

# Page for The Bee's Busy Little Honey Makers

## In the Bee Hive

### Stories by Our Little Folks

#### (Prize)

##### If I could Have Three Wishes.

Phyllis suddenly found herself in a beautiful garden. It was longer cold and the north wind wasn't blowing. No, in this wonderful garden it was as warm as a summer day. How beautiful were the flowers and that wonderful crystal fountain.

"Why do you stand still so long?" asked a low, silvery voice.

"Why, why, where are you?"

"Look in the red, red rose just opposite you and you will see me," said the voice. Phyllis looked, and she saw, there in the very heart of the rose was a tiny creature all dressed in a beautiful yellow frock.

"Who are you?" asked Phyllis.

"I am the Bubble Fairy, Love."

"And do you live in this beautiful garden?"

"Yes, I live here, in Good Bubble Garden."

"Oh my!" said Phyllis. "I wish I could live here all the time, like you."

"Perhaps Good Bubble Fairy will let you, if you ask her, real nicely."

"Good Bubble Fairy! Why should I ask her?"

"Hush, hush! You mustn't let her hear you say such a thing. She is a very pretty flower fairy, and she is the ruler of this garden."

"To whom are you talking, Love?" asked a still more beautiful voice.

Phyllis wheeled around and there in front of her stood a most beautiful fairy, all dressed in white. She had golden hair.

"Good Bubble Fairy, I was speaking to a stranger who was brought here by Dream Bubble Fairy."

"Oh, I wish," began Phyllis.

"What do you wish?" asked Good Bubble Fairy.

"I don't like to tell you."

"Come, tell me, and you shall have three wishes."

"I wish," began Phyllis. "I wish you would move along, you've been here for three hours," said a gruff voice.

And Phyllis was abruptly interrupted in her beautiful fairy dream. That night as she was walking along the streets she wondered what would have happened had she made three fairy wishes.

After a while she became tired. She sat down on a bench. Again the fairies claimed her. Little Phyllis Daily, the match girl, never again woke to the cold and hunger that forms a part of the life of a wandering orphan—Marie Bright, age 12, Ord, Neb.

#### (Honorable Mention.)

##### The Pink Dress Party.

"What am I good for?" said a pretty pink dress that had laid in the trunk for years without ever being worn. "You may be good some day," said a white dress that had just been put in there.

"When I was new, I went to many parties, and I was the prettiest dress there, for the other girls said dark, and dark in here, that it makes me lonesome. But what makes you so jolly, pretty white dress?"

"Oh, what makes me jolly? Because I have some one to talk to, but when I was in the closet it seemed more lonesome, because nobody would talk to me. I just wished I could get out and make somebody happy," said the pink dress.

Days passed by, but no sign was to be seen that the pink dress would ever get out of the trunk into the happy world.

At the same time Lucille and her mother were planning on making Lucille a party dress. The Gramma's were giving a party and Lucille must have a pretty dress. Mother was much worried over the dress which must be paid for a new dress.

Lucille was thinking hard what could be done and suddenly she happened to think of mother's old dress, which had been placed in a trunk in the attic. It was a nice dress, a pretty pink dress, once worn, long ago. "Good," said her mother, "we will go right up and see what we can do."

They brought down the pink dress and made Lucille a nice new dress. "I do think," said Lucille, "it is the prettiest dress I've ever had."

She went to the party and all the girls thought her dress was just lovely. So that is the way the pretty pink dress came out of the trunk and made Lucille and her mother both happy.

This is a good way to help solve the H. C. L.—Ruth Eisenman, age 11, Millard, Neb.

##### The Poor Dog.

Once upon a time some one had a dog. They never fixed a bed for it of any kind. They never fed him. He went around to ash piles to get scraps of food that people threw out. It was so skinny that its bones showed. I think somebody ought to feed him.

##### A New Member.

By Mary Koksda, aged 9 years, Omaha, Neb.

I would like to join your Busy Bee here. This is my first letter to the Busy Bee. I read the paper every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Wieman. I like her very much. I have two brothers and three sisters. Next time I will write a story. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out on business. I hope to see my letter in print. My letter is getting long so I will close. I wish someone would write to me. I would gladly answer. My next story will be about the Lost Queen.

##### The Lesson

Sidney Dayre.

"The word for you today is 'To-ward';"

I write it here upon the board. Now try if you without it can make a sentence clear without mistake.

Then Freddie's lips pressed together down.

His brow was tied up in a frown, And thought spread over all his face.

As dots and words found each their place.

With capitals and all the rest He strove to do his very best. So, slowly, carefully, he wrote: "Last night I toward my Sunday coat."

##### A New Bee.

By Tena Hanson, aged 12 years, Haven, Neb.

Dear Busy Bee: This is the first time I am writing to you. I am in the Seventh grade at school.

Well I think I will write a story. Once there was a little girl named Jessie. She had a little pony which she called Brownie. One day Jessie rode Brownie out into a field of nice clover. He ate as much as he wanted and then they went on. They came to the road. As they were going along the road they came to some trees. There they stopped and Jessie picked some flowers. soon she laid down on the green grass to take a rest. Brownie was eating some grass nearby. Pretty soon he saw some gypsies coming toward them. He went to where Jessie lay sleeping. He pawed on the ground and made a lot of noise so as to wake her up. Pretty soon she woke up and the first thing she saw was the gypsies. She knew why Brownie woke her. She quickly got on Brownie's back and went home as fast as she could.

When she got home she told her father and mother about Brownie waking her up. They were very glad gypsies coming and they praised the pony and gave him a good meal of oats and hay, and after that Brownie was Jessie's best friend.

Well, as my letter is getting long I will close.

##### Ruth.

By Marjorie Lows, aged 12, St. Edwards, Neb.

Dear Busy Bee: I have not written to you for a long time so I will try to tell you a story about Ruth, a little French girl, another Busy Bee.

Ruth lived in a little town in France about 100 miles from Paris. She had often wanted to see it, but still more did she wish to see America, the great continent on the other side of the ocean.

Ruth was 12 years old at the time the great world war broke out. Her father enlisted, but he was not called for some time. One day he came home and said he must go away. Ruth knew this meant he had been called, and this made her very sad, but she knew he was fighting for her beloved France.

Months went by and no news came from her father. They had just received one letter and that was after he had been gone about two months. The Germans drew steadily nearer their little town, but still no word. Finally, the time came when they had to go. They had waited until most everyone was out of the town because they thought they might hear from him. But no, they did not.

Ruth's mother died after three years of sorrow, leaving Ruth alone with some kind-hearted friends.

Then came the Americans. Ruth loved to watch them march by, to see the red, white and blue, and to hear the band playing. Then came a regiment that stopped a few days in the town. Ruth wanted to go back to her home town, so you can imagine her great joy when her friends and several other families decided to follow the American soldiers to their home.

There, also, the soldiers stopped with orders to stay until they got orders from headquarters.

Ruth liked to talk with the American soldiers, but what she liked best, was her lessons in American from an American lieutenant. During his spare moments he would teach her how to speak American. Oh, how she liked it and how joyously she ran home to speak a line or two of American to her friends.

During this time the enemy's lines had drawn nearer to Paris until Ruth and her friends found they were suddenly about four miles from the battle line. Troops passed there every day and often a soldier would stop and talk to Ruth and her friends.

The other families wanted to go back, but Ruth's friends would not go, so the other families went back toward the sea, leaving Ruth and her friends alone.

One night orders came to the regiment to go forward. Ruth was very sorry, indeed, to see her friends, but she could not stop them, she knew, so she bid them goodbye. Soon another regiment came there and made their headquarters there.

One day Ruth heard the captain talking to a wounded soldier. He said there was no one to take the orders to the regiment on the west road (a place about six miles from her home). He also said they were sealed orders, so they must be important.

Ruth told the captain she would take the orders, but he told her no, that she could not find the way, but Ruth, after much pleading, finally got his consent.

She started out along the road, commonly used for a truck road, to the front. Presently a lonely hill about 100 yards from the road it made a great hole, but she did not stop

### VISITING CIRCUS GLADDENS THE HEARTS OF BELLEVUE KIDDIES.



As the host of little invalids at Bellevue hospital, New York, couldn't go to see the circus, the circus went to them. The ring was set in the huge courtyard of the big hospital and from the balconies the kiddies watched the antics of the clowns and the performers. For those who were bedridden in the wards the performers gave extra shows inside. The photo shows a group of happy kiddies feeding peanuts to one of the huge elephants.

### DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

(Peggy and Billy fly to the north in feather air boats to seek the lost little one of the King of the Wild Geese. They find their parents have searched every where except in a village of Red Trappers.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

In the Trappers' Pans.

Billy and Peggy steered their feather airboats toward the village of the red trappers. The King of the Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue Goose held back a moment, their old dread of the trappers being strong. But when they thought that their lost little ones might really be hidden in the village, as Billy suggested, the two fought down their fears and timidly followed the children.

"Who are the red trappers? Are they Eskimos?" asked Peggy.

"No, the Eskimos live much farther north," harked the King of the Wild Geese. "The red trappers are Indians who spend their time hunting and trapping. No bird or creature dares go near them, where they slay or snare all who venture within their reach."

"At last dawned the eventual day, bright and sunny. But not so for the girls for they had visions of giving 41 Boy Scouts a treat. As soon as school was out the whole group marched to school with everything possible to carry from trappers to trappers. By the time the stage was fixed the crowd began to gather, so they went behind the scenes to do."

Anybody pecking at the girls at that time would think they had found an escaping insane asylum, for the girls were all dancing around reciting their parts out loud. They heard Mr. Cook of South High say a good word for the Campfire Girls so soon grew calm again and listened to his very complimentary speech. Then the guardian, Miss Helen

#### A Shocking Theft.

By Marguerite Fosgen, age 12, Chadron, Neb.

Miss Lenner was a cross old maid. She taught grammar and was very prim and mannerly, also much out of fashion.

She had just finished scolding the girls for not doing their lessons, when the 4 o'clock gong sounded. The girls were soon dismissed.

"Marion, come here. You too, Nona," whispered Madame.

"I have a plan to get even with old Len," as Miss Lenner was more commonly termed among the girls.

"What," chattered the others.

"Won't tell?"

"Cross my heart," echoed Marion and Nona.

"Well, if we steal her wig, she can't come to class tomorrow."

"Fine," exclaimed Nona.

"Oh, no girls," protested Miriam.

"That would be mean."

"Mean," sneered Nona. "Wasn't she mean to us?"

"Please don't do it, girls."

But Marion's pleadings were in vain. Before the meeting broke up Nona said, "I suppose you'll tell on us."

"No Nona, I'm not that kind of a girl."

"Alright," murmured the other.

At last came the appointed hour for the theft. Both girls were there on time.

With careful skill, the two girls gained entrance, grabbed the wig and were on their way out when each felt a firm hand on her shoulder. The light was then switched on. The girls full of terror looked at their captor, and to their horror and astonishment, found it to be the principal.

"I will not take time to tell you the conversation, as you can most guess it, but I will explain to you how they got into the wrong room. Mrs. Dean, the principal had changed Miss Lenner's room and had neglected telling the girls about it.

The next morning the girls were called into the office, and then were seen taking their leave—you see. They had disgraced themselves and were being expelled. Oh how glad they were that she didn't help in this act and how sorry the other two were that they didn't take her advice.

#### A Sixth Grade Bee.

Lucille Frost, aged 12, Elk Horn, Neb.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I am 12 years old and am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Alta Gates. I have one mile and a quarter to walk to school. Our school is District 27. I have one sister and one brother.

#### First Letter.

Lucille Fowler, aged 19 years, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Dear Busy Bee: This is the first letter I have written which I hope to see in the paper. I am going to write you a story about my dog. Her name is Betty. She is a Boston bull dog. She can play dead dog. She has very cunning ways. She can speak when hungry.

#### A Wee Bee.

Dear Busy Bee: This is my first letter. I am 8 years old. I am in the Third grade. I haven't any brothers or sisters. Our school is going to close May 21. I will write about the next time—Catherine Weller, Aged, 8, West Point, Neb.

## Camp Fire Girls

### Camp Fire Girls

#### The Challenge.

About February 1 the Wishega Campfire girls challenged the Boy Scouts of Troop 34 both of the Edward Rosewater school district, to see who could give the best program at the school for the community. The challenge was accepted by the scouts and it was agreed that the programs be given sometime in April. Seven judges were to be chosen to decide which program was the best.

The girls immediately began to plan their program and after some talk finally decided on "Vice Versa," a three-act play, with the following cast: Misses Minnie Grey, Bill Brown, Bessie Steele, Sam Black, Katy Green, Ben Green, Bridget O'Flanagan, Jessie White, Irene Rostermund, Vera Decha, Fern Lupinski, Irene Nelson, Ulla Falk, Cecilia Simpson, Dorothy Perrie, Edna Dohse.

The events of this amusing farce take place in Woollooidoo, a small town, where woman suffrage takes "burg" by storm. After some time the town, after an absence of five years, Bill Brown finds a lady ticket agent. He is very much surprised, but is more surprised to find a lady baggage mistress a little later. On his way to Ben Green's home he meets an old friend, Sam Black, who is taking his children to their grandmother's because his wife is at a suffrage meeting. He also bumps into Katy Green, a mail carrier and a sister of Ben, who informs him that Ben is home attending the house while his wife is attending to the west road. The girls called to be a jurywoman. Sure enough, upon reaching Dr. Ben Green's house, he finds him trying to make a "quart puddin'" out of a quart of rice, a quart of milk and a quart of sugar, and mashing potatoes before they were cooked, and then mixing it with his baby's thin, when Jessie White, the census enumerator, comes to the rescue. One by one each of the friends walk in and join in song in memory of the "blessed past" before woman suffrage came into effect.

"Maybe they'll come a week for two months it did not seem much progress was made. Pretty soon and all too soon the last rehearsal took place. And what a muddle that rehearsal was! After subtracting as near as possible the time wasted by reciting to the girls, the complete rehearsal of the play it was found that it would take an hour at the most. Here was another problem. The usual entertainments took about two hours, but here Fern Lupinski came to the rescue by suggesting to dance, while Dorothy Perrie promised to play the piano and recite a few pieces.

At last dawned the eventual day, bright and sunny. But not so for the girls for they had visions of giving 41 Boy Scouts a treat. As soon as school was out the whole group marched to school with everything possible to carry from trappers to trappers. By the time the stage was fixed the crowd began to gather, so they went behind the scenes to do."

Anybody pecking at the girls at that time would think they had found an escaping insane asylum, for the girls were all dancing around reciting their parts out loud. They heard Mr. Cook of South High say a good word for the Campfire Girls so soon grew calm again and listened to his very complimentary speech. Then the guardian, Miss Helen

#### The Campfire Maiden's Way

When I was a little shaver Of eleven summers or so I joined the Campfire Maiden To learn their ways, you know.

I went out to their camp grounds A week or so to stay, And soon I learned to do things In the Campfire Maiden's way.

I learned about their sacred fire, Their gowns and honor beads, About the different ranks they have And a guardian dear, that leads.

Oh, work, work was then no drudgery, But everything was play, I'd laugh in glee at my hardest task For I'd learned the Campfire Maiden's way.

I went on hikes in the moonlight, I spent nights 'neath the stars, I dressed for masquerades and stunts, Social hour was just before bed.

I went to Council Fires on the hill-sides, And on nature hikes each day, And 'twas all just fun for me, 'Cause I'd learned the Campfire Maiden's way.

When I came home again I spent nights 'neath the stars For on my arm I wore, The Health Girls', crimson bars.

I could hike and never grow weary at all, Or help my mother all day, And 'twas only the best o' fun for me, 'Cause I'd learned the Campfire Maiden's way.

#### A Camp Fire Guardian

Nine girls all wondering just what she would be like—would she like them? Would she laugh with them? Be interested? Want to do the millions of things they wanted to do?

They met her, she smiled, she talked about their plans, their work, their homes, she seemed to want to know them better.

And then, oh, joy! She said she would take them, she would be their guardian. They had waited so long; they had tried so hard to find someone, and now it was settled and another new Camp Fire group is in the process of formation.

#### My Pets.

Dear Busy Bee: I have a cat and dog. They are very fond of each other. They play together all the time. My cat takes care of my dog just as though he was a little kitten. The cat washes his face and grooms him up every day. His name is Fido, and the cat's name is Tabby. I will close my letter and hope to see it on the Busy Bee page.

#### Little Birds.

Dear Busy Bee: One day there were some little birds that sang and sang. They sang so sweet; but one day they fell out of their nest. I am in the Third B. My teacher's name is Miss Mann. I will close.

#### Several Figures Appeared.

"Sh-h-I Be quiet! You'll wake up the Indians," warned Peggy, for the wild geese were honking at the top of their voices.

Indeed as Peggy spoke their came an answering sound from the sleeping village—a drowsy, murmuring "honk-honk-honk!"

"Where are you? Where are you?" honked the Beautiful Blue Goose, not heeding Peggy's warning.

"Honk-honk-honk!" The murmur below grew into an excited clamor.

"A little ones! Come to us," honked the king.

"Honk-honk-honk! Father! Mother!" honked young goose voices in reply.

"We are here—above the village! Fly to us swiftly!" honked the Beautiful Blue Goose.

"Honk-honk-honk! We cannot fly. Our wings are clipped. We are captives in the pens of the red trappers." Thus answered the young geese.

"Alas! Alas! If you are captives we will become captives with you," honked the king of the Wild Geese. He and the Blue Goose, in spite of their fear of the red trappers, would have flown to join their goslings if Billy hadn't stopped them.

"Wait!" he said. "It would be silly for you to get caught, too. Maybe Peggy and I can figure out a way for you to save your little ones."

"Alas! how can they be saved if their wings are clipped?" replied the King, but he and the Blue Goose halted their mad rush toward the pens of the red trappers.

"Tell your children Peggy and I are coming to help them; tell them to stop all that noise," said Billy, who feared that the racket of the geese would alarm the Indians.

At that moment a dog began to bark and shouts arose from the tepees. Several figures appeared and "Bang bang" went guns. The red trappers thought the two geese and the feather airboats were flocks

#### When Everything Seems To Go Wrong

"When it rains and you hoped it would be pleasant, When the thread knots up in your sewing, When you're asked at a tea to be present, And toothache keeps you from going,

When all things look hopeless and dreary, And joy seems turned into sorrow, Don't fret, but smile and be cheerful— Perhaps it'll be sunshine tomorrow!"

## Moonbeam Visits the Under-Ground Home of the Chipmunk Family

### Chipmunk Packing

"I should think you would feel very proud of this store-room, Sammy," said Moonbeam, as she gazed around the shelves of food in Sammy Chipmunk's house. "It is perfect. No wonder you are always busy."

"Some night next winter, just after dark, I am coming down to have supper with you. To think of the days and days you have spent collecting all this food."

"It takes more time, Moonbeam, than one would think, from merely looking at the shelves, because we have to look around closely for just the things we need the most."

"A Chipmunk will never carry any perishable food to his den, for he knows too well, that it will soon spoil in his under-ground house."

"This is why you see us examine nuts so carefully before placing them in our cheek pouches. We can tell without cracking one whether it is good or bad, and we have never made a mistake yet."

"If you look closely at the nuts on the shelf you will find the sharp points at the tops gone too. We know them away before we put them in our cheek pouches."

"Indeed we are not going to have our cheeks pricked, and our paws torn by those sharp points. Don't you ever believe it!"

"We can carry four nuts at once. One in each cheek pouch, one in our mouth, and another between our teeth—see."

"And Sammy Chipmunk went through the performance of "Chipmunk Packing" for Moonbeam.

With his paws he placed one nut in the deep pouch on either side of his cheeks.

When the first was safely packed away, he pulled his mouth away from one of his paws and with the other packed in a second nut. Another was similarly packed in his mouth, while a fourth he held between his teeth. By now his mouth was stuffed so full, he could not speak a word. Moonbeam laughed and he looked exactly as if he had the number of nuts in his mouth.

Curiosity soon got the better of Sammy's visitor, and she began to peer into the adjoining room.

Sammy was a very curious person himself, and so he appreciated this peering into Moonbeam. Quickly he unpacked the nuts, placed them properly on the shelf, and then conducted his guest through the house.

The next room they visited was the nursery.

It was full of babies snugly cuddled away in cradles made of the soft green moss and leaves. Moonbeam was greatly interested in Sammy Chipmunk's story, but she was getting very nervous, for she thought it must be near to dawn.

"It is so dark in here," she said, "that I cannot see when my light grows dim. That is the only way I have of knowing when I must be off."

She excused herself most graciously and hurried away. Sammy accompanied her to the front door, to await Mrs. Chipmunk's return.

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### Dot Puzzle

All things are ready, if our minds be so.—Shakespeare.

Wise fellows get a good laugh whenever there's a reason, fools laugh when there isn't.

It's easy to tell a country boy from a city boy. One sows the seeds of an egg-punt, the other takes the fruit and puts it under a hen to hatch.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

To be afraid before danger is prudence, to be afraid during danger is cowardice.

Which is the fastest runner, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Don't monkey with a buzz-saw, not unless you're right well acquainted.

There's a bunch of fellows who talk a lot about what they are going to do in college. But they aren't doing much in high school.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill. Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.—Fletcher.

Place three 2s together so as to make 24. (Ans.) 22 plus 2 equals 24.

There's a lot of work involved in looking after one's own business.

### Millions of Boys Are Influenced by Scouts of America

Millions of boys have been influenced by the Boy Scout movement, says James E. West, Chief Scout executive, in his annual report on the Boy Scouts of America. He states that the one and a quarter million of boys who have taken the Scout oath and law during the last 10 years have influenced large numbers of their friends.

The National Council of Honor awarded 304 gold, silver and bronze medals for deeds of heroism during the last nine years.

Scouting courses have been placed on the programs of a number of schools and colleges in the United States. Men are trained to lead boys. (A Scout leaders training course under the auspices of Creighton university was given a year ago and one was given by the University of Nebraska last winter).

American Legion posts, churches, religious societies, labor unions and many other organizations have endorsed Scouting and sponsored troops of boys.

Scouting, teaching seamanship, Scout Legions and the Pine Tree patrol movement have helped keep the older boy in the organization.

Mr. West closes his report with a list of 11 men who have been members of the national executive board since 1913.

## Boy Scouts

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### Millions of Boys Are Influenced by Scouts of America

Millions of boys have been influenced by the Boy Scout movement, says James E. West, Chief Scout executive, in his annual report on the Boy Scouts of America. He states that the one and a quarter million of boys who have taken the Scout oath and law during the last 10 years have influenced large numbers of their friends.

The National Council of Honor awarded 304 gold, silver and bronze medals for deeds of heroism during the last nine years.

Scouting courses have been placed on the programs of a number of schools and colleges in the United States. Men are trained to lead boys. (A Scout leaders training course under the auspices of Creighton university was given a year ago and one was given by the University of Nebraska last winter).

American Legion posts, churches, religious societies, labor unions and many other organizations have endorsed Scouting and sponsored troops of boys.

Scouting, teaching seamanship, Scout Legions and the Pine Tree patrol movement have helped keep the older boy in the organization.

Mr. West closes his report with a list of 11 men who have been members of the national executive board since 1913.

### Dot Puzzle

All things are ready, if our minds be so.—Shakespeare.

Wise fellows get a good laugh whenever there's a reason, fools laugh when there isn't.

It's easy to tell a country boy from a city boy. One sows the seeds of an egg-punt, the other takes the fruit and puts it under a hen to hatch.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

To be afraid before danger is prudence, to be afraid during danger is cowardice.

Which is the fastest runner, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Don't monkey with a buzz-saw, not unless you're right well acquainted.

There's a bunch of fellows who talk a lot about what they are going to do in college. But they aren't doing much in high school.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill. Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.—Fletcher.

Place three 2s together so as to make 24. (Ans.) 22 plus 2 equals 24.

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