

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



## Land of Oz

### Astonishing Flight of the Gump

By L. FRANK BAUM.

W HEN the adventurers reassembled upon the roof it was found that a remarkably queer assortment of articles had been selected by the various members of the party. No one seemed to have a very clear idea of what was required, but it had brought something.

The Woggle-Bug had taken from its position over the mantelpiece in the great hallway the head of a gump, which was adorned with wadding and feathers, and this, with great care and greater difficulty, the insect carried up the stairs to the roof. This gump resembled an elk's head, only the nose turned upward in a tany manner and there were whiskers upon its chin, like those of a silky goat. Why the Woggle-Bug selected this article he could not have explained, except that it had aroused his curiosity.

Tip, with the aid of the Saw Horse, had brought a large, upholstered sofa to the roof. It was an old-fashioned piece of furniture, with high back and ends, and it was so heavy that even as resting the greatest weight upon the back of the Saw Horse, the boy found himself out of breath when at last the clumsy sofa was dumped upon the roof.

The Pumpkinhead had brought a room, which was the first thing he saw. The Scarecrow arrived with a coil of clothes lines and ropes which he had taken from the courtyard, and in his trip up the stairs he had become so entangled in the loose ends of the ropes that both he and his burden tumbled in a heap upon the roof and might have rolled off if Tip had not rescued him.

The Tin Woodman appeared last. He also had been to the courtyard, where he had cut four trees, spreading leaves from a huge palm tree that was the pride of all the inhabitants of the Emerald City.

"My dear Nick," exclaimed the Scarecrow, seeing what his friend had done, "you have been guilty of the greatest crime any person can commit in the Emerald City. If I remember rightly, the penalty for chopping leaves from the royal palm tree is to be killed seven times and afterwards imprisoned for life."

"It cannot be helped now," answered the Tin Woodman, throwing down the big leaves upon the roof. "But it may be one more reason why it is necessary for us to escape. And now let us see what you have found for me to work with."

Many were the doubtful looks cast upon the heap of miscellaneous material that now cluttered the roof, and finally the Scarecrow shook his head and remarked:

"Well, if friend Nick can manufacture from this mess of rubbish a thing that will fly through the air and carry us to safety, then I will acknowledge him to be a better mechanic than I suspected."

But the Tin Woodman seemed at first by no means sure of his powers, and only after polishing his forehead vigorously with the chamois leather did he resolve to undertake the task.

"The first thing required for the machine," said he, "is a body big enough to carry the entire party. This sofa is the biggest thing we have, and might be used for a body. Put, should the machine ever tip sideways, we would all slide off and fall to the ground."

"Why not use two sofas?" asked Tip. "There's another one just like this down stairs."

"That is a very sensible suggestion," exclaimed the Tin Woodman. "You must fetch the other sofa at once."

So Tip and the Saw-Horse managed, with much labor, to get the second sofa to the roof; and when the two were placed together, edge to edge, the backs and ends formed a protecting rampart all around the seats.

"Excellent!" cried the Scarecrow. "We can ride within this snug nest quite at our ease."

The two sofas were now bound firmly together with ropes and clothes-lines, and then Nick Chopper fastened the Gump's head to one end.

"That will show which is the front end of the Thing," said he, greatly pleased with the idea. "And, really, if you examine it critically, the Gump looks very well as a figure-head. These great palm-leaves, for which I have endangered my life seven times, must serve us as wings."

"Are they strong enough?" asked the boy.

"They are as strong as anything we can get," answered the Woodman; "and although they are not in proportion to the Thing's body, we are not in position to be very particular."

So he fastened the palm leaves to the sofas, two on each side.

Said the Woggle-Bug, with considerable admiration:

"The thing is now complete, and only needs to be brought to life."

"Stop a moment!" exclaimed Jack. "Are you not going to use my broom?"

"What for?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Why, it can be fastened to the back end for a tail," answered the Pumpkinhead. "Surely you would not call the Thing complete without a tail."

"Hm!" said the Tin Woodman; "I do not see the use of a tail. We are not trying to copy a beast, or a fish, or a bird. All we ask of the Thing is to carry us through the air."

"Perhaps, after the Thing is brought to life, it can use a tail to steer with," suggested the Scarecrow. "For if it flies through the air it will not be unlike a bird, and I've noticed that all birds have tails, which they use for a rudder while flying."

"Very well," answered Nick, "the broom shall be used for a tail, and be fastened to firmly to the back end of the sofa body."

Tip took the pepper box from his pocket.

"The Thing looks very big," said he, anxiously, "and I am not sure there is enough powder left to bring all of it to life. But I'll make it go as far as possible."

"Put most on the wings," said Nick Chopper; "for they must be made as strong as possible."

"And don't forget the head!" exclaimed the Woggle-Bug.

"Or the tail!" added Jack Pumpkinhead.

"Do be quiet," said Tip, nervously; "you must give me a chance to work the magic charm in the proper manner."

Very carefully he began sprinkling the Thing with the precious powder. Each of the four wings was first lightly covered with a layer, then the sofas were sprinkled, and the broom given a slight coating.

"The head! The head! Don't, I beg of you, forget the head!" cried the Woggle-Bug, excitedly.

"There's only a little of the powder left," announced Tip, looking within the box. "And it seems to me it is more important to bring the legs of the Thing to life than the head."

"Not so," decided the Scarecrow.

Tip took the pepper box from his pocket.

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## BUSY BEE SOCIETY

NOTE—Busy Bees will please send their society items to Margaret Shotwell, Busy Bee society editor, care Bee Office



### To Society Bees

"THE top of the morning to you," for it's St. Patrick's day! All boys and girls have a soft spot in their hearts for jolly St. Patrick who drove the snakes out of Ireland, and taught the young folks how to be happy and full of kindness and laughter.

All over the world those who smile the Irish smile are celebrating the birthday of this good saint, and remembering the island of the green Shamrocks. And so I wish you all a bit of Irish to you.

A touch of Irish gladness To lighten up our hearts And drive away all sadness.

Lovingly,  
MARGARET.

### Letter from Seattle

Dear Margaret: We take the Omaha Bee and I surely enjoy your column as so many names are familiar to me. When I read your page, it makes me homesick for Omaha. I want to come and study on in your high office as editor of the society column of the Children's Page.

I receive many letters from Omaha. Just received an interesting one from Dorothy Guckert today.

I like Seattle very well, also like my school, but not as well as Columbian. My teacher's name is Miss Davidson. She is just lovely. I am going to graduate from eighth grade in June. I am so anxious to go to high school.

I miss Miss Coll's dancing class this winter. I suppose you still go. Would love to hear from you. With love,  
VERNA MACAULAY,  
902 Thirty-sixth Avenue North.

### A Surprise Party

Lillian Simons was 11 years old Saturday and her mother arranged a surprise party for her. This was a really truly surprise and Lillian could hardly believe her eyes when all her little friends came tromping in. Games and stories made the afternoon pass so quickly. Those present were:

Helen Hirsch, Lily Hirsch,  
Margaret Corbin, Katherine Collins,  
Mary Fulton, Elizabeth Nourzady,  
Mina Frosch, Julia Frosch,  
Milton Frosch, Gerald Friedman,  
Sadie Lantzlich, Minnie Elliot,  
Ethel General, Myrtle Foster,  
Kathleen Hestley, Marie Koster,  
Margaret Lewis, Daphne Erza,  
Sofia Vondrak, Maud Teller,  
Caroline Paulson, Sarah Kaplin,  
Gladys Gilmore, Max Kaplin,  
Julia Kaplin, Louis Jambik,  
Loretta Jambik, Lita Jambik,  
Ella Danison, Margaret Paulson,  
Mollie Lantzlich, Rose Gilmore,  
Nathan Gilmore, Margaret Katzman.

### St. Barnabas Guild

Mrs. Clifford Weller directs the St. Barnabas Guild work and the girls who are members are enthusiastic over the novel plans for raising money and preparing for their summer social and sale. They stuff dusters, do fancy work and make cookies and cakes, besides finding time to sew for the missions and the Red Cross.

Those who attend are: Barbara Burns, Louise Cuyler, Josephine Drapier, Virginia Cotton, Virginia Richardson, Elinor Kuntze, Ann Alexander, Laura Richardson, Gertrude Kuntze, Marjorie Panoast, Jane McConnell, Helen Panoast, Catherine Allen and Dorothy Higgins.

### St. Patrick's Dance

Maxine Reichenberg, Janet Nolan, Genevieve Finney, Dorothy Knox, Ruth Shotwell and Margaret Shotwell will give a sunbeam dance at the entertainment given at the Creighton auditorium in honor of St. Patrick's day.

### Dancing School Days

Monday afternoons at the Blackstone a dozen little folks meet for a dancing lesson and a regular good time. The class includes Willard Hordford, John Frederick Davis, Bobbie Clark, Louise Ziegler, Edward Creighton.

### The Sunset

By Elizabeth Paffenrath, Aged 11 Years.

To the top of an old box elder,  
I climbed one day at eve,  
A huge ball of fire met my eyes,  
As bright as one could believe.

I gazed and gazed at the wonderful ball,  
And watched it descend to the earth,  
There couldn't have been a prettier sight,  
And it filled me with happy mirth.

The horizon was as gray as the sky,  
And the sky was as gray as the sea,  
And into this sea the red ball sank,  
It was a beautiful sight for me.

Sinking, sinking, slowly down,  
The sun has gone from my view,  
To shine on some other land,  
And brighten the world there too.

### In His Trench Coat

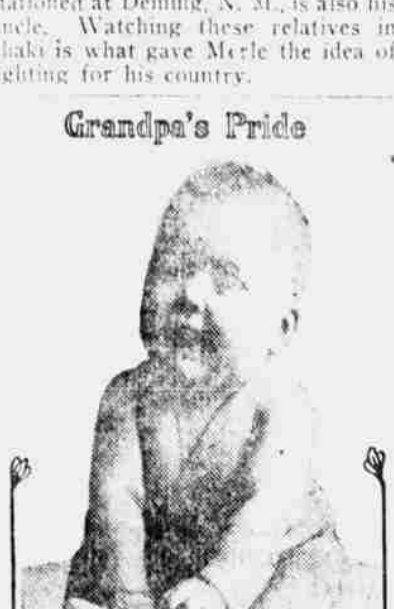


Merrill Clay Tobey

Salute Master Merrill Clay Tobey! He's already to go to war. He would have gone now, but his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Tobey, told him that Uncle Sam had no place for boys only 10 years old. Merrill has his uniform. Here he is wearing his trench coat of khaki. He and his small playmates drill and play shooting Germans every day, while they wait to grow big enough to be sure enough soldiers.

One thing that helps Merrill to not mind having to stay home is that his big uncle, another Merrill Tobey, is at Marsa, Tex., and Corporal Guy Tobey, stationed at Deming, N. M., is also his uncle. Watching these relatives in khaki is what gave Merrill the idea of fighting for his country.

### Grandpa's Pride



Virginia Morgan

Wee little Virginia Morgan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Morgan of San Francisco. Her mother was formerly Miss Helen Hart, daughter of O. L. Hart of Omaha. Grandfather Hart is extremely proud of his little granddaughter.

John D. Creighton, Maurine Willson, Mary George, John Madden, Michael Crofoot, Maxine Schurman and Francis Burkley.

### "Oto-San"

Hiroshi is the name of a round faced little fellow who sits in his go-cart and says "oto!" at every one who comes into his father's store. Hiroshi is a Japanese baby and as nice a boy as ever gurgled soft little Japanese words that sound like birds singing. I tried to ask his opinion about the Japan and Russian situation and he laughed and waved his hands and said something that sounded like "Oto-San."

### Personals

Jean Hall celebrated her birthday last Monday.

Caroline Abbott had a birthday dinner party Saturday.

Teddy Lawrence has moved to Indianapolis, and he says it seems like home to have Mr. Graff visit his school.

### Gothenburg Prairie Camp Fire Girls



Top row: Frances Watson, Margaret Sinderstrum, Alice Stebbins, Helen Williams.

Lower row: Ess Barnes, Hazel Farrel, Maud Johnson.

Prairie Campfire girls at Gothenburg, Neb., in Martha Washington dishes, powdered curls and cut flower corsage bouquets, served a big old Virginia supper February 22, when Mrs. Clement Chase of Omaha, Red Cross field secretary, was the speaker.

These girls have been most active in war work. They sent \$18.32 for the Belgian candy ship fund, a bale of clothing for Belgian war orphans, and have pledged every Lincoln penny to a Congo mission, besides compiling a community message book for the soldier boys from the town, who are now at Deming.

Names on the honor roll of service are: Mrs. Frances Chamberlain, Mrs. Anna Leutenkizer, Mrs. Mable Shoband, Frances Farrel, Jancy Warren, Hal Lamson and Virginia Birkofer.

### Precocious Child



Little Anabel Ohstedt

Little Anabel Ohstedt, 4 years old, is visiting her grandma, aunts and uncles on the V. B. Jacobsen farm at Elba, Neb. When Anabel was 19 months old she knew the domestic and wild animals by name. It was very amusing to hear her baby lips say rhinoceros, zebra, hippopotamus, crocodile, ostrich, alligator, etc., when we pointed to them. At two years two months she had learned the alphabet from her blocks while playing. Then she began to form words. The first was "pig." Soon after this she mastered her first word, "kitty," from the reader.

During that summer she learned to count to 20 in American, Danish and German, counting while swinging in the yard. She could read in the first reader when she was 3 and last spring took part in two plays, speaking and dancing in one and singing and dancing in the other. Now she counts to 100, knows the days and the months, some of the presidents, Mr. Wilson included; knows the colors, writes her name and can print from memory and spells several words and draws quite well. She goes to Sunday school and is trying to win a large picture by learning the golden text of each lesson.

Anabel won a blue ribbon in a baby contest. She is a very healthy and active child. All her knowledge has come through play and answering questions.

### Hard Luck

Billy Hoagland has recovered from the Liberty measles and says that he doesn't like to stay in bed when all the good picture shows are in town. Billy is very fond of all the wild west heroes and tries not to miss a picture that tells of outdoor sports and western life. He has a new hunting knife and is planning to use it this summer.

### The Liberty Five

Clare Abbott, Ruth Chatfield, Lucile Kaege, Adelaide Kinley and Josephine Blackwood have formed a club they call the "Liberty Five." They spend their time sewing for the Red Cross and collecting tin foil for the salvage department.

### First Birthday Party

Little Joseph Richard Crow had his first birthday party Thursday afternoon. Joseph's eyes were as big as saucers when he saw his birthday cake for his name was written on the top in pink icing and right in the middle stood one big candle. All the little guests were babies, too, for there was not one who was more than 2 years old. The little ones were Jack Smiley, Edward Mullen, Orin Connell, Dick Connell and Cyril Norbert Kertin.

### A Wyandotte Chicken

Dear Busy Bees: I am a White Wyandotte chicken.

One day my mistress came out to the hen house and got her eggs.

She told her children she was going to set her incubator. She saved a lot of other eggs and pretty soon she put my egg and 114 other eggs in a big box.

Every morning she turned us and when we go, too hot she would let the egg tray and the eggs cool off.

In 21 days we were all hatched but 18. We just kept pipping the shell until we were out.

When I came to the light I fell down in something which I thought was a big hole. But I dropped down in a soft tray which is called the nursery. It was warm and was lined and the bottom of the tray was of soft outing flannel.

We were fed hard boiled eggs and bread crumbs and had nice, fresh water to drink until we were about a

### Kaiser Bill

By Ruth Zimmerman, Aged 10 Years, Winfield, Ia.

One day Kaiser Bill Went with his gun upon a hill To get a Bear right good and fat, And the soldiers would wave their hats.

For their master who did it was Kaiser Bill, Who went a hunting upon a hill.

But to his great surprise he found There was not a bear in the whole neighborhood around.

But instead was Uncle Sam Looking yonder at the crazy man.

There were bullets in his pocket and bombs were in his hand, And I'll assure you Kaiser Bill sure escaped that unhappy land.

### 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 related 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.

(Prize)  
"Violet."

By Helen Hradl, Aged 11 Years, 502 North Cherry Street, Creston, Ia.

One time there was a little girl 10 years old. Her name was Violet. She had everything in the line of toys that anyone could desire. Although she had so many things she was not happy. She often sat looking at her books in which were pictured the faces of rosy-cheeked children, running about, enjoying themselves. She knew it would be no good to ask her parents. For they would not think of it. She herself was a pale, sickly little girl. She longed for the country where she had been to ride. She liked the flowers. Of course on their lawn there grew many large roses and lilies. But she liked the woods, with its blue and yellow violets and buttercups. To hear the birds sing in the trees. Her father found her sitting with a book on her lap looking dreamily at some picture. "What are you looking at, Violet?" asked her father, sitting down beside her. He looked over her shoulder and saw a "rare colored" picture. There were two children sitting under a very large tree, their laps full of violets and daisies, buttercups and Sweet Williams. "Isn't it pretty?" asked Violet. "Well, it is pretty," said her father. He arose and left her sitting with the book. When he returned some time later to find her asleep. In the night she grew very sick. The next day she was worse. The doctor said she must be taken to the country, to the green fields and fresh air. So little Violet got her longed-for happiness.

She soon grew rosy and happy like the picture she had so often looked at. She too sat down to rest, her lap full of flowers. She soon found a new play-mate whose name was Alice and they had many good times together.

### Lives on a Farm

By Bertha Hehner, Shelton, Neb., Route 2, Box 69, Blue Hill.

I live on a farm of about 200 acres, 10 miles from Shelton. We take the Omaha Daily Bee and we like it very much.

I like to read the Busy Bees page very well. I am in the seventh grade at school. I go to Hill Center school. My teacher's name is Miss Jessie Smith. I like her fine. We have a Father's photograph at our school. There are 15 pupils that go to our school. I was 12 years old last February 25. I have three brothers and two sisters. Their names are Carl, Freddie and Elmer. My sister's names are Anna and Lela. We have a silver-tone photograph and a Studebaker auto. This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bees page, and I will close, for my letter is getting long. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.

### Receives Valentines

By Florence Boettcher, Aged 9 Years, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to try again for I did not see it in print the last time. I got my name among the late ones. I received 12 pretty valentines, and gave away 13. We have school on Saturday. Well, I guess I will close for my letter is getting long. Busy Bees, please write and I will answer. Wish to see my letter in print and win a prize.

### Likes Children's Page

By Arnold Boettcher, Aged 8 Years, 716 East Ninth Street, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

Seeing that my letter was too late, I will try again. I like the children's page very much. I bought two baby bonds. We all bought two baby bonds except my two brothers. They bought one baby bond. Mamma and papa each bought 10 baby bonds. My sister is also writing. Well, I will close, for my letter is getting long. I hope to see my letter in print.

### Just a Beggar Boy

By Erna Dungan, Aged 10 Years, Kearney, Neb., Red Side.

I ain't got no home;  
I ain't got no pa;  
I ain't got no friends;  
I ain't got no ma,  
Well, really I ain't got myself,  
And I'st just a poor beggar boy.  
Oncet we wuz rich 'nen our home burned down;  
Pa's bank went busted and we moved out of town;  
I lost all the friends what I ever had;  
And I sure was a beggar boy.  
My pa took sick, so sick that he died,  
My ma was so sorry she cried till she died.  
Nen I sure was a beggar boy.  
There ain't no one's love me,