



Stories by Our Little Folks

A Dog's Opinion of Cats. "Really," said Bruno, the dog, "it's just my nature to hate cats, and I can't imagine why people keep them around. In my opinion they're not doing anyone any good, except catching a mouse once in a while; but then, I can do that myself. Cats cannot watch the house at night as I can. I call them very lazy things, for all they do is sleep all day, eat and prowl around nights. I consider them as a nuisance," continued Bruno. "I can do many clever tricks, while cats can seldom do anything of that sort, and therefore I consider myself quite important," boasted the dog. "I can well remember the time when I spied a hungry-looking cat prowling around the barnyard hunting for something to eat. Something told me I must chase that cat, and I just couldn't

The Fairy in the Organ. In the attic at my grandpa's, growing older every day, stands a big old-fashioned organ. That my mother used to play! It has the sweetest tone and whenever I strike a key it sounds like some one singing. The saddest song to me. Grandma says 'tis a fairy. That once did something wrong. So they banished it from Fairyland. That's why it sings that song. She says its name is Helpful. For that it used to be. When mother tried to practice it kept her company. I think I'd like to practice. Fire some scales and runs. If a fairy lived in our organ And sang till I was done! -Helen Parker, Brownville, Neb.

Peter Cooper's Thrift

Even as a boy Peter Cooper was always inventing things. His first invention was an arrangement for sounding linen on wash day. This he worked out to help his mother. When his father, mother and eight brothers and sisters needed shoes he made them, and that, too, without any help. In his autobiography he tells how he did it. "I remember one of the earliest things I undertook, of my own accord, was to make a pair of shoes. For this purpose I first obtained an old pair, and I took them all apart to see the structure, and then, procuring some leather, thread and needles, and some suitable tools, without further instruction I made the last and a pair of shoes which compared very well with the country shoes then in vogue." When Cooper was 17 years old he went to New York City to make his fortune. Here he became an apprentice to a coachmaker. He was an apprentice for four years, receiving \$25 a year, besides board, washing and mending. At the end of four years he was an expert coachmaker. All his life whatever he did he did well. He was always thrifty. During the first two years of his apprenticeship, he not only bought his clothing from the manager yearly pay of \$25 but managed to save \$20. His fellow apprentices often laughed at him because he would not go with them to the city to buy a good time. But Peter was always looking ahead. He spent his evenings in study or in extra work on coaches, for which he was paid. When he was 21 years old, he went to work in a woolen mill on Long Island. Here he worked for three years at \$1.50 a day. While here he invented a machine for shearing the surface of woolen cloth. He made \$500 from this patent and gave all of it to his father to help pay his debts. When Cooper was 33, he bought a small glue factory. This proved to be the foundation of his fortune. He made such good glue that for 50 years he practically had a monopoly of the nation's trade.—Arthur H. Chamberlain in The Thrift Magazine.

Dog Wears Wooden Leg

"Brownie," an Irish terrier owned by a woman resident of Atlantic City, N. J., probably has the novel distinction of being the first dog to get about successfully with a wooden leg. "Brownie," after an automobile accident, had to have one of his hind legs amputated. A local veterinarian, who was called in to treat the pet, fashioned a wooden leg to replace the missing one. The dog has learned to use the wooden leg with ease and attracts much attention when promenading with his mistress along the famous board walk.—Illustrated World.

For the Live Boys of Omaha

60 Leaders From Hi-Y Clubs Leave for Camp Sheldon Thursday

Thursday morning of this week 60 Omaha Hi-Y boys leave for Camp Sheldon, at Columbus, Neb., where they will be in camp for five days. This conference is an annual event for the leaders in the school life of the various high schools to talk over plans for the work of the Hi-Y clubs for the coming year. This year's conference marks the largest of its kind for the Omaha Hi-Y clubs ever held. Not only so to the enrollment but also as to the strong program that has been arranged. E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary of the Omaha Y. M. C. A., has devoted many days to securing the best possible program for the five days. He is glad to announce that he has been able to secure exceptional talent for the principal speakers. Dwight N. Lewis of Des Moines, state chairman of the Iowa railway commission, and L. C. Oberly of Lincoln, chairman of the Nebraska board of control, will be in camp and deliver several addresses. J. H. Beveridge, superintendent of the Omaha schools and chairman of the boys' work committee, will speak at the Sunday morning service. Athletic competition will feature in the afternoons between the various cotages. Norman J. Weston of the physical department of the Y. M. C. A. will have charge of the athletics. Tennis, base ball, volley ball and mass games will be featured. Swimming has been made more attractive by pumping sand from the swimming place to make it much deeper, and by fixing up diving facilities. Each day at camp, one of the Hi-Y presidents will be director of the camping activities for the day. He will act in an official capacity and be responsible for the day's order. The three presidents are very capable young fellows and leaders in their school activities.

Boys' Division Plans Many Activities for Fall; Vacation Ends

The summer vacations are now over and the whole force is on the job every day getting ready for the starting off of the big winter program. E. E. Micklewright, boys' work secretary, and his assistants have been in their offices making plans and getting ready for the opening of the fall and winter programs. It is planned to have a much larger scope of activities than ever before and at the same time making the whole program mean more to the membership. With the promise of a much larger membership the locker room has been enlarged. Other repairs are being made to more adequately accommodate the activities. The coming of Mrs. Hiers to the cafeteria assures the Bible clubs of having the finest possible dinners served in the most tasty manner. The big open house to visitors is to be more extensive than ever before, and to reach more boys. During the open house every boy in Omaha over 12 years of age is invited to attend with his school, and take part in the athletic competitions in the gym, swimming in the pool, and games in the social rooms. The boys will be glad to know that Mac Ohman has been secured again this year to serve part time in the boys' division.

Many 'Y' Lads Return From Vacation for Beginning of School

Many boys who have been away for the summer are returning for the beginning of school. Some boys have been camping nearly all summer, while others have been to summer resorts, out on the farm and away with relatives to smaller places. The outing has done wonders to many of them as they come in with ruddy glow of health in their faces. The sunburn and tan have made many look like Indians. Those who have been camping and



resist such a splendid opportunity. You should have seen us! Such a wild chase as we did have around that barnyard! I nearly lost my breath, but I wouldn't give up. Sad to say, the cat ran up a tree and left me below. My, but I wish I had known how to climb, but all I could do was to stand there and bark and wag my tail. I soon grew tired of that and had to give up. Yes, chasing cats is my favorite sport," Bruno said.

Dear Busy Bees: One fine summer day, a long, long time ago, an old woman made a large round Johnny cake for dinner. The old woman put the Johnny cake in the oven and told her little boy to watch and see that it didn't burn. For a long time the little boy sat by the oven and watched the Johnny cake. Then he played for just a minute, and oh, my! what do you think that Johnny cake did? It did the queerest thing a Johnny cake ever could do. It rolled over and over, jumped out of the oven and ran away. Yes, it did, for the little boy saw it and he said so. "Mother! Mother!" he called. "Come quick! The Johnny cake is running away." "Stop, stop, Johnny cake," called the little boy. "I want you for my dinner." But Johnny cake didn't stop. Then the old woman ran after Johnny cake, but she couldn't catch him. "Father! Father!" called the little boy. "Johnny cake is running away. I can't catch him and mother can't catch him. Come, come, father, and catch Johnny cake." Father came but he couldn't catch Johnny cake. He ran faster and faster than you ever saw a Johnny cake run. He ran just as fast as the wind. I wish you could have seen Johnny cake run.—Mill-cent Schwertler.

Walter Irritated. It is perhaps unnecessary to give the name of the New England city which is the residence of the lad who figures in this story. There had been a visitor and to this lad she said: "And so this is little Walter? My, my! What a big boy you've grown to be. I wouldn't have believed it possible." "Mother," said Walter when the visitor had gone, "doesn't it pass your comprehension how persons in whom one would naturally expect an ordinary degree of intelligence appear to believe, all history and nature to the contrary, that the children of their acquaintance will always remain infants, and persist in expressing surprise when they observe the perfectly natural increase in one's stature?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Little Alice and the Lame Bird. Dear Busy Bees: I read your stories and enjoy them very much. One afternoon as Alice was in the meadow picking flowers she saw a little robin lying on the ground. She picked it up and found one of its wings was broken so it could not fly. Alice ran home with it and showed it to her mother. Her mother said she would get a cage for it. They got one and put Songful, the bird's name, in it. Songful sang to Alice and it grew so tame it wouldn't try to get out when Alice fed and watered it. And they lived happily together for a long time after that.—Elva Caser, Aged 11, Craig, Neb.

Bible Classes To Have New Hostesses

It will be with regret to every Bible club boy of the past years when he learns that Mrs. Baker will not be at the Boys' division of the 'Y' this winter to serve dinners and suppers to them. Mrs. W. G. Baker has been serving Bible club suppers for many years and has always been a friend to every boy who attends. Her tireless effort to make the suppers the finest possible has ever been appreciated by the hungry boys. She says that nothing she does pleases her more than to get up a supper for boys and then to watch them enjoy their meal. The Bible club suppers have always had her personal supervision and direction. At times when many guests were in the cafeteria, cafe and special suppers, Mrs. Baker would be found in the Boys' division dining room getting a good warm appetizing meal served to as many as 200 boys. Her effort to make the meals so enjoyable has won for her admiration by every boy who has been to the Bible club dinners and suppers. It is with great regret that all will feel at losing her. Every boy of the membership will wish her much success in her new undertaking and business for herself.

Miss Guff Would Rather Go Swimming With Men Than With Women

AS the weather was extremely hot the Teenie Weenies found it most uncomfortable riding in the tiny automobiles, so the General ordered the little folks to go into camp until the hot spell passed. The Cowboy found a lovely camping place under some bushes, and in a short time the little men put up the tents and made the place most homelike. There was a cool, clear stream of water which ran under the bushes, and on the bank of this stream the little camp was made. The truck, which had been used for the ladies of the party, was parked near the creek, while the Cook's tent was pitched nearby, and the men put up their tents farther along the stream. For several days the little women washed their dresses and underwear, which ladies always like to have white and clean, and when that

Overdoing Something.

Mr. Foster called his two boys, Jerry and John, to him. "Boys," he began, "this summer you two will have to keep our big lawn mowed. Jerry, you may keep the north half clean and mowed while John will keep the south side in good condition. At the end of the summer I will award a prize to the one I think has done the best." The work began, and John, who was a little inclined to be forgetful, mowed his but once a week and often it was very hard to mow and sometimes it grew a little too long to look its best. Jerry mowed his every morning. He kept the grass so short that it began to die out. He also wasted much of his energy. Nevertheless, his side always looked nice. When the end of the summer came once more their father called them to him to award the prize. "John," said Mr. Foster, "you were neglectful and your side was not always in best of shape. Neglectfulness is very bad, but overdoing a thing is much worse. Jerry overdid his work. The grass is dying out and a great deal of his energy is wasted. Remember that anything can be overdone, even lawn mowing. John, the prize is yours."—Margaret Yoder, Aged 12, Elm Creek, Neb.

at summer resorts where swimming was a feature have come back with the deepest tan and each boasting of the new dives and records made in the aquatic sports. Others report wonderful fishing trips to lakes and rivers where they caught many large fish and had many exciting experiences in trying to land the big ones that got away. The men at the "Y" are anxious to greet the ones who have been away for the summer and hear their stories and see the change that healthful outdoor life has brought. The return of the vacationists is a sign that the summer is nearly over and that, shortly, glad wild days of summer will be the school days with many school activities.

Gym Schedule to Be Changed at the 'Y'

With the beginning of the school year, next week, the gym classes will change back to the winter schedule. During the summer the classes have been meeting in the mornings but with the beginning of school the hours must necessarily be changed. During the summer months it has been more pleasant to take gym work in the cool of the day. Also the three gym days instead of two was a feature of the summer. With the beginning of school the classes will be as follows: Junior A—Monday, 4 p. m., and Thursday, 4:45 p. m.; Junior B—Tuesday, 4 p. m., and Saturday, 9 a. m.; Junior C—Wednesday, 4 p. m., and Saturday, 9:45 a. m.; Junior D—Thursday, 4 p. m., and Saturday, 9:30 p. m.; Gym Leaders—Friday, 4 p. m.; Junior Employed A—Tuesday, 6:30 p. m., and Friday, 6:30 p. m.; Junior Employed B—Wednesday, 6:30 p. m., and Saturday, 6:30 p. m.; Intermediate Employed—Monday, 6:30 p. m., and Thursday, 6:30 p. m. During the fall open house there will be only swims for the regular classes. However, it is urged that the members come down with their schools to the open house program and boost the program in their schools. The many new members who have come in during the summer should ask for a winter schedule of classes at the desk. Teacher—Willie, how old is the United States? Willie—It was a Hun-dred and won in 1918.—Cartoons Magazine.

Conundrums.

When is the letter L like anarchy? When it makes awful deeds lawful. What flowers are best broken before wearing? Lady's slippers. Why is a bank of snow like a boat helpless at sea? Because it is a drift. Why are the biographies of queens of great interest? They combine history with her story. What age do we all dread? Damage. What was the age of Essau? Pot-tag.

Odd Names for Fish

The bass of the south is the red fish; then we have the striped bass, which has several vernacular names, says the American Forestry Magazine. All of our sunfishes, of which the common pumpkin seed or tobacco box is an example, have all been designated as various kinds of basses; and there is the brassy bass, the calico bass, often confused with the crappie; the silver bass is another name for the "moon-eye."

Rules For the Bee Hive.

Letters and stories written on both sides of the paper will not appear in print. Write plainly. Make your stories short, not more than three hundred words. Sign name, address, and correct age at end of letters and stories. Stories must be original. Do not copy from other stories or anything out of books.

What's Doing at 'Y' This Summer?

Many boys ask, "What's going on at the 'Y' this summer while the secretaries are at camp or on their vacations. There has been plenty to do. Three gym classes and three swims every week for every boy. The playground is open from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. every day except Sunday. Many boys are spending the hot summer days in the boys' division, and say there is "no place like the 'Y' for summer." Mr. Arnold announces that next week there will be a nature study club formed to meet several times during the next few weeks to name, identify and study the trees found in the Omaha parks. This will be open to any boy, whether a "Y" member or not. On Thursday evening from 7 to 9 the "Y" pool is reserved for scout troops, Sunday school classes and clubs who come with an adult leader. These groups will be given the privileges of the boys' division during the evenings. Arrangements are to be made beforehand. The "Y" members are working for monograms, which are given to all who secure one or more new members during the next few weeks. Many boys have already won the large cut-out felt monograms and are wearing them on their gym shirts. A Pound of Tea. "What do you want?" asked the merchant. "A pound of tea." "Green or black?" asked the merchant. "I think I'll take black," she said. "It's for a funeral."—Houston Post.

Trace the Lines to Fifty-Two.

Trace all the lines to fifty-two. See a — straight from the zoo. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY

The General promised that the girls would be left quite alone, and the little ladies quickly got into their tiny bathing suits. Mrs. Lover dressed the twins in their little suits and while the wom-



with all their might. The policeman and the doctor caught Miss Guff by the arms and gave a great tug. There was a mighty ripping and the little woman's skirt parted at the waist, this afternoon," giggled the Dunce. "That will do, Dunce," frowned the General, and the smile on the poor Dunce's face quickly disappeared at the nasty look Miss Guff threw at him. Miss Guff, being rather stiff and prim, heard little of the affair with the crawfish, but the rest of the Teenie Weenies laughed about it a great deal when Miss Guff was not about. It was some time before the Teenie Weenie ladies would go into the water, but finally when they did go, Miss Guff was quite contented to have some of the men along. "You never can tell when one of those awful crawfish might be around," said the little lady. "So it's wise to have a few men about?" suggested the Lady of Fashion. "Quite so," answered Miss Guff stiffly.