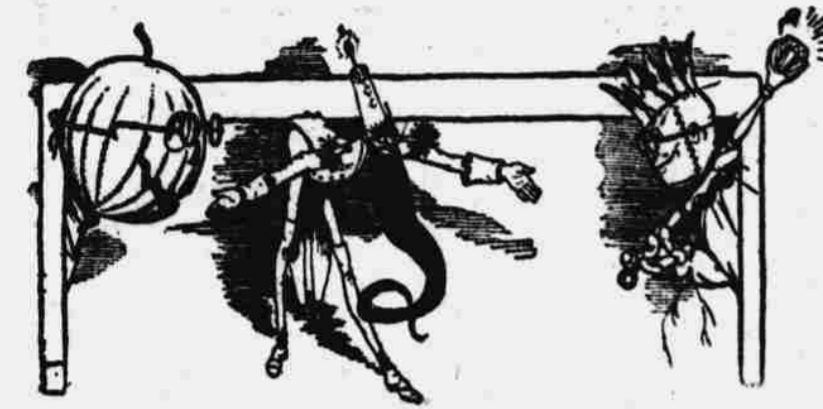


# Special Page for The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers



## Land of Oz



His Majesty the Scarecrow

By L. Frank Baum.

I suppose every reader of this story knows what a scarecrow is; but Jack Pumpkinhead, never having seen such a creation, was more surprised at meeting the remarkable King of the Emerald City than by any other experience of his brief life.

His Majesty the Scarecrow was dressed in a suit of faded blue clothes, and his head was merely a small sack stuffed with straw, upon which eyes, ears, a nose and a mouth had been rudely painted to represent a face. The clothes were also stuffed with straw, and that so unevenly or carelessly that his Majesty's legs and arms seemed more bumpy than was necessary. Upon his hands were gloves with long fingers, and these were padded with cotton. Wisps of straw stuck out from the monarch's coat and also from his neck and boots. Upon his head he wore a heavy golden crown set thick with sparkling jewels, and the weight of this crown caused his brow to sag in wrinkles, giving a thoughtful expression to the pointed face. Indeed, the crown alone betokened majesty; in all else the Scarecrow King was but a simple scarecrow—flimsy, awkward, and unsubstantial.

But it is the strange appearance of his Majesty the Scarecrow that seemed startling to Jack, no less wonderful was the form of the Pumpkinhead to the Scarecrow. The purple trousers and pink waistcoat and red shirt hung loosely over the wooden joints that had manufactured, and the carved face on the pumpkin grinned perpetually, as if its wearer considered life the jolliest thing imaginable.

At first, indeed, his Majesty thought his queer visitor was laughing at him, and was inclined to resent such a liberty; but it was not without reason that the Scarecrow had attained the reputation of being the wisest personage in the Land of Oz. He made a more careful examination of his visitor, and soon discovered that Jack's features were carved into a smile and that he could not look grave if he wished to.

The King was the first to speak. After regarding Jack for some minutes he said, in a tone of wonder: "Where on earth did you come from, and how do you happen to be alive?"

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," returned the Pumpkinhead; "but I do not understand you."

"What don't you understand?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Why, I don't understand your language. You see, I came from a country of the Gillikins, so that I am a foreigner."

"Ah, to be sure!" exclaimed the Scarecrow. "I myself speak the language of the Munchkins, which is also the language of the Emerald City. But you, I suppose, speak the language of the Pumpkinheads?"

"Exactly so, your Majesty," replied the other, bowing; "so it will be impossible for us to understand one another."

"That is unfortunate, certainly," said the Scarecrow, thoughtfully. "We must have an interpreter."

"What is an interpreter?" asked Jack.

"A person who understands both my language and your own. When I say anything, the interpreter can tell you what I mean; and when you say anything the interpreter can tell me what you mean. For the interpreter can speak both languages as well as understand them."

"That is certainly clever," said Jack, greatly pleased at finding so simple a way out of the difficulty.

So the Scarecrow commanded the Soldier with the Green Whiskers to search among his people until he found one who understood the language of the Gillikins as well as the language of the Emerald City, and to bring that person to him at once.

When the Soldier had departed the Scarecrow said: "Won't you take a chair while we are waiting?"

"You, Majesty forgets that I cannot understand you," replied the Pumpkinhead. "If you wish me to sit down you must make a sign for me to do so."

showing silk stockings embroidered with pea pods, and green satin slippers with bunches of lettuce for decorations instead of bows or buckles. Upon her silken waist clover leaves were embroidered, and she wore a jaunty little jacket trimmed with sparkling emeralds of a uniform size.

"Why, it's little Jellia Jamb!" exclaimed the Scarecrow, as the green maiden bowed her pretty head before him. "Do you understand the language of the Gillikins, my dear?"

"Yes, your Majesty," she answered, showing silk stockings embroidered with pea pods, and green satin slippers with bunches of lettuce for decorations instead of bows or buckles.

"Are you quite certain you understand the languages of both the Gillikins and the Munchkins?"

"Quite certain, your Majesty," said Jellia Jamb, trying hard not to laugh in the face of royalty.

"Then how is it that I seem to understand them myself?" inquired the Scarecrow.

"Because they are one and the same!" declared the girl, now laughing merrily. "Does not your Majesty know that in all the land of Oz but one language is spoken?"

"Is it indeed so?" cried the Scarecrow, much relieved to hear this; "then I might easily have been my own interpreter!"

"Was all my fault, your Majesty," said Jack, looking rather foolish. "I thought we must surely speak different languages, since we came from different countries."

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," returned the Pumpkinhead; "but I do not understand you."

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"You, Majesty forgets that I cannot understand you," replied the Pumpkinhead. "If you wish me to sit down you must make a sign for me to do so."

The Scarecrow came down from his throne and rolled an armchair to a position behind the Pumpkinhead. When he gave Jack a sudden push that sent him sprawling upon the cushions in so awkward a fashion that he doubled up like a jackknife, and had hard work to untangle himself.

"Did you understand that sign?" asked his Majesty, politely.

"Perfectly," declared Jack, reaching up his arms to turn his head to the front, the pumpkin having twisted around upon the stick that supported it.

"You seem hastily made," remarked the Scarecrow, watching Jack's efforts to straighten himself.

Pumpkinhead, in a surly tone—although his face smiled as genially as ever. "Translate the speech, young woman."

"His Majesty inquires if you are hungry," said Jellia.

"Oh, not at all!" answered Jack, more pleasantly, "for it is impossible for me to eat."

"It's the same way with me," remarked the Scarecrow. "What did he say, Jellia, my dear?"

"He asked if you were aware that one of your eyes is painted larger than the other," said the girl, mischievously.

"Don't you believe her, your Majesty," cried Jack.

"Oh, I don't," answered the Scarecrow, calmly. Then, casting a sharp look at the girl, he asked:

"Are you quite certain you understand the languages of both the Gillikins and the Munchkins?"

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"You seem hastily made," remarked the Scarecrow, watching Jack's efforts to straighten himself.

"Not more so than your Majesty," was the frank reply.

"There is this difference between us," said the Scarecrow, "that whereas I will bend, but not break, you will break, but not bend."

## Wanted--Pets for the Army

SEND us a cake or two if you want to, but, for heaven's sake, if you want to please the boys from home, just send us a dog.

That's just a sample of the messages the boys of the new national army are sending back home. Pets are what they want and pets they must have.

Down on the border when the regulars and National Guardsmen were preparing for a brush with the Mexicans the soldiers collected many varieties of pets, ranging from prairie dogs to burros. Most popular of all, however, were dogs. Many of these dogs were brought north by the soldiers when they returned. These animals still remained as mascots for the companies and when the war call came they were among the first to answer with their bays when the bugle called for service in establishing the rights of democracy.

Only a week or so ago an incident occurred which showed how much the boys in khaki are attached to their pets.

A troop train was moving southward through Tennessee to Camp Sheridan in Montgomery, Ala., where the Ohio National Guardsmen are stationed. The train stopped at a tank for water and the pet of a crack cavalry troop, a little fox terrier, whose pedigree dated back to border service days, leaped from the train to stretch his legs. Two toots of the whistle sounded and the train rolled on its journey southward. Suddenly one of the soldiers noticed a white speck racing madly after the train.

"It's 'Rookie,'" he cried, and immediately there was a clamor for the conductor to stop the train. In vain the troopers pleaded and threatened. The conductor was obstinate. Finally one of the boys said, "Well, we can't go on without 'Rookie.' Who'll volunteer to get off and bring him into camp?"

Almost every man in the company offered his services. One of the boys was chosen and without hesitancy he leaped from the train, which was moving at a 30-mile-an-hour rate. Down the embankment he rolled and when

his comrades saw him rise they noticed a decided limp. He waved to them and started back after the dog.

Two days later the members of the company were thinking of reporting the absence of the soldier from camp. They assembled just before "taps" and decided to report on it in the morning. Shortly after midnight joyful yelps resounded down the silent company street. They awakened the sleeping cavalrymen. Leaping from their beds, they ran into the street.

"It's 'Rookie,'" they cried, and crowded around to pet their mascot, who responded with low barks of affection. Then their attention was turned to the sorry-looking fellow leaning against a tent pole. Grimy and covered with soot, it was the soldier, once a debonair clubman, who had leaped from the train to bring back "Rookie." He had traveled 200 miles on foot and on freight train, stopping at back doors to ask a bite for himself and his dog.

That's just an illustration of the attachment that grows up between a pet and the boy in khaki. Almost every picture that the boys send home has the pet included in the group.—By Mart Manley, in Our Dumb Animals.



"Biddie," pure-bred malimute, whom Jack London considered typically ideal. She has been drafted into service for the allies.

## Sweet Content and Flowerland Folk Knit for the Soldiers

By EDITH HIXON.

Sweet Content, our rosebud fairy, wondered what made the children so busy. They were knitting wool sweaters, four-inch squares of every conceivable color. Every little boy and every little girl knitted as they walked back and forth from school.

Golden Jacket, the big bumblebee, told her the reason. He said that there was a terrible war waging over across the sea, and that the children were helping the grownups knit for the soldiers, to keep them warm.

These four-inch squares, he told her, are sewed together and are made into warm, soft blankets for the soldier.

Of course, our fairy wanted to help right away, so she hurried back to her rose house, knocking on what the children were doing. The fairies, in all sorts of tumbled frocks, appeared, for it was growing cold and they were packing up to go to their winter homes.

They gathered about our fairy. "Is there anything we can do?" they asked.

"I think it would be fine," said Sweet Content, "if we all started knitting ourselves, and used our magic to help all the children's work."

"Where can we get some needles?" inquired Betty Buttercup.

"Dawn Glory has wool in her shop," said our fairy, "and the big pine tree will give us some needles. We can stick on a bit of gum to keep the wool from slipping off the end."

The fairy folk waited down to Dawn Glory's shop. My, but the darling shop was heaped high with wondrous silks and satins! She found box after box full of the loveliest worsted which she gladly donated for the fairies, saying that as long as she couldn't knit herself she would be glad to give the wool. Down in the deep dark woods they found needles

and then fixed them with gum until they were the best in all the land. Then the fairies started knitting with their magic. As Sweet Content knitted she said:

"Wand, made of moonbeam ray, Let me have this wish, I pray; May this wool of wondrous rose Make socks for the soldier to warm his toes."

Immediately there were piles of warm, rose-colored socks which smelled of roses.

Betty Buttercup sang as she knitted:

"With my needle fine and strong I will make a scarf so long. It will warm the soldier's nose. When the biting north wind blows."

Immediately there were neat piles of scarfs on the ground.

The other fairies sang as their busy fingers flew:

"Wool so fine and warm and snug If you will knit a splendid rug To keep the soldier warm in bed From his toes up to his head."

Immediately there were piles and piles of blankets on the ground. Before the Sunbeams came the Flower folk had made many fine things for soldiers and sailors.

Our fairy carried them and put them into neat piles in the big room, which was only half full of things, saying:

"Wand, made of moonbeam ray, Let me have this wish, I pray; May these garments be mortal aid Before the Sunbeams open their eyes."

In the morning the children of Cuddlytown were amazed to see the wonderful sweaters, scarfs and blankets. They thought the grownups had made them, while the grownups didn't know where they came from except Rose, the newest bride in the village, who insisted that they were made by the fairies because they smelled of flowers.

And some of the grownups called her queer because she believed in fairies, which shows how queer grownups are, anyway.

## Games for Your Party

Of course you have ordered the refreshments and decided upon the decorations and favors, but have you given a thought to the games that you will play? No matter how informal and unstudied you wish your party to be, you must make secret plans for it. In case your guests are tired of all their games and can suggest no new ones you must be ready with something to propose.

Did you ever play quicksilver? It's just as simple as can be. You make a circle of chairs, and every chair but one is occupied by a girl or boy. There is another player who stands in the center and tries to sit in the vacant chair, but as the players are constantly moving from one chair to another, trying to prevent him, he has a hard time getting seated. If he succeeds, another is chosen in his place.

You stand in a circle to play the animal game. Each player is named after an animal, long and hard names being chosen. One player stands in the center of the circle and calls the name of an animal three times. If the player does not say his own name once by the time it has finished saying it three times, he is it, and must stand in the center of the circle.

A game with lots of life and yet suitable for a party is one in which one player is blindfolded and turned round three times to lose his sense of direction, says the Pittsburgh Press. Then the other players are given numbers and sit in chairs in various corners of the room.

My other brother is 6 years old. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Farrell. This town is having a large union meeting held in a tabernacle. The evangelist is Mr. Crabb. The singer is Mr. Ralph Carr. He sure is a jolly fellow. He leads the Booster choir, of which my brother and I are members. The Booster choir sings for the men's meeting every Sunday. I would be pleased to hear from any of the Busy Bees. I hope to see my letter in print.

Holdrege, Neb. Dec. 30, 1917  
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I read the page nearly every Sunday and would like to join the Blue Side.

I live in Lincoln, Neb., and go to Prescott school. I am spending the holiday at Holdrege, but will go home in a week. Hoping to see my letter in print.

RUTH CAROLINA PALMER,  
1736 South Twenty-third Street, Lincoln, Neb. Age 11.

Our Blue Side accepts you as a new member.

A Letter.  
By Elma May Crane, Aged 8 Years, 310 West Sixth Street, North Platte, Neb.

This is the first time I have written a letter to you. I am going to tell you a story about Woodrow Wilson D-aper. He is a nice boy. I think he is 4 or 5 years old. His mother tied him to a tree, so he wouldn't run away.

When we ate, his mother gave him a crust of bread.

One day we went out riding and went over a bump and he nearly fell out.

He lives in Loup City and I live in North Platte. I hope to see my letter in print.

Kindness Repays Kindness.  
By Philp Mansell, Aged 13 Years, 2928 Vinton Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Jerry and his poor mother lived in a tenement house, his father, who worked for the railroad, was killed when Jerry was yet a baby. His mother got a small sum of money

The blindfolded one must call out two or more numbers, when the persons with those numbers rise and exchange places. It tries to catch them as they pass him, and if he succeeds he can guess the name of the person caught. If he succeeds in guessing, that person is made it. As soon as the players are off guard he may shout "All aboard," when all the players must change places. It may run for a seat. Whoever is left standing when all the others are seated is it for the next time.

Gossip is an easy game to play and the results are funny. Players sit close together in a long line. The first player whispers some story or bit of news in the second one's ear, who then repeats it to his neighbor. So it goes down the line until it reaches the end person. He calls out exactly what he has understood, and the first person calls out the message as he gave it. Ten to one they are not a bit like each other.

Blowing the feather is easy and amusing. Players divide into two camps with a line stretched between them over a table or a short distance above the floor, where the player kneels. A little feather is tossed into the air. The players on each side blow to prevent the feather from falling to the ground on their side of the line. Should it do so the opposite side scores a point. Points are added up at the end of a certain time and the side with the higher score wins.

from the railroad, but this did not pay for food, clothing and rent.

So Mrs. Law had to sew for a living.

Jerry was always kind to dumb animals. One day he was coming home from school when his attention was attracted to a group of boys who had a little pup, abusing it. Tears came into his eyes as he said: "How poor innocent creature."

The boys all felt ashamed of themselves as Jerry took the pup in his arms. He took it home and fed it and gave it a good warm bed behind the stove.

Not long after this a rich man bought the dog from him and just a week later the dog saved the man's life by arousing him when his house was afire.

He not only gave the dog a new collar, but gave Jerry and his mother a new home. Thus kindness repays kindness.

A New Member.  
By Ottilla Gaeth, Aged 7 Years, Gresham, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I take the junior

(Prize Story.)  
The Haunted House.  
Mabel Johnson, Aged 11 Years, Waterloo, Neb.

Once upon a time in a small village there lived a family who had a little boy 5 years old. His name was Jack. Jack was a very brave little boy (or tried to be). The next house to them was a house that almost all the people of the village believed to be haunted. Some, though, did not. Little Jack felt very doubtful about the house. He did not know whether to believe the house haunted or not haunted. Some people (when they walked by the house) seemed to hear strange noises and squeaks, and see white ghosts creeping about the house.

One day Jack thought he would find out about it. He made up his mind he was going to go into the house and see what really was in there. So he walked proudly onto the porch towards the door. He turned the doorknob. His eyes flashed as his foot stepped inside the door. He thought at first he heard a sad voice. He listened again. This time he really heard some one talking. The voice said, "Oh, dear! I don't see why I can't get anyone to rent this home. Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Jack, getting somewhat frightened at the mournful voice, thought "what can that be?" He finally got enough courage to step into the other room, where he saw the person. She repeated the same thing again. Jack then went up to her and said, "What is the trouble, Mrs. Black Ghost?" as she was dressed in black. Then she told him the whole story and he told her to come over to his house with him. There she told Jack's mother about how bad she felt because she could not get anyone to rent the house. Afterwards Jack and his parents and "Mrs. Black Ghost," as Jack called her, lived there many years.

Well, Busy Bees, I will close as my letter is getting long. I hope this escapes the waste basket.

## Lost in the Dark

Oh, so sleepy! Time to go to bed! But little Billy cannot find his way because he has no candle and it is dark. Can you finish the candlestick in Billy's hand?



## NOTICE.

We are very sorry not to be able to print all letters received from our little friends this week, but lack of space forces us to acknowledge them through this column. We invite you all to write again and we shall try to find space for your letters.

This week's contributors whose letters we were obliged to omit were:

Maxine Simms, York, Neb.  
Ruth Ridd, Dow City, Ia.  
Juanita Potter, Phillips, Neb.  
Helen Heald, Creston, Ia.  
Justine Genho, Omaha, Neb.  
Evelyn Reimers, Fullerton, Neb.  
Kathryn Ellis Reeves, Onawa, Ia.  
Ruth Van Nostrand, Tekamah, Neb.

page and read it nearly every Sunday and like it very much. And I would like very much to join your page. I have a bird and some chickens. There are 22 children in our room at school. I will be 8 years old May 8, 1918. Hope to see my letter in print next Sunday.

We accept you as one of us and assign you to the Blue Side.

A Letter.  
Omaha—Dear Editor: I received the prize book, "Our Backdoor Neighbors," and it is very interesting.

I have a little backdoor neighbor called Bunny. Bunny is a little squirrel that comes around to our back door every morning about the same time for his breakfast. In the summer he climbs up on the screen if no one is in the kitchen.

One morning he climbed up in an apple tree at the side of our house and after a few minutes of hard pulling he managed to pick an apple, nearly twice as large as his head, and

when it fell to the ground he was frightened and ran home. He is certainly a cute little fellow.

Thanking you for the book and wishing you a happy New Year, yours sincerely,—ELIZABETH PAFFENRATH.

His New Year's Resolution.  
By Irma Nuquist, Aged 10 Years, Osceola, Neb., Red Side.

On New Year's morning David made a resolution. It was that he would do whatever his mother told him to do.

He told his mother what he had resolved to do. She gave him a big piece of cake to encourage him in his effort.

That day when he was out playing his mother called him. "David, I want you to do an errand for me."

"I don't want to do any errand and I won't," David replied. He then went right on playing and didn't pay any more attention to his mother.

After he had gone to bed that night a man appeared to him. "So you are the boy who broke his New Year's resolution at first opportunity, you had?" the man said sternly, looking at David. "Something must be done to you for you are going to jail." At this the man took hold of David.

Just then David awoke. He thought it had been real instead of a dream. In the morning David went to his mother. "Mother," he said, "I'm sorry I disobeyed you. I won't do it again."

David kept his resolution throughout the year. His mother often wondered why he kept his resolution so well, but he never told her the reason.

Dale's Bravery.  
By Martha Hartz, West Point, Neb.

Dale worked in Baker & Johnson's packing house. He ran the elevator which took all the employees up to their places of work.

Dale's mother was an invalid, depending on Dale's earnings and her widow's pension.

The elevator was on the first floor and Dale was sitting on a chair in it thinking business was slow when a boy who worked in the basement ran past crying, "Fire! Fire!"

Dale felt sick with fear and started