

### Stories of Our Little Folks

#### The Go Hawk Hero.

Little Johnny was thinking of the big football game that was to be 4:30 on Monday afternoon and here it was Monday already.

Johnny had earned only 16 cents, he had 31 cents more to earn.

All at once Johnny heard a kitten crying. He ran to see what was the trouble. He found some big boys trying to drown a kitten. Johnny ran up and told the boys to stop.

"Make us if you can." Then little Johnny said: "How would you like to be drowned, and what is the fun of doing a cruel thing?"

The boys began to feel ashamed, and went away.

Soon a man passed by, and said to Johnny, "Have you seen a kitten around here? My little girl has lost one."

Johnny handed him the kitten, and told him the story of its rescue. Then the man said, "You deserve a golden medal." But Johnny answered proudly:

"I am a Go Hawk and that is our duty." The man said, "You may go to the football game with me."

So Johnny went to the football game with the man and had a treat. The man saw that Johnny enjoyed the game so much that he gave him a season ticket to go to all of the games—Rosebertha Tracy, 1306 Park Ave., Fremont, Neb., Age 11.

**A New Year Resolution.** Donald was a cruel boy, who liked to kill birds. He had a twin sister whose name was Dorothy. Dorothy loved the birds and animals.

She did not like to have her brother kill the birds. Dorothy tried to tell her brother it was cruel to kill the birds, but Donald did not listen.

New Year's came around and Dorothy was surprised to find her brother not going shooting with any of the boys. Dorothy asked him if he would join the Go-Hawk club.

He said yes. Donald went out and told the boys what he had done. They said they would do the same. In a few days about 10 letters went to The Bee office.

The boys said they would not kill any more birds. They all kept their promise. Will come of the Go-Hawks please write to me. I will gladly answer.—Rosemary Middlemiss, Aged 12 years, 4122 Hamilton Street, Omaha.

**My Pets.** Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp in my letter. For my pets I have a horse, four pigeons and three cats. I like stamp very much and I enjoy playing with them. I like school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Gallups. I am in the fifth grade and I am 9 years old. Well, I will close.—Your friend, George Bohling, age 9, Pender, Neb.

### Shucked Corn Three Days to Earn Book.

Since today is Lincoln's birthday, as well as that of a number of our Happy Tribe boys and girls, I want to tell you a little story of this great president of our United States. It will show you how much he loved books.

When Abraham Lincoln was a small boy he borrowed a certain book from a rich farmer and a few days later he returned with it.

"I meant to take good care of your book, Mr. Crawford," said the boy, "but I've damaged it a great deal without intending to, and now I want to make it right with you. What shall I do to make it good?"

"Why, what happened, Abe?" asked Mr. Crawford, as he looked at the stained leaves and warped binding of his copy of Weems' "Life of Washington." "It looks as though it had been out in all of last night's storm. How did you happen to leave it out in the rain?"

"It was this way, Mr. Crawford," replied Abe. "I sat up late to read it and when I went to bed I put it away carefully in my 'bookcase,' as I call it, a little opening between two walls in the logs of our cabin. I dreamed about General Washington all night, and when I woke up I took the book out to read a page or two before I did the chores and you can imagine how I felt when I found it this way. It seems that the mud-laubing had got out of the weather side of that crack and the rain must have dropped on it for three or four hours before I took it out. I am so sorry, Mr. Crawford, and I want to fix it up with you some way, for I haven't the money to pay for it."

Well, said Mr. Crawford, "come and shuck corn three days and the book is yours."

My, oh! but young Abraham Lincoln was pleased. To own the book about his greatest hero seemed wonderful to him, and the thought of shucking corn for three days was very little to do in order to own the book.

"I don't intend to shuck corn, split rails and the like always," he told Mrs. Crawford after he had finished reading his book. "Why, what do you want to do now?" Mrs. Crawford was surprised at the statement of the boy. "Oh, I'll be president some day," answered the lad, with a smile.

"You'd make a pretty president, Abe, with all your funny tricks and jokes, and your 'bookcase,'" said the farmer's wife. "But I'll study and get ready," replied the boy, "and then perhaps the chance will come." It did come, as you all know, and because he had studied so faithfully he was ready when the call came.

Tell this story to one of your schoolmates tomorrow, some one who may not read it today. In this way by sharing it with another you will make it more surely your own and will remember it always.

### The Trail of the Go-Hawks

**SYNOPSIS.** The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, invite the twin Prudence and Estelle, to join their tribe. Two of the meetings bring sorrow to the girls, for they nearly have their beloved dolls burned at the stake, as the members of the tribe decide something to do with the dolls. For a week the twins do not play with the Go-Hawks, and the boys not only miss them but decide something must be done. Jack says that the twins are not to be burned, but that they must be hidden until they feel sure the boys would not hurt their dolls or any of their belongings.

**HOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.** (Continued from Last Week.) "How'd we know what a-coming that we might have to hurt?" asked Donald.

"How'd you know you won't get a licking tomorrow? You don't keep a-thinking 'bout it all the time, do you?" retorted Jack.

"I like Aunt Sallie," announced Napoleon, whose heart and palate cherished sweet memories, "and I think we ought to make it up."

"Are you willing to do anything they want?" asked the chief a little doubtfully.

"Yep!" they sang in chorus. "Well," said Jack slowly, "I told Prue that we'd play anything they wanted for one afternoon, and we'd bring their dolls like ladies."

# The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHAY

The Clown Breaks All Teenie Weenie Records for Speed.

"O hum!" yawned the general as he stretched his tiny arms and legs and leaned back in his easy chair. "I'm stupid as a frog, sitting here before the fire, and I'm going out for a walk."

"Me, too!" cried the Indian. "Much heap hot here; better outdoors, where heap plenty air."

Several other Teenie Weenies felt the same way, and in a few seconds seen of the little chap but his arms and legs.

The Turk, who was climbing the hill, did not have time to get out of the way, and when the ball hit him he was tossed high into the air.

The hall rolled faster and faster until it came to a stop up against an old tomato can.

The Teenie Weenies soon dug the poor Clown out, none the worse for his fast ride, and all the little folks laughed until their fat sides fairly ached.

Tilly Titter laughed so hard she lost her balance, fell off the bush and badly damaged one of her tail feathers.

"Great fishworms!" cried the bird, looking at her broken feather. "What do you mean by rollin' down the bloomin' 'ill and makin' me break my bloomin' tail?"

"Well, you didn't have to laugh and fall off the tree, did you?" growled the Clown.

"No, I suppose I didn't," answered the bird. "But it was a bit funny. And she set off into another gale of laughter in spite of her damaged feather."

This is the last chance the many friends of the Teenie Weenies will have to color the picture, for, beginning next Sunday, they will take care of the color work themselves.

The sky should be blue. The trees should be colored a greenish brown, with those in the background a little lighter than the ones in the foreground. The bird ought to be colored dark brown on the back and head, with the breast colored a light gray.

The Teenie Weenies' faces should be pink. Gogo should have a brown face and the Chinaman's face should be tan. The Teenie Weenie's clothes can be colored to suit your own fancy.

**Wants to Join.** Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I will be a true member. Will be glad to receive a button. I am 10 years of age. I am in the fourth grade at school—Georgia E. Lawler, Hershey, Neb.

### Why Do Trees Not Die in Winter Like the Flowers?

This question depends upon a mistake as to the nature of trees and flowers. A flower is only part of a plant. It is a special part, or organ, made by the plant for a special purpose, which is the production of seeds to produce new plants.

We must not speak of the flower as if it were a plant. It happens to be conspicuous because the help of insects is required in the preparing of seeds, and the lower is a flag made to attract the insects' attention.

But there are many flowers which do not require the help of insects. These flowers need not be conspicuous. All trees have flowers, and in most cases they are of the inconspicuous kind.

Once, however, we know that trees have flowers, we do not need telling that these flowers die in the winter, just as the flowers of other plants. But the plant, or tree, does not die, because the flower dies. The tree goes on living, and will produce new flowers next year.

That fact may also be true of many of the smaller kind of plants.

**My Dream.** I was awake when the clock struck 3 this morning. The sun was not up, so I lay still. I tried to catch another nap before daylight. I fell asleep, but not a deep sleep.

I dreamed I was in Santa's palace. I had often wished I might go there. There was a throne in the palace which had steps all around it. Santa sat like a king upon the throne.

He wore a robe of red velvet. It was trimmed with bright feathers. His face was rosy and smiling. His beard was snowy.

I stepped up beside him on the throne. From there I could see children from all lands taking playthings, some from Christmas trees, some from stockings.

One little boy who was sick got his on a tray by his bedside. The girls got dolls, dishes, skates, rings and daisies for their hats. They all looked very delighted. The boys got drums and rocking horses.

One had a live parrot. Then I woke up as the clock struck 7. At the breakfast table I told my mother of my dream. Carroll Price, Elm Creek, Neb.

**Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk.** On St. Valentine's day a good Go-Hawk tries very hard to think of some one who is ill or unfortunate to whom he may send a loving message.

It is not enough to just send Valentines to your friends but you must remember those whose day will be brighter and happier because of your thoughts of them.

**Fatty Dumping.** Once upon a time there lived a little woman in Scotland named Fatty Dumping. She was named this because she made apple dumplings.

People from all parts of Scotland came to buy the apple dumplings. One day she said to herself, "I will make a dumpling for myself!" So she made a tiny dumpling and put it in the oven.

When about two minutes passed Fatty looked in the oven to see if the dumpling was baked, but all of a sudden it jumped up and ran down the street. Fatty ran after it, but she could not catch it, for a chicken ate it.

### POLLY'S COOK BOOK

Dad and Peter are very fond of turnips and yesterday morning when dad started down town he said, "Say, Polly, this is Saturday, so why can't you cook us some turnips for dinner?" This is a little different way to fix turnips and mighty good we think.

**Turnip Balls.** Get red turnips if possible, though white ones will do. Cut them out while raw with a vegetable scoop such as you use for potatoes, then boil the little balls in salted water until tender, being careful not to boil too long so they will keep their shape.

Drain and cover with melted butter. Season with salt, a dash of white pepper or paprika and sprinkle with a little chopped parsley. Good luck to you. POLLY.

**The Reformed Boy.** "Boys," cried Tom Davis bursting into the Go-Hawk's club room. "Boys, I just saw Neddy Harris a little while ago and he was trying tin cans on a dog's tail. The poor dog was just about dead with fright. I untied the cans and took him to my house. He soon felt better but you know Neddy's cruelty to animals. I told mother about it and she told me to tell him about the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe and ask him to join, then he would soon learn about his cruelty. How many agree with me?"

There was a chorus of ayes and a boy in the back of the room spoke. "Sure, we could send for his button, then write him an invitation to come to the club house. We could invite him to our group and let him take the pledge. I will send for the button today and the secretary will write the invitation."

That day when Ned Harris reached home from school he found the invitation; this is it: "You are invited to the Go-Hawks club house tomorrow, Jan., 1922."

The next day the button arrived and the club house was made ready for the initiation. Ned Harris took the pledge and got the button. He soon learned about his cruelty and resolved never to be cruel to animals any more.—Gertrude Holland, Fairbury, Neb.

**Weather Forecast.** Will rain Valentines all week in Happyland.

**Is It a Sign of Rain When Smoke Is Blown Down the Chimney?** It may be or it may not be. If we think about this question for ourselves we shall see that no one could answer simply "yes" or "no" to it. The traveling of smoke up the chimney, and of wind down it, are complicated matters.

We may be sure that when wind blows down the chimney the air is not still, and very often heavy rain, for wind is moving air, and this air may be laden with moisture, which is apt to fall as rain.

But, though wind and rain often go together, so that rain is more likely to fall when the smoke is blown down the chimney, yet there are winds which are usually dry and bring no rain with them. Different chimneys smoke with different winds, and some smoke with all winds, and some with none; so, plainly, it is impossible to answer this question except in a general way.—Book of Wonders.

**Write Roy a Letter.** Dear Happy: I wish to join the Happy Tribe. I am enclosing 2 cents for a button. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I read the children's page every Sunday and like it very well. I wish somebody would write to me. I will gladly answer them. My letter is getting long so I must close.—Roy Lewis, Aged 9, Anselmo, Neb.

**A New Member.** Dear Happy: I wish to join your Happy Tribe. I am enclosing 2 cents for a button. I will try to follow your motto. I am in the sixth grade at school. I am 10 years old. I have three brothers and a sister. I read the children's page every Sunday. I wish some one would write to me. I would gladly answer them. Well as my letter is getting long I will close.—Oliver Lewis, Aged 10, Anselmo, 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 little folks were bustling about the tiny living room looking for hats and mittens.

"If you wait until I can get into some walking clothes, I'll go, too!" cried the Lady of Fashion, dropping her sewing.

"Ah, crickets!" exclaimed the Duncie, "if we have to wait for the women to get dressed we'll never get started."

"You just sit down by a fire and keep your feet warm for the few seconds and the Lady of Fashion and I will be ready before you can say 'Pick a nilly duff down!'" shouted Tess, as she disappeared up the tiny staircase with the Lady of Fashion.

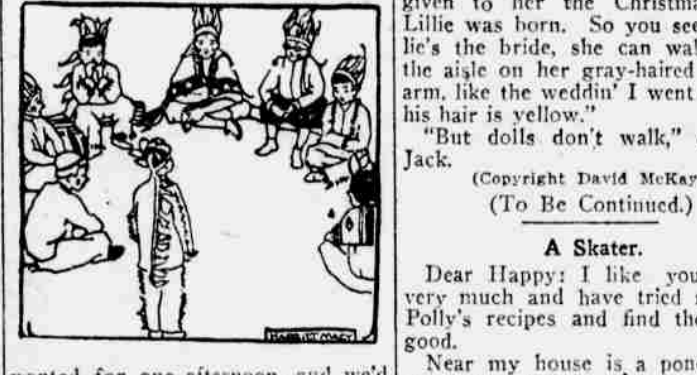
In just a few minutes the two little ladies appeared in riding breeches, boots and warm caterpillar fur lined coats.

in the clean snow until their cheeks were as pink as cranberries.

The Teenie Weenies' friend, Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, flew into one of the bushes under which the little folks were walking, and of course, they stopped to gossip with the friendly bird.

The bush in which Tilly sat stood on the edge of a steep hill, and while most of the Teenie Weenies talked to the bird, the Duncie and the Clown set to work rolling a big snowball. They had rolled the ball until it was about the size of a hickory nut when the Clown's foot slipped. The little chap held on to the snowball with all his strength as it started to roll rapidly down the hill.

In a short distance the Clown was rolled into the ball as it gathered up the soft snow, and soon nothing could be



wanted for one afternoon, and we'd bring their dolls like ladies."

"What'd she say?" an eager voice interrupted.

"She said she thought it'd be grand to have a wedding and all us in it."

"A wedding! well, wouldn't that make you want to go to Sunday school?" exclaimed one little chap.

"Yes, and Aunt Sallie said she wasn't sure we'd behave, so she'd rather have it over there, and I guess she's going to have refreshments," continued Jack.

"Oh! Mehbie it'll be a cake with candles on it," interrupted Napoleon with shining eyes.

"What you giving us? Candles are for birthday cakes. Guess you ain't never been to no swell wedding," interrupted Piggy with superiority.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

"Mike" and "Slivers," two street urchins, are pals and make their home together in an old vacant room in a rickety downtown office building.

Slivers, the younger of the two boys, is the more honest, and when Mike scolds him for not getting rid of all his old papers defends himself. Their conversation is overheard and brings about strange happenings. Before they reach their room that night in February it has been visited by the Icicles and now by Mr. February Thaw.

Our play for this month, as you know, is called "Mr. February Thaw." (Continued from Last Sunday.) Oh! that bare icy ground. (Boys head again.) But, its big, snowy mound just saved my head. I am as frisky as a lamb. (Begins to hop around.) The north wind blew us in—because we were so thin!

(The icicles strut around the room as though looking for a good place to attach themselves. Go near the windows. Sound of rugging water is heard, made by someone off stage pouring water slowly from one receptacle to another. Icicles stop suddenly, listen and then look around as though frightened.)

The north wind blew us in because we are so thin. I'm really glad of that. For if we had been fat, we'd had a horrid fall—no more left at all!

(Pretends to weep in mock grief.) Poor little weel! (Laughs noisily and vanishes left stage.)

(Enter right stage Mike and Slivers. Mike carries an empty paper sack while Slivers still has some papers in the bottom of the sack slung over his shoulder. Mike throws his sack down in a corner of the room.)

**NUTS TO A CRACK** BY BILLY SQUIDREL

Why should a man never tell his secrets in a cornfield? Answer—Because there are so many ears there and they would be shocked.

When is a soldier not even half a soldier? Answer—When he is in quarters.

What game do the waves of the ocean like to play? Answer—Pitch and toss.

If I were you I would not worry. Just make up your mind to do better when you get another chance and be content with that.

**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 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 50,000 members!

### Dot Puzzle



Draw the dots to thirty-eight. You'll see George, so tall and straight. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them successively.

