

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



Marriage of Timmy

By RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON.

Things had been so so in the garret no special news and everything about as usual, as Timmy Twitchet had written the very day I'm thinking of to his friend, Bobby Grey. Singly housed as Timmy was, he could not help admitting to himself that a dollhouse is big and lonely for a bachelor mouse, however comfortable it may be. So it was a great relief when he received a letter from his cousins, the Tommy Field Mouses, to spend Thanksgiving with them on their farm.

It was quite a journey, and as the mouse train runs only at night, it took some time for Timmy to go from the top of the house to the big field back of the barn. Jumping off the last train he walked briskly along, picturing to himself the fine dinner that would be waiting for him, and the merry greeting of his young cousins, whom he had not seen for several years.

Walking under the fence, Tommy entered the field. It was a bright, clear moonlight night and every thing stood out distinctly. "Mouse ears, tails, whiskers and cat paws!" cried Timmy Twitchet, running forward. No wonder. Gone was the little mouse village, and all its tiny chimneys and cottages. Gone, the little country market and the mill, everything was gone. In dismay Timmy stared around him; the whole field was tossed into big, high, mountainous ridges. It had been plowed up and devastation brought upon the little mouse world.

Timmy sat down on a rock and took out his handkerchief. It was all so sudden. This field had lain idle for five years to his certain knowledge. Dimly to his recollection came a bit of news read long ago in the Mousey Post about the two legs cultivating all waste land. "This war is terrible," moaned Timmy. For a long time, too overcome to move, he looked out upon the melancholy ruin.

A mole limped hurriedly past, but Timmy was too overcome to question him. At last, however, he recovered a degree of composure and picking up his hat and bag began climbing over the huge masses of earth to where Tommy's house had stood. A faint hope of finding someone alive arose when he saw the red chimney poking its nose from the side of a furrow. Throwing off his coat and using a piece of stick for a shovel, Timmy dug away for dear life. After an hour's labor he had uncovered the whole chimney. He tried to peer down, but everything was pitch dark. He was just going to jump off and rest, when a faint halloo sounded up the chimney.

"Who's there?" called Timmy, trembling with excitement. A faint cry answered him—then silence. Redoubling his efforts, the little mouse dug furiously and finally succeeded in uncovering the attic window. Breaking the window and lighting the night lamp that every mouse always carries for emergencies, Timmy stepped into the crushed and buried cottage.

Feeling his way cautiously, he reached the lower floors. Some of the rooms were impassable, the walls having fallen in, but the parlor was practically untouched, save for broken ornaments. Blinking in the dim light Timmy held his lantern high and looked around. Then he gave a little cry, for lying on the sofa with closed eyes was a limp little lady mouse.

That first look told Timmy three things, that she was very young, very pretty and very weak from her experiences. He found some water in the kitchen, and with that help brought the little creature to. She told him that his cousins were not in the house at the time of the earthquake, and that she, who was visiting them, was keeping house until their return. The very mention of the catastrophe threw her into a chill, and Timmy, seeing that this was no time for explanations, helped her to her feet and half carrying her brought her to the top of the house, out of the attic window into the moonlight field.

By easy stages Timmy helped her to the edge of the field. It was quite useless, they had mournfully agreed, to seek his relatives further, for they had undoubtedly perished. The pluck and courage with which the little lady met the situation made a great impression upon Timmy. And trudging along the two men were telling one another all manner of things. Timmy could not help touching upon his fine house, and in turn told her that she was an orphan, but "I was just appointed to teach in the country mouse school when this happened," she finished, sadly, and inquired about the openings for a domestically inclined mouse girl in the city. (The house was, of course, the mouse's city.)

By this time they had come to the train and Timmy begged her to allow him to accompany her to her friends. At this the little mouse choked up and admitted that she had broken in the city. Three tears rolled down her cheeks and the sight so unnerved Timmy, already wrought up by the evening's experiences, that he proposed to her upon the spot and was accepted.

Although considerably subdued by the dreadful events of the night, I cannot say that the journey back to the attic was an unhappy one. Stopping for Timmy's old aunt, who lived in the pantry, the three made their way to the house, in the attic. The little orphan lady was so enchanted with her new domicile that she accepted Timmy all over again. Timmy called the parson on the telephone and arrangements were made for the wedding next day. And as if that were not enough happiness for him, who should turn up on that joyful occasion but the country cousins, who, warned in time, had fled to the city. What explanations and what feasting and frolicking followed! The dollhouse rang with merriment, and as for Timmy and his wife, they are living happily there to this very day, and what a housekeeper he had won in the little country orphan and how the city mouse girls envied her.

Prize Story. Dickie's Dog. By Ruby Craft, David City, Neb. Blue Side. You thought Dickie was a boy, didn't you? Well, she isn't; she's a girl, and a very patriotic one at that. Brother Bert was going to camp and as her parents were both dead and they had no relatives, it was decided to take her with him. But what to do with her after she was there was another question. "I must have my Billy," said Dickie. On arriving there, Bert said, "Dick, I can't take you with me."

"I know it," answered Dickie shortly. "Hello, Bert," said his friend. "Why, what are you going to do with her?" exclaimed Tom in surprise. "I don't know, only." "Say! there's a lady near our camp who would adopt her and take good care of her, too," broke in Tom. "Would you like to live there?" asked Bert. "Yes," answered Dickie. A week later a soldier came in the yard of Dickie's new home. She was teaching Billy a new trick, which he seemed to learn very rapidly. "Say, he would make a dandy Red Cross dog," exclaimed a man after watching him in a moment. "Would he?" asked Dickie. "Yes, and from what I hear they need dogs badly. You should help your country. I think that is a fine way," he said, pointing to Dickie's beloved dog. "But, oh! I couldn't give up my dog—why, he's all I have of my real own," gasped Dickie. Dickie spent a sleepless night. She wanted to help her Bert. Now her chance had come and she didn't like it. About morning a very sleepy Dickie had settled the troublesome question, for the next day, with tears in her eyes, she gave her Billy away.

(Honorable Mention.) A Disobedient Boy. By Blanche Lindholm, Aged 11 Years, Box 215, Osceola, Neb. Blue Side. Tommy was a very naughty boy. He had been playing with matches one morning and when his mother found it out she said, "Tommy, the next time you play with matches you will be sorry for it." Tommy promised his mother he would never do it again. That afternoon his mother went over to see one of her sick friends. Some of Tommy's friends came over to play and the boys thought it would be fun to make a bonfire and roast some apples. "Go in and get some matches, Tom," said one of the boys. "No," said Tommy, "mother said, I

Apt Youngsters Knit for the Sammies in France



Left to right: Lois Hindman, Dorothy Henry, George Turley, Mary Beth Wallace, Dorothy Austin, William Monahan and Josephine Mach.

HERE are the little friends of Dorothy Clare Henry, only 6 years old, whom she entertained at a knitting party at her home Saturday afternoon. Dorothy's mother, Mrs. C. A. Henry, showed her how to knit a scarf, and Dorothy thought it so much fun she wanted all her little friends to learn how to knit, too. So she invited them—boys and girls both—to a party at her house and mother showed them all how to handle the long needles.

If you think they were not apt pupils, examine the picture carefully and you will see how much they knitted that first afternoon! The little girls expect to get a lot of knitting done to keep our Sammies warm this winter.

lumber and started home and when he got pretty nearly home, Ray got the Ford and we got Alice E. Cross and Nellie Shively and went to meet him. Then when we came back to town we went down the road and back up town and then we rode around the square and went up past the high school and Miss Shively drove the car back. Then we took Alice home and came up home and I got out of the car and Ray took the car into the garage and went with papa to unload the truck. This is a true story. G. Z. P. S.—I would like some little boy or girl to write me.

A Narrow Escape. By Hazel Karker, Aged 11 Years, Alexandria, Neb. Blue Side. When we lived in Colorado papa was working on his cement tank one day when he saw a chicken hawk. He told one of us girls to run in the house and get the shotgun and he would shoot the hawk. We did, so papa shot the hawk. Afterwards he put the gun on the cement tank and told us girls to leave it alone because it was loaded. That afternoon papa went to town and left my cousin and us girls and mamma at home alone. While he was gone my cousin got the gun down and was fooling with it. We girls went out there where he was. Zazel, my sister, got right in front of the gun. He happened to pull the trigger and the gun went off and shot a hole in Zazel's dress. It scared her so that she did not know what to do. I ran into the house and told mamma that Zazel was shot. Mamma came running out there where we were and she found out that she was not shot. When papa came home that night I told him about it. He gave my cousin a good scolding that night and he never touched that gun again. This is a true story. This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees. I hope to see my letter in print.

A Stormy Night at Home. By Helen Crabb, Aged 10 Years, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side. Well, Busy Bees, do you like a stormy night? I do, because I like to hear the rain patter on the roof. After supper I help mother with the dishes and then play a few games. And then my brother and my sister listen while I read the paper. We then cut out funny faces and other curious things which make my mother and father laugh. When mother says, "Bedtime," we get undressed, say our prayers and then it's good night, Busy Bees, and all the rest of the world. Busy Bees, write to me. I will be glad to answer them. My First Letter. By Paul Crosby, Aged 10 Years, Sutherland, Neb. Blue Side. I have never written before, but now I will. I want to join the Blue Side. I have a pony that I ride to school. His name is Dandy. I ride about a mile and a half to school. I am in the fourth grade and my teacher's name is Miss Bird. Will close and write again. Hope I see my letter in the paper. Kaiser Bill. By Evelyn Leona Boynton, Aged 9 Years, Sidney, Ia. Red Side. To take a shot at France. Kaiser Bill came down the hill. He fell into a trance. At last he awoke. And found it no joke. For freedom reigns from shore to shore. The kings and queens ruled no more. Freedom's banner was flying high. From every country under the sky. My Own Dear Flag. By Arlovine Ring, Age 10, 915 West Avenue, Holdrege, Neb. Red Side. I have never written you a letter before. I received the Busy Bee's page every Sunday and I thought I would like to be a Busy Bee member. I don't think we ought to have any Christmas, and send it all to the Belgian people, for they are starving. I think it would be nice if we could

Little Tot's Birthday Book

- Six Years Old Tomorrow (Nov. 26): Name. School. Jonescheit, Emma.....Highland Seven Years Old Tomorrow: Houghton, Raymond P. Wal. Hill Mitchell, Clyde.....Castelar Muir, Leora Elmira.....Central Park Oliver, Louis.....Lincoln Seldomridge, Harriet Helen.....Lake Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Brice, Ward.....Mason Colro, Mary.....Train Coltz, Alice.....Webster Fuller, Vivian V.....Long Laharty, Loretta.....Kellom Nocita, Sam.....Pacific Smith, Louise.....Windsor Nine Years Old Tomorrow: Foral, Agnes Mary.....St. Wenceslaus Tuska, Charles.....Lincoln Otis, Thelma V.....Lothrop Plummer, Carroll V.....Columbian Stasny, Cecelia.....Highland Walters, Myrtle Fays.....Franklin

May Squires Young Poet



May Squires

Ten-year-old May Squires of Ashland likes to write poetry. She has written a number of original poems. She has named this little verse "Bluebird." "I know a naughty bluebird Who lives high in a tree; No siren, there's nothin' betta for you and I. We's goin' to chop off de turkey head An' in de oven he'll have his bed. We's goin' to eat right outa de plate An' for dat Tanksgivin' dinna I ain't goin' to be late. He's always into mischief, But he's happy as can be. His mother never whips him, Nor tells him what to do, Now, if your mother didn't care, I'll bet you'd be naughty too. The cow and feed the pigs. So he picked up his wooden man and carried it back to the house with him. During the evening, by the light of the fire in the kitchen, Tip carefully rounded all the edges of the joints and smoothed the rough places in a neat and workmanlike manner. Then he stood the figure up against the wall and admired it. It seemed remarkably tall, even for a full grown man; but that was a good point in a small boy's eyes, and Tip did not object at all to the size of his creation. Next morning, when he looked at his work again, Tip saw he had forgotten to give the dummy a neck, by means of which he might fasten the pumpkinhead to the body. So he went again to the forest, which was not far away, and chopped from a tree several pieces of wood with which to complete his work. When he returned he fastened a cross-piece to the upper end of the body, making a hole through the center to hold upright the neck. The bit of wood which formed this neck was also sharpened at the upper end, and when all was ready Tip put on the pumpkin head, pressing it well down onto the neck, and found that it fitted very well. The head could be turned to one side or the other, as he pleased, and the hinges of the arms and legs allowed him to place the dummy in any position he desired. "Now, that," declared Tip, proudly, "is really a very fine man, and it ought to frighten several acres out of old Mombi! But it would be much more lifelike if it were properly dressed." To find clothing seemed no easy task; but Tip boldly ransacked the great chest in which Mombi kept all her keepsakes and treasures, and at the very bottom he discovered some purple trousers, a red shirt and a pink vest which was dotted with white spots. These he carried away to his man and succeeded, although the garments did not fit very well, in dressing the creature in a jaunty fashion. Some knit stockings belonging to Mombi and a much worn pair of his own shoes completed the man's apparel, and Tip was so delighted that he danced up and down and laughed aloud in boyish ecstasy. "I must give him a name!" he cried. "So good a man as this must surely have a name. I believe," he added, after a moment's thought, "I will name the fellow 'Jack Pumpkinhead'!" (Continued Next Sunday)

Tip Manufactures A Pumpkinhead

First chapter from "Wonderful Land of Oz," by L. Frank Baum. In the country of the Gillikins, which is at the north of the Land of Oz, lived a youth called Tip. There was more to his name than that, for old Mombi often declared that his whole name was Tippetarius; but no one was expected to say such a long word when "Tip" would do just as well. This boy remembered nothing of his parents, for he had been brought when quite young to be reared by the old woman known as Mombi, whose reputation, I am sorry to say, was none of the best. For the Gillikin people had reason to suspect her of indulging in magical arts, and therefore hesitated to associate with her. Mombi was not exactly a Witch, because the Good Witch who ruled that part of the Land of Oz had forbidden any other Witch to exist in her dominions. So Tip's guardian, however much she might aspire to working magic, realized it was unlawful to be more than a Sorceress, or at most a Wizardess. Tip was made to carry wood from the forest, that the old woman might boil her pot. He also worked in the cornfields, hoeing and husking; and he fed the pigs and milked the four-horned cow that was Mombi's especial pride. But you must not suppose he worked all the time, for he felt that would be bad for him. When sent to the forest Tip often climbed trees for birds' eggs or amused himself chasing the fleet white rabbits or fishing in the brooks with bent pins. Then he would hastily gather his armful of wood and carry it home. And when he was supposed to be working in the cornfields, and the tall stalks hid him from Mombi's view, Tip would often dig in the gopher holes, or—if the mood seized him—lie upon his back between the rows of corn and take a nap. So, by taking care not to exhaust his strength, he grew as strong and rugged as a boy may be. Mombi's curious magic often frightened her neighbors, and they treated her shyly, yet respectfully, because of her weird powers. But Tip frankly hated her, and took no pains to hide his feelings. Indeed, he sometimes showed less respect for the old woman than he should have done, considering she was his guardian. There were pumpkins in Mombi's cornfields, lying golden red among the rows of green stalks; and these had been planted and carefully tended that the four-horned cow might eat of them in the winter time. But one day, after the corn had all been cut and stacked, and Tip was carrying the pumpkins to the stable, he took a notion to make a "jack lantern" and try to give the old woman a fright with it. So he selected a fine, big pumpkin—one with a lustrous, orange-red color—and began carving it. With the point of his knife he made two round eyes, a three-cornered nose, and a mouth shaped like a new moon. The face, when completed,



To Use Up Stale Bread

In most houses there is by the end of each week an accumulation of stale bread which, unless some use can be found for it, must be thrown away and wasted, but if reasonable care is taken there need be no such thing as waste in the bread pan. Place all the crusts in the oven when it is not required for baking purposes, allow them to remain there until quite dry, then press with a rolling pin until they are quite fine, and when cold store in a tin. They can then be used for frying fish, cutlets, etc. Stale slices of bread can be made into savory toast and served for breakfast or tea, and an excellent children's pudding can be made from odd pieces. Heat one-half pint of milk, break up any stale bread into a basin, add one tablespoon of sugar, pour over it the milk and beat up with a fork, then add two well beaten eggs. Grease a mold, spread strawberry jam on the bottom, pour in the bread mixture and steam for an hour. Experienced ironers can generally tell the proper heat of an iron by holding it up to the face, but a better test is to run the iron over a piece of paper, and if it scorches the paper, it would also scorch the fabric.