



Butterflies Have Garden Parties by Moonlight.

One morning last spring Happy went to visit a certain school and found the children of the kindergarten standing much excited about a little tree in one corner of the room. It seemed that for a long time they have been watching every day two or three cocoons. That morning when they came to school, on the branch of the tree instead of finding the cocoons there was a beautiful butterfly.

"I guess it want to be born to see you, Happy." It was little Billy, the lame boy, who had been waiting himself for a long time for Happy to visit the school.

Happy thought of this little incident that took place in a Chicago school when she read a few days ago about a certain little girl in Burford Bridge, England, who had made a record for having killed 1,415 butterflies. She had taken part in a butterfly killing contest held by the schools in that district.

It made Happy very sad to read this, for she could not understand why any school would ever wish to hold a contest for killing so beautiful and harmless an insect as a butterfly. She hoped that there were many children who did not stand very well in this contest, or, better still, many who did not enter it at all. Somehow when you look at the lovely gayly-colored butterflies flitting in and out among the summer flowers it is hard to imagine that any little girl would be hard-hearted enough to kill over a thousand of them!

There are so many different kinds of butterflies and I wonder if any of you can tell the difference among them or their names. Some of them have such pretty names, too, such as the Dreamy Dusky Wings, the Dark Wood Nymph, the Yellow Fairy, the Golden Skipper, the Silver Spot and the Trophy Queen.

All through the long summer days the butterflies are so very busy looking after the flowers that they long ago decided that most of their garden parties would better be given by moonlight. It must be a beautiful sight for those who are able to see them. To even hope to see the butterflies having their moonlight ball one must love them dearly for a long, long time.

Peter Pan loved them and he told himself that he saw them giving a ball not very long ago. Peter is the boy who never grew up, you know, and he lived with the fairies and made many a trip to Never Never Land. If you do not know about Peter, just ask for the Peter Pan book at your library or ask mother or daddy to read with you the stories about Peter in the Kensington Gardens, or Peter and Wendy. You'll love them as much as Happy does.

About that Butterfly Ball! Peter said that the one he saw given by the Iowa Skipper and his bride, who was Miss Florida Bluespot. Many hundreds of butterflies attended and you never could guess what they were dancing when Peter saw them—an old-fashioned Virginia Reel, and they were having the best time. Crimson Patch was bowing merrily to Miss Yellow Fairy, while the Pacific Tiger was skipping merrily with Miss Rosy Marble Wings down between the two long lines of swaying butterflies.

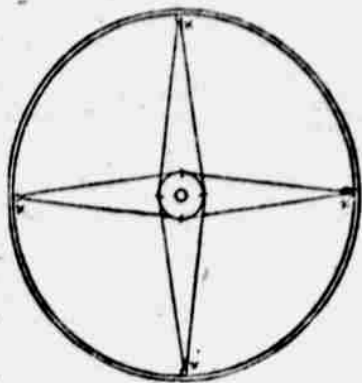
All along one end of the garden sat the Wood Nymph butterflies playing on the prettiest little mandolins and guitars. Peter says it was a lovely sight, though, of course, he didn't join in their merry making. The very next time you see the Iowa Skipper you might ask him to tell you all about it. He is a big pale yellow butterfly and the inside of his wings, tipped with black. I hope that you may see Miss Florida Bluespot, so beautiful, with pale blue spots on her wings, tipped with black. I hope that you may see her with him some days.

Whether you ever stay awake long enough on a summer night to see a Butterfly Ball, or if you chance to see any of these happy and gorgeously beautiful little creatures by day, be very, very glad that you are not the child in England who said she killed so many of them. Let them live and be free and glad. Will you?

Happy



One of our Iowa Go-Hawks, Robert Towne, sends our Workshop the drawing and directions for making a hoop. He writes that the circular disc at the center is made of heavy bookbinder's board, 4 or 5 inches in diameter. Draw two diameters. Make your eyes on the diameters with an awl, 1-2 inch from the circumference. By means of small nails driven through two of these holes



fasten the disc to a board to hold firmly. With a bit bore the hole at the center large enough to let it turn freely on the hoop stick and then remove from the board. Fasten a small disc an inch and a half in diameter to the end of the hoop stick, put the stick through the center, then drive a wire-finish nail through the stick to keep it up in place while rolling the hoop. The center disc is held in place by wire or strong cord fastened through small holes and into small screw eyes inside of the hoop. I am planning to make one this week, and perhaps some of the rest of the Go-Hawks will, also.

Peter.



Little Elizabeth had been sitting on the floor playing with a card of hooks and eyes. Suddenly she put an eye in her mouth and before her mother could reach her she said joyfully: "Oh, mother, I just swallowed a buttonhole."



Why is the horse the most humane of all animals? Answer—Because he gladly gives the bit out of his mouth and listens to every woe.

What is the difference between a boy "over whose head 12 summers have passed" and a man taking a nap? Answer—One is 12 and the other is a-dozing (dozen).

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—Charles Buxton.

Venice is built on 80 islands and has 400 bridges.

Another Way to Be A Good Go-Hawk
A good Go-Hawk always does his best to be helpful. If he is out or away on a camping trip he does his full share of the work. He is quick to see what is to be done and offer his services. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

said Prudence earnestly as they walked toward the bank. "Father says we ought to think more 'bout givin' happiness to everyone 'bout us. Just think when we get through this mornin' we'll have six boxes for Auntie an' that's most likely more boxes than any other girl ever got in one day!" "Yes, I think she'll be pleased, and we're not holy doing something for Auntie, but we're helping all of us to earn some money. Here we are at the bank."

(Copyright 1922.) (Continued Next Sunday.)



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAFF and ELEANOR CAMERON.

All of you who are reading "Runaway John," will be glad that his little friends of the Happy Forest are at last able to teach him the mistake he has made. This is the last one of our series of little Jeff dramas. Next Sunday you will find a new play in your Fairy Grotto. You will watch for this new play from Sunday to Sunday just as you have all the others. And now goodbye to

"RUNAWAY JOHN."

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

FIRST FAY.
Poor Mother Frog! She fears that he is gone for good.

SECOND FAY.
It's sad to see Her hunt and hunt—

FIRST FAY.
And Grandpa Frog Just sits there weeping on their log. And blinks his eyes and groans "Ker Chog!"

SECOND FAY.
Our Polly! Find him! Chog! Ker Chog!"

SECOND FAY.
When we were sitting in the cool, Deep down in Water Lily pool. We heard poor Grandpa's mournful song.

"Ker Chog, Ker Chog!" the whole day long.

Until I thought—and sister, too— The best thing that we both could do Would be to come and help a bit—

FIRST FAY.
For we feared Grandpa Frog would sit And moan "Ker Chog" with every breath.

Until he grieved himself to death!

SECOND FAY.
We thought perhaps that Polly dear Had hopped his little way in here.

(Suddenly stopping and darting forward as she sees a movement among the bushes. Soon she returns dragging Polly Wog along by the foot.)

Oh! Sister! Sister! Look! What joy! (Throws her arms around Polly Wog.)

Here's Mother Frog's wee truant boy! I can't—excuse me if I'm rough— Get him to Grandpa fast enough.

(She grasps her sister by the other

er hand and drags both hastily off the stage. John starts away himself. Jeff, who from his hidden nook has watched the whole thing with lively evidences of approval and helpful maneuverings of the Love Wand behind the boy's unconscious back, now skips up to intercept him, close to the little gate, leading out of the forest.)

JEL.F.

Say! Stop a little while. Don't go away. And you and I will have a nice, long play!

JOHN.

Oh no! I really cannot, for you see This is a very busy time for me.

My baby brother is alone out there— (Points out through the gate.)

And I feel very sure he needs my care. He might get lost and break my mother's heart.

It must be getting late—I've got to start—

(Breaking off suddenly.)

For fear I have to hunt for him—but wait—

There's Baby Brother coming through the gate!

(He rushes over to pick up a baby boy who just then enters Happy Forest.)

JOHN.

(Coming up to Jeff with his Brother riding on his shoulders.)

We're off, but if I had time—just the same—

I'd like you for a playmate— what's your name?

JEL.F.

No soul too sad or old.

No heart too hard or cold.

I came down to the world from far above.

No soul too sad or old.

No heart to 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 gone and Wrong is turned to Right.

(He dances with glee as the curtain falls.)

THE END.



One of our Missouri Go-Hawks uses the following recipe for a salad. Mother is going to have some friends in for luncheon next Tuesday and she said she would like to have me make it for her. Some of my friends who help their mothers at home may like to try it too.

Philadelphia Salad.

Arrange four cheese balls, made from Philadelphia cream cheese, and rolled in chopped nuts, on crisp head lettuce for each serving. One cake of cheese will make eight or ten balls. Serve with French dressing, highly seasoned, in which a small-sized raw, peeled onion has been standing for three hours. This will give a delicious flavor to the dressing without the inconvenience of eating onion. Remove the onion just before serving and add a hard-boiled egg, cutting the white into small pieces and putting the yolk through a sieve. This salad is good to use when you wish to use fruit elsewhere in the menu.—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."



SYNOPSIS.
The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian invite the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join their Tribe. Many good times as well as scrapes fill the days of the Tribe. Piggy Hunt, one of the bravest, discovers a fine way to make money. He carries notes back and forth between his 16-year-old sister and her beau. This is the beginning of the "Bean Hunter Agency," formed by the Go-Hawks to help girls and their beaux. For 10 days the Go-Hawks have fine success, then Jack asks for suggestions to even add to their business. Prudence comes forward with the plan to get beaux for the girls who have none. The Go-Hawks decide to help Aunt Sallie in this way and call on the undertaker first. The twins tell him how lovely their aunt is, and laughing to himself, he gives them a dollar so he may call on Aunt Sallie.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.)

(Continued from last Sunday.)

"Most likely," the undertaker responded as the trio started away.

Jack was the spokesman at the editor's, with whom he seemed on very friendly terms. From force of habit the editor began to smile when his eyes fell on the youngster in whom he was delighted. Jack explained their errand, displaying the business card and concluded: "Of course you know very well that Miss Sallie's worth more'n a dollar and she's a great bargain at that."

"Miss Sallie would be a bargain at any price," gallantly replied the editor. "Have you told her this new plan for her benefit?"

"Oh, no," answered Prudence. "We've found it much better to surprise her in 'most everything we do."

"I'm not surprised at that," laughed the editor.

"Yes, and we'd like to have you call and see her tomorrow night. She has an engagement with the undertaker for tonight. She's very pretty," concluded the child.

"If you don't care, we'd like to collect in advance. We know she'll suit you, but if she shouldn't, we'll give you your money back," said Jack.

"The idea alone is worth a dollar to me," responded the editor gallantly, as his hand sought his pocket.

The young minister who was next interviewed yearned to grow nearer the hearts of the children and greeted his callers pleasantly.

"I'm Patience Trevellyn and we're in the bean business. Have you a girl?" The speaker went straight to the question at issue.

"I can't say that I have," replied the minister, blushing guiltily.

"We'd like to sell you our Aunt Sallie for a dollar. She's most worthy and prays just beautiful. Wouldn't you like to have such a girl for your very own? She has no beaux, and if you've no girl then don't you see you could both get fixed at once."

"What?" the minister gasped in astonishment. "Does your father and your aunt know where you are this morning?"

"Oh, yes, we're over to Jack's playing Sunday school. It's our favorite game," glibly answered the child.

Were these three children a fair type of those in his parish over whom his heart had been yearning so tenderly? he asked himself.

"We're thinking of being missionaries when we grow up an' we have some poor folks now we want to help," declared Prudence with sudden inspiration. "So your dollar 'll be put to a worthy use an' you'll like that, won't you? Can't you come over to see Auntie night after tomorrow night? She's engaged for tonight and tomorrow night. It's the undertaker and the editor, you know," concluded the child.

The minister's sense of humor clamored to be heard. "It does seem as though she needs a minister under the circumstances," he mused aloud. Thereupon he took out his purse and handed Jack a dollar.

"We're sure you an' Aunt Sallie will be pleased with each other, and we know she can help you out at prayer meetin'," declared Patience, as they said good-bye.

"Jack, I feel exactly like missionaries doin' this worthy work."