



**Go-Hawks Give Rather Than Receive.**

**M**OST of you write much more about the letters you want to receive than about what you want to give. So that proves that you are thinking more about what you receive than what you give, and that is really too bad, for it is so very much more fun to give than to receive. Those who have been Go-Hawks a long time have learned that this is true. Because they all thought so much more about giving than receiving, there are today 600 little children in France and Belgium for whom the Go-Hawks cared for during the war. Do you think they will ever forget the Happy Tribe? No, never as long as they live.

Remember, if you really wish to make new friends among the Go-Hawks and exchange letters, there is nothing to prevent you except that you are waiting to receive rather than willing to give. Now start the other way and you will find it great fun.

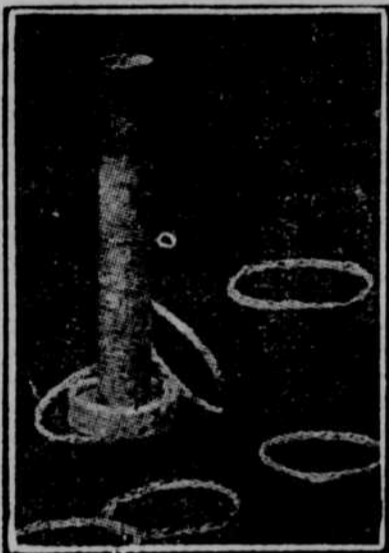
Another thing, you must all be very careful about your letters. Make them more interesting. Write things that are worth while. Write the sort of letters that will prove you really had a right to wear the pretty button that stands for so many things that are good. Once in a while I have heard of a letter starting on its journey that should never have been sent.

Poor little letter—if it could speak it would beg of you never to be sent, for it is ashamed of itself and knows that it will disappoint. You all know when you have written a good letter, one of which to be proud. Try never to let any other kind bear your name. Give the best of yourself in each one. In this way only are the Go-Hawks able through letters to make new friends and to keep them. So try your best for

*Happy*



One of our Indiana Go-Hawks, George Ross, has sent me a drawing and direction for making a game of Ring Toss. Use a cardboard box four inches across the top and a small cardboard mailing tube. Cut a piece the size of the end of your mailing tube from the base of your



box and then turn the box over. Fit the mailing tube down into the stand firmly. This makes your stake.

The rings may be made either of raffia or heavy cord. Use several thicknesses. Cut each into 12-inch lengths and sew or tie the ends together. Rings may also be made out of cardboard by cutting strips and sewing the ends of the strips together. Lightweight curtain rings may also be used. To play the game, each person tosses three rings over the stake, one at a time, standing five ruler lengths away. The one who first tosses over whatever the chosen number may be wins the game. Sounds jolly, doesn't it? PETER.



Peter was out washing the car for daddy yesterday and when he came in he surely did look hot and tired. "Can't we have something cool to drink, Polly?" he asked. "Yes, indeed," I answered, and so I tried this:

**CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKE.**

One egg, one glass of milk, one to two tablespoons sugar, one to two teaspoons cocoa.

Beat the egg (both the white and yolk.) Add sugar and cocoa and beat. Add milk and beat until foamy. This will make a little over a glass.

I doubled the recipe and put it in tall iced tea glasses and added some ice just before I took it in to Peter, and you should have seen him grin from ear to ear when he saw me coming with my little tray.

POLLY.

Bernice Marie Roach of Broken Bow, Neb., would like to hear from Delight Hughs and other Go-Hawks.

**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:

- Anderson, H. C., "Fairy Tales."
- Barbour, R. H., "Weatherby's Inning."
- Hudson, W. H., "Little Boy Lost."
- Longfellow, H. W., "Poems."
- Mable, H. W., "Norse Stories."
- Wheeler, Post, "Russian Wonder Tales."

Darlene Wilson of Swan, Ia., who was 11 years old December 8, would like to find a twin.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

Whenever the curtain rises on a new play in our little theater in Happyland you all wonder what it is to be. You will read today who is to take part in it and what each one will wear. The play has a queer name.

**"THE SCARECROW AND THE RAG DOLL."**

(A play in one act, one scene)

**CHARACTERS.**

SCARECROW—Tall, thin boy of 10 or 11  
 RAG DOLL—Short, plump little girl of 8 or 9  
 CORNELIA—Slender, dark-haired girl of 6  
 FAIRY WILFUL—Girl of 8 or 9; small for age  
 FAIRY WILLING—Girl of same age and height  
 POPPY FAIRIES—Children of 6 or 7  
 WOODLAND BROWNIES—Boy of 6 or 7  
 PLACE—Garden of the Butties home.  
 TIME—July night.

**STORY OF THE PLAY.**

Cornelia Butties dearly loved Peggy, her rag doll, and usually was very careful of her. On this particular summer evening she had gone with her grandmother on an errand to a neighbor's. Coming home a little later than her usual bedtime, she was hurried off to bed and to sleep. She awakened suddenly in the night and remembered she had left Peggy out in the garden. The child and her grandmother were in the house

alone and she did not want to disturb her. Cornelia's love for her doll overcame her fear of going out into the garden alone. Meanwhile strange things happened to the rag doll and she had made a few new friends.

**COSTUMES.**

SCARECROW—Dress as nearly as possible as the comical-looking scarecrow one sees in the gardens.  
 RAG DOLL—Dress to look like a rag doll.

CORNELIA—Usual night clothes for a small girl.

FAIRY WILLING—Dainty folk dress, gilt headband with star on forehead, wing and wand with a tip.

FAIRY WILFUL—Soiled, worn little dress; crooked headband; broken wand.

POPPY FAIRIES—Fairy dresses of scarlet or rose; wings; tiny caps tied beneath chins; silver wands with poppies at tip. Each carries tiny bag of poppy dust to scatter where there are wakeful children.

**PROPERTIES.**

BROWNIES—The usual Brownie costume.

The necessary wand for each fairy and bags of poppy dust for Poppy Fairies.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



Johnny lives in the city and was making his first visit to the country. One evening his aunt was picking a chicken and the little lad watched her with great interest. Finally he said:

"Do you take the clothes off the chickens every night before you put them to bed?"

"The little fish are romping in the sea,

And the sky is blue above them. The little waves are romping merrily.

The seagulls float above them."

**In Field and Forest**

For a few Sundays we are making a study of the oak family. Famous old live oak trees are to be found in many places in the south. It is no wonder we love them, for all through the year they wear a crown of green. Even though the leaves last only one year, they cling to twigs and are kind enough to remain green until they are pushed off by the opening of new leafy shoots. If you had looked at the new leaves on the oak trees this spring you would have found them much brighter than the darker old ones.

In the south the live oak trees are often draped with long ropes of the Spanish moss. It is really not a moss, but a flowering plant that steals its living by hanging to the bark of trees.

When the live oak tree sheds its leaves in the spring the tree never seems to be bare, because it has so many soft, light brown catkins. Long ago the early shipbuilders used the short, strong trunks of these great trees to brace the sides of their vessels.

Acorns from the live oaks are so sweet to the taste that the Indians were glad to use them for food, either boiling or roasting them. If you have a live oak in your own yard or in the woods near by, look carefully at its acorns. You will find them very peculiar. In their dainty dark brown suits and resting in long-stemmed cups. They look like little brown babies sometimes to your

UNCLE JOHN.

"Be happy; let who will be sad. There are so many pleasant things, So many things to make us glad— The flower that buds, the bird that sings."



It is very nice of my little friends to send me so many "nuts" and I am sure I'll not be hungry if they continue being so thoughtful of me. St. Louis sends me the ones I am sharing with you today.

1—Ten men were walking under one umbrella. Why didn't they get wet?

Answer—Because it wasn't raining.

2—Why is a penny like a hen sitting on a fence?

Answer—On one side there is head and on the other side a tail.

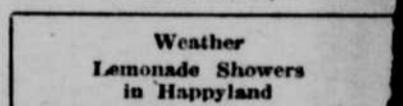
3—What is behind a star?

Answer—A policeman.

4—When is a board not a board?

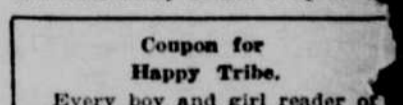
Answer—When it is afloat.

Winifred Collins, 15 years old, Box 223, Manlius, N. Y., would be glad to hear from Go-Hawks in California and Texas who are about her age.



E. Pratt of New Boston, N. H. likes the Fairy Grotto plays so much that she is going to give out this summer.

Marie Bangher of Sullivan, loves to read "Polly's Cook Book" and tries many of her recipes.



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 on every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."

**UNCLE PETER HEATHEN**

**SYNOPSIS.**  
 Uncle Peter came to live at the home of the Trevellyn Twins, Prudence and Patience. Because he is lonely, the twins, with three of their girls 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. Each girl reports on his progress and they even go to the dancing class to ask if he may join their dancing class. Prudence tells Uncle Peter of their great surprise and he laughs heartily. He wonders if the other children will want him as much as the missionaries, and Prudence declares that they all smile every time he comes near.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"And, Uncle Peter, we have everything arranged with Miss Kelsey. We have told her you would come and so you will just have to go." She was silent a minute and then said sedately, "We have taken you to raise, and so you will have to be raised as we think best. Being raised is hard sometimes, I know," and she squeezed his hand sympathetically, as one who knew whereof she spoke.

"I like being raised over again," he protested, "and there's not a bit of use in your being missionaries unless you do your work well. If you think it is the correct thing for a heathen to go to dancing school, of course I will go. I tell you I am mighty glad now that Patience bought me that new suit."

"You are such a comfort, Uncle Peter, oh, such a comfort. I don't suppose any mother ever had a better boy than you, and I am so glad you are not stiff in your joints. Goodness, there is Aunt Sallie calling me again and I will have to go this time." She kissed him affectionately.

"Good night, dear, and I am so glad I am your heathen."

"Have you enough cover?" She could not refrain from lingering a minute longer. "You had better say your prayers in bed, for the floor is cold, and if you want anything in the night you will call me, won't you? I want you to stay all llimbered up so you can two-step as well as any of the boys," were her closing words as she left the room.

**CHAPTER IX.**

**Pleasures of Dancing School.**

Uncle Peter lay awake for some time after Prudence had gone. He was thinking of the events of the past six months and laughed softly to himself over many recollections. He had been happier than he would have dreamed possible, for the children had grown to fill a large place in his interests. Not only had he won the love of the missionaries, but it seemed to him that all children smiled into his eyes, and he was proud of his conquests.

**Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk**

A good Go-Hawk does not neglect his garden. During the hot weather a garden needs plenty of water and watchful care to see that it is kept free of weeds. Whether you are raising flowers or vegetables, please remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

When other men came to spend an evening with Professor Trevellyn Uncle Peter would listen to them vaguely as they discussed the world of finance. None of his great happenings disturbed his peace of mind, but seemed far removed from him. He tried to appear interested because these things were of moment to Sallie and Philip, and he loved them. Still he vaguely pitied those who were obliged to devote time and energy to such troublesome affairs, for he had turned back the pages of life and come again to



the childlike attitude and faith. It is all beautiful and right that life's cares slip away as they do, when life's journey is nearly at an end. Uncle Peter envied no man, and he felt richer than a king, for he had, what seemed to him the very best thing in the world, the love of little children.

His young friends were a never-ending source of interest and amusement to him. He found himself studying them and planning for their pleasure. As he lay back among his pillows half dozing, half dreaming, he realized that he was more proud of the children's affection for him than he had ever been of anything else. He did not know just why they loved him, but he knew that it made all else in the world seem small by contrast.

So tender was Uncle Peter's heart that he could not refuse their childish demands, comical though they often were. He was amused at the prospect of his going to dancing school and he fell asleep with a smile on his face. During the next few days he often took from his pocket the ticket Prudence had given him. He would laugh heartily and at the same time it never occurred to him that he would or could refuse to do as the children wished. They loved him, wanted him to share their pleasures, and these were reasons enough for him to try to grant their requests.

Grave was the responsibility felt by the missionaries at the thought of taking their heathen to dancing school. However, they knew that he would be welcome, for his sunny smile and unfeeling kindness had made him a general favorite.

"Uncle Peter, you remember how to dance the Virginia reel, don't you?" asked Prudence as they took their early morning walk.

"Yes, indeed, I remember and I used to like the Virginia reel best of all the dances when I was young. Why do you ask?"

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 (Continued Next Sunday.)