



# Happy Land

## Today Is Birthday Anniversary of Mr. Riley

SEVENTY years ago in the town of Greenfield, Ind., a boy was born who was some day to become one of the best known and loved American poets—James Whitcomb Riley.

Every Go-Hawk has read the story of how Mr. Riley became the first Big Chief of the Happy Tribe and how interested he was in little Jimmy, who was the first Go-Hawk. There was no one in all the world whom Jimmie loved and admired quite as much as he who wrote "The Raggedy Rugged Man."

Today I want to re-tell you the story of another little boy who was crippled just as was Jimmie. His name was David Cobb and he lived in the same street as did Mr. Riley in Indianapolis—Lockerbie street. Here everyone knew and loved Mr. Riley; particularly was this true of the children, for he knew them all by name.

Mr. Riley discovered that David's great ambition was to be a soldier. He would beg the other boys in the neighborhood to come into his yard and play soldier with him. He was always captain of the regiment. One day Mr. Riley heard the boys quarrelling as he was walking by. "What is it all about?" he asked as he stopped by David's yard.

"They all want to be officers, and it doesn't leave me any for privates," complained David, and then he added with a sad little note in his voice, "Mr. Riley, did you ever know a crooked soldier?"

"Oh, yes," replied the poet gently, "and he was a very fine one, too." It was not so very long after that until the little soldier with the crooked spine was taken away forever. Mr. Riley missed the boy who loved him. He did not forget him and he wrote especially for the boy's mother a poem, "The Little Boy Who Sleeps."

Perhaps if you have a book of Mr. Riley's poems you would enjoy reading today this poem, since you now know just how he came to write it.

Most of you never had a chance to see Mr. Riley as did those lucky boys and girls who lived in Indianapolis. You could only know him through his beautiful poems, but you loved him and are proud to belong to the Happy Tribe, of which he was the First Big Chief. The children have not wanted anyone to take his place, for he never seems so very far away. It seems as though he could still hear all the children calling as of old: "Happy birthday, Mr. Riley, happy birthday." And so they do still call in their hearts.

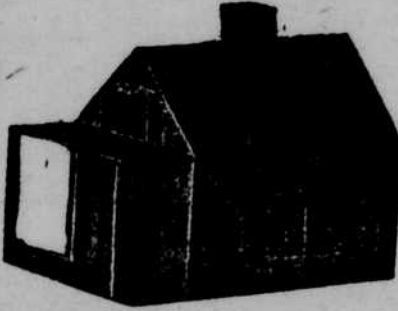
## Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not find fault. A fault-finding person is never pleasant to have around, as unceasing complaints about little things do not add to the happiness of life. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



Becky Brown, a little girl who lives in Columbus, O., has sent me a drawing of her doll house. She writes that she made it out of a nine-inch square of heavy white paper that she creased into 16 squares. On the two opposite sides she cut up the distance of one square or three creases. Then she bent the two middle squares one on top of the other and pasted together. The two outer squares must

Happy



## UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellin 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 looks after some part of his welfare. Prudence has his meals; Patience, his clothes; Rachel, his moral; Jane, his education; and Ruth, his amusements. Jack and Donald are so impressed with the work of the missionaries that they open Donald's home (his parents being away) as a settlement house and give free baths to poor boys. With the help of the twins, they also start a day nursery, the girls gathering up seven babies and putting them in the summer kitchen. Baby Larry begins to howl and the twins dance about to amuse him. When the boys return they decide to feed the babies with milk and crackers.

Had the baby been able to talk she doubtless would have told her nurses that it was no laughing matter to have one's hopes for dinner blighted in this fashion. She preferred her milk in her mouth rather than in her hair. Indeed she regarded the state of affairs so serious that she was justified in joining her walls to those of Larry. "Horror! Look at my baby! She has upset her cup of milk!" Patience was aghast at this new calamity and ran to her rescue. "There! There! It's a shame, I know, for your little dress and your head are all sticky and milky. But never mind, I'll take you out in the sun to dry off. Donald, please hand me some more milk."

"I will if I can bring my kid along with me. I am afraid to put him down for fear he gets to squalling, too," and Donald grinned sheepishly as he placed the baby under one arm, much as he would a bundle of papers, and with his free hand took Patience another cup of milk. Meanwhile, Prudence, with nervous zeal, had been pouring milk into Patrick's mouth, ever open and ready. "My baby is fine. He's had two cups and a half now. I guess I'll put a cracker into each hand and leave him here on the rug while I feed another."

Jack and Donald declared a few minutes later that they were positive their babies had been fed enough. "Then perhaps you had better put them on the rug with mine, and you and Donald go after our lunch. I am getting hungry myself," and Prudence pinched off a bit of cracker.

"I suppose that's from seeing all this delicious milk and fine stale crackers. It's a wonder the milk didn't sour," observed Donald.

(Copyright, 1923.)  
(Continued Next Sunday.)

## 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:

- Bennett, John, "Master Skylark."
- Coolidge, Susan, "What Katy Did."
- Doubleday, Russell, "Cattle Ranch to College."
- Hale, Lucretia P., "Last of the Peterkins."
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel, "Grandfather's Chair."
- Pyle, Howard, "Story of Jack Ballister's Fortunes."

be brought together, lapped over each other and cross the center of the two middle squares and pasted together. Follow these directions exactly for the opposite ends of your paper. Cut out your windows and doors and paste on your porch. Paint your roof, around doors, windows and porch with your water colors. Becky sent word to other Go-Hawks that this house was fun to make, and she surely ought to know, for she did it. Your friend, PETER.



Who are the most wicked people in the world and why?  
Answer—Pen makers; because they make people steel (steal) pens and tell them they do write (right.)

What are the most unsociable things in the world?  
Answer—Mile stones; because you never see two of them together.

What kind of robbery may be said to be not at all dangerous?  
Answer—A safe robbery.

Why is a horse very curious about his eating?  
Answer—Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

What word, if you take away the first letter, will make you sick?  
Answer—M-usic.

Donald, Dicky and Jack Larney of Los Angeles, Cal., look forward to Happyland and the funny pages each 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."



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

You have felt sorry many times the past year for little Fairy Wilful as she wandered about the Earth-world. She saw so many things she would like to do if only her little wand had still its magic power as it once had when she lived in Fairyland. Follow closely this last play of the series as it appears from Sunday to Sunday so that you will understand what DID make it possible for the naughty little fairy to go home. The name of this play is "THE RETURN OF WILFUL."

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

BETTY JEAN.  
My mamma doesn't know I ran away. She's ironing and thinks I'm asleep.

WILFUL  
(In surprised tone as she looks, with wide eyes, at the little girl.)  
Ran off from your mother? Why, don't you love her, Betty Jean?

BETTY JEAN  
(Indignantly.)  
COURSE I do! But she's ironin' and I want to find some fairies.

WILFUL  
(Starting.)  
What fairies?

BETTY JEAN  
Oh, the fairies in mother's stories—the red one with gold wings, and the blue one with silver wings. Are there any fairies around here, Girl?

WILFUL  
(Speaking very carefully.)  
Yes, Betty Jean—sometimes—

BETTY JEAN  
(Bouncing about joyfully on the log.)  
Oh! Oh! Show 'em to me—SHOW 'em!—Nice little, good little fairies with crown on, and say, Girl, where do fairies come from—do you know?

WILFUL  
Fairies come from Fairyland, where they live. I mean, that's their home.

BETTY JEAN  
(With her eyes big with curiosity.)  
Is Fairyland a nice place?

WILFUL  
A beautiful—beautiful place. Betty Jean, where the skies are always blue and the sunshine is like gold. And there is a shining sea where the sand gleams like silver in the moonlight. That's where the little fairies have their dances.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



Yesterday I had our Go-Hawk club in for the afternoon, and because October 7 is the birthday of our first big chief we had a little Riley contest and also read some of his poems aloud. Don't you love them? Then mother helped me serve refreshments. One thing that we had was

**Fruit Salad.**  
One can of sliced pineapple cut in small pieces. One pound of white grapes (quartered). One pound of marshmallows (quartered). One pound of blanched almonds (in half).  
Put in marshmallows when ready to serve and mix with dressing.

**Salad Dressing.**  
Two tablespoons flour. Two tablespoons butter. Two tablespoons sugar. Two well-beaten eggs. Juice of two lemons and two oranges.  
Cook in double boiler until thick. When cold stir in twice as much whipped cream.  
Most everybody likes fruit salad, so I am very glad I have this recipe.  
POLLY.

## Do You Know

Dorothy Harris of Wann, Okl., found a stray kitten not long ago and brought it into her home and fed it.

Anne Blake and her sisters of Boston, Mass., spent last summer in New Hampshire, where they had two Jacob Martin bird houses on poles and two ordinary bird houses.

Helen Wagner of Columbus, O., reads Happyland every Sunday and has especially enjoyed the Fairy Grotto plays.

Miles Mix of Hartford Mills, N. Y., is going to get up a Go-Hawk club, and likes birds and flowers.

BETTY JEAN  
(In a tone of great surprise.)  
Do fairies dance? The ones mother tells about are always working to help somebody.

BETTY JEAN  
That's true. The fairies are good—(Stammering a bit)—that is—that is—most of them are, and they try very hard to help folks in trouble by doing wonderful things with their dear little wands.

WILFUL  
What do their wands look like? I wish YOU were a fairy. Then I'd get you to show me yours.

WILFUL  
(Hanging her head sadly as she speaks.)  
I'm sorry that I haven't a dear little silver wand. If I had I would show you what lovely things I could do with it.

BETTY JEAN  
(With a big yawn as she stretches sleepily.)  
I'm sorry that I haven't a dear little silver wand. If I had I would show you what lovely things I could do with it.

WILFUL  
(Getting up quickly and going toward the grapevines.)  
Just a moment, dear. I will bring you something.

(She returns with her hands full of ripe grape clusters and puts them into the child's hands. Betty Jean eats them hungrily.)  
BETTY JEAN  
(As she finishes the last bunch.)  
Thank you, Girl. You are so good to me—just as good (yawning again)—as good as a fairy. I'm—I'm SO tired! Tell me a story, won't you?

(She crawls into Wilful's lap and cuddles her head down on Wilful's shoulder.)  
WILFUL  
(As she settles the little girl more comfortably in her arms.)  
I will sing you a song instead, Betty Jean. Now, listen.

(She sings "Baby's Boat's a Silver Moon" (By Jessie Gaynor) and at the end of her song croons the air softly until her small charge falls asleep. Rising carefully, Wilful lays the child down on a smooth patch of grass, gently turning her face away from the sun. Then she stands looking at her with an anxious expression.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

## In Field and Forest

Peter and Polly brought their friends out yesterday and we went into the woods looking for black walnuts. Such fun as we had! Peter said the walnuts made him think of small green oranges high up on the ends of the branches and Peter made ME think of Billy Squirrel climbing all over the trees. He and the other boys would shake the nuts down for Polly and her friends to gather. Then we bruised the husks on a big stone and took them off.

You all know how sweet and good to eat are the kernels of the walnuts. About every leaf and bud and twig as well as in the husks is a peculiar rich scent that belongs to a walnut tree. If you do not know it and want to be sure that a walnut tree IS a walnut tree, then cut a twig and split it. You will find the pith is in very thin plates separated by air spaces.

Walnut trees grow very fast. If you wish to plant any, pack the nuts that you intend to use for seed in gravel and leave them outdoors all winter. The meat of the nut is the seed. Next spring plant your nuts where you intend your trees to stand forever, for they should not be moved.

Some of the Go-Hawks may have in their own homes a piece of lovely old black walnut furniture. If so, be glad. This wood is very valuable now because it is so scarce. Spend just as many Saturdays as you can in the woods these bright October days and you will have as good a time as did the children yesterday with your  
UNCLE JOHN.

**Grandpa's Choice.**  
First and best of earthly joys  
I like little girls and boys;  
Which of all do I like best?  
Why, the one that's happiest.  
—Riley.

Helen Parson of Glen Allen, Mo., lives in the country, is a great lover of nature and would like to hear from Go-Hawks from 15 to 17 years old.

**WEATHER.**  
Forget me-nots Blooming Today in Happyland.