



Every Mail Brings Good News to Happyland

IT LOOKS to me as though there would be so many new branches of the Happy Tribe that you will not be able to count them soon...

Russell Seeger of St. Louis sends the Indian names by which his five Go-Hawks are now known—"Running Crow," "Spotted Elk," "White Wolf," "Little Dog," and "Sitting Bull." These may help some one else who is looking for good Indian names.

Twelve members are now enrolled in John Vierra's tribe in New Bedford and more will be heard from them later. Emily Bates reports eight members in her tribe in Pottersville, Mass., while Helen Madison sends word that every one of her six never fails to read Happyland each Sunday so they will know what is going on among the Go-Hawks in other parts of the country.

Mabel Walker, who lives at 459 Washington street, Logansport, Ind., would like some suggestions for a good name for her tribe of eight girls. "Black Eagles" is the name chosen for John O'Donnell's tribe in Attleboro, Mass., while Helen McKinley, who lives in Unionville, Mo., calls hers "The Indian Maidens." Aldar Sabo reports that he was chosen chief of a small band in Skelton, Conn.

"I've been longing to join the Go-Hawks because there isn't a thing I wouldn't do to help a bird or animal in distress," is the fine message sent by Rosa Knubley of St. Louis. Every week we have letters proving how many boys and girls are making a real effort to befriend the birds and animals about them.

"Good news for you. I've a tribe of 10 started," writes Chief Lilly B. Zahner of Berlin Heights, O. Each member accepted the pledge and motto when she pinned on his Go-Hawk button. These are but a few of the many good pieces of news. Happyland is not half big enough to hold all the good things waiting to be published. The only way is for each to wait his turn, for Go-Hawks always play fair. That means a long wait sometimes. All saving of bird and animal life should be reported promptly to



THE SQUAW LADY

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his mother alone. Shirley, who is the chief of the Go-Hawks, comes to Jack and Mr. Shirley during the editor's absence. Jack goes to see Mrs. Shirley and tells her their plan. She agrees it is a fine one, and Jack says they wish to call her their "Squaw Lady." Shirley makes his preparations for his trip while his mother prepares a room for the boys, as each night Jack is not Jack, for a time, Jack is the first to arrive with his dog, and he and Mr. Shirley have a little talk before the editor's departure.

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

Before Jack could reply the mother's voice was heard calling, "Come, boys, tea is ready. We must hurry, for it will soon be train time."

It seemed to Jack but a minute more before he and the Squaw Lady followed Mr. Shirley to the door, and when they were about to start, Mr. Shirley laid his hand on the boys' shoulders. "Don't let her be angry, Jack, and remember all I have told you."

As he started away from the house Jack called after him: "One thing I forgot to tell you, even if we are going to make a squaw lady out of her, I promise you I will not let Rain-in-the-face chop off her hair the way he did our other squaw."

"I have been wondering what you were up to," said Mr. Shirley. "I had not been his expert since that boy could visit the cookie jar any time he wished and help himself without some one warning him that he would spoil his next meal. Cookies were not the only things either, as he boasted to his playmates, for nothing was hidden in that pantry. What could be more appropriate than that Thanksgiving should come during Piggy's week, and his young heart was filled with pride when the Squaw Lady consulted him about plans for the day."

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Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize)

Missionary Radishes.

The Grubbies class had grown since Ben had become a member, until now there were a dozen members.

One morning a missionary came to Sabbath school and spoke of the work in faraway Peru. All the boys were very much interested. At the close of the talk the superintendent said: "I want each class to pledge a certain amount of money to help the children in Peru have a Sabbath school like ours."

Ray was the first class president to rise. "The Grubbies will promise ten dollars," he said.

Everyone in the room was surprised. But after the boys' class had made so large a pledge it was easier for the other classes to promise a good sum, and the missionary was much pleased.

After Sabbath school, Ray was surrounded by the Grubbies, who really needed to be called grouchies from the way they talked.

"You promised ten dollars," said Joe. "Now how are we going to get it?"

"I paid my last penny for a window I broke," declared Martin Crosby. "I know," said Ben, "let us meet over to Ray's house Monday."

The boys all agreed to this. Monday came and the boys were all over to Ray's home. Ben said: "Let's all think as hard as we can. A little while Ben held up his hand and said, 'I have thought of a plan. Our name, Grubbies, gave me the idea. Let's every one of us plant a garden of radishes. They grow fast.' They all threw up their caps and agreed. They watered and dug and dug as fast as they could.

Ben said they were ready to sell, for it took more than four weeks to grow. They were sweet and crisp. They washed them clean and tied them in nice bunches.

Ben and Ray were the salesmen. Then Ray put up a sign he had painted. It read, "Missionary Radishes—Try a bunch."

When the people saw the tempting radishes and the faces of the boys, they bought of them. A man came in the store where they were selling them and praised the radishes. By noon not a bunch was left, and the boys had nine dollars of the Missionary Radishes.

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THE SINGING DELL

IN MAY



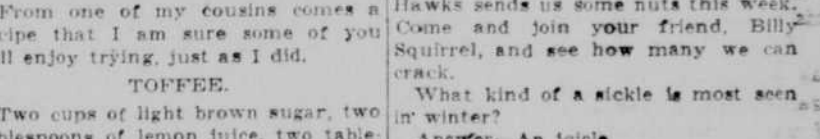
By HAPPY.

MAT flowers smiling in the sun. I must not pick you ev'ry one. But just enough for my bouquet.

Are all that I will take today. To pick you all would not be kind. Another child will hope to find.

You waiting here and she will know I wanted you to live and grow. "How sweet the flowers are today," This other child will softly say.

But she will only take a few— Then there will be some left for you.



POLLY'S COOK BOOK

From one of my cousins comes a recipe that I am sure some of you will enjoy trying, just as I did.

TOFFEE. Two cups of light brown sugar, two tablespoons of lemon juice, two tablespoons of butter.

Cream butter and sugar. Add lemon juice and beat it before putting it on to cook very quickly and is easy to burn.

Alene writes that her recipe was given her by her home economics teacher and when she tried it she found it so good she thought she would share it with me. Wasn't that nice of her?

TINY TAD TALES

Mary, Ruth and George have two big brothers who sing in the choir. One evening when the brothers had gone to choir practice, George said: "When I get big, I'm going to join the choir so I can sing the hymns."

Mary looked up and then said quickly: "When I get big I'm going to join so I can sing the hymns."

"I love you very much, Daddy," said 4-year-old Ruth as she climbed on her father's knee.

"I love you, too, dear, when you are a good girl," replied her father. "But, Daddy," exclaimed Ruth, "I love you when you ain't no good."

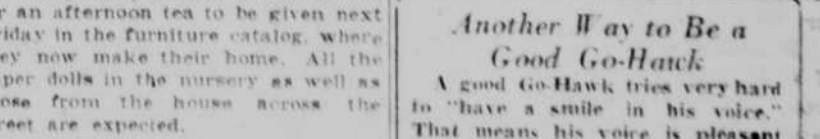
Live to Good Old Age.

Did you ever know that most octodes live to be from 70 to 90 years old? Well, they do. As they speed across the sandy plains they eat a large amount of grass and grain.

And what do you suppose they eat for dessert? Why, pebbles, glass, tin iron or any other scraps of metal they can find. It is said that this all aids them to digest their food just as grit is necessary for the diet of your chickens in the back yard.

Paul Warner of Columbus, O., is 8 years old and has his Go-Hawk rules framed and over his desk.

WEATHER. Violets Are Wakening All Over Happyland.



NEWS FROM THE NURSERY

Annual spring cleaning in Janet's doll house. This means that the dolls are down and the rugs up and the furniture out. All the dolls have had to sit in a row along the window seat except Aunt Clara (the colored doll, who has had to assist in the cleaning. She got so tired yesterday afternoon that she broke two of the pink flowered doll dishes and was severely scolded by Janet. It is to be hoped that the house cleaning will be over by Tuesday night, then the dolls can move in again.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE. Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the first Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending in a 2-cent stamp with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 120,000 members!

Letters from various children including: A Queer Miser, Robert and His Dog Sport, Our Vacation, Likes Button, Likes Her Teacher, A Good Club, A Seventh Grader, Will Be Kind, Kill Be Kind, Another Go-Hawk, My Goat, Wants to Join, A Fifth Grader, A New Member, Likes His Teacher, A Fourth Grader, A New Member, A Fourth Grader, A New Member, A Fourth Grader, A New Member.

THE SINGING DELL. IN MAY. POLLY'S COOK BOOK. TINY TAD TALES. WEATHER. NEWS FROM THE NURSERY.