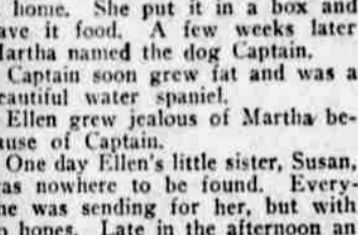




Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize) Ellen and Captain.

Ellen was walking slowly home from school one fine day when she heard faint cries from behind the weeds. She went over to it and found a poor, dirty, little dog. Ellen gave it a sharp look and then gave it a lick and went on.



It happened that Martha, a poor girl, was walking one day when she also heard the cries of the poor little dog. Martha picked it up and took it home. She put it in a box and gave it food.

One day Ellen's little sister, Susan, was nowhere to be found. Every one was sending for her, but with no hopes. Late in the afternoon an old fisherman brought her home.

The Ragged Little Newsboy. A little orphan 9 years old, standing in the cold winter evening, was crying, "paper, sir!"

"A Squirrel's Life." Oh dear, but life's a worry. It actually keeps me in a flurry; As I see the hunters passing by, I think, now 'tis my time to die.

Whose color is a rich brown yellow; With eyes of a beautiful brown And fur as soft as chicken down.

It takes a squirrel to climb a tree Whose life is joyous, happy and free; But oh dear those terrible guns Borne by hunters and their sons.

Of course I'm really not a squirrel 'Tm only a young 12-year-old girl; Writing a poem to pass away time. So here, Dear Readers, is a poem of mine.—Margaret Ahrendsen, age 12, Millard, Neb.

Chub. Dear Happy, I have planned to write several times but every time I have forgotten. I have a little dog, his name is Chub. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Reutzel. My father is a printer; he prints the Republican Leader. I read the stories and letters of the Happy Land page every Sunday. I am sending my 2-cent stamp for the badge and I will try to help some one every day. I am a member of the Junior Endeavor and I am secretary.—Your friend, Lucile Taylor, Trenton, Neb.

A Fourth-Grader. Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp. My name, age and address is also with the coupon. I would like to join the tribe. Please send me the button as soon as possible. I am 9 years of age. I am in the fourth grade. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Lockwood. I will remain as ever.—Everett Carnahan, age 9, Manila, Ia.

Has A Cat. Dear Happy: I am sending coupon and 2-cent stamp and want to join the Go-Hawks club. Please send me a button, also please send one to my brother, William, as he also sent you a coupon and stamp. I am 5 years old, have two brothers and one sister. I have a pet cat, his name is "Midnight." Yours truly, Sammy Sunderland, 2316 Seventeenth Street, Columbus, Neb.

BIRDS HAVE LEARNED TO LOVE HIM.

"Halfway House for Birds." Now whatever would you suppose that might be? Of course it would not be very hard to guess that it means something to make our little feathered friends more comfortable, and that whatever it is, back of it is the thoughtful care of some one who really loves birds. That somebody's name is Jack Miner and he owns a 200-acre farm in southern Canada. His "Halfway House for Birds" is to provide food, safety and care for wild birds in their flight between the north and the south each spring and fall.

In the spring the birds arrive the last of March or the first of April and remain until May first, when they continue their northern flight. In the autumn they return in October, stay a month, then go on southward. One of the strange and lovely things is that the birds always seem to understand what kindness awaits them on Mr. Miner's farm, for if they have any accidents or difficulties on their flights they make every effort to reach the farm before stopping for rest or help.

Several years ago Mr. Miner began to fasten aluminum bands on the legs of his feathered visitors, containing two messages for whomsoever catches or finds the birds. One message is to return the band to Mr. Miner, who will give \$1 for every one sent back to him. The other message is a tiny verse from the Bible. As many of these birds go to far distant parts of the world, where there are few people, they thus act as missionaries, bringing a beautiful quotation from the most wonderful book of the world.

This wonderful Halfway House for Birds is located in Kingsville, Essex county, Ontario. Many wild, seed-bearing shrubs are raised on the farm, that the birds may have plenty of food to carry with them. Mr. Miner has done much to make the laws better for the migratory birds in both Canada and the United States, and thus give them better protection than ever before.

Every Go-Hawk will be deeply interested in the work of Mr. Miner, because part of our Happy Tribe pledge is the care of the birds and all dumb animals. Those members of the tribe who live in the country could even in a very small way do something of the same sort of friendly service for the birds that are passing their way. Who knows how many wonderful things we can do for our little feathered friends during 1922?

The Trail of the Go-Hawks

SYNOPSIS. The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, ask their twins, Prudence and Fatsie, to join their Tribe. Two meetings being arranged to the girls, but a doll's wedding and a circus make them feel that they cannot do so. However, as Donald, the clown, hurts his foot on a rusty nail, his illness brings sorrow to the Go-Hawks, who gather in the hay-loft to talk it all over. Many good things are said about Donald, one of the twins telling of the way he stood by her when she was ill. He is named as Aunt Nellie's son who she did die.

"And when I cut my toe he tied it up," said another.

"When I had the sore throat and couldn't go out of doors he made a big snow man in our yard for me to see," offered Spotted Wolf.

"Yes, and he took all his mother's roses and gave 'em to me to put on 'Lizbeth's grave on her birthday," sobbed a lad whose baby sister's death had been his first great sorrow.

"When his mother gave a party he asked the cook to lemme lick the ice cream freezer and it was bully," asserted Little Smoke.

Thus round and round the circle were offered eulogies to Rain-in-the-Face until in reviewing his many virtues the childish hearts grew lighter.

"Say, if all you Indians will wait up here in the hay," said Sitting Bull, "I'll take Whispering Leaves, we'll go and see if we can find something we can do to show Rain-in-the-Face and his mother how sorry we are." The tribe agreed and the two started away.

"Where'll we go?" asked Whispering Leaves.

"It's best to ask some one who's had experience in dealing with people at death's door," answered the boy gravely. "Let's go to the undertaker's. I know him and he let me ride on the hearse once," he added in an awed voice.

The undertaker was in his office, and, even though he may have been surprised to receive a call from the two sober-faced children, he did not disclose the fact.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked Sitting Bull, who stood cap in hand.

"I want some advice," replied the chief. "What do people do when their friends are dead to show how sorry they are? Can't they wear something or do something?"

The undertaker studied the question before replying. "Folks are very different about those things, but some men wear bands of crepe on their arms or hats."

"Seems to me I once heard my mother say something 'bout half mourning," ventured Sitting Bull. "Would it be too much trouble to tell us what that means?"

"I guess folks consider violet color half mourning," just then the telephone bell rang and the undertaker was called away.

(Copyright by David McKay. All rights reserved. Printed by permission and special arrangements with David McKay Publishing Company.)



FAIRY GHOST PLAYS

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Last Sunday all the children who visit Happyland each week read in the Fairy Grotto just what were to take part in our own April play and what they were to wear. Now, to-day the curtain rises on the play itself, telling you how the Happy Forest looked that April day when Susie and Sidney visited it. The name of our April play is "THE COMING OF JELF."

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

PROPERTIES. Small bushes and branches of trees to be hung from ceiling. Ropes to secure them. Larger bushes and several old tree stumps for background. A few oak branches or other varieties with dry or yellowed leaves still on them. Two very long branches of grapevine for sides. The brown leaves and twigs to these and attach a strong light rope, so that they can be moved from wings and made to sway as the wind moans.

Green and brown cloth to cover the foreground, with a few flowers. Basket for Sidney. Gaily-covered basket, filled with grasses, foliage and fruit, for Mother Nature.

If possible, secure a conch shell (or some other sea shell), or a small megaphone, for North Wind to whistle through. Lantern for the old Moon Man. Small gilded flute or bugle for Jelf.

Six yellow candles (medium size) in six yellow candlesticks. Six long slender wands for Rain-drops and tinsel to trim them.

"THE COMING OF JELF." Scene.—Happy Forest in late April. Very bare and cold, with dim light as if the sun were not shining; masses of dry shrubbery with brown leaves clinging to them. Place an old stump on either side. The effect of long branches that sway mournfully as the wind moans through them may be obtained by using an electric fan close to entrance. Directly in front of massed shrubbery little luddled shapes of crouching flowers lie under their green and brown coverings. A fallen log in the foreground.

Discovered.—The Forest, chill and dismal, with the foliage swaying in the constant gusts of wind. Miss April walking sadly about with a long cloak over her trailing dress. She moans here and there, looking up into the sky, stooping low to examine the queer little shapes on the ground, and standing still at last, to shake her head mournfully. At the distant sound of voices, she steps hastily behind a tree trunk.

Susie and Sidney enter hand in hand. Sidney carries an empty basket on his arm. Both look sadly about, in much the same way that Miss April has been doing. The sound of the wind is heard again and the two children shiver and draw more closely together.

SIDNEY. (Very decidedly.) Of course, it is! Don't we come every day, I know every bush and tree in here!

SUSIE. You MUST be wrong! This is so dark and cold. The pond we came to last year was just gold. With buttercups—all shining everywhere. Now it's just a pool of water. How was full of perfume? And the ground because the violets were blooming, too? It's ugly here! Just see the cold, bare ground.

There's not a single sunbeam playing. And yet this isn't such a cloudy day.—(He catches her hand suddenly as she is walking into the wind.)

SUSIE. Now, Sidney, how could both of us be wrong? When we've been coming to this place so long, ever since poor Tillie missed the boat, ever since poor Tillie missed the boat. And has to sit and sit in that old chair! We've come and filled our basket in the spring.

SUSIE. How many of you are good at mathematics? Venla Colson of Newton, Mass., sends me a recipe but says it is only for one person. I shall multiply the amounts she gives me by four for my family, and you will have to do the same. Here it is:

RICE WITH RAISINS. Two tablespoonfuls of rice, one and one-fourth cups of water, eight raisins and one-sixth teaspoonful of salt. Put the water in the top part of a double boiler. Heat until boiling. Add the salt and rice and cook 10 minutes. Then fill the bottom part of your double boiler one-fourth full of water. Put it under your top part and then let your rice cook for 30 minutes. When almost done, add raisins. Serve with butter, if desired. This recipe makes enough for one person. Cream of wheat and dates may be prepared the same way, using three dates, stoned and cut up in fourths.

VENLA B. COLSON. Thank you, Venla, this sounds very good and I am sure, if desired, as well as myself, will enjoy trying your recipe.

POLLY'S COOK BOOK.

had been put there for their amusement, but as they grew older they were sometimes allowed to play outside.

"I don't think it's right to keep children penned up in that old fruit jar. It will break their spirits," Mr. Lover told his wife one day, and right there the trouble started, for the next day they departed for parts unknown. The last Mrs. Lover saw of them they were playing horse by riding a couple of matches in front of the house, and when she looked again they were gone.

The little mother called several times from the porch, but when she received no answer she set out in search of the twins. She visited the teapot, where the Chinaman did the Teenie Weenie laundry; the hospital, the tool box, Box Hall, the shoe house and the school house, but not a sign of the little fellows could she see.

Next she notified the general and the policeman was sent out to look for the runaways. When he failed to find them the bell in the school house was rung, which soon brought most of the Teenie Weenies hurrying up to the old hat.

"Friends," said the general, when the Teenie Weenies and a mouse or

Jack Frost. When Jack was just a boy eight years old, his mother said, "Jack, being you have no father you must start tonight, and do his work. Being you are such an artist, your work is to go around and paint windows, nip the leaves off the trees, because, Father Winter is almost here and he don't come unless it is cold. So you do as I say and you will please me, and the children on earth very much." So Jack put on his cap, leggings and coat. "And be sure to pull down your ear bobbers, before you reach earth."

So Jack took his box of red, yellow, orange, and many other colors. After he reached earth he went to every tree and window. He colored the leaves scarlet, yellow, orange and the windows silver.

When he got back his mother gave him many praises, and was proud of her 13-year-old boy.—Edna Cadwell, age 6, Malvern, Ia.

New Members. Dear Happy: We would like to join your Go-Hawk tribe. Enclosed find two 2-cent stamps. One for my sister, who is 9 years old and in the fifth grade, and one for myself. I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade. Hoping to get our buttons soon, we remain, yours sincerely, Betty and Irene Stryker, Rising City, Neb.

ANOTHER WAY TO BE A GOOD GO-HAWK. A good Go-Hawk does not pass rudely in front of people. He tries to go behind them if possible, and if it is necessary to pass in front he says politely, "Excuse me, please," or "Please excuse me," or "Pardon me."

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

A Good Member. Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Little Mary. Dear Little Mary, Susan and Lou, Jenny and Lizzie and Margaret, too; Now the sun's peeping softly and brightly. In at the window, pets, where you lie. Up, up, my darling. Up and away; Out to the meadows, Sweet with new hay.

A Little Lost Boy. Once there was a little boy. He lived in the country with his father and mother. One day he took a walk with his mother. They came to some woods, and the mother was not watching him very closely and he ran into the woods. Some Indians saw him. They chased him and caught him.

The mother looked down and he was gone, so the mother went home and told his father. The father looked around and spied the Indians, he aimed his gun toward the Indians, and they dropped the little boy. When they dropped him, it broke his leg, so the father had to carry him home. When they reached the house they called a doctor, who set his leg. The boy was a cripple for a long time but finally got well.

You had better believe he never ran away from his mother again when he and his mother were out walking.—Winnie Bell Hufnagle, Aged 9, Utica, Neb.

On so doing she found her mother in the act of setting a pie on the kitchen table, while a delicate, frosted cake had already been placed there.

"Oho-o!" she cried, rolling her eyes in ecstasy. "Give me some, mother."

"No, no," replied her mother, decidedly. "Wait until dinner time. Now run along."

Suddenly May's happy looking countenance changed to one of disagreeable poutiness.

Her mother was busy and took little notice of her. Finally Mrs. White, the mother, was called out of the room for some reason, leaving May to gaze greedily at the goodies before her.

Suddenly as temptation became too strong for her to resist and disobedience overpowered her, she seized the smoking pie and gobbled it hurriedly and greedily.

Now, it was very hot and such a large pie that it made her feel terribly uncomfortable and sick.

The outcome of May's last disobedience cured her of further attempts to disobey. She became very sick and felt all during her illness and convalescence she had had plenty of pie and disobedience.—Maxine Kirchner, 264 Linden avenue, Wahoo, Neb.

Why is swearing like an ill-fitting coat? Answer—Because it is a bad habit.

What smells most in a perfumer's shop? Answer—The nose.

What is it which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Answer—A nose.

Larry. I am black and white and my name is Larry. I am a very big dog. When I was a little pup I ate a chicken, getting a very bad whipping. From that time on I never ate any chicken. One time my master, whose name is Leo, took me to town. I was sitting under the seat and when he got off the car he forgot about me. Later he found me. As my letter is getting long, I will close. Yours truly, Larry.—Margaret Merwald, 3621 Madison St., South Side, Omaha.

Reads Happyland. Dear Happy: We just started taking The Bee. I like to read the junior page.

I wish to join the Happy Go-Hawk tribe. Please send me my pin.

I am almost 12 years old and I am in the Seventh grade. My birthday is April 11. Well, my letter is getting long, so I will close. Yours truly, Lemuel Jones.

Will Help Always. Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks and I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I promise to help someone every day and be good to the birds and dumb animals. I am 7 years old and my name is Betty Anderson, Oakland, Neb.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE. Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, of which I am a member, 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 60,000 members!

MOTTO. "To Make the World a Happier Place."

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

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.



TINY TAD TALES

One day last summer Frederick's mother saw him crossing the beach, and soon he started into the water. "Frederick, what are you doing?" she called. "You haven't your bathing suit on." "I know it," he called back. "But I have on my rubbers."

Disobedience. Disobedience is a wicked spirit, who enters into the hearts of a great many people, causing the destruction of all purer substances in its midst. It causes great trouble for homes, hearts and happiness and it is well for all to avoid it in every instance.

One particular instance I shall relate, as the following will tell: May, a little girl who possessed kind and obliging parents, but still persisted in disobeying both of them in a naughty, willful manner. This caused her father and mother some anxiety as to the outcome of one of her disobedient times. For she was so perverse that when told to follow their instructions, she did exactly opposite.

One morning May was attracted by a delicious odor that assailed her as she approached the kitchen door. Tempted, she pushed it open to discover from what delicacy it came from.

On so doing she found her mother in the act of setting a pie on the kitchen table, while a delicate, frosted cake had already been placed there.

"Oho-o!" she cried, rolling her eyes in ecstasy. "Give me some, mother."

"No, no," replied her mother, decidedly. "Wait until dinner time. Now run along."

Suddenly May's happy looking countenance changed to one of disagreeable poutiness.

Her mother was busy and took little notice of her. Finally Mrs. White, the mother, was called out of the room for some reason, leaving May to gaze greedily at the goodies before her.

Suddenly as temptation became too strong for her to resist and disobedience overpowered her, she seized the smoking pie and gobbled it hurriedly and greedily.

Now, it was very hot and such a large pie that it made her feel terribly uncomfortable and sick.

The outcome of May's last disobedience cured her of further attempts to disobey. She became very sick and felt all during her illness and convalescence she had had plenty of pie and disobedience.—Maxine Kirchner, 264 Linden avenue, Wahoo, Neb.

Why is swearing like an ill-fitting coat? Answer—Because it is a bad habit.

What smells most in a perfumer's shop? Answer—The nose.

What is it which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Answer—A nose.

Larry. I am black and white and my name is Larry. I am a very big dog. When I was a little pup I ate a chicken, getting a very bad whipping. From that time on I never ate any chicken. One time my master, whose name is Leo, took me to town. I was sitting under the seat and when he got off the car he forgot about me. Later he found me. As my letter is getting long, I will close. Yours truly, Larry.—Margaret Merwald, 3621 Madison St., South Side, Omaha.

Reads Happyland. Dear Happy: We just started taking The Bee. I like to read the junior page.

I wish to join the Happy Go-Hawk tribe. Please send me my pin.

I am almost 12 years old and I am in the Seventh grade. My birthday is April 11. Well, my letter is getting long, so I will close. Yours truly, Lemuel Jones.

Will Help Always. Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks and I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I promise to help someone every day and be good to the birds and dumb animals. I am 7 years old and my name is Betty Anderson, Oakland, Neb.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE. Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, of which I am a member, 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 60,000 members!

MOTTO. "To Make the World a Happier Place."

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

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the second grade. I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a stamp and will join. Please send me a button. I will try to do something good every day.—Ellis Scott, Casey, Ia.