



"A really truly good Go-Hawk never would lick a kid smaller than himself, would he?" The boy who asked the question was only about 8. He had climbed the flight of stairs that led to the Happy Tribe corner in the downtown office building.

"Of course not," replied Happy. "What makes you ask me such a question?"

"Well, I have a tribe of my own. Chief Wa-Wa-Tasse is my name. Of course, I have to make up the rules for my Indians." He paused a moment, his eyes shining with pride.

"Chiefs do think out good things for their tribe members. That's the fun of being a chief," said Happy.

"Yes, I think so. And if any boy in my tribe fights a smaller one I'm going to lick him, wouldn't you?" He asked the question hopefully.

"Why fight at all?"

Chief Wa-Wa-Tasse looked at Happy with surprise.

"There are some things even you couldn't understand, Happy," he replied with great politeness. "Sometimes a kid just has to fight." That seemed to settle the point in his mind.

"What else are you going to have your Go-Hawks do?" asked Happy.

"They have to keep our motto and pledge. They will not tell a lie. We have put pans of water out every day for the birds since we joined."

Chief Wa-Wa-Tasse then named over the members of his tribe. Three of them lived on the fine street overlooking the park and the two others lived on the little back street behind. They had learned how to play together, for they are all Go-Hawks now. Chief Wa-Wa-Tasse and his tribe are carrying the work of the Happy Tribe right into their own neighborhood and each day living the motto "to make the world a happier place."



**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."

**SYMBOLS**  
Gold Arrow for Kindness  
Indian Head for Courage  
Blue Bird for Happiness

**The Birthday Party.**  
Once there was a little girl who lived with her widowed mother who could hardly support herself and child. So Margery could not have very many nice clothes or toys. One day she planned to have a party, as it was her birthday. She invited some little girls to come to her party. One girl whose parents were very wealthy said, "Oh, I wouldn't go to her party." When just then a nice girl came up and said: "I am going to go; let's all go. Bring 10 cents tomorrow morning and buy her a new doll for her birthday. That morning every little girl brought a dime and they counted the money and they had \$1.20. When school was out all of the children that had been invited to the party asked the storekeeper to look at the dolls and they found one that was exactly \$1.20. So they bought it. Finally the day came and all the girls came dressed nice and neat. When they presented the doll to Margery, she was overjoyed, as she had never owned a doll before.

The party was a complete success. Everybody had a good time and when it was time for the girls to return to their home Margery many more happy birthdays.—Bernice Beach, aged 11, Big Spring, Neb.

**First Letter.**  
Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to the Bee. I will be 8 years old the 5th of October. I will be in the 4th grade this year. My teacher's name last year was Mrs. Maria Witt. I have five sisters and one brother. The other day papa was going out to the field to fix the fence so my brother Willie and I thought we would go along. While papa was fixing the fence we heard a scuffle. It was the dogs. They had killed two rabbits and there were two left so my brother and I thought we would take them home and put them in a box and try and raise them to be big rabbits. Goodbye Busy Bees.—Marie Andresen, Age 8, Elkhorst, Neb.

**Some Sight.**  
Teacher—You dirty boy, you! Why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning.  
Bob—What was it?  
Teacher—Eggs.  
Bob—Wrong. That was yesterday.—Lone Scout.

**Lucky Jupiter.**  
I am orange and white. I have four feet, two eyes, a nose and mouth. I have a tail with a white spot on the end of it. My name is Jupiter. I have three brothers and no sisters. I have a fine home. My mistress' name is Dorothea Maxine. There are lots of nice things to eat around here. Dorothea gives me milk in the morning, gravy and pancakes at dinner and at night I get cake and potatoes. My mistress is good to me. One day I spied a mouse running around the house and I started to myself, "Yum, yum." I started after mouse and I caught it. Then I ate him. Dorothea came just then with my mistress and she said, "Why Cotton Mathers (she calls me that), what have you?" I ate the mouse and went off to play with Buster the dog. Well, here comes Dorothea with my supper so good night. Cotton Mathers or Jupiter. Millicent Schwertler, aged 12, Mondamin, Ia.

**A Walk In The Woods.**  
Dear Happy: I am sending two cents to be a member of the Go-Hawks. I am 12 years old. Once there was a little boy 6 years old and he went for a walk in the woods and found an Indian arrow and took it home. He was a member of the Go-Hawks. He gave it to the chief. The rest of the tribe hearing of it rushed to the woods to find some more. They hunted and found two more. Good bye—Francis L. Rosse, Aged 12, 3024 Q street, South Side, Omaha, Neb.

**How to Join**  
To join the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe, which now has a membership of over 47,000, send your name, age and address with 2 cents to "Happy," care this paper.

**Trace around to sixty-two**  
And my friend will please you.  
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

### The Trail of the Go-Hawks

**Synopsis.**  
The Go-Hawks, a band of boys who play Indian, are called in special meeting by their chief, Sitting Bull. He wants to have his little neighbors, twin girls, made members of the Tribe. So he calls his braves to get the Broken Arrow Town out behind the old red barn. They all agree to his wishes but one, Rain-in-the-Face, who objects to playing with girls "with yellow curls a-dangling."

An impressive silence followed. It was plain that the twins were bowed down with responsibility and almost speechless at such an honor.

"I suppose you are really surprised, 'cause as a rule lodges don't let in girls, but I've told our Indians you were most trusting and would be worthy editions to the Tribe. I do want you to be game when you're initiated."

"What's initiated, Jack?"

"Oh, that's what's done to a man when he goes into anything. Everybody does something to you so you never forget—and then afterwards you'll have a chance to get sort of even when somebody else comes in."

"What'll they do to us, Jack?" asked a timid voice.

"Yes, what'll they do?" repeated the other.

"I don't just recollect for sure, but the point is never to let on you care, even if you awfully—" finished Jack, a little doubtfully, as he glanced at the pretty curls so secretly admired.

"We can let each other know if we care, can't we?" wistfully inquired one of the prospective squaws of the mighty tribe of the Go-Hawks.

"Oh, yes, I suppose that would do no harm. Now, if you'll just make yourselves at home, eat all the cherries, you can, and excuse me, I'll go put on my uniform and then we'll go to Pawnee Dick Lodge."

It did not take the chief long to make his preparations, namely, to remove his jacket, hang a blanket and a bow and arrow over his shoulders, put a dab of red paint on either cheek and feathers about his head. When he appeared he seemed most respectful to his guests.

"You're just grand, Jack," announced one little maid, while the others' admiring eyes echoed the sentiment.

The little girls trembled and clutched each other as they were blindfolded. They whispered courageously that they would die before they would "sneak," and then they thought fearfully of their new shoes—what if they should squeak! They hoped for the best as they ran back, jumped sideways, turned handsprings, drank vinegar and repeated with due solemnity the sacred ritual that would bind them to the tribe forever.

Then said the chief, "Rain-in-the-Face, you alone was objecting to these worthy young women, so to you now falls the giving of the last dose. When they right eye offend thee pluck it out, so why not curls?"

"Yes, but maybe Aunt Sallie'll get 'em."

### The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHAY

**It's a Long Road That Has No Puddle.**  
If the Teenie Weenies had followed the directions given to them by the chipmunk instead of taking the road the cat told them about, the little people might have saved themselves much work and a lot of time.

They traveled many miles in their tiny automobiles over terribly rough roads, and when they came to a deep mud puddle in front of them which they could not ford.

"Well," said the Old Soldier, as he sat down on a pebble and gazed mournfully into the muddy water, "we've either got to build a bridge, or back the way we came, or log other road, or wait for this puddle to dry up."

"That chipmunk told us this was a bad road, and I wish we had followed his advice instead of listening to that silly old cat," growled the Turk. "Can't we make a log of these about roads, and it's the last time I ever ask them the way."

"Why c-c-can't we make camp here and w-w-wait for t-t-the puddle to dry up?" asked the Dunce, who wanted to delay the Teenie Weenies so that he could say out of school. "It might take time to a stop, with a deep mud puddle in front of them, and it's the last time I ever ask them the way."

The puddle covered most of the road, and the weeds were so thick at each side it was quite impossible to drive through and across it was decided to build a bridge.

Near the puddle lay some brush, and here the little folks set to work sawing the sticks into logs for the bridge.

Two great logs were cut and set in the middle of the puddle, and to these were fastened four longer logs that made a frame work on which the roadway could be built.

When the frame work was in place the Teenie Weenies cut many logs about six inches long and almost as thick as a new pencil, drove safely over the bridge and laid on the frame work, where they were then tied firmly in place with tough grass.

It took a great deal of work to finish the bridge, and it was almost evening before the task was done.

The two tiny trucks drove safely over the rough road for almost a mile, where they stopped, and camp was made for the night beneath a clump of purple asters.

Everybody was mighty hungry and the cook soon had a snapping fire built, with frog legs sizzling in the tiny frying pans.

With plenty of ham, a thimbleful of hot cocoa, a great heap of mashed potatoes as big as a hickory nut, and sliced grapes for dessert, the Teenie Weenies soon ate all they could hold.

"Well, that's one thing work does for you," said the Dunce as he passed his plate for another helping of potato. "It c-c-certainly makes one hungry."

"Well, according to that," grinned the Old Soldier, "you ought not to be hungry. You didn't do much work."

"Is t-t-that s-s-so?" sputtered the Dunce. "I carried a lot of logs, so I did."

"You did more talking and grumbling about carrying logs than really carrying them," said the Turk.

"Well, talkin' makes you hungry anyhow," answered the Dunce, much too interested in his supper to argue further.

### How to Be a Good Go-Hawk

Have you ever thought how you could make a new pupil happy his very first day in school? Even if he is not introduced to you, why can't you say: "Will you tell me your name, please?" Then you can make him known to the other boys and girls and ask him to join in your play. A good Go-Hawk never stands and stares at a new pupil, nor whistles about his clothes or appearance. He welcomes him to school as he would a friend in his own home.

"mad," ventured the gloomy Rain-in-the-Face.

"Do your duty," replied the chief sternly.

The boy's timid heart almost failed him as he clipped the silky hair. Now he held it in his own hands it seemed very different.

"Divide the scalps of the palaces among the braves," instructed Sitting Bull, slipping into his own pocket a particular curl he had always admired. "Fellers, the Trevellin kids are in their way to us. Give 'em three cheers and I'll lick the first Indian who don't look after 'em always. When we're in Broken Arrow Town or on the warpath our squaws must also be called by Indian names. You must all remember that never on pain of death can you call each other by our Indian names when the treacherous palaces are near. Then you must call me 'Jack' even though I'm your chief, 'Sitting Bull.' This noble warrior who so bravely scalped our squaws is called by us 'Rain-in-the-Face.' Our enemies know him as 'Donald Brown.' You squaws'll soon learn all our Indian names and guard well the secret. When in council we'll call Prue, 'Whispering Leaves' and Pat, 'Running Water.'"

Fifteen minutes later three Go-Hawks wended their way to the Trevellin home. They were a trifle silent. In the dim evening light first the hand of one child, then that of the other felt cautiously of her shorn hair.

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**First Letter.**  
Dear Happy: I would like to join your club. We just began to take the paper. The stories are good, and interesting. From your new member.—Margaret I. Jones, Breda, Ia.

### Stories by Our Little Folks

**(Prize)**  
**The Witch.**  
The children did not believe that Beg Sowan was a witch, but what made Pat their pet cat sick was a mystery.

Peter said Beg had bewitched Pat for scratching her foot when she came to beg for some food. The children would do anything to make Pat better. Therefore they all agreed to give Beg a gift. They took a letter with a gift begging Beg to cast the spell from Pat. It was a lonely way through the woods. Every noise frightened them. They soon reached Beg's tumbled-down shack. On the porch sat a huge cat. This frightened them all for they thought Beg had turned herself into a cat.

They placed their gift on the step, but alas just as they turned to leave Beg appeared at the doorway. She was dirty, her thin hair flying in the

**(Honorable Mention)**  
**The Woodcutter.**  
Dear Happy: I am going to join your club, as I have been reading it and I enjoy it very much. I am going to tell you a story about a woodcutter who was very poor. He lived with his wife in a lonely wood. He had no children, but one day as the poor man was chopping down a tree, he found a little baby boy. He took the baby home and to his great surprise he found everything had changed. The house and everything. His wife said that a beggar came that way and asked for some food so I gave him all we had and he said for your kindness wish that you will become rich and live happy all the days of your life. Mary Herley, age 15, 2508 California street, Omaha, Neb.

**My Pet Tris.**  
Dear Happy: This is my first letter to The Bee. I have been reading your page for some time and I like to read it very well. I have a little sister and her name is Alma. She is in the kindergarten and goes to the same school with me. She has a large doll and calls it Betty. I have a cute little dog. His name is Tris. He is very smart. I am teaching him to stand on his hind legs. I hope to teach him other things when he does this one well. I would like to hear from some writers on your page. I am 8 years old. I will write again.—Laverne Flobowitz, aged 8, 815 South Twenty-ninth street.

**Miss Geography.**  
My dolly is from far Japan  
My glasses are from China  
My Loughorn hat's Italian  
My fan came straight from Spain.  
From England is my music box  
My hose from Germany  
My shoes were made in Boston town  
So when I'm dressed from top to crown  
I'm Miss Geography.

**Tom and Marie.**  
There lived some years ago, two children. They were named Tom and Marie. Tom was the oldest of the two. Tom was selfish and greedy, but Marie was a kind-hearted girl. One day their father and mother were going to town. They wanted Tom and Marie to stay home, but Tom would not so Marie stayed alone. They were in town about two hours and then they came home. Marie's mother had bought her many nice things. Tom did not get anything except his ride to town and home. Tom saw Marie had many nice things.

He went to his mother and said, "Mother, didn't you buy me anything?" His mother said, "No, you have not earned anything, because you did not stay home." Tom was very sad as he had nothing, but promised his mother he would stay home whenever she told him to.

This was a good lesson for Tom, and ever after he did what he was told by his mother and father and succeeded in doing it. Keeson, aged 12, Republican City, Neb.

**Conundrums.**  
What text should preachers avoid?  
Answer, Preach.

Where will set one of the heavenly bodies in motion? Answer, T will make star start.

Why is the day before St. Patrick's day like one of George Eliot's novels? Answer, because it is Middlemarch.

What letters of the alphabet are favorites with an egoist? Answer, I, X, L (I excel).

### Oldest Frame House in United States

The old Quaker Meeting House, in Easton, Md., is among the oldest, if not the oldest, frame buildings standing in the United States, according to the American Forestry Magazine. An occasional replacing of the shingles on the roof, and replacing in some of the weatherboarding is all the repairs it has had. Its frame, inside woodwork and some of the weatherboarding are the same as when built about the same time that William Penn, who visited the building, was trading with the Indians and laying out Philadelphia. The white population of the entire country then was not half as many as now live in one of its third-class cities.

This quaint old house claims distinction as one of the oldest buildings in the United States, as it was erected in 1683. It is interesting to note that this was the first place of worship attended by Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, whose parents live on the same Maryland farm where her ancestors lived when they helped to build this meeting house.

The old contract for the building reads: "To agree with ye carpenters for ye building of ye said house 60 foot long and 44 foot wide, and to be strong substantial framed work, with good white oak sills and small joist, and ye upper floors to be laid with plank and ye roof to be double raftered, and good principal rafters every 10 foot, and to be double studded below, and to be well braced, and windows convenient, and shutters, and good large stairs into ye chambers, which chambers are to be 40 foot square at each end of ye



wind, and she wore a very short and ragged dress. The children ran screaming from this awful sight. When they were out of the woods they looked back to see if Beg was following but she was not to be seen. One said, "I do not believe she will cast the spell from Pat," another said, "I just could not help from running."

Peter sat up all night with Pat. He thought Pat would die before the morning, but to his relief the cat was well. Pat drank his milk rapidly and then the children all declared they would never allow Pat to offend Beg Sowan again, and they kept their promise.—Helen Richt, aged 11, R. F. D. No. 3, Omaha, Neb.

**A New Member.**  
Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I used to write to the Lincoln State Journal. I wrote many letters and two stories and for the last story as the prize I received a fountain pen which I use and think very much of. So I want to start writing for The Bee. I have one brother and two sisters. I will be in the Sixth grade this coming year. My teacher's name is Miss Stray. We live in town and just one and one-half blocks from school, one block from church and on the north side of the library. Goodbye.—Virginia E. Hall, aged 10, Merna, Neb.

**One Stitch in Time Saves Nine.**  
Mary was a little girl 12 years old and was very disobedient. One time her little friend had a party and Mary was invited. Mary's mother made her a new dress to wear and as Mary was putting it on she tore it. Her mother said, "I will sew it up." Mary said she would only give one stitch, but Mary didn't do it. When Mary came home from the party the hole in her dress was larger. Mary sewed it up then and had to make nine stitches, and Mary's mother said, "A stitch in time saves nine."—Elizabeth Mahlock, aged 12, Dewitt, Neb.

**First Go-Hawk.**  
Francis L. Rosse is Omaha's first Go-Hawk. Francis sent his name, address and pennies last week to headquarters. He is now wearing his pin.