

Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize.) Mary's Visit.

Mary entered the hall of Bad English's palace and went into a peculiar looking room, which was crowd-

trembled as she put out her hand. Next came "He Seen." He was even worse than "Ain't." Mary shuddered as she saw him approach Oh, how she wished that she was home in her own little room, More and more appeared, and finally came Bad English himself.



friends, but foes, and are going to try and win Mary from us. I am To wish them "Merry Christmas" as they say joyfully)

try and win Mary from us. I am sure after Mary has seen them she will choose us."

Very soon they came, and their captain, Good English, called each and asked for them to speak for themselves. They came in order, first was "Have Not," second "Have Seen," third "Just." They were very neatly dressed and had kind expressions after they had all spoken. Good English said, "You have heard what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and to say; now try nearly dressed and had kind expressions after they had all spoken. Good English said, "You have heard what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and had kind expressions after they had all spoken. Good English said, "You have heard what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and had kind expressions after they had all spoken. Good English said, "You have heard what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and had kind expressions after they had all spoken. Good English said, "You have heard what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and had kind expressions after they had all spoken. Good English said, "You have heard what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and had kind expressions after they had all spoken. Good English said, "You have heard what we have had to say; now try nearly dressed and had kind expressions after they had all spoken. Good English said, "You have heard what we have had to say; now the magic say joyiully say joyiully. So you are Give! And yours the magic white paper with whith they had to thine duting they in the hearts of men until they flower. To touch the hearts of men until they flower. To touch the hearts of men until they flower. To touch the hearts of men until they say joyiully. So you are Give! And yours the magic white paper with white tree and to make it seem ilke old times, we'll have joyiully. So you are Give! And yours the magic lively in they had to this touch they in the form they had they had the heart heard what we have had to say; now which of us will you cho "I choose Good English," said

Mary.

Just then a ray of sunlight flashed across Mary's face and she found she was safe in her own little bed.— Bernice Berney, aged 11, Box 494 Albion, Neb.

A True Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I thought I would write to you. I am in the sixth grade and 1 am 13 years old. I was 13 August the 27th. I would like to join the Go-Hawks, if you will have me. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Please send the badge to me right away, as I am in a hurry to get it. I will be kind to all dumb

I will tell a little story to you. When I was walking the other day I saw a boy I know. I went up to see what he was doing. What do you think he was doing? He had a cat and he was going to hunt it. I said: "You can hurt me but don't hurt the cat." So he ran home and I saw him up town. He did not talk to me but I got the cat home. I saw him again. He said he was going to tell his mother on me, but think I will tell his mother what kind of a boy she has. Well, I guess I will have to go to bed now. Yours truly, Leita Heisey, Geneva, Neb.

A Faithful Reader.

Dear Happy: I am a girl 13 years old. I am a faithful reader years oid. I am a faithful reader of your happy page and have decided that I would like to join your happy tribe. I will enclose the membership coupon and a 2-cent stamp for the official button.

I am in great haste to be a member of your tribe and expect to content of your tribe and the your tribe and expect to content of your tribe and the your tribe and expect to content of your tribe and the your tribe and expect to content of your tribe. per of your tribe and expect to con-tribute to your page. Yours truly, Florence Louise Blixt, Aged 13, I wanted to tell him some twins came in Fremont, Neb.

Enjoys the Letters. the Go-Hawks and receive the button. Enclose find a 2-cent stamp and coupon. I want to join your tribe. I read the other letters in the paper every Sinday. I am 12 years old and in the eighth grade. I would like to have the other girls of the Go-Hawk tribe write to me. I would very gladly answer. Must close, as my letter is getting long. As ever, my letter is getting long. As ever, mind. Santa will think of a way, and all of us here in the Forest. I'm sure. The page down to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a "sorry feeling," as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a "sorry feeling," as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a "sorry feeling," as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a "sorry feeling," as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a "sorry feeling," as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a "sorry feeling," as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a "sorry feeling," as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a "sorry feeling," as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a beautiful to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a beautiful to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a beautiful to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a series way given him as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a series way given him a series way given him as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned the fact to anyone, but somehow it had always given him a series way given him a series way given him as he would have expressed it, whenever mentioned t

Two Sisters.

stamp, for me, and for my sister. from time to time. Jelf runs forGeneva Carlson, age 12 years. Please ward with hands outstretched in wants ev'rybody to feel bad." Then to be good Go-Hawks, and kind to all dumb animals. - Lillian and Welcome! Will you tell me who you Geneva Carlson, Ages 13 and 12, Hamburg, Ia.

Duke.

Dear Happy: My name is Glen Guild. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I would like to join the Go-Hawks. Please send me the official button.

Once upon a time there was a dog named Duke. One day Duke went over to the store to get a bone. The butcher gave him a bone every day for two weeks. One day he went over there and the butcher said. "No, you can't have any more bones." hand and dropping mirror at left side, Give recites the following stancame back.—Glen Guild, Aged 10, or as to the strains of "Holy Night" pearing from view just as the Gomaha, Neb.

Comaha, Neb.

Good News From Abigail Ann!

Dear me, whatever do you think Abigail Ann Sheppard has written to Happ? You never could guess, so Happy may just as well tell you. She writes that when she joined the Happy Tribe she made for herself out of brown wrapping paper what she calls her Go-Hawks' Kind Deed Book. She fastened it at the top with pink yarn and every day writes in the kind deeds that she has done in trying to "make the world a happier place."

She says she has 39—yes, sirree—THIRTY-NINE!

Abigail says that when her little book is full then she is going to send And how the wind does howl and

it to Happy. What a wonderful gift that will be. Do hurry, hurry, HURRY, Abigail Ann, and fill your little yellow book, because Happy is waiting and wants to see it so much. You never could guess how much. nor how often, she will look at it, nor how much she will love it for the

ready to welcome Mary to their wonderful palace.

First "Ain't" appeared. He was an ugly, uncouth creature. He extended his hand to Mary. She shrank backwards, hating to take hold of such a creature's hand. She trembled as she out out her hand. glad that he belongs to our Happy Tribe.



Last Sunday in the first section of | in the wings. She pauses between our Christmas play you read who were to be in and all about how they were to be dressed. Today you will find yourselves in the Happy Forest Where the mists and the shadows which our little Jelf loves so well be-cause it is there that he has his Waiting the first Christmas Morn. Fairy Grotto. The name of his on the night burst a light with the dark place bright

Christmas play is "THE HOLLY WREATH." (Continued From Last Week.) ANNABELLE.

were terrible looking creatures, but nothing could quite compare with Bad English.

He boldly walked out and shook hands with Mary. Then he said in a shrill voice: "We are going to have shrill voice: "We are going to have the window, so folks passing by the folks and the said in a shrill voice: "We are going to have the shining out behind the visitors very soon. They are not folked as a shining out behind the said in a shining out behind the shining out behind the said in a shrill voice: "We are going to have folks passing by would see it shining out behind the said in a shining out behind the shining out behind the said in a shrill voice: "We are going to have said are going to have the shining out behind the said in a shrill voice: "We are going to have a shining out behind the said in a shrill voice that morning's goretous dawn. Time has gone speeding on since that morning's goretous dawn. Yet, through the nations I haste every with he nations I haste every with he said in a show the house would not look quite that the hast gone speeding on since that morning's goretous dawn. Yet, through the nations I haste every with he nations I haste every with he said in a show the house would not look quite has the show the house would not look quite has the show the house would not look quite has the said in a show the house would not look quite has the said in a show the house would not look quite has the said in a show the house would not look quite has the said in a show the house would not look quite has the said in a show the said in a show the house would not look quite has the said in a show the house would not look quite has the sound that the sound that the sound that the could have a said in a show the house would not look quite has the said in a show the house would not look quite has the said in a show the house would not look quite has the sound in the could have.

I know the house would not

(Looking at Annabelle wistfully.)
I saw such heaps of holly at the
That when you came in here so hastily,
Your heart was sad store. ANNABELLE.

(Holding up a quick hand decidedly.) No. Mother cannot give us one cent more! We must not worry her—she is so sad— I do wish we knew how to make her giad!

ADRIEN. (Shaking himself briskly, as if to throw off his worries.) Well, cheer up, Annabelle! It

That I saw holly in that wood there.
(Pointing) See?
We had our lunch and it is early yet—
There must be holly somewhere we can
get!

ANNABELLE. (Somewhat cheered.) won't give up. Baby is so dear must celebrate for him this year, is older now

ADRIEN. (Thoughtfully.) ANNABELLE. Last year he was so small he hardly knew What Christmas meant—

ADRIEN. (Interrupting enthusiastically.) Won't he shout with delight we put holly up-or something bright? (As they cease speaking, the two hildren leave stage at L. Jelf watches them until they are out of sight and then rushes out from his hiding place. Running to a near-by tree, he opens a small door in the trunk and takes out a telephone re-

ceiver.) (In a hurried manner.)

Who haven't a prospect of Christmas this year. (Pause.) Dear Happy: I would like to join of course it won't do. I knew that's the squaws weeping.

Of course it won't do. I knew that's the squaws weeping.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

yours truly.—Bessie H. Struve, Aged (He replaces the receiver and closes the door just as the Christ- ing that the hour of reckoning had mas Spirit comes quickly on the come, wept harder than ever. Two Sisters.

Scene, carrying her wand under one a dirty shame," he muttered to himarm and holding a large hand mirror, into which she peeps anxiously old tribe if he wants to, but these from time to time. Jelf runs for-dolls shan't be burned. Just 'cause

I love your pretty wreath and chining

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS. (In a clear, reverent tone.)
I am a spirit. Men have called me Give.
I am the Lover of all those who live.
Down to the smallest child upon the
earth.
(Taking Jelf by the hand, she
leads him to the log and motions
him to be seated.)

him to be seated.)

Come. I will tell the story of my birth

It is an old, old tale, but sweet and true.

Told often, but forever, ever new.

GIVE. (Holding wand upright in right eyes.

On the night burst a light Making all that dark place bright! Dazzled eyes saw a vast angel throng: Startled ears caught that wonderful song, "Christ the Saviour is born!" That was the first Christmas Morn. On that hill, lone and still, Earth and sky and the sad hearts of men:

Mary had thought that his men No, there is nothing else. What can we have to singing and then.

No, there is nothing else. What can we have on that first Christmas Morn.

(Rising and coming forward to

GIVE. (Thus recalled to her worries, I'm the Gray Messenger (Points to him-

with a returning anxiety.) My mirror clouds today. That means some troubled soul has passed And I must help-

(Thus recalled to her worries, raises mirror again to look into it with a returning anxiety.)

My mirror clouds today.

That means some troubled soul has passed this way
And I must help—

(Bends head still lower to look again.)

It clouds on this side. (Pointing) so that's the wiseat way for me to go.

(She starts off in the indicated direction but stops short as the Gray Messenger (Points to himself impressively)—I go, affect lings wings as if flying) just like a bat through the sky!

It clouds on this side. (Pointing) so that's the wiseat way for me to go.

(She starts off in the indicated direction but stops short as the Gray Messenger (Points to himself impressively)—I go, affect in pressively)—I go, affect in pressively—I go, affe It clouds on this side. (Pointing) so that's the wisest way for me to go,

JELF. (Running forward in eager pleas-

Oh, I am glad!—So glad to see you, Friend. happiness.)

Now watch and you will see our troubles (Taking Give's hand and drawing her up to face the Gray Messenger.) This is the Christmas Spirit. She came,

And wants so much to help us. Now with you Here—My, oh! (Capers about gleefully) I could dance and sing—

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT. (Turning to Jelf curiously.)

Winter's Coming.

The north wind is blowing; Cold is the night. Outside it is snowing, And the world is all white.

And how the wind does how! and blow, For we're having snow and cold

So while it is snowing,

The children will play. While the north wind is blowing They'll make snow men all day. -Alta Triplett. Aged 11, R. F. D. No 1, McClelland, Ia,

Except our best each day we try, We cannot win things by and by. Who is the Gray One? What help does

GRAY MESSENGER. (Stepping forward and making a

pressive forefinger.) When they throw themselves down on the ground the ground To kick and scream, I AM AROUND, (From among the loose folds of his garment he picks up an enor-mous pencil, hanging from one end of the cord about his waist, and

makes a long heavy mark upon the white paper with which it is lined.)
I'm the Gray Messenger. (He flaps wings as before) Now, boys and girls, watch what you do. (He shakes finger slowly as he

When you bump baby's head And you won't go to bed And you won't eat what's set out for when you leave off your "Thanks" and your "Please"

And you don't mind your mother—and tease
The dog and the cat—

(He lifts up the left sleeve and

shows the inside paper lining, which is completely covered with black marks set closely together.) (Turning to Give with shining On each Christmas eve, You had better believe appiness.)

On each Christmas eve, You had better believe There are things for Old Santa to hear.

(Turning to Jelf.) A little while ago as on I flew,
Trying to hurry on my way to you,
I found a cottage—ch, so poor and bare!
I found that you can do some good work
there. (Points to L.)
Now you will please excuse me, Jelf,
because

I must report this thing to Santa Claus.
(He bows low with much flapping of wings and flutters out.) (Continued Next Sunday.)

place and try to find out to whom

When the little folks had pulled

the watch to the edge of the grass

it belongs."

they bound it to a long twig, and, lifting it to their shoulders, six of the strongest Teenie Weenies carried it to the rose bush, under which the Teenie Weenie village stood. The watch was carefully placed in the old derby hat which answered the little folks as a school house and armory, and they set out at once trying to find the owner of the watch. For many days they searched the

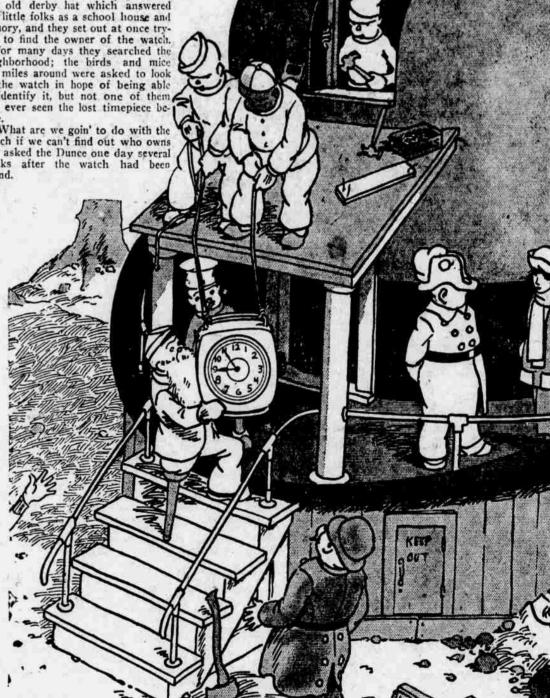
low bow that sets all his long points neighborhood; the birds and mic waving.)
I'm the Gray Messenger. (Suddenly flapping wings, he shouts)

The Wave Consequence of the watch in hope of being able to identify it but not one of them ping wings, he shouts)

All through the big world I go.
And I peep here and there,
As I fly through the air,
And the boys and the girls never know.

The watch in hope of being able to identify it, but not one of them, had ever seen the lost timepiece before.

"What are we goin' to do with the "What are we goin' to do with the (Emphasizing the next with an imit?" asked the Dunce one day several



"Weil, the law requires that any- grape seed I'm not gom to climb up non miles around to see the wonbody who finds a lost article must to the top of a hat every day to wind derful town clock, and the Teenie make every reasonable effort to find the clock." "But if no one is found who claims the watch it may be kept by those who found it."

After much argument it was de"Well, there's one nice thing about "Well, there's one nice thing about having it.

"Well, there's one nice thing about having a town clock," said Grandpa, ond floor window which looked out who had bundled himself up in sevover the front porch. Here the eral overcoats and had braved the

"If nobody claims it," suggested watch could be seen by every one, cold to see the clock, "if the old hat the Lady of Fashion, "I think it and, besides, it would be much eas- should ever catch fire and burn would be nice to make it into a ier to wind. grandfather's clock for the shoe house."

After the window had been refaction of knowin' just when she moved the watch was pulled up and burned."

After the window had been refaction of knowin' just when she moved the watch was pulled up and burned." "My word!" exclaimed the Old

Soldier. "We got the house filled with junk now, and if we put that watch in the old shoe there wouldn't be enough room to take your hat "I think it would be a good idea

to make it into a town clock," suggested Paddy Pinn. "It could be put on the school house and every-body could get some good from it

"All right," smiled the general. "If no one claims the watch in the next three weeks we'll make it into a town clock." At the end of three weeks no one

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 secure his of-

ficial button by sending a 2-cent

stamp with your name, age and

address with this coupon. Address

your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 50,000 members! Reads Everything In Happyland. Dear Happy: I want to belong to the Tribe. I read The Bee every Sunday. I am 8 years old. I am in the fourth grade. I like to go to school, but nothing is as good as to read your letters.. I read every story and play in The Bee. I jump for joy when it comes from the mail. I hurry and open it to Happyland.

age 8, Herman, Neb. WEATHER FORECAST Sun will shine all week in Happyland.

Please find membership blank. This is all I have to say. Roland Wachter,

In Some Buildings. It is the usual thing to see hang-

Why Pails of Sand Hang

ng in large buildings-museums, factories, offices, and so on-rows of pails containing a liquid which can be used for extinguishing the bames in case of fire. It is quite common nowadays to see a pail of sand hanging with the others or in a place The Little People Get a Town Clock. had claimed the watch, so the Teenic One day several of the Teenic Weenies arranged to make it into Weenies found a beautiful wrist a clock.

Weenies found a beautiful wrist a clock. We must pit on warm mittens and caps.

We must pit on warm mittens and caps.

So that we shan't get cold.

For on the window-paine Mr. Winter taps.

He's coming to greet us, I'm told.

We caps day several of the Icenic Weenies afranged to make it into Weenie at I not with a neat root, and the Icenic Weenie stand is for use in case Weenie village had one of the finest watch in some tall grass. It was a small watch although when it stood on end it was almost half as tall as one of the little folks.

"I should say not!" exclaimed the clock weenie village had one of the finest worm clocks to be seen anywhere.

The Turk invented a long handled ratchet wrench, which made the one of the little folks.

"I should say not!" exclaimed the one of the little folks.

"Some one has lost it," said the clock, and you can just bet your last.

"Some one has lost it," said the clock.

"Some one has lost it," said the clock, and you can just bet your last.

The birds, mice and squirrels came by itself. This sand is for use in case Weenie village had one of the finest.

"Let's hang it in the belity," sug-town clocks to be seen anywhere.

The Turk invented a long handled ratchet wrench, which made the one of the finest watch is said to the clock.

"I should say not!" exclaimed the act of winding the watch very casy, school house, will have to wind the locks.

"I should say not!" a neat root, and the Icente Weenie village had one of the finest watch is caused by itself. This said to the locks.

"I should say not!" exclaimed the ratchet wrench, which made the one of the finest watch is caused by itself. This said to the locks.

"I should say not!" exclaimed the ratchet wrench, which made the one of winding the watch very casy, should say not!" a clock.

"I should say not!" a clock.

"I should say not!" a clock, and you can just bet your last.

"I should say not!" a clock, and you can just bet your last.

"I should say not!" a clock, and you can just bet your last.

"I should say not!" a clock.

"I should say not!" a clock.

"I should s used very quickly extinguishes the flame. -Book of Knowledge. -



Why is a fretful man like a hard baked loaf of bread?

Answer-Because he is crusty. What fish is most valued by a oving wife Answer-Herring (her ring).

What is the worst weather for ats and mice? Answer-When it rains cats and

Another Way to Be

A Good Go-Hawk A good Go-Hawk offers his services from time to time. Do not always wait for mother or father or someone else to ask you a favor, but be quick yourself to see when your help is needed. So, remember, a good Go-Hawk offers his services from time to



One of our Iowa Go-Hawks. Doris Hunnel, who is a member of Greenwood school, in Des Moines. has sent me the following recipe for my cook book. I have tried it successfully and I hope some of our other Go-Hawks will enjoy making

Devil's Food Cake. One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one half cupful of sour milk, one-half cupful of hot water, two eggs, two cupfuls of sifted flour, one-half cup ful of cocoa, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Sift the flour, soda, baking powder and cocoa (three times or more). Cream the butter and add one-half of the sugar. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks until femon color. Then cream yolks with remaining sugar until soft. Combine butter and sugar with egg yolks. Add sour milk, hot water, sifted flour (soda, baking powder and cocoa), and last, vanilla. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the mixture. Pour into greased floured pan and bake in moderate oven 35 or 40 minutes.

White Mountain Icing. One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three-fourths cupful of water (scant), one teaspoonful of vinegar, one egg white. Pour sugar into water, add vinegar, put on stove. boil without stirring until the mixture threads when you drop it from the tip of a spoon. Pour slowly over beaten white of egg and stir

What Were the Hungry Forties?

In the early '40's of the 19th century-that is from 1940 onward. very shortly after Queen Victoria came to the throne of England-bread was very dear. Now bread has this virtue, none too common in this world, of combining great goodness with great cheapness, and, therefore, it has always been the principal food—the staple food, as we call it-of the poor wherever it has been obtainable. This was so. for instance, in great empires of the past, such as Egypt and Rome, and it is true of England. In the years round about 1840 bread cost, indeed, often twice as much as it does today, and the poor suffered terribly from hunger. A famous little book dealt with the subject of these days and the author gave it the striking name of "The Hungry Forties."-Book of Wonders.

Attentiion Go-Hawks.

Letters and stories written on both sides of the paper will not 1 appear in print.

Write correct age and address at bottom of letters and stories. The following names have been sent to Happy without a stamp enclosed—That is why you have not received the Go-Hawk but-

Harold Rose, 2530 South Eleventh street, Omaha. Josephine Sirriannai, 1245 South Sixteenth street, Omaha.

Jack Levine, 3426 California street. Omaha Richard Quinn, 616 North Thirty-fourth street, Omaha.

Elma Kosmata, Ord, Neb. Mrs. J. M. Sherrand, 314 Ninth street, Aurora, Neb. Clifford Turner, Du Bois, Neb. Jean Ross, Louisville, Neb.

Dot Puzzle

down we'd always have the satis-



Trace sixty-nine some a ternoon-Perhaps you'll hear him play a tune. picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one

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

Indian Head for Courage,

Trail of the Go-Hawks

SYNOPSIS,

The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, invite the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join their Tribs. While the first meeting causes trouble for the girls, it is the special meeting called by Piggy Runt that causes them even more sorrow. Piggy insists Indian squaws should not play with dolls and the twins are told their dolls must be hurned at the stake. The Go-Hawks go to the hay loft, while the twins sadly say good-by to Lillie and Susanne. Chief Sitting Buil returns to find both girls in tears. He wants to be loyal to the Go-Hawks and yet cannot bear to see the squaws weeping.

He had never mentioned the fact

He hesitated, and the girls believhis face cleared as he made his resolution and, a flash of fire came into his brown eyes, while his voice shook with excitement, "Your dolls sha'n't be burned. You slip over the back

"But what'll Piggy and Rain-in-the-Face do to us?" asked Running Water timidly.
"They won't say anything to you

"The squaws 've gone home and so've the pris'ners. I sent them all home," announced Sitting Bull.
"That's it!" cried several of the little folks. "Let's make the wrist watch into a town clock."

fence. Run for your lives and take them home."

and if they do I'll make 'em burn their pets. Now hike or it'll be too late, "urged Sitting Bull, who did not want the members of the tribe to see the squaws' red and swollen

crowded round the barn. There stood the chief alone as the girls had left him; his face was grave and fearless
"Where are the squaws! and I choose to tie th' pris'ners to the stake," shouted Piggy. "And I choose to light the match,"

chimed in Rain-in-the-Face, "only it's so kind a-windy mebbe it'll go

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AGO. MOTTO

"To Make the World of Happier Place."

animals." SYMBOL