



Boy Wishes Happyland Page Every Day

"I WISH we could have a big Happyland page every day," writes one of the Go-Hawks, and when Happy read that letter she wished so, too, because there is never room enough nor time to tell you of all the new tribes forming and the beautiful deeds of kindness, all helping to make the name, Go-Hawk, so much loved. That is, after all, what counts most.

"I love being a Go-Hawk," writes Caroline McBride of Rensselaer Falls, N. Y., and many children will call, "We do, too."

Alex Kelso of Campbell Hill, Ill., sends word that he has 10 friends who want to have a tribe. Good news comes to Happyland from Bald Knob, W. Va., where Mr. J. E. Cook's Sunday school class of 14 boys and girls from 12 to 16 wish to be Go-Hawks and do their share.

Barbara Thurston of Worcester, Mass., has a tribe of 10, among whom she is known as "Chief Blue Jacket." They keep a record of all their kind deeds, for which the members are given honor beads. Paul Dierdorf and four young friends, who live on Ontario street in Syracuse, N. Y., have had many good times during the spring, for they have a small tribe of their own. Lois Eaton and her tribe of six girls in Freedom, N. H., report much pleasure in making scrap books for children's hospitals, sending greetings to people who are ill. They are also trying their best to keep up well in their grades at school. Isn't that a fine record? There is a merry little band in Woodford, Okl., of which Mrs. Richard Johnson is the guardian. Iowa Go-Hawks are forming many new tribes these days and so are Nebraska and Colorado. Indiana and Ohio just call, "Watch Us," and that means more good news is on the way to

Happy



This week I made several tops for some of the boys in our neighborhood, all of whom are spinning tops and playing marbles these days. To make this spiral top you must have a cone-shaped piece of spool, a pencil and a cardboard disk. Make your disk first and fill in the alternate rings with either black ink or water color, then cut out the disk. Pierce a hole through the exact center to



fit over the pencil end and glue the under side to the top of the cone-shaped piece of spool. To spin the top, hold the upper part of the pencil between your hands with your palms together. Slide your hands back and forth, first slowly and then rapidly. Release it so that it will drop squarely upon its point. Your friend, PETER.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAFF and ELEANOR CAMERON

Fairy Wilful was banished from Fairyland to wander about the earth until her hard little heart was softened. She was much surprised to find the earth children had troubles, too, and she often wished her magic wand had not lost its power. In our April play in the Fairy Grotto of HAPPYLAND she overhears Mary Jane and Richard telling each other how disappointed they had been in the gifts they had received rather than the things they wanted so much. The name of the play is

"HER PINK PARASOL."

(Continued from Last Sunday)

RICHARD.
(Musingly.)

I guess parents are getting more and more sensible all the time. They are so busy nowadays they never seem to think of things just for fun. (Jumps up.) I almost forgot—I came over to ask you to go to the store with me. Leave your old-uncle-me-me—I mean your new-umbrella here.

MARY JANE.

(All smiles as she jumps up.) Good-by, little old black umbrella! You can stay home 'cause you're not pink and pretty as you should be, and so you can't go with us when the sun is shining. Good-by, I say! (Children leave garden, right stage.)

FAIRY WILFUL.

(Rises suddenly from behind a rose bush, where she had been concealed. She has heard the conversation of the children.)

Seems to me there's always something the matter. The children here in the Earthworld never know how well off they are.

(Sits down on bench near the umbrella. Picks it up and looks at it curiously.)

To hear Mary Jane talk, I supposed that you were very, VERY ugly. You're NOT! You are just sort of dull looking. Where I came from we never had any umbrellas. If it rained in Fairyland we just sat under a toadstool till it stopped, and that was all there was about it. Toadstools are much nicer. They grow all along the way, and so you never have to bother to carry anything like this around.

(Looks at umbrella in her hand.) NO, INDEED!

(Leans back on the settee as if tired.) I like it here in this garden.

(Glances about her and then down at her broken wand.) I am so tired of you—you silly, broken wand! You never can do anything when I want you!

(Wilful jumps down from the seat to touch the toadstool.)

If this old wand were not broken I could turn you into a pink parasol—quicker—oh, quicker than a bird can fly—and you, old wheelbarrow.

(She walks closer to the wheelbarrow and raps it.)

I'd make you into a bicycle for the boy Richard. My! If I COULD do those things, wouldn't it make those funny earth children open their eyes wide? (Wistfully.) I WISH I could, but it's no use for even a fairy to wish anything with a wand like this. I am going, for I do not want to see Mary Jane come back to this umbrella when she goes so want a pink parasol. Poor little girl! I must be getting sort of foolish running around this Earthworld, but I supposed no one ever had any troubles here, and I am always finding some one who needs my help if I could only give it.

(Fairy Wilful picks up the umbrella and looks at it meditatively.)

You see, little umbrella, no one thought me good for anything in Fairyland—perhaps I wasn't. (Slowly.) My sister, Wilful, and our queen would

laugh if they could hear me say I would like to turn you or that toadstool into a pink parasol.

(Puts umbrella gently down and glances about the garden as though sorry to tear herself away.)

This is a pretty garden and I hate to leave it, but I must.

(Starts to go.)

I know what I'll do, I'll look all around and see if I cannot find a pretty pink parasol. Surely there is one somewhere in this big place. That's a good thought! I'll hurry!

(She claps her hands and runs gayly off. Wilful had no sooner gone than Fairy Wilful, all smiles and joyousness, dances in from left stage. As she skips about she touches the toadstool lightly with her wand—who rises and joins her.)

(Continued Next Sunday)

In Field and Forest.

What good friends the birds are to us! They may not know how much they are really doing when searching each day from early to late for the food they need and like.

That food is nearly always the caterpillars that eat the leaves off our trees, the worms that get into our berries and apples, the beetles that spoil the roses and potatoes, and all other worms and grubs that gardeners and farmers are so busy fighting.

Since they are such splendid helpers in destroying all these creatures that bother us, it makes us feel ready to forgive them for sometimes wanting to have a share of our green peas and cherries. It has been proved over and over by men who are making a deep study of the subject that the birds eat far more of the things we do not wish to keep than those that we want them to leave alone.

Take, for instance, the chickadee, that likes best to eat the eggs of canker worms. They will eat as many as 250 eggs each meal, several times a day. These are the worms that destroy the apples you love. Robins and catbirds like to eat the cutworms which destroy grass and plants, and flickers enjoy eating ants.

Owls and hawks eat the mice, ground squirrels and gophers, all of which are pests to the farmer. Herons, gulls and other water birds eat the waste matter thrown up on the seashore or found floating on the water.

If we make friends with the birds and protect them we will find how many ways they will help us. This Sunday I have told you of their help in destroying animal life. Next Sunday I will tell you of other ways they have of proving their friendship. Your

UNCLE JOHN.

Eula Acuff of St. Genevieve, Mo., has built a little wren house of four rooms and is always kind to animals.

WEATHER

Rain Awakens Flowers in Happyland.



UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

Synopsis.

Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellyn twins, Prudence and Patience. Because he is lonely, the twins, with three of their girl friends, form a missionary society and adopt him as their "heathen." Each is to look after some part of his welfare. Prudence chooses his health; Patience, his clothes; Rachel, his morals; Jane, his education; and Ruth, his amusements. Returning home early one afternoon from his work at the university, Professor Trevellyn finds Patience asleep in his study. Several weeks of illness follow, but as Patience grows better she has great fun, planning her "Working Girls" picnic. The guest list includes her nurse, the cook, Martha, the sewing girl, the hairdresser, who shampoos her hair, and the washwoman, Mrs. Flaherty.

NO GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

Professor Trevellyn had a small stove set up, and rugs, pillows and cushions were carried out. Invitations were extended to all women who worked for the family, in whatever capacity. Lest they might feel they could not afford to give their time for the pleasure of her niece, Miss Sallie paid to each her full day's wages. They were all fond of Patience and came to the picnic eager to contribute a share toward her happiness. They did not pretend to understand why they were the chosen guests, but they were none the less appreciative of the fact.

Patience and the nurse did not go to the picnic grounds until all had assembled. While waiting for their hostess the washwoman explained with embarrassment that she had been so "bothered" for she had nothing appropriate to wear. She believed that the seamstress, at least, must recognize the fact that one of the guests was not arrayed in the height of fashion.

So immaculately clean was the washwoman's dress that the hairdresser and the seamstress felt they owed her an apology, for they had worn theirs all week. Clothes did not trouble the cook so much, but she simply could not take her eyes from the wondrous locks of the hairdresser. It seemed to her that she would not have lived in vain if she could but learn to do her hair in similar fashion.

They had all been in the employ of Miss Sallie for some time, so were sufficiently familiar with one

another's connection with the family to overlook their difference in social position. For one day at least the washwoman was on an equal footing with the others.

When Patience came the doors were then closed and the picnicers left undisturbed. They gathered about her affectionately, telling her how happy they were to be her guests and entering with the zest of children into the games that had been arranged.

"Aren't we having a grand time?" remarked the cook to every one in general.

"Sure an' it's an auspicious occasion, all right," replied Mrs. Flaherty, whose face was quite red from her unwonted romping.

While each voiced her sense of gratitude in a different manner, all were equally as appreciative of the tender thought of the child and did her best to entertain the others.

At noon a cloth was spread and the baskets unburdened of their delicious contents. Since it was a picnic the guests felt they might eat all they wished, especially as their hostess was so insistent and passed everything over and over. By 3 o'clock Patience began to show signs of fatigue and the nurse suggested she had better return to the house to rest.

"There is just one thing I would like to do first," she whispered to the nurse. "I want to sing a few war songs together. Will you please bring out the song book father gave me?"

When the book was brought the guests were requested to gather round their hostess and join in the singing. To do so did not worry the seamstress, who was a member of her church choir, but the cook was accustomed to singing only in Swedish, her native tongue. The washwoman was "that flustered," as she afterward expressed it, that she could scarcely read the words. (Copyright by David McKay. All rights reserved. Printed by permission and special arrangements with David McKay Publishing Company.)

(Continued Next Sunday)



Two or three of Peter's friends were here last evening "listening in" on his new radio, so I made them a new kind of fudge.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.

Two cups of sugar.
One cup of milk.
Two tablespoons butter.
One teaspoon vanilla.
Four tablespoons cocoa.
Boil sugar, cocoa and milk together until when you drop a little from a spoon in cold water it will form a soft ball. Remove from the fire and add butter and vanilla. Beat until it is thick and creamy. Pour quickly into a greased pan. When firm cut in squares.

The boys seemed to like this fudge all right, as they ate every bit of it.

POLLY.

"The world is a looking-glass, Where ourselves are shown— We cannot change the world a whit, Only ourselves who look in it."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk reads and enjoys good books. When so many fine books are close at hand, often in your own home and always in your town or city library, why waste your time or thoughts on silly, poorly written stories? Choose your books carefully as you would your friends, and our Guide Post will help you. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



Little Marian and Charles were playing out in the yard when a feather came fluttering across the grass. Marian picked it up, and, running to her mother, said: "Oh, mother, look! I found the leaf of a chicken!"

One Sunday 4-year-old George went with his mother and some friends to see a baptism in the Episcopal church. He was very much interested in the ceremony and when they returned home was telling the rest of the family about it.

"My, I wish you could have seen them advertising Baby Paul," he exclaimed.



Spell dried grass with three letters.
Answer—H-A-Y.

Spell hard water with three letters.
Answer—I-C-E.

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, supervisor of children's work, Boston Public Library. This week she suggests:

- Brown, A. F., "In the Days of Giants."
- Collins, A. F., "Sentinels of Our Coast."
- Ewing, J. H., "Jackanapes."
- Hopkins, W. J., "The Sandman; His Ship Stories."
- Perry, W. S., "With Azir Girges in Egypt."
- Pyle, Howard, "Robin Hood."

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."

THE SINGING DELL

PUSSY WILLOW WAY

By HAPPY

DEAR Pussy Willows in your tree,
How very happy you must be,
With robins nesting close to you
In branches, where the stars shine through.
You've crept out in your coats of gray,
For that's your pussy willow way
Of telling all the world it's spring,
When April cries while robins sing.