

# Happy Land

## Go-Hawks Have Many Reasons for Being Grateful.

If all the Go-Hawks might be together on Thanksgiving what wonderful stories they could tell of the reasons they have for being thankful this year. There are so many pretty little legends about Thanksgiving, and since this is the Sunday closest to this loved day I will tell you an old Indian legend about Onatah, the Spirit of the Corn, and why she was very, very thankful.

It all happened long, long ago in that time when the Indian grandmother said it was not necessary to plant corn, seed or hoe the fields, for the corn sprang up by itself and the great meadows were full of sturdy stalks waving their green banners. Then it was that Onatah, the Spirit of the Corn, with her dusky face and jet black hair, walked the fields.

When Onatah passed, the corn, the Indian maize, sprang from the earth. With her came her sisters, the Spirits of the Squash and the Bean. As they passed, squash vines and bean plants grew from the hills.

One day as Onatah wandered away alone in search of the early dew, the Evil One of the Earth, Hahgwahdaetah, spied her and ran after her. He clutched her by the hair and dragged her beneath the ground to his gloomy cave. Then he sent out his fire-breathing monsters and they destroyed Onatah's corn. When the Spirits of the Squash and Bean saw the flame monsters raging through the fields, terrified, they flew far away.

Poor Onatah lay weeping in the dark prison cave, grieving for her ruined corn fields as well as for her runaway sisters. "Oh, warm, bright sun!" she called. "If I may walk once more upon the earth never again will I leave my corn."

When the little birds heard her words they flew away swiftly to carry this message to the Sun, as he wandered through the blue heavens. Now, the Sun loved Onatah, so he sent out many beams of light. They went through the damp earth and found Onatah and led her back to her corn fields. Ever after she watched alone for her sisters, who did not return.

If her fields were thirsty, she could seek the morning dew. If the flame monsters burned her corn, she could search the skies for cooling winds. Onatah watched over her fields with great tenderness and the little birds became her loving friends and flocked to her service. They followed her through the long rows of corn and made war on the tiny insects that gnawed at the roots of the corn.

When harvest time came again, because Onatah was so thankful for her rescue from the dark cave and for all that the little birds had done for her, she scattered the first gathered corn over the fields and all the birds came from everywhere around and had a real Thanksgiving feast. This is the story told each year to the Indian boys and girls when Thanksgiving comes around. You must try to remember it, that you may tell it to some one else next Thanksgiving, just as it is told again to you today by



**PETER'S WORKSHOP**

When Thanksgiving day comes, bringing snow, as it so often does, then the boys begin to work in earnest on their home-made sleds. Here is a little toy model of a coaster that I made today. From this model you will be able to make any size sled you wish, being careful, of course, to keep all the proportions perfectly correct as you



increase them. The model is made out of one-inch soft wood. Cut out two runners seven inches long and one inch wide. Out of one-inch wood make your floor five and one-half inches long and two inches wide. Nail the sides to the top with one-inch brads. All the parts should be sandedpaper. I like to make a toy model of things and then build it up into something bigger. Be careful and do not eat too much on Thanksgiving or you'll not feel like making sleds or anything else. **PETER.**



**TINY TAD TALES**

Three-year-old Richard saw the moon in the daytime and was surprised to see it again at night. "Why, mamma," he exclaimed, "Who turned on the light in that moon?"

### 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, superintendent of children's work, Boston Public Library. This week she suggests:
- Colum, Padrale, "Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said."
  - Djurklow, N. G., "Fairy Tales From the Swedish."
  - Greenfell, W. T., "Adrift on an Ice-pan."
  - Lang, L. B., "Red Book of Heroes."
  - Moon, G. P. and C., "Lost Indian Magic."
  - Rankin, C. W., "Adopting of Rosa Marie."

Floyd Rosier of St. Genevieve, Mo., likes Fairy Grotto plays and wants his mother to make some things from "Polly's Cook Book."

Margaret Colmener of Lowell, Mass., is 6 years old and tries to be a good girl every day.

"I cannot do great things, but I can do small things in a great way."

### Coupon for Happy Tribe.

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, of which James Whitecomb 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 50,000 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."



**FAIRY GROTTA PLAYS**

By **EMILIE BLACKMORE STAFF** and **ELEANOR CAMERON.**

Poor little Fairy Wilful, whom the good queen had to banish from Fairyland because she was so selfish, has found it cold and dreary in the Earthworld this November day. Last week you read how she stole into the Widow Burns' washhouse where she found a crust of bread. She hid herself when she heard someone coming. Our November play is called

### "BROWN GINGHAM."

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

**JEANNIE.** (Interrupting.)  
But it's brown—  
**WIDOW BURNS.** (In puzzled tone.)  
Brown? Yes, of course, it's brown. Lots of dresses are that. What of it?  
**JEANNIE.**  
But it's brown! ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS, A-L-WAYS BROWN!  
(Her voice ends in a wail as tears break out afresh.)  
**WIDOW BURNS.**  
(As she soothes Jeannie's hair consolingly.)  
But brown is all right, Lassie Jean. It's stout, and doesn't fade nor show dirt.  
**JEANNIE.**  
But mother, b-b-brown is always, ALWAYS BROWN. It's never any other color.

**WIDOW BURNS.** (Still Puzzled.)  
Of course, it isn't. Brown that's good always stays brown.  
(Anxiously.)  
Girl, what ails you?  
**JEANNIE.**  
It's always brown, so they call me "Brownie."

**WIDOW BURNS.** (Still not understanding.)  
Call you "Brownie" child? What for?  
**JEANNIE.** (Sobbing again.)  
I'm always brown and never anything else. Other children have red and blue and pink and yellow and—  
(She breaks off and looks up pleadingly.)  
Mother, can't I have a new dress?

**WIDOW BURNS.** (Troubled.)  
A new dress? Just on account of a few bad children. What silliness when you have plenty to carry you through.  
**JEANNIE.** (Catching hold of her mother's hands pleadingly.)  
Please, mother. Please. Please.  
**WIDOW BURNS.** (Decidedly.)  
No, Jeannie, not now, anyway I have neither the time to make it nor the money to buy it. Later, maybe.

**JEANNIE.** (Much disappointed.)  
That's what the children say. They say I couldn't get any new dresses. They call us "poor folks." Mother, isn't it awful to be so poor?  
**WIDOW BURNS.** (Startled.)  
Jeannie, my girl, what wicked talk is that? And in November, too, the very time when decent folks feel thankful. (She takes hold of the little girl's hands and looks earnestly at her.)  
Don't talk that way, lassie, you make me shiver. Poor? Why, we are not poor, child. We are rich if you could only see it.

**JEANNIE.** (Wonderingly.)  
Rich? Why, mother, how can you say so? The banker is rich, and just look at his big house on the hill. See my house. How can we be rich?  
**WIDOW BURNS.** (Still more earnestly.)  
The big, child. Not everybody who lives in a big house is rich. Being rich is not having things, it's—  
**JEANNIE.** (Eagerly.)  
What is it, then?  
**WIDOW BURNS.** (It's being things, not owning them.)  
**JEANNIE.** (Being things? What do you mean, mother?)  
**WIDOW BURNS.**  
Oh, being honest and hard working and satisfied with the things you have and having those to help you and a place to stay in and good health and things to eat and best of all, being grateful for them.

**JEANNIE.**  
But the rich people have all that!  
**WIDOW BURNS.**  
That they don't, child—many of them. But you, see rich. Count your blessings. Say 'em.  
**JEANNIE.**  
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS!  
**WIDOW BURNS.**  
Yes, count our blessings. We will do that now and religiously. Thanking the day to its end.

(Plucking twelfth finger of her right hand on left.)  
In the first place, we count of good health, both in mother and child, and good weather. That's one.  
(Plucking to pluck twelfth finger on next one of hand she holds up.)

Next, that little body under the brown gingham is strong and hearty, no sickness, nothing crippled, good eyes, ears. That's two things.  
(She touches the next finger of her left hand.)  
You are healthy and go to school every day, and you will learn how to grow up into a wise, good woman.  
(Touching the next finger as she speaks.)  
You have a house to live in, a warm bed to sleep in and plenty to eat.  
(Stepping close to the child to show her she has reached the last finger.)  
You have a good, warm coat, stout shoes and plenty of dresses, even if they are brown gingham.  
(Widow Burns steps to kitchen door to look at clock.)  
Now, child, you see what a big sin it is to talk as you did. Being rich is in thinking so. I have only just begun to tell you all you have. I could go on and on but Mrs. Burns wants her clothes early so she can pack her trunk.  
(Taking Jeannie by the hand.)  
Come on now, dear! I will open a jar of strawberry jam and you shall have a nice big slice of bread to eat on while I am gone. Think it all over and you will soon find yourself a rich little lass indeed.  
(As she speaks they pass out through kitchen door. A moment later Wilful creeps out from her hiding place.)

**WILFUL.**  
I wonder if all the little girls of the EARTH WORLD are as silly as this one. She ought to be teased, I think. If I ever see them doing it, I will help, sure. Complaining when she has a place as warm as this to live in and all she wants to eat without hunting for it. I'd call that an easy life, especially in this kind of weather. Oh, dear, they're coming back.  
(She hides again. Jeannie and her mother come in. The little girl is eating a large slice of bread and jam. Widow Burns ties on a bonnet and goes to outer door but pauses a moment to look back at child.)

**WIDOW BURNS.**  
You be good now, Jeannie, till I come back. Mind that you put the kettle on. (She comes over to kiss the small tear-stained face. After she has gone the little girl puts the bottle of bluing and soap over on the wash bench, then sits down on the chair she has emptied. She eats contentedly until there is the sound of jeering voices.)  
(Continued Next Sunday.)



**POLLY'S COOK BOOK**

Another candy recipe has come to me. All of you who like coconut will want to try it, so here it is: **COCONUT CARAMELS.**  
One cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-fourth cup of coconut, one-half cup of sugar cane syrup and a teaspoon of butter.  
Cook until it will harden in water, then pour in a buttered pan and cut in squares. **POLLY.**



**NUTS TO CRACK BY BILLY SQUIRREL**

Hello, everybody. Today I am going to give you a Thanksgiving contest. The following mixed words are the names of the things we all like to have at our Thanksgiving dinner. Arrange the letters in their proper order and see what you will find:

- 1—Ketyur
- 2—Rehurecuar
- 3—Sutn
- 4—Sinar
- 5—Nipmupk Eip
- 6—Uei Mreac



## 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 adventures, caused by their mistaken efforts to help others, fill the days of the Go-Hawks. One day, after school begins, Napoleon is missing and Jack goes to home to find out the trouble. He discovers Napoleon's "mammy" in the family much in need of help. Jack and the twins start a subscription list, and older friends as well as their own make visit the colored family, carrying donations of all kinds. The twins go home very happy over the help they had given. That night about 12 o'clock they are all awakened by the door-bell ringing. Prof. Trevelyn answers it and finds Napoleon and his brothers and sister. He asks Napoleon to explain why they have come.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)  
"Brought what and to whom, Napoleon?" asked Prof. Trevelyn, and then he noticed what seemed to his eyes an endless number of dark little faces.

"Brought all our kids—cause mammy says she's goin' to die an'—an'— the tears were rolling down the dark, troubled face. "Where's Aunt Sallie, she's goin' to take keer o' all o' us. Prue said she'd do it an' she asked us to come here an' live if mammy died and mammy said she thought she was a-dyin' an' for me t' come on an' bring all the kids t' Aunt Sallie. An' here we are—an' where's Aunt Sallie, 'cause we're tired?"

Miss Sallie's face was a study as she stood at the top of the landing and quietly beheld her new family of sleep-eyed colored children, the youngest a baby in the arms of Napoleon, who leaned wearily against the wall.

"Just sit down here," said the professor, "while I find my sister and tell her you have arrived."

Prof. Trevelyn shook with laughter as he joined his sister. "I see you life work has been brought to your door," he began teasingly.  
"Phillip, if you love me, dress and go to Napoleon's home. I will follow with the children. We will do



"I sure thought I was goin' to die when I sent 'em to you," explained the sick woman. "I s'pose it's 'cause I thought so much 'bout that coffin those youngsters ordered for me. You are not away with me, are you?"

"No, indeed! I am very thankful you are better," replied Miss Sallie, as she did what she could for the woman's comfort.

"Having for niece two squaws who are active members of a mighty tribe of Indians cause rather unusual complications for an aunt," she remarked to her husband as they returned home.

"I am beginning to think as my self," he replied, as he bade her goodnight for the second time.

**THE END**