

Happy Jack's

Ruth 7

Thrift Club

W. S. S.

War-Savings Stamps



Happy Jack Squirrel's THRIFT CLUB

By Thornton W. Burgess
Illustrated by Harrison Cady

W. S. S.

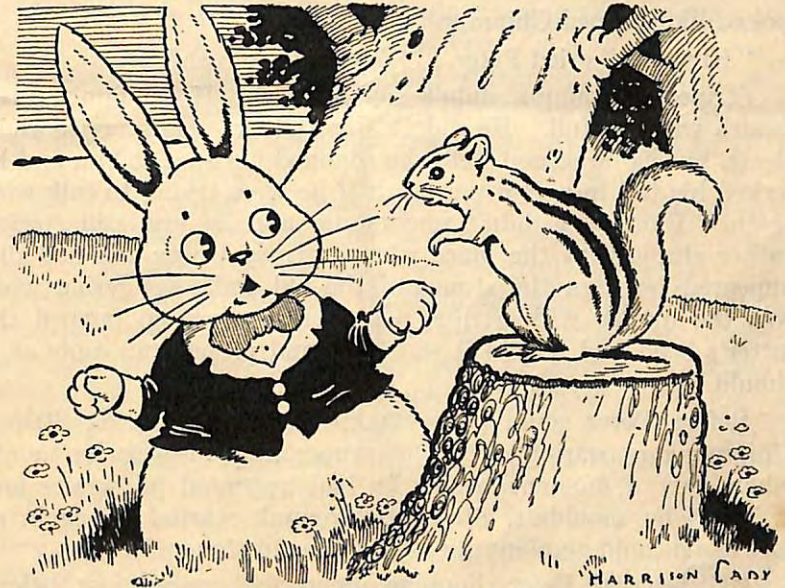
Savings Division of the First Federal Reserve District
95 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

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By Thornton W. Burgess

Peter Rabbit Becomes Disconsolate

PETER RABBIT was dis-conso-late. That looks like a big word, but say it quickly and you won't find it so big after all. It means to be unhappy and forlorn, and this is just what Peter Rabbit was—disconsolate. Yes, sir, Peter was all of this. You know Peter cannot bear to be left out of things. Most of us don't like to be, but when it happens to Peter he is quite upset. This was what was ailing him now. Here it was



"What is thrift?" asked Peter."

a perfectly good day with jolly, round bright Mr. Sun shining his broadest, and the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind dancing this way and that way, and everybody else seemingly as happy as could be and he, Peter, was dis-conso-late.

The fact is Peter had just heard of a new club which had been formed in the Green Forest and he hadn't been invited to join. Some of his best friends had joined, but no one had asked him to and he felt hurt. He was left out and just because he was left out it seemed to him that nothing in all the Great World was so much to be desired as an invitation to join that club. Perhaps you know how it was.

Peter had first heard of that new club very early that morning when he visited the old stonewall on the edge of the Green Forest for a bit of gossip with bright-eyed Striped Chipmunk. When he first got there no one was in sight, but presently along the old stonewall came Striped Chipmunk with the pockets in his cheeks stuffed so full of something that his head was twice as big as it ought to be, and but for his coat he wouldn't have looked like Striped Chipmunk at all.

"Hi there!" cried Peter. "What's your rush?"

Striped Chipmunk didn't say a word. He couldn't. His mouth was too full. He didn't stop, either. He scurried right along, but as he passed Peter he snapped his eyes at him and he jerked his tail in a funny way, as if he were trying to talk with them. But Peter didn't understand and he was still staring rather stupidly at the place where Striped Chipmunk had disappeared between the stones of the old wall, wondering what was the matter with Striped Chipmunk, when up popped the latter's head and behold it was right and proper and quite as it should be.

Before Peter could get over his surprise at seeing Striped Chipmunk appearing right and proper and quite as he should when only a moment before he had appeared all wrong and quite as he shouldn't, Striped Chipmunk started off again as fast as he could go along the top of the old stonewall.

"Hi!" cried Peter, hopping along the ground just below. "Hi there, you striped pinch-of-nothing! Wait a minute!"

Striped Chipmunk stopped very abruptly and sat up on top of a big stone. "Don't you call me a pinch-of-nothing! Don't you dare to, Peter Rabbit!" he scolded, and he looked so indignant that Peter had to turn aside to hide a smile.

"I won't do it again if you'll tell me why you are in such a hurry this fine morning," replied Peter.

Right away Striped Chipmunk forgot his anger. "Because I'm a member of the new club my cousin, Happy Jack Squirrel, has started," said he proudly. "So of course I have to be busy," he added as an afterthought.

Peter's long ears pointed straight up and his eyes looked as if they might pop out of his head if he didn't watch out. "What's that?" he exclaimed. "Did you say something about a club?"

"I certainly did," replied Striped Chipmunk. "That big, gray-coated cousin of mine is a nuisance sometimes, but once in a while he has a good idea and this is one of the best he ever has had. I wish I had thought of it myself. It's a pity you can't belong, Peter."

"But what is it?" Peter was fairly dancing with impatience. "You haven't told me what it is you—you—you—"

Striped Chipmunk's eyes snapped warningly. "I didn't say it," declared Peter hastily. "I didn't even really think it, Striped Chipmunk. Please tell me about that club. Why can't I join it if somebody asks me to?"

"Because it's a thrift club, that's why. It's Happy Jack's Thrift Club and no one can join it unless he is thrifty. Now I guess you see why you can't join," said Striped Chipmunk.

Peter Rabbit stroked his whiskers thoughtfully. Then he scratched his long left ear with his long right hind foot. After this he scratched his long right ear with his long left hind foot. Then he looked up at Striped Chipmunk sheepishly.

"What is thrift?" asked Peter.

"What's that?" demanded Striped Chipmunk as if he thought he hadn't heard quite right.

"What is thrift?" repeated Peter.

"I might have known it," declared Striped Chipmunk in such a tone of disgust that Peter looked more foolish than ever. "I might have known you wouldn't know what thrift is, or how to be thrifty. You watch me for awhile and perhaps you'll learn."

With this off darted Striped Chipmunk, leaving Peter looking very foolish and somewhat troubled. Presently Striped Chip-

munk was back with his cheeks stuffed just as they had been when Peter first saw him. He vanished in the same place in the old wall and presently popped out again with empty pockets. Two or three times the same thing happened before Peter got up courage enough to ask another question.

"What are you taking down in that old wall?" he asked.

"Food," replied Striped Chipmunk promptly.

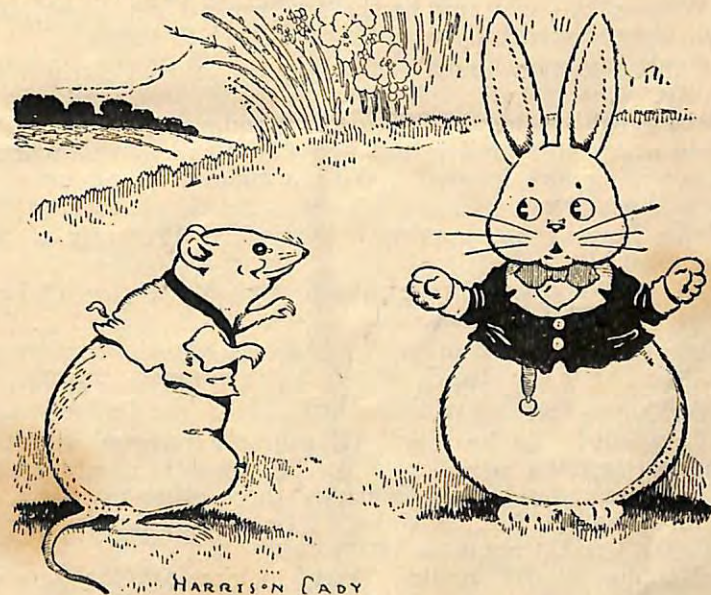
"What for?" demanded Peter with a puzzled air.

"To eat next winter when food will be scarce," replied Striped Chipmunk. "That is thrift, Peter," he added as he prepared to start for another load. "It is just plain, commonsense, everyday thrift. Think it over."

Peter did. In fact he couldn't find anything else to do. There was no one to play with excepting Johnny Chuck, and Johnny was too fat and lazy to play. Everybody else seemed to have joined Happy Jack's Thrift Club. Anyway that is the way it seemed to Peter. And this is why on such a fine morning he was dis-conso-late, and why to save him he couldn't think of anything else but thrift and Happy Jack's new club.

Peter Rabbit Tries to Join The Club

WHEN Peter Rabbit found that it was wholly useless to try to get Striped Chipmunk to stop work and play a little, or even gossip, he sat around and watched until he grew tired. All the time he was thinking about Happy Jack Squirrel's Thrift Club. He couldn't think of anything else. Finally he made up his mind that he would find out for himself if it were true that Happy Jack wouldn't let him join. So he started off to look for Happy Jack.



"'Happy Jack Squirrel's Thrift Club,' declared Whitefoot proudly."

He hadn't gone far when he met Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. Whitefoot was in such a hurry that he merely nodded to Peter and would have passed right by if Peter had not stepped squarely in front of him.

"What's your hurry, Whitefoot?" demanded Peter. "Since when have you taken to treating an old friend like this? Stop and gossip a bit."

"Can't. Simply can't do it, Peter," declared Whitefoot. "Can't afford to waste the time. It's a terrible thing to waste time gossiping. Besides, it is against the rules of our club to waste time." Whitefoot said this with an air of such importance that it was really funny in such a little fellow. Peter had to grin in spite of himself.

"What club is this?" he demanded.

"Happy Jack Squirrel's Thrift Club," declared Whitefoot proudly. "I'm a member. Just as soon as Happy Jack discovered that I am storing up seeds for next winter he made me a member. It's a very nice club. You ought to join it, Peter."

"I'd like to," replied Peter. "Tell me how I can."

"Why—why—why just be thrifty," replied Whitefoot, pulling his whiskers thoughtfully with his dainty white hands.

"Can't any one who isn't thrifty join?" asked Peter a wee bit wistfully.

"No siree!" declared Whitefoot. "And that reminds me that I'll lose my good standing and perhaps my membership if I sit here gossiping any longer." With a sudden bound he passed Peter and was gone.

Peter hurried on, lipperty-lipperty-lip. Presently a sharp voice hailed him.

"Hi, you long-eared lipperty-lip-lipper! Where are you bound in such a hurry?" it demanded.

Peter didn't need even to look to know who the speaker was; it was Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Peter stopped abruptly.

"Are you a member of that Thrift Club?" he demanded.

"Certainly! To be sure! Of course!" retorted Chatterer. "I'm the thriftiest member in it. My middle name is thrift. I've got more storehouses than any three other members, and most of them are full. I wouldn't be as lazy and shiftless as some folks I might name for the world."

"Meaning who?" replied Peter, looking at Chatterer suspiciously.

"I'm not mentioning any names," chuckled Chatterer. All the time he had been talking he was scurrying about among the leaves searching for hidden nuts. He hadn't wasted a moment.

Peter tried to be provoked. You see he knew well enough that Chatterer meant him. But the truth is it was too much work even to get provoked.

"I wouldn't belong to your old club if I could," retorted Peter, though of course that wasn't the truth. "Who else belongs? I suppose you keep it all in the Squirrel family." Peter had forgotten about Whitefoot the Wood Mouse.

"That's where you suppose wrong. Try again Peter," snapped Chatterer rather sharply. "You know so much about the affairs of your neighbors that you ought to guess right away who the members of our club are."

Peter tried to think. He stroked his whiskers. He scratched his long left ear with his long right hind foot. He scratched his long right ear with his long left hind foot. But this didn't bring him any thoughts. Thinking is real work sometimes, you know, and alas, Peter doesn't like work of any kind.

"I give it up," said he.

"Huh!" said Chatterer. "Huh! Well, if you really want to know, Jerry Muskrat is a member."

"I might have known that," said Peter.

"And Paddy the Beaver is another," continued Chatterer.

"Of course," replied Peter, just as if he had known it all along.

"And Danny Meadow Mouse," added Chatterer.

"To be sure," said Peter.

"And my cousin, Timmy the Flying Squirrel," Chatterer went on.

"He's in the family so he doesn't count," cried Peter.

"And Sammy Jay," added Chatterer.

"What?" cried Peter, sitting up very straight and looking quite as if he doubted what those long ears of his had just heard.

"I said Sammy Jay," repeated Chatterer, rather crossly.

"But if he can be a member I can!" cried Peter excitedly. "Why can't I, Chatterer? Why can't I?"

"Go ask Happy Jack; it's his club," replied Chatterer, and raced away with some nuts for one of his storehouses.

Peter went on and presently he spied Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel. At once he began to hurry, lipperty-lipperty-lip, lipperty-lipperty-lip. He was quite out of breath when he reached the place where Happy Jack was pulling over the leaves in search of fat chestnuts.

"If you please, Happy Jack, I should like to join your new club," panted Peter, without wasting any time.

Happy Jack looked up long enough to shake his head in a most decided way.

"You can't join, Peter," said he. "I'm sorry, but you can't join."

"But Sammy Jay has joined! If Sammy Jay can be a member why can't I?" cried Peter, and he was so excited that he almost stuttered.

"Because Sammy Jay is thrifty and you are not," retorted Happy Jack.

"Sammy Jay thrifty!" cried Peter. "That's a joke! How long since Sammy Jay turned thrifty?"

"He always has been thrifty," retorted Happy Jack. "If you used your eyes as much as you do your ears you would learn more. Every fall Sammy hides away a lot of acorns to eat in the winter when ice and snow will make it hard to find enough otherwise. If you don't believe it just watch him awhile."

Peter remembered how he often had seen Sammy Jay flying off with an acorn in his bill, but always supposed that Sammy was merely going off somewhere to eat it at once.

"Peter," continued Happy Jack, "there isn't any one we would like to have in our club more than we would you, but you are such a happy-go-lucky fellow that I can't think of a single thrifty thing about you. Did you ever store up food enough to last you even one day?"

"No-o-o," replied Peter slowly as if it were hard work. "I can always find something to eat if I look hard enough."

"Did you dig that hole which you and Mrs. Peter call your house in the heart of the dear Old Briar-patch?" continued Happy Jack.

"No-o-o," replied Peter more slowly than before. "That's an old house of Mr. Chuck's, one he got through with long ago. It is rather tumble-down, but it is good enough for us. I don't see any use wearing my toe-nails off digging when I can find a hole already dug."

"You don't, eh?" exclaimed Happy Jack.

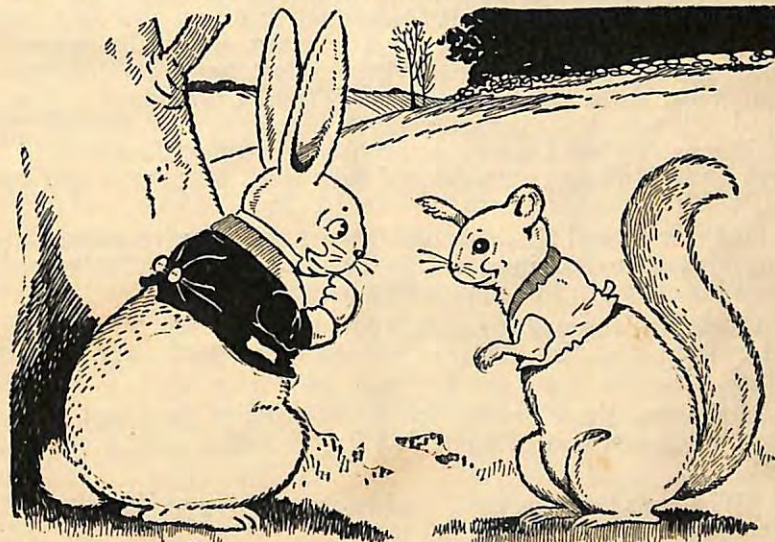
"Oh shiftless, thriftless Peter Rabbit,
When laziness becomes a habit
It leads to hunger, rags and tatters,
And self-respect it sadly shatters."

With this Happy Jack disappeared on his way to store away some fat nuts. Peter waited a few minutes and then started for his home in the dear Old Briar-patch. Every few feet he would stop and stare at nothing in particular. Peter was thinking over what Happy Jack said.

Peter Rabbit Tries Hard to be Thrifty

IF ever in all the Great World there was a surprised Rabbit that one was little Mrs. Peter when Peter suddenly announced that he was going to lay up a store of food for the winter just as Happy Jack Squirrel and his relatives do.

"You see," explained Peter, as he sat in his favorite place in the dear Old Briar-patch chewing the end of a stem of clover, "I've come to the conclusion that after all there is nothing quite like thrift. Yes, my dear, that is the conclusion I have come to."



HARRISON Cady

"Peter," said he, "you haven't yet learned the meaning of the word thrift."

You know how it is in winter with us; we live from hand to mouth. We seldom have a square meal and when we do we never know where the next one is coming from. Now see how different it is with Happy Jack and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Striped

Chipmunk and Whitefoot the Wood Mouse and some others I might name. While food is plentiful they lay up plenty for the future, and so they never go hungry no matter what the weather is. That is thrift, my dear, thrift. I am inclined to think it is a very good thing, and something we ought to practice. We will begin today by cutting some sweet clover for next winter."

"We will do nothing of the kind," declared little Mrs. Peter with great promptness. "If you want to be silly, Peter, I don't suppose I can stop you, but you needn't expect me to help. How under the sun do you get such foolish notions in that silly head of yours?"

That being something Peter couldn't answer he didn't try to. Finding that Mrs. Peter meant just what she said he went off to the sweet-clover patch by himself and set to work cutting sweet clover. Peter is very fond of sweet clover and as he cut he ate some. "It will do no harm to fill my stomach first," thought Peter. Now it sometimes seems as if Peter's stomach is the biggest part of him. Anyway it takes a lot to fill it, and as Peter didn't know how to really work the sweet clover disappeared almost as fast as he cut it. When at last he stopped to rest there was only a small pile, a very small pile indeed. Peter sighed. "It certainly is hard work to be thrifty," he murmured. "If it wasn't that I do so want to join Happy Jack's club I guess I wouldn't try. I think I'll take a little nap now and by and by I'll work some more."

So Peter looked this way and looked that way to make sure that no danger was in sight, settled himself comfortably, and closed his eyes. In less than a jiffy he was fast asleep.

Presently Sammy Jay happened along by the Old Briar-patch and spied little Mrs. Peter. "Hello, Mrs. Peter. Where is Peter?" said he.

Little Mrs. Peter nodded in the direction of the sweet-clover patch. "Over there being thrifty," she replied just a wee bit scornfully.

"What was that you said?" asked Sammy Jay as if he thought he couldn't have heard aright.

"I said he is over there trying to be thrifty," retorted Mrs. Peter rather sharply. "Where he got any such foolish notion as that into his head is more than I can understand," she added.

Now Sammy Jay had heard how badly Peter wanted to join Happy Jack's Thrift Club and he guessed right away what had started Peter to trying to be thrifty. Sammy's eyes twinkled. He spread his blue wings and flew over to the sweet-clover patch.

There sat Peter in the warm sunshine fast asleep. Sammy had to fly his very best to get far enough away to laugh without waking Peter. Then he hurried over to the Green Forest to tell Happy Jack Squirrel and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and all the others how Peter Rabbit was trying to be thrifty by taking a nap in the sweet-clover patch. Everybody thought that was the very best joke ever and they laughed themselves almost sick.

Peter continued to sit in the sweet-clover patch and dream pleasant dreams until Danny Meadow Mouse happened along and tickled his nose with a straw. "Kechew!" sneezed Peter, and his eyes flew open. He saw Danny right away and at once he began to be very busy cutting sweet clover.

"Hello, Peter. What are you up to?" asked Danny Meadow Mouse, his sharp little eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Getting ready for next winter," replied Peter very importantly. "I'm cutting a supply of food to put away for the time when food will be scarce. You know there is nothing like thrift, Danny."

Danny turned his head to hide a grin. "I'm glad you've found it out, Peter," said he. "I'll have to tell Happy Jack and then perhaps he'll ask you to join his club."

"Do you suppose he will?" asked Peter wistfully, and stopped working. "Do you suppose it will take me very long to get enough to last all winter?" he added.

Danny looked at the very small pile of wilted sweet clover and suddenly changed the subject. "I must hurry along," said he, "for I've got some work to do myself."

As soon as he was sure Peter couldn't see him Danny lay right down and rolled over and over with laughter. As for Peter he worked a little, ate a little, dozed a little and finally carried a little, a very little bundle of wilted clover back to the dear Old Briar-patch and tossed it under a bramble-bush and pretended not to see that Mrs. Peter turned up her nose at it.

In spite of Peter's never-ending appetite and his long naps the pile of clover under the bramble-bush grew until it was really quite a respectable pile. Then Peter went over to the Green Forest to tell Happy Jack about it and to ask him to come over and see that pile of sweet clover as a proof that he was thrifty. Happy Jack was too busy to go over to the dear Old Briar-patch. At least that is what he said, but I suspect that if the truth be known he didn't want to go so far from the trees of the Green Forest. However, Sammy Jay offered to go and to report to Happy Jack.

When Sammy Jay got there Peter showed him the pile of clover under the bramble-bush. Such a sight as it was! It had been rained on with every passing shower; jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun had heated it through at other times; never once had Peter thought of turning it over and spreading it out to dry. The result was that it was sour, had begun to rot at the bottom, smelled badly, and was wholly useless. Sammy Jay opened his mouth to jeer at Peter and make fun of him, but when he saw how anxiously Peter was waiting for what he might say he simply told Peter that he would tell Happy Jack just what Peter had done. Then Sammy hastened back to the Green Forest.

The next day Peter ran over to call on Happy Jack to see if now he might be admitted to Happy Jack's Thrift Club. He could hardly believe those long ears of his when Happy Jack said no.

"Why not?" demanded Peter. "Hasn't Sammy Jay told you about that fine pile of clover under the bramble-bush in the dear Old Briar-patch? Wasn't I thrifty to cut and store all that? Why can't I belong to your old club?"

Happy Jack shook his head. "Peter," said he, "you haven't yet learned the meaning of the word thrift. Sammy Jay told me all about that pile of clover. He told me how it had spoiled because it wasn't properly taken care of. Doing useless things, no matter how hard you work, is waste of time and not thrift. And allowing a lot of good food to spoil is the very worst kind of thriftlessness. The trouble with you, Peter, is that you didn't begin young enough to learn how to be thrifty. Now you are too old to learn, I guess. It's too bad, Peter; it's too bad. There is nothing like learning thrift when you are young. It will help all your life.

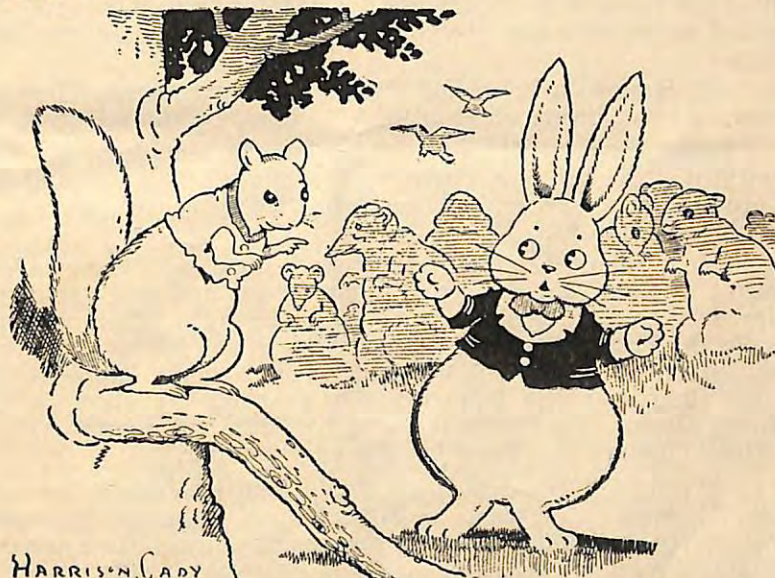
"Oh shiftless, thriftless, heedless Peter,
A pity 'tis you are not neater,
For thrift and neatness go together,
Though bright or stormy be the weather.

But we love you just the same, Peter, and we're sorry you can't join our club," concluded Happy Jack.

Peter started to be angry, thought better of it, couldn't think of anything to say, and finally started for the dear Old Briar-patch to do some more thinking.

Peter Rabbit is Made Happy at Last

THINKING is a very serious matter. Don't you think so? It is with Peter Rabbit anyway. He doesn't do it very often, so perhaps that is why he finds it such hard work. He thought and thought and thought but with all his thinking he couldn't think of a way of making Happy Jack Squirrel think him thrifty enough to become a member of that Thrift Club Happy Jack had started.



HARRISON CADY

"'An Associate Member,' he explained, 'is not a regular member.'"

"I guess Happy Jack was right when he said that a fellow has to learn thrift when he is young," said Peter to himself. "I didn't, and I guess I'm too old to learn now. Anyway it is too hard work. I wish I was thrifty. I wish I had learned how to be when I was a little chap. I certainly do admire thrift in

others. It's fine. I wish I could be a member of that club, but if they won't admit me they won't and I'm not going to worry about it any more. Perhaps I can get up a club of my own—a Thriftless Club." Peter chuckled at the foolish idea and with that chuckle the last of his unhappiness vanished.

The next day when he visited the Green Forest he was quite his old happy-go-lucky self as he watched his friends hurrying this way and scurrying that way in quest of nuts and acorns hidden under the leaves. He even teased them about wasting a perfectly good day for play by working and when they replied by taunting him with being shiftless and thriftless he didn't mind in the least. Presently as he was hopping along he discovered some fine, fat, brown chestnuts half hidden beneath the leaves on the ground.

"It's a pity," thought Peter, "that some one who likes these shouldn't have them. They are not of the least use to me." He looked to see who was nearest. It happened to be Happy Jack himself.

"Hi, Happy Jack," called Peter, "come over here. Here are some fine, fat, brown chestnuts."

Happy Jack hurried over and when he saw them his eyes sparkled. "Thank you, Peter!" he exclaimed. "If you find any more just let me know." Then he hurried away with those fine, fat, brown chestnuts.

A few minutes later Peter found another. Happy Jack wasn't in sight, but Striped Chipmunk was and so Peter called him over to get the fine, fat, brown chestnut. Then, without really thinking about it at all, Peter began to look for more fine, fat, brown chestnuts. It was fun. Whenever he found one he called the friend who happened to be nearest. Sometimes it was Happy Jack. Sometimes it was Chatterer. Sometimes it was Striped Chipmunk. Peter became very popular.

For awhile every day Peter would help his friends hunt for fine, fat, brown chestnuts. So it went on until the harvest season was nearly over and the storehouses nearly filled. Then one day Sammy Jay came over to the dear Old Briar-patch with a message for Peter. He was wanted over by the Big Chestnut-tree.

"What for?" demanded Peter.

"Go and see," retorted Sammy.

Now Peter was suspicious at once. He knew Sammy Jay of old. Sammy Jay had played too many tricks on Peter for Peter to feel any confidence in what Sammy might say. "Who wants me?" asked Peter.

"That's for you to find out," replied Sammy.

"Probably it is Reddy Fox," said Peter, watching Sammy sharply. "I won't go."

"Of course," replied Sammy, his eyes snapping. "Was there ever a time that Reddy didn't want you? What a wonderfully good guesser you are, Peter. Well, I've delivered my message. If you won't come over you won't and I can't make you, but if you don't you'll be sorry." With this Sammy started back for the Green Forest.

When Sammy got back to the Big Chestnut-tree in the Green Forest he found other members of Happy Jack's Thrift Club waiting for him. There was Happy Jack himself, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, Striped Chipmunk, Timmy the Flying Squirrel, who was having hard work to keep his eyes open for he works at night and sleeps by day, and Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. Jerry Muskrat and Paddy the Beaver had sent word that they didn't feel that it was wise for them to go so far from water, but that whatever the other members of the club might do would be wholly satisfactory to them.

"Is he coming?" asked Happy Jack as Sammy joined them.

"Of course he's coming," chuckled Sammy Jay. "He thinks he isn't, but you know Peter's curiosity as well as I do. He couldn't be kept away from here. Now let's all get out of sight and keep quiet for awhile."

So everybody hid and it was so still there that had you happened along you wouldn't have suspected that there was a soul anywhere near. Presently there was a faint rustle of dry leaves on the ground. Happy Jack and his friends, peeping out from their hiding places, chuckled, but they were silent chuckles deep down inside. There was Peter Rabbit tiptoeing a few steps, then sitting up very straight with his long ears pointed straight up to the sky and his eyes stretched as wide open as possible as he looked and listened. Seeing nothing and hearing nothing he would do it all over again. He was a perfect picture of suspicion, fear and curiosity. He looked so funny that his friends had the hardest work to keep from shouting right out.

At last Peter reached the Big Chestnut-tree. No one was to be seen. He didn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed. He stared this way. He stared that way. He stared every way. No one was to be seen.

"I knew it," said Peter aloud. "I knew it was one of that no-account Sammy Jay's tricks."



Then out jumped his friends from their hiding-places and together they cried

"Oh Peter, Peter, Peter Rabbit
You've got one truly dreadful habit
Which some day you will rue;
Your curiosity, so heedless,
Will bring you troubles that are needless,
And dangers not a few."

Peter made a good-natured face. "What do you fellows want of me?" he demanded.

"If I remember rightly you one time wanted to join our club," began Happy Jack Squirrel.

Peter's face brightened.

"I explained to you that you cannot be a regular member because you are not thrifty," continued Happy Jack.

Peter's face fell. The eyes of all of Peter's friends twinkled as they saw Peter's face fall.

"But," went on Happy Jack, "we have decided that in view of the fact that in helping us find nuts and acorns you actually aided in thrift, even though you are not thrifty yourself, you have earned the right to share with us a little in the good times of our club, and so we have decided to make you an associate member of the Happy Jack Thrift Club."

Peter tried to look pleased, but that big word associate was too much for him and he looked more puzzled than pleased. Sammy Jay laughed right out, and Peter looked up at him with a most indignant look. But before he could say anything Happy Jack went on.

"An associate member," he explained, "is not a regular member, but still is a kind of member and means that he can associate or be with regular members. And so we have called you over here to tell you that we welcome you to the Happy Jack Thrift Club and that we hope that some day you will learn to be thrifty and so become a full member."

Peter Rabbit was so pleased that for a few minutes he couldn't find his tongue to tell his friends how happy they had made him. Just as he did find it Sammy Jay spied Farmer Brown's boy coming down the Lone Little Path, and this put everything else out of their heads.

is that so

Happy Jack Squirrel Helps Uncle Sam

FARMER BROWN'S boy was in a brown study. To be in a brown study, you know, is to be thinking very hard about something. This is just what Farmer Brown's boy was doing as he tramped through the Old Orchard and into the Green Forest. He was thinking so hard that he didn't even hear Sammy Jay crying "Thief! Thief! Thief!" which was Sammy's rather queer way of greeting Farmer Brown's boy. It was habit on Sammy's part. Yes, sir, it was just habit. He



"Just then Happy Jack Squirrel scampered past."

didn't really mean it at all, for he and Farmer Brown's boy have become very good friends indeed.

But Farmer Brown's boy didn't hear, so it didn't matter. He kept right on among the friendly trees. When anything puz-

zles him greatly and he wants to think it out he always goes to the Green Forest. He says he can think better there. By and by he sat down on an old log with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands and a far, a very far away look in his eyes. Then he began to talk to himself, a way he has of doing when he is all alone.

"I wish," said he, "that I had been big enough to fight in the great war. But I wasn't old enough or big enough to be a soldier, and so it is of no use to make such a foolish wish. I wish I had a million dollars. I'd give every cent of it to Uncle Sam to help buy the things he has to have to pay for the war and to help those who have suffered from it. Yes I would—every cent!"

He said this so fiercely that Happy Jack Squirrel, who happened to be in the tree over his head, stopped to stare down at Farmer Brown's boy to see what the matter with him was. And in his surprise he dropped a nut. Thump! The nut landed right on Farmer Brown's boy's head. It startled Farmer Brown's boy so that he gave a funny little jump. Then he looked up to see Happy Jack peering down at him with snapping eyes. Right away Happy Jack began to scold. He hadn't meant to drop that nut. It was too fine a nut to lose. He wanted it.

"You made me drop that nut! You did! You did! You did!" he scolded. "What business have you to come over here and interfere with my work? Give me that nut! I can't afford to lose a single one. You made me drop it! You did! You did! You did!"

When Happy Jack gets wound up he is a great scolder. Of course Farmer Brown's boy couldn't understand what he said, but he did understand what he meant. He picked up the nut and tossed it over to the foot of another tree.

"There, you gray scamp," said he, "go and get it and stop your fussing. You are almost as foolish as I was to be making such foolish wishes. I couldn't be a soldier and I haven't a million dollars. You can't sit there scolding and be gathering nuts at the same time. We've both of us been wasting time. The thing for me to do is to find out what I can do, and then *do it*. Everybody ought to be able to do *something*, and everybody who does is—is—well, he is a kind of patriot. That's what he is. He's a kind of patriot just the same as if he had been across the ocean fighting.

"People seem to think that because the war is over their help isn't needed any more. It is needed as much as ever. Each one must keep right on helping. I want to do something right now. A fellow ought to be doing something

every minute. Of course I earn a little bit of money now and then and I suppose I ought to give that to the Government. I'd just as soon. Fact is I'd like to only—only—"

He stopped and stared after Happy Jack and watched him disappear with the fat nut. Presently Happy Jack was back after another. Then he saw Chatterer the Red Squirrel scampering off with a nut in each cheek. There was a rustle of dry leaves almost at his feet and he looked down to see Striped Chipmunk scurrying away with the pockets in his cheeks stuffed so full that his head was twice as big as it ought to be. Sammy Jay dropped silently down, picked up an acorn and stole away as if he were ashamed of what he was doing. He wasn't. It was simply that he didn't want to be followed; he didn't want his storehouse discovered.

Farmer Brown's boy's face suddenly lighted and he grinned in a way that made all the freckles seem to run together. "You fellows have got a regular thrift club, haven't you?" said he. "There's nothing like thrift. Now that's just the reason it doesn't seem right for me to *give* all I've got no matter how much I may want to. Supposing something should happen so that I wouldn't be able to earn any more money and I should need that which I have earned to get food and clothes. If I had given it all away and then some one had to help me I really wouldn't have been helping at all. If only I could *lend* it to help my country and know that if I really needed it I could get it back. I wish I could do that."

He puckered his brows and at the same time thrust his hands into his coat pockets. In one of them he felt a piece of paper. Without really thinking what he was doing he drew it out and looked at it. He remembered that it had been handed to him at the post office and he had put it in his pocket without looking at it. Now, with his face still puckered in deep thought, he glanced at it and three big black letters seemed to jump right up at him. They were W. S. S. Then he saw what they stood for—War-Savings Stamps.

Farmer Brown's boy abruptly sat down on the old log again. For five minutes he read eagerly and all the time he grew more and more excited. When he had finished he jumped to his feet. "Hurrah!" he shouted. "My wish has come true! There *is* a way! Hurrah!"

Sammy Jay flew away in such a hurry that he forgot to take an acorn with him. Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel and Chatterer the Red Squirrel each dropped a nut and dodged behind the

nearest tree-trunk. Striped Chipmunk darted into a hollow log from which he presently peeped out, his sharp little eyes snapping with indignation. You see Farmer Brown's boy had been sitting so still that they had quite forgotten he was there and his sudden jump and shout had given them a great fright. Then when they saw that no harm threatened how they did scold!

Farmer Brown's boy laughed. "Scold, you thrifty little rascals, scold!" he exclaimed. "I don't blame you a bit. But I tell you right now you're no more thrifty than I'm going to be. Every penny I can get hold of is going to help my country. That's what! Yet by and by I am going to get my money back, every cent of it, and some more besides! What do you know about that? Uncle Sam wants to borrow my pennies and he will pay for the use of them. All I have to do is to buy a Thrift Stamp every time I can get 25 cents. When I have pasted 16 of these on a card given me for the purpose with the first stamp I exchange them for a War-Savings Stamp, giving a few pennies besides. That stamp will have cost me a little over \$4. Then I put that stamp away, just as I would put money in the bank. At the end of five years I take it to Uncle Sam and ask him for my money back. He gives me a *five dollar bill* for my stamp, which is a lot more than I loaned him when I bought the stamp."

"You're a pretty thrifty fellow, Happy Jack, but this beats your thrift. You fill up your storehouse, but there is never any more in it than you put in it. Now when I buy these stamps I save my money and at the same time it grows. What do you know about that?"

Just then he noticed that Happy Jack was burying a nut in the ground. "By jingo, I believe you've caught the idea!" he chuckled. "You've planted that nut. By and by it will sprout, grow into a tree and bear many nuts. That is just the way with pennies put into Thrift Stamps; they grow into more pennies, and pennies make dollars you know. It seems funny, but it is *pennies* that will help make and keep the world safe. Without pennies there could be no dollars, and without dollars no food or clothing for the suffering. So whenever I buy a Thrift Stamp with the pennies I have saved, instead of buying candy and such things, I really and truly do something to help my country. I do something really patriotic. At the same time I do the most splendid thing possible for myself."

Farmer Brown's boy was beginning to get excited. "Why," he exclaimed, "I should think *everybody* would buy those stamps just as fast as they can! If they don't it must be because they

don't understand just what they mean to our soldiers still over there in France, and to themselves. I know what I'm going to do! I'm going to tell everybody I meet about those stamps. I'm going to start a *club*—a Thrift Club—that's what I'm going to do! And to join it everybody will have to buy a Thrift or War-Savings Stamp. Let me see what I'll call it."

Just then Happy Jack Squirrel scampered past on his way to his storehouse and he winked saucily at Farmer Brown's boy.

"I have it!" cried Farmer Brown's boy, and grinned until all the freckles ran into one big freckle. "I have it! You are the thriftiest chap I know of so I am going to call my new club Happy Jack's Thrift Club."

How Happy Jack would have laughed if he had understood that when all the time he had a Thrift Club of his own there in the Green Forest, as you and I know. Farmer Brown's boy was as good as his word. And this is how he and Happy Jack, who gave him the idea, together started the first Happy Jack's Thrift Club to help pay for the war and to make its members thrifty, and how it happens that Happy Jack is helping Uncle Sam.

Did you know that there is a Happy Jack's Thrift Club right here? There is. And if you are as good and true a patriot as Farmer Brown's boy, if you really love your country as he does, you will not only join it right away yourself by buying a 25-cent Thrift Stamp and getting a Happy Jack button to wear, but you will get everybody you know to do the same thing until the whole nation will point to New England with pride because of its patriotism, its thrift and its wisdom. Wherever you see the letters W. S. S. you can buy a stamp and become a member of the club.

Be a patriot! Be thrifty! Be a "Happy Jack!" Wear the button so that everyone will know that you are.

What Happy Jack's Thrift Club Is

It is a Club of Loyalty for the purpose of helping New England save its share to be loaned to our country for the cost of the war and the establishment of world peace.

It is a club to promote universal thrift through small savings invested in the safest and best investment in the whole world—the War-Savings Stamps of the United States Government.

It is a club for children but no less for adults. No one is too young, none too old, for membership.

It is a club you cannot afford not to join. If you are a child the purchase of a Thrift Stamp (25 cents) will secure for you the club button. The purchase of a War-Savings Stamp will secure for you full membership. If you are an adult the purchase of a War-Savings Stamp will secure for you the button and full membership.

Buy Thrift and War-Savings Stamps.

Wear the Club button and thus show that you believe in and are aiding patriotic thrift.

BE A HAPPY JACK.

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Ruth F Seyd.

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