

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

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 celebrated 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 an date goodies and had a fine time.

### Awful Waste

McDougal (on Channel steamer)—Hoot, mon, ye'll soon be better. McTavish—It's no the seekness I'm mindin', it's the awfu' waste. I paid 15 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 Bethers.

## Little Stories By Our Little Folks

### (Prize Story)

#### Ann's Patriotism.

By Lucile Bauer, Aged 12 Years, Atwood, Kan. Blue Side. 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 stamps 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-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 town to buy a box of chocolates with it. But I guess I can do without chocolates," said Ann as she went toward the post office where war savings stamps were sold.

### (Honorable Mention.)

#### The Largest Firecracker.

By Theodore Perry, Aged 11, Stratton, Neb.

One Fourth of July a man offered any boy a prize that could make the largest firecracker that would make the most noise. All the boys set to work taking small firecrackers and building them into one big one.

At last the day arrived when they would shoot them all off.

A big crowd of boys walked down the street carrying big firecrackers. But there was one boy that did not have a firecracker.

Jimmy, which was the name of this boy, was very happy and whistled all the way.

As soon as they got there the boys went out one by one and shot off the firecrackers.

Finally all were done except Jimmy.

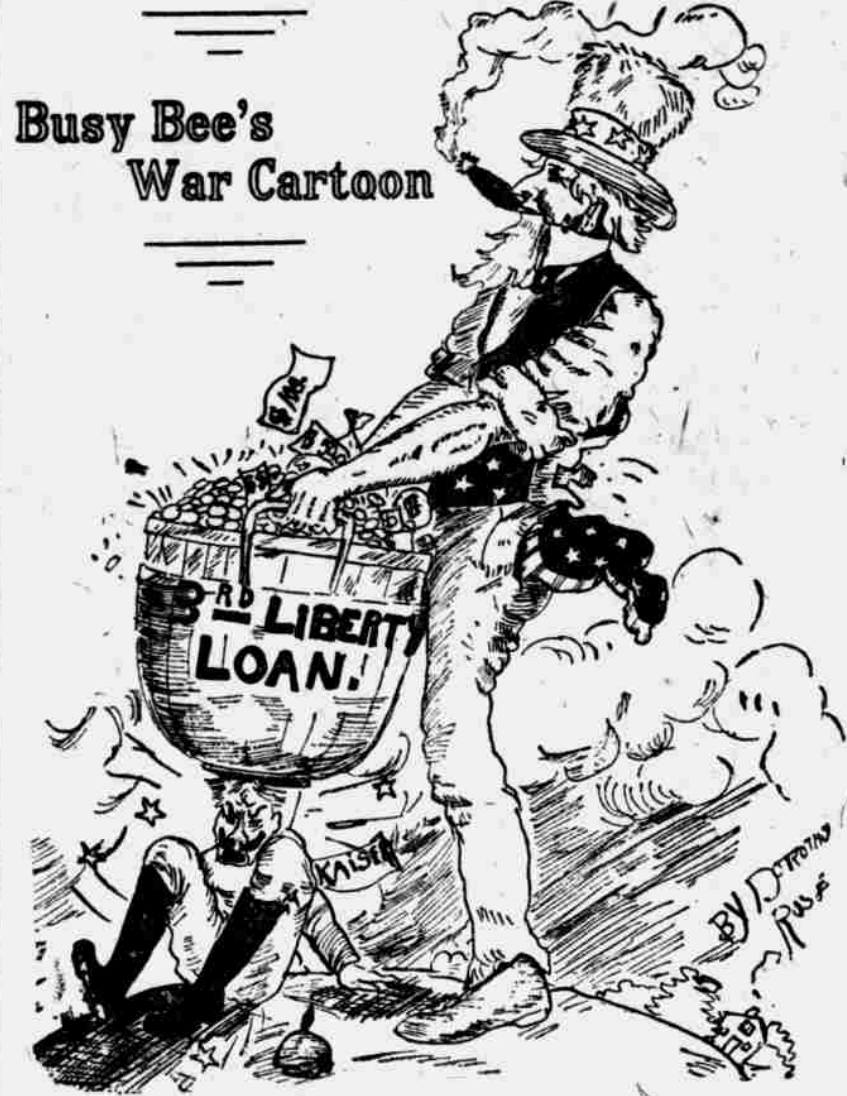
He went out and held up a thrift stamp card full of thrift stamps.

This is what he said:

"I think this is the biggest firecracker for it is blowing up the kaiser."

He won the prize.

## Busy Bee's War Cartoon



The Busy Bee editor received several clever cartoons from the pen of Busy Bee artists, but regrets inability to reproduce them in today's paper because for the most part they were done in pencil or blue ink. Only drawings made in black ink reproduce well for newspaper purposes.

Lewis Wessel of Nebraska City sent two lovely fashion drawings; Mary Alexander of Grand Island, Clarence Slattery of Norfolk; Frank

Dyba of the South Side and Edith Green of Jungmann school, Omaha, splendid war cartoons.

The one by Edith Green is particularly good. It pictures a soldier, sailor and farmer with a background of the Stars and Stripes and this inscription: "Red, White and Blue. These men are brave and true," and sent two lovely fashion drawings; Mary Alexander of Grand Island, Clarence Slattery of Norfolk; Frank

### The Poor Belgians.

By Elsie Nelson, Aged 9, Box 2, Shelby, Ia. Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees: When your father is in town sometimes he brings candy home for you to eat. Well, you know these poor, dear, little French and Belgian children are waiting for their dear daddy to come home with good things for them to eat. Now, don't you Busy Bees wish you could go over and tell them "somewhere in France" is daddy, and he may not come back to you, for he is giving his life to our country. And I wish they wouldn't feel sad, for I should think they ought to feel proud of their dear daddy. Now can't you Busy

Bees find something to do to help them or to help their dear daddy win the war? I'm sure there are lots of things.

### A Trip to Fairyland.

By Evelyn Luce, Aged 12, 6719 Florence Boulevard, Omaha.

Marion had been put to bed and was dreaming happily.

This is the dream. Just as the clock struck 12 a small canary flew in the window. He lighted on the bedpost, handed Marion a tiny piece of paper.

"Read this," commanded the canary. The note contained:

"Swallow the leaf that the bird will give you and then wish to be smaller than the canary."

Marion did this and then hopped on the bird's back and flew away. Suddenly they stopped in front of a tree. In the tree were these words:

"Press the white spot on the other side of the tree and then walk in."

Marion and the bird did this and walked in. Marion was surprised to see the pretty roses and lanterns.

"Why," said Marion to herself, "there are those pretty roses Aunt Helen gave me. I wonder what they are doing here?"

Marion stayed and watched the fairies dance. Then the fairies and everything disappeared.

"Oh!" screamed Marion, for her mother was giving her a good shaking for not getting up when she had called her.

When Marion went downstairs there stood her flowers.

"It sure is very strange," thought Marion, "but I won't say anything because they think it's foolish to dream about such things."

So this is the end of Marion's Hallowe'en dream. For Marion had remembered when she got up in the morning that it had been Hallowe'en night.

### How Tom Helped His Country.

By Maxine Reichenburg, Aged 11, 147 No. 33d street, Omaha.

Tom had a dog his name was Ring Master, but Tom called him Ring. Tom and Ring lived in the country. They would race and play together all the time. Ring was all Tom had to play with. Ring was a collie.

In the country where Tom lived there was a Fort. Tom and Ring often watched the soldiers drill. Today as they passed Tom saw some officers training dogs for the war.

Tom went up to one of the officers and asked if Ring would be any use to them. The officer said he would. So Tom left Ring and went home.

For the next few days Tom was very lonely. Without Ring, but he was not sorry he gave Ring to his country.

### 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, "Mr. 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 he heard how many more reasons the Bee had than she why she was most useful. That's why the Bee won its first case.

### My Vacation.

By Saloma Naimann, Aged 11, Route 1, box 2, Gilead, 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,

### 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.

ducks, and have a guinea. We used to raise turkeys. They would not stay at home, so we gave up raising them. I have joined the Red Cross. I am saving on clothes, food and other things. The next time I have a quarter I am going to buy a thrift stamp. I have a brother "over there." His name is Herman. He joined the medical department. He has a medal for bravery. We have 23 little goslings, nine are full-grown. We have eight ducks and 325 chickens. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. So goodby.

### Autobiography of a Duck.

Verda Clark, Aged 11, Central City, Neb., Route 1.

The first thing I knew of life I was hatched out of a duck egg. At first I could not eat or run around, so just sat around and peeped.

One day, when I was strong enough to run around, I was taken out of the nest and given to an old hen. We would run around and she would try to make us learn to scratch, but we would not learn.

One night it rained about two inches. That morning we went out for a walk. We came to a large pool of water. There was a rock in the center of the pool. Mrs. Duck was there with her children. My mother asked her how she taught her children. She said that's easy enough. She said I will show you how. She started out and her children followed her, and then we followed them.

Our mother was so frightened she jumped on the rock and clucked as loud as she could.

The old mother duck dived and took a mouthfull of mud, all her family did the same and when we did it that scared the hen worse than ever. After a while we came out and went with our mother to the house.

The next day she led us to the pond, and ever after that she was not afraid to let us go in the pond. I and my brothers and sisters grew up fast.

I must close now, because a little boy and girl are coming towards me with an ax to chop my head off and eat me for their Christmas dinner.

### Wake Up, Young America!

By Valura Bates, Aged 12, Kennard, Ia.

Young America, they are calling. They are calling now for you! To help us win by saving!

For our own Red, White and Blue. So buy a little Thrift stamp

And start your book today

To help us lick the kaiser

And drive the Huns away.

The Thrift stamps they are little.

But helpful in the war!

So help us win by saving!

Till you can't save any more

And when the strife is over

And our banner proudly flies,

The people will be shouting

"Though there's tears in many eyes!

And yet, every little Liberty loan

Will help to win this war!

And we'll win it all by saving

Until the battle's o'er;

And from giving we'll never stop,

"Till our country's 'over the top.'"

### The Nightmare.

By Sophia Felton, Aged 10, Neola, Ia. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee section, and wish to join the Blue side.

One night, when I had the measles, I began to cry and cry. Papa awoke me and asked what the matter was. I said I thought Paul, my brother, was trying to kill me.

The next night I got out of bed. My father asked me what the matter was. That night I told him that thought my sister was after my toes.

I hope Mr. Wastebasket is out to tea.

### A Letter From Marie.

Marie Jones, Aged 10, Hyannis, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees—I like to read the story that the Busy Bees write.

I have four sisters and one brother. Their names are Frances, Ruth, Lois and Margaret. Frances, who is 11, feeds the chickens every night and morning. Ruth is 6, who wipes the dishes and Lois, who is 3, puts them away. My brother Boyd, who is 8, gets the coal for the next day and myself gets the wood and takes care of Margaret, who was 4 months old this month. I go to school in town. I live on a road 12 miles southeast of Hyannis. I like country life better than city life. This is my first letter. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.

### A Little Rhyme.

By Ruth Palmer Aged 11, Lincoln, Neb.

Dear Busy Bees:

It has been a long time since I have written to you. I enjoy the page very much.

I suppose you are purchasing Thrift and War Savings stamps. I have \$100 worth of War Savings stamps.

I am not much of a poet, but I will write this little rhyme and send it in to you on time hoping a book will be mine. It is not much of a rhyme, but it comes from the heart of a "True American."

### THRIFT STAMPS.

My old shoes and ragged coat. And I will buy Thrift Stamps That our country may be free.

Listen Busy Bee children And a way I will tell you How by purchasing Thrift stamps In a free country we may dwell.

## 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

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. 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 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.

Mrs. Puff-Pudgy popped into the hole like a fish, for she was used to it, and waited just below the opening to guide them. So Twinkle slipped down to the floor of the tunnel and Chubbins followed close after her, and then they began to go downward.

"It's a little dark right here," said Mrs. Puff-Pudgy; "but I've ordered the maid to light the candles for you, so you'll see well enough when you're in the rooms."

"Thank you," said Twinkle, walking along the hall and feeling her way by keeping her hand upon the smooth sides of the passage. "I hope you won't go to any trouble, or put on airs, just because we've come to visit you."

"If I do," replied Mrs. Puff-Pudgy, "it's because I know the right way to treat company. We've always belonged to the 'four hundred,' you know. Some folks never know what to do, or how to do it, but that isn't the way with the Puff-Pudgys. Hi! you, Teenty and Weenty—get out of here and behave yourselves! You'll soon have a good look at our visitors."

And now they came into a room so comfortable and even splendid that Twinkle's eyes opened wide with amazement.

It was big, and of a round shape, and on the walls were painted very handsome portraits of different

prairie-dogs of the Puff-Pudgy family. The furniture was made of white clay, baked hard in the sun and decorated with paints made from blue clay and red clay and yellow clay. This gave it a gorgeous appearance. There was a round table in the middle of the room, and several comfortable chairs and sofas. Around the walls were little brackets with candles in them, lighting the place very pleasantly.

"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; 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 dears 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. It'll do them good."

But before their mother could reach them, the children found trouble of their own. Teenty 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 hard on a pup or two afterward that they have to keep quiet, and then I get a little rest."

Weenty set up a great howling, just then, and Teenty drew away from his defeated brother and looked at him closely. The fur on both of them was badly matted up, and Weenty had a long scratch on his nose, that must have hurt him, or he wouldn't have howled so. Teenty'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.

(Continued Next Sunday.)