



Every Mail Brings Word of New Tribes.

D ID you ever stop to think that each time a new branch of the Happy Tribe is formed it means more and more Go-Hawks, who will try to be loyal to our pledge and motto? This is the reason it is always good news to hear of new tribes.

Faye Fountain of Colman, S. D., wrote for memberships for 11 of her friends. Not long after came news of new tribes in West Point, Cedar Falls and Livermore, Ia., every one of which is doing fine work this summer. Raymond Hogan of Lawrence, Mass., writes Happyland that every one of his tribe of five has done something to help animals and older people. They have found all the people grateful, he says.

Two boys, Irving and Ross Black, who live in Oaklyn, N. J., were made glad because their grandmother wrote to Happyland and asked that they might become Go-Hawks. The Choctaw Happy Tribe is a band of Go-Hawks living in Clayton, Okl. From George McElroy of Sedalia, Mo., comes word of his tribe of seven, while Jean Cramb of Kirksville, Mo., has a tribe of 10 Go-Hawks. In Allston, Mass., lives Mabel Sawin, who has a tribe of eight. Elmer Hossinger of St. Louis sends Happyland word that his tribe of 15 children are all trying hard to keep the motto and pledge. These are but a few of the many good reports that daily reach Happyland from all directions. This is the reason July will surely show a big gain in membership. Each week share your Happyland page with some friend. That is a good way to help.

Happy



SYNOPSIS.

Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellin 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 his progress and they even go to their dancing teacher to ask if he may join their dancing class. After gaining Miss Kelsey's consent the missionaries run a race to decide which one is to tell Uncle Peter and Prudence wins. After he has gone to bed she goes in and tells him she has a wonderful surprise for him.

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

"Then there is not the least bit of use for me to try. Do please tell me as fast as you can," he coaxed. "I don't seem to be able to stand waiting long to hear secrets. Perhaps I had better talk to Rachel about it. I suppose she would call it 'impatience'."

"Maybe it's that same old coveting," suggested the child, "only instead of your coveting buttermilk and cows it's secrets."

"That may be what is the trouble, my dear, but even if it is sinful to covet I am just longing to know the secret."

She hesitated a minute longer, revelling in her enjoyment of the mystery she had created and wishing to prolong it. "You are to start to dancing school next Saturday."

"But I have been going to visit." "But you are not to sit all in a row any more with mothers. You are to be right in it now, in the class, and Miss Kelsey sent her love and a ticket. You will not take gymnastic dancing yet, but you won't have a speck of trouble learning anything. You are so light-footed and the missionaries will dance every time with and—"

She was interrupted, for Uncle Peter laughed, as he had not done for years, at the vision of himself capering around at dancing school. Prudence was surprised at his mirth, for it did not seem to her that so important, even though joyous, a matter should occasion such a burst of laughter.

"It's really true," she continued. "We've all talked it over and we think it is best for you to go. Every child has to learn to dance to keep him from being awkward."

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."

You will go, won't you?" She was suddenly alarmed lest he might refuse.

"But, Prudence, can't you see the rest of the children do not feel about me as you do? Perhaps they will not like to have me in the class. Of course, I do not expect them to love me as you do, for I am your special heathen."

"Oh, yes, they will want you, for I know they are all longing to get acquainted. They hint every day to be introduced. You know very well they all smile every time you come near."

"Yes, I know it. Bless their little hearts."

CHAPTER VIII. Their Wonderful Surprise.

Although the children took so deep an interest in their missionary labors they found ample incentive to be enthusiastic over the pleasures of dancing school. Early in the autumn a new teacher had come to town, bringing with her many ideas. She taught the children graces of deportment as well as steps of which their elders had never heard. Every Saturday the visitors' row grew longer and interested mothers and big sisters found much pleasure in watching the pretty scene.

To the missionaries there was but one drawback to these happy afternoons. It seemed selfish that so great a pleasure be unshared by Uncle Peter, and they held frequent consultations on this subject.

"Do you suppose," asked Prudence, "that if Miss Kelsey knew we were missionaries and raising a heathen of our own that she'd let him take lessons with us?"

"For the pitted sakes!" exclaimed Jane, using her favorite expression. "Isn't he too old to learn to dance?"

She received a withering look of scorn from the others. "He's just as limberly as can be since he does his dumb-bells every day," asserted Prudence.

"And he certainly looks fine in his new suit, so he'll be all right as far as his clothes are concerned." Patience felt she had a right to be a little boastful.

"I never heard of heathens taking dancing lessons," said Rachel meditatively, "but perhaps it will help distract his mind and make him stop coveting his neighbor's cow and her buttermilk. I want to keep his mind on other things all the time, the church being full of backsliders and everything."

"I believe in anything that makes heathens have fun. The more fun they get out of life the better heathens, most likely they are," declared Ruth. "After he gets started and knows how to dance he'll have a good time."

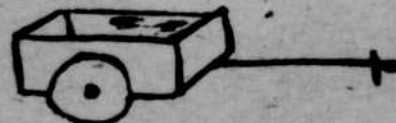
Even if he was having a good time he could be learning something, too, just the same. Wherever he goes I want him to be learning and then it will not be long until he has his education." Jane was hopeful.

(Continued next Sunday.)
(Copyright, 1923.)

Miss Willie Whitfield, Lolye King and Meta Holladay of Holladay, Tenn., wish to correspond with boys and girls from 14 to 16 years old.



One of our Iowa Go-Hawks, John Eaton, has sent me a drawing of a cart that he made for his baby brother. He writes that Thomas is just 9 months old and loves to ride in this cart all about the farm where they live, especially out to see the chickens fed. John made his cart out of a wooden box, used



two old wheels and an iron handle that the blacksmith, who lives nearby, gave him. His mother keeps an old quilt in the bottom of the "baby's automobile," as they call it, and this makes it soft and comfortable for the baby. Isn't it splendid that the Go-Hawks seem to find so many useful little things to make for others? PETER.

Helen Archambo of Elvins, Mo., lives in the forests among the flowers and birds, and so is very fond of them.



George was sitting on the porch Fourth of July listening with great interest to all the noise and racket about the neighborhood. Finally he could stand it no longer and, jumping up, he said:

"Come on, dad, let's go downtown and buy some of that thunder!"

Three-year-old Geevieve was visiting in the country during the threshing season. It was all a new experience to her, and when she saw the men going out to the machine, she ran to her mother, saying:

"Oh, mother, do they have thrashing machines for little children in the country? Believe me, this is where I go home."

Katherine W. Kakas of Milford, N. H., has often tried the recipes from "Polly's Cook Book" and would like to hear from April 3 birthday friends.



One of our Maine Go-Hawks is a pretty good member, I think, for she does errands for people and feeds the birds and pigeons and likes these cookies:

Sugar Cookies.

One cup sugar, one-half cup butter or lard, one-half cup milk, one egg, beaten well; two teaspoons baking powder, two cups flour, one-fourth teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg, then baking powder sifted in flour and last vanilla. Bake in moderate oven. POLLY.

Bertha Karch of Oswego, N. Y., hates to see rough boys being cruel to cats and dogs just for their amusement.

Shirley Mulliken, 109 Walnut street, Natick, Mass., would like to hear from some of her twins, 15 years old and born on May 10.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk answers all the letters he receives from other members. If he is granted the request to have his name on the correspondence list and then receives some letters, it is very selfish and also impolite not to reply to these friends who have chosen his name for a correspondent. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

Picking Berries.
(Continued from last Sunday.)

BETTY.

Don't worry, honey, Jack and I are big, big folks and we will take care of you. Stop crying, Margie. There is another path we haven't tried yet. That's the only one we haven't tried, so, of course, it must be the one to take us right straight home.

(The moaning of the wind grows louder and louder, and suddenly Storm Cloud and Rain Spirit burst into the woods and go through a wild dance, while the children run before them from one end of the clearing to the other. At last Betty, dragging Margie along, spies the mouth of the cave. The three children run into it and huddle together with their faces hidden from sight, while the Storm Cloud and the Rain Spirit keep on with their fierce play.)

(Now and then the troubled face of Fairy Wilful is seen peeping out from behind the big bush that hides her. As the time passes she becomes more and more anxious, and at last leaves her hiding place to creep up to the mouth of the cave, where she stands, wringing her hands in sympathy with the sad plight of the children. Once she starts to raise her wand, but lowers it again, shaking her head sadly over its helplessness. Now and then the Storm Cloud and Rain Spirit jostle her rudely in passing, but she stays at her post and watches over her three charges. At last she is filled with despair, and, forgetful of the wild scene going on about her, sits down on the log and covers her face in deep grief.)

FAIRY WILFUL.
(Sorrowfully.)

Oh, if I could only do something! If I only, only could!

MARGIE.

(Sobbing within the cave.) I want to go home! I want to go home!

(A little gleam of light appears on the edge of the clearing. In its glow Fairy Wilful is seen dancing into the forest. As she comes on, the moaning of the wind dies, and Storm Cloud and Rain Spirit slip away among the trees. She dances happily about until she catches sight of her twin sister, and slips up to hover tenderly over her. She seems about to touch the little bowed head and reveal herself, but changes her mind and flits over to the right side of the stage.)

WILLING.

(Speaking clearly and sweetly as she waves her wand and looks upward.)

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, Riding on a silver gown, In your silvery cloud, Send a Moonbeam down, As jolly as can be, A happy little Moonbeam To light the woods for me.

(As she ceases speaking, Willing stands motionless with her wand stretched toward the sky. Then with a loving gesture toward Wilful, she

disappears among the trees. There is silence for a moment. Then soft strains of music fill the whole place. A shaft of light cuts the darkness, and a Moonbeam floats gracefully into sight—flashing her torch here and there until her lovely dance brings her to the mouth of the cave. A tiny shaft of light slips between Margie's hands and she uncovers her face to look up. At first she stares unbelievably. Then a smile brightens her tear-stained face while she claps her hands with joy.)

MARGIE.

(Tugging at Betty's arms to pull them down.)

Betty! Jack! There are fairies in the wood! Here is the one who left the strawberries for us. She has chased away those gray things. Now, we shall get home to Mother.

BETTY.

Why—why there is a fairy out there—a real one! Who could ever believe it!

(Rubbing her eyes again and again to make sure she is not dreaming.)

JACK.

(Fearfully.) Oh, what shall we do? I'm sure she sees us and I don't know what to say to a fairy. There she comes right now! OO-oo! Betty. You talk to her.

MARGIE.

(Leaving her shelter to run fearlessly up to the Moonbeam.)

Fairy, Fairy, you are a fairy, aren't you? But I knew—knew you were here, but the others didn't.

(Holding out her hands imploringly.)

Dear, beautiful fairy, you will show us the way home, for you can, can't you?

MOONBEAM.

(Smiling into the child's eager face.) Yes, little Margie, I am a fairy. There are fairies—many fairies—always very close to all children like you, for only clear, shining eyes and trusting little hearts can ever see them.

MARGIE.

(Joyfully, as she catches Moonbeam's hand.) Come on! Come on, Betty and Jack. The fairy will lead us home.

(Margie and the Moonbeam dance happily on before, the Moonbeam sending her silver beams back and forth to show the way. The other children follow at a short distance behind, walking rather timidly and carrying the berries.)

BETTY.

(To Jack in a subdued voice.) A real fairy that you can see with your own eyes—

JACK.

(Interrupting excitedly. And I never thought there were such things! They are lost among the trees that surround the clearing.)

FAIRY WILFUL.

(Running to the center of stage and holding out her arms in the direction the children have taken.)

Dear little Margie, I am so glad there was some fairy who was able to help you. Good-bye, dear children, good-bye. You, at least, are going home!

(She walks sorrowfully off stage as the curtain falls.)

(The End.)

The Guide 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 Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston public library. This week she suggests:

Crownfield, Gertrude, "Little Tailor of the Winding Way."
Darton, F. J. H., "Seven Champions of Christendom."
Otis, James, "Toby Tyler."
Scott, Sir Walter, "Quentin Durward."
Stuart, R. M., "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets."

What does the lark in the meadow sing?

"Be glad!"

What is the robin caroling?

"Be glad!"

Listen—the song of the breeze and birds

Is a song of joy that has two brave words:

"Be glad!"



Come and join me in cracking some nuts that were sent by someone in New Hampshire:

Why is a watch dog bigger at night than in the morning?

Answer—Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

When is a hat not a hat?

Answer—When it becomes a pretty woman.

What do lawyers do when they die?

Answer—Lie still.

What flowers are always under your nose?

Answer—Tulips (two lips).

Donald M. Branch, P. O. Box 283, Provincetown, Mass., collects stamps and would like to hear from others who collect them.

"Give to the world the best you have

And the best will come back to you."