

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



Land of Oz

In the Jackdaw's Nest—Part Two

"It is, indeed," replied Tip, gravely. "These pills may be of great use to us. I wonder if old Mombi knew they were in the bottom of the pepper-box. I remember hearing her say that she got the Powder of Life from this same Nixidick."

"He must be a powerful Sorcerer!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman; "and since the powder proved a success we ought to have confidence in the pills."

"But how," asked the Scarecrow, "can anyone count 17 by twos? Seventeen 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 all we would make far better wishes than that."

"I do not see how anything could be better," protested poor Jack. "If you were liable to spoil at any time you could understand my anxiety."

"For my part," said the Tin Woodman, "I sympathize with you in every respect. But since we cannot count 17 by twos, sympathy is all you are liable to get."

By this time it had become quite dark, and the voyagers found above 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-bench rocked more and more dizzily every hour.

The Woggle-Bug declared he was sea-sick; and Tip was also pale and somewhat distressed. But the others clung to the backs of the sofas and did not seem to mind the motion as long as they were not tipped out.

Darker and darker grew the night, and on and on sped the Gump through the black heavens. The travelers could not even see one another, and an oppressive silence settled down upon them.

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 Good?" he asked.

"It's a long way to Glinda's palace," answered the Woodman; "I've traveled it."

"But how are we to know how fast the Gump is flying?" persisted the boy.

"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 steep; 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 morning.

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 Gump, and he did not seem to be at all in a hurry 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 stopped suddenly—bottom side up—and all were immediately dumped out.

Good fortune they fell only a few feet; for underneath them was a monster nest, built by a colony of Jackdaws in a hollow ledge of rock; so

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:
Easter greetings!
Little Dorothy Boyles has proved herself a true daughter of Uncle Sam for this year, instead of giving her friends Easter eggs, she has sent them Easter greeting cards. And what do you think, the money that would have been spent for eggs she has put in Thrift stamps. Dorothy says she can remember all the gift

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 on 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, Virginia Upham, Virginia Wilcox, Betty Meyers, Sarah Walsh, Ruth Gordon, Mary Agnes Marshall, Charlotte Loomis, Eleanor Lowman, Jean Borglum, Cornelia Storrs, Bernice Ferer, Eleanor Hamilton, Marthana Hanford, Marion Sturtevant, Gertrude Marsh, Helen Butler, Adelaide Seabury and June Kennedy.

Personals
Jane Horton has the chicken pox.
Betty Phipps is sick with the liberty measles.
Teddy Lawrence came up on Thursday from Kansas City to spend the day.
Katherine Alleman returned Tuesday morning from a winter spent in Canada.
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.
Now many great men in America started out a newsboys, but few for a better cause.
Besides selling newspapers, they both have gardens, and their baby sister, Katherine Virginia, has a favorite spot which she spades, for she tries to do everything that her big brothers do.
But little maids of 3 are more interested in "planting" things that grow than in "planting" them, and her brothers have a great time helping her 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 Katherine Virginia put on all their membership buttons they look quite as decorated as army generals and as ready to do their "bit" and their "best."

Little Stories By Little Folks

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink and not pencil.
3. Short and pointed 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.
7. 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 named Helen. She was a pretty girl of 18 summers. She lived with her mother in a neat little cottage near a beautiful lake. One day her mother asked her to pluck her a bunch of water lilies that grew near the bank of the lake. As she came near the lake she saw a very beautiful flower and as she bent to pick it it disappeared. Then she heard an angry voice behind her and behold, there stood a tiny frog. He said, "How dare you pick my flowers?" Then in a gentler tone he added, "Will you marry me?" and after a long time of persuading she answered, "Yes."

Then all at once everything lighted up and the tiny frog was changed into a handsome prince. Then the prince told his story.

"One day a wicked witch came to my father's palace and asked for his kingdom and because he would not give it to her she changed me into a frog until a beautiful girl should come and break the charm she had placed on me. So now you will be a princess."

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; Hurrah! 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, But it stands undaunted and true, This dear old flag of ours.

Mabel's Lesson.

By Evelyn Wilkinson, Aged 10 Years, Shenandoah, Ia.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter I have written to the Busy Bees, and I hope to see it in print. Once there was a little girl called Mabel. She never liked to work. Whenever her mother told her to work she did it so unwillingly that her mother would rather do it herself. But one day her mother said, "Mabel, won't you please wipe the dishes while I go to the garden to pick beans for dinner." Mabel picked up the dishcloth, but frowned sulkily.

While she was frowning and fretting, 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 little dog and I.

His name is Buster. When he wants anybody to eat or drink he will sit up. We can throw things 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. H. school. I have four teachers at school. Their names are Mr. Malony, Miss Artz, Miss Herbert and Miss Ackerson.

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

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 bobolink.

I hope to see my letter in print, and not in the waste basket.

Busy Bees, I am now going to say good-bye.

Art Editor—I think the drawing of this horse's legs looks a bit funny.

Artist—Well, I thought yours was a comic paper.



Doris Barr

Helen Cannon

Florence Marx

Harriet Gould

Honor to Soldiers

I am going to tell you all something that was told me. So in a way it's a secret. We all love our grandmas, don't we? But when our grandmas have been to England and know all about what the English children do to help in war times, why, then, she is as good as a story book, isn't she? Well, there's a grandma visiting here in Omaha now, who can tell lots of interesting things about England. She has seen real ladies drive plows and noble children gather vegetables in the field, and do all sorts of odd jobs for the Tommies.

The new laid eggs are gathered every day and sent to the sick soldiers; the fresh vegetables are saved for them, and they are the favored one of the country. It used to be the other way about. Everything went 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 Berquist, 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, arranged the loveliest Easter decorations, eggs and bunnies and chicks, and the little guests enjoyed the afternoon very, very much. Arden's guests were:

Little Misses—
Jane Powell, Lois Elzer, Elizabeth Panoosa, Grace Root, Virginia Bryson, Dorothy Herrold, Lucile Koutsky, Garnet Kenyon, Mary Malone, Marion Ringler, Masters—
James Bednar, Buddy Abbott, Tom Schaefer, Clifford Nicholson, William Goodman, Edmond Shanahan, Dean Ames, Donald Aldrich, Billy Tager, Harold Saxfield, Verne Sunderland, Francis Hildley, Charles Watkins.

Junior Red Cross Unit.

One of the youngest of the Red 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 Clark, Mary George, Marjorie Burns, Marjorie Higgins, Kitty Foy, Mary Summers, Willard Hosterford, Bobby Clark, John Davis, Russell Hollister and Edward Summers.

Play Games at Party.

Esther Robinson entertained eight little friends at an Easter party Saturday afternoon at her home. A peanut hunt was the most exciting event 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.

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 children 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 summer classes. One of these classes includes Marcella Fonda, Ruth Sumner, Elinor Kountze, Barbara Burns,

Capital Sailor
A sailor has no E Z Z
When on the D P sail
It's R D finds aloft to climb
Espoused to I C gale
And then K G he makes a slip
Or if D Z grows,
A tumble from the lofty ship
If his last N D knows
And overboard, for A D cries
With N R G and Jim
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
Must C K watery grave.
Old A J sailor seldom knows
But if old A G sails
If W of happy cursed his wood,
His wife L A's his pains,
We N V no poor sailor's life,
In D D has no fun,
And feeling D P of his wife,
Our M T talk is done.
—Scout William Goldstein.

Laughing Busy Bees

"I missed my regular exercise this morning."
"How was that?"
"The 7:30 was late and I didn't have to run for it."—Tit-Bits.

Scout—Is a chicken big enough to eat when it is three weeks old?
Rookie—Why, of course not.
Scout—Then how does it live?
Chicago News

