

Happy Land



Watch for Special Message Next Sunday.

NEXT SUNDAY when you read your Happyland please turn first of all to the message that I am sending you. You will find that it contains a special request for each one of you. Not such a very hard thing for you to do, but one I am sure you will gladly do with all your heart, because it will mean so much to the dear Happy Tribe itself. So watch for it!

Here is a message from Mabel Hanville of Milan, O. She writes: "I am sure that the members of our tribe will all try to do their share this year in making and sending things to help and amuse less fortunate children." The other members of this little tribe in Ohio are Dorothy Acheerman, Viola Meltz, Marguerite Carroll and Madeline Smith. Miss Olive Miller is the leader. Among the many other new tribes of the summer is one in Rector, Ark. It was started by Virginia Pryor and has 10 members.

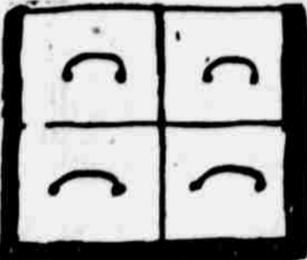
Helen Tate of 15 Miles street, Millbury, Mass., writes to Happy to ask if dogs might become members of the Happy Tribe. Yes, many pets, including dogs, long ago began joining. Somehow or other they managed to make their young owners know that they, too, wanted to be Go-Hawks. If they are members of your household there is no reason why they should not also be members of our Happy Tribe. From what their owners have written it seems they have always made good members, too.

Among the very first of the Go-Hawk dogs was Sharp Packwood, whose master was John Packwood of Coal City, Ia. It was during the war that Sharp joined, and he used to send many pennies to help our little friends over the sea. He seemed to like to send cards and even letters to Happy. Sharp has moved from Coal City to Centerville, Ia.

Perhaps dogs can't talk in the same way people can, but we all know they have a way of their own of speaking and of making their wants known. If any of them want to be members of the Tribe, and seem to tell you so, of course they will be welcome.



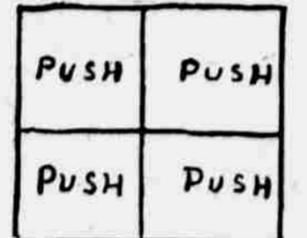
I am glad to learn that Go-Hawk squaws, as well as braves, are following my Workshop and are interested in trying to make things. Joyce Hughes, who lives at 592 Pleasant street, Belmont, Mass., has sent Happy directions and a



drawing for making a doll's house bureau. Joyce writes that some other little girl gave it to her. Here it is:

First you put four or six empty match boxes on top of each other like this:

Then you glue any kind of thin paper on the sides and the top.



BACK VIEW

Then draw your handles on the end of each. This is how you work the drawers:

Some of you other girls will enjoy making this. PETER.



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 in the "squaw" of the Go-Hawks. A circus party, a newspaper are some of many pastimes that keep the Go-Hawks busy. The newspaper proves a success and the twins are able to buy Aunt Sallie a new tea jacket in place of the one they had used for "half-morning." Piggy Hunt then discovers a new way to earn money. His sister, Maude, aged 14, has a beau who pays him nickels to carry notes and even a quarter to keep out of the parlor when he is calling. The Go-Hawks decide to assist Piggy and to send a warning to the "beau" to bring plenty of change when he next calls. Clara Maude. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

"Won't neither, 'an I guess if I carry the warnin' I ought to have a chance at the beau," retorted the accused.

"Yes, Napoleon's got to be there," interrupted Jack, "but somehow I'm not so sure 'bout the squaws. If 'twasn't at Piggy's house where he has a kid sister it'd be different. She won't dare to interfere with us warriors, but she might try to talk to the squaws." "Oh—Jack! It'll be so excitin'," mourned Patience.

"I know, and yet it may be a bloody night's work. We might have to kill that beau. One never knows what'll happen when Indians are on the warpath, but we'll share all the plunder with you, and if this night's work is successful there'll be lots more work where you can help," concluded the chief consolingly.

The twins were disappointed, but they never questioned Jack's decision, and as they parted from the boys Prudence said, "We'll pray for you tonight."

"Are you Clara-Maude's beau?" asked Napoleon the following

morning as he approached the victim.

The "beau's" face turned a shade redder as he replied haughtily: "Well, I can't see that it's anything to you if I am."

"If you are, take this warnin', read it, digest it an' if yer don't mind what it says, you're a-goin' t' hev trouble," thundered Napoleon.

"Who's going to make me trouble? You?"

"You wait an' see. Im off." The note was opened and read as follows: "Warning to Clara Maude's beau!!! To save your life and your girls scalps you had better bring a pocket full of money tonight when you go to see her. If you dont you will be sorry for there will be blood to pay before the rise of another sun. A friend warns you!"

The "beau" was not at all frightened and was even brave enough to laugh good naturedly, for he was positive the note was from Piggy. So he started forth to make his prayer-meeting-night call with his pocket well filled with pennies and small change.

Meanwhile Jack, Donald and Napoleon had managed to hide themselves in the library. Piggy planted himself firmly in plain sight. There seemed no need for him to hide.

"Here you, Piggy, thought maybe you would be in bed by this time," remarked the beau genially. "I think you are just horrid to hang around this way every week," added the big sister.

"You'd think I was horrider if I was to tell on you," began Piggy defensively.

"Here's your quarter if you go to bed right away and stay there," interrupted the beau.

"It's worth more'n a quarter to go to bed when a feller don't want to, but you're such a reg'lar customer that I will for you," was the magnanimous reply, and, taking the quarter, the martyr tramped cheerfully off to bed to dream of sweetmeats on the morrow.

Alas for fond hopes of peace! Piggy had no sooner disappeared than from out the shadows behind the door stole a swarthy-checked young Indian. "I came to sit with you all the evenin'," he remarked as he took a seat on the piano stool.

"Indeed, and who are you and what will you take to encourage you to sit somewhere else?" asked the beau.

"I—I'm going to be a helper to beaux an' I'll leave you in peace if you'll pay my price."

"What's your price?"

"Only 15 cents if you pay cash down."

"I am inclined to believe your absence is worth 15 cents," replied the afflicted beau.

The chief of the Go-Hawks took the money and replied courteously: "I hope you'll have a nice time and that I can do some more work for you. Good night!"

(Copyright, 1922.) (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 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."



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

You have read in our Fairy Grotto play how John disobeyed his mother and went into the Forest to play. He did not find it quite so easy to have fun as he had hoped. Today the Sand Man and the Drowsy Fairies come to spoil his plan of idle mischief with Fairy Wilful. Our August play is called "RUNAWAY JOHN!"

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

FAIRY.

(Gleefully clapping her hands and interrupting.)

Left Baby with your Mother out of sight! How jolly! He'll get good and lost all right!

(Quickly, as John looks rather worried and scratches his head restlessly.)

Oh, come, forget it! Catch my hand! Let's run. I know a splendid place to have some fun.

It's over

(Pointing.)

In that meadow, where it's cool. Just on the Edge of Water Lily pool. Come quickly.

(Dragging him.)

John, for time is flying fast; Let's have our fun, for this may be my last.

(Urging him on with more force.) Come on, come on! My! John, you're awful slow!

Is this as fast as mortal folks can go?

(She is dragging him toward the wings when Jeff appears suddenly in front of them. At the first sight of him, she drops John's hand and darts around the two, disappearing as she says)

Oh, bother! Now our chance is gone! Good night!

JOHN.

(Staring after her in wide-eyed astonishment for a moment, turns to Jeff.)

Well—what—why did she go? That wasn't right!

JELF.

(Quickly.)

She knew just what was best for her, don't fear! Such naughty Fairies should not come in here.

Her name is Wilful. They are on her track.

Some day the Fairy King will get her back.

JOHN.

(Curiously.)

Why can't she come in here? What would you do?

Why did she run away when she saw you?

JELF.

(Impressively.)

This is the Happy Forest—did you know?— Where not a soul is sad or bad—and so Of, course, there is no room for selfishness!

(Pauses and looks shrewdly at him, what's the use of saying this to you since mortals know it.)

JOHN.

(Interrupting quickly.)

You're a Fairy, too!

(Stammering in unwilling hesitation.)

I like your Happy Forest, Little Elf. For everyone is happy, like myself. There's not a soul at work, not even

So this is just the very place for fun. If I just had a pal—I'd stay here then! Guess I'll ask Wilful to come back again.

JELF.

By this time she is nowhere to be found. But if you wish to, you may look around.

(John strolls off in the direction taken by Wilful, Jelf watching him until he vanishes. As soon as he is out of sight, Jelf seizes the little bugle hanging from his belt and blows seven long blasts. As the last one dies away, Swift appears, flutters up to Jelf's feet, makes a low bow.)

SWIFT.

Jelf, Jelf, Loving Elf, speak! What can I do.

Tell your slightest wish and I will make it all come true.

JELF.

Dear Little Swift, your heart is like your feet.

So quick to work and make the world more sweet.

But now, oh, fly—and—hurry too—my dear.

We need the Sand Man and his helpers here.

SWIFT.

The Sand Man, when the morning sun is high—

But, if you want him, he must come—Good-by!

(She goes swiftly out to R. Sound of slow, dragging steps and the Sand Man enters from R., attended by six nodding Sleep Fairies. Just behind him, two little helpers carry fat bags or sand to refill the pouch hanging over his shoulder. The Sand Man and his attendants go through a drowsy dance and then come up to Jelf and bow low.)

THE SAND MAN.

HI-HO-HUM!

I am the Sand Man.

(His attendants yawning widely.)

THE SAND MAN.

When it is sleepy time, I come

The children say

They want to stay—

(Imitating the whining tone of cross child who wishes to stay up.)

And dig their eyes with drowsy thumb,

But I come in—so silently—

That not a soul discovers me.

I sprinkle sand

With practiced hand—

(He takes a handful of sand from pouch and scatters it about among the others, who dodge it carefully.)

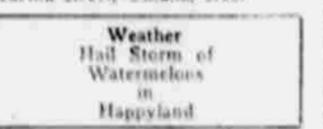
And then—it's off to Slumber Sea.

(While Sand Man recites, the Sleep Fairies illustrate the words with drowsy gestures and rhythmic dancing of a very slow character.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe. I am inclosing a 2-cent stamp and coupon for my button. I am 11 years old and in the Fifth grade at school. I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals.—Roscoe Hill, Aged 11, 2119 Martha street, Omaha, Neb.



Weather
Hail Storm of
Watermelons
in
Happyland



The following recipe for candy sounds mighty good. I am going to try it tomorrow, as Uncle Ben is here visiting and he has an awful sweet tooth and is always teasing me to make some candy.

Commanche Candy.

One cup Karo corn syrup, one cup of brown sugar, two cups of white sugar, one-half cup of milk, two squares of Baker's chocolate, butter size of an egg. Boil until it forms a soft ball in water, flavor with vanilla and pour into a buttered pan. Then boil together two cups of brown sugar, two cups of white sugar, one cup of milk and butter size of an egg. Cook same way as before, but after taking from stove add one cup of chopped nut meats and then pour over chocolate mixture in pan.

Now doesn't this sound luscious? Thanks very much, Marian. Hope I hear from you again some time.

POLLY.

In Stream and Forest.

Some of you have wondered many times how a bird changed his clothes. You will laugh, perhaps, when I tell you that it takes him weeks and weeks to do it, because he can only change one or two feathers at a time. Whenever two new feathers begin to grow on his wing they always push two old ones out. When we stop to think about it, of course, we know that he would have to go slowly and keep enough feathers always to be warm and also with which to fly.

The tail feathers seem to grow just the same way and he will lose one from each side at the same time. The soft feathers that cover the little body drop out in the same way. So you see, dear little friends, a bird is never without clothes.

Father and mother birds wait to change their clothes till their babies are grown. They are thinking more about their children than themselves. This seems to be the way with most parents, doesn't it? Good-bye until next Sunday. Your loving,

UNCLE JOHN.



Six-year-old Vivian was rushing wildly from one room to another.

"Vivian, come here this moment and stop that nonsense," called her mother.

"Oh, please, don't stop me," begged Vivian. "I am running for president."

Little John is always a great admirer of anything that is beautiful and objected very seriously when he had a nurse girl who was not good looking.

"I like to have pretty people around me," he complained to his mother.

"Well, John," she replied, "I don't see how you have been able to have me around, for I am not pretty."

Quickly the small boy replied: "But I have grown used to you, mother."

Howard was calling next door when he spied some oranges on the pantry shelf.

"Are those oranges?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

The small boy looked longingly and then said:

"Auntie Sue, aren't you afraid they will spoil?"

The children in the neighborhood had organized a club and were very enthusiastic about it.

"Tell me about your laws and by-laws," one mother asked her small son.

"Oh," Robert replied, "we have only one law and that is to serve refreshments at every meeting."

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I like to read your page in The Omaha Bee and I would like to have one of your badges to wear. I know one of the little Go-Hawks in the tribe. I am 6 years old and in the first A at school. My teacher is Miss Springer. I promise to be kind to all the animals I see. I set crumbs out every day and always have a flock of birds. As my letter is getting long I will close.—Elaine Lucas; 852 North Main Street, Fremont, Neb.