

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



## 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: I hope you all enjoyed the very beautiful May day Wednesday. No May queen could have asked for more beautiful sunshine. In our neighborhood the doors were gay with May baskets for it's one of the pretty spring customs to offer flowers to our friends and loved ones on May day.

of the group, a bunch of roses before she went to St. Catherine's hospital for an operation on her throat Wednesday. To do and say things is the rule of Campfire girls and the roses cheered Jane up a lot and she is getting along nicely.

**Faithful Don.**  
Emma Hoagland has recovered from an attack of the grip. While she was in bed her dog, Don, lay at the foot of the stairs with his nose pointed to her room and whenever any one went up or down he wouldn't move at all, for he was waiting for Emma to get well. Don is as old as Emma herself and thinks he's the boss of the family.

**Dancing Busy Bees.**  
All Busy Bees seem to have dancing feet! On Saturday night, May 11, at Brandeis theater, Miss Coll's dancing class will do the fox trot just to show the papas and mammas that they really know how. This little sample of social dancing will only take five minutes to do, but as one of the boys said, "It took five months to learn." The names of the dancers are: Beth Baker, Marjorie Burns, Ima Biglow, Raymond Bowen, William Clark, David Crofoot, Alice Foye, Kitty Foye, Elizabeth Fradenburg, Byron Hastings, Natalie Hastings, Mary Jonas, August Jonas, Frank Judson, Hamden Judson, Bernhart Wolf, Helen Krug, Caroline Levi, Charles Martin, Rita Matel, Barbara

Millard, Truman Morseman, Elizabeth O'Keefe, Margaret O'Keefe, Mildred Riley, Robert Riley, Maxine Reichenberg, Edward Rosewater, Margaret Shotwell, Gertrude Welch, Marchon Welch, Florence Wolf, Emil Wilson, Marion Tretler and Morine Wilson.

**My Wish.**  
By Mabel Johnson, Aged 12 Years, 109 North Center Street, Shenandoah, Ia.  
The flag of Freedom is very gay, We hope it will never go away; We've sent our Sammies with great speed And also the best of steel, And when we fire, We'll aim at the kaiser's team; And then we'll see his steam; For he'll be blown to pieces, And we'll all have pieces to grind into the mill; So we won't see kaiser Bill, For he'll be ground up in the mill. That's what I wish.

**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 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.  
A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.  
Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

## Little Ones Give French Court Dance



We children who have loving fathers and mothers and comfortable homes and plenty to eat and to wear feel very sorry for the war orphans of France who have lost their parents and homes in this cruel war, and so on Saturday night an entertainment for their benefit is being given. Every bit of the money made goes to help a French orphan, and there are many interesting dances and other numbers on the program, which opens with "Mother Goose Land." In the group are Margaret Lee Burgess, Dorothy Higgins, Barbara Burns, Elinor Kountze, Katherine Coad and Emma Nash. This group of girls gives a French court dance, and in their powdered wigs and pompadour dresses they look just like the court people of Napoleon's day.

## Busy Bee Writes Varied Poetry

Eight-year-old Kathryn Smith of Davenport, Ia., explained that she thinks the world needs happy poems in these sad war times, and so she said: "I started out this little verse with a lyric and ended it with hilarity."

Here is the poem:  
"Oh, hush the morning skies above,  
'Tis love! 'Tis love!  
And then at dawn  
A child awakes to play;  
He quickly dresses and runs out on  
the lawn.  
For it is now early in the day.  
At breakfast time he had romped  
enough  
And had a fine play with his dog,  
Fluff.  
After breakfast he went with his  
father to town  
And met his friend, Jack,  
Who had popcorn in a sack,  
He offered some to the little boy,  
Who accepted with the utmost joy,  
And now he bids you 'All Ahoy!'"

## Little Stories By Little Folks

**The Little Angel.**  
By Melba M. Perry, Aged 12, Rising City, Neb.  
Right into our house one day  
A little angel came;  
I ran to him, and softly said,  
"Little angel, what is your name?"  
He said not a word in answer,  
But smiled a beautiful smile;  
Then I said, "May I go home with  
you?"  
Shall you go in a little while?"

But mama said, "Dear little angel  
Don't leave us; oh, always stay.  
We will all of us love you dearly,  
Sweet angel, oh, don't go away!"  
So he stayed and he stayed, and we  
love him  
As we could not have loved another.  
Do you want to know what his name  
is?  
His name is my little brother.

**Prize.**  
**Their Liberty Bond.**  
By Esther Ostergard, Aged 11 years, 2911 Izard Street, Blue Side.  
Jack and Betty were twins who had just passed their 11th birthday. The third Liberty loan had just started and the twins wanted to get a bond. Their father said they could if they earned the money themselves. Then Betty asked him how much money they had in the bank. He said they each had \$25.  
Betty decided to help her mother and as the next day was Saturday her duties began in the morning. She cleaned her's and her mother's room,

and washed the breakfast dishes. She also cleaned the silver once a week and ran errands.  
Jack secured a job in a drug store and the other money he received from other jobs he divided with his sister. At the end of four months they had saved up \$25 and with the money they had in the bank they had each enough to buy a \$50 Liberty bond. This is how patriotic children of America can help their country win this war.

**A New Busy Bee.**  
By Muriel Bendie, Aged 12, Hooper, Neb., Blue Side.  
To My Dear Little Friends: This is the first time I have written, but hope you will let me join your page. I wish to join the Blue Side. I have one brother and three sisters. I go to the Hewett school. My teacher's name is Miss Hanson. My brother has four Shetland ponies, three dogs and five cats. He wants to sell two of his ponies. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. If this is in print will write another story. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out buying his third Liberty loan.  
Goodbye, Busy Bees, be sure and write.

**My Pet Kitten.**  
By Kathryn Kitterman, Aged 9 Years, Hay Springs, Neb.  
One morning in spring I went out in the garden. I saw a little kitten. I asked my mother if I could keep it. She said she did not care. It was so playful that when I would put a weed in my mouth it would jump for it and when I would put a weed in the grass

## Peek-a-Boo!



Peek-a-boo! I see you hiding behind the chair!  
Little Rose Robinovitz is a regular little Peek-a-Boo girl come to life from the nursery rhyme book. With her dark curls and quaint smile, she makes us all want to play with her. Little Rose dances Peek-a-Boo at the benefit for the fatherless children of France Saturday evening.

it would run after it, when I would go out to get greens for my mamma and I would be pulling them up, for he would run and bite my hand. One

## The Unpublished Hero.

By Eunice Schasse, Aged 12 Years, Table Rock, Neb.  
Eva was a little girl 9 years old. She was very slight and fair with a lot of golden hair and big blue eyes. Eva was the proud possessor of a black Shetland pony, called Duke. But Duke despite all his beauty was rather mean and also stubborn. One fine morning Eva started out to town on Duke. Everything went along fine until Duke got it into his head to get scared at a chunk beside the road. With a snort he started down the road. Eva could not do anything, but hang on and pray for her life. A barefooted boy with tangled hair and sunburned face, was plowing in a field near by. Leaving his two lazy horses to stand and switch flies, he jumped over the fence and rescued the much frightened Eva from her none too safe seat. When Eva got home that morning, she got out all her fairy story books and read about all the noted heroes and knights she always honored, but none of them now seemed half so brave as the little barefooted boy.

## First Letter.

By Verle Dority, Aged 8 Years, Shelton, Neb., R. F. D. No. 3, Box 85  
Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I am in the fourth grade. Our school is in the country. It is a half mile from our house to the school house. I have one brother; his name is Wayne.  
I was in Omaha for three months last spring.  
I was in the Methodist Episcopal hospital. I had 10 operations on my ears and eyes.  
I have two war saving stamps and two thrift stamps. We have one dog and three cats. Last year we had 16 cats.  
Well, that will be all this time.

## Gives Butterfly Dance

JANE KATHERINE POWELL.  
This little butterfly danced at Miss Cooper's recital Saturday afternoon in the Blackstone hotel. Her father, Doane Powell, The Bee's cartoonist, designed the graceful costume, and her mother, Mrs. Powell, created and stenciled the butterfly garment



## "THE MARVELOUS LAND OF OZ"

By L. Frank Baum

### PRINCESS OZMA OF OZ.

"YOU are my prisoner, and it is useless for you to struggle any longer," said Glinda, in her soft, sweet voice. "Lie still a moment, and rest yourself, and then I will carry you back to my tent."  
"Why do you seek me?" asked Mombi, still scarce able to speak plainly for lack of breath. "What have I done to you, to be so persecuted?"  
"You have done nothing to me," answered the gentle Sorceress; "but I suspect you have been guilty of several wicked actions; and if I find it is true that you have so abused your knowledge of magic, I intend to punish you severely."  
"I defy you," croaked the old hag. "You dare not harm me!"  
Just then the Gump flew up to them and alighted upon the desert sands beside Glinda. Our friends were delighted to find that Mombi had finally been captured, and after a hurried consultation it was decided they should all return to the camp in the Gump. So the Saw-Horse was tossed aboard, and then Glinda, still holding an end of the golden thread that was around Mombi's neck, forced her prisoner to climb into the sofas. The others now followed, and Tip gave the word to the Gump to return.

shall we do to make Mombi speak? Unless she tells us what we wish to know her capture will do us no good at all."  
"Suppose we try kindness," suggested the Tin Woodman. "I've heard that anyone can be conquered with kindness, no matter how ugly they may be."  
At this the Witch turned to glare upon him so horribly that the Tin Woodman shrank back abashed.  
Glinda had been carefully considering what to do, and now she turned to Mombi and said:  
"You will gain nothing, I assure you, by thus defying us. For I am determined to learn the truth about the girl Ozma, and unless you tell me all that you know, I will certainly put you to death."

"Oh, no! Don't do that!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman. "It would be an awful thing to kill anyone—even old Mombi!"  
"But it is merely a threat," returned Glinda. "I shall not put Mombi to death, because she will prefer to tell me the truth."  
"Oh, I see!" said the tin man, much relieved.  
"Suppose I tell you all that you wish to know," said Mombi, speaking so suddenly that she startled them all. "What will you do with me then?"  
"In that case," replied Glinda, "I shall merely ask you to drink a powerful draught which will cause you to forget all the magic you have ever learned."

"Then I would become a helpless old woman!"  
"But you would be alive," suggested the Pumpkinhead, consolingly.  
"Do try to keep silent!" said Tip, nervously.  
"I'll try," responded Jack; "but you will admit that it's a good thing to be alive."  
"Especially if one happens to be thorough and educated," added the Woggle-Bug, nodding approval.  
"You may make your choice," Glinda said to old Mombi, "between death if you remain silent, and the loss of your magical powers if you tell me the truth. But I prefer you will prefer to live."  
Mombi cast an uneasy glance at the Sorceress, and saw that she was in earnest, and not to be trifled with. So she replied, slowly:  
"I will answer your questions."  
"That is what I expected," said Glinda, pleasantly. "You have chosen wisely, I assure you."  
She then motioned to one of her Captains, who brought her a beautiful golden casket. From this the Sorceress drew an immense white pearl, attached to a slender chain which she placed around her neck in such a way that the pearl rested upon her bosom, directly over her heart.  
"Now," said she, "I will ask my first question: Why did the Wizard pay you three visits?"  
"Because I would not come to him," answered Mombi.  
"That is no answer," said Glinda, sternly. "Tell me the truth."  
"Well," returned Mombi, with downcast eyes, "he visited me to learn the way I make tea biscuits."  
"Look up!" commanded the Sorceress.  
Mombi obeyed.  
"What is the color of my pearl?" demanded Glinda.  
"Why—it is black!" replied the old Witch, in a tone of wonder.  
"Then you have told me a falsehood!" cried Glinda, angrily. "Only when the truth is spoken will my magic pearl remain a pure white in color."  
Mombi now saw how useless it was to try to deceive the Sorceress; so she said, meanwhile scowling at her defeat:  
"The Wizard brought to me the girl Ozma, who was then no more than a baby, and begged me to conceal the child."  
"That is what I thought," declared Glinda, calmly. "What did he give you for thus serving him?"



that you may become Queen of the Emerald City."  
"Oh, let Jinjur be the Queen!" exclaimed Tip, ready to cry. "I want to stay a boy, and travel with the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, and the Woggle-Bug and Jack—yes! and my friend the Saw-Horse—and the Gump! I don't want to be a girl!"  
"Never mind, old chap," said the Tin Woodman, soothingly; "it don't hurt to be a girl, I'm told; and we will all remain your faithful friends just the same. And, to be honest with you, I've always considered girls nicer than boys."  
"They're just as nice, anyway," added the Scarecrow, patting Tip affectionately upon the head.  
"And they are equally good students," proclaimed the Woggle-Bug. "I should like to become your tutor, when you are transformed into a girl again."  
"But—see here!" said Jack Pumpkinhead, with a gasp; "if you become a girl, you can't be my dear father any more!"  
"No," answered Tip, laughing in spite of his anxiety; "and I shall not be sorry to escape the relationship." Then he added, hesitatingly, as he turned to Glinda: "I might try it for awhile—just to see how it seems, you know. But if I don't like being a girl you must promise to change me into a boy again."  
"Really," said the Sorceress, "that is beyond my magic. I never deal in transformations, for they are not honest, and no respectable sorceress likes to make things appear to be what they are not. Only unscrupulous witches use the art, and therefore I must ask Mombi to effect your release from her charm, and restore you to your proper form. It will be the last opportunity she will have to practice magic."  
Now that the truth about Princess Ozma had been discovered, Mombi did not care what became of Tip; but she feared Glinda's anger, and the boy generously promised to provide for Mombi in her old age if he became the ruler of the Emerald City. So the Witch consented to effect the transformation, and preparations for the event were at once made.  
Glinda ordered her own royal couch to be placed in the center of the tent. It was piled high with cushions covered with rose-colored silk, and from a golden railing above hung many folds of pink gossamer, completely concealing the interior of the couch.  
The first act of the Witch was to

make the boy drink a potion which quickly sent him into a deep and dreamless sleep. Then the Tin Woodman and the Woggle-Bug bore him gently to the couch, placed him upon the soft cushions, and drew the gossamer hangings to shut him from all earthly view.  
The Witch squatted upon the ground and kindled a tiny fire of dried herbs, which she drew from her bosom. When the blaze shot up and burned clearly old Mombi scattered a handful of magical powder over the fire, which straightway gave off a rich violet vapor, filling all the tent with its fragrance and forcing the Saw-Horse to squeak—although he had been warned to keep quiet.  
Then, while the others watched her curiously, the hag chanted a rhythmical verse in words which no one understood, and bent her lean body seven times back and forth over the fire. And now the incantation seemed complete, for the Witch stood upright and cried the one word "Yeow!" in a loud voice.  
The vapor floated away; the atmosphere became clear again; a whiff of fresh air filled the tent, and the pink curtains of the couch trembled slightly, as if stirred from within.  
Glinda walked to the canopy and parted the silken hangings. Then she bent over the cushions, reached out her hand, and from the couch arose the form of a young girl, fresh and beautiful as a May morning. Her eyes sparkled as two diamonds, and her lips were tinted like a tourmaline. All adown her back floated tresses of ruddy gold, with a slender jeweled circlet confining them at the brow. Her robes of silken gauze floated around her like a cloud, and dainty satin slippers shod her feet.  
At this exquisite vision Tip's old comrades stared in wonder for the space of a full minute, and then every head bent low in honest admiration of the lovely Princess Ozma. The girl herself cast one look into Glinda's bright face, which glowed with pleasure and satisfaction, and then turned upon the others. Speaking the words with sweet diffidence, she said:  
"I hope none of you will care less for me than you did before. I'm just the same Tip, you know; only—only—"  
"Only you're different!" said the Pumpkinhead; and everyone thought it was the wisest speech he had ever made.  
(Concluded Next Sunday.)

