



### Many Good Reports Are Reaching Happyland

SO MANY good reports are coming to Happyland every day of unselfish deeds that it seems as though there should be several honor rolls. You will all be interested in hearing of the chance that came to Ellette King of Denton, Ill., to prove herself a good Go-Hawk. It seems that her mother was very much in need of a vacation just about the time that Ellette had planned to go on a camping trip. Instead the young girl coaxed her mother to go visiting for two weeks, leaving her at home to keep house for her father and little sister. It meant that she really and truly had to keep house, too, and look after everything. Wasn't that a fine chance for her?

Many new tribes are being formed these days. Catherine Blake of Beacon street, Boston, reports a tribe of little girls from 7 to 10 years of age who all live in her neighborhood. They are meeting each Saturday. "Bobbie" Sneed of Galena, Kan., sends word to Happyland that she is going to ask a lot of her friends and chums to become Go-Hawks. Ashpys Smith of Sophia, W. Va., has sent for nine full memberships for a group of her friends. Eva Mae Orpha Davis was the first Go-Hawk in Cutler, Ill., and through her six other children became interested.

Ruth Steiner is secretary for a junior club in St. Louis. She sends word that all the members are trying very hard to do at least one really helpful thing for somebody every day. That is always good news. What a fine record Olive Sidley and her tribe made the past year in Lawrence, Mass. They have fed stray animals and protected the birds and also earned enough money to buy needed shoes for some poor children and also helped the orphans and old folks. They kept the pledge well.

New England, New York and Missouri Go-Hawks send me reports to Happyland, and Indiana, Ohio, Iowa and Nebraska prove their right to wear the Go-Hawk pin in more ways than is possible to tell you about in one Sunday in Happyland.

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, 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 health; Patience, his clothes; Rachel, his morals; 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 baths to poor boys. With the help of the twins, they also start a day nursery. They have a busy time looking after seven babies they take for the day from some poor families. While feeding the babies with crackers and milk, Prudence suggests the boys go after a lunch for them, as she says she feels pretty hungry herself.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

"Then they would have had something worth crying about. Come on, Don, let's go over home," and Jack started off.

More thankful to escape than they would have admitted, the boys turned their faces toward the Carroll home. "I can tell you right now," said Donald, as soon as they were out of hearing, "I don't want any nurseries in mine for a steady job. I'd rather run the bath business."

"So would I, but we mustn't tell the girls. It might discourage them, and they have the whole afternoon to stick out. Sausage! How that Larry can yell."

"Nora seems to be a prima donna herself. You don't know how funny you and Prue looked when they were both hollering at once," and Donald smiled at the recollection.

"Oh, we looked funny, did we? I wish that yours had yelled, too, and you'd have found out it wasn't so funny as it looked. I bet we have a pack of kids this afternoon to bathe, for it's so hot. Here we are at home."

Mary, the cook, was persuaded to give the boys a lunch to take back with them, though she later exclaimed to Mrs. Carroll that it did "beat" her why they would want to eat a cold lunch when by walking home they could have a hot dinner.

"It is the way with children.

### 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."



They find happiness in the most simple and unexpected manner," replied Mrs. Carroll. "They seem to have taken a sudden fancy to milk today. I noticed that Jack took over a bucketful this morning and another this noon. I wish they would do this every day, for milk is so good for them."

When Patience and Prudence were left alone they gave crackers to all the babies who had been fed, hoping thus to keep them quiet while they attended to the remaining three.

"What worries me is how we are going to keep them quiet all afternoon," Prudence was plainly nervous. "We can't feed them all the time."

"I think they ought to go to sleep. We really need three rooms to carry on the work, one where we can play with them, another to rock them to sleep and the other to put them in after we get them to sleep."

"That is so. Even if we are lucky enough to get any to sleep, I suppose Larry would fall over, cry and wake everybody up."

When the boys returned with the lunch Prudence said, with an air of resignation, "We'll have to eat our lunch in here, or if you want to go outdoors we must take the nursery with us."

This decision was a disappointment to the boys and Jack's face grew long. "I never supposed that babies needed so much attention."

"Neither did I," chimed in Donald.

"Of course boys would not be expected to know," explained Prudence. "But, anyway, before you do anything else I want you to bring a rocking chair into the kitchen and put a quilt or something on the floor by the window in the dining room."

"What's up?" Donald was instantly curious.

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(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:

Church, A. J., "Odyssey for Boys and Girls."

French, Allen, "Sir Marrok; a Tale of the Days of King Arthur."

Irving, Washington, "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Jacobs, Joseph, "Indian Fairy Tales."

Janvier, T. A., "Aztec Treasure House."

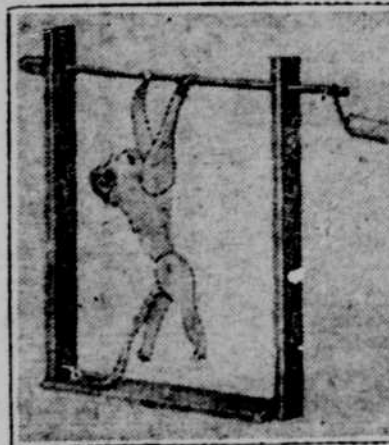
Just to be good—  
This is enough—enough!  
—Riley

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

A good Go-Hawk enjoys going to the woods in October and gathering a bunch of the lovely autumn leaves and foliage for mother or perhaps for some grown-up friend who is poor or alone. There may be some little child who is ill and unable to go outdoors, so you can bring the woods to them. Remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



One of our New York Go-Hawks, Ralph Merrill, who lives in Syracuse, has sent me a drawing of a jumping jack. He says that he has made it about 20 times and it always "works." It is made from a cigar box. Fasten the uprights firmly to a piece of the box for a flooring. Join two uprights at top in a round stick driven through



holes. Make your handle of a piece of wire bent into end of spool and fasten to one end of the cross pole.

Ralph writes that he makes all his monkeys out of his mother's old kid gloves, using a small piece of rope for a tail. Fasten monkey to crossbar with glue. As you turn the handle you will find that monkey will also turn. This is a good toy to make to amuse your small brother or sister. Your friend,

PETER.

### Weather.

Will Rain Hickory Nuts All Week in Happyland

Margaret Codin of Syracuse, N. Y., is owner of a cat, three bantam chickens and is going to get a German police dog.



Mary Lee was playing with the cat when suddenly she cried, "Ouch!"

"Did the cat scratch you, Mary?" called her mother.

"No," replied the 4-year-old, "I just put my hand on her stickers!"

Little William discovered a loose piece of skin on his tongue. Running to his father, he cried: "Oh, papa, look! I have a hang nail on my tongue!"

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—Charles Duxton.

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

A good Go-Hawk reads and learns some of the poems of our first big chief, James Whitcomb Riley. There are many poems written by Mr. Riley that you will love as other little and also big folks do. To make one or two of them really your own is to learn them by heart. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

Each Sunday you have been following the adventures of Fairy Wilful, the naughty fairy who was banished from Fairyland. She has had many queer things happen to her in earthland, and to her surprise she found that little human children had troubles, too. In watching them she forgot her own and wished many times that her little wand had not lost its magic power. Read carefully this last play of the stories in which, through the help of her twin sister, Willing, Fairy Wilful finds her way back to Fairyland. The name of the play is.

"THE RETURN OF WILFUL."  
(Continued from Last Sunday)

WILFUL.  
Now, to find her mother—that's the next thing! But how to go about it I don't know.

(A rustling noise attracts her attention and she looks up to see two women entering the clearing. They are very old and bent and one of them walks with a cane. Wilful hurries forward, takes an arm of each and guides them to the log, carefully helping them to seat themselves upon it. There is a soft sound of music through the woodland.)

WILFUL.  
(Stopping to listen intently.)

Was that music? (Listens again) No, I must have imagined it.

FIRST OLD WOMAN.  
(Looking gratefully at Wilful as she stands before her.)

Bless you, my child! I was so tired, my poor old legs were about to give way under me!

WILFUL.  
(Pityingly.)

Have you come a long way, Mother?

SECOND OLD WOMAN.  
(Answering, after a sharp look at her companion.)

Yes, child, ever so far!—Miles and

miles and miles! We are very, very far from home.

WILFUL.  
I wonder—is there anything I can do to help you?

FIRST OLD WOMAN.  
You have already helped us, but—is there any water here? I am so hot and thirsty.

WILFUL.  
Surely—just wait a moment. I will be back very soon.

(She hurries away and leaves stage to right. After a few moments she comes back with a gourd of water, which she offers to the old woman. First Old Woman drinks deeply and then returns the empty gourd to Wilful.)

WILFUL.  
(Turning to Second Old Woman.)

Now I will bring YOU some, if you will be patient for just a little while. I will hurry just as fast as I can, for I know you must be thirsty, too.

(She hastens off stage and soon returns with the brimming gourd. The Second Old Woman takes it gratefully, drinks and hands it back.)

SECOND OLD WOMAN.  
Thank you, thank you, child, for your kindness to two useless old women.

WILFUL.  
(Smiling at her.)

You are very welcome, both of you. Wait a moment.

(She runs to the grape arbor and returns with the two baskets, handing one to each old woman.)

WILFUL.  
I am sure you must be hungry. Eat some grapes. They are very ripe and fresh, for I just picked them this afternoon.

FIRST OLD WOMAN.  
Thank you! Thank you! You have a good heart, my child.

WILFUL.  
(Sadly.)

No—no, Mother, a very selfish one. I fear.

SECOND OLD WOMAN.  
Tut! Tut! my dear. My old eyes can always tell a selfish person.

(The two old women eat with great enjoyment while Wilful seats herself cross-legged on the ground before them and looks on with satisfaction.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

We 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 unsocial 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.

What is it that wear's off?  
Ans.—Beauty.

Why is a cautious, prudent man like a pin?  
Answer—Because his head prevents him from going too far.

Such a nice letter came to me not long ago from one of my friends. She said she had become a fine cook and liked to make this:

Baking Powder Biscuits.

Two cups of flour, two teaspoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, about three-fourths cup of milk or water.

Sift the dry ingredients together, rub in the butter, stir in the milk and mix as soft as can be handled. Put the dough on floured board, roll to three-fourths inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. POLLY.

"Who says 'I will' to what is right. 'I won't' to what is wrong. Although a tender little child, Is truly great and strong."

UNCLE JOHN.

Not only do we want to learn all about the nut trees growing in the woods close by our own homes but something about those in other parts of the country. You all enjoy eating the thin-shelled English walnuts and perhaps have wondered sometimes just where they grow. Who knows but that they may have been picked by some of the children you have helped in France, where such fine, large nuts grow. They may have been gathered by children in Italy or Greece.

Some of these nuts are raised in England and every year more and more trees are planted in California and some of the southern states, for they grow quickly and bear early. Perhaps the reason they are called "English walnuts" is because the first ones were brought to this country from England.

I have read that long ago the tree grew wild in Persia and Asia Minor, where the nuts were gathered for food. The word "walnut" means "a nut that comes from a foreign country." The Greeks called it "Jove's Acorn." At first the people ate all the nuts, then finally they began planting some of them, and so later they were to be found in all the warm countries in Europe. After a while they thought more and more of the tree, for the wood was found to make beautiful furniture and also fine gun stocks. They were always at war, and so used many gun stocks.

In order to have more trees in some of these foreign countries, there was a law in the 17th century forcing every young man to plant a certain number of walnut trees before he could be married. That meant many, many trees were planted. When we are eating these fine nuts this winter we may well be glad that in our own country there are so many trees growing because some one was thoughtful enough long ago to plant the first ones and also to take good care of them, and that is what counts. At least so thinks you!

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