Jelf Is the Real Happy Tribe Fairy

HAS HAPPY ever told you about the quaint little fairy named "Jelf?" He is really a very, VERY old fairy, although he looks so young and gay. Fairy Godmother says he was born the first day that a little child remembered to be kind to others, and Fairy Godmother KNOWS, for whenever she wants a new fairy horn she just waves her Magic Wand and one comes to life, perhaps dancing to earth on the tip of a moonbeam or on a long ray of sunshine. She says you never can tell where fairies make their home; that it is nearly always in some out-of-the-way place.

Long ago Fairy Godmother told Happy she had given Jelf to her and that she had told him to be always around watching his chance to help the children who had learned to think about others. That is the reason she made Jelf the special Happy Tribe Fairy. No one has every really seen Jelf, not even Happy. He nearly always comes around very early and straightens her desk, and when the room is full of children brought here just by the wish to be kind to others, then you may be sure Jelf is never far away.

Fairy Godmother says that Jelf is so tiny that he could easily be carried in a man's pocket and, in truth, he has made some wonderful trips that way. Perhaps we can get him to tell about them some day. It must be a strange thing to take a ride in a pocket.

It seems that Jelf knows how to make people laugh. It is not because he looks funny or says such funny things, because no one does see him or hear him speak, but whenever he is near, the children begin to smile and big folks feel like laughing, although they can scarcely tell why.

Fairy Godmother told Happy to send Jelf wherever she wished, and so whenever a home is sad and needs a bit of sunshine, Jelf goes there and every one grows cheerful. When every one in your home is bright and jolly, you may know that Jelf is with you. Perhaps he has found his way into your house on a big log of wood that he knows will soon be burning brightly in your fireplace.

Jelf never, NEVER goes where there is any one who is cross or ugly. He can't stand it. So if you feel cross, you must not expect Jelf to visit you. When you are doing something to make another glad, then is when he loves to be near you. You may not always know he is beside you, but he will be.

Fairies travel such long, long ways in such a short, SHORT time. Perhaps Jelf will be here with us today and tomorrow over among the children whom we are helping. He never gets tired, for, of course, he wouldn't be a fairy if he did. Jelf made great plans to help us Christmas. He has been around in all sorts of homes, and so, you see, he was able to find for us the homes needing Christmas cheer.

"Do you suppose we shall ever see him?" One of the Go-Hawks asked this question the other day after we had been talking about fairies and especially Jelf.

"Since kindness is the only thing that can bring him perhaps when we learn to be kind enough then we may see him." This was the answer given by

Happy

THE SQUAW LADY

Edith Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll and the Go-Hawks decide to look after Mrs. Shirley during the editor's absence and he leaves feeling his mother will not be lonely. Jack spends a week at the Shirley home, and then in turn Donald, Pippy and Tinker. After a bob ride, Mrs. Shirley brings little lame Jimmie home for a visit. Prudence and Patience also spend the week with the Squaw Lady. Jimmie takes the Go-Hawks to a rehearsal at the theater where his father works and the children stay on to the matinee. The Go-Hawks are much thrilled over their day at the theater and Patience longs to become an actress. They decide to give a benefit performance for little Jimmie. Patience writes the play and is the leading lady. Tinker is to attend to the stage lighting and also makes a special box for Jimmie. Patience asks the Squaw Lady if they can't have an evening performance.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

Patience now entered languidly, and immediately upon beholding the Sunday school superintendent thought it was an appropriate time to faint. This was the signal for Piggy and Tinker to reach in and drag the rug with its stricken damsel off the stage. It seemed to the audience that the mother was not so much concerned wit her fainting daughter as she was with the pleading of the would-be lover to remain. All this time the grandmother sat serenely at her wheel, and the curtain fell with Prudence clinging to Jack and begging him to forgive her "foolish daughter."

Donald's appearance on the stage in the second scene was the cause of wild cheering. "Suthin' doin' all right, al-l right," whispered one little chap in the front row. "He's the villain. Golly! Lookie at his boots and see his gun! I bet he swipes the herryine."

Presumably it was midnight, for the room was dark, and the "herryine" was to be seen hanging out of her window, a window Tinker had arranged. "Come down! Come down!" shouted the villian, "and together we will flee to Coney Island and shoot the shoots for life." Donald felt as though he had said something really worth while.

The "herryine" dressed all in white, with even a bridal wreath in her hair, as though she dreamed of this happy hour, came out of the window and joined her lover. They were about to "flee" together when the angry mother interfered, and the daughter fainted again on the rug and was gleefully dragged off.

Most touching was the closing scene, for the heart-broken maiden lay dying upon her couch. The superintendent tried in vain to comfort her, while the villain gazed mournfully through the window from which a short time before he had tried to persuade his lady love to elope with him. He was not supposed to be seen by the occupants of the death chamber, but only by the audience, and it was hoped it would tear their hearts with anguish.

It was supposed to be early morning, and the sun, which was the campfire stove of the Go-Hawks, rose rapidly in the background. Patience was to die just as it reached a certain place over her bed. It arrived at the spot, and her last words were uttered most effectively in a feeble voice. Prudence, her agitated mother, threw herself shrieking upon the feet of her dying daughter. Her shrieks were so much louder than they had been at the rehearsal that they startled Tinker to such an extent that he forgot to hold the string attached to the sunrise and down it went.

(Copyright, 1925.)

(Continued Next Sunday

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.

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."

POLLY'S COOK BOOK

I am giving you today a recipe for

Chocolate Pudding.

Put one pint of milk in a double boiler. In a saucepan put one-half cup of sugar, one heaping tablespoon of cornstarch, two tablespoons cocoa and one-half teaspoon salt. Mix well. When the milk is hot, pour some into the saucepan and stir until dissolved. Then put all back into the double boiler and cook until it thickens. Stir frequently. Add teaspoon of vanilla after taking from stove, then pour into moulds or small dishes. Serve with cream.

We have often used this recipe and like it very much. POLLY.

Charles Kendall of Boonville, Mo., likes birds, trees and animals and can swim and dive, but not very well.

IN FIELD AND FOREST

For several Sundays you have been studying the bark of some of our tree friends, hoping in this way to learn to know one from another. Maples, elms, chestnuts all have furrowed bark, but to be able to tell them apart easily one has to study the form of the tree, its winter buds and their arrangements.

The maple tree has dark furrowed bark and so has the chestnut. Trees are not like people, for they do not move away from us and neither do they change their clothes. They just stay quietly at home all the year round.

In the winter we recognize our tree friends by their bark and by the framework of their heads or tops. When summer comes the flowers and leaves help up to know one tree friend from another. When autumn comes then we have the fruits and the wonderful changing colors.

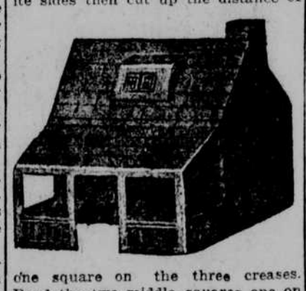
Have you ever stopped to think on what a tree really has to depend for its life? It is on the way in which the tree is able to hold out its leaves into the sunlight. You will always find that tree growing fastest that has the greatest amount of leaf surface toward the sun. Watch and see if this is not true. This proves that plenty of sunshine is not only good for boys and girls, but for trees as well. UNCLE JOHN.

"The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time."

PETER'S WORKSHOP

Just about every so often I have an order from my sister, Polly, to make a new doll house for her. When mother fitted up my workshop, Polly quickly decided the greatest use for the workshop was to make all sorts of toys for her and all our small cousins.

To make this little doll house use any size square or paper that you wish, and if you want it to look like a cement house, then use a gray-toned paper. Crease your squares into 16 squares. On the two opposite sides then cut up the distance of



one square on the three creases. Bend the two middle squares one on top of the other and paste together.

Bend the two outer squares together, which will lap each other and cross the center of the two middle squares just pasted. After pasting these two together, then repeat directions on opposite end of the paper. Use a brass fastener to keep folded squares in shape. Use extra paper for your windows, doors and porch. Polly always enjoys helping me by painting the house with her water colors. PETER.

"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie,
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby."

"If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
That you'd forget to think it true
That someone was unkind to you."

Velma Nicholson of Searsy, Ark., has just begun to read the Happyland page and finds it very interesting.

"Empty Hands."

For this game a number of small cards are needed, but lacking four of the number of children present. When the bell rings, four players find that they have no cards. The bell is the signal for passing the cards, object being to find some one without a card and giving one away by passing it to another. No one to whom a card is offered is allowed to refuse it, unless, of course he already holds one. If empty-handed, he must take the card and try to pass it to another as quickly as possible. Each time the bell rings, the passing ceases, and all having empty hands win a point to count toward the final total. The player having the most points when the passing ceases wins the prize.

"Clumps."

The players are formed into two opposing bands and each party has a captain that represents the band or clump. The two captains go out into the hall, where they decide on some person, object, event or idea which is to be guessed by the rest of the company. Upon the return of the commanders each captain joins the clump of opponents, who then question him and attempt to discover what was chosen. It is the part of the captain to answer as cleverly as possible and to mystify the players, but he must tell the truth. The side that first guesses the thing is victorious and takes into its ranks both captains. Another leader from each side is then chosen and the game goes on. The side having the most members at the end of the game is the winner.

Hazel and Mercedes Hunt of Omaha, Neb., have an uncle who lives in Mexico and he often sends them pretty presents.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not forget during winter days to share some of his fun with his little brother and sister. He does not go off to coast and skate all the time with his friends, but he often takes little brother and sister out for a ride on their sleds, too. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

THE SINGING DELL

The Gingerbread Man.

By HAPPY.

This brown little man, made of gingerbread,
With short fat legs and a funny head,
The cook baked him in her new shiny pan,
Then out he jumped and away he ran,

"I'll dance on your kitchen floor," said he,
"A gingerbread man would just like to see
The world and some fun before settling down
With cookie boys in old Gingerbread Town."

His comrades gasped in the big cookie jar,
For he was so brave they knew he'd go far.
My dear, he ran straight for the wide oven door.
This Cookie Man was not seen any more.

TINY TAD TALES

Four-year-old Homer had been saying the Lord's prayer and other little prayers and verses before he went to bed. After he had finished them all, he asked to go back and pray again about "the wagon."

"The wagon," exclaimed his mother. "Why, we didn't pray about a wagon."

"Yes, we did," was the reply. "For God must have a wagon, or how could he deliver us?"

NUTS TO CRACK

BY BILLY SQUIRREL

One of my Go-Hawk friends, Caroline Beebe of Plantsville, Conn., sends me some nuts today and here they are:

When is a ship like snow?
Answer—When it is a-drift.

What animal fell from the clouds?
Answer—The rain, dear (reindeer).

Spell "candy with two letters.
Answer—"C" and "Y" (CandY.)

The next ones came from Catherine Renahan of Fairhaven, Mass.

What is the best way to raise corned beef and cabbage?
Answer—With a fork.

Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat?
Answer—Because it is never felt.

Here are a few from Bernice Senevey of Lingle, Wyo.:

Why are a girl's stockings like a butcher's wagon? Ans. Because there is where the calves are kept.

If 32 is freezing point what is squeezing point? Ans. Two in the shade.

Why is a stamp like a schoolboy? Ans. Because it is licked and made stand in the corner.

Why is death like the letter E? Answer: It is the end of life.

Why is Athens like a candlestick? Answer: Because it is in the middle of Greece.

How many peas in a pint? Ans. One.

Letters From Happyland Readers

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I have been a silent reader of Happyland and thought I would like too join your Happy Tribe.

I am in the sixth grade at school. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I have a little niece. She will be 1 year old the 29th of January. I like my teacher. Her name is Mrs. Knudson. I like to read Peter Rabbit.

I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button.

We have a little pup. He is brown and white. He catches mice and rats. We had two weeks vacation for Christmas. I like birds.

Well I will close for this time. I am 13 years old. Hoping I receive a Go-Hawk button soon. I remain a friend, Edith Gilbertson, Niobuona, Neb., Route 2.

Wants Letters.

Dear Unknown Friends: I saw the coupon for the Happy Tribe in The Omaha Sunday Bee and thought I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am 7 years old and in the second grade at school. I hope I am not too young to join your club. I am willing to obey the pledge. My name is Marie Sawyers. I would like very much to have some one of the members of the Go-Hawk club write to me. I will now close, hoping to receive my Happy Go-Hawk button shortly. From your unknown friend, Marie Sawyers, Paxton, Neb.

A Fifth-Grader

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk club. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button and I promise to obey your motto and keep your pledge. I have one sister. I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Foster. I had a dog named Brunie. I will close for this time. Yours truly, Loraine Carlson, age 9, Greeley, Neb.

Our Ranch.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a button as I wish to join your Go-Hawk tribe. We have a chicken ranch on the bank of the Platte river which we call Tamarack lodge. My father has about 1,000 White Leghorn chickens. I have two little pet kittens. One is black and the other maltese. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade.—Carey Mae Mathison, Box 560 Fort Morgan, Colo.

My Visit.

Dear Happy: I have not written to you for a long time and I am very sorry. I think lots of my Go-Hawk button. I went to Shenandoah, Ia., last Saturday. I visited Mary Gertrude Emple, also Ruth Emple. Our school started the Monday after New Years. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Penn—Geraldine Hilliary, Imogene, Ia.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawk tribe, so am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I read the Happyland every Sunday and I like it very much. I am 13 years old and in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Loveloy.

Hoping to receive my pin soon, I will close. From your friend, Harold Jacobs, Ainsworth, Neb., box 344.

My Resolution.

Dear Happy: This is just a short letter for I wish it to reach you soon.

My new year's resolution is to live up to the motto and pledge of the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe.

I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a Go-Hawk Happy Tribe button. Your new member, Anna Sahulka, 2518 South Seventh Street, Omaha Neb.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Go-Hawks: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for one of your badges. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I have one sister and three brethers. I am kind to all dumb animals. Yours truly, Pearl Peters, R. R. 4, Walnut, Ia.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Go-Hawks: My name is Clara Jensen. I am in the fifth grade and I am 10 years old. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I have no pets, but I will be good to dumb animals. Yours truly, Clara Jensen, Brayton, Ia.

A Fine Christmas.

Dear Go-Hawks: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am 8 years old. I am in the third grade. I have a pet dog. His name is Bowser. I got a gun and a football and a pair of skates for Christmas. I have a sister name Imogene. Goodby Happy, Robert Davis.

A New Tribe.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button, for I am starting a happy tribe. We are going to name it "Helpful Hands Go-Hawk Band." Your friend, Virginia Flores, West Point, Neb.

Likes School.

Dear Happy: I thought I would write again. I am 11 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Penn. I like to go to school very much. Well as my letter is getting long I will close. Elizabeth Trenholm, Box 422, Imogene, Ia.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: Please send me a Go-Hawk button for which I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and the coupon. I have two pets, a pony and a cat. I will be good to all animals. I am 8 years old and in the third grade at school.—Wayne Lamb, Chapman, Neb.

Lou.

Dear Happy: I am sending two 1-cent stamps for a Go-Hawk pin.

I love animals, birds, plants and trees, and promise to protect them. I will also try to help some one every day.

I have a nice little kitten which I like very much. It is so cunning, and whenever another cat or dog is around he puffs up and slaps them. His name is Lou.

I love to take nuts out and feed them to the squirrels. I have one brother; his name is Elmer. He is in the fifth grade at school. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. I would like very well to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me. I read the Happyland page each Sunday and enjoy it very much. Yours truly, Marian Richardson, Box 354, Moville, Ia.

My Pets.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for you to send me a Go-Hawk button for me to wear. I am sick in bed. I have a dog, whose name is Curly. I have nine ducks. One of them is a tame duck. I sure have lots of fun watching them swim. I have three pet kittens and an old cat. Their names are Nigger, Topsy and Bessy. I have no name for the old cat. Well I must close. Wishing you a happy New Year, I am, Dale Proctor, Griswold, Ia.

My Pets.

Dear Happy: I would like to become a member of the Go-Hawk club. I am sending 2 cents so I can get a Go-Hawk button. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I have some pets so I will tell you what my pets are. I have two dogs, a pony, a colt and a cat. We have a 3 weeks old baby. His name is Flody La Verne. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. My letter is getting long. I must close. From Mildred Hillyer, Route 2, Box 46, Imogene, Ia.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I want to join the Happy tribe. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. There are 23 children in our school. Our teacher's name is Charlotte Foy. I have two sisters. Their names are Adeline and LaVerda. For pets I have six puppies and two old dogs. I enjoy the Happyland page. My letter is letting long. I will close.—Clarice Sievers, Scribner, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the Happyland page every Sunday. I will be 12 January 19 and am in the seventh grade. I have one cat. His name is Tabby. I have two sisters and one brother.

I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp with the coupon. Yours truly, Clarice Ely, Naponee, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your club which I have read so much about. Last year I wrote to you, but I am afraid the waste paper basket got it. I hope it won't get this one. I was 11 on January 16. I am in the sixth grade and my teachers' names are Miss Gilquest, Miss McCartney and Miss Thorton. I like them all very well. I had Miss McCartney last year. I will close. Yours truly, Dorothy Headman, Stromsburg, Neb.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I have read your page for a long time. I like it very much. I want to be a Go-Hawk. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I have two Boston bull puppies.

I am 9 years old. I am in fifth B grade at school. From Betty Flothow, 5022 Webster street, Omaha, Neb.

Kind Deeds.

Dear Happy: We like pets. We have a dog named Brownie. We put some crackers on our Christmas tree for the birds and set it in the snow. We have suet on our trees, too, for the birds. Will you plase send us each a Go-Hawk button? Yours truly, Elizabeth Krause and Junior Krause, Albion, Neb.

Another Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks. I like dumb animals and I am kind to them all. We have a canary and it is a very good singer. I am in the fifth grade at school. I will send a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am 10 years old. Goodby Happy, from Bernice Jamieson, 316 North Sixth street, Seward, Neb.

Please Write to Me.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawk club. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button. I have a little dog, his name is Jiggs. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me. Yours truly, Alyce Lefa Hall, Bellwood, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: This is the first letter I have sent to you. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I will be kind to all dumb animals, trees and plants. I enjoy reading your paper. I must close now. Your new Go Hawk, Arnol Seidler, 2125 North Twenty-eight street, Omaha, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am in the eighth grade at school. I like to go to school real well. Your friend, Urjuona Collman, R. R. 3, Box 58, Hebron, Neb.