

Happy Land



Watch for Special Message Next Sunday.

Next Sunday is Happyland's very first birthday and I am sure every one of you will want to help make its wonderful birthday that we will always remember. You have learned to love Happyland and to watch for the messages it brings to you, not only from your Happy, but Peter and Polly and Billy Squirrel and little Jelf in his Fairy Grotto in the Happy Forest. Those of you who love birds are anxious to read each week what Uncle John has to say, because you know in his little home close by the big woods he has plenty of time to make friends with the little creatures of the field and forest. Since they all have become your friends you are anxious for others also to learn to know and love them.

How would each one of you like to give a new friend to Happyland for a birthday gift? Choose the very nicest friend you have who is not already a Go-Hawk. Tell him or her all about the Happy Tribe and the things for which we stand. Then ask him if he would not like to become a Go-Hawk on Happyland's first birthday.

After you have read your Happyland today take it to your friend to read and give him a chance to be a Go-Hawk. If everyone of you will do this, then what will happen? The chances are that we will jump right over the 100,000 mark in membership, and what a wonderful thing that will be!

Imagine 100,000 big and little boys and girls all over the world working quietly, faithfully, each in his own home town to keep our motto and pledge. Whenever there comes good work to be done, think what it will mean to have 100,000 boys and girls ready to help. Each one of you who secures one new member in honor of Happyland's first birthday will be doing a fine piece of work, for it means someone else becomes interested because of you.

It does seem that the Go-Hawks are always ready to do with all their hearts whatever is asked of them. So I know each one of you will do his best to find one new friend at least to enroll as a member. Most likely, poor Uncle Sam will sigh because his Mail Pouch will be so heavy and then he will laugh, as he has so often in the past, and say, "You just can't stop the Go-Hawks. No use trying!" It will be fun to see what we can do. Shall we go over the top? 100,000? "YES! YES! YES!" I can hear you shout. Good luck to you!

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. A circus party, a newspaper are some of the many things that keep the Go-Hawks busy. Piggy Hunt also discovers a way to make money. His sister, Maude, aged 16, 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, so when Clara Maude's beau makes his next call he finds others besides Piggy waiting for him. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

As soon as the chief took his departure and before the young couple had time to recover from their astonishment, forth crawled Donald from under the sofa. "I'm all stiff from sittin' under that sofa, so I guess I'll sit the rest of the evenin' on the couch with you an' walk home with you," he began in his sweetest tones.

"I guess not," replied the beau, putting his hand in his pocket. "It is surely a good thing I was warned. Here are some pennies for you. Take them and go and if there are any more of you Indians hiding around here I'd rather you'd all come out at once, for it is getting late," urged the persecuted one with a reassuring smile at his wrathful sweetheart.

"I guess there's only me left," said a small voice, and from behind the leather chair swaggered Napoleon. "Your money or your life or me fer all th' evenin'. Take your choice, Mr. Beau, and be quick about it," he muttered, trembling meanwhile as he heard Jack and Donald departing, realizing that he was the last of the Go-Hawks to do the "bloody night's work."

"Oh, if it is a choice for my life, money or you, I prefer my life, so here is some money, and now clear out and I will settle with you kids another time."

Napoleon was not slow to follow directions and immediately joined his companions, who had waited for him at the corner.

"My eyes! But they were frightened," said Donald. "I'm kind a-glad we didn't have t' hurt anybody."

"So'm I," responded Jack, "but it was a great night's work. I say, I b'lieve there can be good business done a-helin' beaux along, doin' errands for them and then leavin' them lone 'stead of staying with them."

"How'd we get all the beaux?" asked Wonald.

"Oh, we'd have to hunt 'em up, same as any other business," answered Jack.

"I'm afraid all the Go-Hawks'd make too many to do it," said Donald.

"Then we might have just us three, Pat, Prue and Piggy, 'cause he gave us the idea and we'll call ourselves 'Beau Runters.' 'Runters' is in honor of Piggy. We'll have

an office in our barn an' I think we can get a lot of bus'ness."

"We might think it all over tonight and in the mornin' we'll get the squaws an' plan it all out," suggested Donald.

The other two assented and the three senior members of the newly organized "Beau Runters" separated at the corner, each youngster holding fast to his money and congratulating himself on the evening's work.

CHAPTER XIV. The Beau Runter Agency.

At an early hour the following morning the six "Beau Runters" met to discuss their campaign. Jack, with characteristic energy, had swept a corner of the barn loft and there established the office of the new agency which was destined to create such a ripple of fun the coming fortnight in the town, and ever after to occupy a unique place in its history.

In imagination each boy had spent many times the money he had earned the night before. In truth, Napoleon had assisted in purchasing the supplies which had furnished a breakfast for his mammy and her flock of packaninnies.

"It must've felt grand to sit in the library an' wait for the beau and his girl to come," wistfully remarked Patience.

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(Continued Next Sunday.)

The Guide Post To Good Books for Children.

CHOOSE one of these books to read each week. Keep a record, and at the end of the year if you can show you have read at least one of these books every week you will be given an award of honor. Your year starts the week you begin to read. Perhaps you had better cut out the list 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:

Lagerlof, Selma, "Wonderful Adventures of Nils."
Swift, Jonathan, "Gulliver's Travellers."

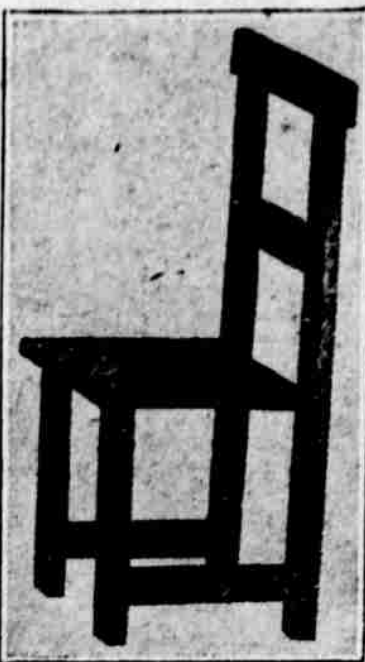
Aesop, "Fables."
Andersen, H. C., "Fairy Tales."
Kingsley, Charles, "The Heroics."
Pyle, Howard, "Men of Iron."
Spyri, Johanna, "Heidi."
Thackeray, W. M., "The Rose and the Ring."

Make one person happy in each day and in 40 years you have made 14,600 human beings happy for a little time at least.

Three men can stand on each leaf of the Victoria Regia lily, the great flower three yards in diameter, to be seen in Kew gardens.



Today I received a picture and directions for making a square-seated chair. It was sent to me by Philip Travers, one of our Missouri Go-Hawks. Philip writes that in making his chair he used a box 9x5 inches by 2 1/4 inches in size. He cut the seat of the chair



2 inches wide by 2 1/4 inches deep. The front legs are 2 1/4 inches high by 3/4 of an inch wide. The back legs are four inches high by 3/4 inches wide. The back and legs should be braced with cross-pieces. Thank you, Philip, for sending the drawing and directions of the little chair that you made for your own sister, Ruth.

Your friend, PETER.



Yesterday a crowd of us went out in the woods, and while we took a picnic supper along with us we decided to roast some corn, for it always tastes so good when you eat it out of doors. This is the way we prepared it, and you may like to try it.

ROAST CORN.

Allow two or three ears for each person. Remove the outer layer of husks, turn back the remainder and remove the silk. Replace the husks and tie together with the silk at the end of each ear. Place on bed of hot coals and let cook for about 40 minutes. Don't forget to take plenty of butter and salt along with you for the corn. POLLY.

WEATHER
Raining
Ice Cream Soda
in
Happyland



"At Olga's home they were expecting a visit from her grandmother. The grandmother wrote that when she was ready to start she would drop them a card. This interested Olga very much and one day she said to her mother: "Ma'ma, where is grandma's card going to drop from?"

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

IN passing through a doorway a good Go-Hawk does not push ahead but waits until women and older people have passed through. It is also a thoughtful thing to do to hold the door open if necessary. Such little acts of courtesy show the right spirit of helping others. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Jelf, the Love Elf of the Happy Forest, has been trying to teach a little boy that it is not easy to run away and still expect to have a good time. His fairy friends of the forest are helping the boy learn his lesson in spite of Fairy Wilful who would have it otherwise. Our Fairy Grotto play is called "RUNAWAY JOHN."

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

JELF.

(After yawning several times, stretches vigorously.)

Please, Mr. Sand Man, do not come too near. Or you will have me fast asleep, I fear. And I have most important work to do—before I finish, I shall need you, too.

THE SAND MAN.

I am the Sand Man.
(Attendants yawning again with mouths wide open.)

HI—HO—HUM!

THE SAND MAN.

Now, tell me why you had me come.
(He steps closer to Jelf, who draws back hastily and rubs his eyes in sleepy fashion.)

JELF.

There is a small boy here, a runaway. Who plans to spend an idle selfish day in Happy Forest. Sand Man, charm him well. And hold him fast beneath your sleepy spell.

SAND MAN.

(Blinking about.)
But I don't see him; bring him here to me. I'll show you just how sleepy boys can be!

JELF.

He strolled off—that way—just outside the wood—
(Pointing in the direction taken by John a while before.)
He wanted to find Wilful, if he could.

SAND MAN.

(Roused a little.)
Ho, ho, eh?—Well, I say the little man will find some trouble mixed up with his plan!

Go; seize him, Drowsy Fairies. Softly creep. And work your spell until he's numb with sleep. As for myself, I'll step behind this tree. For when they catch him, there'll be work for me.

(He suits actions to his words and conceals himself as the Drowsy Fairies nod their way past him and disappear in the direction taken by John. Jelf raises his little bugle and blows seven blasts as before. Swift appears breathlessly.)

In Field and Forest

Last Sunday—you learned about Mr. Goldfinch and his two suits of clothes each year. Like him, there are some other birds who have two different suits of clothes for every year. However, they do not change them in the same way as the gold finch.

For instance, some of our bird friends have feathers of black, with gray on the outside edges. During the winter they seem to be wearing gray coats. Then when spring comes the gray edge falls off and the black shows. This makes them look as though they had put on a new black suit.

Whenever father and mother birds do dress alike you nearly always find that their clothes are quiet ones. It really does seem best, too, that the mother birds should wear soft dull colors, because they are not so easily seen when on the nest, and so they are safer. The dear little baby birds do need their mothers.

I have found that the wrens, sparrows and other birds who live close to the ground also wear dull colors for the same reason that they may not be seen.

Among the birds who make their nests underground or in holes, the little mothers wear gay colors as well as the fathers. In climates where there is much wet weather the colors are always darker. When one lives, as I do, all the year round close by the woods, he finds as much to interest him in the birds' clothes as those who live in the big cities do in watching the clothes change in the windows of the shops as the seasons come and go. With love to you, from UNCLE JOHN.

Dear Jelf, your bugle calls with merry haunts And tells me that we have no time to waste.

JELF.

Right, Swift! Go seek the Queen, where she may be.

And bid her hasten quickly here to me. (Swift is off with a wave of her hand and just then John is seen, dragging himself along in half stumbling fashion. He is surrounded by the Drowsy Fairies, who wave their arms above him, and keep very close in spite of his clumsy turnings and awkward attempts to shake them off. They push him over to the log and he falls to the ground, half leaning upon the log with one arm on it for support.)

JOHN.

(Angrily.)
Oh, what makes me so drowsy! What a bore!

I came out here to play and not to snore.

(He shakes himself, stifles several yawns and digs his fists into his eyes to get rid of his dull drowsiness. He rises to his knees, in an effort to get up, but the Sand Man comes slowly and noiselessly behind him and sprinkles his head. John begins to nod, unconsciously settles backward into a more comfortable position, and with a long sigh falls asleep. The Sand Man and his Helpers take leave of Jelf and go off stage. Soon there is a flourish of trumpets, the blare of martial music and there enters the Queen of Happy Forest, surrounded by her train. The procession halts at a little distance from Jelf, who runs to Queen, drops on one knee and bows before her.)

QUEEN.

(Graciously.)
Rise, little Jelf. Pray do not bow so low. For Love is King of all the world, you know!

(She takes his hand and pulls him to his feet, then tries to cover a deep yawn and apologizes.)
It is so drowsy here—with all that sand—

(Pointing to the sand lying about on the ground.)
But speak, for we are here at your command.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



What has no legs but is always running? Answer—A river.

What has legs but never runs on them? Answer—A dog. He does not run on his legs but on his feet.

And here are a few more for you. Why should a frog never feel poor?

Answer—Because he always has a green back with him.

What do we all put off tomorrow?

Answer—Our clothes when we go to bed.

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 Tribe," care of this paper. Over 70,000 members!

Motto
"To Make the World a Happier Place."

Pledge

"I promise to help someone every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."