

Happy Land



They Proved Themselves to Be Good Go-Hawks

ONE afternoon several weeks ago Happy was standing near the corner of one of the city's little side streets. Suddenly she saw a small group making its way slowly across the street. In it were three street boys, a man carrying a stool, and a cup hung by a cord around his neck. With his cane he was trying to feel his way safely across the street, when these boys had sprung forward. Two took hold of his arms while the third tried to steer the blind man gently from behind. They were all so interested in what they were trying to do that they paid no attention whatever to those of us who stood watching the pretty sight.

When the street was safely crossed and the blind beggar tried to thank them, one little chap said, "Oh, pshaw! You mustn't get scared. We'll always help you cross the street." Then they started him in the right direction where he hoped to find a corner in the sunshine where he could stay close to a tall building.

Then the boys turned and came back across the street talking earnestly. One shook his head sadly as he said: "Gee, I'm glad we came along to help him. It must be awful to be blind."

"Seems like we have been finding something all the time to do ever since we joined the Happy Tribe."

And there pinned on the coat of that boy was one of our own Go-Hawk buttons, just the kind that every one of you wears so proudly. If a button could feel, I am very sure it would be just as proud to be worn by that boy as he was to wear it. Our button always stands for kindness, kindness, kindness, every day, everywhere, to everybody and everything, in your homes and in our schools. If you are watching for a chance to be kind, you will find it, never fear.

Just as these boys did on a downtown street. All you have to do is to be ready for the chance when it comes. And now goodby until next Sunday.

Happy



Here is a fine recipe for a cold winter night in the north or for any cool evening in some other part of the country.

ONE MEAL STEW.

One and one-half pounds boneless lean beef three tablespoons bacon grease, one onion size of a door knob, four medium sized carrots, one large green pepper, one pint of tomatoes, one-fourth cup barley, two tablespoons rice, three-fourths tablespoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper.

Cut meat in pieces the size of a walnut. Place in bacon grease in a skillet and let simmer and brown, keeping skillet uncovered. When brown remove mixture from skillet and place in stew kettle with barley, carrots and rice. Pour over enough water to have mixture well covered. Set kettle on stove and simmer slowly for one hour, keeping kettle covered. At the end of an hour cut the onion in small pieces, chop the green pepper, mash the tomatoes and peel and cut potatoes in medium sized pieces and add all to the meat mixture. Return kettle to fire and cook until vegetables are tender, adding additional water if needed. Serve hot. I am going to try it right away, for I am sure daddy and Peter will like it.

POLLY.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

Tod ya the curtain falls on our little play that you have been reading so eagerly from week to week. You have read how the cold drove Fairy Wilful to seek shelter in the cobbler's shop. She had not meant to like him and was jealous of the care he was taking to mend the torn shoe of a poor little street boy. In spite of herself, this kindness softened her hard heart and she offered to take care of his shop while he went for a bite of supper. Strange things happened while he was gone. The name of the play is

"THE OLD COBBLER."

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

WILFUL. (Wistfully.)

Oh, please, dear fairies, be so kind and tell me, tell me where to find my sister, who is always near; and yet, this Earthworld is so queer I never find her—Pity me—Oh, where, WHERE can my sister be?

GIRL. (Gently.)

Dear Wilful, you were fairy born and so you'll waken some bright morn to know kind hearts are best of all; and then you'll hear our good queen call you home to Fairyland to stay, and Jeif will help you find the way.

BOY.

And now we'll go and leave you here to watch the Cobbler joy all year.

(Leather Fairies, followed by Shoestring boys, go dancing out, and in a moment the cobbler enters. He hands a small package to Wilful.)

COBBLER.

Here is a hot sandwich for you, child.

(Wilful takes it and begins eating hungrily.)

While you are finishing your supper I will see about some other shoes for you.

(Cobbler turns his back to the child and goes to other side of shop, as though to search for shoes for her. Wilful is suddenly embarrassed again by her own strange sense of tenderness toward the new friend, and when his back is turned she steals out. Before the cobbler is aware that she has gone, the door opens and Bobby enters.)

BOBBY.

(Rubbing his hands together.) Whew! But it's running cold. I'm surely glad that you mended my shoe.

In Field and Stream.

Those who love and study birds closely are able to tell by the shape of their beaks just how they live and on what they feed. For instance, the strong-hooked beak of a hawk shows that he catches his animals to eat, while the long, narrow, sharp bill of a heron proves that he spears his prey often under water.

The beaks of the birds that wade and swim are soft, like leather. The woodcock's long beak is sensitive, so that he is able to feel the worms deep in the mud where they live. Since the cheery little warbler has to pick tiny insects and eggs out of blossoms and from under leaves, his beak is sharp-pointed, and the sharp-edged bill of a sparrow is to break open the hard shells of seeds.

Why do you suppose a duck has such a wide beak with a strainer all around the edge? It is to let the water out while keeping food in. Whenever we see a spoon-shaped bill we know it is to scoop up food, and the thin, flat bill is given to a bird that has to poke for his food into narrow cracks.

Birds' tongues are just as queer as their beaks. The tongue takes the place of a finger just as a beak takes the place of a hand. Since they are just as different one from another as the beaks, I will have to wait to tell you more about them some other Sunday. Your friend, UNCLE JOHN.

John H. Heys of New Bedford, Mass., does not like to see a dog hit or any other animal, such as cats, rabbits and squirrels.

Ruby Morrow of Cape Girardeau, Mo., is a lover of birds and animals and always watches the birds build their nests in the spring.

(Picks up his shoe from bench and sits down on floor and starts to put it on.)

COBBLER.

(Turning around, looks about and is bewildered.)

Why—where has the little girl gone?

BOBBY.

(Absorbed in fastening his shoe.) What little girl? I didn't see any little girl here.

COBBLER.

(Suddenly discovering all the new shoes. In dazed voice says.)

What has happened? My shoes have all been mended or changed to new ones!

BOBBY.

(Pointing much excited, toward the window.)

There's someone looking in at the window. It must be your little girl. Come I'll go with you and maybe we can find her.

(Cobbler snatches his coat and hat and follows Bobby out into the street in search of Fairy Wilful. Fairy Wilful enters and dances lightly about the shop, touching the shoes and the violin with her wand.)

WILLING.

(Tenderly.)

Dear sister, how I wish you could always be so kind and true! Our Queen is good to let me stay so near you every single day. With all the help my wand can give, so you can learn to love and live.

(Willing puts her fingers to her ear as through she heard a noise of someone coming. She dances lightly out of the shop just as the cobbler enters.)

COBBLER.

(Puzzled.)

This is certainly the queerest thing I ever did see. Not one trace of that little girl could we find. (He shuts his door, locks it, winds his clock.)

Folks would think me foolish (taps his head) to say fairies have been in this room, but it certainly looks mighty like it. I'm surely able to start the New Year right.

(Looks with pride around his shop.)

Makes me feel like wishing the whole world a Happy, Happy New Year.

(Picks up his violin, turns toward the audience and begins playing "Long, Long Ago." Curtain slowly falls while he is playing.)

(The End.)

Note—Our new play, "Her Valentine," begins next Sunday.

UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellyn twins, Prudence and Patience. He is very lonely since Aunt Prudence "went away" but grows happier in his new surroundings. The twins, with three of their girl friends, decided to become missionaries and adopt Uncle Peter as their "heathen." They have a meeting in the Mystic Wood and each plans to look after some part of Uncle Peter's welfare. Prudence chooses his health; Patience, his clothes; Rachel, his morals; Jane, his education, and Ruth, his amusement. Figgy Runt, a former warrior of the Tribe of Go-Hawks, starts a restaurant and with his sister, Ruth, carries out small tables to their back yard. The cook promises to make him fried potatoes. Mrs. Runt gives him a jar of jam and some wafers and all is in readiness. Figgy wonders how to secure some customers, when he sees Jack and Donald waiting across the street for the restaurant to open.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

He determined then and there to press them into service and, running across the street, said, "The potatoes are cooking, everything's most ready and say, won't you kids go get some customers for me? Get 'em right away, won't you? If you will I'll give you a meal for nothing."

"Don't you worry, for we'll get you a lot. Kids are always hungry," was Jack's comforting assurance as they started off. "Keep the potatoes hot."

"Most likely we'll get more than he can feed," and Donald strutted along boastfully. "I'm glad I'm going to be a preacher, then I won't have to have any one help me. There's nothing much to do except make up sermons, baptize babies and marry folks."

"How do know you won't need help? I'll bet that Piggy and I will have to make people come to hear you preach, just so you won't have to preach to empty seats. Nobody will want to hear you if you don't cheer up." Jack spoke as though he thought it best that Donald be reminded of all that would face him in his chosen profession. "You'll have to go see sick people."

"Maybe there won't be any babies and if you are any account you'll keep folks well."

"Anyway," persisted Jack, "preachers are supposed to be cheerful and let other folks fuss."

"Who are you going to get for Piggy?" Donald spoke as though he thought it best to change the subject.

"We'll ask every kid we meet," replied Jack. This they did, hunting up their old friends besides, and the result was that big brothers and sisters were besieged for pennies the remainder of the day. So energetic was Jack in Piggy's behalf that he borrowed a bell and paraded the streets, clanging it noisily, while

Donald cried in as near a representation as he could make of the barkers during state fair week. "Dinner is now ready! A good hot meal—all you can eat for 1 cent! Follow us to Runts."

Grown people smiled at each other while children clapped their hands with glee. As fast as pennies could be accumulated their owners attached themselves to the procession.

"String out there, kids! Make yourselves look as long as possible to draw trade!" commanded Jack, and gave his bell an extra shake.

He purposely led the procession past the home of Professor Trevellyn, convinced that he might hope to secure a patron or two from that direction. He rang his bell so long and furiously that Aunt Sallie and Uncle Peter both hurried in alarm to the gate.

"What in the world is the matter, Jack?" asked Miss Sallie.

He lifted his cap as he made reply. "Nothing at all, Aunt Sallie, only Piggy has started a restaurant and Don and I are trying to get him some customers. We have all these." He pointed with pride to the children who formed the straggling procession at his heels. "Wouldn't you like to join us, Uncle Peter?"

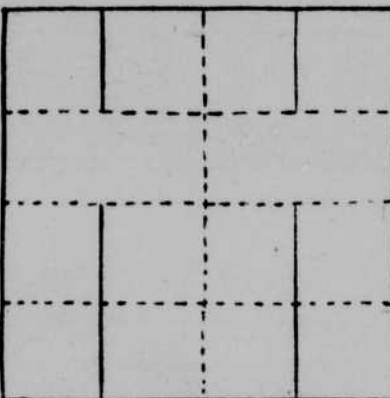
Aunt Sallie laughed and so did Uncle Peter at the vision of himself bringing up the rear of the line. He appreciated none the less that the suggestion was made seriously and asked, "Is the restaurant to be open all day?" Receiving an affirmative reply, he said, "Please tell Piggy for me that I will bring a party of guests at 3 o'clock this afternoon. There will be six of us and I will pay extra if he will decorate the table. I'd like to have a special waiter, and if we can have some music I'll pay for that, too."

"A regular party?" queried Jack. Copyright, 1923.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



One of our Go-Hawks, Francis Sullivan of Lawrence, Mass., has written to tell me how much he enjoys making the things I suggest in our workshop. He sends us two small drawings, made, oh, so



carefully. One is for a doll sofa. Take a piece of rather heavy paper, any color you wish, and fold it into 16 squares. Fold it on the dotted lines and cut on the solid lines. Francis tells us that this is easy to make.

Your friend, PETER.



What do you want today?" asked the grocery clerk of little John. "A quart of eggs and a dozen vinegar," was the quick answer.

Dorothea's mother was ill and a trained nurse had just arrived to take care of her. The child heard the family talking about her and watched her with great interest. Finally she sat down in her little chair and looked at Miss Shepard expectantly.

"Daddy told me you were a trained nurse," she said. "Well, when are you going to do your tricks?"

What we call Luck Is Simply Pluck. And doing things over and over; Courage and will. Perseverance and skill. Are the four leaves of Luck's clover.

Ruth D. Hanchett of South Natick, Mass., is chief of a Go-Hawk tribe that is giving plays and helping poor and sick children.

WEATHER Sleet Storm of Skates in Happyland.



What is full of holes and yet holds water?

Answer—A sponge.

Which is easier to spell—fiddle-de-dee or fiddle-de-dum?

Answer—The former, because it is spelled with more es (ease).

What animal would you like to be on a cold day?

Answer—A little 'otter.

What part of a fish weighs the most?

Answer—The scales.

When do we first hear of paper currency?

Answer—When the dove brought the green back to the ark.

What is always beheld time?

Answer—The back of a watch.

Mildred Babb of Springsdale, Ark., lost her button and felt like a lost Go-Hawk without it.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not lounge at the table. He sits erect, not too far and not too near the table and does not lean on it with his elbows or slouch back in his chair. 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-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 90,000 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."