

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 him 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.

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 of course she got out there 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 Halloween Party.
By Eva Adams, Aged 13 Years, Wolbach, Neb. Blue Side.

The night after Halloween, the Sunday school girls in our class and our Sunday school teacher had a party. It was in the basement in our church. We had an awful good time. When we first went there we all dressed in "nasks and some of them had on old dresses. Then we played games; we played blind man's buff, going to the old country and other games. There were 17 girls and our teacher; her name is Miss Minnie McIntyre. We like her fine. After we had played games for a long time they brought a tub of water and put apples in it and we got down and got them with our mouths. I got two. We had turned out the light and played by the light of the candles in the jack-o'-lanterns. Then we ate candy, nuts, cookies, pumpkin pie. Then we looked for walnuts. Miss McIntyre had taken English walnuts and opened them, then put little notes in them and put them back together; then she hid them and we hunted them. I got two. Then we played more games and went home. I had a very nice time.

We had a box social and program at our school house the night before Halloween and we made \$24.85.

Two of My Pets.
By Ethel Mae Kudma, Bee, Neb. Blue Side.

I have two pets that I like very much. They are a dog and a cat. My cat's name is Tommy Fluffy. It is a malfese and very pretty. He likes to play very much. He will play with a feather, a cob or a blade of grass, or anything. He is about a year old. I got him from my grandma. My dog's name is Dodo. He's brown. He isn't very big. He is about 6 years old. Sometimes I dress them up in my doll clothes and take them out for a ride.

Dear Busy Bees, I wish some of you would write to me. I've been sick, so I can't go out doors, because I'm going to have my tonsils taken out.

Has Soldier Brother.
Martha Cejnar, 1427 South Fifteenth Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

To the Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I have two brothers. One is a soldier and the other carries the Bee. I am 8 years old and go to

Comenius school, in the Second grade. I have a good teacher, her name is Miss Myers. Last year my brother had seven white rabbits and one black one. They were all killed by dogs.

How I Help Mother.
By Marian Talcott, Aged 10 Years, McClelland, Ia. Red Side.

On Saturday I help my mother by washing a few clothes, washing and wiping the dishes, sweep the kitchen and dining room floor.

My mother husks corn instead of having to pay 10 cents a bushel to have a hired man husk it, then throw half of it over the wagon and not pick it up.

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

Circo, Mary.....Train

Foltz, 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

divide our homes with the Belgian people and make them happy.

I Love the Soldier Boys.

Let's give our help to the boys in blue.

It's help for me and it's help for you. A Liberty loan bond our country needs.

To help the boys in the trenches deep.

Love to all Busy Bees.

Jessie Hike, Bellevue, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Editor: I am sending a poem, and hope I win the prize. My friend is also writing and I thought I would put it in her letter.

Fall.

The autumn leaves are falling.

The trees are all bare.

The snow is falling fast.

The birds are without care.

Thanksgiving.

I am going to have a good dinner.

The best I ever had.

Mince-meat pie and cranberry sauce.

That isn't very bad.

Minnie Flax, Bellevue, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Editor: Being the first time I have written to your Busy Bee page, I hope to see my letter in print.

You will notice, my friend is also writing. I am sending you a poem I made up.

Thanksgiving.

Um, tink of de dinna on Tanksgiving day.

Um, it'll be much betta dan rough play.

We's going to have cranberry sauce and apple pie.

No sircce, 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 Tanksgiving' dinna I ain't goin' to be late.

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,

could not have been considered strictly beautiful; but it wore a smile so big and broad, and was so jolly in expression, that even Tip laughed as he looked admiringly at his work.

The child had no playmates, so he did not know that boys often dig out the inside of a "pumpkinjack," and in the space thus made put a lighted candle to render the face more startling; but he conceived an idea of his own that promised to be quite as effective. He decided to manufacture the form of a man, who would wear this pumpkinhead, and to stand it in a place where old Mombi would meet it face to face.

"And then," said Tip to himself, with a laugh, "she'll squeal louder than the brown pig does when I pull her tail, and shiver with fright worse than I did last year when I had the ague!"

He had plenty of time to accomplish this task, for Mombi had gone to a village—to buy groceries, she said—and it was a journey of at least two days.

So he took his axe to the forest, and selected some stout, straight saplings, which he cut down and trimmed of all their twigs and leaves. From these he would make the arms, and legs, and feet of his man. For the body he stripped a sheet of thick bark from around a big tree, and with much labor fashioned it into a cylinder of about the right size, pinning the edges together with wooden pegs. Then, whistling happily as he worked, he carefully jointed the limbs and fastened them to the body with pegs whittled into shape with his knife.

By this time this feat had been accomplished it began to grow dark, and Tip remembered he must milk

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 sircce, 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 Tanksgiving' 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)

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.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(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 some moments.

"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 country. 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

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, no 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.

should not play with matches any more." "Oh, she will never know it; we will make it behind the shed, and she never goes back there."

At last Tom went into the house and got a handful of matches.

The boys gathered some wood and brought it back of the shed. When the fire was started one of the boys said, "Now, where will we get the apples?" "Over in Mr. Smith's orchard," said another. "Well," said Tom, slowly, "but you know what Mr. Smith said the other day." But the rest said, "Aw, come on; we don't care."

By the time the boys had reached the orchard the wood was burning fast. When they returned with their arms full of apples, one of the boys said, "Look! the shed is on fire!" Tom almost shook out of his boots. What would his mother and father do to him? There was no time to waste. They must call for help. But three men had already seen it and were hurrying towards it with buckets of water to put the fire out. Just then Tom's mother and father came home. When they saw what had happened they called Tom into the house and his mother said, "Tommy, didn't I tell you never to play with matches again?" Tommy didn't say anything. He was almost too frightened to move.

Poor Tommy was sent to bed at 5 o'clock without any supper, and as he went to sleep he said to himself, "I will never play with matches again." And he never did.

Papa's Truck.
By Georgia Zorn, Aged 12 Years, Route 4, Harrisburg, Neb. Red Side.

My Dear Busy Bees: I saw my letter in print and thought I would write another story.

The name of my story is "When Papa Got His Truck."

My papa went to Kimball and bought his new truck and went to the lumber company and bought some

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.