



**No One Need Wait for His Name to Be Published.**

"Oh, I wish somebody would write to me," is the message a little Missouri Go-Hawk sends Happy. In a letter from Oklahoma a 14-year-old boy writes: "I'm lonesome and I wish some of her boys would write to me. Please add my name to the list of Go-Hawks who want to make friends with other Go-Hawks." These are but two of many letters ever so much alike that come every week. And this is the reason we must have another little talk together about letter writing—for the sake of our many new members.

First let me tell you that all the names of the boys and girls who wish to have them published under "Please Write to Us" are copied as they reach Happyland, in a book, where they await their turn. The names come so fast that the waiting list is very long. Therefore they have to be taken in turn, a few each week. That is why it will seem a long time to wait. Some day you will find your name in Happyland and when you least expect it.

Meanwhile there is no reason in the world for our Go-Hawk in Oklahoma to be lonesome nor our little friend in Missouri to keep on waiting for others to write. No one need wait a single day in the making of friends. Look over the list of new names printed each week in Happyland. Choose a child somewhere near your own age and living in states where you would like to have friends. Then write the first letter yourself.

Some of you, however, will have to improve your handwriting and your letters in every way to make others wish to keep on exchanging letters with you. It is a splendid thing to be able to write a really good letter that some one will love to receive. Tell about your own state, your home town, your school life. Try your best to find as many interesting things as possible about which to write.

Those who are doing this are now having great fun and making friends in many states. Every good Go-Hawk wants to be fair about everything he does. It would not be a bit fair, would it, to push one name ahead of another. "No, indeed!" you will all reply. So, even if it does take weeks, each Go-Hawk must be willing to wait his turn. Meanwhile, you dear funny Go-Hawks, write to just as many others as you wish. Love to you from

*Happy*

**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 the tribe. A circus is putting a newspaper on some of the things that keep them busy. Piggy Hunt, one of the boys, discovers a fine way to make money by carrying notes from his sister to her beau. The beau also pays Piggy to stay out of the room when he calls. This is the beginning of the "Beau Hunter Agency," formed by the Go-Hawks to help girls and their beaux. Napoleon is given a young shoe clerk and his girl as his special charges and they laugh a good deal as they give him needles for his help. The agency flourishes for 10 days, then Jack asks for suggestions and Prudence says why not add to their income by not only helping girls and their beaux but by getting beaux for girls who have none. The Go-Hawks then decide to get some beaux for Aunt Sallie and talk over who would be the best.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"I do, an' I think it'd be perfect'y stylish an' she could be a help at th' fun'ials. She'd probably have to go somewhere ev'ry day, too, an' that'd be a help, 'cause while she's gone we'll do our other work," was the enthusiastic rejoinder of Prudence.

"I guess she'd better have the undertaker then," remarked Jack, "cause if he was her beau most likely he'd keep her busy."

"I choose her t' have a baker," said Piggy, smacking his lips in anticipation of the possibilities.

"An' I a banker with lots of money," demanded Donald.

"An' you'd better choose a groceryman, Napoleon, 'cause he'd most likely give you somethin' to eat ev'ry time you went to see him," said Jack. "I'll take the editor, Prue the undertaker and Pat can have the preacher."

"Wish you and the squaws'd try to get all these while the rest of us kids are doing the other work; couldn't you?" asked Piggy.

"Auntie said we could play over here all the mornin' and so p'chaps we'd better go and tend to it 'cause mebbe we can't come over this afternoon," said one of the squaws.

"All right then, come on," replied Jack, and the trio started forth. "We'll take turns doing the talking and let's start at the undertaker's. You must talk there, Prue."

Prudence and Jack, at least,

walked with considerable assurance in to the undertaker's parlors, where they found Aunt Sallie's prospective "beau" reading the morning paper, from which he raised his eyes and nodded quite pleasantly for a man with so melancholy a calling.

"Mr. Undertaker," began the spokesman bravely, "we're helpers t'beaux. Have you a girl?"

"What!" he cried. "A girl? No I never have time for such foolishness."

Jack rather resented the words. "I should think there are a lot of things worse you might do than have a girl," he said with some spirit.

"You see, it's just this way," continued Prudence; "we're in bus'ness, helpin' beaux an' girls 'long an' we've decided to get some beaux for th' girls who haven't any. Our auntie hasn't any, so we're going to get her some. She'd make a good girl for you."

The undertaker plainly hesitated.

"She's so cheerful," continued the child; "we thought she could ride with you on the hearse an' p'rhaps sing at the fun'ials. If you think you'd like to have her for your girl we'll fix it all up for you for one dollar, an' you may come to call on her tonight, an' we'll help you right 'long to get 'quainted."

"Well, did I ever!" ejaculated the undertaker.

"If you're not engaged for a fun'ial tonight you might like to come up an' invite her to go ridin'," suggested Jack, who was anxious to close the deal.

"You'd better pay for her now," said Patience.

The undertaker's head was hidden for a minute and when he raised it his face was quite red. "I don't have any too much fun in my life!" he said, "and this is worth a dollar." Putting his hand in his pocket he drew forth a dollar and handed it to Prudence.

"Aunt Sallie's worth more'n a dollar, and you'll probably think so when you've seen her," said Jack loyally.

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(Continued Next Sunday.)

"Who do you love?" asked Tommy's mother.

"You," was the quick reply.

"And who else?"

"Daddy," was the next answer.

"And who do you love that you can't even see?" asked the mother, expecting him to say God.

"Why Uncle Sam," said Tommy as he smiled up at her.

There is nothing like putting the shine on another's face to put the shine on your own.

The juniper berry takes two years to ripen.



Have you heard of the terrible accident in the laundry?  
Answer—a shirt was badly mangled.

**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 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:

Carroll, Lewis, "Alice in Wonderland."  
Defoe, Daniel, "Robinson Crusoe."  
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, "Wonder Book."  
Kipling, Rudyard, "Just-so Stories."  
Macdonald, George, "At the Back of the North Wind."  
Wiggin, K. D. and N. A. Smith, editors, "Golden Numbers" (Poetry).

**In Field and Forest**

No matter how often I see them I never grow tired of watching the parent birds teach their little ones their lessons, such as flying together, exercising their wings, etc. Many times I will see the young birds sitting quietly on fences and trees and then with queer loud calls—the parents will begin to fly about. It is their signal that their children must try to do the same. So their birdlings will fly out and join them, and round and round they will go until the little wings are tired.

If you really want to watch the birds at their lessons you must be very quiet and still yourself. You will learn they never drive the little ones to do things unless they are naughty but they first coax them. For instance, there was an old robin one time who wanted very much to teach her little one how to bathe. She brought him to a pan of water kept by a bird lover on her lawn. Mother Robin then went in and splashed around. Little Robin only fluttered his wings, but seemed afraid to go in. Then the mother flew away and came back with a worm in her mouth. When the baby saw the worm he began to flutter his wings and cry for it. So the mother jumped into the middle of the pan of water and stood there holding the worm in plain sight. He wanted the worm so much that he forgot his fear and hopped right in beside her. After he was fed he discovered he liked the water so well that he, too, splashed around.

Many stories could be told you showing the ways of which the bird-parents will think to help their little ones learn the necessary lessons to protect themselves. Good-by until next Sunday.

Your

UNCLE JOHN.

**A Sixth Grader.**

Dear Happy: I wish to join your happy tribe. I would like to have a Go-Hawk pin. I have an angora kitten named Peggy. And I am in the sixth grade. I hope to get a pin. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals and birds. Yours truly, Gerahline Streator, aged 11, Grand Island, Neb.

**First Letter.**

Dear Happy: I want to be a Go-Hawk. I want to be kind to animals. I want to make the world a happier place. I want to help someone every day.—Rachel Woods, Age 10, Silver Creek, Neb.

Manufacturers in Sweden are making a new type of cut glass, cheaper than plain glass and more beautiful.

**WEATHER.**  
Raining Nuts in Happyland



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR COMERON.

In our Fairy Grotto play you have been reading how our little friends of the Happy Forest have tried to show John the mistake he was making. Today Golden Rod, Black-Eyed Susan and the Fays also have something to say to him. The Fairy Grotto play will be finished next Sunday. It is called

"RUNAWAY JOHN."  
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

JOHN.  
(Recovering and scratching his head in puzzled way.)

That captain was a cross one. Well, I'll say. They have queer people in this wood today!

(Just then Black-eyed Susan and Golden Rod stand up in their

places, and move forward in a romping game of tag. John looks on with enjoyment as Black-eyed Susan tries in vain to catch Golden Rod, in order to take her plume out of her hand. As they seem to be going off the stage, John comes forward.)

JOHN.  
(In pleading tone.)  
Don't go, you two. I'm mighty glad you came!  
Come back now—won't you?—for another game?

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.  
(Hastily.)  
Stop for another game of tag? Oh no! We've had our play time and must really go.

JOHN.  
(Coaxing.)  
Please stay. You could now if you wanted to—

(As Golden Rod shakes her head decidedly, he turns to Black-eyed Susan.)  
If she must hurry, I will play with you.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.  
No, no, indeed! My busy time is here. I must make seeds enough to last a year!

GOLDEN ROD.  
(Explaining kindly.)  
And I would not play truant, if I could. Our Queen depends on me to light this wood.

(They walk off with their arms about each other.)

JOHN.  
I think the thing for me now is—to go—I never saw a place so dead and slow!

(He is interrupted by two water Fays, who burst violently into the forest and run wildly around, peering into distant corners, looking under the log, and at last getting down on their hands and knees to stare earnestly behind the shrubbery in the background. At last they get up to wring their hands in despair.)

FIRST FAY.  
Oh! Oh!—Dear Me!—

SECOND FAY.  
Oh my!—Oh!

FIRST FAY.  
WHAT shall we do?

SECOND FAY.  
I don't know.

FIRST FAY.  
Let's hunt some more. He MUST be found!

SECOND FAY.  
He's SURELY hiding somewhere round.

(They search again, but in vain, and still in despair. John, who has been watching them curiously, comes forward to ask the cause of their evident distress.)

(Kindly.)  
JOHN.  
What have you lost, here in the wood? Say, can I help?

SECOND FAY.  
(Wistfully.)  
Oh, if you could!

FIRST FAY.  
(Wringing her hands again.)  
Poor Mrs. Frog!

SECOND FAY.  
(Wiping her eyes.)  
Poor Mother Frog!

FIRST FAY.  
(In tragic tones.)  
Has lost her darling Polly Wog!

SECOND FAY.  
(Brushing away the tears.)  
Just yesterday she watched him swim around their log—she's lost—LOST him!

(Continued Next Sunday.)



My little sister, Polly, says that even dolls like to move in September, and so she thinks I should tell her how to make a new house in Happyland. Here is one that even a small child can make with just a little help in measuring. Use a 9-inch square of paper and crease it into 16 squares. On two opposite sides cut up the distance of one



square on the three creases. Bend the two middle squares over the top of the other and paste together. Then bring the two outer squares together, which will lap each other and cross the center of the two middle squares just pasted. Then paste them together. Do just the same at the opposite ends of the paper. Doors and windows may be cut out to suit yourselves. However, be sure to do all your drawing and cutting before you paste your house together.



One of our Go-Hawks, Ellette King of Benton, Ill., writes that six of the girls there have a club and do all they can for poor children. They meet at different houses, and when it was Ellette's turn to entertain she tried her best to think of something new that would be nice for refreshments for the small children they were having. Here is what she gave them, and perhaps you'll like to have some next time you have your little cousins over.

**POPCORN AND MILK.**

"Pop a big pan of popcorn. Fill dessert dishes full of the corn and then pour over it cream and sugar. This is delicious and wee tots just love it."

Thank you, Ellette. I am glad for this suggestion, for so often mother has visitors who bring their 2 or 3-year-olds and I usually have to give them something to eat.



Jack's mother is very anxious that he has good grades at school. She finally told him she would give him \$1 if he had 100. Last week he came home and with great glee announced:

"Mother, I got 100 in my lessons today."

"Did you, dear? That's just fine. Did you have 100 on all of them?"

"Well," confessed Jack, "I had 40 in spelling and 60 in arithmetic."

**Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk**  
A good Go-Hawk does not laugh at foreigners because of their clothes or speech. Their clothes may look very odd, and as they are learning English, they may pronounce their words in a funny way. But if we went to a foreign country our clothes would look queer, too, and we would certainly make blunders in learning their language. We should not like to be laughed at. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

**Coupon for Happy Tribe**

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawk 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 someone every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."