, Alexandria, Neb. Red Side.
When we Campfire girls were camping at the park we went in swimming every afternoon.

One afternoon just after the rain we went in swimming. The water was very high so we waded out and swam back to the shore, but after a while we began to swim both ways. When all at once we heard a cry for help we all looked to see who it was, but we didn't see anything more than usual. We started to swim again and we heard it again only much fainter. We all looked and saw one of the girls out in very deep water and the undercurrent was pulling her down so she could not swim. I tried to go to her but I could not swim very good and the water was so deep I was afraid I might drown. One of the girls had waterwings and she said she would get her out of the deep water. She swam out with the waterwings and gave them to the girl in deep water. She swam back to us and then we all went up to her to see if she was hurt and she was not and we went up to the house and put on our dry clothes.

May's Lesson.

By Marietta Flemming, Aged 11 Years, Avoca, Ia. Blue Side.
Little May was a very sweet little girl. She had a dear mamma and papa and a dear little baby brother, who loved her very much. Little May loved them, too, but I am sorry to say she loved herself best of all. She was very naughty at times and would not mind.

One day while her mamma was very busy May asked if she might take her dolls out for a walk. Her mamma told her she could go, only she must stay near home. So little May left home happy as a bird. She soon grew tired pulling her dolls and ran after a little while she saw. She could not catch it, though, but found the very pool of water she heard the boys at school talk about. She was

think you have anything to be thankful for either."
"Oh, yes, I have a great many things to be thankful for," Annie said. "I'm thankful I am well, I'm thankful I have a mother, I'm thankful I have clothes and enough food to eat. Oh, I'm thankful for so many things I can't say them all."

"Well, if I'd stop and think I believe I could think of a good many things to be thankful for," Frances said, thoughtfully.
"Of course you could, and so could everyone," Annie said.

By Tansy B. Shirley, Maxwell, Neb., Box 103, Red Side.
There was once a little girl who was very naughty. And her mother tried to break her of it.

One day she was going to have a surprise party for her. She made candy, cookies, cake and pies. She was buying oranges, bananas, apples and many other things.

Bernice was a little girl who never liked to wait for anything. While her mother was out Bernice came downstairs and saw all those good things. The candy her mother made a mistake in making it.

Bernice said: "I will eat a lot of this and go back and work on my quilt." She ate a lot and when her mother called her and told her to get on a clean dress and come downstairs she found all her playmates were there.

Her mother said to the children: "Go out and play until I call you." They were out for a long time. At last she called, "Children, come in." They came in and ate and when

Little Stories By Little Folks

PATRIOTIC DREAM

(Prize)
Here's a poem by an 11-year-old Omaha girl who is a real patriot. She is a pupil at Miller Park school and is said to be one of the brightest in her class. She lives at 3026 Redick avenue.

By EMMA ACKERMAN.
I had a dream the other night—
When everything was still—
I dreamed I was in Germany,
And saw Old Kaiser Bill.

And, as I dreamed, old Germany
Seemed to shrivel and to shrink;
And then a great, black cloud arose,
And then, who do you think?

I dreamed the cloud was Uncle Sam,
With his ten million men,
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed—
I held my breath, and then—

Suddenly I was lifted up—
Up in the air so still—
Where I could see Uncle Sam
When he lit on Kaiser Bill.

And then the cloud it seem to change;
There was a roaring noise,
And airplanes by thousands came,
Filled with our Khaki boys.

They took one shot at Kaiser Bill—
One shot—it was enough,
He said, "They are in earnest;
I thought it was a bluff!"

And then the planes came down to earth
And got Old Kaiser Bill,
They tied a rope around his neck,
And said, "Now, you keep still!"

We'll do just what we like with you,
Then away again they sailed,
We're going back once more
To the land from whence we hailed.

They dropped him in the ocean;
The waves closed o'er his head,
And then I awoke with a terrible start—
And found myself in bed.

(Honorable Mention.)
Edith's Christmas Shopping.
By Florence Seward, Aged 11 Years, 1634 Victor Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.
Well, Busy Bees, here I am again. I have not been writing for a long time, as I have had my hands full doing Christmas shopping. Now I will begin my story.

with the thought when some one tapped her gently on the shoulder. Looking up, who should it be but the conductor! He had a broad smile on his face. "See here, little one," he said, "you asked me for some change for a quarter and I gave you five nickels, and you passed it without paying your fare."

"I thought I had paid my fare," she said. "I did not expect and know until just now that I had received full change for the quarter. I thought you took one nickel."

The conductor smiled again, and said, "Well, honey, will you pay it?" "Why, certainly," and she brought out a nickel and handed it to the conductor.

This little conversation had drawn the attention of every person in the car, and each one wore an amused

A Small Boy's Prayer

Dear God, I thought that I would pray About the things I never say, When father, nurse and mother dear All stand around so close to hear.

I first would like to ask your care Of woolly dog and Teddy-bear; They sleep with me 'most ev'ry night; They're very nice, they never fight.

And then my goat, he's so good; He doesn't do the things he should, But still he loves you in his way, Though I can't teach him how to pray.

And, if you please, I would be glad If mother did not look so sad When I climb trees and tear my clothes In places where it mostly shows.

Some flowers, too, I meant to say, I pulled up by the roots today; Perhaps if you would send some rain It might help them to grow again.

The little bird I found today, Please make it strong to fly away, But, most of all, I wish you would Help me to like to be real good.

—Lucia O. Bell in Harper's Bazar.