

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



Land of Oz

The Journey to the Tin Woodman

By L. FRANK BAUM.

Tip was wet soaked and dripping water from every angle of his body; but he managed to lean forward and shout in the ear of the Saw-Horse: "Keep still, you fool! Keep still!"

"What does that word 'fool' mean?" inquired the horse. "It is a term of reproach," answered Tip, somewhat ashamed of the expression. "I only use it when I am angry."

"Then it pleases me to be able to call you a fool, in return," said the horse. "For I did not make the river, nor put it in our way; so only a term of reproach is fit for one who becomes angry with me for falling into the water."

"That is quite evident," replied Tip, "so I will acknowledge myself in the wrong." Then he called out to the Pumpkinhead: "Are you all right, Jack?"

There was no reply. So the boy called to the King: "Are you all right, your majesty?" "The Scarecrow groaned. "I'm all wrong, somehow," he said, in a weak voice. "How very wet this water is!"

Tip was bound so tightly by the cord that he could not turn his head to look at his companions; so he said to the Saw-Horse: "Paddle with your legs toward the shore."

The horse obeyed, and although their progress was slow they finally reached the opposite river bank at a place where it was low enough to enable the creature to scramble upon dry land.

With some difficulty the boy managed to get his knife out of his pocket and cut the cords that bound the riders to one another and to the wooden horse. He heard Scarecrow fall to the ground with a mushy sound, and then he himself quickly dismounted and looked at his friend Jack.

journey. I am anxious to greet my friend, the Tin Woodman." So they remounted the Saw-Horse. Tip holding to his post, the Pumpkinhead clinging to Tip, and the Scarecrow with both arms around the wooden form of Jack.

"Go slowly, for now there is no danger of pursuit," said Tip to his steed. "All right!" responded the creature, in a voice rather gruff. "Aren't you a little horse?" asked the Pumpkinhead, politely.

The Saw-Horse gave an angry prance and rolled one knobby eye backward toward Tip. "See here," he growled, "can't you protect me from insult?" "To be sure!" answered Tip, soothingly. "I am sure Jack meant no harm. And it will not do for us to quarrel, you know; we must all remain good friends."

"I'll have nothing to do with that Pumpkinhead," declared the Saw-Horse, viciously; "he loses his head too easily to suit me." There seemed no fitting reply to this speech, so for a time they rode along in silence.

After a while the Scarecrow remarked: "This reminds me of old times. It was upon this grassy knoll that I once saved Dorothy from the Stinging Bees of the Wicked Witch of the West."

"Do Stinging Bees injure pumpkins?" asked Jack, glancing around fearfully. "They are all dead, so it doesn't matter," replied the Scarecrow. "And here is where Nick Chopper destroyed the Wicked Witch's Grey Wolves."

"Who was Nick Chopper?" asked Tip. "That is the name of my friend the Tin Woodman," answered his Majesty. "And here is where the Winged Monkeys captured and bound us, and flew away with little Dorothy," he continued, after he had traveled a little way farther.

"Do Winged Monkeys ever eat pumpkins?" asked Jack, with a shiver of fear. "I do not know; but you have little cause for worry, for the Winged Monkeys are now the slaves of Ghinda the Good, who owns the Golden Cap that commands their services," said the Scarecrow, reflectively.

through the night while she slept. "I'm sorry," said Tip, meekly, "but I can't help it. And I'm dreadfully hungry, too!"

"Here is a new danger!" remarked Jack, gloomily. "I hope you are not fond of eating pumpkins." "Not unless they're stewed and made into pies," answered the boy, laughing. "So have no fears of me, friend Jack."

"What a coward that Pumpkinhead is!" said the Saw-Horse scornfully. "You might be a coward yourself if you knew you were liable to spoil!" retorted Jack, angrily. "There!—there!" interrupted the Scarecrow; "don't let us quarrel. We all have our weaknesses, dear friends; so we must strive to be considerate of one another. And since this poor boy is hungry and has nothing whatever to eat, let us all remain quiet and allow him to sleep; for it is said that in sleep a mortal may forget even hunger."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Tip, gratefully. "Your Majesty is fully as good as you are wise—and that is saying a good deal!" He then stretched himself upon the grass and, using the stuffed form of the Scarecrow for a pillow, was presently fast asleep.

The favors were miniature crepe paper shopping bags filled with candy. Refreshments were served to the little guests. They were: Misses—Lola Harmon, Dorothy Harmon, Catherine Mills, Elizabeth Mills, Dorothy Jones, Catherine McNamara, Barbara Dallas, Marian Orloff, Jean McAdams. Masters—Frederick Hanson, Maurice Temple, Glenn Thompson, Wilmoth Smith, Howard Hill.

BUSY BEE SOCIETY

BUSY BEE CELEBRATES HER FIRST BIRTHDAY

Baby Elizabeth Audrey Reeves celebrated her first birthday January 21 at a party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Reeves, at their home in the Milton apartments. A birthday cake with two tiny candles was the center of attraction for the Busy Bees and after the candles had burned down without a flaw the cake was cut and served with ice cream to the tots.

Audrey's guests were: Mrs. E. E. Clements and Robert. Mrs. H. W. Aspergren and Hermona. Mrs. B. D. Dixon and Ellen. Birthdays Party. Mrs. Frank Burkhardt gave a children's party in honor of her niece, Helen's, eighth birthday Tuesday afternoon from 4 to 6. The little Busy Bees played games and John Cooper guessed the number of peanuts in a jar. Catherine McNamara cut the dime in the cake. Lois Harmon the thimble and Elizabeth Mills the button. Phillip Evans pinned the tail on the goat and Helen Reilly, who was celebrating her ninth birthday, missed the farthest.

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Maud Brown Leaving. Maud Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Brown, 118 North Thirty-eighth street, left early this morning for Knoxville, Ill., where she will enter St. Martha's school. Maud will remain there through the next term. She is an expert skater and her young friends will be sorry to lose her from their clubs. Madeline Diesing's Party. Madeline Diesing, 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Diesing, 4102 Furnace street, was pleasantly surprised Friday night at 8 o'clock, when twelve little friends arrived. The party was in honor of her graduation from Saunders grade school. There were games played and the six little couples danced to the music of a victrola until 10:30, when an ice cream course was served and held their attention until 11 o'clock. The following were present: Girls—Olga Spat, Ruth Gruenkert, Lucille Morris, Madeline Diesing. Boys—Raymond Simmons, Joseph Rytel, Gordon Diesing, Robert Diesing.

Joe, Ohio Dog, Joins the Navy

By MART MANLEY.

"Just plain ordinary dog." That's what the casual observer would term "Joe," the big English bull-mastiff who is off to "do his bit" for Uncle Sam.

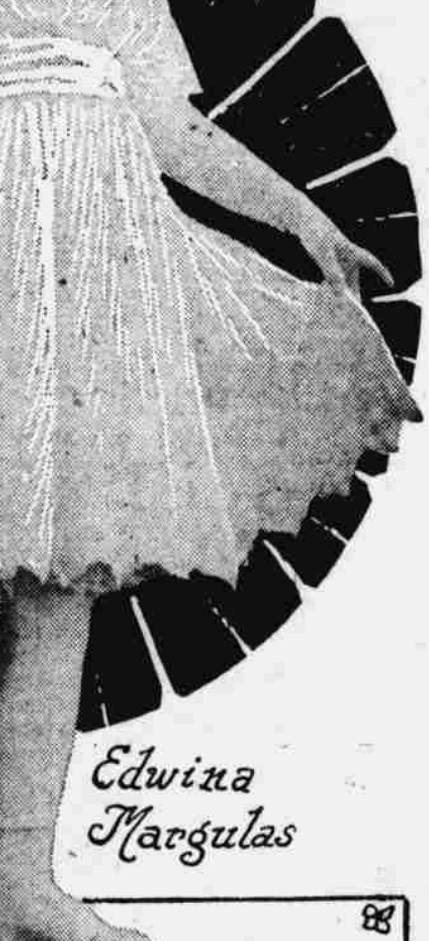
Uncle Sam's recruiting sergeants are more than ordinary observers, however. That's why they are recruiting sergeants and, incidentally, that's why "Joe" is going to the front with one of the first hospital contingents. Joe was just a big playful fellow, frolicking around the farm yard near Upper Sandusky, O., when one of those keen-eyed pickers of men saw him.

"That's a fine dog. He ought to make a dandy for Red Cross service," he commented to the corporal who accompanied him. It was only a short time after that when a recruiting meeting was held in Upper Sandusky. The sergeant was there to make a speech. When the crowd cheered the flag the dog barked his applause.

Then the sergeant made his call for recruits and, slowly winding his way through the masses of people, the dog made his way to the flag. With barks and pawing he clamored for attention from the sergeant. "All right, old man," said the officer. "I'll put your name on the honor roll." "See here," continued the soldier, addressing the crowd, "there's a dog that wants to fight for Uncle Sam." Then the dog's master, Eugene Thway, came forward and enlisted in the 168th United States infantry. Arrangements were made to have the dog accompany the regiment's hospital company. The government paid \$25 for him.

Busy Bee Six Years Old

Edwina Margulas celebrated her sixth birthday Thursday afternoon, when a number of her little friends called to join her in games and refreshments. Edwina is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Margulas, Dundee.



Edwina Margulas

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Honorible Mention) The Jolly Jack O'Lanterns. By Margaret Bell, Aged 9 Years, Box 276, Osceola, Neb. We're the jolly jack o'lanterns, We are, out for fun, If you meet us on your pathway, You had better run.

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 used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. 6. A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution. Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

The Beautiful Seasons. By Millicent Ginn, Aged 12 Years, Red Side, Nebraska City, Neb. The spring is pretty in its way When all the trees in the wind do sway, Lovely flowers are to be seen And all the grass is very green.

Too Late The following letters were received too late for publication. We appreciate them and regret our inability to print them along with others: Alexandria, Neb.—No name signed. Hazel Monson, Craig, Neb. Theodora Perry, Bloomington, Neb. Hazel Anderson, Crofton, Neb. Margaret Abbott, Genoa, Neb. Elizabeth Alexander, Grand Island Jean S. Montgomery, Omaha, Neb. Vera Stephens, Blanchard, Neb. Agnes O'Connell, Omaha, Neb. Inez Cross, Trenton, Neb. Eva Hedgecock, Paxton, Neb.

The Race. By May Mansell, Aged 14 Years, 2928 Vinton Street, Omaha. Blue Side. It was the first day of ice skating at the rink in the small town. The whole town was out to enjoy it. Toward evening a race was arranged between the people. Many started, but soon all fell off one after another until only two boys were left. These boys were Ray and Harry, who kept even for some time, but Ray was wearing a new pair of skates and he went ahead in spite of his opponent's strongest efforts. The sport was soon put to an end by a snow storm and every one went home happy except Harry, who was angry because he had been beaten.

How Uncle Sam Will Use My Money. Juanita Gallup, Aged 11 Years, Route 3, Box 23, Fullerton, Neb. Uncle Sam will use our money to good advantage. All the spare money we have we ought to loan it to the government. The government will use it better than any person could and it will be better for us. The soldiers want to go to France, defeat Germany and end the war as quickly as possible, so they can come back home. The men that are rich can buy \$30 to \$200 Liberty bonds, but the school children can buy only 25 cents to a \$1 War Savings stamps, but all the 25 cents and \$1's the school children give helps. All the money we give goes to the soldiers to get them to France and the sooner we give the money to Uncle Sam the sooner the war will end. And besides, the money we give goes to feed the soldiers, buy them suits, buy guns, ammunition, beds, cannon, submarine money goes to buy food for the Allies, and get tanks and make shells and cannon balls. We may also give money to the

Red Cross as it buys automobiles to take the soldiers to the hospital; it buys bandages, medicine and buys sheets and pillows. Some of our money goes to France to take care of the soldiers there. The Lost Children. By Florence Boettcher, Aged 9 Years, 716 East Ninth Street, Columbus, Neb. One day, as Anna was playing in the yard, Little Jack came in the yard and said, "Come, let us go out in the woods to play." "Alright," said Anna. So they skipped to the woods. They saw pretty flowers on their way, and they played in the woods. They played in the woods until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Then they got tired and said, "Let us go to sleep." So they went to sleep and never awakened until 8 o'clock. It was dark. They could not find their way home. Pretty soon they saw their father and mother coming to look for them, and saw little Billy with them. Their father and mother took them home and they said, "We will never run away again."

My First Letter. By Eugene Eller, Aged 10 Years, David City, Neb. This is my first letter. I have been vaccinated and have been sick. I am in the fifth grade and haven't been tardy since I started to school. I hope my letter will be in print and it won't be in the waste basket, so goodbye.



What Time?

Draw the hands upon this clock To the time that mother said Little folks should be in bed.