

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.

Personals

Katherine Goss made reservations for 18 members of the O. T. club at the Field club matinee dance Friday.

Margaret Bolin, from Douglas, Wyo., is spending a month with her grandma and aunts, the Misses Alma and Blanche Bolin.

Louise and Eleanor Robertson had a Fourth of July supper at Mrs. C. K. Robertsons and spent the evening shooting off fireworks.

Billy, Emma and Helen Hoagland left Tuesday for their grandfather's ranch, Waterdale, Colo., where they will spend a few weeks riding ponies and hunting and fishing.

Marjorie and Betty Manley cele-

brated the Fourth at the Field club. They were daintily dressed in white dresses and pink sashes.

Jean Borglum is Hooverizing on most everything. She gave up her usual firecracker celebration on the Fourth because her parents assured her that a whole bushel of fireworks would be forthcoming after the war.

Mary Elizabeth's Party

Mary Elizabeth Nicholson, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Nicholson, was hostess to 14 neighborhood children on the Fourth for a picnic lunch. The children shot off fire crackers at dale goodies and had a fine time.

Awful Waste

McDougal (on Channel steamer)—Hoot, mom! you'll soon be better. McTavish—it's no the seekness I'm mindin', it's the awfu' waste. I paid 18 pence for that deenner.—Boston Transcript.

Four Little Actresses in a Pretty "Fairy Tale" Playette



You should have seen the "Sleeping Beauty and the Prince," a little play that was given by some of the Franklin school children Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Julius E. Rau. When I tell you that the children sold \$35 worth of tickets and that 250 people came to see their play you will know just what a wonderful success it was. In the picture you will see four of the little girls who took part. The little lady who is so deeply interested in her painting is Louise Wood, and the girl standing beside her, who was called "The Mistress of the Ink Bottle," is Miss Alice Wixson. The little dancing girl is Miss Eleanor Taylor, while the musical lady with her banjo is Miss Ruth Betherds.

DEAR Busy Bees: We have had a visitor at our house. Yes, indeed, a very polite and kind fellow to be sure. The other morning when we opened the front door there lay a big eyed dog wagging a greeting with his tail. He came inside and made friends with each member of the family and sat on his hind paws and listened to all we said to him with the most alert expression on his face you ever saw. He stayed two days and barked for his food and played in the yard and seemed very pleased with himself, and us, and then his owner came for him and he went home.

We thought we would never see Mr. Dog again but what do you think yesterday noon here he was at the front door, and he barked and ran around the yard and then went away.

At first I couldn't think what he did it for and then when I remembered what a polite dog he was I decided that he was making his bread and butter thank you call. Don't you think he was?

Lovingly,
MARGARET.

Uncle Sam in France.
By Bertha Dunker, Aged 14 Years,
Strang, Neb. Blue Side.

Uncle Sam has gone to France
To make the kaiser dance.
He can do it, too, all right.
No matter if it takes many days and
nights.

He'll make him know
That Uncle Sam's got him just so,
And Old Bill will have to give up in
For he will know Uncle Sam's over there.

So we won't have to send our soldiers
Nor wait for their return at the door;
For Uncle Sam has gone to France
To make the kaiser dance.

TWINKLE and CHUBBINS :

Their Astonishing Adventures in Nature-Fairyland

By LAURA BANCROFT

PRAIRIE-DOG TOWN



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CHAPTER IV.

Presto Digi, the Magician.
"A ND now, if you like, we will be pleased to have you visit some of our houses," said Mr. Bowko, the Mayor, in a friendly tone.

"But we can't!" exclaimed Twinkle. "We're too big," and she got up and sat down upon the bank, to show him how big she really was when compared with the prairie-dogs.

"Oh, that doesn't matter in the least," the Mayor replied. "I'll have Presto Digi, our magician, reduce you to our size."

"Can he?" asked Twinkle, doubtfully.

"Our magician can do anything," declared the Mayor. Then he sat up and put both his front paws to his mouth and made a curious sound that was something like a bark and something like a whistle, but not exactly like either one.

Then everybody waited in silence until a queer old prairie-dog slowly put his head out of a big mound near the center of the village.

"Good morning, Mr. Presto Digi," said the Mayor.

"Morning!" answered the magician, blinking his eyes as if he had just awakened from sleep.

Twinkle nearly laughed at this scrawny, skinny personage; but by good fortune, for she didn't wish to offend him, she kept her face straight and did not even smile.

"We have two guests here, this morning," continued the Mayor, addressing the magician, "who are a little too large to get into our houses. So, as they are invited to stay to

luncheon, it would please us all if you would kindly reduce them to fit our underground rooms."

"Is that all you want?" asked Mr. Presto Digi, bobbing his head at the children.

"It seems to me a great deal," answered Twinkle. "I'm afraid you never could do it."

"Wow!" said the magician, in a scornful voice that was almost a bark. "I can do that with one paw. Come here to me, and don't step on any of our mounds while you're so big and clumsy!"

So Twinkle and Chubbins got up and walked slowly toward the magician, taking great care where they stepped. Teenty and Weenty sat opposite them and stared with their mischievous round eyes as hard as they could.

They were not likely to slip or tumble down.

"Wow!" said the magician, in a scornful voice that was almost a bark. "I can do that with one paw. Come here to me, and don't step on any of our mounds while you're so big and clumsy!"

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"Wow!" said the magician, in a scornful voice that was almost a bark. "I can do that with one paw. Come here to me, and don't step on any of our mounds while you're so big and clumsy!"

Twinkle and Chubbins felt any effect from the magic, nor any different from ordinary; but they knew they were growing smaller, because their eyes were getting closer to the magician.

"Is that enough?" asked Mr. Presto, after a while.

"Just a little more, please," replied the Mayor; I don't want them to bump their heads against the doorway."

Twinkle nearly laughed at this scrawny, skinny personage; but by good fortune, for she didn't wish to offend him, she kept her face straight and did not even smile.

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blinked, until Twinkle suddenly found she had to look up at him as he squatted on his mound.

"Stop!" she screamed; "if you keep on, we won't be anything at all!"

"You're just about the right size," said the Mayor, looking them over with much pleasure, and when the girl turned around she found Mr. Bowko and Mrs. Puff-Pudgy standing beside her, and she could easily see that Chubbins was no bigger than they, and she was no bigger than Chubbins.

"Kindly follow me," said Mrs. Puff-Pudgy, "for my little darlings are anxious to make your acquaintance, and as I was the first to discover you, you are to be my guests first of all, and afterward go to the Mayor's to luncheon."

CHAPTER V.

The Home of the Puff-Pudgys.

So Twinkle and Chubbins, still holding hands, trotted along to the Puff-Pudgy mound and it was strange how rough the ground now seemed to their tiny feet. They climbed up the slope of the mound rather clumsily, and when they came to the hole it seemed to them as big as a well.

Then they saw that it wasn't a deep hole, but a sort of tunnel leading down hill into the mound, and Twinkle knew if they were careful they were not likely to slip or tumble down.

"Sit down, please," said Mrs. Puff-Pudgy. "You'll want to rest a minute before I show you around."

So Twinkle and Chubbins sat upon the pretty clay chairs, and Teenty and Weenty sat opposite them and stared with their mischievous round eyes as hard as they could.

"What nice furniture," exclaimed the girl.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Puff-Pudgy, looking up at the picture of a sad-faced prairie-dog; "Mr. Puff-Pudgy made it all himself. He was very handy at such things. It's a shame he turned out so obstinate."

"Did he build the house, too?"

"Why, he dug it out, if that's what you mean. But I advised him how to do it, so I deserve some credit for it myself. Next to the Mayor's it's the best house in town, which accounts for our high social standing. Weenty take you paw out of your mouth. You're biting your claws again."

"I'm not!" said Weenty.

"And now," continued Mrs. Puff-Pudgy, "if you are rested, I'll show you through the rest of our house."

So, they got up and followed her, and she led the children through an archway into the dining room. Here was a cupboard full of the cunningest little dishes. Twinkle had ever seen. They were all made of clay, baked in the sun, and were of graceful shapes, and nearly as smooth and perfect as our own dishes.

CHAPTER VI.

Teenty and Weenty.

All around the sides of the dining room were pockets, or bins, in the wall; and these were full of those things the prairie dogs are most fond of eating. Clover-seeds filled one bin, and sweet roots another; dried mulberry leaves—that must have come from a long distance—were in another bin, and even kernels of yellow field corn were heaped in one place. The Puff-Pudgys were surely in no danger of starving for some time to come.

"Teenty! Put back that grain of wheat," commanded the mother, in a severe voice.

Instead of obeying, Teenty put the wheat in his mouth and ate it as quickly as possible.

"The little ones are so restless,"

Mrs. Puff-Pudgy said to Twinkle, "that it's hard to manage them."

"They don't behave," remarked Chubbins, staring hard at the children.

"No, they have a share of their father's obstinate nature," replied Mrs. Puff-Pudgy. "Excuse me a minute and I'll cuff them. I'll do them good."

But before their mother could reach them, the children found trouble of their own. Teeny sprang at Weenty and began to fight, because his brother had pinched him, and Weenty fought back with all his might and main. They scratched with their claws and bit with their teeth, and rolled over and over upon the floor, bumping into the wall and upsetting the chairs, and snarling and growling all the while like two puppies.

Mrs. Puff-Pudgy sat down and watched them, but did not interfere. "Won't they hurt themselves?" asked Twinkle, anxiously.

"Perhaps so" said the mother; "but if they do, it will punish them for being so naughty. I always let them fight it out, because they are so brave for a day or two afterward that they have to keep quiet, and then I get a little rest."

Twenty set up a great howling, then and, and Weenty drew away from his defeated brother and looked at him closely. The fur on both of them was badly mussed up, and Weenty had a long scratch on his nose, that must have hurt him, or he wouldn't have howled so. Teeny's left eye was closed tight, but if it hurt him he bore the pain in silence.

Mrs. Puff-Pudgy now pushed them both into a little room and shut them up, saying they must stay there until bedtime; and then she led Twinkle and Chubbins into the kitchen and showed them a pool of clear water, in a big clay basin, that had been caught during the last rain and saved for drinking purposes. The children drank of it, and found it cool and refreshing.

Then they saw the bedrooms, and learned that the beds of prairie dogs were nothing more than round hollows made in heaps of clay. These animals always curl themselves up when they sleep, and the round hollows just fitted their bodies; so, no doubt, they found them very comfortable.

There were several bedrooms, for the Puff-Pudgy house was really very large. It was also very cool and pleasant, being all underground and not a bit damp.

After they had admired everything in a way that made Mrs. Puff-Pudgy very proud and happy, their hostess took one of the lighted candles from a bracket and said she would now escort them to the house of the Hon. Mr. Bowko, the Mayor.

"Is that enough?" asked Mr. Presto, after a while.

"Just a little more, please," replied the Mayor; I don't want them to bump their heads against the doorway."

Twinkle nearly laughed at this scrawny, skinny personage; but by good fortune, for she didn't wish to offend him, she kept her face straight and did not even smile.

"We have two guests here, this morning," continued the Mayor, addressing the magician, "who are a little too large to get into our houses. So, as they are invited to stay to

their astonishment, adventures in Nature-Fairyland.

By LAURA BANCROFT

How the Bee Won.

By Mildred Langhorst, Aged 10, Fontenelle, Neb.

The Omaha Sunday Bee and the Nebraska Ruralist were discussing which was the most useful. The Nebraska Ruralist said, "Mrs. Jones uses me for patterns. They don't use you for that much." The Bee said, "Mrs. Clare wants to see the headlines to see how the war is; whether United States is ahead or losing. Mrs. Clarke wants to see what Burgess-Nash Co. has in tailored goods. These children want the comical section. They all want me at the same time." Now, said Miss Bee, what other reasons do you have that you're most useful? The Nebraska Ruralist was shocked when it heard how many more reasons the Bee had than she who was most useful. That's why the Bee wins its first case.

My Vacation.

By Saloma Naiman, Aged 11, Route 1, box 2, Gillett, Neb.

This year I am going to spend my vacation at home on the farm. My mother has a war garden. I like to help weed in it. We raise chickens,

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Little Stories By Our Little Folks

(Prize Story)

Ann's Patriotism.
By Lucile Bauer, Aged 12 Years, Atwood, Kan. Blue Side.

"I don't see why we have to buy war savings stamps," said Ann to her chum May.

"I tho't our government was rich, but it doesn't look as if it was, because they've had three Liberty loans and now they want us to buy war savings stamps."

"But," said her companion, "have you stopped to think who or what the government is?" "No!"

"Well then, will you let me tell you?"

"Yes!"

"Our great, free and fair government is the people united into one great, strong nation and the wealth of the people is the wealth of the nation, and that is why, still united, we must give our money, fathers and brothers and our time to make the whole world united, and make it so that no one man can rule his fellowmen."

"The thrift stamp and the war savings stamp will help us if we only hear their plea 'Buy me, so I can fight too.' Do you understand why we should buy them?"

"Ye-e-e-es, I was wondering this morning what to do with that \$5 bill father gave me on my birthday and I was just on my way down