Over One-Hundred Boys Now Enrolled in One Tribe

THIS last month of summer vacation is a busy one among the Go-Hawks, all of whom seem to be trying to win as many new friends as possible for the Happy Tribe. This is the reason so much good news is coming to Happyland from all directions. Under the leadership of Mrs. Emery A. Brewer a great tribe is forming in Centralia, Ill. Over 100 boys are enrolled for the protection of bird and animal life. That means all these little dumb creatures will learn they have only friends in this Illinois town. Many little acts of courtesy and kindness to others have also been done by these boys to prove they have the real Go-Hawk spirit. Among their good times was a picnic to Fairy Dell. If as large and active a tribe of girls should be formed in Centralia, then there will surely be a race to see which one will make the longest record of kind deeds before 1925.

From Olive Sidley comes word of a lawn party given by her tribe early this summer in Lawrence, Mass. It was attended by about 60 and the money they earned was given to a worthy family that needed help. From A. L. Smith of the State Soldiers' home in Ohio came a request to Happyland for more Go-Hawk buttons and rules for his young friends in the neighborhood who want to be members of the Happy Tribe. This adds to the steadily growing longer list in Ohio.

Some one has written to ask the names of the six states that are now leading in membership. They are Massachusetts, Connecticut, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. Each of these six has made an unusually fine record for the summer of 1924. Next Sunday you will find more news of some of the small tribes that have been formed this summer.

Happy

Fire Buckets.

Here is a game that is great fun and receives its name from the old way of passing buckets of water from hand to hand in volunteer fire companies. The players form in two lines opposite each other, with captains at their head who have a basket or bix filled with various articles, such as handkerchiefs, hair ribbons, button hooks, shoe horns, pocketknives, etc. These are to be passed on one at a time until the end of the line is reached. The last player deposits the articles on the ground beside him and begins at once to pass them back. The side that first passes all the objects back to the captain wins the game.

Familiar Quotations.

The players in this game sit in chairs forming a circle. One of the players then repeats aloud one-half of a well known quotation, such as "Where there's a will—." As he finishes he tosses a handkerchief to some one in the circle, who is required to catch it and to complete the quotation, as in this case "there's a way," while the others count 20. The player who catches the handkerchief then begins another quotation and throws the handkerchief to the player he chooses, who in turn must complete the new quotation. Each player keeps account of how many quotations he misses and the one who has the least marked against him receives a prize or wins the game.

THE SQUAW LADY

SYNOPSIS.

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll and the Go-Hawks decided to look after Mrs. Shirley during the editor's absence and he departs, feeling his mother will not be lonesome. Jack spends a week at the Shirley home, then, in turn, Donald, Piggy and Tinker. During Tinker's week the "Squaw Lady" gives a bobride, and, unfortunately, she and little lame Jimmie are thrown out of the bob. Tinker and the other children feel badly over the accident because Tinker had made the chairs, which were so unsteady that Mrs. Shirley and Jimmie had very uncertain seats. Mrs. Shirley takes Jimmie home with her for a week. Aunt Sally comes to call and tells Mrs. Shirley of some of her troubles with the twins and Mrs. Shirley asks to have them spend the next week with her, when Jack will be there, too.

Now go on with the story.

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

Mrs. Shirley laughed, and with her well arm drew the younger woman toward the library where Jimmie lay curled up on the couch, reading. "I want you to meet the youngest of my lads, who, I believe, is going to do us all good. I have become much interested in him, for he is brave and patient at all times."

Her listener was eager to see the child of whom the twins spoke so often. "Jimmie, this is Miss Sallie, of whom you have heard Patience and Prudence speak."

He looked up with the keen and bright mile which always lightened his face so wonderfully. "I knew you were Aunt Sallie the minute you came in, 'cause Jack said you were the prettiest lady he knew, and Pat said she bet angels couldn't look any prettier than you did when you had on your nightgown and turned and said goodnight again when she opened your door. I wish I could see you then."

Jimmies' eyes were looking at her with such unabashed admiration that it brought the blushes to Miss Sallie's cheeks. She took the thin little hand into hers, and, stooping for a minute, stroked his brown hair. "You see Jimmie, I have known the twins and Jack all their lives and love them so dearly. That is why I look as I do to them."

"But I think you are pretty, and I—wish—" The boy's voice faltered, for he was trying to think of the nicest thing he could say to her. "I will have you sit with the king of England and the president of the United States in my box at the theater some day. Would you like it?"

Miss Sallie was mystified, but was so accustomed to the twins' odd fancies that she concluded it was some game the little fellow was fond of playing, and so she said gently, "To be sure I would love to come, and it is generous of you, Jimmie, to invite me to sit in your box."

That evening, after Tinker, King and Jimmie were all safely settled for the night and the Squaw Lady had retired, she lay awake thinking over Miss Sallie's call and wondering how she could best help her. She felt positive the little girls would not annoy her intentionally. She knew that they missed Uncle Peter keenly, and much as they enjoyed the Go-Hawks, no one could fill his place. Before she had fallen asleep she concluded to make the children feel that she needed their help in as many ways as possibl.

Both little girls were delighted the following morning when she invited them to spend the week with her. She told them that she already had obtained Miss Sallie's permission. Jack, too, was glad, since this was to be his week, and he immediately offered to help bring over their things on his bob.

Patience and Prudence were much excited over the prospect, and had they been starting on a long journey of many miles they could not have said goodby to their father and Aunt Sallie any more seriously.

"Try to make us proud of you, little girls." The father felt he must sound a note of warning as he said goodby when Jack came to help them over.

"Do you want to tell us anything special, auntie?" Prudence thought that Aunt Sallie would be happier if she, too, added a word of advice.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Continued Next Sunday.)

In Field and Forest

For the past two weeks the woods about my home have been full of berries. The broadleafed mulberry is perhaps the earliest tree on which the berries ripen in June, and the best part of all is that they keep on ripening until August. The birds love these soft seedy berries that are found just back of the wide heart-shaped leaves. Each one is made up of many tiny berries grown together. The mulberry is such an easy growing tree and never seems in a hurry to have its harvest over.

Among the prettiest of trees in the woods is the wild red cherry, with its small fruits among the shining green leaves. No longer than a pea is the largest of these berries. Although the berries are sour the birds love them, while the bees come in swarms for the nectar found in the blossoms, and they carry the pollen from flower to flower.

The wild black cherries will ripen in September, just in time to be of great service to those birds among the first to start southward. They will eat great quantities of these bitter-sweet berries. Because the birds do eat so many of these berries and drop the seeds in out of the way places, often far away from the cherry tree where they found their feast, is the reason we find so many of these wild black cherry trees where we least expect. Birds and bees both are doing us many good turns. UNCLE JOHN.

"A good deed is never lost."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not throw papers and bags down on the floor in street cars. They give the car a very untidy and disorderly look, besides making extra work for the conductor. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

UNCLE PETER'S WORKSHOP

Some of the Go-Hawks send word that they know how to make cunning little toys out of empty spools and cardboard. Ruth Allen, a Go-Hawk who lives in St. Louis, sends a drawing for a square table made

out of one spool and a piece of cardboard. She writes that she used a crochet cotton spool and a square of cardboard for the top. In gluing the spool and top together one should be most careful to have the spool in the exact center.—PETER.

TINY TAD TALES

Dot had been particularly mischievous all day. Her mother breathed a sigh of relief when it came time to put the little one to bed. Before tucking her in for the night, she took her in her arms and talked to her earnestly. Then she put here down by her knee, saying:

"Now, dearie, as you say your prayers, mother wants you to tell God how naughty you have been and how sorry you are."

There was a moment's silence, then a small voice said:

There was a moment's silence, then

"But, mother, I didn't 'spose you wanted anyone outside the family to know it."

Dorothy Perry of Monument Beach, Mass., helps her mother every day during vacation and on Saturday when school is not in session.

POLLY'S COOK BOOK

Peter and I had Jack and Mildred Brandon over yesterday afternoon for tennis, and when we finished our game we came up on the porch and had lemonade and marguerites.

Marguerites.

One cup sugar, one-half cup boiling water. Let boil until the syrup will thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Remove to back of stove and add five marshmallows cut in small pieces. Pour gradually on to stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, and beat steadily. Add two tablespoons of shredded cocoanut, one-fourth teaspoon vanilla, and one cup of English walnut meats broken in small pieces. Spread saltine wafers with this mixture. Put wafers in a dripping pan and bake until delicately browned. This makes enough to cover one-half pound of saltines.

Peter and Jack thought these were great and Mildred and I liked them, too. POLLY.

Nadine Smythe of Fremont, Mo., is a girl scout and bugler of her troop, and also plays the violin.

WEATHER.
Ice Cream Cone
Showers in Happyland.

NUTS TO CRACK
By Billy Squirrel

Good morning! Do you feel like cracking some nuts with me today? Here are two from Frances R. Allen of Sunenburg, Mass.:

Why is a man that borrows books and never returns them like a merchant's clerk?

Answer—He is a book keeper.

Why is a field of grass like a knife box?

Answer—It contains many blades.

And Edna R. Cooper of West Roxbury, Mass., sends me these:

What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?

Answer—One sews seams nice and the other seems so nice.

What is a put up job?

Answer—The paper on the wall.

Grasshopper is a long word. Can you spell it with two letters?

Answer—It.

What goes through the forest without touching the forest?

Answer—A knife in a man's pocket.

THE SINGING DELL.
BUBBLES
By HAPPY

When I make bubbles in the sun,
I always wonder where they go,
And wish that I could catch just one,
Before they break and off they blow.

My bubbles never seem to stay,
But are so pretty while they last,
Why do they want to run away?
I wish that I could hold them fast.

For then I'd like to make for you
A shining chain that you might wear,
Of bubbles that are pink and blue,
And you could bind it round your hair.

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

Bobby's Lullabye.

Out on a farm in Minnesota lived a child whose name was Bobby.

He was only 1½ years old, but he was very smart.

One afternoon when it was time for him to take his nap his mother looked very pale. So he thought he would rock himself to sleep.

He took off his little shoes and suit and lay down in his little crib. This is what he sang:

"Rock-a-bye Bobby
Upon the tree top,
When the bough breaks
Little Bobby will fall.
When the wind blows Bobby wakes
And down will he come to mother
and home."

So long as his mother was sick he rocked himself to sleep.

I have nearly forgotten you Happy. I certainly like the rabbit stories.—Lucille Johnson, age 11, 901 Avenue C, Council Bluffs, Ia.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for you to send me a Go-Hawk badge. I am 12 years old and in the sixth B at school. We have a car and we go out riding almost every night. I have a wagon and my friend has one too. We have lots of fun together. Yours truly, Arthur Schlarifer, Omaha, Neb., 5105 South Twenty-sixth street.

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 M. Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston Public Library. This week she suggests:

Baldwin, James, "The Wonder Book of Horses."

Colum, Padraic, "The Children of Odin."

Du Chaillu, P. B., "In African Forest and Jungle."

Gordy, W. F., "Stories of American Explorers."

Malot, Hector, "Nobody's Boy."

White, E. O., "An Only Child."

Wiggins, K. D., and Smith, N. A., "Fairy Ring."

Will be Kind.

Dear Happy: I would like very much to join your Happy Tribe.

I am enclosing a 2 cent stamp, with which kindly send me a Go-Hawk badge.

I promise to be kind to all dumb animals, birds and insects, and to obey all the rules.

I am 14 years old and passed the eighth grade last May.

I have for pets, one dog, three kittens and one hen.

I am going to write to Majorey Berney. I would be much pleased if some of the other Go-Hawks would write to me. Yours truly, Freda Gruber, care of Heins, Sr., Garrison, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter I am sending to you. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which I hope to get a Go-Hawk badge soon. I promise to be kind to dumb animals, birds and insects. I am 12 and in the seventh A. I like to read the children's page every Sunday. I have a sister named Mary. She is in the fifth grade, 10 years old, and a brother in the first B, 6 years old. For pets I have a dog named Billy, and 2 cats. I wish some Go-Hawk would write to me. Grace Distefano, Omaha, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy—I wish to join the Go-Hawk happy tribe. I am 10 years old. I will be in the fifth grade this fall. A girl friend of mine got her Go-Hawk Button this morning and I would like one too. I will promise to be kind to dumb animals, and do at least one kind deed each day. I am very fond of plants and flowers. Yours truly, Edna Mae Olmstead, 918 Denver Ave., Rapid City, S. D.

Old Bingo.

Dear Happy: This ismy first letter to you. I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. I had 2 pets that I loved, a kitty Maryqueen but she died, and a nice dog, old Bingo. He went to the country and never came back. I am in the second grade. I like to read the happyland page. I have a little brother, his name is Elmer Tommy. Your friend, Leona Pupshin, Burlington, Colo.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I promise to protect birds, animals plants and trees.

I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin.

I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade.

I have a sister named Eleanor. She is 6 years old.

My birthday is March 23. Is there anybody that has my birthday?

Odell has a population of 450.

I always read the Happyland page. Well I guess I had better close. —Helen Tinville, age 11, Odell, Neb.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. I promise to help someone every day.

I will try to protect animals and birds, trees and plants. I am 6 years old and will be 7 September 20. I have a pet dog named Trix and a pet cat Lavielle. I have a sister named Helen. She is 11 years old. I will be in the third grade next year. —Eleanor Linville, Odell, Neb.

Spot.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for another button, as I lost mine. I have a little dog named Spot and am teaching him to shake hands.

I will be in the third grade this year and will try to be a good Go-Hawk. Your friend, Constance Iland, Otoe, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: Enclosed please find a 2-cent stamp for a button. I shall do something kind to somebody every day. I shall be true to my flag. I will try to be a good Go-Hawk.

I am 9 years old and in the sixth grade. I sincerely hope Mr. Waistbasket is to a dinner. Your Go-Hawk.—Nan Riley, Dawson Bank, Dawson, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the Go-Hawk page in the Bee every Sunday. I would like to join your happy circle so am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am 8 years old and will be in the fifth grade this fall. Will close. Sincerely, Eldon Daley, Merna, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I thought I would write a line as I have not written for a long time. I have some little chickens. I am 11 years old and will be 12 the 5th of September. My teacher's name this year will be Miss Gear. I will be in the seventh grade. I wish that some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I would gladly answer them. School will soon begin. I sure will be glad. Well as my letter is getting long I will close. Goodby, your friend.—Edythe Maybelle Wade, Box 45, Royal, Neb.

Our Dog.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you.

I am enclosing a stamp to get my pin.

I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade.

For pets we have four cats and one dog.

When my brother was cutting grass he cut our dog's leg to the bone. We put a rag on it and he is just about well.

I will be kind to birds and dumb animals.

I live in the country. Your friend, Rose Kreska, Osceola, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for which kindly send me a Go-Hawk badge. I promise to obey the pledge. I am 13 and in the seventh B. I read the letters every Sunday. I like to read them. I have two good friends. Their names are Louise Mangiamelli and Mary Circo. I wish some Go-Hawk would write to me. My sister will join this club next Sunday. As my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to get my button soon. From your friend, Mary Distefano, 413 South Fourth street, Omaha.

A Good Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am 9 years old and live in the country.

I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I feed the chickens, water the hogs and calf, and help my mama and papa.

I am sending a 2-cent stamp and coupon and hope to receive my button soon. Your friend, Jerome Vetter, Howe, Neb.

Our Sewing Club.

Dear Happy: It has been so long since I have written you I imagine you have all forgotten me.

School soon starts again, and I am rather glad, only for one reason. My sister, Kathleen has to leave then for school.

I will be in the seventh grade next term. I am to have the same teacher as I had last year.

I take music lessons from mother, so do my two sisters.

I would like to take violin, and my younger sister the cornet, as we have the instruments.

We girls (around here) have organized a sewing club, which meets every two weeks and we sure enjoy it. My sister is leader, and it meets with us next time.

I will be 13 in September.

Won't some of the members write me? Please I remain your old member. Laverne Greer, Bloomfield, Neb.

A Kind Act.

Dear Happy: I lost my pin yesterday. I put crumbs out for the birds yesterday because it was rainy. There was a storm here last night. It tore up a lot of the trees. I have a new niece who lives in Omaha. I live on a farm. I am 9 years old, the 24th of November I will be 10. My sister has gone to Illinois so I am lonesome here at home. My letter is getting long so I will quit. As ever, A Go-Hawk, Colla Gould, Lyons, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I read the Go-Hawk letters every Sunday, and I am sending a coupon and a 2-cent stamp for my badge. I do not live here in Lincoln. I live at Campbell, but you can send my badge here at Lincoln. I have a cat and her two kittens for my pets. I am 12 years old and will be in the sixth grade. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. Your new friend.—Darlene Fuller, Lincoln, Neb., Waverly Apts.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I am reading your letter from Happyland every Sunday so I am going to join your happy tribe. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. Brother Chester has already joined. I have two sisters, Ruth and Esther. I help Mama every day, feed chickens, wash dishes and do all I can. I will send a 2-cent stamp, so please send me a button. From your little friend, Helen Nowinkle, age 10, Gretna, Neb.

A Sixth-Grader.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. My name is Dorothy Geist. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I had a dog named Peggy but she died. My street address is 701 West street, Rapid City, S. D. Yours truly, Dorothy Geist.

My Pets.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. For pets I have a cat named Bluette, a dog named Shep and a pony named Prince. I shall always be kind to dumb animals. I will be in the fourth grade this year.—June Perry, age 8, Bigsprings, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp. I have some chipmunks. They are my pets. I also have a kitten. I read the Happyland page every Monday. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade. My letter is getting long so I must close. Your friend, La Reine Anderson, Lead, S. D.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for a button. There is a coupon also in the envelope. I am 9 years old and will be in the fifth grade at school. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals, trees and plants. Well my letter is getting long so I will close.—Arlene Bryant, Norcatur, Kan.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. Well I guess I will close. Your friend.—Anton Hessler, Wausa, Neb.

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 his name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 125,000 members.

I'M A GO-HAWK The Happy Tribe

MOTTO

"To Make the World a Happier Place."

PLEDGE

"I will honor and protect my country's flag."

"I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds, all dumb animals, trees and plants."