THE BEE: OMAHA, SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1922.



Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize.) "Why Tommy Didn't Go to Sunday School."

One beautiful Sunday morning while Tommy was waiting for the hands of the clock to change from 8:30 to 9:30, he thought he would go into the back yard and slide down the new cellar door his father had uilt. But when it came to sliding it wasn't as good as he thought it to be. "Well, I might as well try it before Sis gets a chance to." So up the cellar door went Tommy, tramp, tramp, tramp; at last he got to the top. "Now for the fun," he to the top. "Now for the fun," he exclaimed. But, oh, half way down the cellar door his new pants caught on a nail and one loud rip took such a large piece out of them that he would not only have to stay home



from Sunday school, but spend the temainder of the day in his cozy bedroom. How Tommy did dread this! Sorrowfully he picked up his little straw hat and Sunday school book and turned to go into the house. What would his mother house. What would his mounts think? Supposing she would do the same thing with her precious little Tommy as Frankie's mother had done with him. Oh, dear, wouldn't that be dreadful to be spanked on Sunday, because that would be the first time he had ever been touched with a stick or with the hand of his mother.

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When Tommy entered the kitchen he ran to his mother sobbing, "Don't, mother, please don't spank me when you." "Tommy, what in the have you done?" I tell you."

"Oh, mother, I was sliding down Aunt Margaret and Cousins Billy the cellar door and my new pants and Peggy here to dinner. I have to

Since this is Easter Sunday I will retell for you one of the many lovely Easter legends. Long, long ago in a far distant land there lived a peasant named Ivan, and his young nephew, Vasily. Both the hair and beard of Ivan were matted and long and he was unpleasant to look upon, while Vasily was a fine little fellow and would have been good looking only that his uncle did not wash him, comb his hair nor teach him anything. The tiny hut in which they made their home was full of holes, through which the snow drifted and the winter winds blew sharp and cold. What little furniture they had was broken and old and dusty and their floor was never

WHERE THE LILY'S BEAUTY LIVES.

Some of you may think you would not stay in such a house, that you would run out of doors, but alas! Even the garden was a sad place, for it was full of stones and was not a pleasant place for a lonely little boy to When the neighbors passed the house during the day they always looked the other way, for they were afraid of old Ivan.

One Easter morning Ivan rose early and went out and stood before the door of his hut. The trees were budding, the birds were singing and even the sun seemed to shine brightly on the old hut. Ivan saw a young man coming down from the hills bearing in his arm a sheaf of lilies.

"Christ is risen!" he cried as he approached Ivan.

"He is risen indeed." Ivan spoke gloomily.

The stranger took a lily from his sheaf and handed it to Ivan. "Keep is called white," he said as he passed.

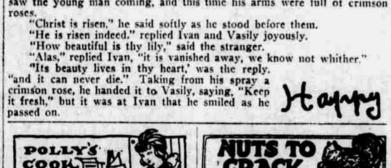
Ivan looked at the beauty of the flower and peace stole over him.

He called Vasily and told him to hold the hily. Then he found an empty bottle, which he filled with clean water from the nearby brook. He placed the lily in it on the table. When he looked at Vasily and saw how dirty were the lad's hands, he thought: "When I leave the room he may touch the flower and soil it." So he took Vasily and washed him and combed his yellow hair, and the boy seemed to bloom like the lily itself. Ivan gazed at him much surprised, and from that time he took better care of the boy, and even washed himself and combed his own hair and beard. Then he cleaned his hut and mended the holes and furniture and cleared away the stones and weeds in his garden, where he sowed flower seeds and vegetables.

When the neighbors saw the change they stopped to talk with him, as they had never done before, and they gave little Vasily gifts of clothes and toys. For seven days the lily blossomed and was fragrant, and on the eighth day Ivan and Vasily awakened to find that it was gone. They searched everywhere, but could not find it.

Ivan and Vasily continued to work in their garden, to visit with their neighbors, and they were very happy. When the long winter nights came lvan read about the lilies of the field that toil not, neither do they spin, yet lomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

When Easter morning came again both Ivan and Vasily were up early and out before their hut. As the golden sunshine crept over the hills they saw the young man coming, and this time his arms were full of crimson





When is a pie like a noted English Hello, Happy Easter to all of you! poet? Today we are having Uncle Bob and Answer-When it is Browning.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Last Sunday you read how two As soon as March was gone, I gladly Last Sunday you read how two is a succe was cone, I that the ribs and rot the cover at the end that cover the success and rot the cover at the end of the stick. We must always re-traine of sellow light to be in bloom. The sellow light to brighten woods like the sellow light to be in bloom. And make the new leaves dance out on the stick will very soon cut and damp, other-the trees. MOTHER NATURE.

had not done the work that they should do to help make the world more beautiful in spring. You will teal today what Mother Nature and Bat teil me, quickly, why they are not whose name was Betty said:

Father Time say to her when she

"THE COMING OF JELF." (Continued from last Sunday.)

(April steps from behind the tree trunk to watch the two drooping figures until they pass from sight.)

APRIL. At (Shaking her head drearily.) The wood bewitched That's true! (Speaking more passionately.) It's just too bad hat selfish hearts can make a big world

It's cold in here-and dark and dismal,

too. wonder-is there something I can do? came on time and did the best I could but there is not a flower in this wood.

(The wind wails again.) old icy wind were not about that I could coax my blossom

(Just here the north wind runs violently across the foreground. April shivers and presses closely to the tree trunk, while the flowers

(She goes to several of the little Aged 10, Leigh, Neb.

heaps, and bends over them lovingly. caressingly covering them with her cloak and passing her hands over their heads. Soon one or two begin to stir and at last a larger one slowly raises itself. April bends closer, smiling with delight, but just then the north wind roars past and the waking flowers hurriedly creep back into their former positions. April

looks up helplessly, then seats herself on a near-by log to cover her What is that which you cannot

quickly dry the silk cover; but at the same time we must be careful to select a spot where the dripping water can do no harm. If we place our umbrella in the stand without drying it, the water will in turn rust the ribs and rot the cover at the end

What

To Dry an Umbrella.

we must dry our umbrella by open-

ward, in a current of air, which will,

ing it and placing it, handle

When we come in out of the rain

out.-Book of Knowledge.

here. APRIL. (Resuming her tale but stopping at "Mother may I go out and get enough money for a dinner?" "Yes. my dear." When little Betty came home her mother was dead. times to check her grief.)

was she to do? She went to Dr. Brown. He sent for the undertaker My Rathbow Fairles all came back-wake the buttercups-I am so blue! I when that cruel North Wind was was and she was buried. Dr. Brown felt sorry for little Betty so he took her home with him. He had no little My Sunbeams went to make him hurry methor, dear, he coaxed them out girl so she stayed with him. One to play day she saw another little girl. She

to play hide-and-seek, and there they are In the Bright Meadow, idls as can be, And not a one comes back to work for me.

t (10 an unbelieving tone.) But. April. how could such a thing be true? What could that great, rough, blustering At playing hide-and-seek? is this a Think of that sword of ice beneath his cloak. Inter. said Ruth, that was the girl's name. "Come with me." She went into the house and she lived with Dr. Brown and Betty.-Mildred Mann, Aged 10, Oxford, Neb.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Will Be Kind.

because he does not have a new the tree trunk, while the flowers crouch lower, pulling their wrappings more tightly about them. The wind for it. I wear it pinned on my suit to wear to church. A good squaw is not disappointed because she hasn't a new hat or dress. They both know the only sweater. I will try to be kind to lumb animals. I have a brother 13 way to be happy is to make some years old and we play together. For hody else so, and they lapk around even harder to find some pets I have a cat and my brother has a dog. 1 am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. 1 will try to byrite a kind deeds to do. Easter day is a day of great rejoicing, so let us story next time .- Richard Buhman, all make it so,

> BY WILLIAM DONAHEY need before we can get another

self on a near-by log to cover her face with her hands and sob broken-heartedly. She does not even raise her head when footsteps are heard, hut continues wereing as Father The Teenie Weenies were all most

"Well, I've visited every hen in the all 'ave faces as long as a 'orse. Any



might have on her black petticoat so we couldn't get it, so I think we'd better hurry an' get in on th' half nournin"."

They

These practical arguments settled he matter and in another half-hour the silk tea jacket was cut into strips and adorned the children's caps, while a band with a bow was tied round each arm. They walked two abreast down the quiet, shaded street until they reached the Brown home, before which stood a physi-

cian's horse and buggy. (Continued from Last Sunday.) "Gness that's about all we need to know anyhow," said the chief as they started home "You see, Rain-iaces, and then they seated them-

in-the-Face is only about half dead, selves in an even row across the so we wouldn't wear crepe, but if we can find a vi-let thing we'll cut that up and put bands of it on our caps and arms and stand in front of their house and mourn for a while. We can walk up and down two or three times, and Mrs. Brown'll see us and know we're in half mournin' for our "Oh, Jack! Jack!" interrupted

Whispering Leaves, in her enthusi-asm forgetting to use his title as chief; "Aunt Sallie has a vi-let tea jacket, and it'd he perfec'ly stylish for half mournin', you know, and she's out to a party-and I'll run home and get it-she won't care-'cause it's for a worthy charity and I heard her tell father that she longed to help all worthy charities and she wanted to teach us to do so." On Easter a good Go-Hawk does not pout or act unpleasant There was silence for a minute. "It's all silk and don't you think it'll be good 'nough?" urged the

child. "Yes," the chief answered slowly, 'but I was thinkin' what'll Aunt lawn. It was here that the physician

Sallie say?" "I know," she replied. "but we can't waste time thinkin' bout that, can't waste time thinkin' might get "What are yo found them when shortly after he "What are you doing here, young 'cause Rain-in-the-Face might get clear dead by mornin' an' auntie

sters?" he asked. "We're half mournin' for Rain-Inthe-Face, that's Donald, you know," explained the chief.

"You had better run home now, answered the physician, "for Donald is a very sick little boy." "Little Smoke would like to have

as sing 'John Brown's Body Lies a-Moulderin' in the Grave' as we march away. Do you think that'd make Donald die happy?" asked the chief, with an carnest desire to leave

nothing undone. "He always liked that song," he concluded. "Donald is too sick to hear. You

thought.) APRIL. (Moving forward toward the hidden flowers.) If I could only warm a little place I know some tiny flower would she face.

ceases and April stands lost

caught on a nail and tore." "It makes no difference, dear; I have another new suit for you."

live," was the most sincere promise of little Tommy.-Margaret Ahrend-sen, age 12, Millard, Neb.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2cent stamp to get a button. I had one button, but lost it and would

like my button as soon as possible. I would like very much if some of the other girl Go-Hawks would write to me. I would gladly answer them. I have a pony, two cats, one dog and many other pets. I live on a farm just outside of Omaha. I read the Go-Hawk page every Sunday, and if someone clse wants the paper I always say, "Please let me see 'Another Way to Re a Good Go-Hawk."-Grace Christensen, aged 10, Thirty-second Street and Avenue M, East Omaha.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Dear Happy: I want to join your Happy tribe. I am sending along a help the needy it is the present time Court frame and the compon with Happy tribe. I am sending along a 2-cent stamp and the coupon with this letter. Please send me the badge soon as I am very interested in the bit helps. Whatever we may be able tribe. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Smith. There are 14 children in our school now. In the spring there are going to be nine more. I read the Happy Land every

Monday and surely enjoy it. Well as it is getting bedtime I will close. Yours truly, Veronica Delabuntz, Yours truly, V Lexington, Neb.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy tribe. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for a button. I have read your page and like it very much. I am 13 years old I have two brothers; their names are Neal, 5 years old, and Wendall, 2 years old. I am in the seventh grade at school. I like it fine. I will have to close, wishing that Mr. Waste Paper Basket will not get a hold of my letter. I remain yours truly, Thelma Buckley, Callaway, Neb.

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Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Happy club. I am sending 2 cents to get the button, if you would please send it to me. I will try to follow your motto. I am 12 years old and I am in the 6th grade. I wish some one would please write to me. I would answer them gladly. Well I will close for this time. Very truly, Lillian Mossman, Box 3, Mason City, Neb.

A Third Grader.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawk club. I am 8 years old and in the 3-B grade and my teacher's name is Miss Daugherty. am sick today with the earache, but am better today. Will you send me a button?-Donald Mordock, Kearney, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I received your badge and I am glad to be a Go-Hawk. I am 9 years old. I go to school. I am in the third grade. We had two week's vacation and it is nearly over. During that time I went to two parties and had lots of iun sliding and playing .- Bill Baker,

fix the salad for mother and this is hold for 10 minutes although what I am going to have. It is all light as a feather? we another new suit for you." ready except to put on the plates, "I'll never do it again as long as I which I have standing in a pile in the bottom of the ice box, so they Answer-Your breath.

COOK

DOOK

of lettuce leaves. Make eggs about could not fly. John said "Let's kill the size of a walnut out of cream it. It is of no use when it cannot cheese and place three in each nest. Serve with French dressing. POLLY. Harry. How shall we do it," aasked Harry. How shall we do it, " aasked Harry. How shall we do it," aasked Harry. How shall we do it, " aasked have their usual How shall we do it," aasked Harry. How shall we do it, " aasked Harry. How shall we do it," aasked Harry. How shall we do it, " aasked Harry. How shall we do it," aasked Harry. How shall we do it, " aasked Harry. How shall we do it," aaasked Harry. How sha

Why We Ought to Save.

We ought to save because there are very many poor children in Bel-gium. They have nothing to cat. Many of the mare dying of hunger.

to save we should gladly give for the benefit of our fellowmen-Helena Kiesow, age 12, Republican City, Happyland-Easter eggs will rain all week

Dot Puzzle

wonder what is wrong with me?"

plets the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with ing them numerically.

Trace forty-three and twenty-three.

Weather.

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45

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but continues weeping as Father Time and Mother Nature come on the scene.) the scene.) The Teene Weene vinage under the rese bush, and it looked as though the little people would have an egg-less Easter. The Scene Vinage under the the little people would have an egg-the scene.)

the bottom of the ice box, so they will be nice and cold. **The Unfortunate Woodpecker.** Wonday evening as John and Harry were going home from school Shape in the form of a nest on a bed of lettuce leaves. Make eggs about the size of a walnut out of cream it. It is on the size of a walnut out of cream the size of a walnut out of cream. The Unfortunate Woodpecker. Monday evening as John and Harry were going home from school John saw a little red-headed wood-the size of a walnut out of cream. The Unfortunate Woodpecker. Monday evening as John and Harry were going home from school John saw a little red-headed wood-the size of a walnut out of cream. The Unfortunate Woodpecker. Monday evening as John and Harry were going home from school John saw a little red-headed wood-the transmost of the shoe house that advection the little folks sat about the size of a walnut out of cream. The Unfortunate Woodpecker. Monday evening as John and Harry were going home from school John saw a little red-headed wood-the transmost of the shoe house that advection the little folks sat about the size of a walnut out of cream. The Unfortunate Woodpecker. Monday evening as John and Harry were going home from school John said "Let's kill the size of a walnut out of cream. The Unfortunate Woodpecker. Monday evening as John and Harry were going home from school John said "Let's kill the size of a walnut out of cream. The Unfortunate Woodpecker. Monday evening as John and Harry were going home from school John said "Let's kill the size of a walnut out of cream. The Unfortunate Woodpecker. Monday evening as John and Harry were going home from school John said "Let's kill The size of a walnut out of cream. T

MOTHER NATURE.

Harry. "We can drown it," was the reply. Harry started to help John drown Harry started to help John drown Harry started to help John drown it when he happened to look at his button. "Oh, I hadn't better help drown the bird because if I did I would not be obeving the rules of APRIL." "What!" exclaimed Grandpa, look-ing terribly shocked. "Sixty grains of corn! Land sakes! What in the Easter and it won't cost you a shillkind in the set of the

der consolingly and looks puzzled.)

FATHER TIME. (In a quavering voice of sympa-

thy.) The child is right. This place just wrings my heart. (Pulls an enormous red handker-(Pulls an enormous red handker-

chief from a pocket in his coat.) If she keeps crying I shall have to start. (He wipes his eyes with elaborate)

ceremony.) MOTHER NATURE. Still more puzzled.) But, child, I've seen you working all about; What keeps your Buttercups from com-ing out?

APRIL. (With a fresh burst of grief, as she points to the woodland about

them.) See for yourself! With all my work and Not even one in bloom.-They do not dare. MOTHER NATURE.

(With astonishment.) Dare? Why, the flowers all blossom ev-

Darer year! whatever would they be afraid of, dear? APRIL,

APRIL, (Sobbingly.) When I warm up a tiny patch of ground For them, that old North Wind comes roaring round. And they creep back-Tou would, too, in their place-There he comes now! Quick! Let me hide my face!

(She cowers back behind the tree trunk as the North Wind rushes madly through the Forest.)

MOTHER NATURE

(In greater bewilderment.) But, April, dear, the North Wind should be gone. Just call your sunbeams. They will drive him on To lands of ice and snow. He will not

APRIL. But, Mother, all the Sunbeam Fairles

shirk-(Gestures about.) There's not a ray of sun to help me

they not all here at work with General.

APRIL.

ing.)

The haunts he loves the very best are house and lay the eggs any place you Tilly kept her word, and Easter where they cooked for some time, wanted them. My word, what are we comin' to?" "Have you tried Mother Bunch?" Intry kept art word we also have and when they were taken out and moved three lovely eggs from her nest and carried them to a quiet to a turn.

must go home and I will watch you until you reach the corner," physician replied, suspecting this to be at least a part of the tribe of Go-Hawks and not knowing what next their whimsical noddles might con-

Sitting Bull rose slowly, the rest reluctantly following, and soon the band of "half mourners" had rounded the corner.

Copyright, 1922. (To Be Continued



Gordon is the youngest of children and has just passed his fourth birthday. Recently at dinner his father and mother were discussing the question of going downtown and how many of the children to take with them. After listening intently for a few minutes Gordon made this suggestion:

"I tell you, let's all go-'cept Dorothy and Clarence and Ruth."

During the war Gerald and his little sister added to their prayers a request for the safe return of their uncle from France. At last Uncle Mark returned safe and sound and about the same time twin brothers arrived at Gerald's house. A few nights later the little lad said to his mother:

"What am I going to do with Un-cle Mark now? Drop him off? I have to work in those twins some way.

Rage. Dear Happy: I am writing a story about the life of our kitten, Rags. She was born in a barn three years ago. One night she was caught in a rat trap and her little foot froze and then came off. She is threelegged but quick as lightning. Day before yesterday she had three little kittens. Four of them are light gray, but the third is grey with black stripes all over him. So I named him Tiger. Well I will close now for my letter is getting long.-Grace Flint, North Platte, Neb.

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 sendthe Go - Hawks

ing 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."

nook under some bushes where they (Gestures about.) There's not a ray of sun to help me That's why these woods are bare and chill, you know. And North Wind rages where he wants to po

"No, we can't," answered the Gen- the curious Teenie Weenies who In the atternoon the Teenie Wee-

eral. "The Cook and I have gone over the grain in the store room, and we haven't a grain more than we'll the fire and covered with hot ashes. one had a lovely Easter.

asked the Doctor.

(With a fresh outburst of weep- over the grain in the store room, and

And North Wind rages where he wants to gr. MOTHER NATURE. (With still greater perplexity.) But you brought Sunbeams-and the ram-drops, too: When ere they net all here at work with drops, too: When ere they net all here at work with And North Wind rages where he wants (With still greater perplexity.) But you brought Sunbeams-and the ram-drops, too: When ere they net all here at work with And North Wind rages where he wants (With still greater perplexity.) But you brought Sunbeams-and the ram-drops, too: When ere they net all here at work with And North Wind rages where he wants (With still greater perplexity.) But you brought Sunbeams-and the ram-drops, too: When ere they net all here at work with (North Wind rages where he wants (With still greater perplexity.) But you brought Sunbeams-and the ram-drops, too: When ere they net all here at work with (North Wind rages where he wants (North Wind rages where he wants (With still greater perplexity.) (North Wind rages where he wants (With still greater perplexity.) (With still greater perplexit