



O, SKINNAY! HERE IS A STORY 'BOUT BUGS AND THINGS

Think of a Big Museum Just for Children.

What It Is Like

By EYE WITNESS. Boys and girls: I want to tell you of something that will interest you as much as it did me.

The point in telling you about it in your own way—which is the best way because it is the simplest and easiest—instead of writing a dignified, tiresome article for our grown-ups, is that you, after you have the facts before you, can interest the grown-ups in this fine thing much more readily than I can.

You know well enough that though every one of you belongs to a grown-up, it is even truer that most grown-ups belong to you and would do almost anything in the world for you. That is part of the fun of grown-ups getting out of being your fathers and mothers.

Once there was a boy that sometimes would come tearing down the hill—he lived at the top of the hill and my family at the bottom of it—and he would say, "My uncle has just sent us some more things from China and my mother says you can all come up to our house!"

Then we would go, and more likely than not we would stay all the rest of the day—it was so interesting.

For we saw—and Lewis' mother would let us touch—gowns so heavy with silk and gold they would stand alone, and queer little ornaments of jade with faces on them that would make you laugh, and vases and fans, whereon those Chinese people had made the sky with one or two lines and the wide sea with one or two more, and images carved out of ivory and precious woods—with kind of sad, thoughtful, tired faces on them, which made you wonder—and many, many the eyes would be inlays of jewels.

Liberal and Sympathetic. Tom's mother said—some people called those things idols and the people that made them idolaters, but she told us she liked to think of them as helps to prevent the children and that the people that made them maybe did it so those figures would bring near to them the Unseen Power that puts us in this world and arranged it for us. Mrs. Pilcher was always pleasant about explaining things that way. We all loved her. At the end of the afternoon she would give us cake and cambric tea.

Well, that is just exactly the way it is at the children's museum on the edge of Bedford park in Brooklyn, N. Y.—even to the cake—except that the house is 10 times bigger than Lewis' and that instead of seeing wonderful things from China alone you have the whole wonderful world poured into your lap.

You can touch things and work with them, and you can mount beautiful butterflies and moths, and beetles with your own hands, and there are young women and older women to tell you about everything and show you how to do everything—with microscopes, and chemicals, and tools, and everything like that.

No Verboten Signs Here. There are no "No Admittance" or "Don't Touch" signs anywhere, and the whole house and everything in it are yours for nothing. They give you treasures and ask in return only your interest.

You can become a life member of this children's museum association for 10 cents, but you are just as welcome whether you are a member or not. I saw a couple of fellows studying the birds and I asked them if they were members and they said no.

So I fixed that up and pretty soon they came out of the secretary's room with membership buttons on their coats, but the only difference was that now they studied the birds harder than ever and sort of smiled when they looked around because, I think, the docents—as the women tell you things are called—kept smiling at them and said, "There are our newest members!"

Sorter Stirs One's Heart. It was kind of funny and very homelike—all that part. If a fellow wanted to know something special about a bird he had just noticed on his way through Bedford park, or about a plant he was pressing, or about a moth he was mounting, or about the wireless telegraph mechanism they were teaching him to use, all he had to do was to step into a big room on the second floor of the house and Miss Draper would give him a book about it and help him to find the place he wanted in the book.

Like all the women in the house, she was awfully pleasant and she laughed a lot. She said a fellow that did not know exactly what he wanted came into see her the other day and said:

"Miss Draper, have you got a book about my size?" She found it and he was very much obliged.

Here's a Thorough Chap. She told me about a fellow named Carl Funaro that got so interested in beetles that he started copying out the more than 200 pages of Henshaw's "List of Coleoptera of America North of Mexico" because that is a very rare book and very expensive, but he wanted to have the facts in it right alongside him at home and when he was out collecting. So he started copying the one Miss Draper has but cannot lend out because it is so rare and she has only one copy.

She said that altogether the chil-

Stories by Our Little Folks

(Prize) Wise Elsie. Downstairs the big hall clock struck 7. "Only 7 o'clock," murmured Elsie, drowsily. "Guess I'll go back to sleep. Ho! Hum!" But just then she caught a glimpse of a dainty white envelope lying on her dressing table. "Oh, a letter!" she exclaimed, and was out of bed in an instant. She reached for the envelope. On the front her name was written in dainty script. Curious, she tore open this missive. Inside she found an inscribed card: 7:00—Arise instantly and make necessary morning toilette. 7:30-8:00—Breakfast. 8:30-9:30—Help mother with morn-



ing work, such as wiping dishes, making beds, etc. 9:30-12:00—Play hard. 12:00-12:30—Dinner. 12:30-1:00—Help with dishes. 1:00-6:00—Do as you please. 6:00-6:30—Supper. 6:30-8:30—Spend evening in making everybody around you happy. 8:30—Go to bed. (Signed.) AERIAL.

"Aerial, Aerial! Oh, she's the fairy queen, and this is a program for me to follow. Oh, what fun!" cried Elsie as she hastened to dress. That day everything came off right to the minute and in tasks which at other times she would have idled and grumbled through, she now did eagerly and quickly. In the evening as Elsie and her mother sat on the porch she said: "Yesterday I didn't believe in fairy queens and that sort of thing, but I certainly do now."

And another only smiled—Lucille Bauer, Aged 14, Alma, Neb.

Children's museum has 8,000 books and that the children come to it at the rate of 250 to 500 and even 700 a day, but that when 700 come they have to stand up to read.

Prefer Nature Studies. Miss Draper said the children ask for books about nature and biography and history, but do not seem to care so much for stories, though she has plenty of stories; and the reason for that is, I think, that after you have seen the wonderful things in the museum—the birds and the raccoons, stuffed, to be sure, but seeming to be living and working just as they lived and worked in life—and the lives of live bees actually making honey, and the scenes in strange countries—all built up and lighted like scenes in a theater—then those things become more real to you than any store is, and it is thrilling to read about them and to learn more about them.

Anyway, 200,000 Brooklyn children feel that way. They come every year, and 30,000 a year come to the lectures on Columbus and Washington and Lincoln and Longfellow and world war and wireless telegraph and so on in the motion picture room.

Now that you know in a general way what this children's treasure house is like, you may care to know how it works.

(Honorable Mention) Snobs. Maxine's father became very sick and the doctor said he needed a rest. So the Woods family retired to an old mansion in the suburbs of the city. The Woods were a very wealthy family and in their new location most of the people were poor. Maxine decided to enter the public school. She wore pretty gingham, while most of the other girls wore calico. The other girls seemed to think Maxine was above them. Maxine tried to make friends, but they snubbed her. "My mother washed for them in the city and they got so snobbish and refused to pay our prices that we quit them," asserted Jane Walton. Maxine worked hard and soon was at the head of her class. This did not make the girls any more friendly toward her. One day she was so heart-broken and downcast that she sought refuge in a small woods nearby. She sat down on a log and was soon crying to herself. After a while she heard footsteps and, looking up, saw Jane coming through the trees. She came up to where Maxine was and soon they were good friends. Jane found out she was not stuck up and Maxine became friends with all the other girls and shared in their good times. —Margaret Yoder, Aged 12, Elm Creek, Neb.

Snow Fun. Dear Busy Bee: I enjoy reading your stories every Sunday. This is the first time I have written to you. I am going to send a poem I made up called "Snow Fun."

Now high, now low, now fast, now slow, How white and smooth it lies; While banks are filling with the snow, How hazy are the skies.

The ground is covered like a sheet, Like sparkling diamonds, too; While children are fast asleep, While the sandman has much to do.

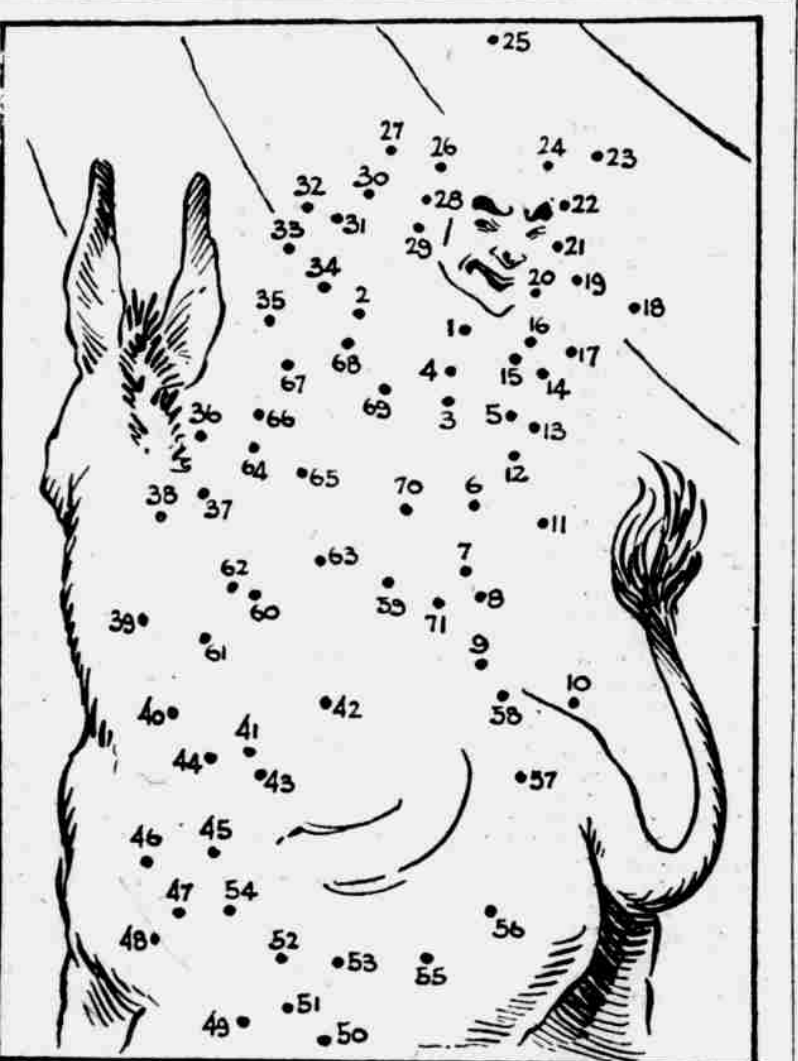
The sun is coming behind a cloud, While daylight is coming on; In the barn the rooster is cackling very loud— Get up! The night is gone.

The children are all shouting Hurray! Hurray! for the snow. What fun we'll have while far away they have no sleighs. That's why we have a right to be gay. —Nora Nelson, age 12, box 465, Albion, Neb.

The Pie. One day a little girl and boy came into the garden. The boy saw a large pumpkin. He said: "This will make a fine Jack-o'-Lantern for me." His grandmother, who was standing near, said: "No, I think it will make a very nice pie for Thanksgiving day." So she let her grow until it was good and ripe and then a very nice old lady came and picked it and put it into a kettle to boil. Then she took me out and made me into something, and set me in the middle of the table with lots of pretty leaves around me.

Like Catching Measles. You will never have any possession worth more to you than your friends, and anybody can have friends. Friends are folks who like you a lot, and the way to make folks like you a lot is for you to like folks. It's catching, like measles. Just like folks, and keep at it, and the first thing you know they'll be liking you back again. Repeat the dose as needed and you'll find you'll have so many friends you won't know what to do with them all.—American Boy.

Dot Puzzle



You'll see me riding just for fun If you will trace a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

EVEN TEENIE WEEENIE TRUCKS HAVE TO BE PULLED OUT OF MUD

The two tiny trucks, which had been built by the Turk and Paddy Pinn, fairly flew over the road, and the Teenie Weenies all enjoyed themselves as they rolled along. Paddy Pinn drove one of the trucks while the Turk steered the other, and both of the little engines purred beautifully in spite of the fact that they were heavily loaded with Teenie Weenies, tents, pots, kettles and all the other necessary things that campers find useful. The Teenie Weenies were on an



cloud tour, and the first day on the road they traveled 76 Teenie Weenie miles. The Old Soldier was a mighty good weather prophet, and when the clouds began to roll up in great black masses the General ordered the trucks to stop under the shelter of an old dry goods box, which lay near the road.

The little trucks had no sooner run under the box than the rain began to fall, and for almost an hour and a half the water came down by the cupful. When the rain had stopped, the little trucks once more took to the highway, and, as the road was cement, they rolled along with ease, but soon the cement ended, and then trouble began, for the road was now clay and the mud was fully an inch and a half deep.

In some places there were great ruts, and once or twice the tiny trucks nearly stuck in the mud. "It's pretty hard going, that's what it is," said Paddy Pinn, who was driving the leading truck. "I think we'd better find a good camping

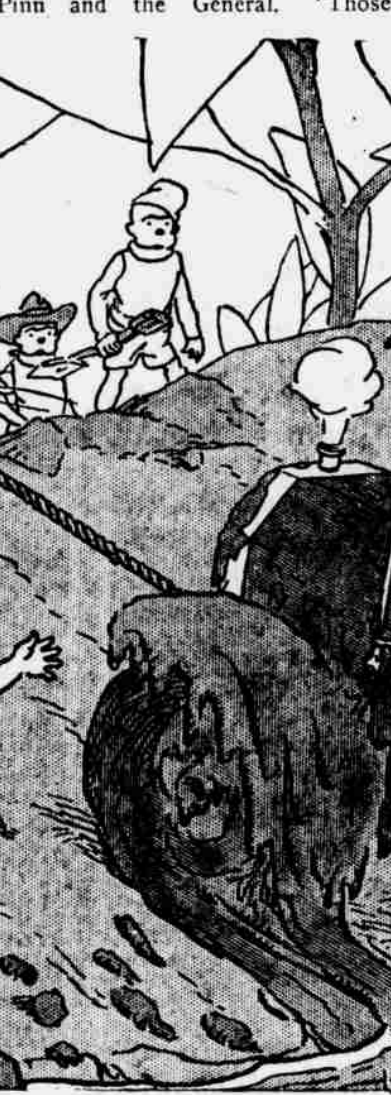
place and stop for the rest of the day."

"All right," answered the General. "We'll stop at the first good looking camping place we come to."

It was a long time before the little folks found a good camping place, for the tiny truck stood in the mud as it was trying to cross a deep rut. The Teenie Weenies worked for a long time trying to get out, but every

The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY



General, lifting his hat. "Could you be kind enough to give us a lift? We have been working here for nearly four hours trying to get out of this mud."

"Sure," said the squirrel. "Tie a rope to the front end of the truck, and I'll pull you out before you can say hippopotamus."

In a few minutes the Policeman tied one end of a rope to the truck

and carried the other end up the side of the rut where the squirrel stood.

"Now just get out of my way so I can catch my tail without knocking anybody down, and I'll pull this truck out in a jiffy," said the squirrel, taking the end of the rope in his mouth.

Paddy Pinn started the engine, and the squirrel, bracing his feet, gave a mighty pull, and the truck fairly flew out of the muddy hole.

After the squirrel had been given four peanuts for his work, the little trucks chugged along until they found a fair camping place, where they stopped for the night.

New Merit System To Be Used at Camp Gifford This Summer

A very attractive and novel merit system has been established at Camp Gifford, which will be used during the camping periods this summer. The scouts will wear skull caps, and the recognition of their achievement will be won on these caps.



Diamonds represent the highest standard in the respective virtues of a camper. For personal cleanliness, a red diamond will be given for cheerfulness, a purple one for athletic ability, a green one for advancement, a blue one for table manners, an orange one for swimming, a gold one for camp fire stunts and a black one for an unannounced point. What is this mysterious black diamond going to represent? That is the question which every scout is asking. But leave that to the camp directors. They will tell when the time comes.

The "Crocketts" will wear red and green caps, and the "Carsons" will wear red and white caps. A boy is entitled to wear a cap after attending camp for one week. A silver bar will be presented for every week spent at camp after the first one.

A scout will be known by the cap he wears. Any one will be able to tell by glancing at the cap whether the boy is up to standard or not.

Hansel and Gretel. Once upon a time there lived a poor wood cutter and wife and children. The children's names were Hansel and Gretel. One night the father lay thinking of all his troubles.

"I know what we will do," said the stepmother. "Early in the morning we'll take the children out into the thicket of the woods and leave them there."

"Oh, no," cried the father. "I cannot do that with my children." "Oh, pshaw!" cried the wife, "what a fool. Then all four of us must die of hunger."

The children heard it. Gretel cried bitterly and said to Hansel: "Now we shall surely die." But Hansel said: "Hush! Gretel, do not cry; I shall be able to help you." He waited till their parents were fast asleep, then he got up and dressed himself and slipped out. The moon shown brightly. Hansel picked up some pebbles and put them in his pocket and went back to Gretel and said: "Be comforted, dear, and sleep in peace." So saying, he went back to bed and slept. Next morning the mother came to the bed and said:

"Get up, lazybones, go to the woods and gather wood. She gave each of them a piece of bread. Gretel took it in her apron. Soon they were on their way. Hansel kept looking back at the house. His father said: "Hansel, what are you looking at? Take care and don't forget your legs."

"Oh, father, I am looking at my white cat that wants to say goodbye."

"The white cat?" said Gretel. "Foolish boy! That is the sun shining on the chimney."

When they arrived in the middle of the forest the father said: "Come, children, build a fire so you won't get cold. When it was built the father said: "Lie down by the fire and rest while your mother and I go into the forest and cut wood." So the children sat down. Noon came on, their folks did not appear, so Hansel took his sister by the hand and led her further into the woods. They came to a house and knocked. An old woman answered the door.

"Why, come in, dear children, what brings you here? Come and live with me. I will not hurt you." She gave them some food to eat; then gave them a nice bed to sleep in. The next morning she came to the bed and said, "Get up, lazybones, and cook your brother something good. When he gets fat I will eat him!"

Gretel cried bitterly. The best food was cooked for Hansel, but poor Gretel had crabs' claws. She came every morning to see how fat he was. One morning she said to Gretel, "Come now, I am going to cook your brother."

Gretel cried bitterly. "Put your head in the oven and see how hot it is, Gretel," said the woman. Gretel said, "I don't know how."

The woman showed her she stuck her head in and Gretel pushed her in and shut the door. Then she ran and let her brother out. They gathered up all the jewelry she had and all she had to eat and ran to safety.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Arnold on Job After Two Weeks at Geneva



J. Shafer Arnold, assistant boys' work secretary of the Omaha Y. M. C. A. is on the job again after two weeks at the Y. M. C. A.'s summer school at Lake Geneva, Wis. Arnold reports a wonderful time there and has come back with many new ideas for the work of next year.

He will be at the boys' division for the next two weeks while Mac Olson is on his vacation in Chicago and then Arnold will spend two weeks at his home at Winfield, Kan. He will be back for good about August 22, ready for the biggest year in the history of the Boys' Division.

E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary of the "Y" is on his vacation spending time in Marshalltown, Ia., and at his home in Davenport. He is also visiting several boys' camps in Iowa to get new ideas for the "Y" camps next summer.

N. J. Weston, physical director, and Cecil Fisher, his assistant, are spending two weeks each at the Y. M. C. A. summer school at Estes Park, Colo. Carl Weigel, assistant physical director is in charge of the physical department during the absence of Weston and Fisher.

All the "Y" men will be back on the job about the middle of August, getting the machinery oiled up ready for the heavy fall and winter work which promises to beat all records thus far.

A Novel Knot Board Presented by Troop 4

Troop 4, under the direction of Scoutmaster Jack Kelly, recently came into prominence when they presented a novel knot board to headquarters. The board is very artistic and complete, holding all the knots actually tied. The rope used is a three-eighths inch rope. The knots are attractively arranged on a black cloth-covered board.

The board was made by competition among the scouts in the troop, each scout striving to make the most correctly tied knots. Edward Brad-

ford, patrol leader of Flying Eagle patrol, won a prize of a solid silver apprentice, or figure-eight knot for the best work on the board.

Troop 4 is also planning another attractive phase of scout work in the form of a signalling contest to see who is the most proficient in the art of signalling. Both semaphore and wig wag systems will be used. A pair of silk semaphore flags will be awarded the winner.

Omaha Hi-Y Clubs to Hold Conference at Sheldon, Sept. 1 to 5

The biggest and best Hi-Y camp that the Omaha Y. M. C. A. has ever conducted will be held at Camp Sheldon at Columbus, Neb., from September 1 to 5, inclusive, under the direction of E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary of the Omaha "Y."

The camp will be held under the auspices of the three Omaha Hi-Y clubs in the three high schools and the presidents and other officers of these clubs are the promotion committee in charge of getting the enrollments. It is expected that over 60 of the leaders from these high schools will attend this camp, which is an invitation camp. Only boys receiving invitations from their Hi-Y clubs may attend.

The principal speakers at the camp will be L. C. Oberlies of Lincoln, state chairman of the board of control; Dwight N. Lewis of Des Moines, chairman of the Iowa state railway commission; J. H. Beveridge, superintendent of Omaha schools. Principals of the high schools are expected to attend the camp for a few days. N. J. Weston, physical director of the Omaha "Y," will be camp physical director and George W. Campbell will be in charge of music.

Special train accommodations will be furnished these boys by the Union Pacific railway and a most successful camp is anticipated in every way. Invitations to attend the camp have gone out to the leaders in the high schools and other literature will soon follow.

A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom.

A calf's head will feast a hunter and his hounds.

FASHION'S BLUE BOOK



If she is anything but Little Red Riding Hood it is not the fault of fashion. For fashion is as arbitrary about children's wearing this color as it is about adults, and some of the newest clothes in juvenile circles bear out this assertion.

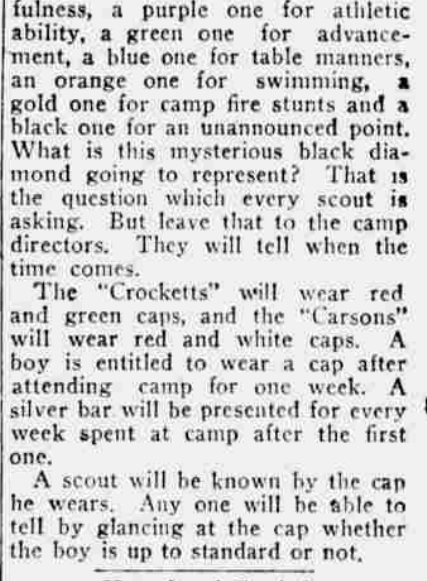
Above we show a little frock in the favorite combination of English satin and organdy which selects red for the frock material and white for the adorable little organdy ruffles that fill in the sleeves and give the desired side fullness. The frock is bound in white organdy, and a black and white flower is embroidered at the front of the waist.

The favored line for small girls puts the long waist and the short skirt together, and often admits fullness at the sides. Embroidery of both wool and silk is much used this summer and there is a wide use of flannel and Irish lace.—C. Lowe.

A carrion kite will never make a good hawk.

Swimming a Popular Sport for 'Y' Boys

The 1,000 Omaha Y. M. C. A. boys know the safest and cleanest place in the city to swim during the hot summer days from the number who use the pool every day. Many of them are at the boys' division door in the mornings an hour before the time for opening, anticipating their swim in the cool clear artesian water.



Parents are enthusiastic about the "Y" swimming pool during the summer months, especially when the lure of the rivers and lakes is especially strong. They know that when their boys go to the "Y" they are under the supervision of trained men at all times and that there is the minimum of danger from drowning.

hundreds of boys are using the pool every day and arrangements were made at the beginning of the summer, whereby every boy gets three swims every week. Anyone passing the "Y" during the boys' swimming time can easily know that the lads are having the time of their lives by the noise and merry shouting that emanates from the direction of the swimming pool.

The three swims a week will continue until school starts when the boys will go back to their regular schedule of two gym periods and two swims per week.

Why Do Rats Leave Falling Houses?

They sometimes do so because they are terrified by sound and movement preceding the fall. When foundations begin to subside the nests and burrows of the rats are disturbed.

When a wall is about to collapse above, tremors and shocks would be communicated like sound to the burrows and so create a panic exodus. It is fear of existing conditions, and not mysterious foreknowledge, that drives rats from falling houses.—Children's Newspaper.

Two of the "outstanding boys' work secretaries" of the United States spent a little time in Omaha last Monday on their way to the Y. M. C. A.'s summer school at Estes Park, Colo. E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary of the Omaha Y. M. C. A. met them at the train and visited with them during their short stay in Omaha.

Arthur N. Cotton, international high school secretary of New York City was one of the visitors. He has been in Omaha many times and is a great friend of the "Y" men here and also of the high school boys who know him. He has charge of all the Hi-Y club work in the United States.

F. H. Koehler, city boys' work secretary of Minneapolis, was the other visitor, who was also on his way to Estes Park. He is recognized as one of the strongest leaders in Y. M. C. A. boys' work in this country and is also the author of several Bible study courses for boys which are used by the Omaha boys' division.

Two Big 'Y' Men In City for Short Time

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