

### In the Jackdaw's Nest-Part Two

pers, which saved him from injury. The Woggle-Bug had bumped his

escaped without even a scratch upon his beautiful nickel-plate he at once

regained his accustomed cheerfulness

and turned to address his comrades.

"Our journey has ended rather sud-denly, said he, "and we cannot justly blame our friend the Gump for our

accident, because he did the best he

could under the circumstances. But

how we are ever to escape from this

Here he gazed at the Scarecrow; who crawled to the edge of the nest

and looked over. Below them was a

cliff unbroken save by the point of

end of one of the sofas. There really

seemed to be no means of escape, and

as they realized their helpless plight

the little band of adventurers gave

palace," sadly remarked the Woggle-

Bug.
"I wish we had stayed there,"
moaned Jack. "I'h afraid the moun-

tain air isn't good for pumpkins."
"It won't be when the Jackdaws come back," growled the Saw-Horse,

endeavor to get upon its feet again,

here?" asked Jack, much distressed.

"Do you think the birds will come

"Of course they will," said Tip; "for

Indeed, the nest was half filled with

a most curious collection of small ar-

ticles for which the birds could have

no use, but which the thieving Jack-

from the homes of men. And as the

man being could reach it, this lost

The Woggle-Bug, searching among

the rubbish-for the Jackdaws stole

useless things as well as valuable ones

diamond necklace. This was so great-

y admired by the Tin Woodman that

the Woggle-Bug presented it to him

with a graceful speech, after which the

Woodman hung it around his neck

with much pride, rejoicing exceed-

ingly when the big diamond glittered

in the sun's rays.

But now they heard a greaf jabber-

ong and flopping of wings, and as the ound grew pearer to them Tip ex-

"The Jackdaws are coming! And it

"I was afraid of this!" moaned the

"And mine, also!" said the Woggle-

their bodies. Hardly had this been accomplished

when the flock of Jackdaws reached

them. Perceiving the intruders in their nest the birds flew down upon

(Continued Next Sunday.)

them with screams of rage.

Pumpkinhead. "My time has come!"

they find us here they will surely kill

-turned up with his foot a beautiful

property would never be recovered.

pumpkins.'

claimed:

us in their anger."

enemies of my race."

This is a worse prison than the

nest I must leave to someone with

a moment's inconvenience.

"It is, indeed," replied Tip, gravely. | none of them-not even the Pumpkin-"These pills may be of great use to us, head-was injured by the fall. For wonder if old Mombi knew they Jack found his precious head resting were in the bottom of the pepper-box. on the soft breast of the Scarecrow I remember hearing her say that she which made an excellent cushion; and got the Powder of Life from this same Nikidik."

Tip fell on a mass of leaves and papers, which saved him from injury.

"He must be a powerful Sorcerer!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman; "and round head against the Saw-Horse, since the powder proved a success we but without causing him more than ought to have confidence in the pills."

"But how," asked the Scarecrow,
"can anyone count 17 by twos? Sev"can anyone count 17 by twos? Sev-

enteen is an odd number.' "That is true," replied Tip, greatly disappointed. "No one can possibly count 17 by twos."

"Then the pills are of no use to us," wailed the Pumpkinhead; "and this fact overwhelms me with grief. For I had intended wishing that my head would never spoil."

"Nonsense!" said the Scarecrow, sharply. "If we could use the pills at better brains than I possess." all we would make far better wishes

"I do not see how anything could and looked over. Below them was a be better," protested poor Jack. "If sheer precipice several hundred feet you were liable to spoil at any time in depth. Above them was a smooth you could understand my anxiety." "For my part," said the Tin Wood- rock where the wrecked body of the

man, "I sympathize with you in every respect. But since we cannot count 17 by twos, sympathy is all you are liable to get.

dark, and the voyagers found above way to their bewilderment. them a cloudy sky, through which the rays of the moon could not penetrate. The Gump flew steadily on, and for some reason the huge sofa-body rocked more and more dizzily every

The Woggle-Bug declared he was sea-sick; and Tip was also pale and which lay waving its legs in a vain somewhat distressed. But the others clung to the backs of the sofas and "Jackdaws are especially fond of did not seem to mind the motion as

long as they were not tipped out. Darker and darker grew the night, through the black heavens. The travelers could not even see one another, and an oppressive silence settled down upon them.

Of course they will, said Tip; for this is their nest. And there must be hundreds of them," he continued, "for see what a lot of things they have brought here!" and on and on sped the Gump through the black heavens. The trav-

After a long time Tip, who had been thinking deeply, spoke.

"How are we to know when we come to the palace of Glinda the daws had stolen during many years

"It's a long way to Glinda's palace," nest was safely hidden where no hueled it.' "But how are we to know how fast

the Gump is flying?" persisted the "We cannot see a single thing down on the earth, and before morning we may be far beyond the place we want to reach."

"That is all true enough," the Scarecrow replied, a little uneasily; for we might alight in a river, or on the top of a steeple; and that would be a great disaster."

So they permitted the Gump to fly on, with regular flops of its great wings, and waited patiently for morn-

Then Tip's fears were proven to be well founded; for with the first streaks of gray dawn they looked over the sides of the sofas and discovered rolling plains dotted with queer villages, where the houses, instead of being dome-shaped-as they all are in the Land of Oz-had slanting roofs that rose to a peak in the center. Odd looking animals were also moving about upon the open plains, and the country was unfamiliar to both the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow, who had formerly visited Glinda the Good's domain and knew it well.

"We are lost!" said the Scarecrow, dolefully. "The Gump must have carried us entirely out of the Land of Oz and over the sandy deserts and into the terrible outside world that

Dorothy told us about."
"We must get back," exclaimed the Tin Woodman, earnestly; "we must get back as soon as possible!"

'Turn around!" cried Tip to the Gump; "turn as quickly as you can!" "If I do I shall upset," answered the ump. "I'm not at all used to flying, Gump. and the best plan would be for me to alight in some place, and then I can turn around and take a fresh start." Just then, however, there seemed

to be no stopping-place that would answer their purpose. They flew over a village so big that the Woggle-Bug declared it was a city; and then they came to a range of high mountains with many deep gorges and steep cliffs showing plainly.

"Now is our chance to stop," said the boy, finding they were very close to the mountain tops. Then he turned to the Gump and commanded: "Stop

at the first level place you see!" "Very well," answered the Gump, and settled down upon a table of rock that stood between two cliffs

But not being experienced in such matters, the Gump did not judge his speed correctly; and instead of coming to a stop upon the flat rock he missed it by half the width of his body, breaking off both his right wings against the sharp edge of the rock and then tumbling over and over down the cliff.

Our friends held on to the sofas as long as they could, but when the Gump caught on a projecting rock the Thing stopped suddenly-bottom side up-and all were immediately dumped

By good fortune they fell only a few feet; for underneath them was a monster nest, built by a colony of Jack-daws in a hollow ledge of rock; so

## Laughing Busy Bees

"I missed my regular exercise this morning."

"How was that?" "The 7:30 was late and I didn't 'ave to run for it."-Tit-Bits.

Scout-Is a chicken big enough to tat when it is three weeks old? Rookie-Why, of course not.

Scout-Then how does it live?-

Chicago News

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In the Bee Hive

Little Dorothy Boyles has proved

for this year, instead of giving her

friends Easter eggs, she has sent

Dear Busy Bees:

Easter greetings!

BEE SOCIETY

MACHINE COM

ciety editor, care Bee Office

0.444444444444444 days of the year by looking at her Thrift card, for the stamps represent some special saving.

This year, when our soldiers need fresh eggs in the hospitals and when dyes are so hard to get, many boys and girls have given up their Easter eggs, and in this small way help to win the war.

It's little things that win battles, and we little folks can show ourselves to be as unselfish and patriotic as the boys in khaki. Can't we? Lovingly, MARGARET.

Study Dancing. Tuesday at 4 is an important hour for a group of girls who study dancing with Miss Cooper. They meet every week and taking special exercises to keep them well and strong. The class includes Beatrice Manley, Little Dorothy Boyles has proved Virginia Upham, Virginia Wilcox, herself a true daughter of Uncle Sam Betty Meyers, Sarah Walsh, Ruth Gordon, Mary Agnes Marshall, Charlotte Loomis, Eleanor Lowman, Jean them Easter greeting cards. And Borglum, Cornelia Storrs, Bernice what do you think, the money that Ferer, Eleanor Hamilton, Marthena would have been spent for eggs she Hanford, Marion Sturtevant, Gerhas put in Thrift stamps. Dorothy trude Marsh, Helen Butler, Adelaide Gump still hung suspended from the says she can remember all the gift Seabury and June Kennedy

Personals

Jane Horton has the chickenpox, Betty Phipps is sick with the liberty measles. Teddy Lawrence came up on Thurs-

day from Kansas City to spend the

Katherine Alleman returned Tuesday morning from a winter spent in

Binnie Brae Newsboys.

The sons of John L. Kennedy have become the two most popular newsboys in Fairacres. They sell the Sunday papers and save the money to buy Liberty bonds. John, jr., and Edward both own two bonds that they have bought and paid for with their newspaper money

started out a newsboys, but few for mother in a neat little cottage near a a better cause.

Besides selling newspapers, they both have gardens, and their baby sister, Katharine Virginia, has a favorite spot which she spades, for she

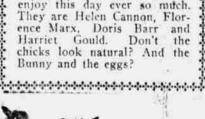
baby hands.

The Kennedy coal shovel was one of the first in Omaha to wear a tag, and even the ponies belong to the Red Star and the Blue Cross. When John and Edward and Katharine Virginia prince told his story.

"All right then," was her mother's reply. "If you would rather go now instead of Easter." put on all their membership buttons they look quite as decorated as army generals and as ready to do their "bit" and their "best."

### Celebrate Easter

Here are four Easter Sunday Busy Bees who are going to enjoy this day ever so much. They are Helen Cannon, Florence Marx, Doris Barr and Harriet Gould. Don't the chicks look natural? And the Bunny and the eggs?







Florence Marx



Cross units is found at the Holyoke-Dox school. The members spend their time cutting soft fillings for hospital pillows and knitting squares for war quilts for the wounded soldiers.

This unit has boy workers as well as girls and there is quite a bit of rivalry to see who does the best and most work. The children are Mary lark, Mary George, Marjoric Burns; Marjorie Higgins, Kitty Foy, Mary Summers, Willard Hosford, Bobby Clark, John Davis, Russell Hollister and Edward Summers.

Play Games at Party. Esther Robinson entertained eight

### Capital Sailor

A sailor has no E Z time When on the D P sails It's R D finds aloft to climb

And overboard, for A D cries

Must C Kowatery grave. Old A J sallor seldom knows.

Scout William Goldstein

urday afternoon at her home. A peanut hunt was the most exciting event Those present were Misses Lila

Showalter, Hazel Showalter, Marie Reeves, Alice Wixson, Mable Larsen, Dorothy Butterworth, Helen Bradford and Helen Fisk.

"First Aid French." Nowadays whenever a few chil-

dren gather together for a good time the First Aid French records are put on the phonograph and the words and phrases repeated by the listeners, for the children of Omaha are enthusiastic about the language of our ally. French games are played at private schools and many children take French lessons and are planning Total Countries Barbara Burns, ferent homes for study.

# Little Stories By Little Folks Rules for 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 250

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the t.p 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, Neb.

> (Prize Story) "Water Lilies."

By Edythe Berkshire, Aged 12 Years,

Oakland, Ia. Red Side. Once upon a time there lived a girl Now many great men in America of 18 summers. She lived with her beautiful lake. One day her mother for the birds were singing and the asked her to pluck her a bunch of buds on the trees were opening. Even of the lake. As she came near the for Easter. lake she saw a very beautiful flower tries to do everything that her big brothers do.

But little maids of 3 are more interested in "pulling" things that grow than in "planting" them, and her brothers have a great time helping her.

But little maids of 3 are more interested in "pulling" things that grow than in "planting" them, and her brothers have a great time helping her.

But little maids of 3 are more interested in "pulling" things that grow thing them, and her brothers have a great time helping her.

But little maids of 3 are more interested in "pulling" things that grow thing the peared. Then she heard an angry well and as she bent to pick it it disappeared. Then she heard an angry gather violets.

"Well, dear," her mother replied, "I might let you go, but don't you dare you pick my flowers?" Then in a gentler tone he added, "Will you have been and the peared and as she bent to pick it it disappeared. Then she heard an angry gather violets.

"Well, dear," her mother replied, "I might let you go, but don't you think it would be nicer to wait until Easter, and then we will ask Jane and Helen to go with us."

Then all as once everything lighted Marjorie.

"One day a wicked witch came to my father's palace and asked for his would have preferred to go Easter, kingdom and because he would not but this way she figured she could go frog until a beautiful girl should come with an abundance of violets. ቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀ and break the charm she had placed on me. So now you will be a prin-

Then they were married and lived happily after that.

(Honorable Mention)

The Colors. By Ruth Meredith, Aged 13 Years, Ravenna, Neb. Blue Side. Hurrah! for the red, white and blue; Hurrahl for the colors that fly.

The beautiful colors so true, The colors that wave on high. And for what do these colors stand? These colors of liberty,

They stand for our land so grand, That beautiful flag of the free. What is held within its folds? Sweet bliss, eternity

This is what our flag holds, And blessed security. Many wars has it gone through, Winter snows and summer showers,

This dear old flag of ours.

Mabel's Lesson.

But it stands undaunted and true,

Shenandoah, la.

letter I have written to the Busy Bees, but that was all. I was afraid of a and hope to see it in print. Once there was a little girl called Mahel. have two sisters. I have two pets, a dog and a cat. The dog's name is her mother told her to work she did it so unwillingly that her mother and has 27 miles to go. We live it so unwillingly that her mether and has 27 miles to go. We live would rather do it herself. But one on a farm of five acres. My letter is day her mother said, "Mabel, won't getting long so I will close, This you please wipe the dishes while I go is a true story. to the garden to pick beans for din-ner." Mabel picked up the dishtowel, but frowned sulkily.

While she was frowning and freting, a little man dressed in brown appeared from his home in the ground. Mabel was so frightened she could do nothing but stand and look at him. He took hold of her hand and led her toward her home. Mabel screamed, but her mother was too far away to

hear her. The brownie led her to his dark home in the ground, When Mabel lived with him, she had to work all the time. One day when the brownie was

away Mabel crept out of the dark hole and ran to her home. But other times when her mother told her to work she did it willingly. I think it was a good lesson for Mabel, don't you?

Floyd and His Dog. By Floyd Smith, 101 West Second

Street, Red Oak, Ia. Blue Side I am sending you the picture of my ttle dog and I. His name is Buster. When he

wants anybody to eat or drink he will sit up. We can throw thing at him and he will catch it in his mouth. He was born, March 29, 1917. Here in the picture he is drinking a saucer of milk, of which he is very fond. I was born November 3, 1904. I am very busy after school. I have two calves, three cows and one horse to tend to. I am in the seventh grade at school, and I go to the Junior H gh school. I have four teachers at school. Their names are Mr. Malony, Miss Artz, Miss Herbert and Miss Acker-

I received my prize book about a month and a half ago. I am very sorry I didn't write sooner. Goodye, Busy Bees, Yours truly, Floyd

The Boot-Black's Medal.

By Irene Noonan, Aged 11 Years, Wisner, Neb. Red Side. There was a lady sitting in her office. She heard the boot black "Shoe shine! Shine your shoes. toller Fine job done."

The lady said, "Here comes that troublesome old boot-black," "Lady, do you want your shoes hined?

"I had them shined this morning' "Well, I will have to go home without my 2 cents.

"Well, you can have them, then," said the lady. After he shined her shoes he went out of the building. He heard some-one say "fire, fire." He asked, "where,

Catherine Doorly, Catherine Coad and Marion Foy. These girls plan to summer classes. One of these classes keep up their French during the sumincludes Marcella Fonda, Ruth Sum- mer vacation by meeting at the dif-

where?" "Up in that old building, said the man.

The boot-black ran up to where it

There were a lot of people up in the old building. There was nobody to run the elevator, so in he jumped and went up to the fourth floor. All the girls crowded in at once, he said, "not so many at a time, I will be up there next time." He went up and down till he thought he had everyone out. He heard a scream, it was the girl he had cleaned her shoes. He ran the elevator up and got her. Just as they were going out of the

building it fell in. His employer gave him a pocket-book full of gold, and the lady gave him a medal which was engraved 'Jimmy" Brown, Hero of a Boot Black, won his medal, May 12, 1899.

Willful Marjorie.

By Elizabeth Paffenrath, Aged 11 Years, 816 South 37th Street. Spring had come. Yes, it truly had, for the birds were singing and the water lilies that grew near the bank the tulips and violets were opening

Marjorie asked her mother if she

marry me?" and after a long time of and Helen to go with us."
persuading she answered, "Yes." "Well, I want to go now," replied

If the truth was known, Marjorie give it to her she changed me into a twice, so off she went and came back When Easter Sunday came, Helen

and Jane came over to ask Marjorie

to hunt violets with them, but her mother said, "Why Marjorie, you went last week instead." Marjorie was rather ashamed and said nothing, though she showed her

disappointment. Her mother saw that she was disappointed and allowed her to go a few days later. But though Marjorie did get to go, I don't think she'll ever figure as she did again.

A Narrow Escape. By Beatrice Homann, Aged 12 Years,

Elkhorn, Neb. This is the first time I have written to this page. I read the stories and enjoy them very much. I am in the seventh grade and my teacher's name

is Miss Richardson. I will tell you a story about myself, We lived on a farm close by a rail-road. I was 2 years old and thought I would walk to town on the railroad track. I was walking along when a freight train was coming. I never heard it, so it bumped into me and knocked me off the track. There was a high dump there but I did not By Evelyn Wilkinson, Aged 10 Years, fall down that. The engineer got out and picked me up. He took me Dear Busy Bees: This is my first home. I had my face scratched up

> Kaiser's Tombstone. By Lucile Baur, Aged 12 Years, At-

wood, Kan., Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: Do you know what you buy war saving stamps for. Yes, to loan Uncle Sam our money. That is not what I am doing. You know the kaiser is so famous that your and my Uncle Sam is go-

ing to buy a tombstone for him. Our parents bought the tombstone by the Liberty bonds and we are paying the sculptor for putting each letter on. They cost 25 cents each. And as it is such a big tombstone it will take a great many letters and words on it. The words cost \$5 if you want to put a word on all at once. We do this because the kaiser is known the world over, and we must put a big and long epitaph on his tombstone and you may be sure Uncle Sam will-he's the sculptor, you know. The allies are the names of his main helpers. How many have put words or letters on the kaiser's tombstone? For he is known

the world over. My First Letter.

By Iola Johnson, Aged 11, Creighton, Neb. Blue Side. Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I enjoy reading the Busy Bee's page. I read all the stories every Monday. I read the Lard of Oz, too. It is very interesting. I have four brothers and two

sisters. I have joined the Red Cross. I go to school every day and I am in the sixth grade. We have two and onehalf miles to go. We drive one horse, My teacher's name is Jessie Haskin. As my letter is getting long I guess I will stop. I will write again - me time. I hope to see my letter in print.

A Bird Poem. By Una Tillman, Aged 10, Red Oak, Ia., Blue Side.

The bobolink lives among the summer flowers; And goes out to stay for many hours, She is a bird that's happy and gay; And takes a walk every day.

And she is one who hunts for food in the ground; And once in the evening she wasn't to be found.

The song she sings is spink, spank, spink: And that is why she is called bobo-

link. I hope to see my letter in print, and not in the waste basket. Busy Bees, I am now going to say zood-bye.

Art Editor-I think the drawing of this horse's legs looks a bit funny. Artist-Well, I thought yours was

comic paper.



Barr

Heyn Photo

Honor to Soldiers I am going to tell you all some-Bug; "for Jackdaws are the greatest thing that was told me. So in a way The others were not at all afraid; mas, don't we? But when our grandma but the Scarecrow at once decided to has been to England and knows all save those of the party who were lia- about what the English children do ble to be injured by the angry birds. to help in war times, why, then, she So he commanded Tip to take off is as good as a story book, isn't she? Jack's head and lie down with it in the Well, there's a grandma visiting here bottom of the nest, and when this was in Omaha now who can tell lots of done he ordered the Woggle-Bug to interesting things about England. lie beside Tip. Nick Chopper, who She has seen real ladies drive plows arranged the loveliest Easter decoraknew from past experience just what and noble children gather vegetables

scattered the straw over Tip and the Woggle-Bug, completely covering every day and sent to the sick solone of the country. It used to be the other way about. Everything went

it's a secret. We all love our grand-

to do, then took the Scarecrow to pieces—(all except his head)—and jobs for the Tommies. The new laid eggs are gathered diers; the fresh vegetables are saved for them, and they are the favored to the lords and ladies and noble children first, and now everything

goes to the soldiers first, and they are considered the most "noble" of England's people. So, you see, England is getting to be quite like the United States of America. It's a case of soldiers served first-others served last! Easter Birthday Party.

Little Arden Bergquist, who lives on the South Side, had the nicest birthday party Saturday in honor of his seventh birthday. Arden's mother and her friend, Mrs. Doane Powell, tions, eggs and bunnies and chicks and the little guests enjoyed the afternoon very, very much. Arden's

Jane Powell, Elizabeth Pancoast, Virginia Bryson, Lucile Koutsky, Mary Haines, William Goodman. illy Tagg.

Lois Efter, Grace Root, Dorothy Herrold, Garnet Kenyon, Marion Ringer. Budsy Abbett, Edmond Shanahan, Donald Aldrich, Harold Sanfeld, Francis Ridley.

Charles Watkins,

Junior Red Cross Unit, One of the youngest of the Red

little friends at an Easter party Sat-

Exposed to I C gales,
And then K C he makes a slip
Or if D Z grows, A tumble from the lofty ship If his last N D knows

With N R G and vim;
And the of little U C tries
A vain S A to swim.
But when no L P finds is near, Nor N E way to save, He then in an X S of fear

Old A J sattor seidem knows.
But if old A G gains
H U of baccy cured his wees,
His pipe L A's his pains.
We N V no poer sailer's life!
In D D has no fun,
And, feeling P T for his wile.
Our M T talk is done.

and a prize was awarded the child gathering the most. Drawing Easter rabbits blindfolded, puzzles and other plays filled the remainder of the afternoon. The decorations were yellow and small Easter rabbits and ducks were used.