



Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize.)

Poor Ruddy.

Poor Ruddy was crated upon a large steamer which lay at anchor waiting for the storm to subside. The ship was rocking violently to and fro. Back and forth went poor Ruddy. Then finally a great wave bore down upon poor Ruddy. It crushed the crate and washed Ruddy off into the sea. Ruddy was only a puppy and did not know much, but he knew enough to swim, and so away he swam towards shore. After a while he got there and started for higher ground. There happened to be a night watchman on his beat and he saw Ruddy. He gave him some of his sandwich his wife had



fixed for him. He then started on to finish his beat, and poor Ruddy had to face the storm again. In the morning a boy by the name of Rick found Ruddy on his steps howling. Rick had always wanted a dog and kindly he had one, a nice "Irish Setter," Rick and Good Ruddy, as he was now called on account of his color, were seen champing together all the time for many a long year.—Norvell Tuill, 1603 E Street, Aurora, Neb.

Little Ned.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter I have written to Happyland. Once there was a little boy. His name was Ned. His father was a rich man. One day his father said he had bought a farm. So Ned went to live in the country. One day as Ned was coming from the house he saw a dirty and ragged boy. Ned said, "What are you standing there for?" The boy said he wanted to see the pretty flowers. Ned said, "Be gone. I will have nothing to do with you." Then Ned thought he would go and get some blackberries. So he went into the woods. There he saw some blackberries. So he went and jumped right into the middle of it. Then Ned cried for help. Presently he heard someone coming. He looked up and saw the little ragged boy whom he had chased away from the gate. Ned said that he would give him all his money. The next day he saw the little boy, so he called and gave him a ride on his pony. And they were good friends ever after.—Lawrence Fletcher, age 11 year, Schuyler, Neb.

I'm a Happy Go Hawk.

On returning home from school Tommy noticed a poor old woman waiting patiently for the automobiles to get by. The fellows began to jeer and laugh at her. Tommy was angry and at his first opportunity ran and escorted the lady across the street. After the lady's kind thanks Tommy ran back to the boys—his chest swelling with pride. How the boys felt you can guess. "How did you do it Tommy?" asked Bob. "By my Go-Hawk pin," he answered patting it. "It doesn't only mean be kind to animals but to everything and everyone." As Tommy walked, home whistling he thought the slogan, "kindness is to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way," was a very good slogan to follow every day in our life.—Inez Hardy, Columbus, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp, for which please send me a button. We take The Omaha Bee. I read the Happyland every Sunday. I like it very much. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Hansen. Yours truly—Alice Von Seggern, Hooper, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I had one Go-Hawk button, but misplaced it. I wish you would please send me another. Our school was out today and we had a picnic. All the folks of the district were invited. There are six pupils in our school. I am 9 and finished the fourth grade this year. I have a brother who is 13. Your friend—Helen Harris, age 9, Carleton, Neb.

Dear Happy: I read the Omaha Sunday and Daily Bee, and read what the Go-Hawks are doing every Sunday. I am sending you 2 cents for the Go-Hawk button. I wish some Go-Hawks would write to me. Next time I will write a story. It is quite long now, so I will close. Walter Hoffart, Plam St., Box 64, Plainview, Neb.

Jake Wanted to "Save" a Baby.

In Happy's desk today is a letter that brings to memory another Go-Hawk story to tell the many new members of the Happy Tribe. "Please do not go so far away that you will forget your very first Go-Hawks, one of whom was Jake." This is the sentence in the letter that makes Happy want to tell you the story of Jake. One morning last June there suddenly appeared at the side of Happy's desk a tall boy, saying, "I guess I am so big that you have forgotten who I am."

Happy was certain that he knew those steady gray eyes and that frank smile, but just which one of her 60,000 Go-Hawks it could be was another matter. There was something about the voice as well as the eyes that was familiar, but instead of the little boy who used to own that smile and those eyes, here was a boy taller than Happy.

"You are such a big boy, can't you give me a clue, so that I may know who you are?" "Oh, Happy," he laughed, "don't you remember the kid who gave you 7 cents to save our first baby, and my name is—"

"Jake!" almost shouted Happy. Then she saw again the little ragged boy of five years ago who stood on another June morning close beside her desk in a corner of the old hall. That was the very first of all the Happy Tribe members, and many poor little boys used to find their way there. Sometimes some of them used to sit on the floor for hours looking at books and papers.

"How much does it cost to save a baby?" The little fellow had hurried this question over the side of Happy's desk. When Happy told him that baby nurses at that time used about 10 cents a day for the milk for each child he was quiet for a few minutes. Ten cents seemed quite a sum when he made his money not more than a half cent at a time.

Then with a sudden bright smile which one loves to think about, the hard little hand was plunged into his overall's pocket. He pulled out a nickel and two pennies and with a magnificent sweep of the arm laid them on the desk.

"Here's 7 cents. I'll bring the rest of the dime soon's I can. Pick out a girl name. Girls need savin' worse'n boys. Just put my name down 'Jake.' That's what the folks who buy my papers calls me. I'm just Jake."

As a parting word he said: "Try to get a girl as dont holler too much if you can." Then he went away and it wasn't many days before he came back with the other three pennies for the Happy Tribe's baby.

This was the very beginning of all the long, long list of sick and needy children, both on this side of the ocean and the other, to whom the Go-Hawks have given a helping hand. This was Jake, and he had come to the city to see the fair, for he lives out in the country, where he has so many good things to eat and fine country air. It really isn't any wonder that he has grown so big that Happy did not know him.

"You've saved lots of babies since our first one, haven't you?" The gray eyes were just as friendly and interested as they were the eyes of the eager little boy five years ago. "Then what do you think he did? This time he wasn't a little red hand frantically hunting around the blue overall's pocket for a nickel and two pennies, but the pocket was in a neat blue serge suit and the hand of big boy Jake pulled out a silver dollar.

"I want to give you a dollar this time to help some kid who needs it, and don't forget me next time. I don't think I'll grow any more."

"Do you still call yourself Jake?" "Sure, just like you're Happy, you know, and I'll always be Jake."

To have Jake come to town and to see him again and to know he was still interested in the Happy Tribe and that he was just as loyal a Go-Hawk as in the very beginning, that was surely good news to

Happy

TINY TAD TALES

Three-year-old Betty was looking at the comic page when her aunt, pointing to the pictures of Mutt and Jeff, said: "Betty, do you know who these old fellows are?" Betty looked at them a minute and then, clapping her hands, she exclaimed: "Why, they're Uncle Ed and Uncle Frank!"

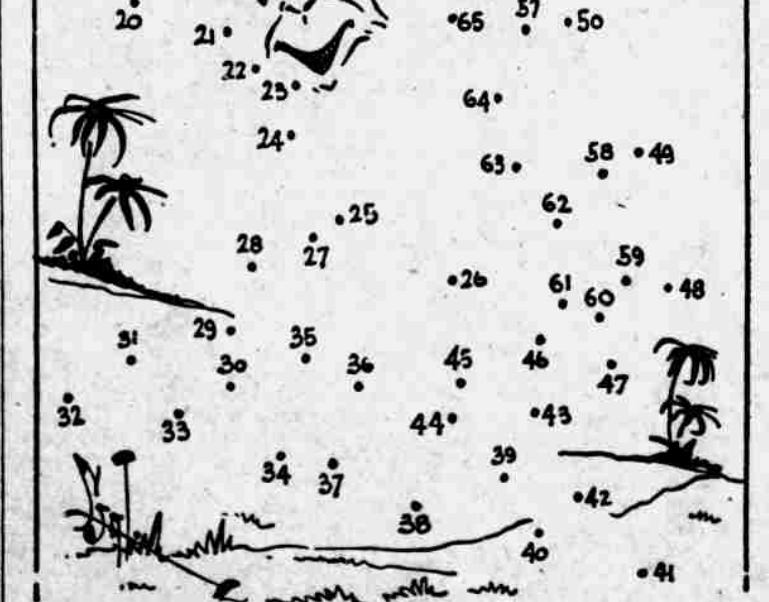
First Letter.

Dear Happy: Every Sunday I read the Happy Land page. I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending a coupon and a 2-cent stamp for a button. I think I will have to close—Catherine Neill, Aged 8, Wahoo, Neb.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe. I am sending you the coupon and a 2-cent stamp. We have about 25 little chicks and we also have six little kittens. I have two sisters and a brother. Eileen, the youngest, is 7, and Rose, the oldest, is 13. Cornelius, the second oldest, is 12. I must stop for now.—Dorothy Kirk, Aged 9, Carroll, Ia.

Dot Puzzle



For miles our Piffle, ran did he, Until he saw this Chimpanzee. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at figure 1 and taking the numbers in order.

The Trail of the Go-Hawks

SINOPSIS. The Go-Hawks a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, ask the twins, Prudence and Fidelity, to join their tribe. The twins have both said times and said times no "squaw." The Go-Hawks' circus ends in an accident to Donald, the clown. The boys visit the twins to show their sympathy. Fortunately, Donald recovers and a party is given in his honor. Aunt Jack invites all the tribe to his home for dinner. The Go-Hawks are somewhat shy, so Jack and the older men do most of the talking.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from last Sunday.)

Upon Jack and the older men fell the burden of conversation. The twins thought of something to say, and Donald from force of habit remarked that he really liked brown bread better than he did white. Fat gazed yearningly at his empty lemonade glass, wondering if he dared ask for more. He whispered the longing to Napoleon, who was nursing a similar yearning, and, thus encouraged, the latter immediately asked Bones to ask Ginger, to ask Squint to ask Wiggles to tell Jack that Fat wanted some lemonade "awful bad" if there was any.

The result was that all the glasses were refilled; then Donald wondered if two glasses of lemonade would hurt his milk and Prudence, whispering warningly, "Don't be objecting to things, 'cause you're out to dinner and it isn't polite!" At these words Donald braced up and hastily drank his lemonade as though he feared it might be taken from him.

The dinner was over and opinions asked Bones to ask Ginger, to ask Squint to ask Wiggles to tell Jack that Fat wanted some lemonade "awful bad" if there was any.

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NUTS TO CRACK

Long legs, crooked thighs. Little head and no eyes. What am I?

Answer—A pair of tongs.

Why is the sun like a good loaf of bread?

Answer—Because it is light when it rises.

Why is a water fly like a whale?

Answer—Because it comes to the surface to blow.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

In cars or in public places a good Go-Hawk does not allow either elderly people or women to stand. He should offer his seat promptly and cheerfully with a pleasant speech, such as, "Have this seat, please," or "Please be seated," or "Let me stand." So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Fairy Groto's Plays

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAFF and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Good morning, children! Since this is the first Sunday in June, the curtain will rise on a new play in the Fairy Groto. You have learned to love the little plays, written especially for you, and the Happy Forest is just the place for a Fairy Groto. As you know, Jelf the Love Elf, takes part in every play. Our new play is called "JUNE BUG POLICEMEN."

A play in one act and one scene.

CHARACTERS.

JIMMY and BOBBY... Boys of 7 and 8. MOTHER... Little sister of the boys. CATHARINE... Little sister of the boys. JELF... Love Elf. HAPPY FOREST... Boy of 7 or 8. QUEEN OF THE FIREFLIES... Girl of 7 or 8. FIREFLY FARIES... Nine girls of 7 or 8. JUNE BUG POLICEMEN... Boy of 10. JUNE BUG POLICEMEN... Six chubby little boys of 7.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

JIMMY and BOBBY—Overall, straw hats that are torn and somewhat worn. MOTHER OF BOYS—Gingham dress, apron, sunbonnet. CATHARINE—Romper. JELF—Thin suit, gold sash, shoes of same material, with turned-up toes and attached to the bottom of close fitting ankle length trousers, peaked cap with gold pompon, flute attached to belt, and carries gold wand.

FIREFLY FARIES—Dresses of dark brown satin or cheese cloth, with yellow aprons worn behind. Ma's dresses sack shaped—not too wide—gathered at knees, slightly gathered at waist and neck. Head covering fastened to dress in manner of rain cap. Make cap as close fitting as possible. Yellow apron should be fastened at waist and tapering at bottom, dark brown stockings and slippers. If liked, may add reddish brown wings with bright orange lining. Sprinkle gold dust over wings. QUEEN OF THE FIREFLIES—Should wear the same costume as her Faries. Wear either a gold crown or band of gold about head and carry a gold wand.

JUNE BUGS—Suits of brown satine, made like rompers, but not drawn in at the waist. Back of costume well stuffed out, bottom brought in at the knees, cap attached and plain, close fitting around face, stuffed out slightly at back, over eyes two small horns or pincers, made of pasteboard covered with black and stand up at head.

SAME OF THE JUNE BUGS—Same costume, with addition of a crown and wand. PROPERTIES. Magic wand for Jelf. Gold wands for King and Queen. Bird whistles to imitate songs of birds. Two birds' nests, birds' eggs. Flute for Jelf. Flashlights for Firefly Faries.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter that I have sent you. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a badge. I read the Happy Land page every Sunday and I am very interested in reading the stories and letters. I am going to school now and I am in the seventh grade. Our school will not be out until May 17. There are seven of us in our family. I have three brothers and one sister. My sister's name is Ida, and my brother's names are Royal, Claude and David. I must close now—Yvonne Elda Lawton, Aged 12, Spurgin, Colo.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade at the Sacred Heart school. I like your stories and letters very much and I am sending a 2 cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I have a poodle dog. I wish some of the members of the Go-Hawks would like to me. I would be very glad to answer. Aileen Delaney, age 11, 2226 Spencer St., Omaha, Neb.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe, of which I am a member, should send me a coupon. I will send you a Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 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 DONAHEY

The Lover Twins Join the Teenie Weenie Boy Scouts.

The Teenie Weenie which has a rule in their little community which the big folks would do well to adopt. Every Teenie Weenie boy and girl is made to join the Teenie Weenie Boy and Girl Scouts. When they are old enough to understand they are taken out into the woods, where they live for several weeks each summer, and they are taught how to take care of themselves in the forest.

It was decided that the Lover twins were old enough to take up their training in woodcraft, so they were told to make ready for their entrance into the order of Teenie

were four nightshirts apiece, six towels apiece, four changes of underwear for each, a bathrobe apiece, four pairs of stockings each, four shirts apiece, an extra pair of shoes each, bedroom slippers and many more things. The poor Indian was quite excited when he saw this pile of clothes, for he would have to carry most of the baggage and they had a long way to go.

"One towel apiece heap enough," cried the Indian. "Wash towel out when get dirty and dry in sun. Two pair socks, enough. One case soap too much."

"Yes, the Indian is right," said the General, who saw Mrs. Lover did not agree with the Indian.

After breakfast the three travelers set out for the woods, where they arrived early in the afternoon. The Indian set to work at once putting up a shelter, which he built out of poles and bark. The camp was made next to the big stone, on a clean, dry, sandy beach of the creek. The twins helped to cut the poles for the shelter with their tiny axes, and they gath-

ered dry moss for the bed, while the Indian tied the frame of the shelter securely with tough grass blades. "Me want shelter strong," said the Indian, and the little fellow certainly made it strong, for it held the weight of the ground robin, who perched on it occasionally when he visited camp.

There were plenty of wild strawberries near by, deliciously sweet, and the little campers ate nearly a whole berry at each meal. After the twins had rested for a couple of days the Indian set to work teaching the little fellows the many wonderful things about the woods.

"They will have all their food and blankets to carry, as well as their pots and kettles." After a great deal of argument the Indian finally had his way and only the most necessary things were chosen. When the little party was ready to start off it was plainly seen that they could not have carried another thing. The Indian carried most of the load, while each of the twins carried his sweater, ax, coat and blanket.

After much weeping and kissing on the part of Mrs. Lover the three set off early the next morning toward the big woods. The first night the

Weenie Boy Scouts. Mrs. Lover and the Lady of Fashion made the two little fellows each a suit of Scout clothes and the Old Soldier hammered their tiny axes out of the heads of two carpet tacks. He also made them two little hunting knives and each one a pack to carry his belongings in.

The Indian was to take the little fellows into the woods and the twins could hardly wait for the time to start. Mrs. Lover wanted her children to have every comfort on the trip, so she prepared a number of things it would have taken one of the trucks to carry it all. There

was a good-sized can of salmon or one pint of arry cooked fish, one cupful of white sauce, one cupful of bread crumbs. Butter a baking dish; put in a layer of fish, then crumbly sprink with salt and pepper and dot the crumbs with butter; then put a layer of white sauce. Continue this way until the dish is full and be sure to have your crumbs on top. Dot with butter and put in the oven and brown for 20 minutes.

White Sauce. One and one-half table-spoonfuls of flour, one table-spoonful of butter, one cupful of milk, one-half tea-spoonful of salt, pinch of pepper. Melt butter, add flour to it, then milk. Cook in double boiler until it begins to thicken.

I hope you have good luck when you try this recipe. With love, POLLY.

The Princess. Dear Happy: Once upon a time there lived a king who had a daughter whom he worshipped. One day a war came on and the enemy won. The nurse told the little girl to go and run away or the enemy would kill her. Now this little girl always had a light that looked like a star on her forehead and wherever she went no animal or no one could hurt her. So she went out into the deep woods. It grew dark and she lay down to sleep. The birds brought her food. Thus she lived until one day a group of horsemen came through the woods and it was the little princess' father. He had been searching all over for her. He looked in the woods and found his daughter. He then took her home and they lived happily ever after.

I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me for I am a new member. I am 13 years old and in the Seventh grade. Grace Flint, Box 226, North Platte, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe. Enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a badge. I am 8 years old and I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Eckstein. Our school lets out May 19 with a picnic. Yours as a new Go-Hawk member.—Blained Nelson, Colon, Neb.

Weather Forecast.

Rose Petal Shower All Week in Happyland.