

# Happily Land



## No One Need Wait for Others to Write

"Ever since I became a Go-Hawk I have been much happier," writes a little girl who lives on a big farm in Oklahoma. "I think it is lovely to belong to such a happy band of boys and girls from all over the world." Many of you feel just as does Mary Grace, for that is her name. She says she now has seven girls to whom she writes, and they all live in different states.

Another of our Go-Hawks, Howard Gray, who lives in Ohio, sends word to Happy that he is choosing from the list of names each week a Happyland new friend, and hopes in time to have a friend his own age in every state in the union. Both Howard and Mary Grace have just the right idea. Neither of them have lost time by waiting. None of you need ever wait. If you really wish to receive letters and to make friends among the Go-Hawks, then be the first to write to whom-ever you choose.

You must, however, be very careful about your letters. Take time to write good letters and make them just as interesting as possible, so that it will be a pleasure to receive them. Remember, the one who receives them has no other way in which to judge you except by the kind of letters you write. One always wishes to answer such letters much sooner than poorly written ones.

Why not have a little notebook, and in it keep the correct names and addresses of all those with whom you are exchanging letters. Your teachers will all tell you what a fine thing it is to be able to write good letters. Even grown people cannot always do this. If you are wide-awake, no matter where you live, in the city or on a farm, you will find plenty of interest about which to write.

No one need wait to write letters, and if you write them you will receive them. You may begin at once. Goodbye until next Sunday.

*Happy*



Have you ever tried to make a cricket rattle? They are really not very hard to make and are lots of fun. First prepare your notched spool, being careful to make the notches in one end of the spool exactly opposite those in the other end. Whittle your handle to the size and shape shown in my picture. Cut the strips for the top and bottom and the block that goes at the opposite end to the spool out of cigar-box wood. Cut a groove at the edge of your block



just the right width to receive the end of the wooden strip between the block and spool. First nail your top and bottom strips, each six inches long, to your block. Slip your handle through the holes in these strips and spool. The center board should reach from the groove in the block into the notches in the spool and it should be as wide as your spool is high. Mother does not care much about this toy. She says it is too noisy.

PETER.

### Poem.

Dear Happy: I received my button and like it very much. I am trying to obey the rules and also be kind to birds and dumb animals. I wrote the following poem:

Be a good sport if you want some fun,  
Do not quit and then begin to run.  
Play the game as clean and fair  
And don't go around with your nose in the air.

Tell the truth whatever you do,  
And don't let your tongue run away with you.

If you're a loser, take it right,  
Play all the harder and do not fight.—Danolda Perkins, 2584 Laurel avenue, Omaha.

One makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others.—Beradin de Saint-Pierre.

morning he was at the Trevellyn home.

"I'll write the editorial on something solid like—"

"Like bricks?" asked Donald. "Yes, that'd do—an' you girls must each write a poem and lots of funny things 'bout people and advertisements. Donald can copy it all and Piggy and Napoleon take 'em around when we're ready. We'll have to work hard 'cause I promised the first paper next week."

(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

**Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk**  
A good Go-Hawk always shows courtesy to women and to those older than himself on all occasions. When an elderly person or a woman enters a room where a young boy or girl is occupying the easiest chair, the younger should give the chair to the older. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Last Sunday you read in our Fairy Grotto about Philip Perrin going to buy his fireworks for the Fourth. Almost as soon as he had left his father's garden it was visited by a crippled boy named John and his sister, Betty. It was such a lovely garden that they thought it must belong to the fairies. Here our little friend, Jelf, the Love Elf, finds them, and when he sees how poor they are he tells his friend, the South Wind, to send for the Sweet Pea Fairies to come and dance for them. Our July play is called

### "THE FIRECRACKER GNOMES."

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

JELF.

(Callantly.)

(Jelf waves his hand toward John and Betty.)

My sweetest little friend of all,  
South Wind, you always hear my call—  
They are so poor and one is lame:  
I know you will be glad you came.  
Your Fairies play so prettily;  
How much these two would love to see  
Them dance. In just a little while  
East wistful face would wear a smile.

(Miss South Wind blows on her seashell and they chant.)

When the rosy morn finds birth  
From the fragrant, dreaming earth,  
Tender skies and laughing sea,  
Fairies wake and come to me.

(Music—MacDowell's "Shadow Dance"—softly starts and the South Wind Fairies enter, left, right and back stage. They dance in as though blown by the South Wind, with much waving of their filmy scarfs. While they are dancing, John and Betty are seated on the settee. Jelf stands by the trellis watching them eagerly. Jelf softly waves his little wand to and fro. When the dance is finished the Wind Fairies drop to earth close by the nasturtium. Miss South Wind then gives a solo dance. She finishes her dance in center of stage, and again holds her seashell to her lips.)

### SOUTH WIND.

Sweet Peas! Sweet Peas! Every one  
Come and dance in the summer sun.  
Shake your skirts in the sunshine  
bright—  
Sweet Peas! Sweet Peas! Pink and  
white!

(Enter the Sweet Pea Fairies. Some come from right of stage, others from left and others from behind the sweet pea hedge. They carry garlands of the flowers. When their dance, which is very bright and joyous, is finished, they drop to the back of the stage and seat themselves in front of the sweet pea hedge.)

### SOUTH WIND.

(Addressing John and Betty.)

Where is your home? With sun so hot,  
How did you find this garden spot?

### JOHN.

(Anxiously.)  
The Fourth is very near, you see,  
And so we thought that it would be  
A good plan, since we cannot buy  
Our fireworks, for us to try  
To find the land where pinwheels grow.  
Is this a secret that you know?

### SOUTH WIND.

(Tenderly.)

If only pinwheels grow on trees,  
I'd shake them off with every breeze.  
(Miss South Wind is interrupted.)



Olga asked her mother one morning what it meant to "break the rule." Her mother told her that when she did something she had been told not to do then she was "breaking the rule."

"Oh, yes," said the little girl and then added, "And when I don't do it, am I putting the rule together?"

During the war when everyone was talking of wheatless and meatless days, Billy listened very closely. That night several cats selected a spot beneath his window to have a fight. The next morning when he came down to breakfast Billy said:  
"Well, I guess we all had a sleepless night, too."

ed by the sound of popping, as though firecrackers or a popgun were being shot off. In the midst of the noise Philips enters. His pockets are full of packages of firecrackers and his arms full of skyrockets and other fireworks. He looks in surprise at the strange children and guests in the garden.)

### PHILIP.

(Boastfully.)

Off to the village store I went,  
And all my tin can wealth is spent,  
(Starts back suddenly as though surprised when he notices for the first time that the little boy looking at him so longingly is on crutches.)

Say, boy, that leg of yours is lame,  
So you can't be in any game.

(Philip walks curiously about John, whose head drops. Betty jumps from her seat and stamps her foot angrily. She runs behind settee and puts her arm tenderly around her brother. Then she points to Philip's sturdy legs as though comparing them with her brother's thin ones.)

### PHILIP.

(Paying no attention to the angry words of the child, walks over toward Jelf.)

### JELF.

(Cheerily.)

In your little suit of yellow,  
Who are YOU? You funny fellow.  
Oh, I am little Jelf,  
The happy little elf.

I came down to the world from far above,  
No soul too sad or old,  
No heart too hard or cold,  
For me to warm it with my power of love.

I wave my hand and all the world grow bright,  
And Hate is Love and Wrong is turned to Right.

(Concluded Next Sunday.)



I am going to try this recipe for dinner tomorrow evening and I think some of my other little Go-Hawk friends will want to do so, too. Here it is:

### Apple Roll.

Two cups of sugar, four level teaspoons of baking powder, two tablespoons of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one cup of chopped apple, three tablespoons sugar, one-third teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix and sift flour, salt, baking powder. Work in butter with tips of fingers. Add milk gradually, mixing with knife to soft dough. Put on floured board and roll one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Brush over with melted butter, spread on apples and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll up like jelly roll, cut off pieces three-fourths of an inch thick. Place on buttered pan, flat side down. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. These are lovely served with hard sauce or butter.—POLLY.

### 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 70,000 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."

## The Trail of the Go-Hawks

**SYNOPSIS.**  
The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, ask the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join their Tribe. The twins have both fun and sorrow as "squaws" of the Go-Hawks. Their circus ends in an accident to Donald, the clown. The Go-Hawks wear "half-mourning" (cut from Aunt Sallie's violet tea jacket) to show their sympathy. Aunt Sallie, seeing her tea jacket one afternoon, discovers it is missing. The twins confess what has been done with it, also her black silk petticoat. Then some change disappears from the market, the twins confess the wrong of taking money for a present to Donald. Their father explains the wrong of taking Aunt Sallie's things, also the money, and the girls start to earn back the money by digging dandelions. Jack finds them in the yard and says he'll try to think of a faster way to make money.

Now go on with the story.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### The Dawning of Enterprise.

The boy lying on the river bank whistled softly to himself as he gazed at the blue skies and overhanging trees as if for inspiration. Occasionally he picked up a stone and tossed it out over the water. "I hate to have them keep a store or a lemonade stand or sell flowers or dig weeds," he mused. "Seems like I ought to think of something else; anybody can do those things an' our squaws ought to do something different."

A sudden gust of wind brought to his feet a piece of old newspaper.



At first his eyes rested on it indifferently and then his face brightened. "I know lots of folks 'll take it."

Jack ran back to the Trevellyn home and called excitedly to the twins: "I have it, girls, we'll make the money by starting a newspaper. Then we'll buy auntie a tea jacket, pay back the money you took for Donald and, if we have any left, do something fine with it." He paused breathless.

"Jack, do you s'pose we could make 'nough money to take all the Go-Hawks to the circus?" asked Prudence, her eyes round with wonder.

"I don't know, of course, but I think so—"

"Father says a man can do anything he makes up his mind to," interrupted Patience, "so I s'pose if we want to do these things we can."

"Anyway we'll pay what you owe," answered Jack.

"It'll be perfectly stylish to own a newspaper just as if we're grown up," began Prudence, "but how 'll we print it?"

"Don't need to print it. Donald writes the best of any of us. He can copy them all."

"The girls can make some poetry and we can have something 'bout the people in the neighborhood and losts and founds and things. The girls are good at thinkin' up things. Would that be enough for 5 cents?"

"Yes, that would do and here is 25 cents to pay for my subscription for five weeks. If I can help you in any way you must call on me. Here is a bunch of paper for you. I suppose you'll write the paper for a while?"

"That's what we thought. When I'm a man I'm goin' to be as nice to boys as you are," replied Jack as he shook hands and with a roll of paper left the office.

"I'm goin' to get a lot of subscribers t'night and s'prise the girls," he resolved, for Jack loved to awe the twins. He toiled patiently all the evening, thoroughly canvassing the neighborhood. He pictured the paper in such glowing colors that almost everyone he approached subscribed for it. The boy collected in advance and his heart was light when he reached home and counted the results of his evening's work. Early the next