Ready for Service

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



# and of

#### A Nickel-Plated Emperor

must admit," said the Emperor; "but

you are certainly unusual, and there-fore worthy to become a member of

"I thank your Majesty," said Jack,

"I hope you are enjoying good health?" continued the Woodman.

"At present, yes;" replied the Pumpkinhead, with a sigh; "but I am

"Nonsense!" said the Emperor—but in a kindly sympathetic tone, "Do not,

I beg of you, dampen today's sun with

Tip, during the conversation, was looking at the Woodman with un-

disguised amazement, and noticed that

he celebrated Emperor of the

Winkies was composed entirely of

pieces of tin, neatly soldered and riveted together into the form of a

man. He rattled and clanked a little,

seemed to be most cleverly con-

structed, and his appearance was only

marred by the thick coating of polish-

was not in the most presentable con-

dition, so he begged his friends to

when the Emperor returned his nickel-plated body shone so magnifi-

"That nickel-plate was, I confess, a

somewhat scratched during my adventurous experiences. You will

left breast. It not only indicates

"Is your heart, then, a hand-organ?"

somewhat larger and

asked the Pumpkinhead, curiously.

warmer than most people possess."

Then he turned to the Scarecrow

"Are your subjects happy and con-

"I cannot say." was the reply; for

the girls of Oz have risen in revolt

and driven me out of the Emerald

"Great Goodness!" cried the Tin

"What a calamity! They surely do

running things to suit themselves."

"And I hear some of them say."

the Scarecrow again upon his throne."

both shocked and inspired,

with his own skillful hands."

tented, my dear friend?"

although

and asked:

Woodman.

the showers of tomorrow. For before your head has time to spoil you can have it canned, and in that way it may be preserved indefinitely."

our select society.'

humbly.

to foot.

By L. FRANK BAUM.

TIP awoke soon after dawn, but the Scarecrow had already risen and plucked, with his clumsy fingers, a double-handful of ripe berries from some bushes near by. These the boy ate greedily, finding them an ample breakfast, and afterward the little party resumed-its journey.

After an hour's ride they reached the summit of a hill from whence they espied the City of the Winkies and noted the tall domes of the Emperor's palace rising from the clusters of more modest dwellings.

The Scarecrow became greatly animated at this sight, and exclaimed: "How delighted I shall be to see my old friend the Tin Woodman again!

I hope that he rules his people more successfully than I have ruled mine!" -"Is the Tin Woodman the Emperor of the Winkies?" asked the horse. "Yes, indeed. They invited him to

rule over them soon after the Wicked Witch was destroyed; and as Nick Chopper has the best heart in all the world I am sure he has proved an excellent and able emperor." "I thought that 'Emperor' was the

title of a person who rules an em-pire," said Tip, "and the Country of the Winkies is only a Kingdom.' "Don't mention that to the Tin Woodman!" exclaimed the Scarecrow, earnestly. "You would hurt his feelings terribly. He is a proud

man, as he has every reason to be, and it pleases him to be termed Emperor rather than King." "I'm sure it makes no difference to

me," replied the boy.

The Saw-Horse now ambled forward at a pace so fast that its riders in constant terror of the day when I had hard work to stick upon its back; shall spoil." so there was little further conversation until they drew up beside the palace steps.

An aged Winkie, dressed in a uniform of silver cloth, came forward to assist them to alight, Said the Scarecrow to this personage: "Show us at once to your master, the Emperor."

The man looked from one to another of the party in an embarrassed way, and finally answered:
"I fear I must ask you to wait for a time. The Emperor is not receiv-

ing this morning."
"How is that?" enquired the Scare-"I hope nothing has crow, anxiously. happened to him."

Oh, no; nothing serious," returned the man. "But this is his Majesty's day for being polished, and just now his august presence is thickly smeared with putz-pomade."

"Oh, I see" cried the Scarecrow, greatly reassured, "My friend was ever inclined to be a dandy, and I suppose he is now more proud than ever of his personal appearance."
"He is, indeed," said the man, with

a polite bow. "Our mighty Emperor has lately caused himself to be nickel-

"Good Gracious!" the Scarecrow exclaimed at hearing this. "If his wit bears the same polish, how sparkling it must be! But show us in-I'm sure the Emperor will receive us, even in his present state."

"The Emperor's state is always magnificent," said the man. "But I will venture to tell him of your arrival, and will receive his commands concerning you."

So the party followed the servant into a splendid ante-room, and the Saw-Horse ambled awkwardly after them, having no knowledge that a horse might be expected to remain outside.

The travelers were at first somewhat awed by their surroundings, and even the Scarecrow seemed impressed as he examined the rich hangings of silver cloth caught up into knots and fastened with tiny silver axes. Upon a handsome center-table stood a large silver oil can, richly engraved with scenes from the past adventures of the Tin Woodman, Dorothy, the Cowardly Lion and the Scarecrow: the lines of the engraving being traced upon the silver in yellow gold. On the walls hung several portraits, that of the Scarecrow seeming to be the most prominent and carefully executed, while a large painting of the famous Wizard of Oz, in the act of presenting the Tin Woodman with a heart, covered almost one entire end of the room.

While the visitors gazed at these things in silent admiration they sudø denly heard a loud voice in the next room exclaim:

"Well! well! What a great surprise!"

And then the door burst open and Nick Chopper rushed into their midst and caught the Scarecrow in a close and loving embrace that creased him

into many folds and wrinkles.
"My dear old friend! My noble comrade!" cried the Tin Woodman, joyfully; "how delighted I am to meet

you once again!" And then he released the Scarecrow

and held him at arms' length while he surveyed the beloved, painted features. But, alas! the face of the Scarecrow and many portions of his body bore great blotches of putz-pomade; for the Tin Woodman, in his eagerness to welcome his friend, had quite for-gotten the condition of his toilet and had rubbed the thick coating of paste from his own body to that of his com-

"Dear me!" said the Scarecrow.
dolefully. "What a mess I'm in!"
"Never mind, my friend," returned
the Tin Woodman, "I'll send you to my Imperial Laundry, and you'll come

out as good as new. "Won't I be mangled?" asked the Scarecrow.

"No, indeed!" was the reply. "But tell me, how came your Majesty here? and who are your companions?"

The Scarecrow, with great politeness, introduced Tip and Jack Pumpkinhead, and the latter personage seemed to interest the Tin Woodman

You are not very substantial, I

voice. "How large an army can you assemble 2"

"We do not need an army," replied the Woodman. "We four, with the aid of my gleaming axe, are enough to strike terror into the hearts of the

"We five," corrected the Pumpkin-

"Five?" repeated the Tin Woodman. "Yes; the Saw-Horse is brave and fearless," answered Jack, forgetting his recent quarrel with the quadruped.

The Tin Woodman looked around him in a puzzled way, for the Saw-Horse had until now remained quietly standing in a corner, where the Emperor had not noticed him. Tip immediately called the odd-looking creature to them, and it approached so awkwardly that it nearly upset the beautiful center table and the engraved oil-can.

"I began to think," remarked the Tin Woodman as he looked earnestly at the Saw-Horse, "that wonders will "I did it with magic powder,"

modestly asserted the boy; "and the Saw-Horse has been very useful "He enabled us to escape the rebels," added the Scarecrow.

"Then we must surely accept him as a comrade," declared the Emperor. "A live Saw-Horse is a distinct novelty and should prove an interest-

occurs to me that I know more than any of these around me."
"Perhaps you do," said the Em-

peror; "for experience does not always mean wisdom. But time is precious just now, so let us quickly make preparations to start upon our

The Emperor called his Lord High Chancellor and instructed him how to run the kingdom during his absence. Meanwhile the Scarecrow was taken apart and the painted sack that served him for a head was carefully laundered and restuffed with the brains originally given him by the great Wizard. His clothes were also cleaned and pressed by the Imperial tailors. and his crown polished and again sewed upon his head, for the Tin Woodman insisted he should not re-nounce this badge of royalty. The Scarecrow now presented a very respectable appearance, and although in no way given to vanity he was quite pleased with himself and strutat the Saw-Horse, "that wonders will never cease! How came this creature alive?"

ted a triffe as he walked. While this was being done. Tip mended the wooden limbs of Jack Pumpkinhead and made them stronger than before. and the Saw-Horse was also inspected to see if he was in good working

Then bright and early the next morning they set out upon the return journey to the Emerald City, the Tin Woodman bearing upon his shoulder a gleaming axe and leading the way, while the Pumpkinhead rede upon ing study. Does he know anything?"
"Well I cannot claim any great experience in life," the Saw-Horse sure that he didn't fall off or become answered for himself; "but I seem to learn very quickly, and often it (Co

(Continued Next Sunday)



### Little Stories By Little Folks

The Old Shoe.

By Florence Hann, 12 Years Old, 623 West Charles St., Grand Island,

ing-paste that covered him from head "Oh, dear, how I wish I was dead," sighed the old worn boot lying by the The boy's intent gaze caused the Tin Woodman to remember that he "What is the matter?" asked his

friend the cat.
"I had a very sad life."

excuse him while he retired to his "Won't you tell me about it?" asked private apartment and allowed his the cat. servants to polish him. This was So th So the boot began: "About a week accomplished in a short time, and before Christmas a man came in the store where my brother and I were and bought us. On Christmas he gage cently that the Searecrow heartly us to Ned, his son. The next day congratulated him on his appearance. put us on and took us outdoors. He would kick everything he came to happy thought," said Nick; and it was with me, as I was on his right foot Yesterday, when he was coming from more necessary because I had become school, he came to a puddle of mud and thought he would go through it, observe this engraved star upon my but when he got in the middle he got stuck. He pulled so hard that he pulled my brother off his soot and where my excellent heart lies, but covers very neatly the patch made by the Wonderful Wizard when he waded through. He could not get my brother. This is where he threw me when he got home last evening. I placed that valued organ in my breast heard his mother tell him that he should put me in the stove, so I suppose I will be dead in a little while. "By no means," responded the Emperor, with dignity, "It is, I am convinced, a strictly orthodox heart,

Thus the boot ended. The cat only sighed and went to

This is the first time I have written and I wish to join the Blue side.

(Honorable Mention.)

An Eventful Journey.

By Jean Montgomery, Aged 12 Years, 4340 Seward Street, Omaha, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: I am going to tell you about my journey from Los Angeles, Cal., to Omaha, Neb. When our train left Barstow there had been a wreckage of freight trains and our note complain of your wise and grac- train had a hard time to push through then further on we saw a track-"No; but they say it is a poor rule walker. His ears were all tied up that don't work both ways," answered and he did not hear the approaching the Scarecrow; and these females are train. The engine struck his little car also of the opinion that men have and smashed it all to pieces, sending ruled the land long enough. So they his dinner pail high in the air, with have captured my city, robbed the the sandwiches falling out of it, while treasury of all its jewels, and are he rolled off of the track just in time to save his life. Still farther on, two "Dear me! What an extraordinary men were drilling into a ledge of idea!" cried the Emperor, who was rocks for copper. Some dynamite both shocked and inspired, had been set and did not explode at the proper time-the men drilled into "that they intend to march it without notice and both were inhere and capture the castle and city stantly killed. They were put in the baggage car and taken to Salt Lake of the Tin Woodman."

"Ah! we must not give them time City, which we reached at 3 o'clock to do that," sald the Emperor, Sunday afternoon, where we stayed quickly; we will go at once and re- until 8 o'clock in the evening. Then capture the Emerald City and place we went out on the Union Pacific, I am so glad I have no more horrible "I was sure you would help me," things to tell you about, remarked the Scarecrow in a pleased My companion was a delightfui

By Clement Young, Aged 11 Years, Doniphan, Neb. Blue Side.

As a meadow lark was singing one day, a fairy appeared and said, "How are you feeling today, Mr Meadow Lark?" Mr. Meadow Lark was very unhappy, and he did not speak to the This made the fairy angry, and she said, "Oh, ho! You are unhappy, are you, what seems to be your troubles?" The meadow lark answered, "I have no friends to talk to Miss Barry. I am going to write you After awhile people came and took much like to have a mate, but no bird is out calling. pays any attention to me. Could you help me out?" The fairy said in an many there lived a poor peasant and went to one house where there was angry voice. "You need no mate, an his wife. They were very happy and ugly bird like you, and such long contented with what they had. One spurs, I don't blame them for not day some baby twins were born. This spurs, I don't blame them for not paying any attention to you," and disappeared. This made the meadow disappeared. This made the meadow happy, but there was a very cruel lark very much more unhappy. Mr. king, and this troubled the mother whiped me with a birch whip. I cried lark very much more unhappy. Mr. king, and this troubled the mother whiped me with a birch whip. I cried lark very much more unhappy. Mr. king, and this troubled the mother whiped me with a birch whip. I cried lark very much more unhappy. Mr. king, and this troubled the mother whiped me with a birch whip. I cried lark very much more unhappy. Mr. king, and this troubled the mother whiped me with a birch whip. I cried lark very much more unhappy. Mr. king, and this troubled the mother whiped me with a birch whip. I cried lark very much more unhappy. Mr. king, and this troubled the mother and little girl came running out and says, "I must; I know I can." Grasshopper came hopping along and and father very much, for the king and a little girl came running out and he stopped and said, "Good day, good sent out a message saying that every petted me. That night I pushed the

#### Rules far Young Writers -

I. 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 256

4. Original stories or letters only will

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 Chil-dren's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

morning. I was very sorry to have my friend leave me and go on to Kalamazoo, Mich. My uncle met me to his surprise here was a mate for at the station and now I am staying him, that had heard the song and loving friend, I wish to join the Blue side.

New Member.

Ethel Cunningham, Aged 10 Years, 122 South Fifty-first Street.

Once upon a time there was a little girl with a lot of golden curls, but she was not happy. She was rich and had everything she could wish for, but she still wanted something, and that was she could make mud pies and be on a farm and go barefoot and ride a pony than having to ride in an automobile and have cats and dogs. But whenever she told anybody this they always said she was ungrateful. So she hardly ever talked about it. She hated her governess. She (the governess) acted real affectionate when Gene's (the little girl's name) mother appeared. But after that she was mean and hateful. She told bad stories. She told her that if she didn't be good the bears or tigers would come and eat her up.' Gene always cried and said she would be very good. One day her father came home and said the business failed and that they would have to sell their great big house. Gene was overjoyed at this. But her mother took it quite differently. Her mother got divorced. Gene was very sorry. But she would rather be on a farm than be a society girl. So in the end she went to a farm with her father and made mudpies and rode a pony and had cats and dogs. She and her father were very happy together the rest of their lives. would like to join the Blue Side.

An Unhappy Meadow Lark.

A Dancing Bee



Campfire Girls

**REPRESENTE** 

Give Health Hints

"Wohelo," the monthly magazine of the Campfire Girls, who are trying to become the best "war machines" for home work in the country, is full this month of useful hints on the allimportant subject of health.

"Sit, stand and walk erect," it says. This keeps your circulation in order and also expands our lungs to the fullest. Do not crouch over your desk or work. Sit erect so that your breathing can be deep. Take longer

breaths, not sighs, between times.
"Breathe deeply, through your nose, not through your mouth, when out for a walk. Use every inch of your lungs. When you are sleepless, remember this, and learn to relax when breathing deeply. This will soon result in your falling asleep. All sleep is life

"Drink plenty of water between meals. Our bodies are seven-eighths water. Eight glasses a day is about right. Eat slowly at the beginning Wallace Pollard and Nelso of a meal. Chew the first three mouthfuls thoroughly. The rest of the meal should then take care of itself. Have a good time at meals. Do not gulp anything down with water or any beverage. Use your own best im-plements; your teeth. They need exercise to keep in good condition.

"Eat hard foods. See to it that your teeth are white; and the gums reach 21. and tongue pink, Have a dentist clean your teeth at least once in two months. This prevents cavities and he upper teeth downward and the at the band music. lower teeth upwards. Healthy teeth for the cat and took him home. help to keep the whole body in good condition.

"Go into the sunlight and let the of our best friends. If every house Her mother found some old yarn ent.

friend, what seems to be the matter?" boy or girl under 2 years of age box over and ran to my old home, The meadow lark told the grasshop- should be killed. The poor mother and I am there yet in the dark old per of all his troubles. This made and father took what few clothes they cellar. the grasshopper very sorry, they both had and came over to America. The stood in silence for a moment and king found this out and was very then the grasshopper said, "I have angry, and sent men over to bring a good suggestion: You go away up them back. The poor mother and fainto the air and sing one of your best ther did not know what to do and songs, and then the rest will happen were sitting thinking when they heard friend, and we enjoyed the journey the rest of the way very much. I reached Omaha at 4 o'clock Tuesday and sang the prettiest song that was ever heard, and then he came back ran.
down where the grasshopper was, and
At At this timme there were no white people in America and all the people there were were Indians who had with my grandparents. I like the Ne-braska snow and cold weather, and I bird. It wasn't long until there were the line ians and wore no clothes. just think the snow is just fine. I five little eggs in a nice little nest brought some hyacinth bulbs with in the grass. This made the meadow When the Indians saw the soldiers me and they are already potted. Your lark very happy and proud. He they began to drive them back and at would go up into the sky and sing last took them prisoners. After a a nice little song each day. One day few days the mother and father got the meadow lark heard the master word that the mean king had died and word that the mean king had died and tell his boy that they were going to they had another king, who sent word cut hay tomorrow. This the meadow to them to come back home. The mother and father started and reached lark told his mate, and they both were very uneasy about it. The meadow nome in a few days and this king was lark thought of his great long spurs always kind to everybody. and then laughed out, "I have got a plan, I will take one egg at a time in my spurs and move our nest over By Rosemary Lyons, Aged 8 Years, in the wheat field near by," where Gothenburg, Neb. they hatched their young ones and Dear Busy Bees: This is my first lived happy ever after. The fairy letter to you. We take The Omaha felt ashamed of herself after she found Daily Bee every day. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. My teach-

I hope to see this in print. A Letter. Florence Marjorie Marti, Aged 8 Years. 121 West 4th St., North Platte, Neb.

out what good use the spurs were.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written a letter to you. I am in the third grade at school. My teacher's name Miss Fae L. Parsons. I have one brother in the army. I got a lot of things for Christmas. I wish to join the Red Side. Well, my story is getting long. I

must close for now, Yours sincerely, Florence Marjorie Marti. West 4th St., North Platte, Neb.

I hope to see my letter in print. New Member.

By Irene Kirby, Aged 11 Years, Burr, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first etter. I read the stories that you write. I would like to join the Blue side. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Weatherhogg Will some of you write to me. Well, my letter is getting long, so good-by, Busy Bees.

First Letter. By Gretchen E. Mathews, Aged 9 Years, Woodbine, Ia. spots. When we were big enough to

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter and I would like to join the Busy Bees. I am in the Fourth grade We would run and romp in the warm but the grasshoppers, I would very a story and I hope Mr. Wastebasket all the rest but me. My mother was

Once upon a time way off in Ger-

BEE SOCIET NOTE-Busy Bees will please \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* send their society items to Margaret Shotwell, Busy Bee society editor, care Bee Office



Baby Martha Doty is a dancing Busy Bee. She is but 4 years old, the tiniest pupil of Prof. Chambers, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Doty.

Martha is interested in war work,

has danced at two Red Cross benefits, and is now learning a new patriotic dance. She operates the Victrola herself and to its music she dances before a long mirror.

This dancing Bee weighs 35 pounds.

were well ventilated and well sunned and every back yard clean, the number of colds would soon be decreased. Do your part in bringing sunlight into dark rooms."

Gordon Smith, Alexander Austin, Wallace Pollard and Nelson Pollard and Ann's first effort produced a attended the fortune telling booth at sweater for her cat—the cat she has the White Elephant sale and their particuar interest in the future was:
Would the war continue until they sweater has a red cross on the back became of age, so that they might and Ann believes she is now ready to enlist. The answer was no, but the knit for the Red Cross. kind fortune teller assured them that there would be another somewhere on earth by the time they

White Persian Car Has New Home. unnecessary pain. The way to brush the teeth is to brush the gums. Brush phant sale shivering and frightened She felt sorry

Ann Pearsall Knits for Cat. sunshine into the house. It is one strong desire to knit for the soldiers. tamborine to develop his musical tal-

First Letter.

er's name is Miss Mary Storer. I wish

to be a member of the Blue Side. I

New Member.

By Mildred May, Aged 7 Years,

Gresham, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: I would like to

oin your page. I read the Land of

Oz and like it very much. I have

a dear little brother, he is 2 years

old, and his name is Floyd Oscar

Bond. When he wants to hide he

shuts his eyes and says "you can't see me 'tall." I hope to see my let-

New Member.

By Lucy Holden, Petersburg, Neb.

Red Side

Dear Busy Bees: I, Lucy Holden

hereby apply for membership in the

Busy Bees. I am sending you my

first story. I do not intend to win a

prize at present, but will try to in

ture. My brother sells The Omaha

Sunday Bee. Aged 12 years, Sixth

When I first opened my eyes I

found myself in a half-lit cellar of a

business place. I had three sisters and

We were full-blooded bird dogs.

My mother was white, with big brown

walk she carried us out one by one.

well acquainted in the village. She

took me about here and there.

We

grade, Petersburg High school.

ter in print.

three brothers.

"Cinderella" Has New Home. Mr. C. L. Shook bought "Cinderella" for his children. "Cinderella" is the little donkey that belonged to the Elinor Kountze found the beautiful Phil Dodge children. Personal. The parents of little John Mad-

Little Leo Pauline Winslow of

Ruskin, Neb., is 14 months old and

is already feeling the call of her coun-

try. The picture shows her in the uniform of a private and as a Red Cross nurse. Baby Winslow is ready to do her bit in any branch of the

service.

den have discovered a new talent in John. At the White Elephant sale he bought a gun and a tamborine, Ann "Sunshine" Pearsall has a the gun for military practice and the

A Letter.

By Eola Gass, Aged 11 Years, 109 West Fifteenth Street, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

Once a poor little girl was walking down the street when a bunch of girls were looking at her. She did not know what was the matter. Presently she heard one of the girls said, "I think I would freeze if I did not have a coat or not even a sweater to wear." The little girl thought that she is just about freezing now and she began crying. One of the girls said, "That is the girl that always comes late to school, her name is Helen Smith. Her brother works as messager boy, but I do not know where he works." A other girl spoke up, "Her mother is a dress maker and she does the housework." One girl who felt sorry for her asked her name and address. She said, "My name is Helen Smith and my address is just the town. When she got home she found her mother was already home and there was a package for her. It was from the little girl she spoke too. She never felt like freezing any more. For the other girl whose name was Marie send her many things. I like to read the Busy Bees stories very much.

First Letter.

will close hoping to see my letter in By Marguerite Johnson, Aged 11 Print.

By Marguerite Johnson, Aged 11 Years, 409 Blain Street, Holdrege, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I take the Junior Bee page and enjoy reading its stories greatly. My home is in Holdrege, Neb. I would like to join the Red Side if they will accept me as a new member. Hoping to see my letter in print

Chirstmas.

I will close,

By Alice Bondesson, Aged 9 Years, 2712 Redick Avenue. Christmas bells sound gayly. Can you hear ringing? And in the churches, all the people,

Christmas hymns are singing. Lovely chimes they echo, Every big and little bell, Christmas tidings, sweet and beautiful, That is what they tell.

And when the people come out of church.

To their homes in joy they go,
They make their houses nice and warm. Their faces all aglow.

The fireplaces all are sparkling. The Christmas trees are bright, And every heart is filled with joy, This blessed Christmas night.

A Poem.

By Lizzie L. Rath, St. Francis, Kan. Route 3. Box 11. Blue Side.

I know not what the years may bring
The future's page is dark to me;
I know not if yon setting sun
Shall rise again my eyes to see;
I know not when corroding care
Shall touch me with its aging breath;
I cannot see one step ahead
Nor when I'll face the monster, death.
But this I know, that now, today.

Now goodby to all the Busy Bees,

REPRESENTE

Lost His Wings

Draw a pair of wings for Cupid, So that he won't look so stupid.

RECERCICE

