

# Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize)

### The Sparrow's Nest,

Once upon a time there was a boy ened Ora. Ora had two brothers d one sister. One day their father ald them to come with him. He ed them up to a tree where there cere four sparrows' nests. First he "You knock down that But Ora said. "No." Then he told the other brother to take it down, but he said "No." Then he told the other boy the same, but the Then he asked is little girl, but the reply was "No. Then the father's face grew red with nger, and he said in a tone which



hey listened to with fear, "Why do one of you want to knock the nests They do us no good."

His little girl answered, "Papa, we oined the Go-Hawks and we want to obey its rules. We must not do uch things, it would be disobeying." Then the father said, "Oh! sember now. Well, I am glad you lid not disobey and I will always reember their rules." He never again asked them to knock down a nest. no matter where it lose, hoping some Go-Hawks will to mc.-Lorena Shoemaker, ged 11. Box 18. Becmer, Neb.

## Baby Beth,

The Fodera mansion was aglow swered Jack, rising. "And I'll go in and talk to Lillie castle. Up in the nursery were the servants decorating the large and stately pine with Mrs. Fodrea directing them. Inst as they were appeared from view.

When Miss Sallie and Patience rerecting them. Just as they were putting on the last touches the door popped open and in came Mr. Fodera with a large strange bundle under his arm. Mrs. Fodera inspection of the condition of the out Mr. Fodera did not know.

together. Inside of it was a sweet little baby with rosy cheeks, brown curly hair, and brown eyes. As both on the front seat'n cry—and auntie, Mr. and Mrs. Fodera were very won't you dress a husband for us?"

Inside of it was a sweet —and they're all coming here to sons. I have a dear little niece and of the bunk—back center stage. St. Valentine walks near to Mike and sweetest little babies I ever saw, just sweetest little babies I ever saw, just sweetest little babies I ever saw, just specified to be a local property of the baby.

"Here it is the grade. I date thinsic resisting they group themselves at nead of the bunk—back center stage. St. Valentine walks near to Mike and sweetest little babies I ever saw, just specified to be a local property of the baby.

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Baby Beth was brought to the Jack and Patty saw her they said gretted the heartache they they couldn't give her up and de- caused, she determined to make the clared Baby Beth was the best Christmas present of all.—Delores Fox. Age 12, Albion, Neb.

# First Letter.

letter to you. Wish some of the have his hunger satisfied.
Happy Tribe would write to me and Prudence was in her el would gladly answer their letters. Well I must close. Good by .--Ardyce Lucille Strong, Aged 13, Almeria, Neb.

# Wears the Button.

Dear Happy: I received my badge roday and like it very much. I am proud to be a Go-Hawk. I received five books for Christmas, a horn, a hnife and also an ark. We have a heautful calendar. My friends I know would like to join, too. I thank you very much for the badge. I would like to see the Go-Hawks and also see you. Yours truly-Adam Jeffrey, Aged 7, Basset, Neb.

# A Seventh-Grader.

Dear Happy: I am 13 years old and I am in the seventh grade at school. I would like to become a Go-Hawk, and please send me the button as soon as you can. I read The Sunday Bee every Monday and enjoy it very much. I have a little pet dog and when I put my hand in front of him he will raise up his foot and shake hands. As my letter is getting long I will close.—Fred Schroeder, Aged 13, Guide Rock,

## Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: This is my first let-er to you. I have been reading your page and thought I would like to become a member. I am in the seventh grade. I have two sisters. Martha and Lenore, and two brothers, Robert and Arthur. I have two pet pigeons and one cat. I am very fond of them. They eat out of my hand.-Amalie Ditzen, Aged 11. Battle Creek, Neb.

First Letter. Dear Happy. This is my very first letter to the Go-Hawks. I read the letters in The Bee every Sunday. I am 7 years old and I am in the second grade. I am sending a coupon I would like to have you send my button. As my, letter is getting long. I will closes—Eugene Engle, Grand Island, Neb.

# Philip Wants Story Told Again.

W HAT has become of our Tinfoil Babies? Philip Jarvis of South Dakota asks the question. He writes that he thinks Happy ought to tell all the new Go-Hawks about the Tinfoil Babies and what a good time we had taking care of them for three years. Perhaps you are right, Philip! Of course, many, many new little friends are eager to read

about the things we have done to make the world happier.

Just how much fun we had with the Tinfoil Babies no one will ever know quite so well as the Iowa Go-Hawks. What stories they could tell you about cross old Mr. Tinioil Man, who used to come to buy the He was always sad, though no one ever knew why. He said himself he was never hungry, as are so many of the poor children we help.

Our Tinfoil Babies were not really and truly made of tinfoil. No, indeed! Joseph and Jeanne were the tiniest of 600 little orphans. Jeanne lives in France and Joseph in Belgium. Like the old woman who lived in a shoe, the Go-Hawks had so many children to mother that they did not know what to do when Joseph and Jeanne came crying for bread. So we thought and thought and then decided to try to support them by saving and selling tinfoil. All the Go-Hawks everywere saved and saved and saved every tiny scrap for the sake of our "Tinfoil Babies," as we

called them. What happened? We carned enough money to take care of them, feed and clothe them for three whole years. Never again to the hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of children who helped will tinfoil be just tinfoil. When it shines for them they will always see the faces of two little friends. When Jeanne and Joseph grow up perhaps someone will remember to tell them what the American Go-Hawks did to help them live when they were small hips, as though to keep the boys ers occupying the center of the stage

and just why they were called "The Tinfoil Babies. As for Mr. Tinfoil Man, no one ever really cared if it did make him cross to find such big sacks to carry away. Because there were so many sacks is the very reason that our Tinfoil Babies are now wel land in school today. Goodby, little friends, 'till next Sunday.



STNOPSIE.

(Continued from Last Sunday.) "It'll be perfectly stylish to have invitations and I think we'll have the nicest time we ever did and oh.

"And I'll go in and talk to Lillie

There was a note pinned on the baby's dress which contained these husband and so auntie, you'll dress next summer. Some little girl please is 3 months. Do not try to find my Lillie can't get married 'thout a Lebason, Kan, parents."

Auntie smilingly assented and nursery and as next day was Christ- during the next few days entered mas it was kept a complete surprise with enthusiasm into the plans. Apto the children. Next morning when preciating the fact that the boys re-

Prudence was in her element and State street, Omaha, Neb.

The Go-Hawis, a jolly cround of boys who play Indian, invite the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join their Tribe.
Two of the meetings bring sorrow to the girls, and after the last, Prue and Patiwill not play with the boys. The Go-Hawks miss the "sequaws" and decide something must be done. So their chief is sent as a messenger to tell the twins the 14 Go-Hawis breves are at their command. Frudence suggests a doll wedding and she and Jack have great fun planning it.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY. her little figure often flitted in and an aisic for the bridal party she took all her own and her sister's hair ribbons, old and new, and knotted them I studied hours away.

To the sorrow of the neighborhood the band practiced the entire morn- 1 thought about the things I read white I was chopping wood. ing. No two of its members were And when I grow up things came out families with the same tune, but the Much better than I planned; squaws were well satisfied. At last and one stad day they called to me every arrangement was completed. To become leader of our land. every arrangement was completed,

the dolls dressed, the guests assembled and the happy hour had arrived. The With one accord the braves cou-I could talk bout it all night." said cluded to attend in war paint and Prudence breathlessly.

"I must go back to the tribe and and because they enjoyed dressing and because they enjoyed dressing and because they enjoyed dressing the square of the square with the square are passed away. "I must go back to the tribe and and because they enjoyed dressing tell 'em what there's to do," an- in Indian attire. Napoleon, who had received a smile from Aunt Sallie as

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# A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: "Have you told Lillie yet?" asked and I don't get to see them very one, won't you? 'Cause of course write to me.-Lina Cherry, Box 122.

## WEATHER FORECAST Will Thaw Hearts All Week to

# Happyland,

Dear Happy: I would like to join and bright. The twins worked like your Happy Tribe, I will tell you beavers all the morning getting about the trip my sister and mother things in readiness. Miss Sallie de- and I took. We went to my aunt Dear Happy: I am enclosing the cided to interfere as little as possi- Laura's and stayed there two weeks 2 cent stamp, coupon and letter and ble and to permit the children's and then we went to Sandy, Utah, wish to have my button soon. I am fancy to take its own course. She and were there for quite a time. My state at school. My teachers' names ments, having before her eyes the ments, having before her eyes the mail every day. We would have to get the mail every day. We would have to walk a block. Well my letter is getfel. They are sisters. I go to the last seen it. She desired that he, ting long now so I will close. You makes a courtly bow to Martha and letter to you. Wish some of the baye his hunger entified. Your friend, Lois Freytage, 3120

# Dot Puzzle



A Tiger fierce, from far Bombay, is caged and rearing here today. camplete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with and taking them numerically.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

The End.

Time.

where the Chinaman lived. "Let's crib.

morning.

no one was around to have a look most frightened.

You never could guess who comes Be honest, and serve well the red. see Mike and Slivers in their garret lome. They say some thing well worth remembering to these two orphan boys, whose life on the street is Every small lad known my love for the "Illinois to the street is the small lad known my love for the long with the saked?

This was my gift, to America's youth—Every small lad known my love for the "Illinois to the street is the small lad known my love for the long with the saked?

This was my gift, to America's youth—Every small lad known my love for the "Illinois to the saked." so different from most of our Go-Hawk braves. This is the last section of our play called

"Mr. February Thaw." to Mike. The boy steps timidly for-(Continued from Last Sunday.)

(Jelf waves his arms. Mike and Slivers steal over to the door, when Jelf blows on his flute three times. He then touches his fingers to his lips, as though to keep the boys by the side of Martha, leaving Slivers. Washington then steps back by the side of Martha, leaving Slivers. (Continued from Last Sunday.)

JELF. flow boys stand still am sure there will Blossom in this room Things to change its gloom hings so sweet and true-ovely things for you,

(Noise is heard from off stage, as though some one was at the door.) (Enter Abraham Lincoln.) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Looks about sorrowfully, for he

knows this is a place of poverty.) I wonder, boys, if you have heard This thing, that's very true, That I was once a little boy So poor—yes, poor—like you?

Because I wanted to be wise,

So you see that, more Than ships and mines and gold, The small boys of our country

So think of me in all your toil.

I had to struggle, too—

For what a little boy once d.d

Another boy can do.

(Lincoln takes his place near front of the bunk. Bright, joyous music is heard from off stage. Enclaimed, "Jack's been here and Lil- ton all O. K. I am 8 years old, in Cupids. After their dance is fin-So they both started to unwrap it lie's going to get married Saturday the third grade. I take music lessished they group themselves at head

I am St. Valentine, and the whole world knows me. Valentines fly over land and the sta-tery a fift that is exught from above, tear little message, just Love! Love!

For Love has a magic that works many Ways To gladden sad hearts, to brighten dull when I hindle a love flame in some-body's heart Nobely dreams what great miracles start.

You give Love away and you still bave and then comes, flying straight I will put you both under my And spell from above,
So your hearts sing my message, Love,
Love! Love!

(St. Valentine bows low with his hand over his heart, then joins his Cupids.)

(Enter with stately step George and Martha Washington, Strains of the minuct float through the room, they dance a minuet. As they finish they take their places back center stage).

GEORGE WASHINGTON. (Looking toward Mike and Slivers). My boys, it is years since I lived in your Where loyalty juntice and liberty sland.

Why bands took the wheel at this great
nation's birth—
The finest and freest and strongest on
earth!

I am gone from my country, but not from her heart. In the soul of her children I count it my on this sure foundation we built straight

### HOW TO BE A GOOD GO-HAWK

A.good Go-Hawk does not pout when asked to do anything which seems unpleasant. Nothing is more disappointing than when telling a child to do a certain thing to have him look at you crossly and then grudgingly do as he is asked. How much better to greet the request with a smile and quick action even if perhaps you do not like your mission. A soldier, however, has to do many things that he does not enjoy when commanded by his superior

Our Club. Let's have a club by the swimming

than a glasshopper can hop."

The Chinaman stuffed a couple of shirts into a thimbleful of soap suds

and, putting on his tiny shirt and

hat, the two little chaps set off to-

morning, and she said the baby's

the Dunce.

wards the big house where the baby Dunce,

"I was talking to Tilly Titter this baby's house.

hole. Down in that ole cave,

And we'll be robbers and pirates And I'll be the king and you'll be the knave.

An' we'll have crossbones for our We'll tack it up on that ole pine; Ah, we will be the fiercest band They've ever seen in all this land.

An' we'll have lots of others, too; I'd want company, wouldn't you? We'll have Bill an' Ned an' Dave: Ah, we'll have fun in that ole cave. -Jennie Windham, Aged 13, Platts-



An 8-year-old lad who lives in ested in the states being of different colors. One day when he was travching with his mother on the train

"What state are we,in now?" "Illinois," she replied.
"It can't be Illinois," argued the (As Washington finishes his small boy, "for Illinois is yellow in speech he motions to Slivers to come my geography. to him, paying no attention whatever

Later she was telling a neighbor

alone. Enter Flag Fairies, each car-Ralph walked slowly down the rying flag, marching to patriotic music. They do either a dance or in particular, only he had a frown on faney drill at its conclusion as the his face. When he came to school music changes to "Stars and Stripes all the rest of the children were and not a star, if they have inhabi-Forever." The Flag fairies circle round Slivers, who is still in the center of the stage. The leader of the Fairies breaks from the circle. runs forward and wraps him round turned, of course, to the children's through the sky as the other planets runs forward and wraps him round page, where she thought she might the earth.—Book of Wonders. find a story for her children, but instead something caught her eye. It was the Go-Hack tribe. She was First Letter. very much interested in it and told today and I am going to wear it all Dear Happy: This is my first let- each pupil to bring a 2-cent stamp, the time. I have a little Spitz dog

The Little Folks Have an Exciting window which had been left open an ropes in place and pull this bottle up

t the tiny child.

Making their way cautiously into fell almost on top of the Cowboy.

"Say, Chuck!" said the Dance one the room, they saw the baby's hands "I don't think it's any use tryin

thing to the shoe house for help.

"Allie light," answered the China- wards the shoe house with big leaps, and gave it to the baby, who immeman, who was particularly fond of fully three inches in length, and diately stopped his crying. Ther

babies. "Me be ready in lessie time out of breath he could hardly make mother went out of the room, never

"Maybe baby's mamma much a bit the General was able to under- tools, they make their way back to

as the two little men trudged along. men to get tools and hurry to the saved us a hard job by picking up

mother was washin' down in the cel-lar, so I thought it would be a pret-and everyone was so excited the a mighty task."

ty good time to get in a good visit poor Turk carried a heavy thimble "Yes, and a m-m-mighty danger

ithout bein' hothered," answered on his back all the way to the house ous one, too," muttered the Dunce ous one, too, muttered the Dunce as he felt the tiny bump on the top

Climbing up a dead vine, the little when he had examined the bottle, of his bald head, which he had re

around, and we won't get chance to stand his story, and he immediately the shoe house, see baby," suggested the Chinaman ordered some of the Teenie Weenie "Well, that

men were able to creep through a "We've got to get the pulleys and ceived in his fall.

that little man understand what he noticing the two pulleys and ham-

"Baby! Starvin' to death. Milk stepped on one of the pulleys, and runnin' away! Chuck holdin' milk! Come quick!" gasped the winded When the mother had gone the

After the Dunce had been quieted hiding place and, gathering up their

aby's house. that bottle and giving it to the You'd better bring a thimble to child," said the Turk as they

Teenie Weenies came out of their

inch or two, and, sliding down a to that hungry baby

"Oh, look!" cried the Dunce, "The get his milk!" gasped the Dunce, "He's got plenty of the Dunce."

un out of bottle and be lost. Quick, nies heard the baby's mother coming

Chuck, you hold your hand over the and they had just time enough to

hole and keep the milk from comin' gather up most of their tools and

the leaky dike, and I'll run like every- when the mother came into the

Trumbull, Neb.

## Does the Earth Look Like a Star to Other Planets?

Our earth must be a very brilliant bject in the sky. Seen from the disance of the moon it would be magnificent though like the moon shining. Why does a railroad entirely by borrowed light. To an cut a hole in your ticket? inhabitant of Mars, if he exists, the Stratford, Ia., has been studying earth will probably look much geography and was very much inter-brighter and larger than Mars looks to us. Since the earth is much larger than Mars and much nearer the sun, so that it is proportionately brighter according to the law of inverse squares. But there is a very striking fact about the earth as it must appear to all planets from Mars outwards that are farther than we are from the sun. As the earth lies between them and the sun the portion Betty had been playing out in the of the earth's surface that they can yard when she had a very hard fall, see illuminated must change and be always changing; for exactly the bout it and said: same reason as we notice in the case of the moon. When the earth is just between Mars and the sun she must be invisible from Mars because the shining side of her is turned away from Mars. This must also be true street one day thinking of nothing of the appearance of the earth as seen from any planet farther from To the other planets the Mars.

Dear Happy: I got my button ter to The Bee. I got my button. I and they sent their money and and his name is Teddy. He cannot am in the third grade. I like to go Happy made them happy. I'd be do any tricks, but I am going to to school. My teacher's name is glad to have any member write to teach him some. Yeurs very truly—Miss Sabin. I will close.—Owen me.—Martha Hadley, Aged 12. Jean Eshom, Aged 10, 301 East Fifth Street, North Platte, Neb.

Answer-To let you through. A man bought two fish, but on taking them home found he had three; how was this? Answer-He had two and one-

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Answer-Because one makes a din and the other a dinner.

## Old Shep.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you, so I am going to begin with a story about one of my pets Old Shep ran away from his mas-

ter because he was cruel to him. So he came here to Battle Creek and came to where I live. He was ais neck and had a few dashes of white on his body.

At morning, noon and night he always came back for meals and to

One day when we went to Norfolk and did not come back till late. Shep was not here. The next day he came back and stayed for two or again and daddy said that his master came for him and he never came

back to Battle Creek again. I wish some of the Happy Land girls would write to me. am sending a 2-cent stamp for the button.-Eleanor Whitney, Age

# Coupon for Happy Tribe.

Battle Creek, Neb.

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the First Big Chief, can se cure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 60,000 members!

A new baby had come to live in curtain, they were able to reach the one of the big houses near the rose-bush under which the Teenie the next room, but the two Teenie with a line to make the pulleys fast, papers for several years. I have enpapers for several years. Weenic village stood. The little Weenics could hear it before they but they had climbed only a short people were greatly interested in the even saw the crib, for it opened up distance when the baby began to several of my letters and also rebaby, and they never lost an opportist pink mouth and began to cry so kick. The comforter swayed and tunity to sneak into the house when hard the two little chaps were albeited as the control of the lost joyed them very much. I have seen sea, and the Dunce, losing his grip, enjoy to join the Go-Hawks tribe. I fell almost on top of the Cowboy. "I don't think it's any use trying am sending the 2-cent stamp for morning as he burst into the teapot moving rapidly above the top of the to launch our lines on that raging button. I did not destroy any prop-The bed covering had fallen comforter," laughed the Cowboy as erty or injure any people on Halgo over and look at the baby this partly onto the floor, and near by the baby continued to kick, norning."

"He'll starve to death if he doesn't lowe'en. Well, Happy, as my letter is getting quite long I will close. Hoping that you and the rest of the "Oh. look!" cried the Dunce. "The baby has dropped its bottle and the Paddy Pinn as the baby let out a milk is running out. We got to do somethin' quick. Baby's hungry, cryin' for its milk. Milk will soon for at that moment the Teenie Wee-



out like the little Dutch boy did to scamper under the crib out of sight It was such fun when I opened The excited Dunce hurried to- She quickly picked up the bottle pretty pink envelope not long ago to find a recipe from one of my friends, Helen Tatro of Millbury, Mass. I am giving it to you just as Helen sent it to me and I am going to make it tomorrow evening for

# Potato Soup.

dinner.

Place on the table three freshlyboiled potatoes, one onion, butter, parsley, flour, sifted, pepper, salt, one pint (two cups) of milk. Put the milk in the upper part of a double boiler, half-filling the under part with boiling water. Throw in slices of onion and put double boiler on top of stove and cook for 10 minutes. Mash potatoes and add to hot milk. Season with teaspoonful of salt and dash of pepper. wire strainer, bubbing potatoes through with a spoon. Put in double boiler and place on stove. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a little pan and throw into it one-half a teaspoonful of flour and stir well. Dip a little of the hot milk on this, stirring well, then pour into soup. boil 10 minutes. Add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and if too thick add a little more hot mille or water. Serve very hot. It is not necessary to have parsley.
HELEN TATRO.

Thanks very much, Helen. I am always so glad to have recipes that our Go-Hawks have tried and found POLLY. a success.



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.