

The Purple Lady

(Continued From Page Two.)

By George Wood Pangborn

help—just two feeble deaf old women there. And if she tried to go farther still—it might take hours in such weather.

Well, then, what must be, must! She built up the kitchen fire and put on water to boil. Then she went to the closet, where all her complete preparations for the doctor were kept. No, nothing lacked. She passed in lightning review all her knowledge of these matters, and then, with her calmest face, her gentlest tone, rejoined Althea.

"The phone does seem to be out of order," she admitted lightly, "but we'll keep our heads and come through with flying colors. Here's our chance to show what good pioneer stuff we are!"

And so they took up their battle—in silence.

Sometimes—when she could speak at all—Althea would say:

"Go see if Joe is sleeping still. O, make sure he is all right!"

And he always was. At least, he was always sleeping. But his hand was clenched, and his face the face of a man who still fights—in his sleep.

And at last—at last—the snow ceased falling, and the wind was quiet and a faint pink stole into the east, and one came who did not know of any reason for silence, who believed earnestly that lungs and voice were intended to be used to their utmost. Again and again he filled his mighty lungs with air and expelled it by way of his powerful larynx. A fine baby! A splendid baby! Such a one as had

never come into the world before. Even Joe had not been able to cry so loud as that, Joe's mother assured Joe's baby's mother.

And Althea, having looked at him just once to make sure that he really was sound and straight, with the usual number of hands and feet, fingers and toes, whispered:

"Take him to Joe—to—cure him."

Joe was awake. He was raised up on his elbow and his eyes were terrible. Would it be safe? she thought, quailing. Who knew what wild fancy might seize him? But she stood her ground, holding that bundle of flannel which Althea had sent to Joe.

"Little son," she said, softly; "here's something Althea wants you to take care of." She came nearer to the agonized face. "Something for you to keep warm under your splendid old bearskin."

She pulled down the black pelt, watching his face intently. Would it soften to understanding?

There was motion within the flannel bundle, a sound—and a hand came forth, groping. Joe's fingers touched it questioningly, and the hand closed upon it masterfully. Joe looked at it for a long time, then drew the bundle under and looked up at his mother sanely.

"How is she?"

"Well. Perfectly all right."

He gave a long steady look at her face to make sure she spoke the truth, and then, with his son's

strong hand holding him, relaxed and slept. But now his face was no longer dreadful.

And Althea was sleeping. Mrs. Mack began to realize that she was tired almost beyond what it is possible to endure—one must cook what there was to cook—must consider whether there was anything in the house that could be sold to buy food and warmth just a little longer until the children should be able to face the problem in their young, strong way. She was so old—so tired. She must have made mistakes, somehow, or they would never have come to this pass.

In the hall she saw the box which she had brought down with her the night before and brightened for a moment. How pleased Althea would be when she woke! Strange—so strange! Had it really been her mother the child had seen?

Yes, there they were, dainty old-fashioned little things. What embroidery! Like frost work. Women were more careless now in their stitches. Such long, sweeping skirts! But they must all be washed and bleached. They were yellow with their almost 50 years of lying away.

And then—then—she came upon the Purple Lady's message. For under everything there was a book and an envelope—a big manila envelope. But the book—"For my baby when she grows up" was written at the top of the first leaf.

"Dear, funny little daughter, sound asleep in your crib, I wonder how and where you'll read this—if you ever do? I'm so puzzled

—so puzzled! So afraid I've done something wicked.

"I've just been to see dear old Judge Martin, and at last he has sold those western lands for me. I had told him I wanted the money in cash, and there he sat with it all spread out, but looking sad and stern. And when I told him I wanted it to give your father, so that he could use it to finish his machine—O, dear, how he did lecture me! I don't know—I don't know what to think! I never dreamed before of not believing in your father's success, but when I'm told, so earnestly, that if I let him have my last money for his machine I am robbing you—what can I do? What can I say?"

"I am old-fashioned," he said, "I know you have promised to obey, but I counsel you now, not only to disobey; I counsel you to deceive. Don't, I beg of you, let him know you have this money!"

"O, my dear baby! I seemed to stand at the edge of a gulf!"

"I will think of what you've said," I managed to answer, "but I think I would like to keep the money while I think it over."

"And so I came home, trying not to cry, with my little fortune, all these great bills—clutched in my hands, and I've written you about it, and put it here under your tiny things, which I must put away today, anyway; you're so big and old now. I'm going to think and think. Perhaps I shall take it out and give it to your father—perhaps I shall give it to Judge

Martin to keep again, and perhaps I shall just leave it here, years and years, for you to find when you have a baby some day and need so many many things for it. If anything should happen to me before then, I suppose this is the surest place for you to find it, for all women go poking over baby things some time or other.

"Well, I must leave it now and go down to my preserving and look in on you to see if you are through with your nap—and quite likely tomorrow it shall change my mind—give it to daddy, and burn this silly letter."

Mrs. Mack, breathing a little quickly, but otherwise calm, counted out the old-fashioned bills of the '70's, and slipped the envelope into her little black bag. Then she dressed warmly and sensibly, pinning up her old-fashioned skirts. A wood sled squeaked by through the drifts, making a path to the village.

She went and stood in Althea's doorway with the box of baby clothes.

"They were there," said she, and spread them about on the cover, so that the girl could examine them without exertion.

"Joe is taking care of the baby," said she, "and I am going to the village. I'll send the doctor. He may come before I get back. And Mrs. Brady. I must see about the phone and—order supplies. Some coal came in yesterday, I heard. I must see why they haven't sent our share."

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

A Kind Deed.

(Price.)

Down the road raced a forlorn looking dog with a pace of boys after him. A boy came around the corner and saw the dog, but the dog saw him first. He bounded toward him. Tom, which was the boy's name, picked him up and patted him. Then the boys came up. "Give him to us," they said. "No," said Tom, "I'm going to take him home."

So Tom took him home and bound up his paw, which had been hurt when the boys had been chasing him. He made a soft bed in a basket for him and gave him some nice food. Tiger, as Tom had named him, because he was brown and yellow, soon got well.

One day Bill, who had chased Tiger, asked, "Why didn't you let



us have him to tie a tin can to his tail, instead of taking him home?" "Well," said Tom proudly, "I'm a Go-Hawk." "What is a Go-Hawk?" asked Bill. Then Tom showed him his Go-Hawk button and told him all about the tribe. How they were to be kind to animals and to make the world a happier place.

Then Bill was very ashamed of himself, for he had shot birds with his slingshot, tied tin cans to log's tails, teased cats and laid snares for rabbits, squirrels and other animals also made traps. He went to his bad friends and told them about the Go-Hawks and the tribe. The boys resolved to be Go-Hawks. Now the boys are building bird houses and being kind to all animals, for they had Tom send to Happy and get them each a button—Amy Ireland; Tekamah, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your club and promise to be good to all animals and birds. I have six bantams and they lay every day. I am 10 years old. I am sending a stamp for a button. —Barton Lepper, Hastings, Neb.

Pup and Ciner.

Dear Happy: I would like very much to join your Happy Tribe. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals and poor people. I will send a 2-cent stamp to you, so that you can send me my badge. I have two dogs for pets. Their names are Pup and Ciner. Ciner helps drive sheep and Pup stays at the house because he is deaf. I will try and write a story for next Sunday. If any of the other Go-Hawks wish to write to me I will gladly answer there letter. Well, I must close. —Ruth Sanders, Route 5, Box 8, 26 Harrison, South Side, Omaha, Neb.

Santa's Troubles.

Santa shook his head as he stroked his beard and looked at the sky. The wind whistled around his house but the sky was clear and not a snow flake fell. There was a great crash in the adjoining room and Santa in his haste knocked a small elf off his feet. Eantas loud, clear laugh rang out as he watched the little elf tumble head over heels at last into a pan of glue. The nurse and doctor came running in and after a good deal of twisting and pulling managed to get the elf out.

"What is all this noise about," asked Santa, looking about the toy making room. "Beautiful Blue Eyes refused to be sent to any little girl on Christmas. She says they are too rough. She got excited and now her beautiful head is broken into a thousand pieces."

"Poor dolly," said Santa, as he picked her from the floor and left the room. The elf went on with their work singing a Christmas song.

Soon Santa returned and Beautiful Blue Eyes had a head exactly like the other. But Santa's troubles did not lessen. It was only two days till Christmas and not a bit of snow was on the ground. Even the reindeers were worried for they always liked the trip around the world, carrying toys to the good boys and girls.

Santa looked about the room and then began, "I'm afraid we can't make boys and girls happy this year. Not a speck of snow on the ground, the airplane broken and Mrs. Santa Claus has the auto and she is visiting her mother and won't be home till Christmas day."

Then a strange thing happened. A toy auto started running, ran off the shelf; dropped to the floor and ran over to Santa. "Ha, ha," shouted Santa, "what willing toys we have."

Some of the dolls cried so hard when they thought they couldn't go to little girls on Christmas that they washed all the paint off their cheeks and the painter had to paint them again.

When Santa Claus awoke the next morning the ground was thickly covered with snow. That night as Santa put the toys into the sleigh the reindeer danced and pranced eager to be off. The bells rang out while the reindeer bounded over the snow. When Santa climbed down the chimney and filled the many stockings he peeped into the bedrooms and smiled at the sleeping children smiling back. —Cornelia Mae Moore, Brownville, Neb.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I am inclosing a 2-cent stamp for which I hope I shall receive a button.

I have many pets. I have a dog, his name is Dewey. I have four pet cats. Fairy is gray and white; Pussy is all gray. I have a malsese and a white cat. I got her from my grandma's last week. Her name is Pansy. Tip is all gray. I have two pet calves, their names are Rosie and Beauty. I have some little brown chickens. —Helen Marie Varia, Aged 11, Geneva, Neb.

Saved.

There were once two boys who were skating. Their names were Bobby and Tom.

They were down on the river skating and they did not like each other very well.

They were skating along and all of a sudden the ice cracked and in fell Tom.

He called for help and Bobby ran and pulled him out.

After that they were good friends and are very good friends to this day.

The next week they both joined the Happy Tribe. —Marie Elizabeth Price, Shelton, Neb., Aged 11.

Marigold.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your tribe. I am sending 2 cents for my pin. I have a yellow kitten named Marigold.

We have a dog named Toodles. I have nine ducks. I am 9 years old and in the Sixth grade. —Lucile Bose, Oxford, Neb.

Loves Animals.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. I will try to help some one every day and be kind to birds and all dumb animals. I am 11 years old and will be in the Seventh grade this fall. —Irene Hasik, Aged 11, David City, Neb.

Work Before Play.

As I was playing in the sand, I happened to think of Happy-

land. When there before me in the sand, stood a fairy from Fairyland.

I rose up quickly and stopped my play.

Where I was playing all the day, And then the fairy began to say, Please go work before you play.

I went to the barn and fed our horse some hay, Then hearing my mother call for me,

Answering her I went to see, What other work she had for me. —Lucille Koutsky, Aged 11, Omaha, Neb.

First Letter.

Deary Happy: I wish to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending 2 cents. I hope to get a button soon. I am 9 years old. I am in the Fourth grade. I have a pony. His name is Billy. —Glen Leke, Mead, Neb.

Likes to Skate.

Dear Happy: How are you. I am 7 years old. My teacher's name is Miss McKeen. I am in the Second grade. I go skating every day in winter. —Henrietta Sunderland, Columbus, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



This great big black cat has no sense. It's always walking on the fence.

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

The Race.

Once in a land far away there lived a king, queen and their princess. The princess was very beautiful. The king said any one who could get a horse who could outrun the princess' horse could have the princess for his wife and half of the kingdom.

Now, in the same land lived a poor family. The mother and her two sons. When their father died he gave them each a horse, the eldest a very swift one, the youngest one a very slow one. The eldest son went to the king, but his horse was very slow beside the princess' horse. The other son wanted to go, but his mother said no. He begged and begged until his mother said yes.

He went to get his horse and soon he was up to the palace, for it was not far from his home. He went to the king and asked if he could race, but the king just laughed and said, "Do you think you could win?" "Why, yes," the boy said. "Well, try then, but it will be no use." Soon they started. They kept even until the middle, when the boy began to gain. They were near the end and the boy was still ahead. Soon he had won. How the people cheered. He got the princess for his wife. His mother and brother came to live with them at the palace. —Charlotte Getty, 323 West Fifth street, North Platte, Neb.

The Kitten.

Dear Happy: Yesterday papa came in with a kitten with sore eyes in his hands and said: "Listen, Ada, I want to tell you a story. Last night this kitten came to us and we fed it. I don't think it ate very much though. Now I want you to take it and bathe its eyes good with boric acid and then feed it. And when it gets well I'll take it out to the barn, because we need a cat." So I bathed its eyes and fed it. Its eyes are getting better now. Papa says he thinks somebody left it along the road. It is a real nice kitten. It is very friendly and purrs about all the time.

We have a nice dog; his name is Buster. He is very smart and can do a great many tricks. He will shake hands with either foot. When I go after the mail he always wants to carry some so he can come in the house. He is afraid of lightning and thunder and if nobody is around will open the kitchen door and come in. Often at night when we wake up in the middle of a storm he'll be under somebody's bed. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. Thanking you again and assuring you I will be a real true Go-Hawk, I remain as ever your friend. —Ada T. Williams, Aged 12, Fairmont, Neb.

Likes School.

Dear Happy: I am sending a stamp for a button. I am in the Fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Atkins. I have a little dog. Its name is Teddie. My dog is 9 years old. We have an automobile. It is a Westcott. I have a little sister and two brothers. My papa owns a store. Well, I guess this will be all for this time. —Lucille Johnson, Aged 9, Council Bluffs, Ia.