



Six Go-Hawks Tell Why They Love Their Mother

HOW glad everyone who has a mother should be today! Long, long ago, when someone asked Napoleon what was the greatest need of France, he replied, "Mothers." What he believed of France is true of every other country. Today is Mothers' day and we love it because it gives us still another chance to show in some way that we agree with Napoleon. No one is needed more than mother.

Several weeks ago Happy asked six Go-Hawks, three braves and three squaws, each to write in a few words, "Why I love my mother." So few of us ever stop to think why we love our mother any more than we love the sunshine.

Phillip's reply was the first to come—"I love my mother because she is my best friend. No matter what I do, she is always ready to forgive me and forget and then help me to do better."

"Everybody has the best mother in the world," writes Abigail Ann, "and so I think mine is best, and that's why I love her."

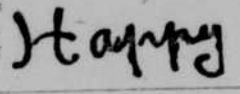
"When I am in the wrong, mother always tells me in such a friendly way, that it makes me want to do right," is the compliment 12-year-old John paid to his mother.

"I love my mother because she never forgets she was a little girl once and she understands how I feel. She doesn't seem grown up," was the reply Dorothy sent.

"There's something inside of me that never lets me stop loving my mother," writes Polly. "She's just mother, and I can't help loving her."

"My mother never tells me a lie and always plays fair with me. That's why I love her," is the fine tribute Paul pays to his mother.

How many of you Go-Hawks and those not yet members have ever stopped to think why you love your mother? This is a good day to think about it and also the best of days to show her in some way you are thinking of her and loving her.



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. Patience and Prudence have much to report at the meetings about Uncle Peter's health and clothes, so Rachel then hands him up to find out about his morals. During their talk, she is relieved to discover that he does not lie nor steal, that he even says his prayers several times a day, but, alas! he does covet his neighbor's Jersey cow when he thinks of the buttermilk he might have.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

She studied him in silence for a few minutes, thinking intently. "It seems to me that wanting other folks' buttermilk is the only bad thing about your morals. If we work hard we can cure that."

"We can try hard, anyway, and that's half over. Everyone has some temptation to overcome."

"I can sort of understand about the buttermilk," she said consolingly, "for when I pass the popcorn stand on the corner, that man looks right at me all the time until I feel so popcorny that I can hardly pass him. Do you know, it seems to me I can hear it popping right now," and she perched her head on one side, smiling as though listening to a welcome sound.

"Well, do tell! I certainly never did hear anything like that. If you can hear it popping this far away it must be calling us. Most likely it is saying, 'Uncle Peter, bring Rachel and get popcorn for all the missionaries.' He seemed to understand that even missionaries would relish popcorn. They stole out of the side gate, intending to return and surprise the others.

Rachel felt so proud to be walking alone with Uncle Peter that she found herself almost forgetting his morals. At all events, she was convinced that popcorn would distract his mind from buttermilk. She felt, however, impelled to pursue the subject of his "morals" a little further.

"Uncle Peter, I heard mother say to father last night that it was a wicked shame for any young man to spend his time in riotous living. You do not do that, do you?"

"Of course, I do live more riotously than I used to on the farm. I

can't help it, but then five missionaries to take care of me is a big safeguard."

She felt instinctively the tenderness of his words. She had no conception of what "riotous living" meant, but it was a great relief to her to know that he was not guilty. "I don't believe you have any morals, Uncle Peter, for it seems to me you are almost perfect. If you will only stay this way you will make my life work for you easy," she concluded by way of encouragement. Then they reached the popcorn stand.

"We will take six bags," ordered the heathen extravagantly.

"Six?" gasped the child.

"Yes, each one of the missionaries must have one. You know yourself what anxious work it is to look after a heathen, and you ought to be fortified with popcorn at least. Then, as long as I gave away one of Aunt Sallie's roses, she surely ought to have some popcorn. So, there you are, six bags! We can't do with a bag less."

It was fortunate that Uncle Peter had been having regular exercises with Prudence. So eager was Rachel to return with the treat that he was obliged fairly to caper down the street. "You had better run ahead with the corn," he finally directed in self defense. "It might get cold."

She trilled shrilly as she ran into the yard and the missionaries looked in amazement. "For the puffed sakes!" exclaimed Jane. "Where has Rachel been?"

"Uncle Peter sent me on ahead to give you each a bag of popcorn before it gets cold," she announced breathlessly as she tossed a sack to each child. "He is bringing one for Aunt Sallie."

How the tongues flew as they munched their corn. "Did you get his morals fixed?" asked Ruth. "I hope they won't spoil his having a good time."

"Yes, I found out that he hasn't any morals except that he is coveting his neighbor's buttermilk, and I promised him if he would stop that you would amuse him with some of your mother's. He doesn't seem to care a bit about the rest of his neighbor's things. It is just that cow that has tempted him. I don't think it's much of a cow myself."

"What else is the matter with him?" asked Prudence, a bit nervously. Since it was the reputation of her uncle at stake she wanted to know the worst at once.

"He doesn't lie nor steal. He remembers of the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and he does not spend his time in riotous living. I call him almost perfect, myself."

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(Continued Next Sunday.)

When Margaret Jones of St. Louis does something she shouldn't do if she wants to be a good Go-Hawk, she takes off her pin for a day.



Yesterday I planned to make a cake for mother, for you know today is Mother's day, so I wanted to do something especially for her. Mother wants me, most of all, to learn to be a good cook and she said nothing would please her more than something I would make for dinner today all by myself.

VELVET CAKE.

One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, two cups sifted flour, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla extract.

Cream butter and sugar. Beat the eggs stiff and add to first mixture. Sift together the flour and baking powder and add. Then pour in milk and vanilla. Stir until smooth. Bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.

If you wish to make a chocolate marble cake, pour one-half of this in a pan. To the other half add two tablespoons of cocoa and three tablespoons of sugar. Frost with either white or chocolate icing.

To make a spice cake, add one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon nutmeg, one-half teaspoon cloves, Omit vanilla and put in one-half teaspoon lemon extract. Raisins may be added or it may be a plain spice cake with white frosting. For another change, put the white cake into small drop cake pans and frosts half with white and half with chocolate icing. A spice marble cake may be made by dividing as for the chocolate marble cake and adding spices, only mother says you would use only one-half the amount of spices, as you would only be making half a spice cake, you see. It's just fine to have five cake recipes all rolled into one.

POLLY.

To My Mother.

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world.

—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



Not long ago Dorothy Gail came into the house, crying.

"What is the trouble, dear?" asked her mother.

"One of the girls hit me," sobbed Dorothy.

"Did you hit her back?" was the next question.

"No, I hit her stomach," was the reply.

Maurice was visiting at friends and they served a fruit gelatine salad for dinner. As he accidentally touched his plate he jarred the jelly, and, turning to his mother, the little fellow laughed and said: "Oh, mother, look how it's shivering."

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:

Baldwin, James, "Another Fairy Reader."

Hawthorne, N., "The Wonder Book."

Longfellow, H. W., "Hiawatha."

Scott, Sir Walter, "The Talisman."

Stockton, F. R., "Old Pipes and the Dryad."

Sweetser, K., "Ten Girl From History."

Why should a person in bathing tie a cake of soap round his neck?

Answer—Because when he gets in deep water, the soap can wash him ashore.

"When you mind your mother, you're spelling love-to-her."



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

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Today in Happyland's little theater, The Fairy Grotto, the curtain rises on a new play. You will read who is to take part, what they will wear, and the story of the play. Its name is

"WHEN THE DRUM BEATS."

CHARACTERS.
Kathleen.....Slender girl of 8
Donald.....Tall boy of 13
Mrs. Frazer, mother of Kathleen and Donald.....Plump girl of 12 or 13
Wilful, a naughty fairy.....
.....Small, slight girl of 8 or 9
Fairy Willing.....
Girl of same age and size as her twin sister, Wilful.
Flag Fairies.....Boy and girl of 6 or 7
Time—Morning of Memorial day.
Place—Garden at Frazer home.

Story of the Play.

Kathleen and her brother, Donald, had expected to go, as usual, to see the Memorial day parade. To their great disappointment, their mother was unexpectedly called away from home, making it necessary for one or the other of the children to stay and look after their baby brother, Malcolm, Donald,

being older than his sister, and a Boy Scout, felt that he surely should get to the exercises and parade.

Kathleen found it hard not to be envious as she sat with the baby in the garden and watched the children hurrying up the street to the town square to hear the speeches. It seemed to her that all the children in the world were going by. However, unseen by her, a little figure had hidden behind the bushes near by. Later, because she was so sorry for the disappointment of the little girl, she brought about strange happenings in the quiet garden.

Costumes.

Kathleen—Summer frock.

Donald—Boy Scout uniform.

Mrs. Frazer—By wearing long skirt or dress of older girl, and hair on top of head, this little girl will look grown-up.

Fairy Wilful—Soiled white fairy dress, worn white slippers, broken wand, hair tangled and uncombed.

Fairy Willing—White fairy dress, wings, wand with gold star on tip, white slippers and stockings.

Flag Fairies—White costumes, wings of tiny flags.

Properties.

Doll dressed as baby.

Basket or buggy for baby.

Small flag.

Larger silk flag.

Broken wand for Wilful.

Gold wand with star for Willing.

White wands with tiny flag at tip for Flag Fairies.

Scene.

If play is given within doors, arrange stage as a garden by use of flowers, vines and branches of trees.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



Take an old magazine cover which has a bright, gayly-colored picture on it. If it has several figures, so much the better. Paste it on a large piece of stiff cardboard. When it is dry, take your ruler and pencil and divide your picture into squares, with a few triangles. Then



take a large pair of scissors and cut along the lines. You will have a number of pieces when you get through, and it is great fun to mix up the pieces and put the picture together again. Your friend,

PETER.

In Field and Forest

Have you ever stopped to think how often birds are punished for things they really do not do? Many of the stories we read of the harm done by birds are really guess work. Perhaps a man has seen a bird going over his fruit trees, so he decides at once that the bird is destroying his fruit and shoots him. Then he will write about this incident to some paper, telling about this particular bird that he thought was destroying his fruit buds. At once begins a war on this special bird. The truth is the bird was merely picking off the insects that would have spoiled the fruit.

Robins and cedar birds are shot for stealing part of our cherries, blackbirds for taking some grains, orioles because they like a few green peas. Kingbirds have been shot because they have the name of eating bees. It has been proved they eat only the drones, which make no honey and have no sting.

The one great think for Go-Hawks to remember always and always is that birds do more good than harm. They are our friends and destroy daily countless harmful insects and seeds for us. Officers of the United States government by the closest study have proved over and over that this is true. Goodbye until next Sunday.

UNCLE JOHN.



Another of my boy friends, writes that he likes my "nuts" and always looks for them in Happyland first thing. He sends me some for the other Go-Hawks to try. See what a good "nut cracker" you are.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Answer—Halling omnibuses.

Why may a beggar wear a very short coat?

Answer—Because it will be long enough before he gets another.

What is the most awkward time for a train to start?

Answer—12:50, as it's 10 to 1 if you catch it.

What is it that you can keep after giving it to another?

Answer—Your word.

Why is a queen like a hat?

Answer—Because she has a crown.

Why is a plum pudding like the ocean?

Answer—Because it contains many currants (currents).

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 Rley 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 of 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."

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