



The Trail of the Go-Hawks

(Continued From Last Sunday.)
 "What do you s'pose 'll happen now?" asked Prudence of her sister as they went downstairs a few minutes later.
 "Father hardly ever sends for us 'less he doesn't like something we've done 'cause he's always so busy with his bugs an' beetles," replied Patience.
 Then they reached the study. "Do you want to speak to us, father?" ventured one.
 "I am sorry about this, children," he answered gravely as he placed an arm around each as she stood timidly at his side. "I hope with all my heart that auntie has made a mistake this time, little ones, for I am sure that you would not want to grieve father," he began as though ashamed of the words he must speak. "It is just this way. You remember you took auntie's tea jacket and then her petticoat without asking her permission and now that she can't find a little of the money she left in the kitchen purse, she is afraid that—well—that perhaps you have borrowed it and neglected to return it. I do not believe that you did take it, did you?" questioned the father gently.
 The children looked at each other in dismay. They had been so positive that both father and auntie would be glad to have them remember Donald that they had neglected to mention to them their happy inspiration to give him some money.
 As he looked into their faces Professor Trevellyn's heart sank. "Please tell father just how it happened," he said.
 Then they told the story of the missing articles, one child supplementing another until it was all out.
 Long and gravely the father talked to his children trying to make them understand the difference between right and wrong.
 "Well, I'll tell you what we can do," finally said Patience, "we can bring auntie's skirt back. Donald is well now an' we won't have to mourn, an' we can ask him to give the money back."
 "You may bring auntie's petticoat home, but you will have to earn somehow the money to repay that which you took and to buy auntie a new tea jacket."
 The twins looked at each other aghast. "But how, father, how can we earn money? What can we do? Can't you give us some work? Can't we catch bugs for you?" asked one.
 "I can catch lots of bugs, I know," asserted the other.
 The father studied a moment. He then said, "I will pay you for all the weeds you dig out of the yard and there are plenty to dig, I assure you."
 "Auntie said we couldn't go out of the yard all week, so we might as well begin now," suggested Patience, who was somewhat nervous under the serious eyes of her father. She felt the need of fresh air after the excitement of the last half hour.
 This state of affairs explains why Jack found the girls digging weeds that afternoon out in the side yard. They rested as they told him the story of the past few days.
 "I hate to have you girls digging old weeds in the sun, anyway it was to my party you brought that money and for one of our Indians we cut up that jacket. I'm going to think of some other way to earn money an' we'll help you."
 "Oh, Jack, will you?" asked Prudence hopefully. "My back's most

broke diggin' weeds an' it isn't very nice work. There isn't anything 'bout weeds but dirt."
 "I guess I'll go down to the river and think it out," announced the chief of the Go-Hawks, an' don't you worry, girls, I'll stick by you."
 The girls gazed at his retreating figure. "I just love Jack," said Patience with the easy candor of extreme youth. "He always helps you out."
 "Yes, he does," answered the sister. "Aunt Sallie says she'd rather we'd play with girls, but I like boys better, 'cause what girl'd ever think of tyin' string to our toes an' hang a long end out of the window for 'em to pull Fourth of July so we could get up early, and the Go-Hawks did that and we got up at 4 o'clock."
 "I s'pose we might as well go to work with the weeds while we wait for Jack," said Prudence. "I'm going to play I'm a pris'ner an' auntie's a jailer and the house is a jail. Tisn't half so hard to do things if you play you're somethin' else while you are doing them," said the child eagerly.
 "I'll play it, too," answered Patience.
 "Then go to work, pris'ner, and the harder we work the sooner we'll get out o' jail."
 The children fell to work vigorously. Aunt Sallie smiled as she glanced from the window and wondered if they were learning the meaning of the word "discipline."
 (Continued Next Sunday.)

Marian Had a Monkey for a Nurse

How would you like to have your baby brother or sister have a monkey for a nurse? Well, that is just what happened to Marian, a little American girl. Marian's father is an officer on one of the steamers that travel to South America, and, oh, what wonderful cargoes those steamers carry!
 Sometimes dark-skinned natives will bring on board odd-looking boxes closed tight with pink sealing wax. Then you will wonder what can be inside those queer-looking boxes; perhaps you will guess and guess, and then be told that they are emeralds from some of those far-away countries.
 Many times chattering gayly-colored parrots will come on board. Another day you may stick your head out through your porthole and you will look right down on a whole boat load of immense big turtles, and how forlorn and unhappy they look as they are hoisted up in the air and then dropped down into the hold of the ship, where they travel in a big tank of water to the United States, or England or wherever they are going.
 So you can all readily see that Marian's father was quite accustomed to traveling with strange birds and animals from South America. It is not surprising, is it, that one time he should bring a monkey home with him? And a very jolly little monkey he was, too.
 When they reached the pretty home where Marian lives Jock was introduced to the family and he immediately took a great fancy to Baby Marian. It was not very long until he took upon himself the duties of a nurse, and often when Marian cries he will push the baby carriage back and forth very gently until she falls asleep.
 Sometimes, however, Jock becomes mischievous and he will jolt the carriage forward to see what will happen, and Baby Marian doesn't like that. Again, he will climb up into the baby's carriage and throw out all her playthings. Then if she cries he will jump down and put each one carefully back, watching all the time to see if it pleases the baby.
 Once the monkey took the baby's bottle and drank the milk himself, and then when he was scolded he crept off into a corner and cried like a baby. Happy is very sure that no little girl she knows has so odd nor so homely a nurse as this baby girl on Long Island.
 Besides Jock, I want to tell you about Nancy today. Nancy is a pretty little fawn and all during the war she was the mascot of one of the South American regiments. She lived with the soldier boys through many campaigns, and they all loved her for her gentle ways and her pretty tricks. One day a piece of exploding shrapnel shell came along and hit one of her horns, knocking it sideways. Her horn then grew in that position, which gave Nancy a very funny look, but the soldiers loved her just the same, and some of them said that it made her an even better mascot.
 Wouldn't you like to meet Jock and Nancy?



This is the time of year when every one of the Go-Hawk braves should make a bird bath. One of the very best ways to keep birds about a home is to be sure they have plenty of water in which to bathe and water to drink. Our grocery man gave me an empty butter tub and I used it to make my bird bath, for I had read they make very good ones. After washing it out, I sawed off seven inches from the bottom. Use the lower



half, of course. Brad all the hoops, so they will not fall off when the tub dries out. Get a post, round one if possible, about four and a half feet long and three inches in diameter. Put it securely into the ground and then nail your tub on top. Put three or four braces underneath from tub to post and then paint it. Set in it a round shallow dish two inches deep and eight or 10 inches in diameter. Keep full of fresh water. PETER.

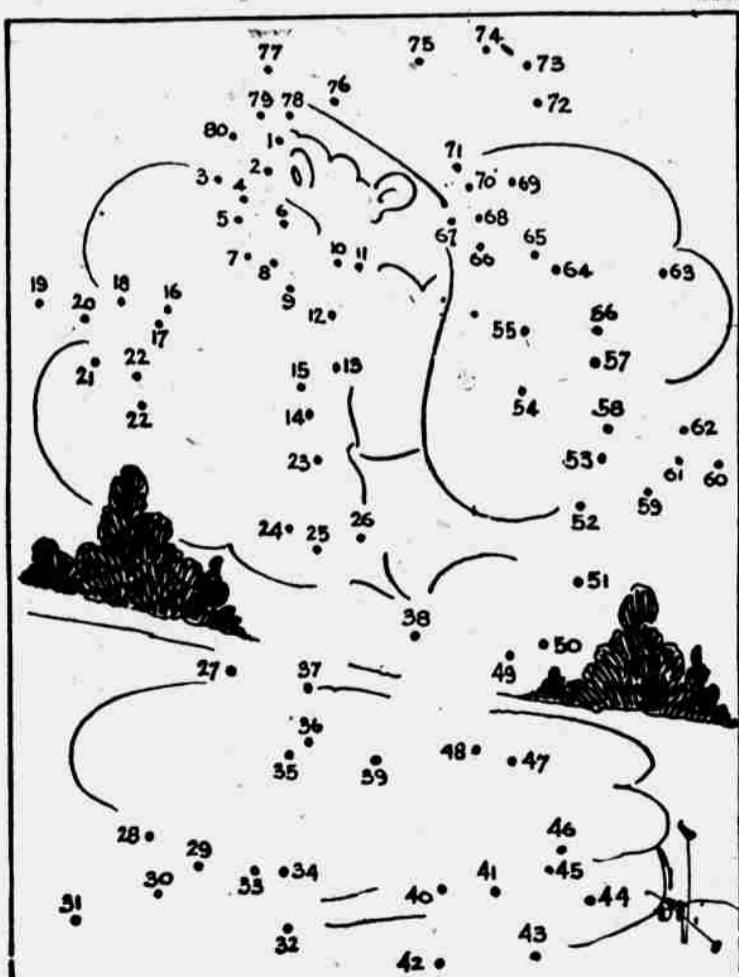


I want to tell you a story that my Uncle Billy told me. He said once there was a little donkey who wanted to cross a stream, but the bridge had been carried away and the current was too strong for him to swim, so how did he get across? And I said—after a while—that I would give it up, and what do you s'pose he said? "Just what the other little donkey did!"
 The thing that goes the farthest
 Toward making life worth while,
 That costs the least and does the most,
 Is just a pleasant smile.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.
 So many of you had a good time on the Fourth of July that you will be specially interested in reading our Fairy Grotto play. Last Sunday you read about those who were to take part in the play. Today you will read how Philip started to town to buy his firecrackers for the Fourth and what happened in his absence. Our July play is called "The Firecracker Gnomes," a play in one act, one scene.
 (Continued from last Sunday.)
 Scene—The stage is set to represent as nearly as possible mid-summer, with appropriate foliage and flowers. To right stage is a little lattice work effect, over which nasturtium vines are climbing. At back of stage is a hedge of sweet peas in bloom. On top of stumps have baskets with vines and flowers. It is better to use artificial vines and flowers.
 Discovered. Philip is seen sitting on the settee in the garden. As curtain rises he is busily examining an old tin can, in which he has been saving his pennies for the Fourth of July. He merrily shakes his can and the coins jingle loudly.

Dot Puzzle



Can you finish this picture?
 Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk is not thoughtless, rude or lawless when on picnics. Many people, who have very nice manners at home or in the homes of their friends, sometimes behave strangely at outdoor picnics. If you are in the woods, do not destroy plants or flowers nor leave papers and trash about. Don't think you must be rough just because you are picnicking. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

PHILIP.
 This very day I go to buy
 My things for this Fourth of July.
 (Shakes his can noisily.)
 Look at all the money here
 To spend on fireworks this year!
 Christmas! but it's blazing hot.
 (Takes off his hat and fans himself.)
 It makes me drowsy, but I'll not
 Waste time in sleep when I can go
 To see the things the windows show.
 (Philip rises, stretches himself lazily, then, whistling happily, leaves garden left stage. Almost immediately a boy's voice is heard singing off stage, enough in the distance to give the effect of someone coming singing down the road. Little girl's voice joins in the refrain. Use any favorite song for children in your community. As the last notes die away, a boy and a girl are to be seen peering over the sweet pea hedge. The boy is on crutches.)
 JOHN.
 (Eagerly.)
 What pretty gardens! Do we dare
 Go through the hedge to play in there?
 (John parts hedge and limps through the opening, followed timidly by Betty. John looks admiringly about him. John, followed by Betty, limps around the garden, both looking wonderingly at foliage and flowers.)
 If this were ours, we surely know
 We'd stay right here and never go!
 BETTY.
 (Musingly.)
 I wonder why there is no one
 In this dear garden having fun?
 (She buries her little face for a moment in the nasturtiums. From behind the tangle of vines and blossoms runs Jelf, the Happy Tribe Love Elf.)
 JOHN.
 (Starts back in amazement at the sight of little Jelf in his gold suit.)
 Say, boy, tell us who you are?

BETTY.
 (Crowding nearer and looking curiously at Jelf.)
 Did you come here in a fairy car?
 JELF.
 (Bowing low and chanting joyously.)
 Oh, I am little Jelf,
 The happy little elf.
 I came down to the world from far above;
 No soul too sad or old,
 No heart too hard or cold
 For me to warm it with my power of love.
 I wave my wand and all the world grows bright,
 And hate is love and wrong is turned to right.
 BETTY.
 (In a tired little voice.)
 Dear Jelf, we've walked so far today
 We wish that we might rest and play.
 JELF.
 (Gently waves his wand, puts his left hand to his ear, bending his head slightly as though listening.)
 Dear children, you may stay in here.
 The sweet South Wind is whispering near.
 I'll have her rarr her Fairies, too,
 The Sweet Peas, to come and play with you.
 (Jelf blows on his flute, that is always hanging at his side. Enter right stage Miss South Wind—her pink sea-shell in one hand and basket in the other. She dances airily about the garden, then stops before Jelf.)
 MISS SOUTH WIND.
 (With a pretty little curtsy.)
 Dear Jelf, I was not far from you.
 What is the work for me to do?
 (Continued next Sunday.)

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 sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 70,000 members!

Motto
 "To Make the World a Happier Place."
Pledge
 "I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."