



Stories by Little Folks

(Prize.) The Sandpiper and I. Across the narrow beach we flit, One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds Scud black and swift across the sky;



Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds Stand out the white lighthouses high.

Almost as far as eyes can reach I see the close-reefed vessels fly As fast we fit along the beach.

I watch him as he skims along, Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.

He starts not at my fitful song, Or flash of fluttering drapery. He has no thought of any wrongs; He scans me with a fearless eye.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight, When the loosed storm breaks furiously?

My driftwood fire will burn so bright, To what warm shelter canst thou fly? I do not fear for thee, though wroth The tempest rushes through the sky.

For we are not God's children both? Thou little sandpiper and I, Miss Marion West, aged 11, Fremont, Neb.

(Honorable Mention.) Ruby's Hoopskirt.

One day when Ruby was up in the attic she happened upon a queer-looking thing. It was a picture her grandma, who lived in the days when ladies wore those funny things called hoopskirts.

She liked the looks of the hoopskirt and she decided she would like to have one for herself.

She made up her mind that all the tears in the world would not make her dress bigger, so she threw the hoops away.—Wilma Soukup, Aged 10, Milligan, Neb.

FASHION'S BLUE BOOK. The cape covers a multitude of sins—else why does the operative villain always wear one? It also covers a multitude of ages and any woman of from 3 to 73 is wearing this spring.

Flight of Birds Is An Interesting Phase of Animal Life

The most interesting phase of the movement of animals from place to place is found in the flight of birds during the spring and fall.

The birds, however, have no charts or compasses to guide them. We do not know as yet absolutely what it is that enables the bird to find its way back and forth to the same spot year after year.

Egg Shipping in China



The Chinese have no use for the American-made box in which to ship eggs. "Blakee eggs," they say, and no one can convince them otherwise.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Roundup For Camp Gifford To Be Held At Local Park Soon

A reunion of all scouts who attended Camp Gifford last summer will be held at Hanscom park during the first part of May.

"Y" Swimming School To Start Tomorrow

The Y. M. C. A. free swimming school opens tomorrow at 3:45 p. m. with the first swimming class.

Junior Hi-Y Club Issues Honor Roll

The Junior Hi-Y club, which is made up of 100 Central high school boys under 16 years of age, has issued its honor roll for the Bible study season just closed.

Man becomes attached to one particular spot which he calls home and wherever he is thereafter, he is very likely to think of the old locality when he thinks of home.

The result of all this is that the southland is crowded with birds of all kinds and the food supply is enough for all. But soon in following the laws of nature in birds, as in other living things, comes the time for breeding.

The return of the birds to their old homes and how they find their way back to the same spot every year, to do which they must sometimes travel thousands of miles, is one of the most marvelous things in nature and has not as yet been satisfactorily determined.

Young Hopeful (who has been bathing with his bigger brother) Willy dropped the towel in the water and he's dried me wetter than I was before.

"Y" Exams Passed by 300 Bible Students

Out of the 370 boys who took the Bible study examinations which were offered by the Boys' Division of the Omaha "Y" last week, 320 passed the test with a grade of 65 per cent or more.

The papers have been sent on to New York City, where they are passed on by International "Y" men and then diplomas will be issued to every boy who receives a passing grade. The diplomas and final results will be known some time early in the summer and the diplomas will be awarded to the boys winning at the opening of the Bible study season this fall.

Enrollment for Camp Sheldon Increasing

The Omaha boys' period at Camp Sheldon, Columbus, Neb., of which E. E. Mickelwright, boys' work secretary of the "Y," will be director, has already 100 boys signed up.

"Y" Boys' Activities As Usual During Swimming Campaign

Many "Y" boys have asked what effect the swimming campaign would have on their other activities.

Regular gym classes of all groups will meet the same as usual during this period. The game rooms, library, Saturday noon movies, etc., will all be conducted on the regular schedule so that "Y" boys will not lose any of their privileges during the time the other boys are being taught to swim.

Interesting Events of "Y" Bird Club

The boys of the "Y" Bird club made their fourth hike for bird study to Hanscom park yesterday morning from 7 to 9 o'clock.

A New Member.

Dear Busy Bees: I will join your Hive by writing you a poem that I have made up. The name is

EASTER DAY.

Easter day is a coming. All the rabbits are a running. All the eggs are a hopping. All the chickens are a hopping.

A New Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter. I am going to write a little poem: Oh, big, round world; oh, wide, wide world.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHAY

The Little Folks Go Duck Riding And Get Ducked.

For some time the weather had been warm and pleasant, and the Teenie Weenies spent most of their time gardening.

"Well, folks," announced the General one evening as he stepped out onto the front porch of the shoe house, where most of the little people had gathered.

"One at a time! One at a time!" cried the General. "How in the name of pepper seeds do you expect

"All right," smiled the General. "I'll go down the creek tomorrow and see if I can make the necessary arrangements with the Duck."

It was a long time before most of the Teenie Weenies went to sleep that night, for the little people were so excited over the picnic they could do nothing but lie in their tiny beds and plan for the good time.

The next morning the little folks tumbled out of their beds earlier than usual, and while the General and the Policeman walked down the creek to make arrangements with the Duck to take the picnicers over to the island, the rest of

about you folks. I saw a frog swim. Most of the Teenie Weenies were good swimmers and they soon came spouting to the top of the water and made for a board which happened to be floating near.

Two of three of the Teenie Weenies who sat near the tail stuck to the Duck's back, and presently the big fellow came to the surface of the water. He raised his big head in the air, and the little folks saw the legs of a frog as it slid down the Dick's long bill.

"Oh, my dears!" exclaimed the Duck as he gulped down the frog. "I beg your pardon. I forgot all



me to hear with all of you chattering at once."

"Let's make ice cream," suggested the Duncie.

"Let's have a game of base ball," cried the Clown.

"How about a dance?" shouted Patsy Ann.

"Wouldn't it be nice to have a picnic," suggested the Lady of Fashion.

"Yes! Yes!" cried most of the little folks so loudly it was quite plain that the idea of a picnic was most popular.

"Where will we have it?" asked the Turk.

"I know! I know!" cried the Duncie.

"Well, where?" asked the Lady of Fashion, turning to the noisy Duncie.

"Let's have the picnic over on that little island down the creek near the old boat."

"That's a good suggestion, Duncie," cried the Doctor. "That little island is pretty, and we could have a pleasant time there."

"How'd we get over to the island?" asked the Old Soldier.

"We c-c-could swim over," suggested the Duncie.

"How'd we get the sandwiches and cake and other good things over?" asked the Cook.

The general and the Policeman made arrangements with the Duck to take the party over to the island for 10 grains of corn and the Duck agreed to meet the Teenie Weenies the next morning near the old boat.

When everybody was ready the little folks set off towards the creek.

The Duck was waiting at the boat and in a few minutes the little people climbed up onto his back and gave the word to start.

The Duck swam out into the creek and headed for the tiny island, but the little picnicers never reached the place that day, for something happened.

The Duck had only gone a short distance when he suddenly dived head first into the deep water, spilling the poor Teenie Weenies into the cold stream.

ming along in the water and I-I-I, why I just couldn't let him go. I never thought about you at all. I'm so sorry."

The Teenie Weenies were pretty angry. They did not dare to say much to the Duck for fear he might get ugly, but they gave him many nasty looks, which made the thoughtless fellow feel guilty.

The lunch had sunk like a pebble, and as the little folks were soaked to the skin there was nothing to do but go home and get into dry clothes.

The Duck towed the board, on which the Teenie Weenies had climbed, back to shore and bowing stiffly to the Duck's apologies they hurried home and changed their clothes.

The Teenie Weenies were much disappointed over having their picnic spoiled, but the next day they set out again for the island, and this time they made a raft and all paddled over in safety.

Dot Puzzle

A dot puzzle grid with numbers 1-39 and a small illustration of a girl at the bottom right.

Camp Fire Girls

Camp Fire Poem

When the stars were brightly shining And the moon was slowly drifting, Gathered all the Camp Fire Maidsen At the home of Wakmusuda;

Group Meetings

The Howhoi group met Thursday with Miss Kathleen Hughes to work on headbands and prepare for a council fire.

The Lauda group held a business meeting Monday at the home of Miss Loretta Gill. Plans were made for a hike and council fire.

The Wohato group with several members of the Hehalo group held a hike Saturday. The girls left the end of the East Omaha car line and hiked north along the river.

The Park School group held a hike and picnic Tuesday. Miss Ruth Hatteroth from headquarters went with the girls and taught "stunts" in out-door cooking.

Misses Wilmina Cockmoody and Margaret White cooked supper for the Wichlaka group Thursday at the Wheel Memorial Presbyterian church for their firemaker's honor.

The Weloca group met Wednesday at the home of their guardian Miss Lucy Garvin for a lesson in making salad dressing.

The Wanekalan group held a ceremonial Thursday. Honors were awarded by the guardian, Miss Johanna Johnson. Miss Mary Louise Guy conducted the council fire and explained the meaning of the laws.

The Shudshala group met Thursday at the Florence Memorial Presbyterian church to work on headbands. Miss Ruth Hatteroth assisted.

The Shuinala group held a meeting Tuesday. Honor 25 was earned by going to Louis Sommers' store and learning the different cuts of meat. Mrs. Sam Henderson, guardian, went with the girls. She will conduct the examination next week.

The History of My Life

Dear Busy Bees:—I was born September 24, 1906, near Milligan, Neb. I am the fourth and youngest daughter of the family. Besides I have three brothers. I started to help my sisters and mother with the work when I was about 7 years old. Since that time I milk the cows, do other chores, and help all I can with the house work.

Helping His Mother.

One day a little boy was playing in his yard. His name was Peter. Peter's mother called him and he came. His mother wanted him to take some things to his aunt. Peter liked to go there because he always played with her boy. Her little boy wasn't feeling well. He came home and his mother was baking cake. Peter liked cake. Then his mother started ironing. He knew his mother was tired. He told her to lie down and he would finish her ironing. She did this and got well. The boy felt much rewarded by having his mother get well.—Leona Hudson, aged 10, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my second letter to you. I am in the Fifth grade and am 9 years old. I have three sisters and one brother. Well I must tell you something about our school. There are 22 pupils in our room. Last Friday, February 25, we had a program in the gymnasium and invited our mothers. We had a very nice time. It started at 2 o'clock and lasted till 4 o'clock. Yours truly, Hattie Dite, age 9, Gregory, S. D.

First Letter.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you. I am very glad to write to this paper. There are so many letters and stories in it. I am in the fourth grade. I like school fine. My teacher's name is Miss Robey. There are 23 in my room. My school will not be out until the latter part of May. I will close for now.—Virginia Parrish, age 10, Amherst, Neb., Box 47.

Little pussy willow is pushing through her silken grayish head.

The modest little violet is springing from her bed. Little robin red breast Hopping on the ground Soon there will be a lot of birds flying all around.—Lucile Hyatt, age 12, Plattsmouth, Neb.