

# Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

tislied Maple Leaf. Once upon a time there was a leaf. It was a maple leaf and it grew on a maple tree. But it wanted to live on a rose bush. One came to the forest, and leaf crief, "Oh, dear fairy me grow on the rose the fairy did.

ay a goat passed. He eat the maple leaf when icked. They hurt, I won't he said. Then he walked began to eat something

long a man passed and against the rose bush. "Oh, errid things," he cried as he



kicked the rose bush. "What beautiful maple tree that is," he said, looking at the maple tree. 'Oh," thought the maple leaf. only I could be back on the maple Kind fairy," it cried, catch-

ing sight of the fairy, "please put back on the maple tree." Will you promise never to be dissatisfied again?" "Oh yes, yes," the leaf cried. never was dissatisfied again. Elsie

Mac Bowls, age 10. Columbus, Neb. The Indian.

One upon a time there was a little girl and a little boy and they went that they can't help it." into a woods one day and saw an The Indian took the little boy and little girl into his cabin and said, you must work for me five long years and a day. So when So when time was up the Indian said, "Now you may go home but do not stay more than a week, for you must come back and work for another five years and a day, then again you can make their plans. go home and again you must come back or I'll make you." So they did, but they told their mother and tather. The father said he would take them to his secret cabin far in in their father's cabin playing with alone in the barn. all their might when they heard a Piggy looked cautiously around to hand rapping at the door. They make sure he was alone, then stole it. looked through there was the Indian with their smell them. Then he concluded to father and mother by the hands. He take a bite off one, to see how good that Indian and now they live very men." He yearned as never for any- 545, Glenwood, Ia.

Has Two Brothers.

Dear Happy: I am going to tell you a story. I am going to school and I am in the third grade. I have two brothers and their names are Austin and Gilbert. They are playing train now. One of my brothers is going to school and he is in the kindergarten. I am 8 years old. I am in the third grade. Please send me a button. My letter is getting long. I will close for this time. wish some of the children would write to me. Good-bye.-Oyen Wiley, age 8, Big Spring, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy:-- I wish to join your Go-Hawk tribe. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp. I wish to have a Go-Hawk button. My name is Fayette Shipley. I am in the fourth A. I am 10 years of age. My teacher's name is Miss Weyerman. She is very nice. Fayette Shipley, age 10, Florence, Neb.

Wears the Button. Dear Happy:-I just received my Go-Hawk button. I like it very

much. I promise to try to follow the Go-Hawk rules. I am 7 years old and I go to the Field school. I was born in New York city and I am going to New York to live some day. Yours truly Frederick Devereaux, age 7, Omaha.

Eloise's Lesson.

When Eloise went to Denver to visit her aunt she had a spunky spell. When her mother alled her Eloise ran the other way and on the curbing, too. She fell down and cut a gash in her leg. She ran in the house crying and her mother only said, "Eloise, if you would have minded me you would not have cut your leg." Eloise agreed and said "Disobedience never pays." Roberta Case, age 11, 2961 North Fifty-ninth street, Omaha, Neb

### Goes to See Little French Girl.

It is evening, suppose we play almost time for you to go to bed and just the time you love best to sit before the open fire when some one is telling a story or reading aloud. It always makes going to bed so much casier if you hear something interesting just before it is time to start, for then you have something special to think about while you are going to sleep. This evening I want to tell you about one of our little French girls. Her name is Suzanne Pradelle and she lives in Colombes, not far from Paris. We adopted her over four years ago and you will often find letters from her in "Happyland." Some of you will remember the letter that told us how nearly we came to losing this little girl. Her grandmother dashed before a moving train and in saving Suzanne was herself killed.

Not long ago a dear friend, who loves the Happy Tribe, went to France. She offered to go to the little French village purposely to find Suzanne, that she might tell us more about her. It was about 4 in the afternoon when she found the house with its quaint French garden, where so many roses were blooming.

Suzanne and her mother were both at home and made the stranger welcome, for they were most eager to hear about the Happy Tribe and the Go-Hawks, who had done so much for them. They begged their visitor to stay all night and tell them more.

Suzanne and her mother live all alone, for the war took every relative from them. Mrs. Pradelle goes out to sew to help earn their living. "They are the best type of our French people," writes this friend to py, "They are the kind you would be proud to know and to have She says Madam Pradelle's greatest worry is about Suzanne's education, because in France, after

children are 12, they have to pay to go to School, The free schools seem to be only for the little children.

The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, invite the twins, Practicate and Patience, to join their Tribe. Two weeks later at a special meeting the twins nearly lose their dolls, as the boys decide to burn them at the stake. However, the chief comes to the rescue and the dolls are saved. The boys feel that they have not done the right thing and sack suggests to Donald and Piggy that they go to the twins and try "to make things up."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Week.)

show 'em we're sorry because all the you with 'em to the squaws. fellows are sorry-but you, a mebbe."

ing to be in ill-favor with the Gopleasantly, it must be confessed. lie if we can't come over and spend the afternoon and have the girls bring out their dolls and we'll play (Copyright by David McKay. All rights reserved. Printed by permission and anything they want. They'll always be afraid of us till we show 'em we

con't burt their dolls." 'Yes, but mebbe they won't play with us," suggested Donald,

"I thought you just said you were

oing to let them choose the game,' nterrupted Piggy. "That'd be better and I'll see 'bout tomorrow. Don't forget the fried cakes. It's nice of you, Piggy, because I know you love them," con-cluded Jack as he rose to go, anxious to find the other Go-Hawks and

The lads looked curiously after his retreating figure. "I never saw such There are many, many children a looney," remarked Piggy, who was struggling inwardly with the question of cakes.

"Yep, but I'm a-going to stick by enough to last them a year, but he him, 'cause you've an awful good would wait until the week was nearly time before you're through. I have gone so they could stay and see their to go home, too," replied Donald. parents for a while. Soon they were and off he started, leaving Piggy

the window and over to the cakes. He decided to

thing before to eat those cakes, yet so strong was the chief's hold over his warriors that Piggy, wished to please him, although not approving the manner.

"But how'll I ever get the old things to them?" he questioned in his disappointment, thus referring to the cakes that were freshly that day. He then recognized Napoleon's whistle in the street and called the little colored boy into the barn, Jack's eyes flashed. "You know "Do you see those cakes?" he de-better than that, but I want you to manded. "Well, I'm going to send Napoleon's eyes looked hungrily

Piggy began to weaken, not want- of it," he murmured. "You can take a bite to match it Hawks, who were responsible for so out of the other for takin' 'em up. many of his good times,"What I'you Ring the bell and give 'em to Aunt want us to do?" he asked, not very Sallie and tell her who they're for. Don't talk any more'n you can help

"I think we'd better ask Aunt Sal- and don't get the cakes any dirtier'n you can help," instructed Piggy.

> Publishing company.) (To Be Continued.) December.

"Once on a cold December night An angel held a candle bright, And led three wise men by its light

To where a child was sleeping. Above our heads the joy bells ring Without the happy children sing, And all God's creatures hail the

On which the holy Christ was born, Oh! may we all remember,

In the cold and bleak December, Unhappy and forlorn, Let us try to lift their sadness, Let us fill our hearts with gladness. And share with them the brightness Of the joyful Christmas morn, -Elizabeth B.

Plays Foot Ball. Dear Happy: I received your Go-

Hawk pin and was feal glad to get

Although it is real cold. I like to go to school and play. I play foot ball after school with my boy opened the door and caught the children. He took them home and made them work and let the mother seemed to him that he had never (Thanksgiving) I am going to eat and father free. That night the boy tasted anything quite so good and enough for you, then I'll be doing and girl slipped over to the Indian he nibbled just a little more. something good for you, won't I? and grabbed his sword and cut off "Shoot the luck! It's them wimmen Well, I will close for this time. his head and that was the end of folks making more trouble for its Your new friend, Bill Baker, Box

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Little Molly, who has been ill so group stands motionless, but at the ong that she has forgotten her last strain the flag-bearer steps forblessings, has a wonderful surprise ward to place one of his smaller on New Year's eve, when Jelf, the flags in Molly's hand. At this point Love Elf of the Happy Forest, calls there is a succession of loud, pop-Year Our January play is called, "MOLLY'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY"

(Continued from Last Sunday.) THIRD PRANK. Holding out opened box of candy Fourth Prank, who stands at his

(He stops suddenly to put one hand over his mouth in order to ide a grin, for the Third Prank painstakingly picks out the largest. flat-footed in order to make a sharp, prownest chocolate cream and takes sudden noise rather like the sound of from the boy with a grand flour- a torpedo. They have boxes of tor-He attempts to bite off a big

taste but finds himself clewing one end of a long piece of cotton that he has stretched out to a fluffy string.) THIRD PRANK. (Continuing his speech as he imp-shly catches hold of the cotton the Second Prank holds between teeth. He pulls it out still further as he soberly advises his victim.) (Again winks at audience as the

made Fourth Prank picks the cotton out of his mouth. FOUR PRANKS. (Suddenly running up to April Fool and saying together as one of

"Well, I'm going to send their number embraces him droll fervor.) Dear April Fool. love your rule.

> That things go strangely wrong. THINGS GO SO STRANGELY WRONG: APRIL FOOL.

(Nodding his head with a great The sait gets in the sugar bowl!
Don't find a pocketbook.
If some one gives you candy—
O-o-o-o-oh!

Do stop to take a look!
(Four Pranks form a circle about April Fool and dance round and round as they hear the first strains of "Turkey in the Straw." All at once the circle is broken by two who pulling April Fool from the stage. As they go all dance with big, leaping steps, much kicking of heels and "Y-y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir," bending of knees as the feet are the Dunce, who was shivering by At the moment of departure raised. they stop to sweep the ground in an

MOLLY.
Those funny things! Oh, can't we call

No, they are far off on their homeward track. MOLLY. (Holding up her finger as music

changes.)
Listen: Some one else is coming here.
(Miss Easter comes in with sheaf of lilies in her arms. With her are two little girls, each carrying a single blossom.) MISS EASTER. Easter in the bright New

MOLLY. (As Miss Easter detaches a beautiful lily from her sheath and hands it to her.)

For me, Miss Easter? What a lovely thing!
Why, I could close my eyes and think it's MISS EASTER.

MISS EASTER.

MISS EASTER.

And spring will blossom like a sweet surprise.

And I shall come and greet you suddenly Before you know it's even time for me.

(Turning to the audience, she recites slowly to soft music.)
When the world wakes from its sleeping And the birds come back to sing. And the first brave sunbeams creeping. Cast their gold on everything. When the forest buds are swinging And the gray skies turn to blue. You will hear my joybells ringing. "Wake, the world is born anew!"

And the moist spring winds are blowing fragrance from the woodland.

And the sunshine with its glowing coares folded leaves apart:

When the soft spring air is bringing lilles' fragrant love to you.

I will set my carols ringing, "Wake, the world is bern anew."

(She turns to Molly to smile tenderly and say.)
MISS EASTER. Goodby, my dear,

And I know you will run to meet me then.
(Miss Easter and her maidens drop a pretty curtsy and go off stage as the music changes to a patriotic strain, and Decoration Day comes in with her arms full of iris. Her four flower-bearers carry small fancifully-draped baskets, filled with roses, syringas, masses of snowball, while a boy with a beautiful cluster of flags brings up the rear. form a pretty group with Miss Decoration Day in the center and stand immovable until the music ceases Then the Leader holds out her hands toward audience and speaks.) DECORATION DAY.

The gifts of earth and the sun and ahowers,
The nation's need of her bravest flowers.
To honor the sleeping brave.
Syringas gleam, as their leaves unfold,
The roses open their hearts of gold.
The roses open their hearts of gold.
To shine on an honored grave. (Flag-bearer steps forward and speaker touches colors in flags caressingly as she speaks.)
The red, for their brave deeds nobly

The white for a purpose purely won,
The blue, for our true zons, every one,
Shall shine where our banners wave.
(As speaker ceases the music betriumpant playing of the "Star of the chimney.
Spangled Banner." During the en"Y-y-y-yes, s-stire time the first verse is given the frightened Dunce, Turning to audience, makes the owing speech, which the

heir torpedoes at fitting places. The Flag-bearer waves his banners durng the last verse.) "Heem" go the cannons,
"Hang!" go the cannons,
"Hang!" goes the gun.
"Pop" go the crackers,
Adding to the fun.
"Crack!" say torpedoes,
like and fat and black.
"Whiat!" hiss the chasers
In their crooked track.
Starcy hanners floating,
What a Jolly noise
When the Fourth comes calling
On the sirks and hoys!
(Music changes to "Dixie" and the
Fourth and his attendants whirl

Calendar Boy, who sends for ping noises behind the scene, and de days of his bright New regreet the little sick girl.

January play is called.

July stalks proudly along with his placed his box of torpedoes on the control of the last of the Torpedo Boys has box of torpedoes on the last of the Torpedoes on the last of the Torpedoes on the last of the last of the last of the last of the Torpedoes on the last of t

arms full of large Roman candles.

About his neck are many rope necklaces of graduated length, with hun.

(There is a slight pause as the last laces of graduated length, with bundles of the various sized firecrackers notes of the stirring air die away.

Then the music changes to a low, fastened by twos, threes and fours, until he looks as if he might be wearing a firecracker breastplate. At sight of flag he salures promptly, while the Torpedo Boys do the same, them in a dainty weaving completing the action by springing drawing the two forward by a long high into the air and coming down pale-green ribbon, which has been pale-green ribbon, which has been passed around the waists of the chil-

VACATION DAYS. pedoes in their hands and while (Coming forward to bow smilingly Fourth of July is speaking, they at Molly.) punctuate his recitation by discharging torpedoes at chosen places, making funny gestures in between.)

Oh, we are gled Vacation Days?
Beside the sunny sea.
Where skies are blue
And waves are, too,
We frolic merrily.
BOY. Happy New Year!-Well, just see who's (Running up to Jelf to seize his hand and shake it vigorously.) We build our castles on the sand, Go wading when we please, And in the weed, (Pauses to lug himself and smack You are the same old noisy boy-that's

lips rapturously.) GIRL AND BOY (together). Oh, my how good! That lunch beneath the trees;

(Continued Next Sunday.) WEATHER FORECAST. Snowing good times in Happyland.

FOURTH OF JULY, A Brave Rescue.

It was in the little town of Pinkerfour vill, in the western part of the United orpedo Boys illustrate by exploding States. The whole population that could move about was hurrying toward the mill, situated on one

Leaning out of one of the few 12 was crying frantically for someone to rescue him. The few firemen whom the town boasted were powerless to do anything. The fire had gotten such a headway that the mill was hopelessly lost. A boy of about the same age as the lad in the window rushed from the crowd into the smoke and flames. A few minutes ater he emerged triumphant but tot-The next day the town council

voted the rescuer a medal.
PAUL M. WRIGHT, 2777 Chicago St., Omaha.

### ANOTHER WAY TO BE A GOOD GO-HAWK

A good Go-Hawk always repeats to his friends the pleasant things he hears about them and tries to forget the unpleasant. Why make your friends unhappy or sad by telling them things that hurt them and are often untrue. How much better it is to bring them joy by doing just the opposite.

New Member. Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe, so please send me a button. I am in the sixth grade, Once I dreamed that there was a 11 years old. My name is Florence wolf after me. I thought he was going to eat me up. I got scared, and woke up papa and told him there was a wolf after me. He told me not to be scared.-Elsie Jensen, Route 2, Valley, Neb.

### If We Could Go On Traveling Upward Where

Should We End? The word 'upward' has no real of the few small rivers in this sec- meaning. The earth is a round ball, Upward simply means away from the ball, and we might therefore Smoke was floating over the sur-rounding country. "The mill is on fire," was heard everywhere. surface, and the result would be small windows, a small boy of 11 or different in every case. The upward journey from any point would, for instance, be in directly the opposite direction to the upward journey from another point exactly on the other side of the earth. For every point on the earth's surface plainly must have a point exactly opposite it, and the point opposite any is called its antipodes, a word which

means opposite the feet. But suppose we make our tering with his unconscious burden. tion more manageable by thinking of only one point, anywhere on the earth's surface, and then asking what would he the end of a con-tinuous upward journey from that point. Then time comes into the question, for the line of the journey would never be the same in any two seconds of time in consequence of the various motions of the earth, But suppose we fix on a place and on a moment of time, the answer, whatever the place and moment, will be the same—that such a journey would have no end, for we cannot fmagine that space has any end at all.—Book of Wonders.

First Letter. Dear Happy:-I wish to join your happy tribe. I enclose two 1-cent stamps. I am in the fifth grade, My teacher's name is Miss Carson. am sure anxious to receive the button and the rules. I am a girl Grafton, Lexington, Neb.

### Has a Pet.

Dear Happy: I would like join your happy tribe of Go-Hawks. I am sending my 2-cent stamp.

I am 7 years old and in the third grade. I have a little white kitten. its name is Muff. I would like to get my button. Yours truly, Jacob



Some of my Go-Hawk readers have been awfully good about send-All the Tecnie Weenies promised ing me recipes lately and I am alit was frozen strong enough to be Tolland of Lawrence. Mass., sends safe, and they did not have long to me this dessert, which she says she "I've talked and talked until I'm wait, for Grandpa's prophecy came has tried and knows it is good. So I am making it for dad and mother The weather turned cold, and and Peter, and perhaps you'll want to

three days later the ice was six try it on your family, too.

Teenie Weenie feet thick on the pond

Peach Tapioca. Peach Taploca. Four tablespoonfuls of minute tapoca, one-fourth cup of sugar, oneparty, and for some time there was much sharpening of tiny skates. The Cook, with the help of the Lady of Soak tapioca in one-half cup of Fashion, made many dainty sand-cold water for five minutes. Add boilwiches and almost a thimbleful of ing water and salt. Cook mixture in a double boiler until the tapioca is Although the weather was mighty transparent. Add the sugar. cold, the little folks did not mind it the halves of peaches in a serving a bit, for the men soon built a roar-ing fire. A big clothespin was dragged up near the fire where the Serve with cream.—Milder Tolland. Thanks ever so much, Mildred. Teenie Weenle toes. Tilly Titter When you try something else and flew down and sat on a limb of a find it good, don't forget to send the

> 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 official button by sending a 2cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 50,000 members!

## Will Have a Party.

Dear Happy: I have read your letters every Sunday. They are so interesting. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and would like to get my button to become a good Go-Hawk. I would like it very much if some of the other little Go-Hawks would write to me. I would gladly answer them. I am 10 years old. I am going to have a birthday party November 20 to celebrate by birthday. I am in the Fifth B at school. Affectionately yours, Grace Christensen, Thirty-second Avenue and M. Street, East Omaha, Neb.



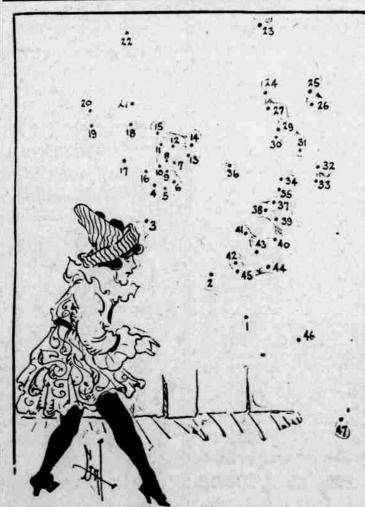
"To Make the World a Happier Place."

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.

# Dot Puzzle





The artist left out twenty-eight Just where the eye should scintillate. picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one numerically.

# "Please, General," pleaded the goin' to freeze harder than a dog Lady of Fashion, looking up from her tatting, "the Dunce didn't mean to be naughty. He didn't think, and All the Tecnie Weenics promised

THE LITTLE PEOPLE HAVE A DAY OF FUN.

FOURTH OF JULY.

JELF.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Of course. My work is just to make a

noise. That's why I'm dear to little girls and

boys. There's always heaps of fun when I'm

around.
How would you like a Fourth without a sound?

(Emphasizing last question with

"Whose clothes are those drying out on the back porch?" asked the I'm sure if you forgive him this time the General to keep off the ice until ways glad to have them. unclasp hands, leaving a line just behind April Fool. The two Pranks General as he hung his plumed hat he will not do it again." on each end go forward and lead in in the closet under the front stairs, pulling April Fool from the stage. "Dunce, have you been skating and

"Y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir," answered the tiny fireplace. "Well, didn't I tell you fellows to

'Y-y-yes, s-s-sir."

"Y-y-yes'am," said the Dunce. tired," said the General. "I'm afraid true.

some one will get drowned; that's why I'm so cross. I don't want to have anything like that happen. The exaggerated bow, keeping up their keep off the ice until it was thick ice always freezes over in the pans enough to be safe?" back of the shoe house A day was set for the skating ice breaks it is almost impossible to delicious cookies.

little skaters could sit and warm their bush overhead, where she watched recipe to the fun for a long time. There were races and hockey games, fancy skating and many amusing tumbles as the little people tried all sorts of tricks.

0.2 get out, for the sides of the buckets did you disobey?" "Well, I-I-I thought the ice and pans are too smooth to climb." ooked s-s-strong enough to hold all "Yes, sir!" answered the Dunce, right, so I t-t-took my skates and for the General had been talking went s-s-skating in that old bucket straight at him.

over by the orchard," answered the comes stronger and changes to a toothpick which stood in the corner

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do,"

toothpick which stood in the corner of the chimney.

"Y-y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir," stuttered the frightened Dunce,

"Well, ye won't have to wait long," put in Grandpa, who was almost sitting in the fireplace. "It's blinked sleepily at the glowing coals.

that night they all fell asleep in their chairs around the fireplace, to the great disgust of Grandpa. "Them Dunce,

"Well, I have a good mind to take you out and give you a sound whipping for your disobedience," said the greezes we'll have a regular skating that want to skate kin skate." muttered the old man, looking about at the greezes we'll have a regular skating that want to skate kin skate." General as he glanced at a piece of party the first time the ice is thick the sleeping Teenie Weenies.

sandwiches.

At noon the Cook made a big pot

ful of hot cocoa, and in no time the

hungry little folks emptied the thim-

bleful of cookies and ate all the

The Teenie Weenies were so tired