

# Pieces of Eight

(Continued From Page Seven.)

By Franklin P. Harry

ders, and when I'm too busy there's a girl or two I have in mind that will look the part to help me. I'll not be missing the hard work, Dear! Dear! I'm schooled to it—wash girl, waitress, maid, notions, dress maker, gingham, etc., etc. I reckon I've been through the mill enough not to mind puttin' on an extra step if I'd be workin' for myself—and Rose—"

A clap of thunder elastated back of her and rolled in long reverberations down the lake water. The Voice of Dreams let out a wailing scream and scrambled to her feet, fingers in her ears. Timed to it, as though by arrangement, round the curve of the shore line below a motor boat came spluttering.

The lane made toward it with such mad haste that for the moment I feared she meant to attempt reaching it by trusting to the wind, and pulled the unoccupied dapping portion up and over their heads until their faces only shone forth from beneath.

"Tuck in the sides, snug!" he commanded, reaching an arm about her to assist her and completely forgetting to remove it afterward. The rain, as if released from a tipped over basin, began to fall in a deluge about them. The wind sprang to a mighty tempest, sudden, irresistible.

I drew near and watched them delightedly, untroubled by the storm. Rain and wind and the like mean nothing to me—I can't be washed out, or frozen, or scorched. A reflection of the man Rose's evident pleasure was wafting the like rare old wine. And yet I was growing anxious, too. Sooner or later the dash would come that would reveal me—every storm has just such a flash or two—a peculiar sulphurous, green glare that, though infinitely more ghostly and vivid, is still the

same light that filters down through the green lacework when the moon's just right. I was wondering if, seeing me, she would be frightened.

She was playing a pretty game a week before some of talking to me, just making up her mind what I looked like, but how would it be when her eyes actually beheld me? For this long, long while I've had a yearning to see a pretty girl gaze back at me just now again—as they used to! I've seen nothing but fright in others for this many years. Man! I hated to think of 'fear and aversion' in her smouldered in blue eyes.

There was no fall in the thunder, in the lightning, in the wind which wrung screams of torment from the tortured pines. The trees bent beneath the blast until I heard the stout fibers crack with the terrific strain, saw the earth lift with the whirled leverage against the deep set roots. The rain became a washing gray curtain between, so that the tall, smooth boles of the pines showed darkly to the huddled two as they gazed forth, and they noted the first of the old sentinel as it lost its age-old hold in the earth and went tottering over. And, just as though they had been waiting for one of them to make a start another went down, and another!

I kept watching the thirteenth, mine, the tallest, straightest of the lot. I saw the first quiver of the earth, the gradual, straining upheaval, slow, majestic—then the sudden, clean, swift fall of the mighty body which had stood for so long. A great mass of curved roots, twining in and out like the arms of an octopus, shedding rotten needles and litter and crumbling earth came up in its place, just opposite the spot where the boy and girl sat, and in the writhing, maddly arms, wrenched

from its long hiding place, was the captain's strong box.

I could not cry out—I have no voice. For the first time I bitterly resented the fact, believe me, man. But I did the next best thing. I sprang to the hole and leaped far over and pointed excitedly, watching their faces. Like the finger of a kindly fate, just then came the green lightning to aid me.

It was easy to see that she saw me—by that look of wide-eyed incredulity and wonder on her face. But not fear or aversion, sir! Not a sign of it! I smiled at her and waved toward the box. There came the beginning of an answering smile. I swear it. Then the flash was over, the thin gray curtain of rain hid me.

"Look, Rose! Look! Look!" she cried, but Rose, had he the eyes to see, turned to where she was pointing too late.

"I saw the pirate, Rose! The old pirate they tell about! Out there, Rose, where the last tree fell!" she scolded excitedly. Bless her, if an old ghost of a pirate has a heart, then her next words set mine to jumping. "A big handsome fellow, Rose, all smiles about the eyes, and white teeth and black hair and mustache, and all dressed up like a story book prince!"

Can't a woman see a lookful in one wee glance! 'Tis fair wonderful! "Nonsense, Connie! You're frightened, that's what," her companion laughed.

"I am not," she flared, tossing her head. There wasn't anything about him to be afraid of—silly!—and it wasn't the thunder made me see things, if that's what you mean! I saw him, Rose. He was pointing to that black lump—there—among the roots where the last tree overturned. Maybe he was

showing me where his treasure was hidden—I do believe he was! O, why—she wailed—"won't it stop storming so we can go and see!"

Thus I helped the little dream of the "hottest" tea house in the whole world come true! Tea house and garage, out there on the most used road out of Baltimore, thatched roof, twinkling window eyes, singing kettle, Irish tunes on an old black fiddle—Connie, with her kerchief over her shoulders after the manner of her great-grandmother before her, smugged in blue eyes shining a serving tea!

And she was that shrewd about it—the captain's box, I mean. The money was here, and the pearls, and she knew how to take possession of them without any fuss. I had pointed it out to her, so she quickly took it, and the man Rose and herself kept it as a wedding present from me, and a secret among the three of us. My prettier, it was, built and furnished the Black Pirate Tea House!

Mac, and that a name to conjure with!

"I can see her looking back at me now, as they left the cove when the storm was over. Through the jagged opening where the fallen bull pines lay, the late afternoon sun streamed and fell upon her. Now is the desire of my heart fulfilled. For she was waving her hand at me, was kissing it, was seeing me again with the eyes of her imagination; recreating me again as I am, not a thing distorted and fearful to shudder at when gazed upon, but young and devil-may-care and handsome as I once was, and I answered by nodding kissing my finger tips back to her, my plumed hat in my hand, the captain's rich lace falling from my wrists.

## Letters From Happyland Readers

(Continued From Page Five.)

a house by a fence and wild grapes hang over and touch the ground. We have put three cement blocks in there and a wooden floor. We made a diary and ever day we write what good things we do.

We have chosen names. Melda has chosen "Weeping Willow", Ethely has chosen "Leaping Deer"; I have chosen "Hopping Water".

We enclose 7 cents, 2 from Ethely, 2 from Melda, and 1 from me. Please send the buttons to me. Your ever-true Go-Hawk, Margaret Gruber, Iowa School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs, Ia.

### A Pigeon.

I am a little pigeon. One day I fell out of my nest and was running on the ground when a little girl tried to catch me.

She could not catch me, so she chased me in a schoolhouse. I was so frightened I didn't know what to do.

I saw many children in the room. The teacher put some bread crumbs on the floor for me, but I didn't eat any of it. Then she put a piece of shining glass on the floor by me.

I saw another pigeon in it. It looked just like me. I pecked at it and it would do just as I did.

I looked behind it and it was not there. I couldn't imagine where it was.

When I came back it was there again.

After I got tired of looking for it, I went in a basket of paper. I would hide in it and the children could not see me.

I had very much fun. I jumped on a window sill I could see my mother flying around. I wished I could have been with her.

The children all went away and I was there alone. I was so lonely some I didn't know what to do, so I went to sleep. In the morning they all came back. I was very glad. They watched me all day long, and when evening came they all went again. It was so cold I was afraid I would freeze.—Irene 26, Berner, Age 12, Osceola, Neb.

### A Story.

Jimmie Morton was walking down the street toward home, when he heard a queer noise behind him. He turned and saw a boy apparently about the same age coming toward him.

"Hello there, what are you going to do with that crow?" he called.

"I'm going to cut out its tongue and see if it will talk," replied the stranger, coming up.

"Who told you that if you would cut off its tongue it would talk?" called Jimmie. "Aw, some fellows on the street."

"Well, don't you do that because it won't talk any more," said he, grudgingly, but he the trembling crow.

"Who told you to take it?" Jimmie said, "anyhow?" cried the stranger, "because Jimmie liked up the top of the head and the boy

spied a small pin fastened on and he read the words "The Happy Go-Hawk Tribe."

"What is that for," he asked more pleasantly. Jimmie began to tell the boy about the work of the helping tribe, and the boy readily became interested, and now is among those of the Go-Hawk Tribe—Virginia E. Hall, age 11, Morris, Neb.

### A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy—I have been reading the Go-Hawks letters and stories in The Omaha Bee every Monday and I like them very much.

I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I promise to be kind to all birds and dumb animals.

I am in the fifth grade this year. My teacher's name is Miss Doris Sillassen. I live on a large ranch near the North Platte river. I will close for this time wishing success to "The Happy Tribe"—Verda Ecker, age 10, Keith county, Paxton, Neb.

### Poem.

Dear Happy—I joined your happy tribe one day, And now my work is just like play. So now dear Happy I have done The very deed of everyone.

There are two more who want to be A Go-Hawk good like you or me; They promise to be kind to all And help all good, at every call. But though my letter short may be I know you'll hear the call from me.

And send the button, too, for me. To give to my dear company.—Ada L. Williams, age 12, Fairmont, Neb.

### Wants to Join.

Dear Happy—I am in the 5th grade. I am 10 years old. I read your page every Monday. I will promise to be kind to all animals. I would like to join the Go-Hawks and if you will send me a button I will wear it very much. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp. I have two sisters and one brother. Well, my letter is getting long so I will close.—Floy Gaston, Alexandria, Neb.

### Second Letter.

Dear Happy—I joined the Go-Hawk club about two months ago. I just say pin. Would you please send me a pin if I send you a 2-cent stamp? I want on a trip to Kansas and Missouri. Just get back Friday, August 25. As my letter is getting long I had better close.—Opal Brown, age 11, Stella, Neb.

### My Pet.

Dear Happy I would like to join the Go-Hawks. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp. Will you please send me my button? I have a little pet I call him Bob. Bob is black and white with a white spot on his face. He is so smart. Will you send me a button? I will close.—Lillian M. King, age 11, Morris, Neb.

### The Bantams.

Dear Happy: I read the stories of Happyland and think they are very good. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I am going to write about my bantam hen. I named her Biddy. I got her from one of the neighbors last year. Biddy has raised two batches of chickens. The last eggs she laid she hid them so I could not find them. I looked all over for her nest. Several weeks after I noticed she was setting. She came clucking to the house with 12 bantams. I gave 10 of them away. I have had 35 little bantams this year, but gave them all away but seven. I am sending 2-cent stamp for my pin.—Ernest Von Seggern, Age 10, Magnet, Neb.

### First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. My birthday is November 11. Have I a twin? For pets I have a cat and two goldfish. I wish to join your happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am anxious to receive it. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals.—Mary Alice Smith, age 10, Emerson, Neb.

### The Little Jap Doll.

Dear Happy I am sending my coupon and a stamp to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I will be very willing to obey all of the rules. I am sending a poem which I made up the other day. It is called "The Little Jap Doll."

I'm a little Jap doll, And I came from Japan. I have blue eyes and black hair. My name's Toky Ann.

I have a Kimono. That was made in Japan. It's blue and pink silk. With trimmings of tan.

I live in a palace. Of wood "Tinker Toys." And all of my servants Are wood girls and boys.

My "Tinker Toy" pillow Is right near a table. And many a plunger on a hot day I take.

I have many flowers That grow in my yard. But my little wood garden Has kept them well hidden.

The moon is now shining Bright over my head, So I guess I'll get ready And go up to bed.

—Mollie Burton, age 11, (11) Twenty-eighth street, Omaha, Neb.

### Wants to Join.

Dear Happy I would like to join the Go-Hawks happy tribe. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and a coupon for my button. I am in the sixth grade and I will be 11 years old February 23, 1923. I promise to be kind to all animals. I will send you a button.—Rose, Alexandria, Neb.

### A New Member.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the children's page and I enjoy it very much.

I am 11 years old and I am in the second part of the sixth grade, and I am very busy with my school work and will not find time to write you very much. I enclose a 2-cent stamp and the coupon.—Virginia Fletcher, 312 Voucher St., Council Bluffs, Ia.

### Received Button.

Dear Happy: I received my button and am very glad. I wear it to school every day. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I went to school two weeks and missed just one day. We had a party Saturday night on my father's birthday. We all had a good time. My letter is getting long, so I will close. My name and address is Adeline Houtrek, Schuyler, Neb.

### Likes Music.

Dear Happy: I received my button and was very glad. I take music lessons and am in the fourth grade, and in school I am in the

sixth grade, and my teacher's name is Miss Melotz, and I like those books by the name Lamorey, "Children of Ancient Britain." I will close.—Bernice Krambeck, Chadco, Neb.

### First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I promise to help someone every day. I had a cat named Timmy and she died of distemper. I have a brother and sister and their names are Charles and Jean. Charles had a dog and he was so mean we had to send him away. My name is Betty Rohacker. I live in Ordville, Neb. I am 9 years old and will be in the fourth grade this year.

### Likes Our Button.

Dear Happy—I received my pin and was very glad to get it. I have three brothers and one sister. Their names are Otto, Mito, Cary and Dorothy. For pets I have two dogs, two geese, and one cat. Next time I write I will write a story.—Irene Hank, David City, Neb.

## Dot Puzzle

The dot puzzle grid consists of a 10x10 array of dots. Some dots are numbered from 1 to 23. The numbers are: 1 (row 1, col 9), 2 (row 2, col 9), 3 (row 2, col 10), 4 (row 3, col 10), 5 (row 3, col 9), 6 (row 3, col 8), 7 (row 3, col 7), 8 (row 3, col 6), 9 (row 3, col 5), 10 (row 3, col 4), 11 (row 4, col 4), 12 (row 4, col 5), 13 (row 4, col 6), 14 (row 4, col 7), 15 (row 4, col 8), 16 (row 4, col 9), 17 (row 4, col 10), 18 (row 5, col 1), 19 (row 5, col 2), 20 (row 5, col 3), 21 (row 5, col 4), 22 (row 5, col 5), 23 (row 5, col 6). A drawing of a young girl with a bob haircut, wearing a dress and a bow tie, stands in a garden with flowers and a path.