

(Continued From Page Seven.)
 rection as he opened the door and stood aside ceremoniously for the "millionaire" to pass out. But the wink was lost on Kerrigan, who was already absorbed in the next "case." A minute or two later he rang for one of the jailers, and when the man responded, after a short delay, he said to him:
 "Bring that other Carnegie who was arrested this morning. We surely owe an apology to him." The keeper found the prisoner still sitting in a dejected hump on the edge of his bed. The news of his release brought no comment from him; he simply rose and followed the turnkey down the gloomy corridor.

When they reached the office the desk sergeant came from behind the desk to shake his hand. "We really owe you a thousand apologies, Mr. Carnegie," he said, "but it was a case of mistaken identity. We have found the man whom we took you for, and are therefore releasing you. I hope the argst hasn't seriously inconvenienced you."

Jerry, for the first time in his life resorted to sarcasm. "O, no! You haven't inconvenienced me, not in the least! You've just spoiled my whole life, that's all. I was on my way to the station to meet a little French girl who had come to America to marry me. I told your fool policeman, but he wouldn't listen. Now it's too late. Her train came in at 1, and I don't know where she's gone. I'll never find her now."

After an agonizing 10 minutes the train pulled into the Grand Central, and an agitated bridegroom, very conscious of \$200 in his trousers pocket and very unconscious of the existence of a shuttle train, was borne along by the hurrying crowd until he found himself on Forty-second street. The noise, hurry and confusion of the crowded thoroughfare bewildered him at first, and he paused for a second to get his bearings. Sud-

denly he was aware of a shrill, insistent voice at his elbow:
 "Mister! Mister! Buy a paper!" Jerry turned to see a ragged boy looking up at him.
 "No, I don't want a paper."
 "Aw, mister—a dirty hand caught hold of his coat—"please buy a paper, woncher? Me mother's sick, and Dad's out of work, and the kids—"

Never before did a whining beggar receive so ready a response. The door stood open wide for escape; Jerry dashed through it. Assuming an nonchalant and placid air as possible he thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and placed in the child's grimy paws two crisp \$100 bills.

"Take these, my boy," he said grandiloquently, "and—uh—oh—get a doctor for your mother."

The child gave the money one quick glance and then another, startled and incredulous. "Golly, mister! Did you see what you give me? Did you mean to give me all dat?"

"Yes, Uh—that is nothing; say no more about it," and the magnificent giver edged away into the crowd, with very much the appearance of a criminal fleeing from the scene of his crime.

The newsboy stood still for a second, gazing with fascinated eyes at his fortune. Then his native shrewdness came to his rescue.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "No matter what I try to do wid dese bills, dey'll say I copped 'em. Nobody'll swallow it when I say a gent give 'em to me. Guess I'd better call in de law as a witness."

His eyes fell on a nearby policeman, and, going up to this imposing person with the fearless born of spotless righteousness, he caught his hand and cried shrilly above the roar of the traffic, "Say, officer, will you come wid me a second? I wants a witness."

As the perplexed cop strode after

him he explained: "A gent lost his mind and gave me \$200, and I wants your affy davy dat it's all O. K., so dey won't think I pinched it." These words produced an electrical change on the policeman's face—a startled comprehension. He hastened his pace.

"What did the man look like?" he asked.
 "He was a young guy; gray suit and straw hat; dere he is now."

Darting ahead to where Jerry was waiting for a street car, he seized his hand and called to the hurrying policeman, "This is him!"

Jerry turned and saw the law approaching. His heart lost a beat, and something in the pit of his stomach seemed to turn a somersault. His face was all guilt and terror. He would pay the penalty at last, he thought, for that affair of a year ago; or perhaps they were after him for passing counterfeit or stolen money. He could prove his innocence there, but in the meantime they would drag up his past.

But what was the ragged boy saying? . . . "afraid dey'd say I pinched it, so I brought a cop along so you could tell him dat you give it to me straight."

Jerry breathed easier; he was greatly relieved; his bearing became almost jaunty before the officer's scrutiny: "What the boy says is true; I gave it to him."

But at one glance the policeman's eye had taken in his gray suit and straw hat, brown hair and blue eyes. "What's your name?" he asked suddenly. Jerry was unprepared for this. It flashed through his guilty consciousness that if he gave his correct name, he might be arrested on the old charge. He seized upon the first name that popped into his mind, not realizing where he had heard it. "Carnegie's my name, James Carnegie. I just came in on the train; came to the city on, uh—business."

His questioner's expression chang-

ed to one of amazed satisfaction. He put his hand heavily on the bridegroom's shoulder: "Just so, just so; but I'll have to ask you to take a little walk with me."

"But I can't" in alarm. "I've an awful important engagement at the Pennsylvania station. I'm late for it already." But the officer's grip on his arm did not relax, and he began to guide him, with scant ceremony, through the crowd that had already collected. To the newsboy he said: "You come along, too, sonny. I guess we'll need you as a witness."

Jerry explained, protested, pleaded, but all in vain. It was hard to make himself heard above the roar of the elevated, and those of his ravings that the policeman did hear met with indifference. Before he could fully realize the seriousness of his plight he was in the "Black Maria," the "newsie," sitting opposite, watching him with sympathetic interest. It seemed to Jerry that his house of happiness, which an hour ago had been so real and sure, was crumbling down on his head, just as he had seen those little French homes crumble and sink in a cloud of dust when a boche shell struck them. He had once more the same lost, sinking feeling that he had known the night before an expected attack, except that now he was afraid, not for himself, but for Amalie, coming trustingly to marry him. When he did not meet her at the station she would think that he had deserted her. Would she ever understand, forgive? . . . even if he were able to find her?

"Say, officer," he pleaded. "At least can't you take me to the Pennsylvania station first? I swear I've got a girl waiting for me there. She don't know another soul in this town. She won't know what to do. I was going to m-m-marry her." But the policeman was cold to his entreaties; he had heard too many hard luck stories before to be moved by this one, especially as it came from a lunatic. He smiled absently,

as one grows a child: "No, can't go to the train. It's a pity about your sweetheart, but I guess she can look out for herself. Anyhow, you'll have to come with me."

Kerrigan was all attention. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it must be the same one! Listen, when they caught the lunatic who calls himself Carnegie—the one we mistook you for—he was offering money to a little French girl who seemed to be stranded in the Penn station. Christopher, who arrested him, brought her along as a witness. She seemed kind of lost, so I turned her over to an agent of the Travelers' Aid. They left only a minute ago. If you hurry you might catch them on the corner."

His advice was unnecessary; Jerry was already half way down the stairs. Half a block away he saw Amalie, small and bewildered, and the kindly uniformed woman from the Travelers' Aid, standing on the corner waiting for a street car. It need only be said of what followed that it was entirely satisfactory to all concerned. They had just thanked the agent and started stationwards when a panting policeman overtook them. "The desk sergeant forgot to give this back to you," he cried, "the two hundred dollars you gave the newsboy. He went home an hour ago, so I guess this comes back to you, Mr. Carnegie."

Jerry pocketed the money with an air of careless unconcern. "Thank you, old man," he said genially. "I really had forgotten all about it." Then he turned to hail a passing taxi. When they were safe inside, Amalie cuddled up to him confidentially; presently she said, "Jerrce, for why zat man call you 'Meestaire Carnegie?'"

The Magnificent Philanthropist swallowed hastily.

"O," he replied carelessly, "it's a name I sometimes use, for—uh—business reasons."

Letters From Happyland Readers

(Continued From Page Five.)

chickens and mice. I go to high school I like to go to school. My teachers' names are Miss Noble and Miss Walker. Yours truly, Julius Rogers, Clarion, Ia.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a badge as I wish to become a member of your Happy Tribe. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I have one sister and one brother. My sister's name is Vera and my brother's name is Hans. I must close as my letter is getting long.—Emma Marie Bonneson, age 8, Verdigre, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp so I will get a button. I am 8 years old. I will be in the fifth grade this year. I have no pets at all but a brother 7 years old. I think I will close.—Sarah Whitney, Columbus, Neb.

A Silly Little Girl.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I am 8 years old. There was

GRANDMA'S THANKSGIVING.

By HAPPY

When each Thanksgiving day came round,
 Although the ground was white with snow,
 You filled your basket very full
 And to poor neighbors you would go.
 For you were "Grandma" to them all,
 You had much time at home to stay,
 There were no clubs you must attend,
 Nor little games of bridge to play.
 And so you cooked and sewed and sang
 And wondrous stories you could tell,
 You dear and funny grandma whom
 All neighbor children loved so well.
 My father says your cheeks were like
 The plinks that in your garden grew;
 Oh, how I wish I might have been
 The little boy who lived with you.



a little girl. She was going to give a party. Her mother sent her to the store to get some candy. On her way back she ate all the candy. By the time her company got there she was sick in bed. My letter is getting long so I will close.—Ruth Shot, Omaha, Neb.

The Princess.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I enjoy reading your stories very much. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my badge, also a story.

Once upon a time there was a happy little princess. She lived in a castle with her governess. One day she got awfully lonesome for someone to play with, so she crept out of the big gate. She met a little girl. A very poor little girl. She had a raggy dress on. The princess was so glad to see some one to play with that she did not notice it. The little poor girl and the princess ran down the street. When they went to the poor girl's house they made mud pies and everything. They were sitting out on the lawn playing, when the poor girl's father ran out and grabbed them and carried them way down a cellar and hid them because it was just time that one king made war against the princess' father. After the war was over, they all went and lived with the king in the palace.—Marjorie Clunk, Croustou, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk button. I like my Go-Hawk button very much. I have a brother and a sister. I am 9 years old. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Shepard. I like to go to Sunday school. I wish some of the Go-Hawk tribe would write to me. As my letter is getting long I will close.—Earl D. Yarbley, age 9, Bayard, Neb. Box No. 188.

Donald's Kittens.

Dear Happy: I have received my Go-Hawk button and am glad to get it. I have two orphan kittens and they are just big enough to eat. I have two brothers, Donald and Junior. Donald and I live with mother, and Junior lives with Aunt Helen in Pittsburgh, Pa. Junior is 7 1/2 years old and Donald is 7 years old and I am 2 years old. We have a little sister, Frances, in heaven with papa. Donald and I go to school. Donald is in the second grade and I am in the third grade. My letter is getting long so I will ring off. I thank you once more for my button. Lovingly, Robert Donald Fisher, 509 West Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia.

A Little Helper.

Dear Happy: I want to join the tribe with you. I think it will be lots of fun. I help my mother all I can and my papa, too. I will have a shop and go to school. Your friend, Helen Jackson, Logan, Ia.

A New Tribe Formed.

Dear Happy: I am very sorry I have lost my badge, but I think the Go-Hawks do so much good, I am sending for another one. Inclosed find the 2-cent stamp and coupon required.

I know you will be glad to hear that a Happy Tribe has been started in McCook, which has 11 members. We all try to do a kind deed every day. The chief has given out beads to each of us (one for each day), each day that passes, and we don't do an unkind deed, puts a bead on her string. I am sure Nebraska will lead in the membership of the Go-Hawks. I am 10 years old and in the seventh grade. I did have two kittens, but both of them have disappeared. Yours truly, Eleanor Sness, age 10, 995 First East street, McCook, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk club. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for the button. I go to school at the Blue Valley. My teacher's name is Mrs. Colburn. I have a brother who is 9 years old. He is also writing. My letter is getting long. Yours truly, Harold Letzinger, Harvard, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Happyland. I am sending 2-cents stamp. Please send me two red pins; one for me and one for sister. I am in the fifth grade. I like to go to school. I will close as my letter is getting long. Next time I will write a story.—Helen and Liddy Klement, Valparaiso, Neb., Route 2, Box 62.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: This is the first letter I have written to you. I am 7 years old and in the second grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Harvey. I have a little baby brother. He is 6 months old. I want to join the Happy Tribe. I am enclosing the coupon and 2-cent stamp for the button.—Gladys Howell, 509 West Eighth Street, Grand Island, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Happy: I received the button. I like it very much. I thank you very much. This is my second letter. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close.—Josephine Braham, Aged 10, York, Neb.

Loves Her Pets.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you and I wish to receive a button. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and wish to become a Happy Go-Hawk. I will promise to be kind to all pets. I have some rabbits, a cat and one dog.—Helle Norem, Aged 7

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: May I join your club. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals and birds. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp.—Kerwin Hakson, Aged 8, 3813 Chicago Street, Omaha, Neb.

A Good Deed.

Dear Happy: I received the rules and button and I sure wear it every day.

The other day I found a little bird and I picked it up and it was so hungry that I started to the house to feed it, but it was so hungry it died on the way, so I buried it.

I hope Mr. Wastepaper basket is out to dinner when my letter arrives. Yours truly, Veronica Hoy, Bellevue, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to receive a button and join the club. I will be good to all dumb animals. I have a cat, chicken and a pony. Yours truly, Lucille Comer, Ansley, Neb.

A Little Helper.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp as I would like to join your Happy Tribe. Please send me a badge. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I have made a bird house to help protect them. I will close. Good-bye.—Chester Leutzinger, Harvard, Neb.

Wears Her Button.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk button. With many welcomes dear and kind, I hope I will be a good Go-Hawk and I hope that you will find I am a good Go-Hawk in the tribe, and we'll meet each other side by side.—Lorene Norton, Age, 11; Brock, Neb.

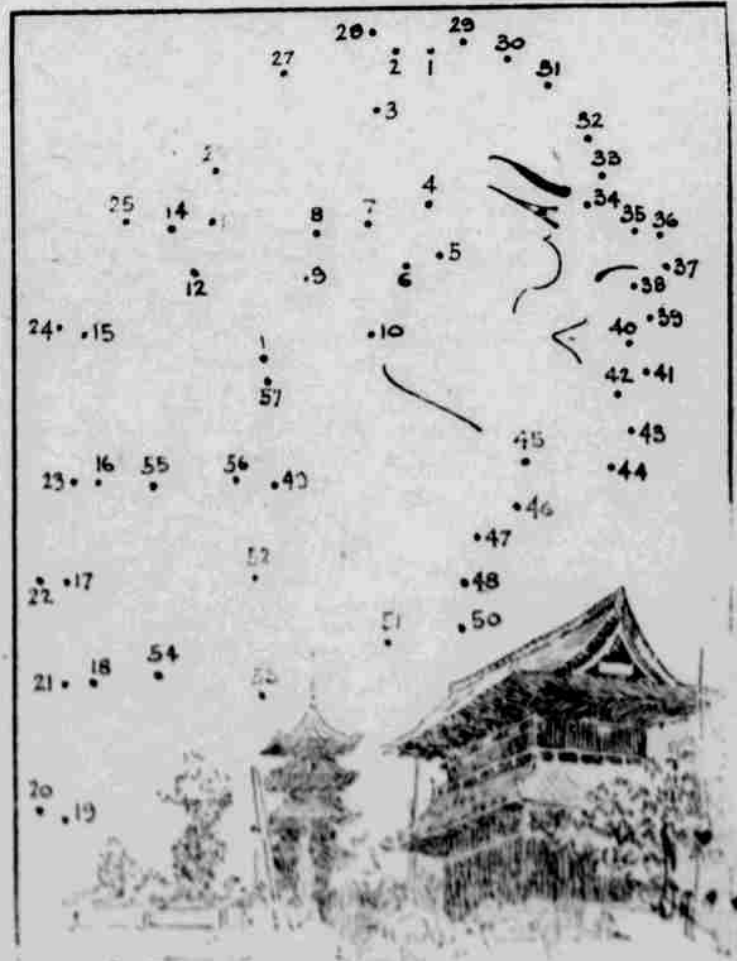
Will Keep Motto.

Dear Happy: I have read your letters Sunday after Sunday, so I thought I would like to join, too. I read the pledge and I know I can live up to it, so please send me a pin. I am 14 years of age. Virginia O'Connor, 2295 Avenue C, Kearney, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the tribe. I am sending a coupon and a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am in the fifth grade at school, and I am 10 years old. The school I go to is Standard school, District 46, Omaha. My teacher's name is Miss Clara McDermott. My address is Route 6, Box 26.—Arthur Nielsen, Douglas County, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



Find the picture in the dot puzzle. Connect the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and ending where you wish.