



**Children's Book Week Should Be Gift Week.**

Oh, if I were rich I'd buy every book Miss Jordan tells us to read in Happyland," writes Mary Ruth Lee, one of our southern Go-Hawks, to Happy. It would be wonderful if Mary Ruth and every other member of the Happy Tribe could have all of these books and many more. It does not seem as though anyone could have too many books to love and to read over and over again. Every child is rich who has a shelf of books his very own, and especially if he has learned to love them and to treat them well.

Children's Book Week, that has rolled around again, is a season for giving. Grown-ups, fathers, mothers, dear grandmothers and grandfathers, jolly uncles and aunts, who are lucky enough to have children in their families, find much joy in giving each a new book and in this way helping to make the little libraries grow during Children's Book Week. It is true that many of them give the little ones in the family books on Christmas and birthdays, but this week has come to be a special time for giving the children certain books for which they long.

And what do the children themselves do to help others at this time? They look over their libraries very, very carefully, and if they find two of the same book, they gladly give one to a little poor child at school who has few if any books. Last Christmas a little Iowa girl received three copies of the same book. She wrapped two of them carefully and put them away that she might give them to others during Children's Book Week. That shows real Happy Tribe spirit, doesn't it?

Other children have written that they have been saving all of their pennies to buy this week a certain book they want to own very much. This is surely a good way to have your libraries grow. May every one of you not only know the joy of receiving a new book but of giving one away this week is the wish of your

*Happy*



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Just as you are sorry to say goodbye to an old friend you hate to have the curtain go down in the Fairy Grotto on one of our little plays. And yet you always know the curtain will rise on a new play that carries you a little farther among the strange adventures of Fairy Wilful, the naughty fairy who was banished from Fairyland. Today you will read all about it, who is to take part in it and what they will wear. Some of our little friends have decided to read the plays together each week, each one bringing his paper and reading aloud his own part. That is a good plan. Try it! Our new play is called

**"BROWN GINGHAM."**

A play in one act, one scene.

**Characters.**

- Wilful, a naughty fairy
  - Small slight girl of 8 or 9
  - Fairy Willing
  - Girl of same age and size as Wilful
  - Jeanie Burns
  - Round-faced girl of 8, with freckles
  - Widow Burns
  - Plump, motherly girl of 10
  - Dream Fairy
  - Girl of 6 or 7, very slender
- Time—Late afternoon in early November.  
Place—Widow Burns' kitchen.

**Story of the Play.**

Wilful, a naughty fairy, has been banished from Fairyland and doomed to stay in the Earthworld until she learns to be unselfish. One raw November day as she is wandering about, hungry and half frozen, she sees a door ajar and creeps through it to find herself in Widow Burns' washbasin. She picks up a small crust of bread and is eating it when she hears someone coming, and hides herself, just as Jeanie burns into the room crying and calling to her mother. She tells about the way in which the children tease her and she begs for a new dress that is not brown.

Mrs. Burns dresses her little girl in brown gingham because it is cheaper and does not show the dirt. She cannot give the child a new dress. She tries to comfort her and takes her off to get some bread and jam. Leaving Jeanie to enjoy her treat, the mother then starts away to deliver a large basket of clothes.

Soon voices are heard jeering at "Brownie" as some children walk past the house. Jeanie lays aside her bread and jam and sobs until she frightens Wilful, who passes rapidly from fright to pity and at last wishes in vain that she might help. Finally she sits down by the little girl's side and covers her face with her hands. Soon both fall asleep.

Fairy Willing slips in and waves her wand to bring a Dream Fairy, who fatters in with her Dream Veil all ready to weave a dream for the two sleepers. When she has placed them under her spell the faeries remove the hated brown gingham and dress the little girl in

white clothes. Then they slip away.

**COSTUMES.**

Fairy Wilful—White fairy dress, but torn and worn. Wand crooked and old. Hair tangled and uncombed.

Fairy Willing—White fairy dress, white stockings, slippers, wings, head band and wand with star on tip. Hair in curls and loose.

Jeanie Burns—Neat school dress of brown gingham, black shoes and stockings and big shade hat of brown. Hair smoothly braided in two long plaits without hair ribbon.

Widow Burns—Plain dress of coarse black serge, worn black shoes and stockings, gingham waist apron.

Dream Fairy—Fairy white dress. Over one arm hangs her hat trimmed with red paper poppies. Wreath of same flowers on flowing hair. White scarf with poppies, white stockings and slippers with poppy on each toe.

**PROPERTIES.**

Short battered wand without star for Wilful. Wand with star at tip for Willing. Wand with poppy on tip for Dream Fairy. Long scarf of white may also be trimmed with poppies and poppies to trim Dream Fairy's dress. Strap with school books for Jeanie. Red cloak with attached hood for Willing to give Wilful. Crust of bread for Wilful. Slice of bread and jam for Jeanie. Tubs, bench, cake of soap and bottle of bluing, short clothes lines, clothes rack, washboard and small kitchen table.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Don Richardson of Broken Bow, Okl., is not a boy, but a girl, and loves dogs and horses.

Ethel Childers of Cartersville, Ill., is one-fourth Indian, so feels she should be a Go-Hawk.

**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 your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 90,000 members!

**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."

**Weather Book Showers All Week in Happyland**



My, but I have been receiving so many candy recipes lately that I believe all my cooking friends must have a sweet tooth.

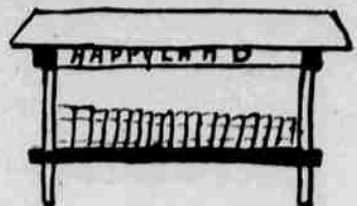
**CARAMEL FUDGE.**

Two cups of white sugar, one cup of milk or cream, four or five tablespoons brown sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon of vanilla.

Put sugar, milk, brown sugar and butter in a saucepan. Stir and cook until it makes a soft ball when tested in cold water. Take from fire, add vanilla and beat until creamy. Add one cupful of chopped nut meats and pour into buttered tins. Cut into squares before cold. Polly.



It seems to me that every boy, and girl, too, for that matter, needs a bookshelf in his own room. If that shelf can be made into a window seat, so much the better. I have drawn one for Happyland exactly like the one in my own room. Mine is one yard long and 18 inches high. My top shelf projects out one inch all the way round and is 13 1/2 inches wide, so, you see, that



makes a comfortable seat. The bottom shelf for the books is fastened in four inches above the floor. Under both shelves is put a cross-piece of board to hold them firm and strong. Mine is all painter white, and on the under cross-piece that supports the seat I have lettered "HAPPYLAND."

This window book seat will hold about 30 books and they should be the ones you read the most of all. You will find this very useful in your room and not hard to make, either.

PETER.



As this week is Children's Book week all over the country, I am going to give you a literary contest. The following mixed words are the names of well-known poets and authors of children's books. Arrange the letters in their proper order and see who they are.

- 1—Massey Chivbotm Yirel—
- 2—Etak Saigodu Gwning—
- 3—Yuel Cifet Nersikp—
- 4—Ryhen Aswdorthw Gelnollowl—

- 5—Sallou Yam Coliate—
- 6—Nold Nerrefael Rihwtiet—

The answers to our last week's contest are: 1—Cricket. 2—Snail. 3—Moose. 4—Owl. 5—Hen. 6—Giraffe. 7—Bear. 8—Crow.

**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:

- Darling, Esther B., "Raddy of No Name."
- French, Allen, "Junior Cup."
- Harris, Joel C., "Daddy Jake, the Runaway."
- Poulsson, Emilie, "Top Of The World Stories."
- Hankin, C. W., "Dandelion Cottage."
- Stein, Evelyn, "The Little Count of Normandy."

**The Trail of the Go-Hawks**

**SYNOPSIS.**

The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, invite the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join their Tribe, good times and sad times caused by their mistaken efforts to help others fill their days. One day after school begins, Napoleon is missing and Jack goes to his home to find out the trouble. He discovers Napoleon's "Mammy" is ill and they are sadly in need of help. Jack starts a subscription list and not only calls on the children but also older friends to help. With the twins' assistance his paper is soon full of names and they take it to show Aunt Sallie.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

She smiled as she saw that many of the names were those of men noted for their closeness. Probably under no other circumstances would they have subscribed a penny for the relief of the unfortunate colored family, but they could not resist the frank trustfulness of the children who never doubted their willingness to help. "And a little child shall lead them," whispered Aunt Sallie softly to herself as she signed her own name.

"Dears, I will do all that I can to help you," she said gently. "Poor little Napoleon always had a hard time and we will do all in our power that will enable him to return to school."

"Auntie, don't you think this is a worthy cause?" asked Patience.

"Yes, indeed, and to have all this good come from the efforts of you children makes me very happy, so happy that I could almost forget some things that auntie wishes you had never done," she answered.

"Let's don't talk 'bout the past, Miss Sallie," said Jack. "We'll make you proud of us tomorrow and we're going to go after all the things with my old wagon, so I guess they won't go to bed hungry any more."

"The doctor said he'd go up today, and we left our castor oil bottle at the house for fear they might need it," said Patience, a little fearful, and still anxious that the change of homes of the hated oil bottle be known. However, as the child spoke low Miss Sallie did not catch the last of her sentence and in consequence still smiled genially at the three.

Full of their plans, they could hardly be patient through school hours the next day. They exchanged many meaning glances over their books, and so great was their desire to be at work at the close of school that they ran every step of the way home.

Miss Sallie was careful to put into the wagon many substantial comforts. As she watched the little procession starting forth to gather donations, she smiled at the rear guard of the Go-Hawks, who walked a discreet and admiring distance behind.

"Let's play we're soldiers startin' off to war. There's our army behind and this is our supply wagon," said Jack.

"An' we're Red Cross nurses," answered Prudence, adopting the suggestion immediately. "We're going right on the field of battle where people 're dying."

"I'm taking you to the hospital, young women, where our brave general lies dying. That's Napoleon's mother, you know," explained the chief.

"We'll make him well, 'cause we've had much experience. We've been in several wars where most ev'ry one died," replied the child.

"The general is shot in her legs," said the chief. "Have you a medicine to cure that?"

"We've sent on ahead both castor oil and cough syrup an' if all is

taken it'll cure shot legs," asserted Patience, who hoped thus to get rid of both medicines with one blow.

Before other plans could be matured for the relief of the "general," the army reached the scene of action. According to arrangements, the majority of Go-Hawks lined up across the street and only Jack and the twins were to enter the cabin. They were scarcely admitted to the cramped quarters, where lay the "general" on her bed of pain, before Napoleon called excitedly: "Things has been a-comin' all day an' th' doctor's been here an' medicine an' coal an' heaps o' eat-hooray! oh, bully! hooray!"

"An' here's a lot more," answered Jack, running out to the wagon and bringing in an arm load.

"Say somethin' t' comfort the general, one of you nurses," whispered Jack to the twins, who seemed bashful and inclined to hang back. "You'd better pray or do somethin'."



The room seemed full of dusky faces with eyes fastened expectantly on the twins, while the rheumatic "general" asked, "Did you chilluna do all this?"

"Yes'm, we did an' there's a lot more comin', if you have need," answered Prudence, approaching the bed and eager to follow Jack's instructions to say something comforting. "We asked the undertaker to give you a coffin if you died, so don't worry 'bout that 'cause if you do die we Go-Hawks'll get up a grand funeral."

"What!" gasped the woman in superstitious terror at the words of the child which she feared might be a warning.

"And I tell you if you do die," continued the child cheerfully, "don't worry 'bout your children, 'cause I promise you to take them all home to my aunt and she'll be glad to bring them up. She's bringing me and my sister up and she'll most likely never have any children of her own, so probably she'd be most delighted to get yours."

In reply the "general" groaned aloud, not at all as one would expect of a brave officer, who had no more serious ailments than being "shot in both legs."

"She's perfectly stylish, my Aunt Sallie is, so your children'll be brought up just grand," concluded Prudence as a parting bit of consolation.

(Copyright, 1922.) (Continued Next Sunday)



Mr. Everett is a very solemn-looking man and not a favorite with the children of the neighborhood. One day Robert was watching him pass and, turning to his mother, he said: "Mother, I guess he's glad he's sad!"

**Bed Time.**

It's 8 o'clock, kitten, see! Good night! Sweet dreams of mice and me!

**Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk**

A good Go-Hawk does not feel abused if his mother asks him to help her take care of baby sister or brother. Perhaps he may have to leave his playmates for a time to do this, but he is cheerful and pleasant about it. He thinks that once he was very small himself and mother had to stay home with him when she would like to be away for a while. So he is glad to do his share now. Remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.