

### Stories by Our Little Folks

**Discharged With Fifteen Cents.**  
(Prize.)  
Once a little boy who had wandered the streets all day calling the names of his papers walked slowly towards the news stand jingling 15 cents in his pocket. The day had been rainy and his ragged clothes were soaking wet. As he was crossing the street he saw a little girl wearing a beautiful plush coat and high-topped shoes. She was dressed nice and warm, while he was ragged and cold. He had never seen her before and he longed to walk down the street beside her. As she was crossing the street he saw a coin and Jimmie (as he was called) ran and picked it up. Then he ran and caught her and said, "Miss, you dropped a coin back there and I want you to have it, so I caught up with you and here it is."  
"My, you are a nice little boy, she exclaimed, "but you may have it."



Aren't you cold with no coat on?"  
"Yes, but you see I have no coat to wear," he explained.  
"Come on and go home with me. I am sure mother will give you an old coat."  
"Well, you will have to wait until I go down and pay for my papers then I'll go with you," he agreed.  
"Why can't I go with you?" she asked.  
"You! You go with me, you would be ashamed to go with me."  
"Oh come on."  
Thus persuaded they walked briskly off together. When they reached the news stand it was almost time to close up and the manager was very angry.  
"Well, here you are," he broke in. "I've been waiting for you for an hour now. You can just take your money and papers and don't come back. Understand?"  
Jimmie's eyes fell, was he to have no job? Was he to be turned out with but fifteen cents?  
"Now I am out of a job and your mother won't want to take me in and give me a coat," he said brokenly.  
"Now you just be still, I'll have my father give you a job in the office. I'm sure he will because you're so much like a little brother I had but he was stolen by some bad men and we never found him. I expect he is just about your size by now and you look just like him." Then she stopped for breath and looked at the boy. His mouth was open and he was staring at her as if she were a fairy queen.  
"Well, it's the truth, but I'll have mother tell you about it, because here she is."  
They entered the house. A woman of about middle age came towards them and said, "Who is this little boy? Why he looks so much like little Bobby."  
"Why, mother, the old news manager discharged him. He looked so cold I just brought him with me. Later it was found out Jimmie the news boy, was Robert J. Dalton, the son of a rich banker. He had been stolen about two years ago and was just discovered.—Dorothy Smith, Aged 12, Schuyler, Neb.

**The Boy and the Squirrel.**  
THE BOY.  
"To live on nuts all winter long  
I wish I could be a squirrel."  
FRAN, Mr. Squirrel won't you please  
Invite me home to live  
THIS SQUIRREL.  
"Chirp! Chirp! That is very fine  
To live on nuts all winter long  
But I'd soon starve I fear, if I  
Had visitors like you."

**The Witch's Daughter.**  
Once upon a time there lived a boy named Petro. He had no brothers or sisters. His father had been changed into a wild boar by a witch. His mother was dead, so he was all alone in the world. He lived near a forest. One day as he was walking along in the forest he heard a noise and, running to the spot, he saw a little girl being chased by a wild animal. He killed the animal with his knife and took the little girl home to cook for him. He did not know it, but this little girl was the daughter of a witch. This witch would lead him into trouble. All went well until one day he missed the little girl. He hunted all around the forest for her, but he could not find her. While he was hunting for her he saw an old woman nearby. This old woman was the mother of the little girl. She told him who the little girl was. She told him that the little girl was far away over the sea. The boy said he didn't care where she was, he would find her. So he set out. He crossed a river, but now the sea lay before him. He wandered through the forest looking for wood with which to make a boat. While he was looking for wood he fell into a pit, from which he could not get out. He starved to death in the pit. As for the little girl, she never was found because her mother and she went under the ground to their home. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I will surely answer.—Elsie Mae Bauer, Aged 9, 1616 Olive Street, Columbus, Neb.

### Dot Puzzle

**Mary's Lesson.**  
(Honorable Mention.)  
Once upon a time there lived in a city a girl whose name was Mary. She was 21 years old. Mary was very mean to her mother and never wanted to obey. Her father died when she was a little girl. Mary was a very good little girl and used to pray a great deal, but after she was 16 years old she changed, and also quit praying. One day her mother told her not to go to the dance, but after supper Mary dressed and went. When they got there the dance was just starting. They had a very good time and stayed until 1 o'clock. When they started for home Mary drove the car. They were riding for a time, when they came to a railroad crossing. There was a train coming and the man told Mary to stop, but she said they could get across. But the train was nearer than Mary thought, and it hit the car. Mary was seriously hurt, although the others were only slightly bruised. Mary was taken to a hospital and a doctor called. When the doctor asked her looked at Mary and thought surely she would die. Her mother was called later and all she told Mary was to pray to God, for he was the only one that could help her. So she prayed very hard. In a week Mary was taken home. She told her mother that the accident taught her a good lesson. Ever after Mary was a good girl, prayed, and always obeyed her mother.—Clara Gutzmer, age 10, box 370, Clarks, Neb.

**Robberta and Harry.**  
Robberta is little girl only 3 years old. She liked to go to see Harry. One day she went over to Harry's house. When she got there Harry came out and said, "Hello, Robberta." "Hello," said Robberta. "Let's go jump on the haystack," said Harry. "All right." So they went. They chattered and chattered together. When they got there they laid down and went to sleep.  
Robberta and Harry's mamas were looking for them, so they went to the haystack and there laid Robberta and Harry fast asleep and close to each other. Each mother took their child home and the next day they did not go to each other, but when they did go, they did not go to sleep and have their mother's to look for them.  
Sweden has more than 12,255,000 acres of peat bogs, from much of which fuel can be obtained.

**Conundrums.**  
When must your shoes be left outside your hotel? When they won't go over the instep (inn step).  
What is the difference between a watch key and a meteorologist? One winds watches and the other watches winds.  
What is it that has rods never used for fishing, poles on which you cannot hang flags and perches upon which a bird never rested? An acre.  
What age is most often ill-treated? Baggage.  
What age do single people never reach? Marriage.  
Why is the roar of the sea like the noise of cats and dogs?

### A New Bee.

**Dear Busy Bees:** This is my first letter to you. Since school is out I have been taking care of a baby named Betty Jane Phelps. This little baby has a little brother named Jackie Phelps. He is 4 1/2 years old. My letter is getting long, so I will have to close. I wish someone would write to me.—Mary Devin, Aged 10, Omaha, Neb.

**Remarks.**  
Teacher—Anthony, punctate: I am going to give you a mark of 100 in all your studies.  
Anthony—Question mark at the end.—Rutgers.

**Swedish Peat Bogs.**  
Sweden has more than 12,255,000 acres of peat bogs, from much of which fuel can be obtained.

### On Midget's Slate.

There is a wee, wee artist.  
The finest little artist,  
She drew my portrait, so she said,  
If I would pay a k's.  
But, whose the likeness was, when done,  
I really did not know:  
The nose was like a question mark,  
The mouth was like an O.  
The eyes were like a saucy owl's  
The hair was like a question mark.  
Now, would you pay her just the price  
She asked, if you were me?

### Piggie's Spoon.

Piggie had a little house close by the barn. There were two rooms in his house. In one room he had his bed, in the other room he had his trough. On one side of his house there was a door that opened into a pen. The pen was in the orchard where the sweet apples grow. Some times in the winter the rosy apples would fall down from the trees into the pen, then Piggie would pick them up and eat them. Some times they would strike him on his back when they fell, but he did not mind that. He was always glad to get them. He had his bed made of nice, warm straw and he spent many a comfortable night on it. Every day he had as much to eat as any Piggie could wish for—so he was contented. One morning Farmer Jackson brought a pailful of milk for Piggie's breakfast. He poured the milk into the trough, and Piggie made haste to come to drink it. While he was drinking it something hard and cold came into his mouth and he found it was not good so he left it. As soon as he drank all of the milk he saw there was a bright silver teaspoon lying in the bottom of the trough. "Oh," said Piggie, "I see how it is. They would like to have me eat with a spoon, but they would never make me fat in that way. I should be hungry all the time. Nothing doing, the way I am eating now will make me fat." With that he turned up his nose at the spoon. Then went out into the pen to find some bits of apple. No sooner had he stuck his nose out of the house than a nice rosy apple bit him on the nose. "Ah," said Piggie and as soon as he saw that it was an apple he began to eat it.  
When Farmer Jackson came with Piggie's supper he saw the spoon. He took it to his wife. When she saw it she said somebody had been very careless and dropped it into the milk. But she was glad to get the spoon back and Piggie was glad to have it taken from his trough. He had left a print from his teeth on the spoon so it was afterward called "Piggie's spoon."—Irma Bass, aged 11, Mason City, Neb.

### Johnny's Wish.

"I wish it would snow!"  
Oh I wish it would snow!  
For sliding down hill is so jolly,  
And then the snow falls, and snow  
hustles, Oh dear,  
I wish 'twould begin and snow for a year."

### How Sallie Scoured the Little Black Girl.

One day grandma said to Sallie: "Dinah's little girl is here; can't you show her your dolls?"  
Sally was glad to have a little girl to play with.  
Pretty soon she came back and said, "Why, grandma, she is black!"  
"Well," said grandma, "she's a good little girl." "But I'm afraid of her," said Sallie; "she's so black." "But Dinah's black," returned her grandmother. "Dinah's a grownup woman," said Sallie. "I didn't know that little girls were black." "She is a well-behaved little girl," said grandma. "Go play with her; you can have a nice time playing."  
So the two little girls went to Sallie's room and began to play with their dolls. Pretty soon Sallie said, "What makes you black?" "I don't know." My name is Sallie; what is yours?" "Marionette," said the black girl. Then Sallie said again, "What makes you black?" "Can't you wash it off?" "No," said Marionette. "Did you ever try soap and sand?" "No," said Marionette. "Then let's try it," added Sallie. She brought a basin of water, soap and sand and began to scrub one of her hands. Then she said, "I guess I will try your face." Marionette was a little afraid in the strange house, but the soap got in her eyes and she screamed with all her might.  
"What are those children doing?" said grandma, and they both went in there. There was Marionette crying as loud as she could, and there was Sallie as frightened as she could be. Sallie did not mean to hurt her. She held the basin in one hand and the water was running over on the floor. The sand was pouring over the edge of the table and the kitten was playing with the soap. Grandma told Sallie that Marionette's skin was made black and that she could not make it white. Sallie often laughs about scouring the little black girl, for this is a true story.  
Some of you write to me and I will gladly answer. Goodby, Busy Bee.—Bertha Truelove, Aged 10, St. Edward, Neb.

### A Great Secret.

"An idea I'm not going to tell," said Tom.  
"What a great surprise I have for you! It's full of surprises, it's good to eat. It is frosted on top, and it's nice and sweet.  
It begins with C, and it ends with E, And I made it myself for your birthday tea."

### My Pets.

Dear Busy Bees: My name is Al-hum Sparkle. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Mive. I am 10 years old. I have a duck and a rabbit. It is a white duck and my rabbit's name is Brownie. The duck got out of my pen and I had to chase him. I put him in the pen and covered it up good so he could not get out. My letter is getting long so I guess I will close, so goodby.—Al-hum Sparkle, aged 10, Columbus, Neb.

### For the Live Boys of Omaha

**Boys From Masonic Home Entertained by "Y" Boys' Division**  
Last Tuesday evening a committee of boys from the Boys' Division of the "Y" entertained the boys from the Masonic home in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A.  
About 30 of the older boys were present and enjoyed a social evening of games, swim and light refreshments. The games of the evening were in the form of a comic indoor track meet. Novelty races, pie eating contests, shoe races and many other unique take-offs furnished the amusements for an hour and a half.  
About 9:30 the boys were served ice cream and bid the committee goodnight saying that they had had a great time.  
The committee are younger high school boys who have been using their "Y" privileges this summer and who have been helping at the boys' division during the vacations of several of the boys' staff. They were: John Gustafson, Vernon Sandwall, Maurice Vest, Heinrich Koch and Robert Detweiler.  
These boys will also help with other social events of the summer and with the work at the "Y."

**Watermelon Feed for New Members at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday**  
Next Thursday night will be a big night at the "Y" when all new members of the month will have a big watermelon feed at the "Y."  
For all boys who have secured new members up to August 4 and the new members this party and feed is being planned by Merle Hanna and J. Shafer Arnold of the Boys' Division staff. They expect about 75 boys and are planning many novel events for the evening's entertainment.  
Many boys are coming down to the "Y" these warm summer days to spend their time reading, playing games and enjoying good long swims in the pool. The water in the pool is changed every day. This assures clean pure water for swimming. Many boys are being attracted to the "Y" because of safe and sanitary swimming.  
The watermelon feed will start at 7 o'clock and will be over by 9:30 p. m. The evening will be spent playing games, swimming and enjoying the refreshments.

**Boy Scout Notes**  
A new scout troop is being organized at the North Side Christian church with C. R. Moen as scoutmaster. Mr. Moen comes from Chicago, where he was active in scout work. He will make an excellent leader for this troop. This new troop will be No. 71.  
A new record was set at Camp Gifford last week when 70 scouts attended the camp. There has been a total of over 150 different scouts at camp this summer, which breaks all previous records.  
A letter has been received from Richard Sholes, written from Fredericks, Mo. He sends his best regards to all the Omaha scouts. He is hiking to New Orleans.  
A picnic was held yesterday for troop 23, which is a troop made up of colored boys from all over the city. This picnic, which was held at Elmwood park, was for them and any prospective scouts. Contests of all kinds featured the picnic. The boys' work committee of the Rotary club furnished some fine prizes for the winners.  
L. L. McDonald, national director of camping for the Boy Scouts of America, will be in Omaha during August for a visit to Camp Gifford. He is touring the country inspecting different camps and will be in Omaha to see what is going on at Camp Gifford.  
The camping period at Gifford July 20 to 27 will be for the colored scouts of Omaha. Thirty boys are expected to attend this camp.  
Fourteen scouts from Troop 43 were exceedingly lucky last week when three Rotary club members took their cars and filled them with scouts and took them to Elkhorn to a watermelon feed. A campfire was held after the feed, and when the boys got home they all declared that they had had a wonderful time.

**Mickelwright Enjoys Vacation With Folks**  
Omaha Y. M. C. A. boys' work secretary, Mr. E. E. Mickelwright, is enjoying his mickelwright vacation with his home folks at Davenport, Ia. He writes that it is great to be home and get rested up for another winter's work with the boys of Omaha.  
While Mr. Mickelwright is enjoying his vacation J. Shafer Arnold, assisted by Merle Hanna, have had charge of the boys' division. Everyday many boys ask for "Mick" and say that it doesn't seem like the "Y" when he is away.  
Mac Ohman, who during the past winter so efficiently handled the locker room, is on his vacation, driving an auto through the east. He expects to be gone a month. He has made many friends among the boys and everyone enjoys his singing specialties, with which he has entertained many audiences the past winter.

**Knights of Square Table Entertain Chums**  
The big social event of the summer for the Knights of the Square Table was held last Thursday night. Every member of the club brought his friend who was not a member of "Y" to show him a good time.  
After a good long swim in the "Y" pool the boys assembled in the auditorium, where several new members were initiated into the club. Several boxing matches were staged by the boys with Merle Hanna as referee.  
For the peanut scramble the boys made a large circle about the room. From the middle of the circle was thrown a large basket of peanuts. For several minutes a pandemonium reigned, wherein every boy strove to get the greatest number of painted peanuts.  
After several other games the boys left with their visitors, declaring that it had been a great evening. This club was organized last winter by Fred Kirkland. Through its excellent leadership the club has grown to over 100 members.  
The members of this club are boys who work during the day in stores and selling papers. To belong a boy must have a job somewhere and when he quits working he ceases to be a member of the Knights of the Square Table.

**What Camp Sheldon Meant to Me.**  
Camp is a great place. It is great because it develops boys; develops them all around and makes the men of tomorrow lead men.  
No boy who lives under the influence of such leaders as we had without having ideals instilled that remain with him throughout life. The athletics we learned developed our bodies. A weakling seldom succeeds. Clean living is paramount. The various sports made us think quickly and accurately.  
Our minds were filled with our work and pleasure and we were busy every minute. Camp life is never dull.  
One of the biggest features at camp was the close friendship formed with Jesus Christ. In our lessons on leadership we studied the life and boyhood of the world's most perfect man. We accepted Him as our ideal hero for life.  
The camp fire at the close of each busy day at camp was interesting to everyone. We had many fine talks from men who had a real message for us. We were pointed to the ideals in life that would bring us the highest rewards.  
The friendships we made at camp will never be forgotten. The many leaders and the boys we learned to know more closely will be our friends for many years to come. The untiring and earnest zeal of our director, Mr. Wickelwright, made camp the wonderful success and we will always be greatly indebted to "Mick."—Hawthorne Arey, 5019 Underwood.

### Not a Popular Wish.

The new clergyman was trying to raise a charitable fund just before Christmas and a man in the congregation said he would give \$100 to start it off.  
"I don't know your name, sir," said the grateful clergyman, "but I thank you and I pray that your business may be doubled during the coming year."  
There was a solemn hush in the congregation, punctuated here and there with something that sounded like a titter.  
"What's the matter?" the clergyman whispered anxiously to the chairman.  
"I don't know, stammered the chairman, "only that gentleman happens to be the undertaker."—Boston Transcript.

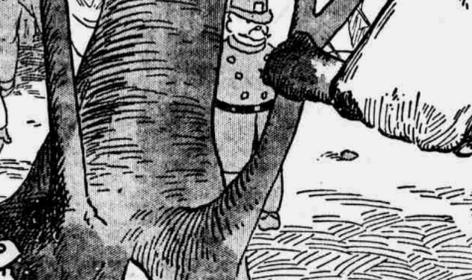
### The Little Jap.

I am a little Japanese girl. My name is Pen Se. I wear large-figured and bright colored dresses. I have a Japanese tea pavilion at Long Beach, Cal. The building stands a little over the water. Of a morning when the tide is high the water sweeps over my floor. But the sun shines brightly and it is all dried up by 9 o'clock. Then I am ready to serve the many tourists from all over the world with my tea, which is grown in Japan. My decoration is two flags. One is the red, white and blue, and the other is the Japanese flag, which is white with a large red ring in the center. Sometimes the people eat at the tables and others take a lunch and eat out on the beach.—Dorothy Collin, 136 N. Pebble St., Fremont, Neb.

### Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas

Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.



**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

### For the Live Boys of Omaha

**Boys From Masonic Home Entertained by "Y" Boys' Division**  
Last Tuesday evening a committee of boys from the Boys' Division of the "Y" entertained the boys from the Masonic home in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A.  
About 30 of the older boys were present and enjoyed a social evening of games, swim and light refreshments. The games of the evening were in the form of a comic indoor track meet. Novelty races, pie eating contests, shoe races and many other unique take-offs furnished the amusements for an hour and a half.  
About 9:30 the boys were served ice cream and bid the committee goodnight saying that they had had a great time.  
The committee are younger high school boys who have been using their "Y" privileges this summer and who have been helping at the boys' division during the vacations of several of the boys' staff. They were: John Gustafson, Vernon Sandwall, Maurice Vest, Heinrich Koch and Robert Detweiler.  
These boys will also help with other social events of the summer and with the work at the "Y."

**Watermelon Feed for New Members at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday**  
Next Thursday night will be a big night at the "Y" when all new members of the month will have a big watermelon feed at the "Y."  
For all boys who have secured new members up to August 4 and the new members this party and feed is being planned by Merle Hanna and J. Shafer Arnold of the Boys' Division staff. They expect about 75 boys and are planning many novel events for the evening's entertainment.  
Many boys are coming down to the "Y" these warm summer days to spend their time reading, playing games and enjoying good long swims in the pool. The water in the pool is changed every day. This assures clean pure water for swimming. Many boys are being attracted to the "Y" because of safe and sanitary swimming.  
The watermelon feed will start at 7 o'clock and will be over by 9:30 p. m. The evening will be spent playing games, swimming and enjoying the refreshments.

**Boy Scout Notes**  
A new scout troop is being organized at the North Side Christian church with C. R. Moen as scoutmaster. Mr. Moen comes from Chicago, where he was active in scout work. He will make an excellent leader for this troop. This new troop will be No. 71.  
A new record was set at Camp Gifford last week when 70 scouts attended the camp. There has been a total of over 150 different scouts at camp this summer, which breaks all previous records.  
A letter has been received from Richard Sholes, written from Fredericks, Mo. He sends his best regards to all the Omaha scouts. He is hiking to New Orleans.  
A picnic was held yesterday for troop 23, which is a troop made up of colored boys from all over the city. This picnic, which was held at Elmwood park, was for them and any prospective scouts. Contests of all kinds featured the picnic. The boys' work committee of the Rotary club furnished some fine prizes for the winners.  
L. L. McDonald, national director of camping for the Boy Scouts of America, will be in Omaha during August for a visit to Camp Gifford. He is touring the country inspecting different camps and will be in Omaha to see what is going on at Camp Gifford.  
The camping period at Gifford July 20 to 27 will be for the colored scouts of Omaha. Thirty boys are expected to attend this camp.  
Fourteen scouts from Troop 43 were exceedingly lucky last week when three Rotary club members took their cars and filled them with scouts and took them to Elkhorn to a watermelon feed. A campfire was held after the feed, and when the boys got home they all declared that they had had a wonderful time.

**Mickelwright Enjoys Vacation With Folks**  
Omaha Y. M. C. A. boys' work secretary, Mr. E. E. Mickelwright, is enjoying his mickelwright vacation with his home folks at Davenport, Ia. He writes that it is great to be home and get rested up for another winter's work with the boys of Omaha.  
While Mr. Mickelwright is enjoying his vacation J. Shafer Arnold, assisted by Merle Hanna, have had charge of the boys' division. Everyday many boys ask for "Mick" and say that it doesn't seem like the "Y" when he is away.  
Mac Ohman, who during the past winter so efficiently handled the locker room, is on his vacation, driving an auto through the east. He expects to be gone a month. He has made many friends among the boys and everyone enjoys his singing specialties, with which he has entertained many audiences the past winter.

**Knights of Square Table Entertain Chums**  
The big social event of the summer for the Knights of the Square Table was held last Thursday night. Every member of the club brought his friend who was not a member of "Y" to show him a good time.  
After a good long swim in the "Y" pool the boys assembled in the auditorium, where several new members were initiated into the club. Several boxing matches were staged by the boys with Merle Hanna as referee.  
For the peanut scramble the boys made a large circle about the room. From the middle of the circle was thrown a large basket of peanuts. For several minutes a pandemonium reigned, wherein every boy strove to get the greatest number of painted peanuts.  
After several other games the boys left with their visitors, declaring that it had been a great evening. This club was organized last winter by Fred Kirkland. Through its excellent leadership the club has grown to over 100 members.  
The members of this club are boys who work during the day in stores and selling papers. To belong a boy must have a job somewhere and when he quits working he ceases to be a member of the Knights of the Square Table.

**What Camp Sheldon Meant to Me.**  
Camp is a great place. It is great because it develops boys; develops them all around and makes the men of tomorrow lead men.  
No boy who lives under the influence of such leaders as we had without having ideals instilled that remain with him throughout life. The athletics we learned developed our bodies. A weakling seldom succeeds. Clean living is paramount. The various sports made us think quickly and accurately.  
Our minds were filled with our work and pleasure and we were busy every minute. Camp life is never dull.  
One of the biggest features at camp was the close friendship formed with Jesus Christ. In our lessons on leadership we studied the life and boyhood of the world's most perfect man. We accepted Him as our ideal hero for life.  
The camp fire at the close of each busy day at camp was interesting to everyone. We had many fine talks from men who had a real message for us. We were pointed to the ideals in life that would bring us the highest rewards.  
The friendships we made at camp will never be forgotten. The many leaders and the boys we learned to know more closely will be our friends for many years to come. The untiring and earnest zeal of our director, Mr. Wickelwright, made camp the wonderful success and we will always be greatly indebted to "Mick."—Hawthorne Arey, 5019 Underwood.

### Not a Popular Wish.

The new clergyman was trying to raise a charitable fund just before Christmas and a man in the congregation said he would give \$100 to start it off.  
"I don't know your name, sir," said the grateful clergyman, "but I thank you and I pray that your business may be doubled during the coming year."  
There was a solemn hush in the congregation, punctuated here and there with something that sounded like a titter.  
"What's the matter?" the clergyman whispered anxiously to the chairman.  
"I don't know, stammered the chairman, "only that gentleman happens to be the undertaker."—Boston Transcript.

### The Little Jap.

I am a little Japanese girl. My name is Pen Se. I wear large-figured and bright colored dresses. I have a Japanese tea pavilion at Long Beach, Cal. The building stands a little over the water. Of a morning when the tide is high the water sweeps over my floor. But the sun shines brightly and it is all dried up by 9 o'clock. Then I am ready to serve the many tourists from all over the world with my tea, which is grown in Japan. My decoration is two flags. One is the red, white and blue, and the other is the Japanese flag, which is white with a large red ring in the center. Sometimes the people eat at the tables and others take a lunch and eat out on the beach.—Dorothy Collin, 136 N. Pebble St., Fremont, Neb.

### Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas

Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.



**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

**Co-Eds Demand Sensible Pajamas**  
Here are two of them at Northwestern university, who, with all silk, fluff and fancy types of "jams" ruled out by their sorority, are being fitted for the eligible kind at a pajama shop.

### For the Live Boys of Omaha

**Boys From Masonic Home Entertained by "Y" Boys' Division**  
Last Tuesday evening a committee of boys from the Boys' Division of the "Y" entertained the boys from the Masonic home in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A.  
About 30 of the older boys were present and enjoyed a social evening of games, swim and light refreshments. The games of the evening were in the form of a comic indoor track meet. Novelty races, pie eating contests, shoe races and many other unique take-offs furnished the amusements for an hour and a half.  
About 9:30 the boys were served ice cream and bid the committee goodnight saying that they had had a great time.  
The committee are younger high school boys who have been using their "Y" privileges this summer and who have been helping at the boys' division during the vacations of several of the boys' staff. They were: John Gustafson, Vernon Sandwall, Maurice Vest, Heinrich Koch and Robert Detweiler.  
These boys will also help with other social events of the summer and with the work at the "Y."

**Watermelon Feed for New Members at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday**  
Next Thursday night will be a big night at the "Y" when all new members of the month will have a big watermelon feed at the "Y."  
For all boys who have secured new members up to August 4 and the new members this party and feed is being planned by Merle Hanna and J. Shafer Arnold of the Boys' Division staff. They expect about 75 boys and are planning many novel events for the evening's entertainment.  
Many boys are coming down to the "Y" these warm summer days to spend their time reading, playing games and enjoying good long swims in the pool. The water in the pool is changed every day. This assures clean pure water for swimming. Many boys are being attracted to the "Y" because of safe and sanitary swimming.  
The watermelon feed will start at 7 o'clock and will be over by 9:30 p. m. The evening will be spent playing games, swimming and enjoying the refreshments.

**Boy Scout Notes**  
A new scout troop is being organized at the North Side Christian church with C. R. Moen as scoutmaster. Mr. Moen comes from Chicago, where he was active in scout work. He will make an excellent leader for this troop. This new troop will be No. 71.  
A new record was set at Camp Gifford last week when 70 scouts attended the camp. There has been a total of over 150 different scouts at camp this summer, which breaks all previous records.  
A letter has been received from Richard Sholes, written from Fredericks, Mo. He sends his best regards to all the Omaha scouts. He is hiking to New Orleans.  
A picnic was held yesterday for troop 23, which is a troop made up of colored boys from all over the city. This picnic, which was held at Elmwood park, was for them and any prospective scouts. Contests of all kinds featured the picnic. The boys' work committee of the Rotary club furnished some fine prizes for the winners.  
L. L. McDonald, national director of camping for the Boy Scouts of America, will be in Omaha during August for a visit to Camp Gifford. He is touring the country inspecting different camps and will be in Omaha to see what is going on at Camp Gifford.  
The camping period at Gifford July 20 to 27 will be for the colored scouts of Omaha. Thirty boys are expected to attend this camp.  
Fourteen scouts from Troop 43 were exceedingly lucky last week when three Rotary club members took their cars and filled them with scouts and took them to Elkhorn to a watermelon feed. A campfire was held after the feed, and when the boys got home they all declared that they had had a wonderful time.

**Mickelwright Enjoys Vacation With Folks**  
Omaha Y. M. C. A. boys' work secretary, Mr. E. E. Mickelwright, is enjoying his mickelwright vacation with his home folks at Davenport, Ia. He writes that it is great to be home and get rested up for another winter's work with the boys of Omaha.  
While Mr. Mickelwright is enjoying his vacation J. Shafer Arnold, assisted by Merle Hanna, have had charge of the boys' division. Everyday many boys ask for "Mick" and say that it doesn't seem like the "Y" when he is away.  
Mac Ohman, who during the past winter so efficiently handled the locker room, is on his vacation, driving an auto through the east. He expects to be gone a month. He has made many friends among the boys and everyone enjoys his singing specialties, with which he has entertained many audiences the past winter.

**Knights of Square Table Entertain Chums**  
The big social event of the summer for the Knights of the Square Table was held last Thursday night. Every member of the club brought his friend who was not a member of "Y" to show him a good time.  
After a good long swim in the "Y" pool the boys assembled in the auditorium, where several new members were initiated into the club. Several boxing matches were staged by the boys with Merle Hanna as referee.  
For the peanut scramble the boys made a large circle about the room. From the middle of the circle was thrown a large basket of peanuts. For several minutes a pandemonium reigned, wherein every boy strove to get the greatest number of painted peanuts.  
After several other games the boys left with their visitors, declaring that it had been a great evening. This club was organized last winter by Fred Kirkland. Through its excellent leadership the club has grown to over 100 members.  
The members of this club are boys who work during the day in stores and selling papers. To belong a boy must have a job somewhere and when he quits working he ceases to be a member of the Knights of the Square Table.