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



In the Jackdaw's Nest

By L. FRANK BAUM.

HIS," said the Gump, in a toward the South and soared swiftly and majestically away. tioned to the size of its great member distinctly is walking through along. the forest and hearing a loud noise. Something probably killed me then, and it certainly ought to have been the may get a tumble. The Thing seems and it certainly ought to have been the end of me. Yet here I am, alive again, with four monstrous wings and a body which I venture to say would make any respectable animal or fowl weep with shame to own. What does it all mean? Am I a Gump, or am I a juggernaut?" The creature, as it spoke, wiggled its chin whiskers in a very comical manner.

"You're just a Thing," answered Tip, "with a Gump's head on it. And we have made you and brought you to life so that you may carry us through the air wherever we wish to go."

may get a tumble. The Thing seems to rock badly."

"It will be dark soon," said Tip, observing that the sun was low on the horizon. "Perhaps we should have waited until morning. I wonder if the Gump can fly in the night."

"I've been wondering that myself," returned the Gump, quietly. "You see, this is a new experience to me. I used to have legs that carried me swiftly over the ground. But now my legs feel as if they were asleep."

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"Very good!" said the Thing. "As I am not a Gump, I cannot have a Gump's pride or independent spirit. "We can walk ourselves," Woggle-Bug.
"I begin to understand who So I may as well become your servant as anything else. My only satisfac-tion is that I do not seem to have a very strong constitution, and am not likely to live long in a state of slav-

"Don't say that, I beg of you!" cried the Tin Woodman, whose excel-

sofas for support, the Gump turned

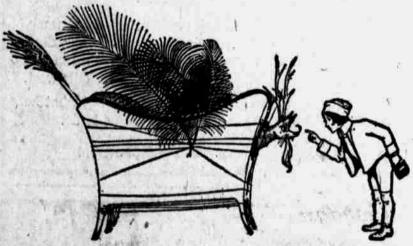
"The scenic effect, from this altibody, "is the most novel experience I tude, is marvelous," commented the ever heard of. The last thing I re- educated Woggle-Bug, as they rode

"We can walk ourselves," said the

quired of me," remarked the Gump; so I will do my best to please you," and he flew on for a time in silence.
Presently Jack Pumpkinhead be-

"I wonder if riding through the air is liable to spoil pumpkins," he said. lent heart was strongly affected by this sad speech. "Are you not feeling well today?"

"Oh, as for that," returned the Gump, "it is my first day of existence; so I cannot judge whether I am feel-



a severe expression.

said Tip.

boy.

them is almost irresistible."

Bug, with a startled look.

tained a meek silence.

to examine it.

use keeping it.

'Yes."

discovered those puns centuries ago,

"Are you sure?" asked the Woggle-

The Scarecrow, in shifting his seat,

"Throw it overboard," said the boy;

"it's quite empty now, and there's no

"Is it really empty?" asked the Scarecrow, looking curiously into the

"Of course it is,' answered Tip. "

"Then the box has two bottoms," announced the Scarecrow; "for the bottom on the inside is fully an inch

away from the bottom on the outside.

"Let me see," said the Tin Wood-man, taking the box from his friend.

over, "the thing certainly has a false

"Can't you get it apart, and find

he declared, after looking it

shook out every grain of the powder.

ing well or ill." And it waved its these unfeeling jokes?" demanded

kindly; "do try to be more cheerful and take life as you find it. We shall be kind masters, and will strive to render your existence as pleasant as pos-sible. Are you willing to carry us myself, the temptation to express

masters, none of you seems to be constructed much more artistically than

"Indeed!" murmured the Gump, in-

"And my brains are considered re-

Gump.
"Although I am of tin," said the
Woodman, "I own a heart altogether
the warmest and most admirable in the whole world.

the Gump, with a slight cough,
"My smile," said Jack Pumpkinhead, "is worthy your best attention,

remarkable because I can't help it.'

"That will come in time," remarked the Scarecrow. "To 'Know Thyself' is were three silver pills, with a carefully

journey."
"Where shall we go?" asked Tip, as

"That is cleverly thought of," de-"That is cleverly thought of," de-clared Nick Chopper, giving the Wog-gle-Bug a boost and then toppling the Saw-Horse into the rear end of the cushioned seats. "I know Glinda the Good, and believe she will prove a friend indeed."

"Are we all ready?" asked the boy.

"Yes," announced the Tin Wood-man, seating himself beside the Scare-crow

"Then," said Tip, addressing the Gump, "be kind enough to fly with us to the Southward; and do not go higher than to escape the houses and trees. for it makes me dizzy to be up so

"All right," answered the Gump, briefly.

It flopped its four huge wings and rose slowly into the air; and then, while our little band of adventurers clung to the backs and sides of the backs and sides of the

"You're expected to fly," explained

"I begin to understand what is re-

came uneasy.

broom tail to and fro in a pensive Tip, looking at the Woggle-Bug with

Come, come!" said the Scarecrow, through the air wherever we wish

"Certainly," answered the Gump, "I greatly prefer to navigate the air. For should I travel on the earth and meet with one of my own species, my em-barrassment would be something aw-

"I can appreciate that," said the Tin Woodman, sympathetically.
"And yet," continued the Thing,
"when I carefully look you over, my

"Appearances are deceitful," said the Woogle-Bug, earnestly. "I am both Highly Magnified and Thorough-ly Educated."

markably rare specimens," added the Scarecrow, proudly.
"How strange!" remarked

"I'm delighted to hear it," replied

It is always the same."
"Semper idem," explained the Wog-gle-Bug, pompously; and the Gump

turned to stare at him.
"And I," declared the Saw-Horse, is for?" filling in an awkward pause, "am only out?" enquired Tip, now quite inter-

"I am proud, indeed, to meet with such exceptional masters," said the Gump, in a careless tone, "If I could but secure so complete an introduction to myself, I would be more than satisfied."

"I am proud, indeed, to meet with such exceptional masters," said the Tin Woodman. "My fingers are rather stiff, please see if you can open it."

He handed the pepper-box to Tip, who had no difficulty in unscrewing ested in the mystery.

considered quite an accomplishment, folded paper lying underneath them.
which it has taken us, who are your This paper the boy proceeded to unwhich it has taken us, who are your elders, months to perfect. But now," fold, taking care not to spill the pills, he added, turning to the others, "let and found several lines clearly writus get aboard and start upon our ten in red ink. "Read it aloud," said tse Scarecrow;

so Tip read as follows: he clambered to a seat on the sofas and assisted the Pumpkinhead to fol-"Dr. Nikidik's Celebrated Wishing

"Directions for use: Swallow one pill; count 17 by twos, then make a "In the South Country rules a very delightful Queen called Glinda the Good, who I am sure will gladly rewish-the wish will immediately be granted. ceive us," said the Scarecrow, getting into the Thing clumsily. "Let us go to her and ask her advice." "Caution: Keep in a dry and dark place

"Why, this is a very valuable dis-covery!" eried the Scarecrow. (Continued Next Sunday) <del>^</del>

God's Service Flag

Major Maher and his small daughter, Margaret, were out for a walk one evening when the tiny miss saw the bright evening star, and, pointing to it, said whimsically:

"See, daddy, God has a service flag out. He must have a son in this war."

"Yes, my dear," answered the soldier-father solemnly, "He has a son in the service and He is fighting with our boys for the Peace on earth, good

## "Little Yankee" Red Cross Club



Top row: Norma Mosford, Mildred Flanagan, Irent Roberts, Ruth Buskirk.
Second row: Ethyl Bean, Lyndia Bradway, Pauline Zipfel, Ethel Metcalf, Lorothy Thoemke.
Bottom row: Helen Boyden, Elja Zipfel, Elizabeth Lane, Charlotte Jane Alvison.

REPRESE

This group of little Red Cross girls | Little Yankees." They meet Monday ings by the grown-up Red Cross are softening our soldiers' beds. They afternoons at the houses of members. workers. These ends are given to are one of the junior auxiliaries. At the Miss Pauline Zipfel organized the little Yankees and they snip them their meetings they spend their time club and she is the chairman. "snipping" and making soft head rests for the wounded Sammies

The "snippers" call themselves "The hospital garments and surgical dess-



### In the Bee Hive

"Of course I am," answered the EAR BUSY BEES: The Penmay be a new thing; but a Woggle-Bug education is as old as the hills, judging from the display you make nell pictures that were shown this last week for the War Relief society were very interesting to boys and girls as well as grown folks. The insect seemed much impressed The machinery seemed just as if it by this remark, and for a time mainwas running and the tall pillars looked like slim trees, so full of strength and grace. saw upon the cushion the pepper-box which Tip had cast aside, and began

On Tuesday afternoon a young felow over six feet tall came walking in the door and told the ladies in charge that he was Charles Likins from Orient, Ia., and on his way to Vancouver to join the aviation section of the signal corps. And my, but he was interested in the airplanes and engines! And as he talked about the pictures a homesick look would come into his eyes, for he was making his last stop before train time.

He said that he would like to talk to the boys and girls and tell them each and every one how the soldiers wanted to fight so that the world would be a better place for all young church. Mr. McKnight, assistant recpeople. And somehow after he had tor to Mr. Mackay, gave the instrucbottom. Now, I wonder what that a cup of tea and ate some of the tion, and the children in the class

NOTE-Busy Bees will please send their society items to Margaret Shotwell, Busy Bee sogaret Shotwell, Busy Bee so-

safety and good luck he wished us. Altavista Folks. Lovingly, Don't we? MARGARET.

Aesthetic Dancers.

group of girls dance at the Blackstone in true Ruth St. Denis style. The class includes Doris Talmage, Annette Bell, Janet Cunningham, Marjorie Ribbell, Edna Wise, Lillian Simpson, Eleanor Pickard, Dorothy Spark, Caroline Forbes, Dorothy Johnson, Gertrude Johnson, Helen Cole, Marion Wyley, Roberta Trim-ble, Jean Hampton, Beatrice Bell, Sue Harris, Elizabeth Burlingame, Margaret Hinderlang, Dorothy Carmichael, Emily Hoagland, Virginia Hay-den, Dorothy Lord, Dorothy Parsons, Margaret Clark, Wilma McFarland, Madeline Van Horst, Elizabeth Von Lutgen, Marjorie Corey, Margaret Elizabeth Blackwell, Mary Blackwell, Josephine Hamlin, Ellen Peterson, Marie Thompson, Elizabeth Paffenrath, Margaret Rix, Mary Alice Donahue, Helen Kohn, Janet Jefferies, Lois Fink, Jane Horton, Addelle

Brady, Catherine Gallagher, Ruth Evans, Catherine Gains, Flora Lef-Betty Phipps and Louise ferts, Bailey. All of these girls are busy for the Red Cross and are going to help Uncle Sam by planting gardens this spring and think that "all work and no play" is not a good plan, and so they have a jolly playtime at dancing

Confirmation Class.

school.

Last Sunday Bishop Williams confirmed a class of 28 at All Saints cakes and said goodby the were Roberta Trimble, Emma Wykes, Pennell pictures seemed to stand for Virginia Carlysle, Bessie Howell, his strength and bravery. And I'm Amy Howell, John Inkster, Park than anyone else I know of.—Boston sure the Busy Bees wish Irim all the O'Brien, Clark Yager, Gordon Smith, Transcript. 

Gerger, George Hoagland, Jim Pollard, Edward Reynolds, Harry Leavett, Allen Wolcott and Will Stevens. George Martin, Francis Martin, Carl

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The Nolan gardens are famous throughout Fairacres, for each of the hand or leg and some were blind, but raised his hand to his head to salute eight children are outdoor enthusiasts. The five girls—Ruth, Helen, fins with Old Glory over them. The Dorothy, Janet and little Mary—grow old-fashioned posies, as well as vegenal data of the Black-Tom and John-go in for potatoes and corn.

Each one has their own plot of ground, from Ruth, who is 18 years old, to Baby Mary, who is just 18 months, and every one tends their own garden and does a bit for Baby Mary besides. The birds aren't at all afraid of the Nolan gardeners and swarm in the trees, and the dog has been a member of the family so long that he walks over the seed beds whenever he wants to "short-cut." and with the yard full of jolly children

The Nolan home is called Altavista, spading and raking and planting, it's surely quite a garden spot.

#### Personals Adelaide Seabury is moving from

the Field club district to Dundee, and all her schoolmates at Park school will miss her very much. Jimmy Pollard is learning to blow

the bugle and he practices every morning and night, and then John Latenser answers his calls and it sounds like "really soldiers." Gertrude Kountze and Betty Pax-

ton are riding on their ponies these spring days. Betty has a little surrey that her friends pile in, and off they gor for a nice ride, taking turns at

Sufficient.

Agnes-Why don't you learn to punctuate?

Edith-The idea! Why, I put more commas and dashes in what I write

## Little Stories By Little Folks

A Calm Evening in June. By Evelyn Coates, Aged 11 Years, 1109 West Second Street, Grand Island, Neb.

The pale moonlight is shining
On river, lake and stream;
And the fields are bright from lying
Beneath her soft moonbeams. The crickets are all chirping And the frogs begin to croak, While the nightingale starts singing

In the old storm-beaten oak. (Honorable Mention.)

An Indian Story.

By Harvey Jones, Aged 14 Years,
David City, Neb., Blue Side.
It was in 1873 and my grandmother lived in a sod house near the central

They came home and told us.

part of Butler county. window and said, "boo." This frightened her so that she turned around and said, "boo."

The Indian then asked for something to eat. She gave him some and rolled down in the ditch. bread, meat, butter and coffee. He are a hearty meal thanked her for it and went away. That was the last she saw of him for several days. saw of him for several days.

It was early in the morning about one week later that the same Indian came back with a large deerskin robe. This he gave to her. That was the last she ever saw of him.

#### A Red Cross Nurse.

By Lillie Benes, Clarkson, Neb. This is my first letter and I wish to see it in print. I am going to tell you my made-up experience as a Red Cross nurse.

When war was declared I thought it was my duty to help my country. schoolmates was so scated she did so I joined as a Red Cross nurse. The first day we were told that we would we hollered May basket some one in sail to France in three days. We the grove said the same thing. It got ready and on the third day sailed was a man's voice. away. We saw two submarines on our voyage, but in eight days arrived safe "Somewhere in France."

From this place we were sent to a field hospital. At this place I took care of soldiers. Every day wounded were brought to the hospital.

One day we heard that our Sammies were going "over the top," so we prepared to have everything ready. The next day our Sammies went "over the top," took half of the German trenches and made them sur-

The ambulances were going back and forth In a few months most of the

Answers to Letters.

By Mary O'Connor, Aged 11 Years, Route A, Wolbach, Neb. Red Side. May I step into your happy hive or circle for just a peep, or if I am good and try to make lots of honey, will

you let me stay? I just finished reading the Busy Bees' happy little corner and the "Land of Oz." They are surely very interesting. I guess I will mention some of our very industrious Bees' names. Rosemary Lyons, your letter was interesting. I thing our Busy Bees ought to try and help Uncle Sammy, too. I am going to plant a garden this spring, too, as I live on a farm and have plenty of places to grow gardens. You city girls and boys don't know how good it is to live on the farm. I have never been in

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Too Long to Print

The Busy Bee editor regrets that a few letters received this week were too long to print. The letters were all very fine ones and we hope the writers will try again, observing the rule for letter length. Among

the writers were:
Alice Cenk, Omaha.
Elizabeth Kaiser, Omaha. Elizabeth Kaiser, Omaha.

Ruth Roebling, Omaha.

Esther Ostergard, Omaha.

Julia Binderup, Newark, Neb.

Darline Swanson, South Side.

Marjory Berkshire, Oakland, Ia.

Alice Echtenkamp, Arlington, Neb.

Glen Thomas, Clarks, Neb.

Bernice Johnson, Doniphan, Neb. rence Hann, Grand Island.

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a city and don't miss it much either. stayed in town this last vacation, and never spent a more lonesome time in my short life

#### Hanging May Baskets.

By Alice Anderson, Aged 11 Years Oakland, Neb., Burt County, Route 1, Box 58, Blue Side

Last year we decided to hang a May basket for one of our neighbors We decorated the basket and ther put in lots of good things. When it had begun to grow dark we started to get ready. It was Wednesday night and our neighbors had gone to

My brothers had been down the My brothers nad been them go. got ready and started right away. We She was just getting dinner when thought that we would go through an Indian chief stuck his head in the the grove because that was the shortthought that we would go through est way. We all went until we heard a voice from the house and it seemed like some one was creeping along in the leaves. We ran quickly back

ditch. It was getting dark and we said we did not want any more trouble.

So we went around the road. We did not hear any one then. We hung the May basket on the gate and then ran back as fast as our legs could carry us because if some one should be in the house.

We ran until we could not see the house. We went down in a ditch and hollered May basket many times. The dogs were locked in the shed so we were free from them. One of my not dare to holler May basket, When

Tom's Bravery.

By Ruth Palmer, Aged 11 Years, 1736 South Twenty-third Street, Lincoln. Blue Side.

It was a hot, dusty day in July. Tom stood by the gate watching our brave boys go by. How he would love to be one of those in uniform. "They are so brave," said Tom. Wish I was one. I have never done anything to be brave."

With tears in his eyes he looked up and, lo and behold, his little sister was dawdling very near the horses' Killed and wounded lay everywhere, he ran as fast as he could, just in time to save her. The commander or any of his force had not noticed the soldiers went back, some with one boy or baby, though he did now Tom

### Christmas.

By Maxine Clark, 5724 North Twenty-Eighth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. As Santa looks in at the window, When the lights are burning low, He climbs down the chimney steep, While the children are fast asleep.

When they awake in the morning, They tumble downstairs with joy. they're laughing, jumping and

As they rush in to look at their toys. When the church bells ring at night

At the end of a perfect day, The children turn out the lights And kneel down to pray.

### First Letter.

By Evelyn Dolan Putnam, 910 North Eighteenth Street, Columbus, Neb. This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am 5 years old, go to the kindergarten. My teacher's name is Mrs. Echols. I have one little sister. Bernice, and three brothers, John, Harold and Paul. We are joining the Junior Red Cross at our school to do work for the soldiers. My little sister and I both have bought Baby

Hoping to see my letter in print.

Has a Bicycle.

By Warren C. Wood, Gering, Neb. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Busy Bees, I have a bicycle and ride it most of the time. I am 9 years old and am in the fourth grade. I have about 100 different kinds of tools. I like to play marbles and have 400 marbles. I like "The Land of Oz." We have nine books of Oz. The city park is just across the road and I play often in it. I hope to see my letter in print.

Do Your Bit.

Helen Holland, Age 9, 1010 East Fifth Street, Fairbury, Neb.
There was once a little girl.
And this little girl was named Pearl, But this little giri-strange to say,
Did not try to do her bit in any way.
But it came about one day
When she came in from play,
She saw her mother sitting
In a rocking chair, knitting
A sweater for the Red Cross A sweater for the Red Cross. But as little Pearl watched her moth sit

In that rocking chair doing her bit. Her eyes filled with tears as she said, "Mother will you teach me how to knit So, like you and other children, I can do my Her mother's face broadened in a smile

As she taught her little daughter how to hnit; And now, like other children, she was doing her bit.

A Quarter. By Clarence Krueger, Aged 12
Years. Hebron, Neb
Sister had a quarter and
She was going to buy some candy.
But a thought came into her mind and it
sure was a dandy.

For just as she stepped into the store She thought of the boys in blue, And she wanted to help them fight their way through.

She thought and thought
What she could do to help the boys in
khaki?

At last she thought of a War Saving stamp And that sure was a dandy She ran as fast as she could go to some store where they were to be sold. At last she bought one and it made her

## Patriotic Little Girls Make Scrapbooks for Soldiers



Salute the Sammy Sunbeams! They are making scrapbooks, for you know the soldiers in the hospitals love the soldiers love the soldiers in the hospitals love the soldiers love the

the soldiers in the hospitals love their pain and loneliness.

these books of bright pictures. Very often they are so weak that they can-