



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

In our June play in the Fairy Grotto, you have read how two boys, Jimmy and Bobby, went into the woods. They were cruel enough to steal the eggs out of a bird's nest. Instead of going home they stretched themselves out on the ground and went to sleep. They paid no attention to the cries of the mother bird, but put the eggs between them. Here they were found by Jelf, the Love Elf of the Happy Forest. The June Bugs and the Fireflies helped Jelf punish the boys and rescue the eggs. They waken to find their own mother, much worried, is searching for them in the woods. Next Sunday we begin a new play. This month's play is called

"THE JUNE BUG POLICE-MEN."

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

JIMMY.
(Crossly.)

Bobby—We had no guard to keep our eggs safe while we went to sleep.

BOBBY.
(Angrily.)

The little thief! Who COULD it be to steal the eggs from you and me?

JELF.

(Comes dancing out of the shadows, where he has been watching the boys. He touches his fingers to his lips as though to silence the boys' mother while he speaks.)

Good evening, boys, and you are awake enough to wonder who could take the nests of eggs you stole yourselves. Lucky that you didn't rouse the elves!

JIMMY.

(Staring hard at Jelf in a frightened manner.)

What is your name? Say, you are queer!

Do elves live in the woods round here?

(Looks around, as he jumps to his feet, as though he feared more elves might be hiding near.)

JELF.

(Laughs and joyously waves his magic wand as he speaks.)

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.

(Jelf waves his wand again over the boys' heads and then toward the Fireflies, who flash their lights in response.)

JELF.

I gave her nest and eggs back to each mother bird

Whose hearts you broke, it was THEIR cries I heard.

BOBBY.
(Interrupting.)

Was it the mother bird who wakened me?

She seemed just there—right over by that tree.

(As Bobby speaks, his own mother steps from behind the tree, or bush.)

'Twas I who called—I've had a dreadful day—

Afraid that some one stole my boys away!

(Mother wrings her hands at the thought of what she had suffered.)

All mothers are the same the whole world through.

And little Jelf knows well that this is true—

That's why he gave each mother bird her nest.

Jelf always seems to do just what is best.

(Bobby and Jimmy walk slowly, with their heads hanging in shame, to their mother's side.)

JIMMY.

Then it was YOU we heard call

And not the mother bird at all!

(Defensively.)

But you had her—

(Motions toward their little sister, Catharine.)

Why did you care?

How could you grieve when she was there?

MOTHER.
(Voice full of surprise.)

Child or birdling, no mother can spare

One from the home nest, I do not care

Where she lives. Each little one feeds

Love to her heart. Each baby she needs.

(Mother places her arm around the boys, gently leading them toward home; little sister follows.)

June Bugs have crept back into the shadows as though there was no more work for them, taking their positions by stumps, bush or trees. The Fireflies, led by their Queen, come forward and do a bright, joyous dance. If possible, have the darkness of the woods changed to rose, as though day was breaking. As the dance draws near a close, Jelf runs out to the center of the stage, where he meets the Queen of the Fireflies. As the curtain falls, the Firefly Fairies are circling joyously around them.

THE END.

Mail Bag Running Over With Good News.

When old Uncle Sam brought his Happyland Mail Bag the other morning, it was bulging over with good news. It seemed as though Happyland Trails are starting and Kind Deed Arrows shooting in every direction these days. Surely there are no busier, happier and kinder boys and girls in all the world than the Go-Hawks. That particular mail bag contained letters from all parts of America, Belgium, France, Turkey, England and Venezuela. There were many pieces of good news tucked away in those little letters, only a few of which I can tell you today.

In the little town of Highfill, Ark., 20 boys and girls have formed a Happy Tribe. They are planning to do everything possible "to make the world a happier place." "When I got my Go-Hawk pin I went out and took in my trap, because I want to be kind to animals and not scare them," writes Carl Marsh of Worcester, Mass. "Eight girls in Logan, Ind., are now busy doing as many kind deeds as possible," writes 13-year-old Mildred Massett.

Mary Bernice and J. Bernard Bowles, twins, of Armada, Kan., are 11 years old and send their "aim is always making somebody else happy." One could not have a much better aim. Lois-Boyce of Cape Girardeau, Mo., has been able to do much to help one of her young friends who sprained her ankle. Ellete, King of Benton, Ill., is trying to help the Happy Tribe grow by getting one new member each week. You will agree that this shows a fine Go-Hawk spirit.

Natalie Strauss of Roxbury has made a loose leaf portfolio in which she pastes each week all the things she cuts out of Happyland. In this way she is making a wonderful Happyland scrapbook, to keep forever.

Brent E. Smith of Lowell has 12 members in his tribe. They have built a hut in the woods and expect to have many good times. He says that two of their roles are "No smoking" and "Obey your parents." Other Go-Hawks are busy making scrapbooks, dressing dolls and little things to be sent to amuse the sick and crippled children in hospitals nearby. How I wish that every one of you might gather round me and read all these letters from the north, south, east and west, written by Loyal Go-Hawks and bringing such good news to

Happy



Here is something that Peter and daddy like for desert and now is the time to make it, because it is strawberry time, at least in some parts of the country.

STRAWBERRY RUSSE.

Get a dozen lady fingers, split them in halves and cut each one in two. Arrange these around the edge of small glasses. Fill the centers with strawberries cut in halves and sweetened and cover with whipped cream. Put one berry on top of each.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk Happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. Please send the button as soon as possible. I wish some boy or girl readers of this paper would write to me. My letter is getting long, so I will close. Yours truly, Anna Kovar, age 9, Howells, Neb.



Why is a baby like wheat?
Answer—Because it is first cradled, then thrashed and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Why does a woman who gives her husband "a piece of her mind" usually take as much as she gives?
Answer—Because she generally manages to take away the peace of his.

When is a nose not a nose?
Answer—When it is a little reddish (reddish).

When is a woman not a woman?
Answer—When she is a little chili; when she is a bell, or when she is a dear.

What key in music would make a good officer?
Answer—A sharp major.

A Loyal Member.

Dear Happy: I received my button and like it very much. I read the Sunday Bee every Sunday. I will try and be kind to all dumb animals. I wish some of the Go-hawks would write to me. I thought the dot puzzle was funny this week. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close.—Vivien Bogge, Trumbell, Neb.

know about the jacket. I am convinced that you do know something.

"What is 'convinced,' auntie please?" interrupted Prudence, suddenly thirsting for knowledge.

"It means that I am very sure you know where my tea jacket is and that you must tell," replied Aunt Sallie, ignoring the opportunity thus given to forget the question at hand.

There was another long pause and she said firmly, "I am waiting."

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(To Be Continued.)

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."

The Trail of the Go-Hawks

SYNOPSIS.
The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, ask the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join their tribe. The twins have both fun and sorrow as "squaws" of the Go-Hawks. Their circus ends in an accident and illness for Donald, the clown. The Go-Hawks wear "half-mourning" (cut from Aunt Sallie's violet tea jacket) to show their sympathy. When Donald recovers a party is given in his honor. Afterward Jack invites all the guests to dinner as surprise to his father and the cook. The boys miss the twins the next few days and Aunt Sallie discovers the disappearance of her violet tea jacket and questions the girls.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

Miss Sallie grew suspicious of the drawing words. She had not had the care of the twins all these years without learning many things, one being that they usually knew something about everything that went wrong.

"Children, come to me, please," she called in a gentle voice. When the children obeyed with faltering steps and stood before her, first on one foot and then on the other, their faces flushed and hands clutching wildly at their apron strings, her practiced eye read the knowledge of at least one of the missing garments.

"When did you say you last saw the tea jacket?" she questioned, looking keenly into the flushed faces.

"Oh, it must 've been last month," answered one with a brave show of indifference.

"Where was it then?"

There was a long silence while the twins felt a wild desire to flee from threatened danger.

"Was it in the closet at that time?" asked Aunt Sallie.

"It was first, auntie," replied one slowly; "yes, it was, for I remember seeing it there myself," she concluded glibly.

"Then when did you last see it?"

"The very last time, auntie? It's kind of hard to remember," said Prudence.

"Auntie feels positive that if you try very hard you can remember just where you saw it last. You must do it."

"Well, then, I s'pect the very last time was down in front of Donald's when it marched away," was the peculiar response given in a tone that implied that Prudence considered the discussion ended.

Miss Sallie looked puzzled. "I do not understand, children. How could my tea jacket march away from Donald's? He was very ill at that time."

"Are you going to church next Sunday, auntie?" queried Patience hopefully. "We would like to go with you."

"Auntie has asked you a question children, and you must answer."

The twins looked at each other despairingly, for Aunt Sallie seemed to have such a bad habit of persisting. "You must tell either your father or me what you



At Marian's home a favorite dessert is strawberries with whipped cream, and the family often have it when strawberries are in season. One day Marian's mother was hulling berries for dinner and Marian was watching her. At last she said:

"Mother, do you know what I like better than anything else in the world?"

"What?" questioned the mother.

"Strawberries with spanked cream," replied the little girl, looking at the berries longingly.

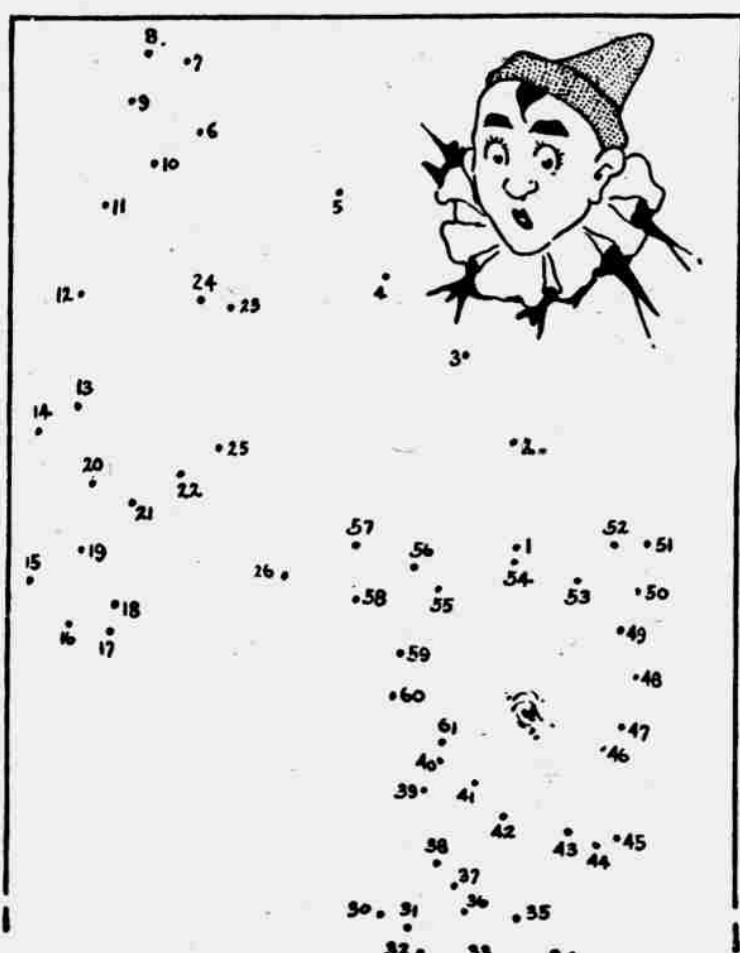
Little John Carl, though not quite 4, is very much interested in automobiles. One day when riding in his kiddie car he noticed it had no fenders.

"Oh, mamma," he called disappointedly, "my car has no suspenders on."

Another Way to Be A Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not give all his time to his own fun during vacation. Much as he delights in being out of school, he should remember that vacation is not all play. He should offer to help father and mother in every way possible and divide his day into three periods, work, rest and play. So, don't forget this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

Dot Puzzle



When Piffle saw this Bear he said, "I'd be much better off in bed." Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.