

Camp Fire Girls

Papillon Group In Charge of Easter Music

The Abanakee group met at the home of Miss Alice Ayer Monday. An election of officers took place with the following results: President, Miss Madeline Andrew; vice president, Miss Katherine Bullock; secretary, Miss Helen Anderson; treasurer, Miss Dorothy Hunter; reporter, Miss Phyllis Weber.

The Tando group held a meeting at the home of Clara Parks Tuesday. An election of officers was held and the following elected: Secretary, Louise McDonald; treasurer, Zeta Tate Allingham; reporter, Mary Curtin. The girls also chose their names and blocked out their symbols.

The Witonolu Group Give Party in Honor of Their Parents

The Camp Fire Girls of Papillon, Neb., gave an Easter party at the home of their guardian, Miss Gladys King. After games had been played, Misses Noreen McCoy and Irene Stone served a lunch which they had prepared themselves. This group had charge of the music Easter Sunday at the Presbyterian church and all the members sang in the choir.

Groups Elect Officers

The Witonolu group entertained their fathers and mothers at the home of their guardian, Mrs. Brownlee, Friday evening. The evening was devoted to dances the girls have been learning. Paris Benedict and Eloise Potter in colonial costume did a stately minuet. Misses Vera King and Irene Conrad as highland lassies gave the highland fling. The group members sang "Songs We Sang at Twilight Round the Old Plantation Home." Later the girls served a supper they had prepared especially for their parents.

Group Announcements

The Ayita Campfire group has not held a meeting for two weeks because of the illness of their guardian, Miss Ruth Bracken.

The Hehalo group met at the home of Miss Vertha Waldraath Wednesday afternoon. They practiced campfire songs.

The Weloca Campfire Girls are very proud of a letter they received thanking them for their Easter gifts. These girls made dainty Easter baskets and filled them with candy. Easter eggs for the shut-in kiddies at different Omaha charitable institutions.

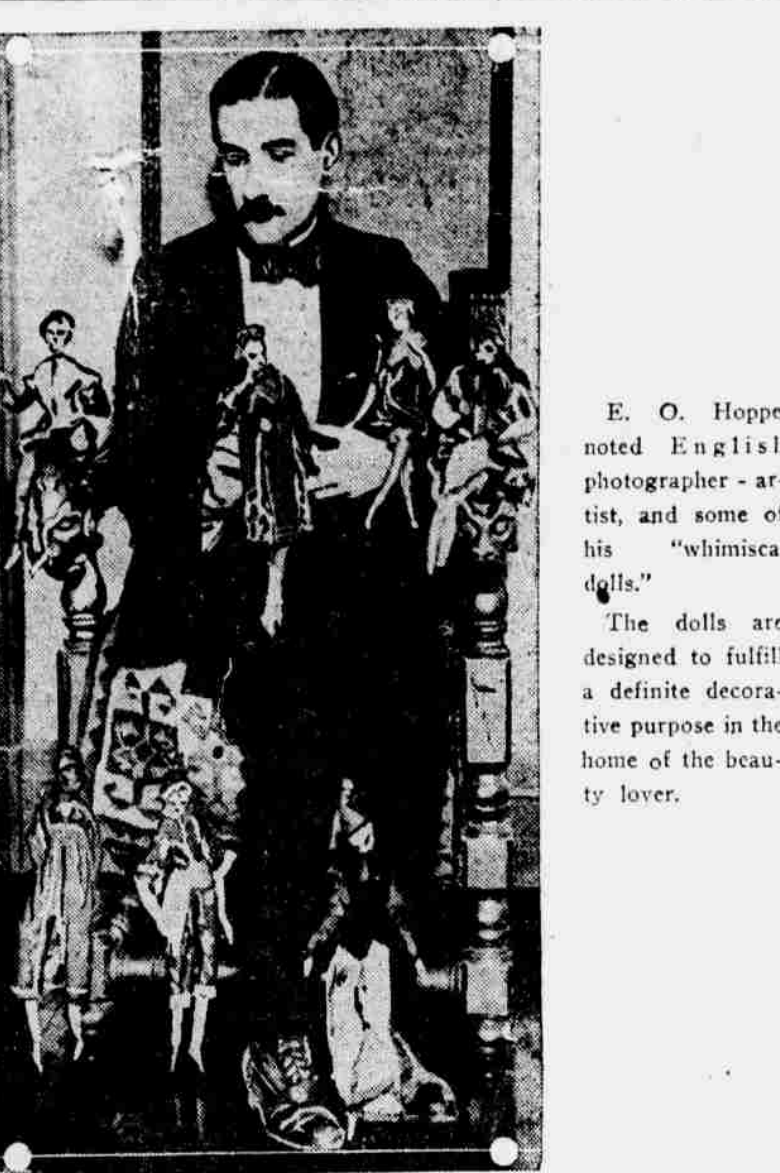
Why I Ride a Bicycle.
That's easy to tell; It makes me happy and well. It beats your feet, it beats your car. Every day in the week; Since I've owned a wheel, How happy I feel. When in a hurry, No need to worry; And when to school I start, I never cause a tardy mark. To work or play, It takes me quickly every day. On Sunday I'm a little slow, But to Sunday school on time it takes me, though. When my mother says to me, "Marie, I want an errand done; Hurry, now, don't be slow, run." Then my bike's a help, you know, And faster than the wind we go. To picnics in the summer, and parties in the fall, My bike helps best of all. The best present I ever had, Was my bicycle from my dad. These are a few reasons, but not all, Why my bicycle is my best pal. —Marie Tracy, Aged 12, 1306 Park Avenue, Fremont, Neb.

Can a Plant See?
The eyes of plants are very simple. The business of a green plant, and especially of the leaf of such a plant, is to receive and use the light that falls upon it. It is, therefore, in the leaves of plants that we find their eyes. Simple experiments—which have now been made many times over, with many kinds of plants—show, to begin with, that the leaf is sensitive to light. For instance, if the direction of the light is altered, in a very short time the leaf turns itself, so as to get the light fair and square upon its surface; and some leaves will do this as often as the direction of the light is changed. We may, perhaps, get rather wrong ideas if we say that the leaf sees the light, yet that must be what happens; only it is a very simple kind of seeing. It is, perhaps, rather like the very first kind of seeing that is done by a new-born baby. —Book of Knowledge.

Spot and Grace.
Dear Busy Bees: I would like to tell you about my pet dog, Spot. He is very clever. When I go out to play he takes the rope and runs around the house with it. I hide around the corner of the house and I frighten him. We have a cat, too, and he is about as clever as our dog. But he sits in the corner of the room and when our dog comes in he jumps out and scratches him. —Grace Garhill, 116 Blaine St., Holdrege, Neb.

Farmer—You young rascal! What are you doing up in my apple tree? Boy—Please, sir, I'm frightening away the birds; they're such awful thieves. —Boston Transcript.

Doll Is Dinner Party Fad



Let everything you do, dear, And say and think be true, dear, Fatehood always brings distress, But truth will never fail to bless His blessing be on you, dear. —A. M. D.

Does the Air Surrounding the Earth Move With It?

This is one of the old puzzling questions which many a high school student has had to struggle with to the great amusement of the teacher who asks for the information and such other scholars who have already had the experience of trying to solve it. To get at the right answer you have merely to ask one other question. If the air does not revolve with the earth, why can't I go up in a balloon at New York and stay up long enough for the earth to revolve on its axis beneath me, and come down again when the city of San Francisco appears under the balloon, which should be in about four hours? If that were possible, travel would be both rapid and comfortable, for then we could sit quietly in a balloon while the earth, traveling beneath us, would get all the bumps. No, the atmosphere surrounding the earth moves right along with the earth on its axis. If it were not so, the earth would probably burn up; at least no living thing could remain on it—since the friction of the surface of the earth would develop such a heat that nothing could live in it. —The Book of Wonders.

My First Letter.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I would like to join the Bee Hive. We get The Bee every day and Sunday. I enjoy the page of the Busy Bees the most. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Wallace. I like her very much. This is a little valentine verse:
Oh, may I be your Valentine,
The first you ever had?
While the world is a pleasant place,
Warm and good and glad.
Oh, may I be your Valentine?
I wish you behind,
Know that love is the best thing
You may hope to find.
—Evelyn Benne, Aged 8, West Point, Neb.

An Old Bird

Over 80 years of age, Joey, a greater sulphur-crested cockatoo, is spending his declining years in the parrot house at the London Zoo. He was recently deposited there by his master and mistress, in whose family alone he has remained for four-score years. Prior to his adoption his history is unknown except that he originally came from Australia, so that it is quite "on the cards" that he may become a centenarian. As befits his venerable age, Joey is not hedged with the chattering throng in the main hall, but is permitted to sit aloof in an adjoining private department, where he spends his time reflecting, apparently on his ill, late fate. For, though his eyes are very bright, his legs have given way and he has to use his wings as crutches. Education, possibly, not being in the Victorian era what it is today, Joey's linguistic attainments are somewhat limited, for all he can say is "A little bit for cocky." No doubt this served his purpose in happier times.

A Third Grader.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you, and I wish to join your hive. I am in the third grade and I am 8 years old. My teacher is Miss Hall. I go to Westward school. This is all I will say, and next time I will write a story. Yours truly, Ella Frances Macartney, Aged 8, 721 Platte Ave., York, Neb.

Stories by Little Folks

How Agnes Helped.
(Prize.)
One hot summer's day Agnes sat by the window looking into the busy streets. Her mother had gone to do some charity work among the poor, and so Agnes was left alone with her nurse to amuse herself. She had many toys, but she grew tired of playing with them and they laid in her playroom for months without being looked at. She was too young to realize that some of the poor children had few clothes and no toys. That night when she was ready for



bed her mother told her about the poor children who had hardly any clothes and no toys. When Agnes heard this she was very sorry and, although she was only 9 years old, it touched her heart to hear of anyone who was suffering. The next morning Agnes was up very early. She dressed herself quietly, tiptoed to her playroom and selected 10 of her prettiest toys. When her mother left that morning she took Agnes with her. Agnes divided her toys among the poor children, and when she went home she was happier than she had been for many weeks.—Happy Francis, Aged 10, 3816 North Eighteenth St., Omaha, Neb.

My Pony.

Once I had a pony And he was not homely, He had a face That looked like maize; And his tail, It looked like it was struck by hail; But he was not homely, Because he was my pony. II
His name I've forgotten, But maybe it was Dobins; I used to ride him to school, And he would jump every pool. He looked like a clown, When on him I would go hunting; I was on him one day, As I am sorry to say, I met a car and he ran away. Dobins is my pony unto this day. —Maude Truclove, aged 13, St. Edward, Neb.

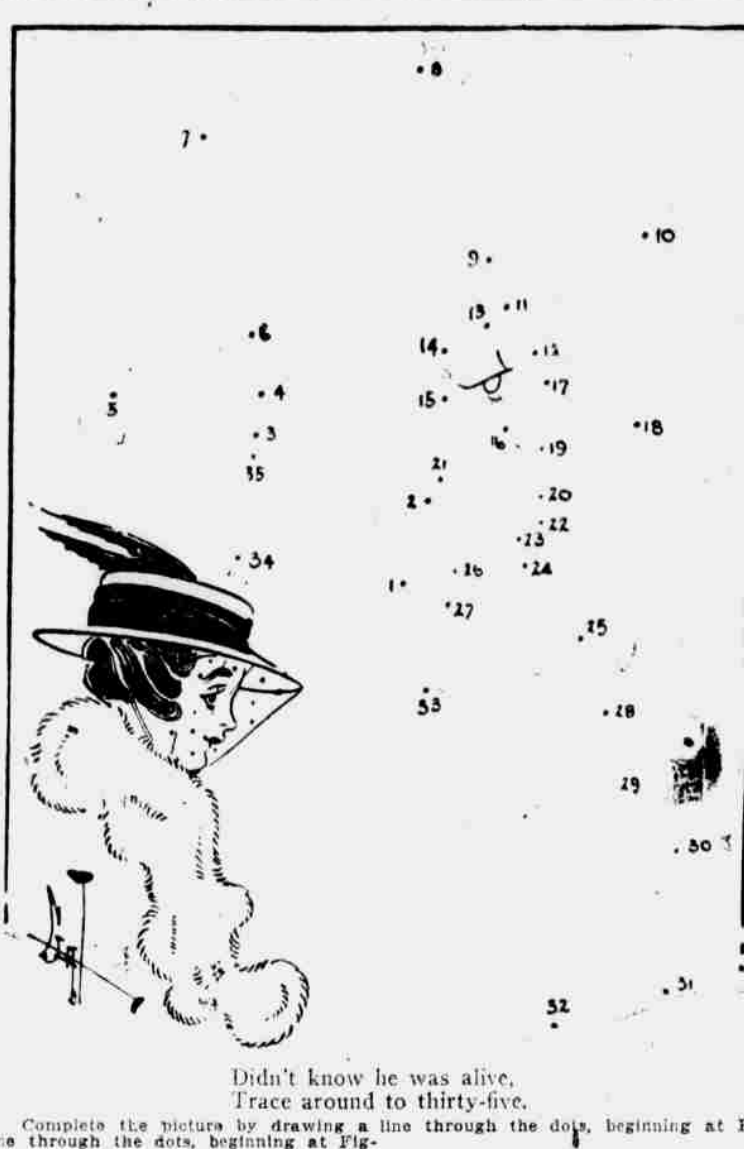
Stories by Little Folks

and have the honor of being the first people to be up there." "You don't think that bird has melted all the snow in the divide, do you?" Al answered. Phil said: "Come on, Al, be a sport!" They started up the mountain and found the snow would hold them up. When they reached the top of one peak the wind was blowing with great force. They went a little way farther and it began to snow. They walked on with the temperature falling continually. They walked until they could stand it no longer. They had to stop and sit down. Al had feet frozen and was unable to do anything. Phil and Jim gathered some firewood and lighted a fire. By this time the snow was three feet deep, and more snow was falling. They sat there a while and heard the "crunch, crunch" of a heavy animal walking in the snow. It was a mountain lion. They realized they would freeze if they did not go on. They put Al on a log and dragged him with them. They finally reached the summit house and found all but the north side covered with snow. They broke the large shutters and got in. As soon as the fire was built Al and Jim lost consciousness. Al was first to recover. He found he was entirely surrounded by little creatures with bright eyes. Upon inquiring of Phil what they were he found they were rats. When Al had talked a while to Phil, Jim recovered also. The following afternoon the boys were made ready to go home. They were thinking of what they would tell their parents. But they explained simply by thinking and thinking and then telling their story. I hope some of the "Busy Bees" will write to me. I will answer letters I receive.—Ruby Pinney, 13 years; Seward, Neb.; R. 3.

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Dot Puzzle



Didn't know he was alive. Trace around to thirty-five. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at Figure through the dots, beginning at Fig.

My Bookshelf

"Winged Warfare," by Maj. W. A. Bishop—A book made by the war. Had there been no war there could have been no such book as this. It is the wonder book of the air and tells, simply, the adventures of one of the world's greatest heroes who wins in rapid succession all four military honors. The book is of special interest to boys of 14 and over.

"Election day has come, papa his hat and glasses took, 'I'm going to the polls,' he said with grave and thoughtful look. We thought he was all surprised, and said beneath his breath, 'I wouldn't go so far as that, I'm afraid you'll fear to die.'"

'Y' To Send Boys to Fremont to State Gymnastic Meet

The state Y. M. C. A. boys' gymnastic meet will be held in Fremont Y. M. C. A. Saturday, April 9. Ten leading Y. M. C. A.'s in Nebraska will send teams of boys there to compete for the state championship in gymnastic work. The Omaha "Y" has entered a team of youthful gymnasts. Last year at the meet at Lincoln the Omaha boys' division carried off second place and the local boys are striving for first honors this year. A strong team will represent the local boys' division at the meet. The members of the Omaha boys' division team will be Robert Keyt, Wallace Marrow, Richard Kucharo, John Madgett, Willard Williams, Porter Forcade and James Carroll. A. Carl Weigel, assistant physical director at the "Y," will accompany the boys and be in charge of them while they are gone.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

First Trip of Bird Club Thursday Morn

The Omaha Y. M. C. A. Boys' Division Bird Study club was completely organized last week with J. Shaifer Arnold in charge of it. Mr. Arnold has had wide experience in bird study and will make a most excellent leader for this group of boys. The first trip of the club will be next Thursday morning when the

Vacation Program At "Y" Attracting Hundreds of Boys

Vacation started on Friday last for the thousands of school boys and the boy division of the Y. M. C. A. has planned a busy program for its thousand boys members during the week that is ahead. J. Shaifer Arnold, assistant boys' work secretary at the "Y," is in charge of the program and expects a great turnout to every event planned.

opening and put in a lot of good day sand for the twins to play in we could keep them out of mischief." "You mean that we could shut them in the jar and let them play there?" asked Mrs. Lovel. "That's the idea," smiled the Doctor. All the little folks thought the Doctor's scheme a good one, and the following day the General ordered the jar fixed up for a play house. The jar stood back of the Lovel's bungalow and quite near the school house, which made it handy for the little mother. A good stout door was fixed in the mouth of the jar with a hole above the door for ventilation, and a great quantity of dry sand was carried in and scattered over the floor of the jar for the twins to play in. The twins were quite contented to play in the jar, and their mother was able to look after her household duties without worrying about them.

The motto of the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. to the boys of Omaha for the spring vacation which starts tomorrow is, "Spend your vacation at the boys' division." A special schedule has been arranged for the boys during the holidays and the rooms will be open for use from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. every day next week. Every member of the boys' division is welcome every day. Boys may bring their lunches and stay the entire day or may secure their lunches at the cafeteria. The game room, reading room, and the whole boys' club rooms will be open to the 1,000 boys members, and it is the desire of the men in charge to have the boys make the greatest possible use of it during the week that they are out of school. "The idle boy is the one who is 'in mischief,'" said J. S. Arnold, assistant boys' secretary, last week. "We will keep the boys busy every day during the vacation with things that they like to do and thus keep them out of mischief." So take the tip, "Y" boys, and spend the whole vacation at the "Y."

Spend Your Vacation At Boys' Division

The grade school boys' Bible study club, composed of 175 boys from 12 to 15 years of age of which J. Shaifer Arnold, assistant boys' work secretary at the "Y," has charge, will close its year's work with a chicken pie dinner at the Y. M. C. A. next Saturday noon. The whole affair will be a special occasion and a special dinner will be served starting with chicken pie and ending with ice cream. Following the dinner, the boys will take the International Bible study examinations in an attempt to put Omaha first among the cities of the United States in this line. Last year Omaha was second, missing the capture of first place by only 20 diplomas. The different classes will have separate tables at the closing dinner next Saturday, special decorations will be on the tables, and it will be an affair long to be remembered by the boys. The honor roll of boys who have not missed any sessions of their club this year will also be read at that time by Mr. Arnold.

Grade Bible Club Closes Saturday

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Making Plans For Summer Campings

Last Thursday night the Camp Sheldon club composed of the boys who attended the Y. M. C. A. camp at Columbus last summer, met and talked over plans for this summer's camp. The local boys will have one whole period at the splendid state camp and will fill it with 125 Omaha boys from 12 to 15 years of age. Older high school fellows, many of them star athletes of the schools, will be the cottage leaders for the boys. The boys discussed the new camp honor pins which have been adopted for the camp and every one agreed that the camp this summer would be the best one yet held. The same rate of camp fee will hold this year, \$10 for a ten day stay at camp, including all camp expenses. Registrations for the camp will open on April 15 and every Camp Sheldon club boy asked for an advance registration so as to hold for himself a place in the camp. A waiting list will be established when the 125 places are taken and the boys who sign up after this will have to wait their turn to go. E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary of the Omaha "Y," will be in charge of the camp during the Omaha boys' stay there. He will be assisted by J. Shaifer Arnold, assistant boys' work secretary. Carl Weigel will be camp physical director. E. M. Baber, state boys' work secretary, will be camp director for the entire summer. He made hosts of friends last summer with the Omaha boys who attended the camp.

A New Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to The Bee. I read The Bee every Sunday. I enjoy reading it very much. I have two sisters and two brothers. We go to the Assumption school. I am in the third B. —George Bogatz, aged 8, Omaha.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY



gentleman called a meeting in the library, at the shoe house, to discuss the question. Mr. and Mrs. Lovel, the General, the Old Soldier, the Doctor, and the Lady of Fashion were at the meeting. Mrs. Lovel told the rest how hard she had tried to keep the twins away and did not return for almost two hours. When they came home their mother gave each of them a tiny bundle tied up with paper, and told them that it was their clothes and if they wanted to run away they should take their clothes and find another home. The poor twins "I have," answered the mother, "The time they ran away and played in that old ink bottle and got their clothes all ruined with black ink. I sent them to bed and gave them only bread and water for supper, but their father sneaked up to the bedroom with a piece of raisin pie and fed 'em while I was washing the supper dishes." "Have you tried kindness?" asked the Lady of Fashion. "I have—in great quantities," said Mrs. Lovel icily. "Well," said the Doctor, who had listened quietly to the talk, "the children ought to be out in the sunshine as much as possible, and I think I have a scheme that will keep the little fellows under your eye and at the same time give them a chance to get plenty of good fresh air and sunshine. "Tell us," said the General. "My idea is this," continued the Doctor. "That old mason fruit jar, which we used to a greenhouse last spring, is standing idle and I believe that if we fixed a good door in the

cried for a long time, and finally their mother told them if they promised not to run away again she would take them back. The little chaps promised, and for almost a week they did not run away, but soon they were at their old tricks again and their little mother had to spend most of her time looking for them. At last it became such a difficult task to keep the two youngsters at home the little mother took the matter up with the General, and that

Have you given them a real good whipping?" asked the Old Soldier. "Yes, I have. I've whipped them a dozen times. I have to do all the whipping, for Mr. Lovel won't touch them," said Mrs. Lovel and she gave her husband a reproachful look. "I shoo 'em a time or two," put in Mr. Lovel. "Have you ever tried sending them to bed without any supper?" asked the General. "That always seems to punish the Dunces more than anything else."

"It's such a relief to know the children are playing here in the sunshine and that I don't have to worry about them," the little mother told the Lady of Fashion one day at the Lady of Fashion's house. "Yes, it must be," said the Lady of Fashion, "to know that the fruit of your marriage is thoroughly canned!" and the Policeman, who was passing, chuckled to himself as that if we fixed a good door in the

What birds are very numerous in every garden? Storks (stalks). What food can always be obtained in a bowling alley? Rolls. What kind of granite is soft? Pomegranate. What pretty dishes do we find in the fields? Buttercups (butter cups).

Conundrums

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