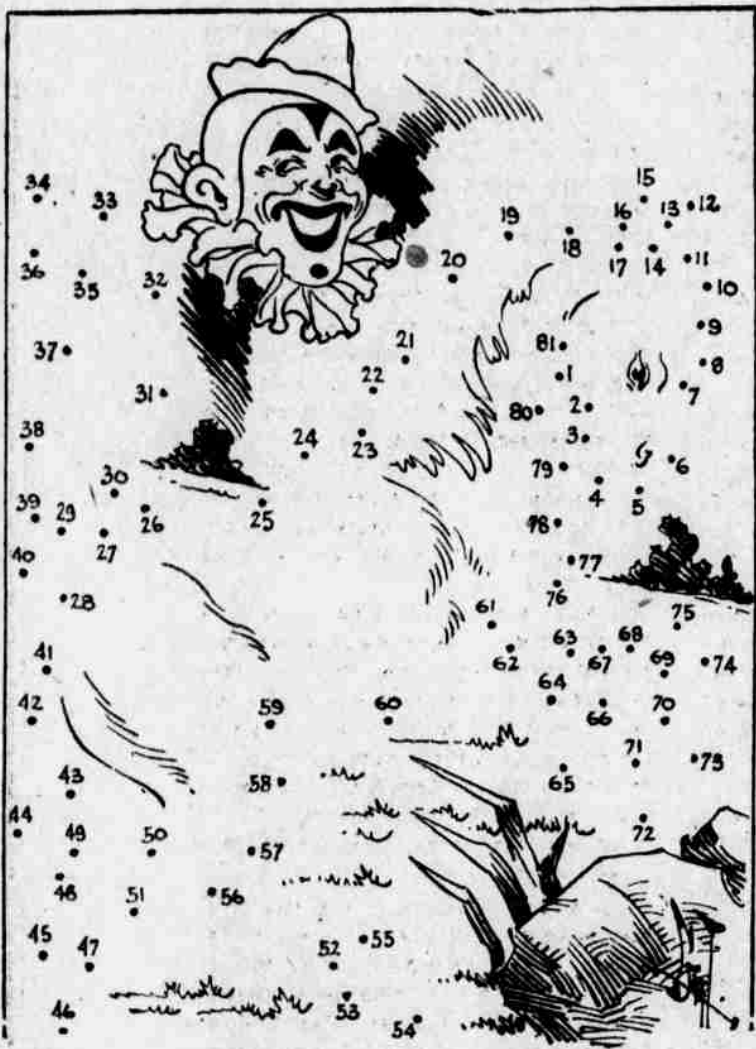




Dot Puzzle



Three dollars I will give, of course. To anyone who'll ride this. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at Figure through the dots, beginning at Figure.

Camp Fire Girls

Group Organized On South Side

A new Camp Fire group was organized at the South Side United Presbyterian church Saturday. The girls were all enthusiastic about the work and chose their names and symbols.

flowers and tucked away in a tiny jewel box was a guardian's pin. This was left at the door of the McKenzie home. The ownership of the basket was determined by the word "Kim," the guardians Camp Fire name found in green letters on either side of the basket.

Group Meetings

The Taspauhu group held a ceremonial Thursday. Miss Stella Holmes, guardian, awarded the honors.

Omahequa Honor Is Awarded

Omahequa Honor of Camp Fire was won this month by Miss Thelma Buseel for a fern design that she designed and made; and the Misses Mary Alice Kirtley, Marian Keister, Helen Baker, Wilma McFarland, Helen Stidham, Ruth Pilling, for charts of materials that a Camp Fire girl should know.

May-Day Surprise

A May day surprise was given by the members of the Lexse Camp Fire group for their guardian, Mrs. Colin McKenzie. The surprise was a large May basket which the girls made and covered with white tissue paper and decorated with three green Lexse leaves, the group symbol. It was filled with fruit, nuts, candy and

Mothers Day to Be Observed by Scouts

Every Scout in Omaha will be expected to observe Mothers' day in a simple but effective manner this year. A card with a verse about mother printed on it has been mailed to every scout in the city. He will be expected to put it under his mother's plate at breakfast this morning. One thousand two hundred of these cards have been distributed. The verse on "Mother" is as follows: There is just one and only one Whose love shall fill me never; Just one who lives from sun to sun With constant fond endeavor. There is just one and only one, On earth there is no other; In heaven a noble work was done When God gave boys a mother.

Sheldon Honor Pins Here

The new design of honor pins for the "Y" Camp Sheldon at Columbus are here and are on display in the electric bulletin board in the boys' division of the "Y." The pins were made by the Metal Arts company of Rochester, N. Y., and men who have seen them say that they are the finest looking camp honor pins they have ever seen. The pin is in the shape of a square, representing the four-square life, mental, physical, social and devotional, that a boy is taught to live at Camp Sheldon. The outside of the square forms part of the letter "C" which is in blue enamel and the "S" is inside the square in white, giving the camp colors, blue and white. Bronze pins are awarded to boys who pass the required tests the first year, silver for second, and gold for third-year boys. Boys must secure a certain number of points through the camp honor system in order to be eligible for the honor pin. It is the highest award that the camp gives and the competition

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Graduation Exercises To Be Held for Boys' Swimming School

Saturday night, May 21, the graduation exercises will be held in the "Y" auditorium for the boys who learn to swim in the "Y" free swimming school. Over 500 boys will be present for the occasion.

Dundee, Columbian, Saunders School Boys Enjoy "Y" Social

Two hundred boys from Dundee, Saunders and Columbia schools were the guests of the Boys' division last evening at a big party in their honor which has been planned for a long time. The boys arrived at 7 o'clock and all of them enjoyed a long swim in the artesian water of the fine swimming pool. After that they felt ready for anything that was to come. And the next thing was movies, four reels of them, with everything from serious educational pictures to side-splitting Harold Lloyd comedies.

Boy Scout Notes

Twenty-two men were in Camp Gifford last Saturday and Sunday, taking work to complete their Scoutmaster training course. Tuesday night at the Quickserv, 19 of these men received their diplomas for completing the course. Father McCormick of Creighton university presented the diplomas.

250 Boys Learn to Swim First Week At Local "Y"

Friday night this week the boys of the "Y" Bird club will have their last big hike, at which time they are planning to study all kinds of birds. The club will leave the "Y" on the Bellevue car line at 5 o'clock Friday evening for places near Childs Point, where they will spend the night.

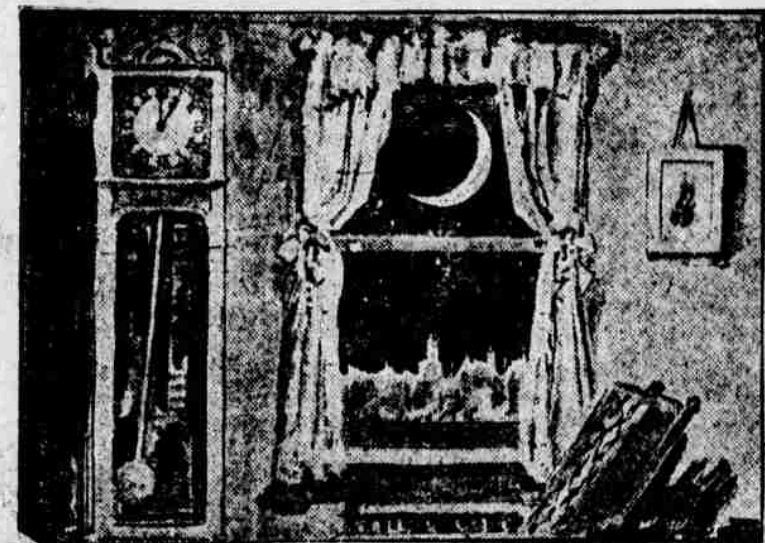
Bird Club to Take Over Night Hike

The first week of the Omaha Y. M. C. A. free swimming school was most successful; over 250 boys being taught to swim who could not navigate a single stroke a week ago. These boys learned in an average of three lessons each under the direction of leaders in charge of N. J. Weston, physical director.

The Wrong Nut

"The whole thing lies in a nutshell." "Yes, but you've got hold of the wrong nutshell!"—Cartoons Magazine.

Scientifically Impossible.



Here we see a crescent moon at 1 a. m., high above the tree tops. This is impossible as a crescent moon is never so high above the horizon at this time of the night.—Science and Invention.

Stories by Little Folks

(Prize)

Spring Time.

Dear Busy Bees: I will send you a little spring story. One day Roberta came home from school. She sat down on the rock flower bed and leaned back against the old elm tree, for she was tired. The day had been very warm and the lessons long.

The First Steel Pen

Some 80 years ago Joseph Gillet was a working jeweler in Birmingham, England. One day he accidentally split one of his fine steel tools and, being suddenly required to sign a receipt and, not finding a quill handy, he used the split tool as a substitute. This happy incident is said to have led to the idea of making pens of metal.—From the Argonaut.

A barley-corn is better than a diamond to a cook.

Why Does Milk Turn Sour?

The change that takes place in milk when it turns sour is entirely due to the growth of microbes in it. If the milk is boiled and then sealed up in something it will not turn sour in any weather nor in any length of time, because all the microbes in the milk, including those that turn it sour, have been killed by the boiling. Much warmth and electricity in the air to which milk is exposed favor the growth of the microbes in the milk. Microbes are plants and we know that warmth and electricity in the air favor the growth of other plants, such as wheat or potatoes.

The stuff in sour milk which gives it its sour taste is an acid, of course, and it has the special name, which everyone should certainly know, of lactic acid, which simply means milk acid. It is made by microbes from the sugar in the milk, which has the corresponding name of lactose. Lactic acid is not bad for us, but good for us, and if good, clean milk turns sour it is none the worse for that, but in some ways and for some people it is much better than milk that we usually drink it. Milk that has turned sour is highly recommended by many doctors for curing certain diseases.—Book of Knowledge.

Play With Paper Dolls.

Dear Busy Bees: This is the first time I have written to you. I will tell you what I do with my spare time. My chum and I play with our paper dolls and make furniture for their house. We have furnished a whole house, with a parlor, a dining room, a living room, a kitchen, a bathroom, a bedroom, a dining room and a living room. I believe I have written enough for my first time. Yours truly,—Lois Bartholomew, Lebanon, Neb.

A basket justice will do justice right or wrong.

surprised to see his eldest daughter enter the office just before closing time. "Why, daughter, how does this happen?" he asked. "Well, you see, I don't get to work with you this morning. I thought I would come over and walk home with you this evening," was the happy reply. Mr. Vaness smiled approval at his daughter, but said nothing. The snow was falling once more, and on the way home home was said between father and daughter, but Birden knew well that she had pleased her father immensely.

Things went along very happily at the little cottage, until one day came the news that our country had entered the European war, and everything was excitement in the town of Penderville. It was discussed in the streets, it was discussed in the homes, it was discussed everywhere, and was often the topic of conversation at the Vaness's fireside. Finally the town was quite itself again, excepting that some of the loyal young men had volunteered to enter the army.

Dr. Vaness said little these days, went out on his calls as usual, and walked with Birden in the mornings, but on the whole there seemed to be a restlessness in his attitude. "Well, my little family, I have been doing a lot of thinking of late of the poor wounded boys in France and how I could help them and ease their pain." He stopped for a moment and a lump rose in the throat of each of his listeners for they well knew what was coming next. "And," he continued, "Don't you think, that when I could help them so much, I ought to go? I know it will be hard to leave you all. It will be hard for you to stay at home without me, it will mean a struggle for money—your duty, I think."

Soon an old woman came out. She looked up at the sky. "Jack Frost will be here tonight, I am sure," she said. At that the tulips began to whisper. The old woman looked around. "Goodness me, she sighed, the tulips are up. Last spring they came out too early and were frozen." Then she hurried in the house, filled a basket with flower-pots and came out and covered each one over. How glad they were! They whispered and nodded in the pots. Old North Wind came along and tried to blow the pots over. Jack Frost was with him. The little flowers laughed at them. Just then the wind blew a rock down on Roberta's toe. She opened her eyes and found she had fallen asleep and fallen off the flower bed and a rock was on her toe.—Roberta Tracy, Aged 11, 1306 Park Ave., Fremont, Neb.

(Honorable Mention.) The Great Sacrifice. Down, down, down, came the softly falling snow. The large flakes fell quietly on the little cottage on Lenox street in the small village of Penderville. Its occupants slept peacefully in the early dawn. There was Dr. and Mrs. Vaness, Anita, Birden and Ruth. "Girls, girls," came the cheery voice of their mother, "you must get up, you expect to go to school this morning." "Yes, mamma, we're going to," how sleepy Birden's voice sounded, but she crawled out of bed, the other girls following suit and it was a happy trio which entered the dining room a few moments later to find their parents already seated at the breakfast table.

The ambition of the Vaness's was to give their girls an education. Birden, 18, and the oldest, was in her first year university; Anita, 16, who came next was a junior in high school, and Ruth, the baby of the family, 14, and in her first year High School.

Dr. Vaness took great pride in his daughter, especially Birden. On this particular morning, however, Birden was rather late and when she ran down stairs she was greatly disappointed to find her father already gone. In the evening Dr. Vaness was

The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY

A Puppy Makes Trouble for the Chinaman.

In one of the big houses, not far from the rose bush under which the Teenie Weenie village stood, lived a dog. The dog's name was Becky Sharp and the Teenie Weenies were very fond of her. Becky visited the Teenie Weenies quite often and many times she helped the little folks in various ways. One day Becky had puppies and then trouble began, for one of the puppies was a most mischievous little fellow and he gave the Teenie Weenies a great deal of trouble. He wasn't really a bad puppy, but he was young, thoughtless, very playful, and inclined to be a bit rough. One day he came waddling over to the rose bush and almost knocked the Lovers' bungalow off its foundation by rubbing his fat side against the little house; in fact, he ripped a length of water trough off, the tiny roof.

However, the General was forced to speak to the puppy's mother a few days later and this is what brought it about. One Monday morning the puppy came up to the Teenie Weenie village and not finding any of the little folks about, for Monday is a busy day under the rose bush, he looked around for something to play with. The Chinaman had just hung out a walnut shellful of clothes to dry on the line in front of the teapot, when the pup happened by. The tiny towels and shirts flapping in the wind attracted the puppy's attention, and catching the line in his huge mouth, he pulled two lead pencil posts, which held the clothes line, out of the ground at the first jerk. He shook his great head and

"Stop that, you nasty pup!" he shouted running towards the puppy. "Me just washing clothes nice and clean and you make dirty," and the



son scolded him. "I wish that pup would stay away," growled the General after the affair of the fire engine. "He's so rough and I'm afraid he'll do a lot of damage with those big clumsy feet of his." "Why don't you tell his mother to keep him home," asked the old Soldier. "I don't like to do that," answered the General. "For his mother is such a nice dog and I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world."

just started to drag the line away when the Policeman and the Cowboy happened along. The two little fellows caught the line and tried to pull it away from the pup, but they might as well have tried to lift a brick; for the puppy gave a shake of his head and sent them sprawling on the ground. The Chinaman heard the noise, and popping his head out of the laundry door, he was filled with anger at the sight of his clean clothes being dragged over the dirty ground.

poor Chinaman burst into tears. Seeing the Chinaman's tears, the puppy dropped the clothes line and begged the poor fellow's pardon. "You ought to be ashamed at yourself," cried the Chinaman. "Me vely muchie mad. Me have to wash clothes all over again." "I'm sorry," said the puppy. "I never thought about that and I'll lick 'em all clean." "No!" cried the Chinaman. "That make muchie much dirtier. You go home. Me washie."



too; I, too," came little voices from the flowers, and one after another they popped their heads up. Soon they were all up. In the meantime the Robin had come back. "Oh, friends, Miss Wren is not back." "Oh, dear," said the Pee Wee. "We will have to go back south. Come now before it is too late." The tulips were afraid and tried to get back into the ground, but, alas, they couldn't.

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