



Many New Friends Bring Greetings to Happyland.

From North, South, East and West are coming birthday greetings to Happyland.

"I want to be able to say I joined the Happy Tribe in honor of the first birthday of Happyland," is Mary Lee's message from Oklahoma.

"Guess if every Go-Hawk gives one friend to the Happy Tribe it won't take us long to go over the top. Watch for Missouri!" writes 12-year-old Frederick Howard.

It really does not seem to make a bit of difference in which direction Happy turns her eyes, for straight toward Happyland she sees the letters coming, all bearing the friendly message, "I want to give you a new friend." What better gift could have been given to Happyland than one of your own dear friends? Judging from the fine letters they are writing, Happy knows that you are choosing the best friends that you have, too.

Many new branches of the big Happy Tribe are forming. John Owen Beeson of View, Tex., is chief of a small tribe and sent the names of two more recruits, Bert Lucas, who lives near Raymond, Ill., interested four other boys, 10, 11, and 12 years old, who live in Hillsboro, Ill., to enroll as Go-Hawks. Charley Harris and six of his boy friends who live in Pleasant Hill, Okl., have a tribe of their own. Pleasant Hill is such a pretty name for one's home that surely they have many good times. Maurice Wilson of Manchester, N. H., and four boys have spent many happy hours in the woods and on long hikes. They chose as their chief, Mrs. E. Guy Wilson, mother of Maurice, who is as ready to help them have good times as she is to see them help others. These are but a few of our many new tribes and I will tell you of more Sunday. Now here is welcome and a loving "thank you" for every new friend you are giving to

Happy

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. A circus, a party, a newspaper are some of the things that keep them busy. Piggy Runt also discovers a way to make money. His sister, Maude, need it, for a beau who pays him nickels to carry notes and even a quarter to keep out of the parlor when he is calling. The Go-Hawks then assist Piggy and next time Clara Maude's beau calls he has to pay out many nickels to different Go-Hawks who are hidden about the room and appear one by one. This leads to the organization of the "Beau Runners," to help Maude along with their courtships, and a meeting is held in the hayloft to talk over plans. "It must've felt grand to sit in the library and wait for the beau and his girl to come," remarked Patience. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

introduce yourself," instructed Jack. "Tell 'em you b'long to the 'Beau Runter Agency' and that we deal only in high-class beaux. Then ask if they have any errands to run or notes to carry to their girls. If they say they haven't any then tell 'em you'll call ev'ry day, and you'll 'preciate it if they'll save all their work for you. Then go to their girl and do just the same thing." "An' I'll tell you a good way," interrupted Piggy Runt, who, now that his own rights were to be respected, was generous enough to offer helpful hints. Who was better versed than he in the art of persecuting beaux—for had he not enjoyed several weeks' experience? "When you see a beau an' his girl on th' street," said Piggy, "walk right 'long 'side 'em an' sure as shootin' th' beau'll pay you to go away. If the girl is sittin' on the front steps with her beau, just walk up and sit down 'side 'em and say you've come to stay all the evenin'—an' most likely you'll get some money if you promise to go home."

(Continued from last Sunday.)

"We prayed for you, that the Lord'd spare you all if the battle was fierce," said Prudence, who was a regular attendant at Sunday school and prone to ask the divine blessing at all times. "I'd my bow an' arrow ready to shoot at the first show of trouble, an' yet I hoped we'd have no battle 'cause Piggy's earnin' his livin' off 'em," answered the peaceably inclined chief of the Go-Hawks. "I was just a'thinkin'," remarked Piggy, "if we're going to have a reg'lar agency to look after beaux an' their girls you kids ought to get your own 'cause I can take care of this one. I don't care, of course, 'cause you learned how off him last night, but you kids must keep off him now." "That's so," answered Jack. "well, let's see, Don, you said the girl who lives next door to you had a lot, and the girl who lives down on this corner has a beau who comes ev'ry Sunday night an'—"

"An' my Sunday school teacher has a beau, 'cause he comes to walk home with her from Sunday school," interrupted Prudence. "That's good,—that'll give us a beau apiece to start with," said Jack. "Father said ev'ry body ought to be bus'ness like," chimed in one of the squaws, who was inclined to quote her father on all occasions. "Then we'd better print bus'ness cards to use," said Jack, who had thoughtfully provided the office with some of his mother's monogram stationery. He now took a sheet and printed: BOW RUNTER AGENCY Pawnee Dirt Lodge Broken Arrow Town WILL HELP ALL GIRLS OUT WITH BOWS CHEEP Special Rates Summer Nights "How's that?" asked the author, holding up the card for inspection. "That's great," said one. "Let's print em right away and get to workin'," urged Napoleon, who yearned to make enough that he might have some hopes of a treat. The suggestion was adopted; by noon the cards were printed, and the agents instructed to start work that afternoon. The available beaux were apportioned out. "You must go up to each and

The Guide Post to Good Books for Children.

Choose one of these books to read each week. Keep a record, and at the end of the year if you can show you have read at least one of these books every week you will be given an Award of Honor. Your year starts the week you begin to read. Perhaps you had better cut the list out each time and take it with you to your city library. It is prepared for the Happyland boys and girls by Miss Alice M. Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston public library. This week she suggests: Alcott, L. M., "Jack and Jill." Brown, A. F., "The Loneliest Doll." Baldwin, James, "Old Greek Stories." Hill, C. T., "Fighting a Fire." Lang, Andrew, "Book of Romance." Wiggin, K. D., "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP AND ELEANOR CAMERON.

When John disobeyed his mother and ran into the woods to play, he thought he was going to have a fine time. Fairy Willful tried to make him think so, too, but others of the fairy folk came to help Jelf, the little Love Elf of the Happy Forest, teach him the lesson he needs. The name of our Fairy Grotto play is "RUNAWAY JOHN."

(Continued from last Sunday.)

JELF. O, queen, your lips are gracious as your heart. I pray you, Royal Lady, take a part in helping me to teach a little boy that it is work—not play—that brings us joy. Now, will you please your heart to grant this boon. Call all your Forest workers, so that soon poor foolish John may learn that there is need for dwellers in this wood to work indeed!

QUEEN. (Waving her hand toward the four points of the compass.) It shall be done exactly as you say. Now, we must hasten on our hurried way. For August is a busy month—though fair—A many things demand our watchful care. Farewell, dear Jelf. Cease not to work in your spell. And, in this sad old world, it shall be

(Jelf kneels again, kisses her hand and bows low as Queen and her retinue go off the stage. Then he lifts his bugle and blows a clear blast. Swift reappears and he addresses her delightedly.) Our little plan is working—thanks to you. We need a Raindrop; bring us one or two. (Swift darts away and comes back almost at once with a small Fairy, who carries a tiny sprinkler. She skips up to Jelf to kneel at his feet.)

JELF. Dear Fairy. (Pointing.) There a boy lies—sleeping well—Beneath the wise old Sand Man's heavy spell. Lest he should look upon our Fairy Queen—A sight no mortal eye has ever seen. Now she is safely gone from out this place And he may wake. Four raindrops on his face!

(The little Fairy runs forward to kneel over John and poise her small sprinkler so that drops of water fall lightly upon him. As he shows signs of waking, she slips quickly away, followed by Jelf, and they both hide behind the trees in the background. John stirs, stretches, opens his eyes to look lazily about, finally stands up with a big yawn.)

JOHN. (Disgustedly as he realizes what has taken place.) I lay 'down and went fast asleep. I guess. And you—the daytime, too—what foolishness!

(Raps himself on the head sharply and says sarcastically.) John, you ARE bright!—You get a chance to play. And then lie down and sleep the time away!

(Still more sarcastically.) Yes, I would say that was a lovely plan—Just fit for babies, or an old, old man. (Shakes his shoulders crossly and sits down on the log again. Staring around in a sleepy way he suddenly remembers Fairy Willful and says peevishly.) Whatever made me turn and start straight back? When I was right on Fairy Willful's track?

I wish I had a chum—in here with me—There's someone now! Whoever can THAT be?

(A beautiful butterfly flits into the wood, to dance gracefully in the center before she goes from place to place, stopping here and there before the flowers, as if sipping nectar.)

John. (Speaking eagerly as she flutters nearer him.) Miss Butterfly, you are so light and sweet!

You look as if you knew just how to play. BUTTERFLY. (With delicate lifting of her gauzy wings and dainty rhythmical movements of her arms and body as she sways to go the music of

"Hovering Butterflies," by Gaynor.

I'm a pretty, happy, little butterfly, you see! How the children love to have a merry race with me. As I flutter, flutter, flutter through the summer days, O, fit and fly in fragrant, flowery ways. Where the gentle, soft spring breezes stir the leaves on high. And the sun shines warm beneath the summer's smiling sky. You can see me floating, floating, floating softly by— A happy little butterfly!

In the morning when the earth awakens from her sleep. When in branches overhead the birds—links stir and peep. And in skies of tender blue, the sunshine's golden light. Makes all the great world beautiful and bright. Then I know in some sweet blossom's tiny swaying bell. There's a dainty nectar hidden that will please me well. So I sip my honey-breakfast as the hours go by. A happy little butterfly!

When in evening's gentle breeze the leaves are swaying. And the crickets on their tiny pipes are playing. And the weary sun to bed is going. Where the west's deep crimson fire is glowing. Then I know that little butterflies should not be staying—staying. And in dreamy notes the sleeping birds are calling. Underneath my leaf bed softly creeping. Through the summer's dreaming night. I'm sleeping. Who so gay and free as I? A happy little butterfly. Rocked safely while the stars are peeping.

(Repeat first verse.) JOHN. (Eagerly.)

Let's have a game of tag, Miss Butterfly. You know how, don't you. Never let me by—

BUTTERFLY. (Interrupting.)

I see that from my happy little song. You think that I just frolic all day long. I am a lively creature, that is true. Because I make my work, play—Why don't you? The Happy Forest is a lovely place. And I should like to run a little race. But I have had no breakfast—and must try. To hurry round and get me some—Good-bye. (She bows low and flutters off.) (Continued next Sunday.)

In Field and Stream.

You all remember how when you were just a tiny boy or girl your parents would worry if you ever tried to go off alone. It is just the same way with the father and mother of birds whenever their young ones, who cannot fly very well, are out of the nest. When the young bird is not able to reach the tree for which he starts and falls to the ground they are wild with fear, for they know he may be picked up by either a cat or an unkind boy.

They coax him to try again and follow him about in the grass. When this happens near me I always try to pick up the little bird and place him on the branch of a tree or else I guard him from cats and people until he is safe. This is what I believe every good Go-Hawk will always do. It always saddens me to see a poor little mother bird making her birdlings hide. Sometimes when she is frightened she will snatch up her young ones between her feet and fly away with it.

I have heard the birds who live on the ground give a certain cry and then every little one will crouch on the ground or creep under a leaf and be perfectly still. It is hard to see them because their colors are dark. Then what does the mother bird do? She tumbles about as though she could not fly or she pretends she is hurt. Then it would seem that she could easily be caught. In following her the attention is taken from the little ones. The mother goes on playing she is hurt until she leads the intruder far away from her brood. Then—if you please—she flies away and he cannot find his way back to where the little ones are hiding. The brave mother birds who do so much to protect their little ones surely deserve all the help we can give. At least so thinks your UNCLE JOHN.

In Christian art the goat is regarded as an emblem of impurity.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not fuss or complain because vacation and play time are over. He is grateful for the fun and outings of the summer, but now is ready for good work at school as soon as it begins. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



Kenneth's father was not accustomed to wearing a vest. One day he appeared in a new suit, wearing the vest, too. Kenneth looked curiously at the new addition to his father's attire, then ran out to the kitchen. "Oh, mamma," he cried, "come and see how funny daddy looks with his corset cover on."



I am so glad you all like my recipes, for I love to have the Go-Hawks try them. Here is one I am very fond of, and I am going to try it this week. Maybe some of the rest of you would like to do the same, so here it is: DUTCH APPLE CAKE.

Mix and sift two cups of flour, four tablespoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt. Then mix four tablespoons of shortening (either butter or lard), stir out all the lumps, then add three-fourths of a cup of milk slowly, stirring the mixture with a knife. Put all the mixture in a well-greased pie plate. Then put the quarters of four apples on top. Bake in a hot oven 20 or 30 minutes. When done pour Karo or some sweet sauce over it.

Thank you, my "cooking chum" (as Marjorie signs herself). This sound very good. POLLY.

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."



When is a man thinner than a lath? Answer—When he is shaving. When are you nearly related to a fish? Answer—When your grandmother is a good old soul (sole). What is the difference between a butcher and a flirt? Answer—One kills to dress and the other dresses to kill. Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relatives? Answer—Because they are only slightly connected. When are two apples alike? Answer—When pared.