



**National Holiday You Love Comes This Week**

ONE of our best-loved national holidays will be celebrated again this week. To every one the day should mean much more than just enjoying the good times that it brings. Those of you who have studied history know that in 1776 general congress adopted the resolution that "these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states."

Among the patriotic statesmen at that wonderful gathering in Philadelphia was John Adams. It was he who said he believed that the Fourth of July would be celebrated by all future generations as the great anniversary festival.

"It ought to be commemorated as the day of solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the country to the other and from this time forth forevermore." These words of Mr. Adams have all come true.

Would you not like to have been in Philadelphia that summer day so long ago and stood with the great crowd just without the state house, waiting to hear that the resolution of our independence had been adopted? In that eager crowd was one little boy in yellow breeches and a green coat whose father held him high on his shoulders.

"When is the bell going to ring, father, when will it ring?" he would ask over and over.

"Soon, my lad, and may it bring the news that our beloved America is to be a free country at last."

And then from the steeple the bell rang joyously. It meant the bill had been passed. How the people shouted and sang! Many eyes were full of tears, but they were happy tears because America was to be a free country, make her own laws and govern herself.

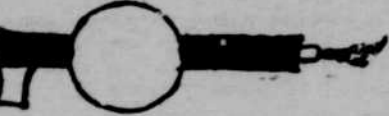
The bell that pealed forth this news had been brought from London 23 years before to the provincial assembly of Pennsylvania. If you ever go to Philadelphia you can see this famous old bell. It is no wonder we love it, for the message of independence it brought that July day so long ago is our dearest country's treasure.

*Happy*

**Weather.**  
Fire Cracker Showers in Happyland.

**PETER'S WORKSHOP**

One of our Iowa Go-Hawks, Gillmore S. Phipps, has sent me a drawing for a Fourth of July cannon. His directions are as follows: "Take a piece of wood five inches long and one inch thick. Bore a hole in the center of end and round end off. Take a coping saw and make two wheels one-half inch thick and two and a half



inches across. Bore a hole in the center of wheels, also in the middle of your cannon. Put wire through holes and twist wire. Then put a stand on it. Take a spool and nail it on, as you see in the picture, so you can point the cannon as you like."

Perhaps others of you may like to follow Gillmore's plan.

**POLLY'S COOK BOOK**

A Go-Hawk tribe in Massachusetts likes this recipe:

**Norwegian Prune Pudding.**  
One-half cup of prunes, two cups of cold water, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups boiling water, one teaspoon lemon juice, rind of half a lemon, a pinch of cinnamon, one-third cup of cornstarch.  
Pick over and wash the prunes. Then soak them for one hour in cold water. Boil until soft in the water in which they have been soaking. After taking from stove, remove the stones. Add the sugar, lemon juice, rind, cinnamon and boiling water and simmer 15 minutes. Mix cornstarch with enough cold water to pour easily. Add to the cooked prune mixture and cook for five minutes. Pour in a mold and chill. Serve with cream or whipped cream.

**Field and Forest.**

For a long time we have been studying birds together and I have tried to tell you the things that I have learned in the big woods that are all about my little home. Now I want to help you learn more of the trees about you, that you may think of them as your friends. One of my tree friends that I love best is a very old white oak and it is shading me today as I write to you.

All winter this tree was gray, bare of leaves and dressed in pale scaly bark. Its limbs are twisted and its branches end in dense thickets of twigs. Each twig bears the winter buds, five at the tip of every one. It was interesting to watch these buds open in the early spring and out of each came a leafy shoot. At the base were the yellow fringed catkins. All summer the leaves will be green, with pale pink linings, and then, when you are ready for school again they will turn to a rich purplish red. Busy little squirrels will be watching for the acorns to fall, that they may gather and hide them away for winter use. Perhaps they will forget to eat some of them next winter. If they do, those acorns will sprout next spring and in a few years become sturdy young trees. This is the reason you find oak trees way off by themselves growing all alone. When you see one you wonder how it came there. If he could talk, Mr. Squirrel would give you the answer just as well as

UNCLE JOHN.

**FAIRY GROTTO PLAYS**

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

Picking Berries.  
(Continued From Last Sunday.)

BETTY.  
(Finishing her treat and joining playfully in this new game.)  
And—Miss Gauzy Wings—I thank you, too.

(Turning to the others and speaking seriously.)  
Now, wouldn't it be dear if there really was a little fairy to hear us?

MARGIE.  
(Quickly and indignantly.)  
There is a fairy around here. There is, really and truly, I know there is. My heart can just feel her.

BETTY.  
(Lovingly.)  
—Maybe there is, Margie. I shouldn't wonder. If there were, of course, she would whisper it to a dear little girl like you.

JACK.  
(Putting the two pails and the basket in a straight row and pointing to them.)  
Behold, ma'am, your humble servant has filled your pails and basket. Will you not let him linger to rest in this beautiful forest place? Gaze on yonder sky. It is not yet late.

(With change of manner.)  
Let's play a while.

BETTY.  
(Looking at the sky earnestly.)  
It's really later than it looks. (Pointing.) The sun is starting to go down. (Hesitatingly.) Still I think we might stay long enough for just one game.

JACK.  
Goody. Come on then, Margie. Let's play tag.

(The children have a lively game of tag until they are so tired and out of breath they have to sit down and cool off.)

JACK.  
(Picking up a big piece of bark and fanning himself briskly.)  
Whew! It's hot! It's getting hotter and hotter every minute!

MARGIE.  
(Eagerly.)  
Let's play store. Betty—I'll be your little girl and Jack can be the store-keeper.

(The children jump up and run hastily about, choosing the place for the store and the home, and gathering things to put on the counters. They do not notice the deepening twilight.)

JACK.  
Margie, you go over there where your home is, and pick some berries. Then I will come along pretty soon and buy them from you.

(Margie starts to obey, but stops as she sees the gathering darkness.)

MARGIE.  
OO-oo. I don't want to go over there all alone. It's too—too shady.

(Looking around shrankingly, she runs to Betty and pulls at her arm.)

MARGIE.  
(Imploringly.)  
Betty, Betty, I want to go home. Please—please, take me to mother.

BETTY.  
(Much startled to see how late it has become.)  
Why, Jack—it's almost dark. We forgot and stayed too long. I had no idea it was nearly night—like this.

(She goes to the edge of the forest and looks up at the sky.)

It isn't so very late either. It's dark because a storm is coming up. Hurry. Get the baskets. We must go just as fast as we can. Mother will be worried. Come on—quickly—or we will get wet.

(She picks up her pail of berries and takes Margie's hand, leaving Jack to follow with the other pail and the basket. They go off to the left and, as the sound of their voices dies away, Fairy Wilful creeps out from her hiding place, but hurries away again as she hears the children returning. They come hastily back to the center of the open place where they stop, uncertain which direction to take.)

BETTY.  
I know this is not the way we came in here. It must be off in this direction. Come on, Jack, it's getting darker and darker.

(To Margie, who starts to whimper.)  
Don't cry, dear. We will soon be home with mother. Let's try this path. It looks like the right one to me.

(They leave the clearing on the opposite side, only to return and stand helplessly searching for a better way out.)

JACK.  
(Pointing.)  
There's another road going off here. Betty. See that hollow stump? I believe we passed that on our way. I'm sure this is right. Hurry!

(The three hurry off, but are soon forced to come back to where they started. By this time Margie is crying from cold and fright. Betty leans down to gather her closely in her arms.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

**UNCLE PETER HEATHEN**

**Synopsis.**  
Uncle Peter comes to live in the home of the Trevillyn twins, Prudence and Patience. Because he is lonely, the twins, with three of their girl friends, form a missionary society and adopt him as their "heathen." Each is to look after some part of his welfare. Prudence chooses his health; Patience, his clothes; Rachel, his morals; Jane, his education; and Ruth, his amusements. Each girl reports on his progress and they even go to their dancing teacher to ask if Uncle Peter may join their dancing class. After gaining Miss Keisley's consent, the next important point is which one shall tell Uncle Peter.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.  
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"Do you suppose dancing will hurt his morals?" asked Rachel. "If you think so, then I ought to talk to him before anybody else. Perhaps I had better come over early this evening and tell him."

"It's part of a child's education to learn to dance, isn't it?" demanded Jane. "I ought to tell him right away that we are doing it to help his education so he'll pay better attention to what the teacher says. I guess I'll go home with you and talk to him."

"It seems to me that it has more to do with his amusements than anything else," was the quiet remark of Ruth. "It's not like going to school and learning to spell. It'll be fun for him, and so I suppose I ought to tell him the first thing in the morning. If I told him tonight it might get him so excited it would keep him awake." She spoke as though her plan would settle the matter.

"I guess we'd better run a race to see who gets to tell," suggested Prudence. "We'll all stand in a row, count three and then scoot and whoever reaches the corner first will be the one to tell Uncle Peter and give him the ticket."

All agreed to this proposition and the girls were careful to line up evenly, much to the amusement of the passers-by.

"One—two—three—go!" they shouted in concert and off they started, almost knocking over an old lady in their mad rush. Each child longed in her heart to hear the news and so she ran her best. Constant exercising had put Prudence in good training for the ordeal she had suggested. She easily outdistanced the others and reached the coveted goal, breathless, her cheeks and eyes glowing.

Detecting a shadow of disappointment on the faces of the others, she said generously, "Of course, I'll tell him that we planned it together and that you will all talk to him tomorrow about it." With this the rest felt they must be contented, for they had agreed to the contest and Prudence won.

That evening she was so silent at dinner that Aunt Sallie glanced at her several times. She believed she recognized the signs indicating that something unusual was brewing. To be sure, she had experienced no serious difficulty since the disbanding of the Go-Hawks. In the light of

certain experiences of the past she never felt absolutely safe.

"Are you not feeling well, dear?" she asked, when the child refused a second helping of a favorite dish.

"Yes, auntie, only I—I'm just thinking so hard that I am not very hungry." At these words Miss Sallie felt more uneasy than ever.

Prudence longed to break the news to Uncle Peter in the most effective manner possible. She finally decided to tell him after he had gone to bed. About 15 minutes before their usual hour for retiring she whispered to him to go to bed at once that she might have a little longer to talk with him.

Uncle Peter laughed, but in a few minutes he rose. "Well, folks, I am so tired I think I will go to bed a little early. So good night, all! Are you coming soon, Prudence? You may find me asleep if you do not."

"I'll be there in five minutes." She gave a meaning glance at Patience. When she started upstairs Aunt Sallie cautioned, "You heard what Uncle Peter said, dear, that he was very tired? Do not bother him."

Uncle Peter was in bed and waiting for the child, but to tease her he feigned asleep. She bent over him and looked searchingly into his closed eyes. "Oh, dearie," she whispered. "Wake up! Wake up! I have the most wonderful news for you."

He opened his eyes and laughed. "Is it to be another secret, Prudence? Each night when I go to bed I wonder what lovely thing can happen on the morrow. It seems to me every day something does happen to make my heart sing and it's all because of you missionaries."

Then she was glad that she had what seemed to her so dear a thing to tell him. She perched on the side of the bed, taking his hand into hers and stroking it gently.

"Uncle Peter, you never could guess this surprise in a thousand years, perhaps not in two thousand."

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(Continued Next Sunday.)

Iva McCann of Afton, Ia., has a birthday November 6 and would like to hear from other members who have the same birthday.

Lucy Lewis of St. Louis, Mo., is chief of their tribe and they dress like Indians and have great fun.

**Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk**  
Every Go-Hawk should try to show his gratitude that he lives in free America by sharing his own Fourth of July celebration with some other child who is not able to buy fire-crackers. Remember, this is another way of proving you are "a good Go-Hawk."

**TINY TAD TALES**

Mr. Everett is a very solemn looking man and not a favorite with the children of the neighborhood. One day Robert was watching him pass and, turning to his mother, he said: "Mother, I guess he's gaid he's sad!"

**NUTS TO CRACK**  
BY BILLY SQUIRREL

Peter and Polly and their little cousin, Rose, came over to see me yesterday and tell me what they had and hoped to buy for Fourth of July. I am going to tell you about it in a little rhyme. The blanks are to be filled in by the names of the Fourth of July things and will rhyme with the word at the end of the line above them.

Here we go—  
Pretty little 4-year Rose  
Wants many, many —  
Peter wishes that his pockets  
Were large enough to hold —

Polly was in quite a funk  
Because she could not find her —  
Peter his joy could not conceal  
Because he'd bought a big —

None of them you would call  
"slackers"  
In the purchase of —

"If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak."

**The Guild Post to Good Books for Children**

Choose one of these books to read each week. 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:  
Balkie, James, "Ancient Egypt."  
Bishop, J. B. (editor), "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children."  
Jacobs, Joseph, "Celtic Fairy Tales."  
Mable, H. W., "Heroines Every Child Should Know."  
Marshall, B., "Cedric the Forester."  
White, S. E., "Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout."

**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 90,000 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."