

Stories of Our Little Folks

A Lesson. Prize.

Dear Happy: I am going to tell you a story this time. Once upon a time there were two Once upon a time there were two little girls, one named Mary and the other named Ruth. Ruth was a good little girl and Mary was naughty and stingy. One day Mary's 701 South Burlington Avenue, good little girl and Mary was hadge. I am Ninth grade.—V 701 South I mother said: "Girls, go to the woods and get some berries." "All right, mother," said Ruth; "no," said Mary.

Ruth started. Mary made up her

to go after Ruth had gone.



"Mother, I am going too," said Mary. "No," said her mother, "you will get lost. You cannot find the home and cannot find Ruth either." Mary went anyway and did not find Ruth. On the way she met an Indian. She ran but the Indian caught her. When Ruth got home her mother said: "Where is Mary?" "I do not know, I have not seen Ruth answered. Their father came home and they went to find Mary. They found her, and after that she never ran away again, Mildred Mann, aged 10, Oxford, Neb.

Two Neighbors.

Dear Happy: I received the Go-Hawk button today. As I only wrote you a letter last time, I will send

plow my ground, but I haven't any plow. What am I going to do?" Mr. Smith: "What am I going to do? I have a horse, but I haven't any plow. I want to plow my ground, too."

Mr. Brown: "You have a horse? Well, I have a plow. Why not loan
"e your horse to plow my ground,
n I will let you take my plow to
plow your ground."
Mr. Smith: "That will be a very

good idea, and agreeable to me. You take the plow home with you at once. As soon as you are through I will come to get the plow and horse, and do my plowing. I am glad to have you for my neighbor."
This arrangement proved very

pleasing to each, and these two men were always good friends after this. Yours sincerely, Jean Clark, Stroms-burg, Neb.

Loves Happyland. Dear Happy: I want to belong to the tribe. I read The Bee every

nday. I am 9 years old. I am in the fifth grade. I like to go to school, but nothing is better than to read your letters. I am a new member of the tribe and I would like to win the gold arrow, the blue-bird and the Indian head. I read eary story and play in The Bec. I just jump for joy when it comes from the mail. I hurry and open it to Happyland. Please find mem-bership blank. This is all I have to say right now, but I will have more next time.-Wyeth Edison Einfalt, Aged 9, Minatare, Neb. A Second Grader.

cent stamp. Please send me the button. I am a little boy of 7, and

ATTENTION, GO-HAWKS

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks and I am enclosing a 2-

Anyone wishing to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe must be sure and send two cents or a two-cent stamp-when two wish to join send four cents.

The following have sent their names and forgotten to inclose two cents. That is why you have

Leola Hall, Ashland, Ncb.

ty-first avenue, South Side, Omaha, Neb. Rose Anna Rogers, Box 39, R. R. No. 1. Lyons, Neb. Andy Shaifer, Hooper, Neb. Esther Kirk, Gibbon, Neb.

Maxine Murphy, Arapohoc

treet. Omaha.

Margaret Heninger, Blair, Neb. Edward Pollard, R. R. 1,

am in the Second grade in school. I enjoy reading the stories on the children's page of The Sunday Bee. My father has taken The Bee for the past 15 years.—Clyde Longacre, Aged 7, Rising City, Neb.

Likes Our Club.

Dear Happy: I am very much interested in the Go-Hawks and I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawk club. Please send me the rules, which I will obey with great

Another Way to Be A Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk is very grateful on Thanksgiving day for the good things that have come to him. Just think how many they His parents, his home, his friends and good times, and per-haps you can add some others, So, remember, a good Go-Hawk is very grateful on Thanks-giving for all the good things that have come to him.

A Fourth-Grader.

Dear Happy: I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. I attend the Guardian Angel school at West Point, Neb. I want to join the Tribe. Please send me the official button and the rules.—Marvyle Moore, Route 2, Pender, Neb. from door to door never finds it."

kindly send Happyland?

In these days of cheap lucifer matches there is rarely any need for us to "make fire" when we want to light a fire of wood. But even with matches it sometimes happens that a whole boxful may be wasted on a windy day before the fire can be lighted. It is useful, therefore, to put a great coat or cloak over our head and over the piled up wood before we strike the matches, and then, if we have taken the precaution to gather plenty of dried grass and small twigs we shall have no diffi-culty in lighting our fire. Wax matches are much better for outdoor use than wooden ones, as the latter get damp in wet weather if they are exposed to the air for long. If we have nothing dry to rub the match upon, we may ignite it by scratching the head of it with the blade of our penknife.—Book of

Reads Our Stories.

Knowledge.

Sunday and enjoy them very much, though I have not written before. I wish to join the Go-Hawk club.

I saw a riddle in the Sunday pathough I have not written before. per and know what it is. The riddle reads, "What goes up and goes Please send me the rules, which I will gladly obey, and also wear the badge. I am 15 years of age and in the tenth grade.—Esther Stroh, Aged 15, 400 South Lexington Avenue, Hastings, Neb.

"You hear a lot about Easy Street."

To Light a Fire. Autumn winds are blowing, It will soon be snowing;

Far from the ground.

First one falls then another. Girls, boys, sisters, brothers; No one ever frowns or sighs, For they'll soon go bye-low-bye. -Olga Sump, Aged 12, Millard, Neb.

A Worker.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2cent stamp for you to see if I could join your Happy Tribe. I read your paper every Sunday. I like to read the letters and stories, so I said I would join. I would like to get the bluebird if I could and all the rules. I would like it very much if some of the Go-Hawks would write Dear Happy: I read the letters to me. Well, my letter is getting of the Go-Hawks in The Bee every very long, so I will close.

Will the boy who sent the name of "Robert Rosenest, 1202 with no further address. kindly send correct address to

WHAT THANKSGIVING MEANT LONG AGO!

The Thanksgiving that all the Happy Tribe boys and girls celebrate next Thursday with its merry-making turkey and other good things to eat is very different from the first Harvest Home of 30 years ago. Those of you who have studied history, or read stories of those early days, will remember how, after prayer and fasting, and a farewell feast, the Pilgrin fathers left the city of Leyden, in Holland, for a new and unknown land. After a hard trip across the ocean, the Pilgrims sighted the new world

and were filled with prayer and thanksgiving.

Going ashore, they fell upon their knees and gave thanks to God for their safe voyage. After that, whenever they were protected from accidents, and given greater strength to meet the trials of their new life.

they always "gave God solemn thanks and praise," as they called it. That first winter in the new world was a very hard one on the little colony of Pilgrims and it grew smaller because hunger and illness took the lives of many. Oh, how glad they were when they saw the first signs overcome the force of cohesion beof spring in 1621 and knew that they could soon sow their seed. Then how eagerly they watched the seed grow, for they knew how much they needed a big harvest if they hoped to have plenty of food.

The first signs overcome the force of cohesion between the drops, and has pulled them apart with a greater force than that which held them together.

Soon spring and then summer hurried by almost as fast as though they had wings and were flying through the air. Autumn came. Never motion of the drop as it fell. When before, even at their old homes in England and Holland, had the world the motion of the drop is arrested, it looked so beautiful to them. Gold, brown and scarlet were the woods cannot be lost or destroyed; it must decked in rich foliage and they were full of game of all kinds. Old Mother Nature had been very kind and had sent plenty of warm sunshine and refreshing showers and so the tiny farms of the colonists were ready with big crops to harvest.

At last the Pilgrim fathers saw before them their reward for all their

long days of watching, work and prayer. Their hearts were full of gratitude as they held the first Harvest Home in New England. For one whole week they took a vacation from their work and enjoyed various games and sports. Many Indians came to visit them at this time and for three days the Pilgrims entertained King Massasoit, one of their great chiefs, and 90 of his braves. The Indians then went into the woods and killed fine deer, which they brought back as gifts to the governor and the captain and others who had been so good to them.

What a great merry-making they had and, oh, the good things they

had to east: Oysters, fish, wild turkey, Indian maize and barley bread, geese, ducks, venison and other savory meats. How busy were the good housewives with kettles, skillets and spits and the sweetest of music was the clatter of spoons and forks on the pewter plates. Vegetables included onions, melons, cucumbers, parsnips, carrots, beets and others, as well as delicious wild grapes. With such a royal feast the Pilgrims celebrated

their first golden autumn at Plymouth.

Their hospitality to their Indian guests made the Indians much more friendly to them. Surely the Pilgrims were better and braver men for laying aside their work for a while and inviting their red brothers to rejoice with them over their bountiful harvest. In this way they tried to show their gratitude of God for the riches given them through their faith in his loving kindness. This was the beginning of many Thanks-

Every good Go-Hawk on Thanksgiving will not think only of his own fun and his dinner, but his heart should be full of loving gratitude for the many good thinks that have come to him since

A Rude Awakening. It was very early in the morning. The Teenie Weenie cook had not yet started the fire for breakfast. Gogo, half dressed, had come out to souse his head up and down in a thimbleful of cold water, as he loved any other Teenie Weenie was yet stirring, when suddenly there came loud shrieks of terror. When the little people saw Box, Hall they were frightened themselves, for the trim little cottage, washed around to look at the dam-selves, for the many good thinks that have come to him since warpped in her bathrobe, she, at last washed around to look at the dam-selves, for the many good thinks that have come to him since warpped in her bathrobe, she, at last washed around to look at the dam-selves, for the trim little cottage, was now tipped far over to one side, and from its windows hung Miss Guff, her sister, and Josephine Bone, all frightened and calling for help. "It's an earthquake an earthquake!" called Miss Guff, generally so stiff the looked like a toboggan slide. I thought a cat had chased a mouse loud shrieks of terror. Syxopsis.

gests the Go-Hawks burn the dolls at the stake, NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued From Last Sunday)

"They'll let us if they thought it s their duty," quickly responded loyal chief, "and I don't s'pose y ought to play with dolls, not a-doors anyway where folks can them."

It was with much satisfaction that Miss Sallie observed that they played ed contentedly with them all the forenoon. The motherly little hearts them." was their duty," quickly responded the loyal chief, "and I don't s'pose they ought to play with dolls, not see them."
"Let's all bring sticks of wood

and build a big fire tomorrow afternoon," suggested one enthusiastic boy with cruel eyes.
"And we'll drive a broomstick in

another. "We'd better just invite the squaws sled in the winter and his pony in to come over and bring their dolls, cause they wouldn't come if they knew we were going to burn them,' was the caution of another.

"Let's all wear war paint, only it's so hot it'll most likely run all over us," said Rain-in-the-Face, adding, as usual, a possibility of trouble.
"The dolls'll be just like martyrs and we never played nothing like that b'fore," remarked a small lad who yearned for something new. A sharp, clear whistle recognized by Piggy and holding for him a personal message that demanded instant obedience to its bedtime summons, scattered the tribe unceremo-

niously. "Jack said we were to bring our dolls and stay all afternoon," said Patience the following morning to Aunt Sallie. "Would you 'vise us, auntie, to let them wear their party dresses because they've never been to Tack's house?"

"I believe I would, dear, and I am glad that Jack told you to bring your dolls; it does seem so much nicer to auntie for her little girls to play more with their dolls."

"Our children were pretty good at the party yesterday," said one small mother, and, turning to the doll lying



MOTTO

"To Make the World a Happier Place."

PLEDGE

"I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."

SYMBOL Indian Head for Courage

Why Does the Water Splash When It Drops On the Ground?

In order to answer this question we must first know why water torms drop at all. The answer is that there is a force called cohesion —or sticking together—which acts between the little molecules of the water and holds them together in the round form that makes a grop. Now, when the drop falls upon the ground it is broken up, and this can only mean that something has

This force is to be found turn into something. If the water had sufficient cohesion, and were elastic, the motion would be turned into motion in the opposite direction -the drop would bonnee. But, in-stead of that, the force of the drop's motion is turned into the force that overcomes its cohesion and drives its different parts asunder.-Book of

iuts to 🙉 Why is a bald head like heaven?

Ans.-Because it is a bright and hining spot and there is no parting

Why should soldiers be rather tired on the first of April? Ans .- Because they have just had march (March) of 31 days.

What is the difference between nouse and an attractive young lady? Ans,-One harms the cheese and the other charms the hes. Which is the best sea for a sailor

to be in when there is a gale?
Answer—Adriatic (A-dry-attic).

BOOK

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving, you know, and we are going to have a family dinner. Won't it be fun? I have promised mother to help in every way I can and she has told me that one thing I can do is to make the canberry jelly. I have made it before and will tell you how to do it, so you can help your mothers the same way if you wish.

Cranberry Jelly.

Take one quart of cranberries. Pick them over, wash, then chop them a little. Add one and onehalf cups of cold water and two cups of sugar. Boil five minutes. Rub while hot through a sieve, pour into a fancy mold and set away to At first I tried to press the cranberries through the sieve with a spoon, but mother told me to try the wooden potato masher, and I found it was a lot easier.

Townley-I see you raise your own vegetables. Sububs-O, no. I simply plant

small garden so as to keep the chickens at home.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the First Big Chief, can se-cure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper.

Name Address



so much that she forgot to be grate-Prudence and Patience had seemed ful for anything, but she learned to neglect their dolls of late and so many things with Jelf's help, as you

> (Continued from Last Week.) JELF.

(Gives a merry, little laugh, then chants):

BAD DREAM. A Love Eif! Well, then, you may stay. Now show us what you've done today. To make the world a happler place. And bring a smile to some tired face.

JELF. (Blows on the silver flute that always hangs by his belt, Elizabeth Ann moves over nearer to the edge of her bed as though she would fall out in her wonder. Pink Rose enters from right stage, with light, grace-

Hawk button today. As I only wide you a letter last time, I will send you a story this time.

You a story this time.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith were two neighbors. Mr. Brown had a horse, but no neighbors. Mr. Brown had a horse, but no plow.

Mr. Brown (to Mr. Smith): "How on you do, Mr. Smith): "How of you do, Mr. Smown (to Mr. Smith): "How of you do, Mr. Smith? I want to label you do, Mr. Smith? I want to label you ground but I haven" any label you ground but I haven" and label you ground but I haven to glad you say you will, 'cause there

I cheered a sick child with my bloom.
And perfumed the dull, heavy air.
To cheer a sad heart I found there;
And a pale little face smiled with glee.
There are dozens of roses like me
YOU can pick, as you stop in your play,
But you whine and you russ all the day.
BAD DREAM. (Interrupting crossly and pointing through the window.)
Gut there in your garden of flowers.
Just fading in sunshine and showers.
Oh. think of the little bouquets.
You might send sick children these days?

JELF.

(Soothingly.) That's the reason, Elizabeth Ann.
We must all do the best that we can.
It's a shame for a rich child like you
Not to think of the things she COULD

(Tapping is heard on the door. Enter left stage Bottle of Milk.)
BOTTLE OF MILK.

(Joyously)
I am a bottle of good, rich milk,
To make your cheeks as soft as slik;
And here comes a loaf of eweet white
bread
For the little lame girl who stays in bed.
(Enter Loaf of Bread, Bottle of
Milk addressing her.)

(Enter Loaf of Bread, Bottle of Milk addressing her.)
Dear me, Bread, I'm glad you're here!
My heart was really full of fear
Because I missed you, for we know
Just how small Molly's eyes will glow
When mother brings us to her bed.
Do you remember what she said
Just yesterday, when we were there—
"I am so lucky with your care.
My little room, so clean and sweet,
And this good bread and milk to eat."
(Bread and Milk both point accursingly at Elizabeth Ann.)

cusingly at Elizabeth Ann.) And YOU—
What DO you do
But just complain
The whole day through
LOAF OF BREAD.

LOAF OF BREAD.

(Gently.)

Dear Milk, soon you and I must ge.

For it's Thanksgiving eve, you know.

And so the two of us must try

To make a dinner, you and I—

With not one piece of pie or cake

Or other things that mothers make

For dinner on Thanksgiving day;

Hut little Molly's heart is gay

With strateful thoughts when she is fed.

That makes a feast of milk and bread.

(Someone is heard laughing just

outside the door, and Mr. Turkey

enters with great gusto and struts

enters with great gusto and struts around the room.)
MR. TURKEY.

I am a turkey, for, you see.
Thanksgiving dinners must have ME!
(Mr. Turkey takes his place beside Bread and Milk, where he is in plain sight of Elizabeth Ann, ad-

dressing Bread and Milk.)
I came here just to so with you
And brought my nice, rich stuffing, tea.
(Cranberries cuter and take their places in a half circle around Mr. Turkey.)

ONE OF THE CRANBERRIES.
We are the cranberries, sweet, yet tart,
All ready, now, to take our part
In Melly's dinner. Oh, what fun!
Won't she just be the happy one?
MINCE PIE. (Enters right stage, walks with

much pride and somewhat smartly.)
I am Mince Pie, and my lot
Is to be served tomorrow, quite het.
To a dear girl, as she lies
In her bod and smiles with surprise.
BAD DREAM. (Scornfully addressing Elizabeth

Ann.)
Turkey! Cranberries and Mince Piel
For something more, of course, YOU'D LOAF OF BREAD.

Come, all of you, for we must go. We have a walk through deep, deep (They exit right stage, Bread and Milk walking arm in arm, Turkey and Mince Pie, while Cranberries follow.)

BAD DREAM. (Sarcastically.)
Quite a difference, I would say.
In dinners on Thankegiving day

(Continued Next Sunday.)



When writing stories or letters do not write on both sides of the

not received your badge.

Mary M. Reynolds, Pleasanton, Betty Smith, Waiton, Wyo.
Joyce Smith, Walton, Wyo.
Celia Pearce, Washingto Pearce, Washington.

Dorothy Heler, 13! North Thirty-first avenue. Clara Schultz, 5123 South For-

Lola Harvey, Elsie, Neb. Arthur Guynul, 3127 Grebe

Rogers, Neb. Gilbert Ross, Auburn, Neb. Olive Loshbaugh, Gandy, Neb.

Weenie village. and barefoofed, came running from the hospital, for the shrieks kept on and grew louder and louder every second—and while at first only one person had been calling, now there

were four voices. Teenie Weenies in every style of was a great deal of laughter. the cries for help, which came from Box Hall, the residence built for the the Boone-Guff wedding, when they decided to stay among their Teenie Weenie friends

from had decided to grow right under the country of the Boone-Guff wedding, when they had tipped the little house over to one side.

Weenie friends

from had decided to grow right under the country of the little house over to one side.

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house, the Lovers' bungalow, and The Turk and Paddy Pm nad al-The Turk and Paddy Pm nad alne village.

Doctor, still in his pajamas, viting the little ladies to jump to as ever.

understood what had happened, there

"Well," said the Lady of Fashion hastily, "at least it hasn't turned out seriously, no matter how dangerous it might have been. And think how very, very good that lovely big mushroom will taste at dinner." "Yes," said the Cook. "Some of ou boys chop it down after break-

fast, and we'll have mushroom soup and broiled mushroom on toast-all we can cat." "And in the meantime," said the General, "some of you crawl in and bring out the ladies' clothes. By night time we can have their house fixed up for them as trim and strong

And, sure enough, after the mushroom had been chopped down and carried away, the little house, care-fully eased down by ropes, stood once more upon its supporting posts. "But," said Miss Guff, "I'll never sleep well another night till we have

glad you say you will, 'cause there Thanksgiving eve after she had may be some other boys there and I gone to bed. She had always had wouldn't want to be 'shamed of so much that she forgot to be grate.

felt no premonition of the tragedy in store for them--the crisis approaching in the play world peopled by their family of dolls. Even though they had been drawn from it by they had been drawn from it by their love for their playmate Jack, who had always been their staunch champion, giving them rides on his sled in the winter and his pony in the summer, winning them admission into the charmed tribe of Go-Hawks, still the maternal spark in their hearts only slumbered. It was born in them as it is in every the ground to tie the pris ners to," who had always been their staunch

born in them as it is in every little girl, and sooner or later manifests itself in some form or other. (Copyright by David McKay, All rights reserved, Printed by permission and spe-cial arrangements with David McKay Publishing company.)

(To Be Continued)

Weather Forecast. Every Day-A sunny one HAPPYLAND.



Dot Puzzle



Draw eighty lines both straight and clear, A dancing girl will then appear. picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one