

Happy Land



Go-Hawk Wins an Honor Star This Week

Splendid examples of courage are reaching Happyland every day, and courage is one of the fine traits of every good Go-Hawk. Sometimes it takes courage just to do cheerfully the little every-day things you do not enjoy. And then again, all unexpected will come a chance for great bravery and quick action. This is what happened to Leighton Colter, a New England Go-Hawk, who lives in Campello, Mass.

He, a boy friend and small sister were playing with some toy boats. Suddenly a little girl slipped and went head over heels into the deep water. Her life was in great danger. By snatching a pole quickly and running it under her belt the boy managed to pull her to shore and safety. She was frightened and breathless for she had gone down twice. So, today you will find Leighton's name on the Honor Roll with a star before it for having saved a human life.

Leighton is chief of a very active tribe. The members have fixed up an old shed to use as their clubroom and call it, you remember, "The Go-Hawk Inn." They have given a special meaning to all the letters in the word "Go-Hawk" as follows: G, gentle; O, obedient; H, honorable; A, ambitious; W, worthy; K, kindness. These are all fine words for Go-Hawks to study.

Another very active Go-Hawk is Carlos Curtis, who lives in the Cumberland mountains, Squatchie, Tenn. Carlos does as well about all the outdoor things as a real Indian and has no fear about anything. Josephine Hobbs of Saspanco, Tex., has a jolly little tribe of seven members, and Jane Platt of Wilder, Vt., has had just as good a time with her tribe this summer. Judging from your own letters that are pouring in every mail, this is just what is happening right here in our very own state, where children of all ages are fast becoming Go-Hawks and forming jolly little tribes among themselves. Of course, they want to have good times, but somehow they all seem to be trying very hard to prove themselves good citizens, too.

Happy



UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

SYNOPSIS.

Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellin twins, Prudence and Patience. Because he is lonely, the twins and 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 education, and Ruth his amusements. Each girl reports on his progress. Jack Carroll and Donald are so much engrossed with what the girls have done for their "heathen" that they decide to do some helpful work themselves. Free baths for the poor is Donald's suggestion and he offers their house and bathroom as his parents are away and he is staying with Jack. They go to the bathroom and look it over.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"Looks just as though they were waiting for us," remarked Donald. "Isn't it funny, the text in Sunday school yesterday was, 'Seek and ye shall find,' and the teacher said we could always find some good work to do if we were on the lookout, and here we are."

"I call this taking advantage of your opportunities, and father says that's half the battle in life, and we might never have a chance like this."

"The folks won't be home for 10 days and, gee, we can have a lot of baths in 10 days."

"We might as well stay over here all day as half a day. Mother will let us."

"I think we can give four baths an hour easy. It ought not take a kid more than 15 minutes to get clean with a shower, and he could be mighty dirty, too," said Donald. "And say, do you think we ought to let the same kids have more'n one bath?"

"Oh, yes, if they need them. We must not be stingy in the work. Didn't you hear Miss Elsworth say that people came over and over again and would wait their turns to take a bath? She said the women even brought their washing to do in the laundry."

"And working women left their babies," interrupted Donald.

Jack's imagination took another wild leap. "Oh, Don, let's make this a settlement house while we're about it. If we can make a go of it, then I won't care so much about the other work, the lawyer and preacher business, I mean."

Donald visibly hesitated. He was always slower to grasp ideas, more conservative and less impulsive than Jack. "Let's get the bath busi-

ness working all right and then we can start the other if we want to."

"But still we might as well have a settlement house," persisted Jack.

"Yes, I s'pose so. What'll we call it?"

"Why not call it the Inside Settlement House, for it will be all on the inside?"

"All right," agreed Donald. "We helped Piggy get customers for his restaurant, and so let's make him go and find kids for us," and to this proposition the other quickly agreed.

"Mother, we're going to play over at Donald's all day after this. That yard is so big and shady, and we might as well watch the house a whole day as half a day," announced Jack at luncheon.

Mrs. Carroll was much pleased. "I am sure that Mrs. Brown would be happy if she knew how much interest you boys are taking in looking after her home." When the lads had finished their luncheon and left the room she remarked to her husband, "Jack is growing to be more and more of a comfort, for he's always so willing to help others. I do not have nearly so much trouble with him since his Indian tribe disbanded."

"Glad to hear it, little mother, for he needed to improve. I think myself that Jack is a pretty good boy these days."

As for Jack and Donald, they went immediately to search for Piggy, to whom when found they gave a hospitable invitation to accompany them.

"What's up?" asked Piggy curiously, for, boy-like, he knew by instinct that something unusual was about to happen.

"The folks are away and our house is empty, and Jack and I have to go over it each day to look after things, and we kind a want to be doing something, so we've decided to start the Inside Settlement House."

"What kind of a house is that?" interrupted Piggy.

"Oh, it's like the Roadside, Miss Elsworth is the boss of that one, and we heard her telling mother all about it. I guess they nearly always take a house right down where people live and then ask them to come and take baths, wash and do all kinds of things."

"Do they feed them?" Piggy's eyes were always open to business. "If they do, I could do that, you know."

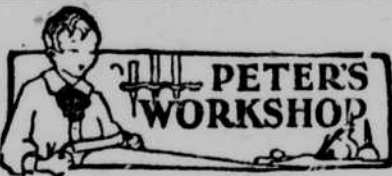
"I guess they only feed babies, and, of course, they couldn't charge them anything," said Jack, nipping thus in the bud Piggy's wish to earn money.

"What do you want me to do?"

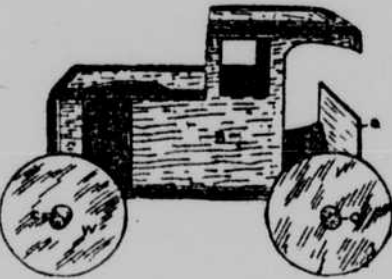
Copyright, 1923.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

William Porter, Sunday school class of Syracuse, N. Y., has joined the Go-Hawks, and one Saturday they all took clothing and food to a poor family.



You all enjoy making the toys out of cigar-box wood, so I am giving you another one today—a delivery wagon and easy to make. First cut out your windows and



your curves at front of box, leaving part for the dashboard. The wheels are made of quarter-inch wood with flat rubber bands stretched round the rims for tires.

PETER.



One of my neighbors sends me a recipe that is very simple, but nice for a change, for our family likes lots of different kinds of salads in the good old summer time.

BETT SALAD.

Cook beets until tender. Remove the skins. Dice them. When cool put in ice box, and when very cold serve in a little mound on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

Hope you are all having heaps of good times during vacation.

POLLY.

A Recipe for a Dog



By M. G. S.

A short, sharp bark,
A wagging tail,
And four feet, anyhow;
Some pounds of fat,
Cool nose, ten sniffs
And you have a nice—bow-wow.



I went out and peeked in my mail box very early this morning, and what do you suppose I found? Several letters from the Go-Hawks, and in them were some nuts to crack. Thank you, boys and girls, for thinking of your little friend, Billy the Squirrel. These four were sent me by Anthony and Augustin Lawrence of Mattapoisett, Mass.

1—What must always be made in a hurry?

Answer—Haste.

2—What has four legs and only one foot?

Answer—A bed.

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:

Bigham, M. A., "More Stories of Mother Goose Village."

Grierson, E. W., "Scottish Fairy Book."

Johnston, C. H. L., "Famous Scouts."

Lippincott, J. W., "Gray Squirrel."

Munroe, Kirk, "Fur Seal's Tooth."

Wiggin, K. D. and N. A. Smith, "The Story Hour."

WEATHER

Pop Showers in Happyland.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

You have read how Wilful, the naughty little fairy, loses her way in the woods and wanders into a lovely garden. When she awakens she finds several little girls about to have a birthday supper in the garden. They are as much surprised to see her as she is them. The name of the play is:

"THE BIRTHDAY RING."

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

PROPERTIES.

Bench, table and chairs (seven) or benches enough to seat seven. Seven plates, glasses and spoons. Bouquet of fall flowers. Two sandwich baskets heaped high with sandwiches. Pitcher for lemonade. Birthday cake and seven candles. Sewing basket, two handkerchiefs, story book, box of paper and envelope sachet, all wrapped in dainty coverings. Small brass ring.

STAGE SETTING.

If given outdoors, select spot of garden or lawn where natural background and winds are formed by masses of shrubbery. Place bench near right wing, tables at center



Nine-year-old Ruth was calling at a friend's home. She had been speaking of her little friend, Katherine, who had recently moved in the neighborhood. Katherine's father is a stock and bond broker. When her hostess asked Ruth in what business Katherine's father was engaged in, she replied:

"Oh, he's a stock and barn breaker."

One afternoon when it was quite warm Marian's mother placed a pillow at the foot of the bed so that the child could take her nap closer to the window. After tossing and twisting about for five or ten minutes, the little girl said:

"Mother, I want to sleep at the head of the bed 'cause I just can't sleep upside down."

The cows were lying down in the pasture one hot day, much to the surprise of little Mary.

"Look, mamma," she called. "The poor cows are so tired that they are sitting down for a while."

In Field and Forest

As I took my early morning walk today in the big woods near my little home I found the birds having a wonderful breakfast of wild cherries they had discovered among the shining green leaves of the trees. You would not like to eat these cherries, no larger than a pea and very sour and thin-skinned. The birds dearly love to eat them. When the trees are in blossom the bees come in great swarms for their nectar. The bees carry the pollen from flower to flower and this sets the seed for a big crop of fruit. In this way the bees help the birds.

Next month when you are beginning to think that your vacation is almost over, the birds will be turning their faces southward. It is then that we find in the woods the wild black cherry with its clusters of dark red berries. Its fruit is bitter-sweet and the birds eat great quantities of it and scatter the seeds near and far.

It seems as though there were hundreds of birds singing about me this morning as I write to you. Their songs are all so full of gladness that I wonder if perhaps they are not trying to tell me all about their fine breakfast of wild cherries and how grateful they are. That is why they want to sing and sing. No one loves to hear their songs better than your

UNCLE JOHN.

back and chairs or benches scattered here and there.

If given indoors, use massed branches and shrubs covered with vines for background and sides. For floor, green rug covered with leaves and vines.

Discovered, Wilful standing on tiptoe behind shrubbery to right, anxiously peering over into the garden.

WILFUL.

Where in the world is it? I wonder if it could be in THIS garden? It isn't in the other one, for I have looked just EVERYWHERE!

(Coming out from behind the bushes.)

Let's see now—Where DID I have it? Oh, yes, I remember! It was in my hand last night—just before I ran to sing that lullaby to Cornelia. Whatever could have become of it!

(She stands looking all about, then suddenly gives a cry of joy and, running to the bench, picks up the missing wand and holds it out in front of her to look at it lovingly.)

WILFUL.

Oh, here you are, you dear little wand—and I am SO GLAD to have you back. I guess I love you because I have carried you around so long. Once upon a time I used to hate you—not so very long ago either—just because you couldn't do anything, but you know, you poor little thing, that was ALL MY FAULT, and not yours; all MY fault, for YOU used to do many wonderful things when we lived in Fairyland.

(She sits down on bench still looking at wand in her hands.)

Such queer things are happening to me lately. I am so homesick to see Willing, and so homesick for Fairyland, too. Then, I've found out that I always loved the queen and DIDN'T KNOW IT. And now, strangest of all, I am just delighted to have found you—old and bent and ugly as you are.

(She soon begins to nod, but jumps up and goes to a shaded patch of grass beside a clump of shrubbery.)

WILFUL.

(Yawning.)

OO-OO-OO! I'm SO sleepy. I was hard at work all night, that's the reason. I believe I'll lie down and rest.

(She lies down and falls asleep at once. Voices are heard, and soon Virginia and five little girls enter the garden. Virginia and Annette carry a heaping market basket. Betty follows with the birthday cake and the candles. Phyllis and Marie have a sandwich basket apiece and Rosalie follows them with a huge bouquet of garden flowers. Betty pauses and looks around for a place to set the cake.)

VIRGINIA.

Wait! Wait a minute, Betty! (Betty pauses while Virginia sets down her basket and pulls table to center. Annette covers it with a white tablecloth from the basket, and Betty puts the cake in the middle.)

VIRGINIA.

(Now Rosalie can put her flowers beside the cake. (Rosalie arranges her flowers for centerpiece.)

VIRGINIA.

(To Rosalie.)

You can hand us the things and we will get the table ready.

(Turning to Phyllis and Marie.)

(Girls, you may put a sandwich basket on each end of the table. (They do as directed, while Rosalie, on her knees beside the basket, takes out the dishes and the two larger girls rapidly set the table.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

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."

Another Way to Be

a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not throw papers, peanut shells or popcorn bags around in the parks, in the streets or in neighboring yards. He treats the property of others as he would his own, for he knows how much pride he takes in having his home grounds neat and attractive to the passerby. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.