



Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize)

Tom.
Tom Smith was a jolly chap and a likeable boy. Tom had one very bad trait, that of hurting and torturing animals and birds. One day Tom had made a slingshot. A "dandy" he called it, so that afternoon he strolled down to a small tract of land covered with trees which was the favorite haunt of many birds. He had a few pebbles in his pocket and selected one placing it in the sling. He aimed at a robin who was pouring a flood of tunes from its throat. His song changed from a beautiful tune to a screech of terror as it fluttered to the ground. As Tom walked



over to the wounded bird an indignant voice caused him to halt. "Thomas Smith how could you have the heart to do such a cruel thing!"

The speaker was a girl of 11 or 12, who told Tom all about Happyland and its motto to make the world a happier place, and that hurting birds and animals is not making it any happier.

Tom took the robin home where it got well in about three weeks. Tom was glad to see it fly again and see his wrong righted.

He joined Happyland and is now a better boy.—Paul Wright, aged 11, 2777 Chicago Street, Omaha, Neb.

Eva and the Fairy.
Eva had a very bad girl. She had sassed her mother, slapped her brother and killed some birds. Now she was putting about it.

"You need not cry," said her mother, "it will do you no good. Now you must go to bed."

Eva went but very unwillingly. She could not sleep. There was a noise in the chimney. Eva held her breath. At that second a fairy appeared. She said, "I am the mother of a Go-Hawk."

She came to tell you that it was wrong for you to sass your mother, slap your brother and kill the birds.

"Please forgive me," begged Eva. "I will forgive you this time, but next time I will never forgive you."

Before Eva could say thank you she had flown up the chimney again.—Olga Knefel, aged 10, Columbus, Neb.

Keeps Our Motto.
Dear Happy: I have just finished the Go-Hawks' page and heard how so many little boys and girls are trying to get more Go-Hawks. I will always try to be kind to animals and all other things. I am going to see my girl friends at school and start a Go-Hawk club. We had a club but it broke up. The first thing I look for on the Go-Hawk page is "How to be a good Go-Hawk." I am trying very hard to live up to Go-Hawk mottoes and I am coming out fine. When spring comes my sister and I are going to plant flowers in my flower bed. There is an old stump there and I am going to make a bird bath. I am sending 2 cents for a button because I lost my other one.—Grace Christensen, age 10, Thirty-second and Ave. M, East Omaha, Neb.

A Helpful Go-Hawk.
Dear Happy: I like to read your page in The Bee and I would like to have one of your badges to wear. I have one pony, one pup and four cats.

My grandpa once had a chance to trade a team of horses for 40 acres of land where Fort Omaha now is. That was a long time ago, before Omaha was very big.

My grandpa wanted the man to give him \$50 to boot, but the man would not do it, so they didn't trade. I am 11 years old and I am going to help my papa farm this summer. This is all for this time. Your friend.—Milburn Mundorf.

A New Go-Hawk.
Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am 11 years old and I am in the Seventh grade. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp. I would like to have you send me a button. I read the stories all the time. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. Yours truly, Adelyn Zaugg, Yutan, Neb.

Little Abigail Ann's Book Is Almost Finished.

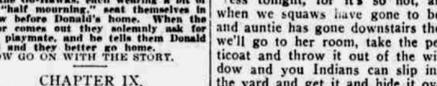
Little Abigail Ann has written to Happy again about her "Kind Deed Book," in which she puts every day the story of what she is doing to make the world a better place. "It has 39 of my kind acts already in it," she writes. "And when I get up to 50, then I am going to send it to you."

That makes only 11 more kind deeds to do—oh, goody, goody, goody, dear little Abigail Ann! Then Happy can read your book and she will love it very, very much. Perhaps it is all good Go-Hawks and if Abigail Ann is willing, Happy will tell you what she finds in the little book. It is always so much more fun to share the good things that come to us, isn't it?

Such fine times as many of you seem to be having these days writing to each other and through your letters making new friends in all parts of the country. Some of you thought for a long time that you could not write to anyone until your name was printed. Now you are all so glad to learn that this is not true. Instead, you are welcome each week to pick out in "Happyland" the names of other Go-Hawks in any part of the country and yourself start your exchange of letters.

Those of you who are writing letters, are you trying your best to make them interesting by telling about your own city, your own state and the things you do? Take pains with your writing, too, because through these letters you are trying to make "forever friends," as a little New England boy has described them. If your letters are carelessly written you may be sure no one will want to exchange with you very long.

I wonder how many new friends this year will find for you—Edith, Rosie, Peter, Molly, John, Anita, Mary, Sidney and all the rest of the Go-Hawks, whose loving letters are bringing such joy to your



The Trail of the Go-Hawks

SYNOPSIS.
The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, ask the twins, Prudence and Prudence, to join their tribe. Two of the twins bring arrows to the girls, but a doll's wedding and a circus make them late. The Go-Hawks, unfortunately, the circus ends in an accident and the twins are known as Rain-in-the-Face. His illness brings sadness to the Go-Hawks, and one of the twins, Rain-in-the-Face, is killed. The twins, however, talk briskly all the way home. In their childish way the attempt had been very real and sincere to express their sorrow over a playmate's danger.

The twins, however, talk briskly all the way home. In their childish way the attempt had been very real and sincere to express their sorrow over a playmate's danger.

"I thought," said Prudence, with pride in her voice, "that we looked perfectly stylish as we marched down the street, most as stylish as if it had been a really truly funeral."

"I wonder if Donald saw us," mused Prudence.

"I hope so, because it'd please him and Oh, Prudence, how it'll be to have the Indians stealin' up tonight. We can watch for them an' sit in the window and shiver. Oh! I hope father an' auntie won't hear them and go out 'cause they might get killed."

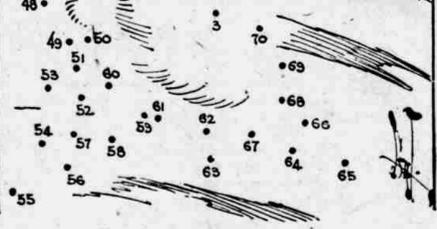
"And our Sunday school teacher told Susie last Sunday that she mustn't think so much about things to wear but more 'bout being good. 'Prhaps it's that way with auntie, and if she didn't have that petticoat she'd think more 'bout being good," said the other.

"My Sunday school teacher says we ought to help every one to be good as he can," remarked Spotted Wolf.

The chief of the Go-Hawks was much impressed by the success which had attended the efforts of the tribe all the afternoon and it now seemed really necessary to be prepared with something black in case the worst should befall their injured brave.

"'Prhaps it's our duty," he said, slowly yielding to temptation.

Dot Puzzle



Now trace at once to seventy-two, and see how Peter almost flew. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.



Fairy Queen's Plays

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.
Two little friends went to the Happy Forest one April day in search of flowers. Spring was late because Miss April had not the help she needed to waken the forest to life. Jeff, the Love Elf, comes to her rescue. Today Mother Nature, Father Time and the Moon Man all lend a hand. Our April play in the Fairy Grotto is called:

"THE COMING OF JELF."

(Continued from Last Sunday.)
APRIL.
But h-h-h is so gentle at her game— Oh, I know he will put out every flame! He'll melt the snow and melt the ice, And he'll melt the snow and melt the ice, To blow their hair and whiskers in their ears.

And he'll melt the snow and melt the ice, To blow their hair and whiskers in their ears. Adft their skirts a bit and whirl them round: They think him the BEST playmate ever To see him playing with them there—
MOTHER NATURE. (Astounded.)

APRIL.
You'd never know how cruel he can be! My Sunbeams grow more selfish every day! Now all they want is just to play (sobs) Now all they want is just to play (sobs) Now!

(She again buries her face in her hands while Mother Nature looks at Father Time and gravely shakes her head.)
FATHER TIME. (With a sad shake of his head.) Sad, my dear, sad, to find these things How can we help her, I should like to know?

(Looks appealingly at Mother Nature.)
YOU MUST do something. I have awful fears Poor will soon drown herself in tears!

(They both seat themselves on a great log. Father Time scratches his head soberly, while Mother Nature grasps her forehead with both hands, and sighs laboriously. April goes on with her weeping.)
MOTHER NATURE. (Springing up enthusiastically.)

When I squeeze my poor head as hard as I can, A bright idea pops out. (She goes to April and lays her hand on her shoulder.)

(Turning to Father Time.)
Now cheer up, Miss! We'll counsel with the Old Man in the Moon And all your troubles will be ended soon.
FATHER TIME. (Nodding his head in great relief, claps his hands slowly three times, then solemnly waves the top of his scythe to and fro while he counts seven, then recites in a deep, slow voice as he looks up into the sky.)

Now, Father, get him here—and quickly, too!
For he will know exactly what to do. Moon Man, Moon Man, in the sky, Moon Man, Moon Man, in the sky, We have heaps of trouble, You-oo-oo!

(Stretching hand to sky.)
Come and tell us what to do.

(There is a period of silent waiting and the sound of slow, heavy, clumping steps, and the old bent Moon Man appears, dressed in long, gray cloak and carrying a lantern-lighted.)
MOON MAN. (In a loud, hoarse voice.)

Oh, I am the Man in the Moon, So you've let me hear one thing quite soon! He's not made of green cheese, But the down on his nose is true. All that goes on— Yes, even at noon!

From my toes, he's there in the sky. I've watched with my great silver eyes The things that went on in the centuries gone. And that is the reason I'm wise. I'm wise!

(Turns to the waiting group.)
Good-day to you! (Turns to April) Sweet April, do not cry. I've seen your troubles from my place on high. I cannot weep, because my heart is cold. But I can help, for I am wise and old. I've learned from watching both the bad and the good.

The world MUST be kept going as it should. And somehow—and before so very long— This world must smile with bloom and ring.

MOTHER NATURE. (Coming forward eagerly.)
Dear Moon Man, you are always such a friend. Now you are here, our trouble's sure to end.

FATHER TIME. (With eagerness.)
They say that you are wise; if that is true, Why hustle up and tell us what to do.

MOON MAN. (Ponderously.)
I've been up there (points to the sky) on watch so long I know why things go wrong. Of all our woes, the greater part Are caused by some one's selfish heart. One selfish heart—it's just too bad— Can sometimes make a whole world sad.

(Turns to smile kindly at April.)
Now, April, that's what troubles you. And I will tell you what to do.

(Turns to others and goes on speaking.)
When hearts grow selfish, people shrink. They do not care to do their work; But much prefer to live in ease And do exactly as they please. So when you start about to win Such selfish souls, you must begin Where all such work must have its start. (More solemnly and slowly.)

Find ways to warm a selfish heart. I really care, for I am wise and old. For, you know, scholars all declare I'm not made of green cheese, nor light. And that is just exactly right. My heart is dead, as it appears, And has been so a thousand years. I would have died, too, long ago, Of grief, if one thing were not so. My heart is cold, but there, above, Lived Jelf, the little Elf of Love. And when he heard the moon and scold, Because my heart was always cold, He melted all that ancient ice. And I am happy, for, you see, The Elf of Love will live in me. (He pats his heart appreciatively.)

MOTHER NATURE. (In a glad, glad way.)
I am so glad, so glad for you! But—you can't help what will be do?

MOON MAN. (Contently.)
A loving heart can always find a way (Three Sun Fairies start to run through the woods, but, catching sight of Jelf, stop to look at him curiously. Seeing this, he smiles, waves his wand in their direction and skips over to talk to them.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)
Nig.
Dear Happy: I wish to become a member of the Happy tribe. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp. I have a pet cat and his name is Nig. I have a feeding pan for the birds and I put crumbs in the pan every day. I wish to receive my button. My letter is getting long, so I will close.—Mary Jane Burke, aged 8, Atlantic, Ia.

JELF.
Oh, I am little Jelf, The happy little Elf. I came down to the world from far above. No soul too sad or cold. No heart too hard or old. For me to warm it with my power of love. I wave my wand and all the world grows bright. And Hate is gone, and Wrong is turned to right.

(Hurrying forward, beside herself with joy.)
Oh, Oh, how lovely! He has brought us Jelf! (Turning to Jelf to say earnestly.) The forest surely needs you, little Elf.

FATHER TIME. (Incredulously.)
How can he come back all those sunbeams? See?

PORK CHOPS.
Wipe with a damp cloth and then dip pork chops in flour mixed with salt and pepper. Fry in bacon fat or a little lard until slightly brown. Add half a cup of water to your skillet. Cover and let steam very slowly for one hour. If your pan seems to be getting dry, you may have to add a little more water.

POLLY'S COOK BOOK.
Here is the way Cousin Louise cooks pork chops, and I have tried them several times and Peter says they are "bully."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk.
A good Go-Hawk always says "Please," or "If you please," when asking for anything. "Please pass the bread, Mary," "Father, I should like some more meat, if you please." "Please may I go to Fred's house, mother?" sound very much better than just saying, "Pass the bread, Mary," "I want some more meat, father," and "Can't I go over to Fred's house, mother?" Courtesy and politeness can be made a habit just as easily as discourtesy and impoliteness.

A Happy Boy.
Once upon a time there was a little boy; his name was Donald. He was a very poor boy. He and his mother lived alone in the country. There was a rich boy who lived close by. The rich boy's name was Jack. Donald and Jack were good friends. One day Jack came over to Donald's house and said, "See what I have," and he pointed to a shining button on his tie. Donald said, "What's that for?" Jack told him it was a badge for the Go-Hawk tribe. The next day Donald sent for a button and wrote a story. He got his button and a prize for the story. He wrote many other stories after that and got a prize for every one. I would like for some of the Go-Hawks to write to me.—Doris Parrott, Route 5, Box 2, Red Oak, Ia.

Going on a Maple Syrup Trip.
Oh, do get up Jeany, dear; it's almost time to meet the folks," shouted Betty Jean, who lazily arose from her white bed.

"Whatever did we have this so early for?" asked Jean. Jean put on her clothes and slowly went downstairs. Their uncle had planned to meet them at the postoffice and take them to his sugar farm. Jean and Betty, James and Dorothy met at the postoffice and they were off. As quick as the truck rolled into the sugar plantation the girls were out exploring the farm. Betty found a ring, then they went into the house and prepared dinner. They wandered about, then got supper. After supper they made candy.

When the week ended the girls and boys went home saying that they had a good time.—Martha Hadley, aged 12, Trumbull, Neb.

TINY TAD TALES.
Olga's father held a nickel and a dime in his hand. "Which would you rather have, a nickel or a dime?" he asked the little girl.

"I'd rather have a dollar," was the quick reply.

Jeannie had heard them talking of the story, "The Trail of the Lone-some Pine." Finally she said to her mother:

"Let's go and cheer up that 'lone-some pine!'"

NUTS TO A CRACK.
Why is a watch like a river? Answer—Because it doesn't run long without winding.

Why are fixed stars like pens, ink and paper? Answer—Because they are stationary (stationary).

Likes School.
Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I read Happyland every Sunday. My brother wishes to join the Go-Hawks, too. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Birkan. I am in the Fourth grade. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button. I hope I get my button. Yours truly, George Kendrick, age 10, Palmer, Neb.

To Remove Glass Stopper.
When a glass stopper refuses to come out of a bottle, we must first give a few regular steady taps downward, round the neck of the bottle. If this method fails, we may try clasping it in our warm hands, or wrapping the neck round with a rag dipped in hot water. One of these methods will generally release the most stubborn stopper.—Book of Knowledge.

Keeps Our Motto.
Dear Happy: I want to become a member of the Happy Tribe. I am 10 years old, and in the fifth grade. I read your page every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I will try to keep up the motto. I wish some of the members would please write to me. I must close as my letter is getting long.—Yours truly, Mabel Summers, 622 Ross Avenue, Hastings, Neb.

Wants to Join.
Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. I read the paper just about every Sunday. I am in the fifth grade at school. I have three teachers, Miss Milton is my main teacher. Please send me my button and I will try to be a good Go-Hawk. I would like to have some of the children write to me.—Luella Hashberger, age 10, Schuyler, Neb.

A Kind Girl.
Dear Happy: This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I promise to do something for some one every day. And I know I will be kind and will protect all birds and animals that I can. I have a little dog named Jack. I will send a 2-cent stamp so that I may have my button.—Orlette Drusilla, age 8, Fremont, Neb.

First Letter.
Dear Happy: I read the paper Sunday and thought that I would like to join the "Go-Hawks." I am sending a 2-cent stamp and coupon. Please send me a badge. I am 13 years and in the eighth grade. My birthday is February 23. I hope some one will write to me.—Glen Fleischnan, Manley, 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 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."

The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONANEY

The Dunce Leaves Home.
There was no use denying the fact—the Dunce was just as bad as he could be. It might have been the spring weather which caused all his naughtiness, but it more likely it was caused by a letter the Teenie Weenies received.

A few weeks ago a little girl wrote to them and said she felt sorry for the Dunce. "I think I could help him to be a good boy, don't you?" she wrote. "If the Dunce would come and live with me I would make a good boy out of him. Please let him come."

After this letter had been opened and read by the Teenie Weenies the Dunce was so stuck up there was no living with him. He got into all sorts of trouble. One morning he

dropped the head of a match down the spout of the old tap which served the Chinaman as a chimney for his laundry, and when it landed in the fire it exploded, blowing the lids off the tiny stove and scaring the poor Chinaman nearly out of a year's growth.

The Dunce ran away several times when he would have been helping with the work all Teenie Weenies have to do, and the General sent him to bed once without a bit of supper, but it did not seem to do a bit of good.

"If you'd ask me," growled Grandpa one evening after the Dunce had put salt in his malted milk, "I'd say he needs a good tannin. If I had my way I'd take him out in the woodshed and I'd get a good stout blend of grass and I'd give him a

good lickin'!"

"Why, grandfather!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion, "the Dunce isn't a bad boy. He's just full of fun and he really doesn't mean to be naughty."

"Well, if you call puttin' salt in malted milk and stealin' half a thimbleful of fried cakes fun, then I haven't got a sense of humor," growled the old gentleman, glaring over the top of his tiny spectacles.

"do you think you are behaving like a gentleman?"

"N-N-No, sir," answered the Dunce.

"Well, I don't think you are either, and I want you to understand we can't stand for this foolishness a bit longer, and unless you turn over a new leaf and behave yourself you are going to get into trouble."

"Well, if you all don't like the way I behave around here I'm going to

go and live with that little girl who wrote and asked me to come and live with her," said the Dunce.

"I believe that would be a good thing to do," answered the General. "She said that she would make a good boy out of you, and I think you had better go."

"Ah-ab-all right!" exclaimed the Dunce. "I'll go and get a few of my things and leave right away."

The Dunce stumped out of the room, and, running upstairs, he soon gathered a few of his clothes into a bundle. The news quickly spread around under the rose bush that the Dunce was leaving, and when the foolish fellow stepped out on the front porch a number of the Teenie Weenies were gathered about the old shoe. "Well, good-bye, Dunce," called the General as the Dunce shuffled off. "When you feel that you can behave yourself you will be welcomed back home."

The Dunce never answered a word, but walked rapidly away, and tears gathered in the eyes of some of the little people, for in spite of his foolishness, the Dunce was much loved by the Teenie Weenies.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

