

BUSY BEE CELEBRATES HER

FIRST BIRTHDAY

Baby Elizabeth Audrey Reeves cel-

ebrated 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

Mrs. Frank Burkhart gave a chil-

dren's party in honor of her niece, Helen's, eighth birthday Tuesday aft-ernoon 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

The favors were miniature crepe paper shopping bags filled with candy. Refreshments were served to the lit-

Maud Brown, daughter of Mr. and

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, 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William

Diesing, 4102 Farnam street, was

Misses— Ruth Rhamey, Helen Reilly, Elizabeth Haynes,

Eileen Murphy, Alice Buffet, Eleanora Burkhart, Margaret Burkhart, Barbara Burkhart.

Philip Evans, Charles Ingalls, John Cooper, Kenneth Retzinger, Marion Burkhart.

Audrey's guests were:
Mrs. R. E. Clements and Robert.
Mrs. H. W. Aspegren and Hermona.
Mrs. B. B. Dixon and Elleen.

the tots.

Birthday Party.

the fartherest.

Elitabeth Mills,
Dorothy Jones.
Catherine McNamar
Barbara Dallas,
Marian Orloff,
Jean McAdams,
Masters—
Frederick Hanson,
Maurice Temple,
Glenn Thomson,
Wilmoth Smith,
Howard Hite,

tle guests. They were:

Misses—

Lois Harmon, Ruth R
Dorothy Harmon, Helen R
Catherine Mills, Elizabet
Elizabeth Mills, Elleen M
Dorothy Jones, Alice B

Maud Brown Leaving.

Madeline Diesing's Party.

### The Journey to the Tin Woodman

journey. I am anxious to greet my

So they remounted the Saw-Horse,

Tip holding to his post, the Pumpkin-

"All right!" responded the creature

"Aren't you a little hoarse?" asked the Pumpkinhead, politely.

The Saw-Horse gave an angry prance and rolled one knotty eye

"See here," he growled, "can't you

"To be sure!" answered Tip, sooth-

quarrel, you know; we must all re-

"I'll have nothing to do with that Pumpkinhead," declared the Saw-

friend, the Tin Woodman.

in a voice rather gruff.

backward toward Tip.

main good friends.

protect me from insult."

By L. FRANK BAUM.

Tip was well soaked and dripping water from every angle of his body; but he managed to lean forward and head clinging to Tip, and the Scare- if you knew you were shout in the ear of the Saw-Horse: crow with both arms around the retorted Jack; angrily. "Keep still, you fool! Keep still?" wooden form of Jack.

The horse at once ceased struggling danger of pursuit," said Tip to his and floated calmly upon the surface, steed its wooden body being as buoyant as a raft.

"What does that word 'fool' mean?" inquired the horse. "It is a term of reproach," an-

swered 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,

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

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

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

The wooden body, with its gor-geous clothing, still sat upright upon the horse's back; but the pumpkin head was gone, and only the sharp-ened stick that served for a neck was visible. As for the Scarecrow, the straw in his body had shaken down with the jolting and packed itself into his legs and the lower part of his body—which appeared very plump and round while his upper half seemed like an empty sack. Upon his head the Scarecrow still wore the heavy crown, which had been sewed on to prevent his losing it; but the head was now so damp and limp that the weight of the gold and jewels sagged orward and crushed the painted face into a mass of wrinkles that made him look exactly like a Japanese pug

Tip would have laughed-had he not been so anxious about his man Jack. But the Scarecrow, however damaged, was all there, while the pumpkin head that was so necessary kins?" to Jack's existence was missing; so the box seized a long pole that fortu-nately lay near at hand and anxiously turned again toward the river.

Far out upon the waters he sighted the golden hue of the pumpkin, which gently bobbed up and down with the motion of the waves. At that moment it was quite out of Tip's reach, but after a time it floated nearer and still nearer until the boy was able to reach it with his pol and draw it to the shore. Then he brought it to the water from the pumpkin face with his handkerchief, and ran with it to Jack and replaced the head upon the man's neck.

"Dear me!" were Jack's first words. "What a dreadful experience! I wonder if water is liable to spoil pump-

Tip did not think a reply was necessary, for he knew that Scarecrow also stood in need of his help. So he carefully removed the straw from the King's body and legs, and spread it out in the sun to dry. The rocked and rolled over the flowerwet clothing he hung over the body of the Saw-Horse.

"I've never noticed that water spoils pumpkins," returned Tip; "unless the water happens to be boiling. If your head isn't cracked, my friend, you must be in fairly good condition."

"Oh, my head isn't cracked in the least," declared Jack, more cheer—"I can't sleep," said Jack.
"I never do," said the Scarecrow.
"I never do," said the Scarecrow.

fully.

"Then don't worry," retorted the boy. "Care once killed a cat."

"Then," said Jack, seriously, "I am "Then," said Jack, seriously, "I am not a

this had been accomplished he stuffed the Scarecrow into symmetrical shape and smoothed out his face so that he wore his usual gay and charming

"Thank you very much," said the monarch, brightly, as he walked about and found himself to be well balanced. "There are several distinct advantages in being a Scarecrow. For if one has friends near at hand to re-

if one has friends near at hand to repair damages, nothing very serious can happen to you."

"I wonder if hot sunshine is liable to crack pumpkins," said Jack, with an anxious ring in his voice.

"Not at all—not at all!" replied the Scarecrow, gaily. "All you need fear, my boy, is old age. When your golden youth has decayed we shall quickly part company—but you needn't look forward to it; we'll discover the fact ourselves, and notify cover the fact ourselves, and notify you. But come! Let us resume our

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

"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 what-ever 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!" "I am sure Jack meant no He then stretched himself upon the grass and, using the stuffed form harm. And it will not do for us to

of the Scarecrow for a pillow, was presently fast asleep.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



Horse, viciously; "he loses his heador

along in silence. After a while the Scarecrow re-

marked: "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

"Do Stinging Bees injure pump-kins?" 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 Ma-jesty. "And here is where the Winged

Monkeys captured and bound us, and flew away with little Dorothy," he continued, after they 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 Glinda the Good, who owns the Golden Cap that commands their services," said the Scarecrow, re-

flectively.

Then the stuffed monarch became lost in thought, recalling the days of past adventures. And the Saw-Horse strewn fields and carried its riders swiftly upon their way.

"If water spoils pumpkins," observed Jack, with a deep sigh, "then
my days are numbered."

"I've never noticed that water spoils

"I've never noticed that water spoils

"I do not even know what sleep is," said the Saw-Horse. "Still, we must have consideration

市市市市市市市市市

What

Time?

Draw the hands upon

To the time that moth-

Little folks should be

存在でででででで

this clock

er said

in bed.

very glad indeed that I am not a for this poor boy, who is made of It was almost Christmas and little The sun was fast drying their clothing, and Tip stirred up his Majesty's straw so that the warm rays might absorb the moisture and make little Dorothy. We always had to sir toys and candies was in Tim's mind

# There were games played and the six little couples danced to the music of a victrola until 10:30, when an ice There seemed no fitting reply to this speech, so for a time they rode Little Stories By Little Folks

(Honorable Mention) The Jolly Jack o'Lanterns. 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.

We will chase you up the hillside, Race you down the street, We're the jolly jack o'lanterns "Oh!" so gay and fleet.

If I win a prize please send me book of fairy tales. If you have any of them.

First Letter.

By Charles Goss, 104 West Fifteenth
Street, Columbus, Neb.

This is my first letter I have wrote to you. I have read the children's page every Sunday. I am in the fifth grade and I am 10 years old. I have the land of the control of the land of th a bull dog and his name is Rox. He is a nice dog and likes to run and months and he is a little over a year old. He is kind of a brownish color. He likes to ride in an automobile and up and saw the beautiful Christmas him so I sat down on the ground and he could not go no further and I got home safe. I wish to join the Blue Side.

Little Tim's Christmas Tree. By Dorothy Harmon, 100 East Seneca Street, Creston,

Iowa. Long years ago people received very small wages and little Tim's father received only two dollars a week. This small price did not buy many nice things, as there were four in the family, his father, mother, sister and him-

It was almost Christmas and little

Rules far Young

Writers

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

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, Nob.

door with, so a rich man came to that is a nice dog and likes to run and home Christmas eve, and left what play very much. He came from Los do you think? A big Christmas tree.

Angeles, Cal. We had him for five He lighted the candles and then filled months and he is a little or five He lighted the candles and then filled

fight with other dogs. When you tree. But wasn't he glad, He shouted take him out for a walk and he sees until his father and mother came a dog he will try to get away and go hurrying down stairs and then they after the other dog. One day I took him out and he saw another dog and tried to get away. I could not hold little paper and it read, "To My Best little paper and it read," Friends.

I hope my story does not reach the waste basket.

First Letter. By Rosie Vicker, Aged 11 Years, Cromwell, Ia.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to your page. I read the Busy Bees page every Monday. I am in the seventh grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Drew. There are 10 pupils, six girls and four boys. I live on the farm. I have about a got the man to take him home. There half a mile to go to school. I have two is more to this, I'll send it if this is brothers, the youngest one is going to Creston High school. Hoping to see my letter in print, will close for letter is getting long.

How Tommy Was Lost. Lois Clark, Elwood, Neb. Blue Side.

Tommy was in the yard playing. He ived by the lake. "Tommy! Tommy!" his mother "Yes, what do you want?"

"Come here and go to Douglas' for eggs. He didn't come this morning. You know where we got the eggs when we first cam: here."
"Yes, I know," he said. There was a forest on the east side

ing. He watched them fight for and cannon balls.

and went to bed.

Next morning the first thing Ray goodby.

## Busy Bee Six Years Old

BUSY BEE SOCIETY



Edwina Margalus celebrated her sixth bigthday 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.

pleasantly surprised Friday night at pleasantly surprised Friday night at cream course was served and held 8 o'clock, when twelve little friends their attention until 11 o'clock. The following were present: Ruth Grueckert, Lucile Morris. Madeline Diesing.

Boys— Raymond Simmons, Joseph Syler, Gordon Diesing, Boys-Roland Drishaus,

\*\*\*\*

(PRIZE) The Beautiful Seasons.

By Millicent Ginn, Aged 12 Years, Red Side, Nebraska City, Neb. The spring is pretty in it's way When all the trees in the wind do sway,

Lovely flowers are to be seen And all the grass is very green. The summer is sublime in its

When a'l the children are at And the sun! Oh, hotly does it shine!

And everybody feels just fine. The autumn is lovely in its way And that's the time when the

children say Their A, B, C's and go to school So they will never be called a

The winter is beautiful in its And that's the time when there's And the wind! Oh, how it does blow!

And almost always there is snow. \*\*\*\*

old house. It was growing dark. "I ought to come to the path that leads to papa's cottage," He walked on in silence. Finally he got in a tangle. He was caught in a bush. "Well, I'll take five steps forward and backward. Red Cross as it buys automobiles to then right and left," he said. He take the soldiers to the hospital; it pulled out his match. "I've found it," he said. He walked on. "Well, here is a road, I'll walk on. Oh! I see a light. I must hurry." He heard a voice say, Quit, Scott!" "Can you tell me the way to Camel's cottage?" "Who are you?" the voice asked. He got the man to take him home. There took five steps to the right, then got the man to take him home. There in print. Goodby, Busy Becs.

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 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 also government will 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 because here.

The men that are rich can buy \$50 to \$200 Liberty bonds, but the school children can buy only 25 cents to a There was a forest on the east side of his home. He had to go through it unless he went clear around it. So he went around it. He got there all right and got his eggs, and asked if there was a shorter way home. The woman said. "Yes, if you go through the forest. When you get to the old ruined house, turn right, not left."

"All right," said Tommy. He left and soon came to the old ruined house. He saw some bluejays fighting. He watched them fight for large and cannon balls.

\$1 War Savings stamps, but all the 25 cents and \$1's the school childen give helps. All the money we give goes to the soldiers to get them to France and the sooner we give goes to feed the sooner the war will end. And besides, the money we give goes to feed the soldiers, buys them suits, buys guns, ammunition, beds, cannon, submarines and aeroplanes, and part of our money goes to buy food for the Allies, and get tanks and make shells and cannon balls. \$1 War Savings stamps, but all the



ELIZABETH AUDREY REEVES

<del>6244444</del>

Too Late The following letters were re-ceived too late for publication We appreciate them and regret our inability to print them along

our inability to print them along with others:
Alexandria, Neb.—No name signed.
Hazel Monson, Craig, Neb.
Theodore Perry, Bloomington, Neb.
Hazel Anderson, Crofton, Neb.
Margaret Abbott, Genoa, Neb.
Elizabeth Alexander, Grand Island
Jean S. Montgomery, Omaha, Neb.
Vera Stephens, Blanchard, Neb.
Agness O'Connell, Omaha, Neb.
Inez Cross, Trenton, Neb.
Eva Hedgecock, Paxton, Neb.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

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

All the way home Harry's mind was filled with thoughts of revenge. He soon shought of a plan which was to be carried out that night.

At night when he thought every-

and went to bed.

### 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

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 "That's a fine dog. He ought to make a dandy for Red Cross service."

he commented to the corpora! 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 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.

for attention from the sergeant.
"All right, old man," said the officer, "I'll put your name on the honor

"See there," 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.

When the regiment passed through the cities he wore a khaki band around

his neck and the red and white cord of the medical service. Attached to the cord was the following note:

"My name is Joe. I enlisted in the hospital corps of this regiment. It's great to be a soldier. I'm 9 months old and the boys are teaching me all kinds of stunts. Pretty soon we're going to France and I'm going to catch the kaiser.

Some day on Europe's shell-torn battlefields some Sammy may have cause to be thankful that the government bought Joe. For the dog will be used in rescue work and in bringing succor to the wounded .- Our

spied was his ruined skates, then he saw the footprints of the horse in the snow which made him think that a thief had been around, so he thought he would follow them. He

did this and found they led to the very house of Harry Brown.

"Just like Harry," said Ray and next day when the two boys met at school, Ray gave Harry a lesson that

he never forgot. A Story.

By Anna Pershe, Aged 11 Years, 3209 T Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

"Ten cents," said Aunt Cora, coming out on the veranda, "to the boy or girl who brings me the prettiest bunch of white flowers for the dinner table today. They must be in my hards by 12 o'clock." The children were delighted. Off

they raced for the fields and hills, each striving to find the best—all but one. Little Dick was lame and could not run with the others. Soon quite alone he limped to a shady valley. hoping to find some pretty flowers but not expecting to find very pretty ones. At last, as he was turning back discouraged he caught sight of something gleaming in the mold at his feet. It was a cluster of noddling white blossoms which looked as if It was a cluster of noddling they were made of frozen mist. So delicate were they that Dick could not bear to pick them. He dug them up, roots and all, and carried them

back to the farmhouse. All the other children were there with great handfuls of daisies. Aunt Cora was going from one to the other to see which was the largest bunch but when she saw what little Dick was bringing she ran to him and cried," Oh, where did you get that beautiful cluster of Indian Pipe? That

is the best of all.' So little Dick's flowers stood in the center of the table at dinner and he had to tell over and over again where and how he found them.

The Lost Children. By Florence Boettcher, Aged 9 Years, 716 East Ninth Street, Co-lumbus, 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. I wish to join the Blue Side, I am 9 years old and in the Fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Brenneman. I like her very well. I wish the Busy Bees would

write to me. 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