



Stories by Little Folks

(Prize.)

Tommy's Stomach.

I am the stomach of a greedy little boy. He is continually giving me hard work to do and tiring me out. Last night was the first night I had a good night's rest for Tommy made his little sister cry, and his mother sent him to bed without any supper. But just as soon as he woke up, downstairs he went, and ate a big breakfast of coffee, pancakes, fried potatoes and meat. It wouldn't be so bad but he didn't chew his food well and my! I just had to work to digest his food properly. Maybe he didn't know that the teeth in his mouth are supposed to be used for chewing and maybe he didn't know that I don't have any teeth with which to chew his food. If he hadn't been so greedy and tried to eat all the potatoes before Marie, his sister, came down, I wouldn't have had to work so hard, and if he hadn't washed down some pieces of meat and potatoes with that ugly brown coffee, there wouldn't be so many unchewed pieces of meat and potatoes down here at my door. Well, I was just about done with that food when Tommy was sent up town and he got some more. He ate it as fast as he could so he wouldn't have to give any to Marie. He got a drink at the fountain and washed down some of those hard kernels. And of course, I had to suffer.

me time to rest or do my work. Oh, but I was cross. I tried the old saying, "Revenge is sweet." So during the night he woke up crying and told his mother his stomach ached. In the morning, worried Mrs. Marty sent for the doctor and he said Tommy must stop eating between meals. Of course this was not an easy thing for him to do. But at last I had my regular time for work and rest. After this he never woke up in the night with a stomach ache. I've often wondered why he never thanked me for those pains, for now he is a strong, healthy boy, while before he was weak and sickly.—Mac Radler, age 12, West Point, Neb.

(Honorable Mention.)

Honest May.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl named May. She was very poor, and she had long golden hair that hung loosely over her shoulders. She lived in Boston and she was a kitchen maid for some rich people. The people she worked for were very cruel. They beat her and treated her roughly. The people they worked for were named Sax. They had a little girl named Dorothy, who was very proud and haughty. One day Dorothy's little dog, Fido, ran away. Dorothy sobbed and blamed May for it. But she could not find poor little Fido. That night May went home. To her surprise when she reached the little shack she called home, there was Fido. The next day she took him to Dorothy and Dorothy's mother patted May on the back and said she was going to adopt her. So she lived happily ever after. Doris Kemmel, age 11, 416 So. 4th St., Norfolk, Neb.

Cool Friends

"O palm trees, wave your fans," said "Maude." And keep the weather cool Umbrella trees, please make a shade Along my way to school."

Conundrums

How far is a bee from you? There are eighteen letters between a, b and u. What letters of the alphabet have always made fun? F, U, N, of course. When are you like a clear sky? When you are blue.

A Fourth Grade Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: I am going to write you a letter. I have three brothers and two sisters. My sisters' names are Arlette and Sadie. My brothers' names are Kenneth, George and Beryl. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I like school just fine. My teacher's name is Miss Zeilinger. For pets we have a cat and two dogs and a pony. Our pony's name is William. We have a lot of fun riding him. We drive him to the little wagon. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. I will close for this time. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me.—Jola Napier, age 10, Bellwood, Neb.

A New Bee.

Dear Busy Bees: I am 10 years old. I have two sisters and one brother. I have a pet dog, his name is Jeff. I am in the fifth grade at school. My teachers' names are Miss Swartz, Miss Griffert and Miss Robinson. I have 37 schoolmates. Busy Bees please write to me.—Evelyn Kindt, age 10, Walnut, Ia.

MEMORIAL DAY

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Free Memberships Won by Two Boys in "Y" Guessing Contest

At the graduation exercises of the Y. M. C. A. free swimming school last Saturday night, a bean-guessing contest was one of the attractions. Every graduate, as he came in, received a card upon which to register his guess as to the number of beans in the huge jar on the counter. There were exactly 9,074 beans in the jar and two boys guessed very close. Each won a year's free membership in the boys' division. They were Edward Nordstrom, 4348 Franklin street, and Earl Elliott, 4110 North Twelfth street. Two other boys guessed 9,000 beans and each was given a certificate which would entitle them to join the boys' division for one-half the regular fee. Ten others were given certificates good for one dollar on memberships in case they joined the boys' division. These boys were Harry Nuttler, Robert Anderson, Peter Sawyer, Charles Bradford, Louis Ferragutti, Alfred Hook, Ward Hodges, William D'Agosto, Henry Harmon, Chester Guinane, Max Spar and Charles Smith.

Three Scout Troops Join in Exciting Hike To Camp Gifford

By JOHN HAJDUSKA. Troop Reporter, Troop 22. Sunday, April 24, was a great day for Troops 22 and 60 of Omaha and Ralston Troop 1. Troop 22 met at Highland school. Troops 1 and 60 met at Twenty-fourth and Q streets. The three troops then hiked to the end of the Albright car line. Mr. Kisicki took charge of the 19 scouts present. We walked a few blocks east, and took the road that led to the White trail. It made me sick to hear the way some of those boys grumbled about marching in order. We walked until we came to the beginning of the White trail. This trail leads through Child's Point. It is marked by white spots painted on trees along the trail. We marched on a little while and then met two young couples. One young man took several snap shots of the troops. After spending a few minutes there, we again began to make our way toward Camp Gifford. We soon came to the railroad tracks. After following these for a few minutes we came to good old Camp Gifford. We were glad to get out of the wind that forced us to eat the dust it carried. We went over to the kitchen and cooked our dinners. After dinner three other boys and myself went down to the river to find the big tree. The fellow who told me the story about the tree said it was as large as an ordinary size room. The tree surely must be growing smaller every day because when we found it, it was only large enough for a man to stand or sit in. We then made our way back to camp, and then went over to get a few turtles. We caught one little one. While there I saw a great big snake. A scout is brave but I'll tell the world I was not brave. I just got away from there as quick as I could. I went back to camp and got into a game of base ball. It was so windy you couldn't hit the ball straight if you wanted to. We kept this up until it was time to go home. We were ready at last but had to wait for a scout who was taking his test. He was gone an hour and 15 minutes on a 25-minute trail. While coming home we killed two snakes. That evening was the end of a happy and perfect day.

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Three Schools Enjoy Last Party of Year

The last school parties of the year were held at the boys' division of the "Y" last night. Two hundred boys from Lothrop, Franklin and Miller Park schools attended the festivities in their honor. A long swim in the pool was enjoyed by every boy in true boy fashion; and when the whistle blew for them to get out and get dressed it was with long faces that they extricated themselves from the 60,000 gallons of water. Following this came four reels of movies, and the boys alternately were amazed by the scenes in the scenes and amused by the antics in the comedies. Several short talks by the boys' work societies followed and, to close the evening right, ice cream was served to the boys. These socials have been given during the last month to get the boys of the various grade schools better acquainted with the "Y" and to get the "Y" men acquainted with the boys. They will be continued next fall on a bigger scale and it is hoped to

Camp Fire Girls

Registrations Are Beginning.

Is your camp registration in? If not, you had better get it in, for you surely want to be there! A lovely new canoe, which has been christened Mo-Ne-Ta, has been purchased for camp, and we are hoping to have another before next week. So get your registration in at once!

New Camp Fire Group

A new group of Camp Fire Girls was organized Wednesday at the home of Miss Grace Beckman. Those enrolled were the Misses Grace Beckman, Mina Lyons, Virginia Hunter, Dorothea Combs, Harriet Fair and Dorothy Price.

Group Will Usher.

The Lewa group of Camp Fire Girls will act as ushers at the concert to be given for the benefit of the Child Savings Institute Friday evening in the Y. W. C. A. auditorium.

Group Meetings.

The regular meetings of the First Aid classes of Camp Fire will be held Monday at Dundee school, and Wednesday, at the North Presbyterian church.

The Witwantsch Group entertained at luncheon Tuesday at the home of Miss Reva Jieva in honor of Miss Jieva's birthday. The luncheon was prepared by a number of the group who thereby earned their Firemakers honors.

Boy Scout Notes

Eighty-five scouts attended Camp Gifford last week-end and spent Saturday night in camp. A powwow was held at M. E. Smith hall garden last Friday night for all boys who attended Camp Gifford last summer. The party and reunion was attended by 150 Scouts. Dr. Quigley gave a very interesting talk on radium. Three one-week camping stays were given out at the powwow.

At last a date has been set for the big city rally which everyone is looking forward to. This big meeting will be held at Creighton field June 18 at 3:00 p. m. Watch this column for the program for this gala day.

Not Contagious.

Nearly all of the children in the neighborhood had been ill with chickenpox and one morning, when they were able to play again, Julia, aged 4, came running in to her mother and burst out excitedly, "Oh mother, the Smith children have got something else, but brother says we can't catch it." "Well, what is it they have?" the mother asked. "It's pigeon toes," she replied.—Forecast.

Like Our Stories.

Dear Busy Bees: I like to read the Busy Bees. I have a little sister 13 months' old named Frances. I am in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Huseneter. I like my school work very well.—Caroline Van Anda, aged 6, 707 East Sixth street, Fremont, Neb.

My Pet.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter, and I am going to tell you about my pony. His name is Juliet. He is about four feet tall and he is brown. I ride him in the summer and have very much fun on him.—Vera Haight, aged 10, Ord, Neb.

Where.

This teacher, whose name is Miss Clive, asked the boy where the cannibals thrive. He thought for a while. Then looked up with a smile. And answered "On page 25!" —Cartoons Magazine.

A Little Girl's Bookshelf

Strange, isn't it, girls, that the particular little girl who owned this bookshelf can still find it, almost as it used to be in the "long ago," though many years have come and gone since the bookshelf was first filled for her. That is because the old house where the little girl lived when a child still stands with all the old belongings in it.

Let us see what books there are on the bookshelf. First there is the dear old story of "Red Riding Hood," told in verse, and beautifully illustrated in colors. This is an English book and very precious now, for few of them are still in print. Then there is a family heirloom of a book handed down to the little girl with queer woodcuts of boys and girls in quaint old-time costumes. One story is called "The Good Boy, the Bad Boy and the Nice Wise Girl." It is in words of two or three syllables, and in very large type. Then there is Dickens' "Child's History of England," a charming little history, which the little girl never used to get tired of reading. "The Swiss Family Robinson" was a book that was the most wonderful book of all, for the adventures which befell the occupants of a vessel which was

wrecked on a lonely isle, and how they built up a little colony for themselves, finding plenty of adventure and plenty of things to eat and make into furniture and cloth, and even a boat. "Ungava," a tale of adventure with Eskimos in the great north, is another beloved book, telling of exploration and living there. There is "The Arabian Nights" and "Music Study in Germany" side by side with stories of student life abroad, which make the pulses tingle. Many great musicians of today are here, described just as they were then, students only. A set of books also on music speak of the great composers and the tone masters, beginning with Bach, and these are the most delightful books imaginable. Other books are Jean Macé's fine book, "A Mouthful of Bread," and "Tales from Shakespeare," bound copies of the early St. Nicholas magazine; also a very grown-up French book translated into English by the aunt of the little girl, and proudly published under her name. More books on the shelf? Of course! Full of them, but there isn't time to tell you about any more of them except that "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" and other stories of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney are favorites here.

Second Letter.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my second letter to the Busy Bee page. I saw my other letter in the page. I will tell you about my brother Donald. He has blue eyes, light-brown hair, red lips. He is about 33 inches tall. He weighs 42 pounds. He is 1 1/2 years old. His birthday is October 20. He will play horse with me and everything I want him to do. When we have goings in the house he will pick them up by the head and carry them around. When I go to school he wants to go, too. But he can't go. When anybody comes he will just talk and shake his fist at them. When I play on the piano he will come and go around and around—he is dancing then. Well, Busy Bees, please write to me. Your Busy Bee—Millicent Schwertley, aged 11, Mondamin, Ia.

La Plata Girls.

La Plata girls are on the alert; They're Camp Fire Girls, you see. They like to sing, to laugh and hike, So healthy girls they'll surely be. La Plata girls are always alert; They're Camp Fire Girls, you see; They study birds and nature adore, So quick-sighted girls they'll be.

La Plata girls are always alert;

They're Camp Fire Girls, you see; They glorify work and knowledge pursue, So fine, bright girls they'll be. —Dorothy Huxford, Central City, Neb.

A Dream.

"I dreamed about birds that were making 'collections' of various toys in all sorts of directions. The balls, tops and marbles were gathered up lightly. And treasures unnumbered were carried off mightily. 'Was all for bird science—no mortal could doubt it—' But somehow the boys were all grumbling about it!"

Your Robin.

Robin in your little coat and your little vest, Tell me, little bird, where you hide your nest. Come with me and we will go And my pretty eggs I'll show. Are they yellow, are they blue? Tell me, Robin, tell me true? They are blue as you'll soon see, But be as quiet as you can be. There on the nest sits my little mate, But promise me no eggs you'll take. God gave us little birds, you see, To sing to you our melody. —Margaret Maupin, aged 13, Ger- ing, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



If you will trace to sixty-eight You'll see a — that's simply great. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at Figure through the dots, beginning at Figure.

The Teenie Weenies

ly brought the little lady to her senses, while the General and the Policeman, followed by several other Teenie Weenies, set off to investigate the bloody tracks. The Teenie Weenies soon found the tracks and quickly followed them down to the bank of the creek, where they disappeared in the water. "This certainly is a mystery," cried the Policeman. "Let's track the trail back and see where it started." Breathlessly the little men followed the bloody footprints back past the toolhouse up to the big dump, where big folks threw all their old broken bottles and rubbish. The trail of blood was much stronger here, and soon the little fellows followed it to the top of the dump, where it stopped by the side stream a little ways from the spot where the tracks disappeared they found the Dunce standing in the water up to his waist washing some of his clothes. "What in the name of peach stones does this mean?" asked the General, trying hard to keep from laughing, for the Dunce was funny sight with bright red patches of the ink on his face and hands. "W-w-w-why, I h-h-h-had an accident," answered the Dunce, grinning at the Teenie Weenies standing on the bank. "I should think you did!" cried the Policeman. "Well," said the Dunce as he scrubbed at the soiled clothes. "I happened to find a bottle of red ink on the dump this morning, and I thought I'd get some to paint that wagon I made last week, so I got a bucket and went up to the dump. I climbed up on the bottle, and as there was only a little ink in the bottle, I had to lean 'way over in order to dip some up." "And you fell in," put in the General. "Yes, s-s-s-sir," answered the Dunce. "I was afraid I might get a lickin' if I came home with my clothes all over red ink, so I thought I'd better go down to the creek and it will remind you to keep from falling into ink bottles." The poor Dunce's punishment was to stink hard, for the ink would not wash off, and besides spilling his clothes he had great patches of red on his hands and face for over a month.

Fashion, and turning as white as a clean handkerchief the little lady fell limply to the floor in a dead faint. The Doctor, who happened to be in the shoehouse at the time, quick-