

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



Land of Oz

In the Jackdaw's Nest

By L. FRANK BAUM.

"THIS," said the Gump, in a squeaky voice not at all proportioned to the size of its great body, "is the most novel experience I ever heard of. The last thing I remember distinctly is walking through the forest and hearing a loud noise. Something probably killed me then, 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."

"Very good!" said the Thing. "As I am not a Gump, I cannot have a Gump's pride or independent spirit. So I may as well become your servant as anything else. My only satisfaction is that I do not seem to have a very strong constitution, and am not likely to live long in a state of slavery."

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

ing well or ill." And it waved its broom tail to and fro in a pensive manner.

"Come, come!" said the Scarecrow, 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 possible. Are you willing to carry us through the air wherever we wish to go?"

"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 embarrassment would be something awful!"

"I can appreciate that," said the Tin Woodman, sympathetically.

"And yet," continued the Thing, "when I carefully look you over, my masters, none of you seems to be constructed much more artistically than I am."

"Appearances are deceitful," said the Woggle-Bug, earnestly. "I am both highly magnified and thoroughly educated."

"Indeed!" murmured the Gump, indifferently.

"And my brains are considered remarkably rare specimens," added the Scarecrow, proudly.

"How strange!" remarked the Gump.

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

"I'm delighted to hear it," replied the Gump, with a slight cough.

"My smile," said Jack Pumpkinhead, "is worthy your best attention. It is always the same."

"Semper idem," explained the Woggle-Bug, pompously; and the Gump turned to stare at him.

"And I," declared the Saw-Horse, filling in an awkward pause, "am only remarkable because I can't help it."

"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."

"That will come in time," remarked the Scarecrow. "To 'know thyself' is considered quite an accomplishment, which it has taken us, who are your elders, months to perfect. But now," he added, turning to the others, "let us get aboard and start upon our journey."

"Where shall we go?" asked Tip, as he clambered to a seat on the sofas and assisted the Pumpkinhead to follow him.

"In the South Country rules a very delightful Queen called Glinda the Good, who I am sure will gladly receive us," said the Scarecrow, getting into the Thing clumsily. "Let us go to her and ask her advice."

"That is cleverly thought of," declared Nick Chopper, giving the Woggle-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 Woodman, seating himself beside the Scarecrow.

"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 far."

"All right," answered the Gump, briefly.

It flapped 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

"Little Yankee" Red Cross Club



Top row: Norma Moorford, Mildred Flanagan, Irene Roberts, Ruth Buskirk. Second row: Ethyl Bean, Lyndell Bradley, Pauline Zipfel, Ethel Metcalf, Dorothy Thoenke. Bottom row: Helen Boyden, Elva Zipfel, Elizabeth Lane, Charlotte Jane Allison.

This group of little Red Cross girls are softening our soldiers' beds. They are one of the junior auxiliaries. At their meetings they spend their time "snipping" and making soft head rests for the wounded Sammies. The "snippers" call themselves "The

Little Yankees." They meet M. day afternoons at the houses of members. Miss Pauline Zipfel organized the club and she is the chairman. Nice soft bits of cotton and ends of gauze are left as remnants from the hospital garments and surgical dress-

ings by the grown-up Red Cross workers. These ends are given to the little Yankees and they snip them into small pieces. They spread them on several layers of gauze and sold over the ends so that they make little sanitary head pillows.

BUSY BEE SOCIETY

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



In the Bee Hive

DEAR BUSY BEES: The Pennell pictures that were shown last week for the War Relief society were very interesting to boys and girls as well as grown folks. The machinery seemed just as if it was running and the tall pillars looked like slim trees, so full of strength and grace.

On Tuesday afternoon a young fellow 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 people. And somehow after he had a cup of tea and ate some of the good cakes and said goodbye the Pennell pictures seemed to stand for his strength and bravery. And I'm sure the Busy Bees wish him all the

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

MARGARET.

Aesthetic Dancers.

On Saturday mornings at 11 o'clock a group of girls dance at the Blackstone in their Ruth St. Denis style. The class includes Doris Palmage, 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 Trimble, Jean Hampton, Beatrice Bell, Sue Harris, Elizabeth Burlingame, Margaret Hinderlang, Dorothy Carmichael, Emily Hoagland, Virginia Hayden, Dorothy Lord, Dorothy Parsons, Margaret Clark, Wilma McFarland, Madeline Van Horst, Elizabeth Von Lutgen, Marjorie Corey, Margaret Logan, Elizabeth Blackwell, Mary Blackwell, Josephine Hamlin, Ellen Peterson, Marie Thompson, Elizabeth Paffenrath, Margaret Rix, Mary Alice Donahue, Helen Kohn, Janet Jeffries, Lois Fink, Jane Horton, Adelle Brady, Catherine Gallagher, Flora Evans, Catherine Gains, Flora Lufferts, Betty Phipps and Louise 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 school.

Confirmation Class.

Last Sunday Bishop Williams confirmed a class of 28 at All Saints church. Mr. McKnight, assistant rector to Mr. Mackay, gave the instruction, and the children in the class were Roberta Trimble, Emma Wykes, Virginia Carlyle, Bessie Howell, Amy Howell, John Inkster, Park O'Brien, Clark Yager, Gordon Smith,

Altavista Folks.

The Nolan gardens are famous throughout Fairrers, for each of the eight children are outdoor enthusiasts. The five girls—Ruth, Helen, Dorothy, Janet and little Mary—grow old-fashioned posies, as well as vegetables, and the three boys—Wendell, 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."

The Nolan home is called Altavista, and with the yard full of jolly children 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 Paxton are riding on their ponies these spring days. Betty has a little surrey that her friends pile in, and off they go for a nice ride, taking turns at driving.

Sufficient.

Agnes—Why don't you learn to punctuate? Edith—The ideal. Why, I put more commas and dashes in what I write than anyone else I know of.—Boston Transcript.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize.)
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 part of Butler county. She was just getting dinner when an Indian chief stuck his head in the 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 bread, meat, butter and coffee. He ate a hearty meal thanked her for it and went away. That was the last she 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, so I joined as a Red Cross nurse. The first day we were told that we would sail to France in three days. We got ready and on the third day sailed 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 surrender. There were very few Germans left and the Kaiser was captured and burned alive.

Killed and wounded lay everywhere. The ambulances were going back and forth in a few months most of the soldiers went back, some with one hand or leg and some were blind, but the worst as that some lay in coffins with Old Glory over them. The nurses sailed back, happy because we had done our bit and won.

Answers to Letters.

By Mary O'Connor, Aged 11 Years,
Route A, Wolbach, Neb. Red Side.

May I step into your happy home 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 think our Busy Bees ought to try and help Uncle Sam, 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

When they awake in the morning, They tumble downstairs with joy, And they're laughing, jumping and singing, As they rush in to look at their toys.

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 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 Bonds.

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 toys. I like to play marbles and have 400 marbles. I like "The Land of Oz." We have five 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 girl—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.
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 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
happy to think.

This is my first letter to the Busy
Bee page. I will write again if it
misses the waste basket.

Patriotic Little Girls Make Scrapbooks for Soldiers



Salute the Sammy Sunbeams! They are making scrapbooks, for you know the soldiers in the hospitals love these books of bright pictures. Very often they are so weak that they can-

not hold a book to read, but they can turn these pages and the pretty faces in the book make them forget their pain and loneliness.

These patriotic little girls meet afternoons after school at the home of

Mrs. C. G. Carlberg and their fingers fly busily every moment. They sent 20 scrapbooks to the Nebraska base hospital unit and in the way the Sunbeams spread their cheer far and wide. Reading from left to right the

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 divine 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

(Continued Next Sunday)