THE SUNDAY BEE: OMAHA, OCTOBER 5, 1924.



## Children Everywhere Remember His Birthday

Children like to remember the birthday of James Whitcomb Riley, and in many schools each year, on Ocober 7, a little program is given, when his poems are read and stories of his life told. Some of you have read when he was a boy that he did not get along so very well in school, and oh! how hard he found arithmetic, just as do so many boys and girls of today.

In writing of himself when he was a very small boy, Mr. Riley says: "Little children came and little children went, but I stuck there in the first class in numbers. I was always a great reader, but reading counted for in with all the bright, sunshiny ones One of whom was like a fairy, with but little in those days."

when the reading lesson was on the "Death of Little Nell," he ran away from friends be more comfortable. Those school because he could not bear to read it aloud when his voice was chok- that are brave enough to stay with Mabel was the pretty daughter, and ing and his eyes full of tears.

Young Jimmie Riley only went to school until he was 16. Every day after found him off for a long tramp or else buried in a book, usually something of Longfellow, Trowbridge or Dickens. And among these book friends his education went on.

By this time he was called Jim Riley and most of the people in the little Indiana town where he lived decided he was lazy and would never amount to anything. He learned to play the guitar and violin and his blue eyes vere always full of mischief. He could also draw well and before long was helping give entertainments. He took part in amateur theatricals and gave readings of his own. But few people ever saw the ambition that lay back of that dreamy boy whom they thought only lazy, because he did not want to do the things they thought he should. He was sensitive, tender-hearted, dearly loved birds, flowers and all outdoors. When not singing and playing, winning applause at the town entertainments, he was apt to be dreaming the hours away beside, some brook. Is it any wonder he later became the poet you all love. So many of you have read his "Little Orphant Annie," "The Raggedy Man," and others.

All those years that he lived in the quiet old house on Lockerbie street in Indianapolis, whenever October 7 came round the postman would come staggering with a great sack of mail from children everyhere. All day would come flowers, callers, and then in the early evening sometimes beneath his windows he would hear young, fresh voices singing "There Is Even a Song Somewhere, My Dear," or some other one of his poems that have been set to music. We who live away from his home city and who never saw him know him best through his poems. Through

them we shall always know him. Because he was our Big Chief is the reason all Go-Hawks read again, on JCO October 7, the Riley poems that they love best.



Synopsis. Editor Shirley wisited to make a trip mother alone. Jack Carroll and the Go lawks decide to look after Mrs. Shirley furing the editor's absence. He departs fack spends a week at the Shirley hone and then, in turn, Donald, Figsy and Tinker. During Tinker's week, the Suaw had the bob ride, and unfortunately but of the bob. Mrs. Shirley the takes immy home with her for a week. The missionaries Rachel, Ruth and Jane, be-come wortled over the field of their heathen Luck Peter. They decide to write Ince with the takes are not loyal to their heathen Luck Peter. They decide to write the the bob Rush Shirley in-the the twins are not loyal to their heathen the letter that evening and havet day after school Kuth and Rachel hur the themselves in Jane's room. Now go on with the story saying heathens were like cannibals.

Now go on with the story

ntinued from Last Sunday) you, and even if the Go-Hawks wer



was mother of two girls; that have made me think of winter a crown of golden curls.

He was a most tender-hearted little boy. It is told of him that one day and doing something to help my bird But the sister was cross and ugly, was the image of their mother. us all winter surely deserve to have us she had to do the work,

> be kind to them. Yesterday I made a food shelf and and lounged and played the t is now outside the window of my shirk:

Said the mother, once, to Mabel, bring the various household uses, water from the bubbling spring."

Forthwith Mabel took the pitcher, and when to the spring she came, Lo She saw beside it standing such Saw

a curious looking dame, 'May I drink out of your pitcher, gentle maid," she softly said. 'Yes, indeed," the maiden answered,

"I'll be glad to serve your need.' And forthwith she drew the water,

which the woman drank with ter to you. I am sending 2 cents in greed.

shall have a gift, I think. With each word you shall utter, adg

air she seemed to turn. alas, she was quite late,

kept you-answer me"

the walk was long, you see."

And the maiden told the story. a shower of gleaming glory.

one egg well beaten, one cup flour I can't write any more even if I had one-fourth teaspoon salt, two apples So Matilda took the pitcher, grumbling lips, Bingham, Neb. more to write. We three still love cut in small pieles, one-half teaspoon



Likes Cats.

will close.-Lenore Greisch, Omaha.

was once a homely woman who She must be a sort of servant, givyou, there she saw a lady fair, letter to you. I received my button to you. I want to join your Happy in stamps for two buttons for my dressed, who said, "I'm all O. K. I read the Happyland page Tribe. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp sister and myself. I have a little Finely thirsty, may I not your pitcher every Sunday. I am so glad school for my button. I have for my pets, brother who was 2 years old the

share?" "Get yourself a drink of water! I'm to school. I will send you a poem. MARY AND THE BROOK. no servant if you please!" Then the lady spoke quite sternly Ι.

While the ugly one, Matilda, slept "Every time you speak, a serpent or Stop. pretty water, a toad shall leave your lips!" Said Mary one day

And Matilda snatched her pitcher, To a frolicsome brook feeling in her heart afraid; That was running away. "Take your pitcher, girl, and At the gate her mother waited, anx-You run so fast, ious for the girl's return,

I wish you would stay-"Did you get the gift?" she ques-My boat and my flowers you will tioned. "What's the news? I carry away long to learn!" II. "Oh, don't bother." snapped Matilda, But I will run after you-

and her mother, horrified, Mother says that I maya shower of toads and serpents For I would know where that the daughter could not You are running away. So Mary ran on, but I haven't heard hide!

HELEN KUCERA, Age 12, Milligan, Neb. That she ever could find Why the brook ran away, -Iris M. Utter, Chadron, Neb.

Wants Letters. Dear Happy: This is my first let

Dear Happy, I want to become a stamps for a Go-Hawk button. I am 'Oh, how good that was," she mur- 11 years old and in the sixth A grade mured, "I was thirsty for the drink, And since you were so obliging, you And since you were so obliging, you

promise to be kind to all dumb ani- not live in town. I have a little and plants. Yours truly, L. Olson, mals and to protect trees and plants. brother two years old and a little age 11, 2383 Harrison avenue, Ogden, I will honor and protect my coun- sister seven months old. I hope Mr. Utah. try's flag. Well, I will close, wishing Wastepaper Basket has gotten tired

to hear from some of your Go-Hawks. and has gone for a walk when my leton one of more sides is said also to Home the little maiden hurried, but Your new member, Mable Pope, Kear- ter arrives .- Faye Craig, Route 1, ney Addition, Nebraska City, Neb. Fairbury, Neb.

A Sixth-Grander.

With each separate word she uttered have one gold fish. I have three sis- promise to be kind to dumb ani- South Fourth street, Omaha, Neb.

out walking when my letter arrives. their yard as one of his kind deeds My letter is getting long now so I this fall.

Another Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2- Neb. cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. This Grandpa's Choice. er to her favorite called aloud, is my first letter to you. I promise See the luck that came to Mabel; to keep the pledge. I am 10 years First and best of earthly joys,

wouldn't you be glad and proud old. I have two cats and a dog for I like little girls and boys; When she reached the spring, behold pets. I will close now, hoping to re- Which of all do I like best? ing someone else a drink;

ceive my pin real soon. Sadie Phil- Why, the one's that's happiest -RILEY, North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.

Dear Happy: This is my second Dear Happy: This is my first letter has started again, for I like to go five kittens, two white and three seventh of June. We have two or black ones, and a dog, whose name three old cats and they all have kit

is Midget. I am a reader of your tens, then we have a collie pup. These paper and I like to read the Happy are all our pets. The collie pup is land. I would gladly answer if some after my brother all the time. We call of the Go-Hawks would write to me. him Cap. We will try to be kind to I will close now. Yours truly, Willet- all dumb ais mals and to do a kind ta Abegglen, age 10, Box 105, Howe, deed every day .- Claire Paulsen, age Neb.

## A Seventh-Grader. Dear Happy: I would like to join

the Go-Hawks. I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss' Eva Bowers. I will send the coupon and the 2-cent stamp. I wish to receive my button real soon .- Thelma Gar man, Minatare, Neb.

Jean Bullingr of Hyde Park, Mass., had a little lame bird last summer and tried to teach it how to fly.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Go-Hawk, I will enclose a 2-cent tribe. I live in Ogden, Utah, but my

> Likes Our Button. Dear Happy: I received my button and was very glad to get it. My sister wants to join also, so she is writing

a letter to you today. Our school Dear Happy: I would like very opened September 2, 1924, and I was Where do you go when you go te sixth grade at school. For pets I I hope to get my button soon. I new friend, Mary Distefano, 1413

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join

the Happy Tribe, as my sister joined

'Way-'way in where's Little Bo-Peep And Little Boy Blue, and the Cows and Sheep Franklin Allen of Columbus, O., is A-wandering 'way in there-in

> there-A-wandering 'way in there!

9. Wayne, Neb.

Through Sleepyland

Where do you go when the Fairles

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Little boy! Little boy! Where?

7-B

call. Little boy! Little boy! Where? Wade through the dews of the

and has her pin anl likes it very grasses tall, much. I would like to join also. En-Hearing the weir and the waterfall closed find a 2-cent stamp and please send me a pin.-Emma Brand, 1145 And the Wee-folk-'way in there-

in there-

And the Kelpies-'way in there!

from her mouth a jewel dropped ters and one brother. I promise to be mals. I am 7 years old and I and And her mother in amazement all kind to all dumb animals. From in the second grade at school. I her angry scolding stopped: your friend, Helen Cochran, age 12, hope Mr. Wastepaper basket will be going to keep the leaves raked up in

What is this? Explain this wonder" Grand Island, Neb. While the falling jewels glittered like

'Daughter! daughter!" then the moth-

butter, two teaspoons baking powder

around three sides of it, it where from your lips shall fall a pearl, protection from the winter winds, And so saying, like a shadow into the ain and snow, An evergeen branch shield the food. It will be fine to have the birds come and feed near my win- And her mother, full of anger, stood and waited at the gate; dow for it will give me such a good hance to study them whey they are "Idle creature! Lazy loafer! What has so close to me. Your friend, PETER.

POLLYS COOK

coom. By putting a ra.

Peter and daddy are always glad when I have a new receipt for des sert, for you know how men and boys like sweet things. Here it is:

**Dutch Apple Pudding** One cup of sugar, one tablespo



