

After Two Years

(Continued From Page Three.)

By Adrienne Thum

ing at the dressmaker's, so he couldn't see her except in the evening. Should he stay over another day? No, he had better get back to Chicago where he had work to do, for to stay over would entail a lonesome tedious day of waiting for evening. Everybody seemed so busy, there was no one ready to play with him as in the old war-time days.

After lunch Jim tried to kill time by going to a movie and then he stood on the corner of the street and watched the throng go by as he had done in the old days when he was in the hospital. Even that was no different. Then people had looked at him with such friendly interest, and many a time had stopped to say a kind word. He remembered one old lady who had pressed his hand and said, "God bless you, my boy. You fought for us, and I love you for it."

Now the looks were all indifferent, even impatient, and he heard one girl say to another, "See that lazy man. He has been standing there for half an hour. It is true he is crippled, but he could at least do something with his hands. I think these pensions do more harm than good."

At last it was time to go to Mother Wilson's. He was a little early, he knew, but he was tired being all by himself in a land he

had thought was beholding with friends.

Mother Wilson opened the door and was more than cordial, but through it all Jim detected some constraint. At last she said:

"The bride I was embroidering that dress for wants me to come and drape her veil this evening, and as she is one of the best customers we have, I couldn't refuse. So I went around for Nannie Murphy to come and have supper with you. You haven't seen her yet and she was the happiest thing when she heard you were back. You will excuse me, I know, and come another night when the folks are at home. Nannie will look after the baby while we are away, and I have fixed the supper all ready for you two except the tea, and you can pop some corn like you used to do. It will be like old times for you both."

Jim saw that she was worried for fear he would feel she was not as hospitable as he expected her to be. He was bitterly disappointed, for when everything he had hoped for had failed, he expected some of the sweet mothering that might soothe the pain of the world's indifference.

He only said: "That is all right, Mother Wilson. I am going home tomorrow, but I will be glad to see Nannie again. I was just wondering how I could."

Then Mother Wilson made a great

many apologies about Mary and Sam La Gross not having been out before since the baby came but if they had only known that Jim was to be here for so short a time she was sure they would have put off going to another night.

"I wonder why Nannie don't come," she said uneasily. "She said she would be here at six and now it is 10 minutes after." She had to get in the bride's house by half past six. Would Jim excuse her. She knew Nannie wouldn't be a minute now, and here was the evening paper he could read until she came. "Tell Nannie the baby is asleep in my room. I don't think he will wake, but if he does, just give him his bottle and he will go right back to sleep." So Mother Wilson shook hands heartily with Jim and gave him a little pat on his cheek for good measure and was gone.

Jim sat under the rather dim electric light and tried to read the paper.

He had not heard any noise, but suddenly two hands were put over his eyes. He pulled them off and looked into Nannie's happy face. Yes, her face was happy. There was no disguising that. And how she was gotten up. Blue silk dress and lace collar, and her hair crimped in a way he had never seen it before.

"Why, Nannie, I didn't know that you were so dressy. Everything has changed since I went away."

"I am not always so dressy. I put all these fixings on for you. I am glad you have come back. Are you going to live here?"

"No, indeed, I have a business in Chicago, and am going back tomorrow night."

Nannie's face fell, and it even seemed to Jim that she winked back a tear.

"Jim, tell me about those," she pointed at the braces.

"Well, I went to Hot Springs and was there six months. It did no good. I went to other hospitals, but the nerves in my legs died. So they give me these braces, and I am not much good any more," and Jim heaved a deep sigh.

"O," said Nannie, and she put her little hand worked hand on his. Jim looked up. Nannie had not winked back the tears this time; they were opening down her cheeks. Those tears were as balm to his wounded spirit. In this city he had thought so full of friends there was one who cared.

"Can you work at anything," she asked.

"Yes, I mend clocks, but I don't have to. I get a pension."

"And when you get your pension you come back to see all your friends in Louisville, didn't you?"

"Yes, that was the thing I wanted to do most in the world. You were all so good to me during the war."

"Yes, the girls made you have a good time. Of course, I am only an old maid and I couldn't be certain you like the girls could."

"I was just teasing you, Nannie. I don't call you an old maid. Why, you look real young tonight. Do you think it is because your hair is crimped?"

"It is because I am happy. No, I am not exactly happy, but I feel so much."

"How do you feel?" Then with the directness of the mountain boy, "Do you feel you would like to get married?"

Nannie's face was crimson, as she answered: "I know I am an old maid, and I ain't thinking about such things."

"Shucks, you are only seven years older than me."

"That's a heap when it is on the wrong side."

"You ain't got nothing on me with my legs. I could give you cards and spades and then I'd use you some."

It was a happy but supperless couple that Mother Wilson found when she came home. They had forgotten all about supper.

Mother Wilson, I ain't going back to Chicago tomorrow."

When Sam La Gross heard the news, he said: "Didn't I tell you, Jim, you can't tell a girl you love her with a house full of people round."

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Continued From Page Five.)

A Trip to the River.

Dear Happy: One Sunday I went down to the river and went wading. The men tried to find some fish but could not find any. Then they came back where Mamma, Fern, Harry and I were. Then we went down stream and then back. Then we went to a place where there were some plums and we picked them. Then we started home. I stepped into some cactus. Then we had to stop and pick them out of my foot, and then we went across the river to the car and went home. We are planning on going west next summer. I wish some of the girls would write to me. I will gladly answer. Goodbye. Yours truly, Abbie Samma Powell, aged 10, Powell, Neb.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I received my button and thought it was very pretty. I have a pet dog. His name is Shep. We have seven old cats. I got two brothers and one sister. My brother's name is Lawrence and the other is Elmer and my one sister's name is Elsie. I am in the fifth grade. I am 8 years old. I wish some other Go-Hawks would write to me. Well as my letter is getting long, I will close.—From Marie Nell, Route 4, Walnut, Ia.

The mother of Edith Collemier of Lowell, Mass., says when we are good we are happy and when we are happy we are good, so there must be a lot of little Happy's.

Lost the Button.

Dear Happy: I wrote you a letter and received my pin but lost it after awhile. I am sending you another 2 cents for a pin and I am going to write a story and give it to your paper soon. I am trying to start a tribe of Go-Hawks and I will be chief or let somebody else be chief. Please send my button soon. Goodbye.—Loren Linderwood, Route 10, Neb.

Likes Her Teacher.

Dear Happy: I read the Go-Hawk page every Sunday. I like to read it. I have two brothers. One is Merl and he is 10 years old, and one is 8. I will send you a 2-cent stamp, if you will please send me a badge. My teacher is Miss Hansen. I like her. I am in the fourth grade. I must close for my letter is getting long.—Thelma Pauth, Overton, Neb.

James L. Griffin of Brighton, Mo., has started a tribe and will get all the members he can.

My Birthday.

Dear Happy: This is my third letter to you. I have been trying to do one kind deed each day. My birthday was the 22d of June. I was 9 years old. I have a little girl out from Kearney and she stayed a week. I received quite a few presents. Six from California, one from mother, and one from my cousin. So we had a good time on my birthday.—Opal Sammons, Aged 9, Axtell, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe and so I have enclosed a 2-cent stamp for my pin.—Dorothy Gregory, Halston, Ia.

Poor Tiger.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Jessie. She loved dumb creatures, especially cats. She had a little cat which she called Tiger. One day when her brother was out mowing he ran into Tiger and cut one of her hind legs off and the other one pretty badly. Jessie and her mother went out and hunted Tiger up, and brought her home. At first Jessie did not put bandages on her legs but she wrapped Tiger up in a cloth so that the flies could not get out her legs. In a few days when Jessie saw that Tiger's feet were not getting well she took a cloth and put saline on it, and wrapped the legs up with it. Within about two weeks Tiger got well and after that she followed Jessie around all of the time.—Jeanne Crab, Aged 10, Route 1, North Platte, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe and I have enclosed a 2-cent stamp for my pin. Very truly yours—Robert White, Halston, Ia.

Leads a Club.

Dear Happy: I am to become a leader of a Go-Hawk tribe in our community. We think this club will be a great help. Find enclosed a 2-cent stamp for which I understand I shall receive my pin. Very truly yours—Naomi Blackley, Halston, Ia.

First Letter.

The Go-Hawks: I would like to become a Go-Hawk and get a button. I will try to be good and do good to someone each day. Your friend—Glen W. Bondesson, age 7, 2716 Redick Ave., Omaha.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Happy Tribe and to be a Go-Hawk. I am going to send you 2 cents. I wish you to send me the badge, and I am 11 years old. I go to the public school of Ainsworth. I live in Ainsworth. I am in the fifth grade. I have a brother who is 20 years old, and two sisters. My oldest sister is 23, my other sister is 18. Will close now.—Helen Oden, Ainsworth, Neb.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which I hope I shall receive a button. I will try to help someone every day, and be kind to all birds and dumb animals. I am 9 years old and will be in the fifth grade this fall.—John Legate Ruff, Station Hospital, Fort Omaha, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I got one of your Go-Hawk buttons and I am wearing it every day, and I am 10 years old, and I live in Emerson, Neb., and my name is Charley R. Ridge.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I want to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I was 12 June 6. I am in the sixth grade at school. Please send me a button. I read your page every Sunday. Well my letter is getting long. Yours truly, 1132 Broadview, Olinwood, Ia.

Wears the Button.

Dear Happy: I received my button and many thanks for it. I promise to help someone as much as I can. I do not take The Bee, but my uncle brings it home most every Sunday and I read Happyland. I am surely proud of my button and wear it all the time. My birthday is August 19. I was 11 and I am in the Sixth A at school. Well, my letter is getting long, so I will close. I am sincerely, Clymes Bandle, age 11, Omaha.

Duke.

Dear Happy: I would like to become a member of the Happy Go-Hawk Tribe. I am sending you a stamp. I wish you would send me a Go-Hawk button. I have a little dog for a pet. Her name is Duke. I like all kinds of pets. I am 10 years old. I read the Happy Go-Hawks every Sunday.—Donald Myers, 1402 N. Broadwell, Grand Island, Neb.

Doris James of Kansas City, Mo., has a great love for animals and will do something for them each day.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. I read many letters of the children every Sunday. I want to be in the Happy Tribe. I read all the prize stories every Sunday. I enjoy that page the most of any. I even enjoy that more than the comic section. I am 9 years old, and in the fifth grade. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. I remain sincerely yours—Frances Jones, age 9, Bloomington, Neb.

Bob.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I am sending 2 cents for a button. I am 8 years old and I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss K. Jar. I like her very much. My brother and I drive to school with a buggy and horse. Our horse's name is Bob. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close—Marie Koll, Route 4, Walnut, Ia.

Our Gander.

Dear Happy: Find enclosed a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a badge. I want to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I am a little girl, 6 years old. I go to school. I am in the second grade. I want to tell you all a funny thing. We have a gander that follows papa all over the place. Your little friend, Helen Kiewit, Platte Center, Neb.

Helen Eolert of Junction City, Kan., has seven kittens and she feeds three times a day.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I wish to be a Go-Hawk. I am 9 years of age. I am going to take care and protect dumb animals. Your friend—Nicholas Karatan, Nebraska City, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp and the coupon of the Happy Tribe and hope to be a good Go-Hawk, as I will obey the rules. For a pet I have a cat. I am very kind to it. I am going to make a bird bath and fountain. I am in the fifth grade at school. My address is Irene McCarthy, Age 10, Hancock, Mo.

Second Letter.

Dear Go-Hawks: This is my second letter. I am 8 and I am in the third grade. We have been studying about Indiana in our room. My teacher's name is Miss Laird.—Pearl Shirley, Ord, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Go-Hawk's Happy Tribe: I am 9 years old and write you for a button of the Go-Hawks as I would like to be a member.—Eugene R. Bondesson, 2716 Redick Avenue, Omaha.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawk's Happy Tribe and so I have enclosed a 2-cent stamp for my pin. Very truly yours, Clifford Gregory, Halston, Ia.

Jack and Dodo.

Dear Happy: I am 8 years old and I am going to send a 2-cent stamp and I hope I will receive my button. I have a cat and a dog. My cat's name is Jack and my dog's name is Dodo. Yours truly, Edwin McDonald, David City, Neb.

Likes Her Button.

Dear Happy: I received my button and like it very much. I will try to obey the rules. I read the Happyland page every Sunday. I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me. I am 10 years of age. I will be 11 soon.—Mary Kile, Creighton, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



Want to see what you're doing? Twenty-nine and then you're done.

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, and rub out those unnecessary.