



Stories of Our Little Folks

The Disappointed Maple Leaf.
 Once upon a time there was a leaf. It grew on a maple tree and it grew on a maple tree. But it wanted to live on a rose bush. One day a fairy came to the forest, and the maple leaf cried, "Oh, dear fairy please let me grow on the rose bush." So the fairy did.

A goat passed. He ate the maple leaf when he was hungry. "You hurt me," said the leaf. "Then he walked away and began to eat something else." A long man passed and he was angry. "Oh, what a terrible thing," he cried as he walked on.

He kicked the rose bush. "What a beautiful maple tree that is," he said, looking at the maple tree. "Oh," thought the maple leaf, "if only I could be back on the maple tree." Kind fairy, it cried, catching sight of the fairy, "please put me back on the maple tree."

"Will you promise never to be disappointed again?" "Oh yes, yes," the leaf cried. "So the fairy put it back and it never was disappointed again. Elsie Mac Bows, age 10, Columbus, Neb.

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. I wish some of the children would write to me. Good-bye.—Owen 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 scall. When her mother called 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 minded her. Eloise would not have cut minded. 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 easier 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 Colombia, 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 Happy. "They are the kind you would be proud to know and to have helped." She says Madame Pradelle's greatest worry is about Suzanne's education, because in France after the war children are 12, they have to pay to go to school. The free schools seem to be only for the little children.

The Trail of the Go-Hawks

SYNOPSIS.
 The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, invite the twins, Pradelle and the twins, to join their tribe. Two weeks later at a special meeting the twins north lose their dolls. The boys decide to burn them at the stake. However, the dolls are saved. The boys feel that they have not done the right thing and they suggest to Donald and Piggy that they go to the twins and try to make them now go on with the story.

(Continued from Last Week.)
 Jack's eyes flashed. "You know better than that, but I want you to show 'em we're sorry because all the other fellows are sorry—but you, mebbe."

Piggy began to weaken, not wanting to be in ill-favor with the Go-Hawks, who were responsible for so many of his good times. "What you want us to do?" he asked, not very pleasantly, it must be confessed. "I think we'd better ask Aunt Salie if we can't come over and spend the afternoon and have the girls bring out their dolls and we'll play anything they want. They'll always be afraid of us till we show 'em we won't hurt their dolls."

"Yes, but mebbe they won't play with us," suggested Donald. "We'll think up such a good game that can't help it." "I thought you just said you were going to let them choose the game, interrupted Piggy. "That'd be better and I'll see 'bout it tomorrow. Don't forget the fried cakes. It's nice of you, Piggy, because I know you love them," concluded Jack as he rose to go, and made them work and let the mother and father free. That night the boy and girl slipped over to the Indian and grabbed his sword and cut off his head and that was the end of that Indian and now they live very happily at home.—Winifred Brownell, age 8.

December.
 "Once on a cold December night An angel held a candle bright, And led three wise men by his 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 morn On which the holy Christ was born. Oh! may we all remember, In the cold and bleak December, There are many, many children Unhappy and forlorn. Let us try to lift their sadness, 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 real glad to get it. Although it is real cold, I like to go to school and play. I play foot ball after school with my boy pals. I try to do something good for some one each day. Tomorrow (Thanksgiving) I am going to eat enough for you, I mean I'll be doing something good for you, won't I? Well, I will close for this time. Your new friend, Bill Baker, Box 345, Glenwood, Ia.

Dot Puzzle

22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47

The artist left out twenty-eight. Just where the eye should scintillate.

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Little Molly, who has been ill so long that she has forgotten her blessings, has a wonderful surprise in store for her. At this point there is a succession of loud, popping noises behind the scene, and soon Fourth of July and his four Torpedo Boys come in. Fourth of July stalks proudly along with his arms full of large Roman candles. About his neck are many rope necklaces of graduated length, with bundles of the various sized firecrackers fastened by twos, threes and fours, until he looks as if he might be wearing a firecracker breastplate. At sight of flag he salutes promptly, while the Torpedo Boys do the same, completing the action by springing high into the air and coming down flat-footed in order to make a sharp, sudden noise rather like the sound of a torpedo. They have boxes of torpedoes in their hands and while Fourth of July is speaking, they punctuate his recitation by discharging torpedoes at chosen places, making funny gestures in between.)

THIRD PRANK.
 (Continuing his speech as he impulsively catches hold of the cotton of the Fourth Prank, who stands at his side.)

"He stops suddenly to put one hand over his mouth in order to hide a grin, for the Third Prank painstakingly picks out the largest, brownest, most luscious and takes it from the boy with a grand flourish. He attempts to bite off a big taste but finds himself chewing one of a long piece of cotton that stretched out to a fluffy string.)

THIRD PRANK.
 (Continuing his speech as he impulsively catches hold of the cotton of the Second Prank, who holds between his feet a small, round, white object as he solemnly advises his victim.)

"(Again winds at a look as the Fourth Prank picks the cotton out of his mouth.)

FOUR PRANKS.
 (Suddenly running up to April Fool and saying together as one of the number embraces him with drooping arms.)

APRIL FOOL.
 (Nodding his head with a great air of mystery.)

THE LITTLE PEOPLE HAVE A DAY OF FUN.
 "Whose clothes are those drying out on the back porch?" asked the General as he hung his plumed hat in the closet under the front stairs. "Dance, have you been skating and fallen through the ice?"

"Y-y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir," answered the Dunce, who was shivering by the tiny fireplace.

"Well, didn't I tell you fellows to keep off the ice until it was thick enough to be safe?"

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

MOLLY.
 (Holding up her finger as music changes.)

MISS EASTER.
 (As Miss Easter detaches a beautiful lily from her cheeks and hands it to her.)

MISS EASTER.
 Why, I could close my eyes and think it's spring!

MISS EASTER.
 I'll every day with kindness as it fits, And spring will blossom with a surprise. And I shall come and greet you suddenly before you know it's even time for me.

MISS EASTER.
 (Turning to the audience, she recites slowly to soft music.)

MISS EASTER.
 When the birds come back to sing, And the first snows are creeping, And their gold on everything, When the forest birds are swinging And their notes are ringing, You will hear my joshells ringing, "Wake, the world is springing!"

MISS EASTER.
 And the moist spring winds are blowing fragrance from the woodland, And the sunbeams with its glowing coaxes to find the other Go-Hawks, I will set my carols ringing, "Wake, the world is blossoming!"

MISS EASTER.
 (She turns to Molly to smile tenderly and say.)

MISS EASTER.
 Goodbye, my dear. You'll see me soon again! And I know you will run to meet me then. (Miss Easter and her maidens drop a quick 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-decorated baskets, filled with roses, syringas, masses of snowball, while a boy with a beautiful cluster of flags brings up the rear. They form a pretty group with Miss Decoration Day in the center and stand immovably until the music ceases. Then the Leader holds out her hands toward audience and speaks.)

DECORATION DAY.
 I bring the blooms of the spring-tide The gifts of earth and the sun and show the nation's use of her bravest flowers when the blood of her bravest unfolds, Springs to bloom, as their leaves unfold, The roses open their hearts of gold. And in blossom their rainbows hold To shine on an honored grave. (Flag-bearer steps forward and speaker touches colors in flags carelessly as she speaks.) The red, for their brave deeds nobly shed. The white, for a purpose purely won. The blue, for our true sons, every one, Shall shine where our banners wave. (As speaker ceases the music becomes stronger and changes to a triumphant playing of the "Star Spangled Banner." During the entire time the first verse is given the

FOURTH OF JULY.

(Turning to audience, makes the following speech, which the four Torpedo Boys illustrate by exploding their torpedoes at fitting places. The flag-bearer waves his banners during the last verse.)

"Mean" go the cannons, "Bang" goes the gun, "Crack" is the explosion, Adding in the fun, "Crack" is the explosion, Big and fat and black. "What" his the clappers In their crooked track, Merry banners flapping, What a jolly noise.

(There is a slight pause as the last notes of the stirring air die away. Then the music changes to a low, creamy rhythm, and two Vacation Days appear, hand in hand. As they enter slowly, the Tree Fairy and Water Sprite hover lovingly about them in a dainty weaving dance, drawing the two forward by a long pale-green ribbon, which has been passed around the waists of the children.)

VACATION DAYS.
 (Coming forward to bow smilingly at Molly.)

GIRL.
 Oh, we are glad Vacation Days! Beside the sunny sea, Where skies are blue, And waves are, too, We frolic merrily.

BOY.
 We build our castles on the sand, Go sailing on the sea, And in the wood, (Pauses to hug himself and snick lips rapturously.)

GIRL AND BOY (together).
 Oh, that's just beneath the trees; That lush beneath the trees; (Continued Next Sunday.)

WEATHER FORECAST.

Snowing good times in Happyland.

A Brave Rescue.

It was in the little town of Pinkerville, in the western part of the United States. The whole population that could move about was hurrying toward the mill, situated on one of the few small rivers in this section.

Smoke was floating over the surrounding country. "The mill is on fire," was heard everywhere.

Leaning out of one of the few small windows, a small boy of 11 or 12 was crying frantically for someone to rescue him. The few firemen of 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 later he emerged triumphant but tottering with his unconscious burden.

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. They 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 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.

Has a Pet.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your happy tribe, the 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 Price.

POLLY'S COOK BOOK

Some of my Go-Hawk readers have been awfully good about sending me recipes lately and I am always glad to have them. Mildred Tolland of Lawrence, Mass., sends me this dessert, which she says she has tried and knows it is good. So I am making it for dad and mother and Peter, and perhaps you'll want to try it on your family, too.

Peach Tapioca.

Four tablespoons of minute tapioca, one-fourth cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, two cups of boiling water, one-half cup peaches. Soak tapioca in one-half cup of cold water for five minutes. Add boiling water and salt. Cook mixture in a double boiler until the tapioca is transparent. Add the sugar. Put the halves of peaches in a serving dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Pour tapioca over the peaches. Serve with cream.—Mildred Tolland.

Thanks ever so much, Mildred. When you try something else and find it good, don't forget to send the recipe to POLLY.

Coupon for Happy Tribe.

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the first big chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care of 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 my 10th birthday. I am in the Fifth B at school. Affectionately yours, Grace Christensen, Thirty-second Avenue and M. Street, East Omaha, Neb.

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.

The Teenie Weenies

By WILLIAM DONANEY

"Please, General," pleaded the Lady of Fashion, looking up from her tating. "The Dunce didn't mean to be naughty. He didn't think, and I'm sure if you forgive him this time he will not do it again."



"Well, why did you disobey?" "Well, I-I-I thought the ice looked s-s-strong enough to hold all right, so I t-took my skates and went s-s-skating in that old bucket over by the orchard," answered the Dunce.

"I've talked and talked until I'm tired," said the General. "I'm afraid some one will get drowned; that's why I'm so cross. I don't want to have anything like that happen. The ice always freezes over in the pans and buckets first, and when the thin ice breaks it is almost impossible to

get out, for the sides of the buckets and pans are too smooth to climb." "Yes, sir," answered the Dunce, for the General had been talking straight at him.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the General. "If everybody gives me his solemn promise to keep off the ice until it really freezes we'll have a regular skating party the first time the ice is thick enough to hold."

"Well, you won't have to wait long," put in Grandpa, who was almost sitting in the fireplace. "It's

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