

Happy Land



Another Name Is Starred

TODAY I will tell you of great courage in Happyland. Janet Hodgdon of Arlington was out swimming one day in the late summer. She took her sister across the river, but the little girl was not able to return. So another girl took the child on her back and started to swim across.

Janet was watching them and was much frightened when she saw the two girls suddenly go under. Then her courage came to her and she quickly swam to the rescue. She took her sister in her arms and walked with her under water until she could catch her breath and then brought her safely to land. Wasn't that splendid?

Janet's brother, Richard, is chief of a tribe called "White Lightning." There are 13 boys and girls in his tribe, and he sent word to Happyland that by the "Moon of the Nuts" he hoped to double the number.

He also writes, if there are Go-Hawks anywhere who wish names for chiefs, tribes or warriors, he will send them if they will write to him—"Richard Hodgdon, 75 River street, Arlington, Mass." Richard has some good ideas, too, that he will share with others. He is a Boy Scout as well as a Go-Hawk and so he has learned how much fun it really is to share what one has with another.

One does not wonder that Uncle Sam's mail pouch is growing heavier these days. You are all back in school, where you can tell your schoolmates and teachers all about the Happy Tribe. The greater the number of members we have the more boys and girls who are thinking less of themselves and more about others. That is the reason you are so eager for all your friends to be Go-Hawks also. Remember each week to share your Happyland page with some friend who would not otherwise have seen it. That is another good way to help.

Happy



UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

UNCLE PETER HEATHEN 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, from a missionary society and adopt him as their "heathen." Each looks after some part of his welfare. Prudence takes 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 a settlement house and give free baths to poor boys. With the help of the twins they start a day nursery. Seven babies from neighboring poor families are their charges for the day. The twins spend a busy morning and at noon, after feeding the babies, the boys bring in a lunch. Prudence asks for a rocking chair and a quilt and Donald says, "What's up?"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"I should think you could guess. One of us will rock a baby to sleep while the other plays with the rest of them. We have to try something to keep them from crying."

"I hope you have luck in getting them to sleep, but—" and Jack glanced dubiously at the wide-awake youngsters rolling on the floor. With these words the boys went for a chair and a quilt.

When they had returned Jack said, "Let's carry them all out-of-doors and let them roll around on the grass while we eat. Mebbe the wind and sun will help them get sleepy."

The suggestion was adopted for want of a better one. By the time Larry had fallen into the pancy bed and Nora, becoming entangled in the geranium bed, with true Irish spirit had pulled the plants up by the roots and cast them haughtily aside the "philanthropists" had managed to swallow their lunch.

Meanwhile the front porch was refilling with grimy urchins waiting to play with the shower bath. When they discovered Jack and Donald helping the twins carry the babies within doors, they shouted derisively not behaving in the least as one would expect grateful guests. "They make me tired," said Donald crossly. "Shut up or I'll punch your heads!" he threatened.

"Goodness! Don't do that," warned Patience. "It's bad enough to have Larry punching his head every few minutes."

Somehow, that afternoon neither the day nursery nor the free baths seemed to be running so smoothly as they had hoped. Upstairs the boys were noisy and quarrelsome, persisting in remaining over time in the bath, while downstairs the babies were hot and fretful.

Prudence sat in the darkened dining room and rocked first one baby then the other, singing to them



POLLY'S COOK BOOK

Now that cooler days are here, at least, for us folks who live in the north, hot things taste mighty good, I think.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP. One can of tomatoes, three onions cut up, one cup of water.

Cook together about 10 minutes, then press through a strainer and add a few grains of salt and a pinch of soda, to prevent curdling. Make a white sauce of two and a half tablespoons flour, three tablespoons butter, three cups of milk, few grains of salt. Melt butter, add flour, then milk slowly and cook until it thickens. Add white sauce to tomatoes, heat thoroughly and serve at once with crisp crackers.

I hope my friends all over the country like to try new recipes as well as I do. POLLY.

George and Alice Powell of Arlington Heights, Mass., both love animals and have a bird house in their apple tree.



TINY TAD TALES

Grandpa was making a railing along the basement stairs. Jean, after watching him earnestly, said: "Why, grandpa, you're making a handle for the steps, aren't you?"

Is not making others happy the best happiness? —Amiel.

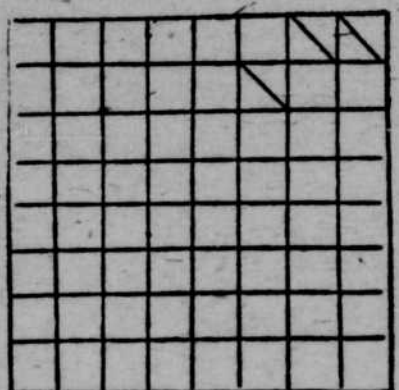
Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk
A good Go-Hawk when he goes out to dinner with father and mother is very careful to be courteous and pleasant to all who are present. When saying good-by he is sure to tell the hostess what a delightful time he has had and to thank her. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



PETER'S WORKSHOP

One of our New Haven Go-Hawks, Mary Rush Merrill, has sent me directions for making a game she calls "Five in a Row." Her brother, Paul, made one for her, and she wants me to make one for Polly. It is played with red and white dried beans. Use a square box cover or a lower half of a box seven or eight inches square.

Measure the surface of the box into inch squares, six or seven to a side, depending on size of box. Make your measurements and draw lines horizontally from side to side



of box, then cross these with lines from top to bottom. Cut each square diagonally, marking with crayon. Then color the alternate halves of these inverted squares.

Two play this game. Each has a handful of either the red or white beans. Place a bean on any square not occupied, the object being to place five in a row without being stopped by the other player. The beans may go in any direction on the triangles that are colored alike. A player stops another by placing, when his turn comes, a bean at end of other player's line. Play the game in five rounds and the winner is the one having the largest number of rounds. Sounds as though it would be fun to play on a cold winter's night. Your friend, PETER.

Harriet B. Doffing of Route 5, Diagonal, Ia., would like to hear from some Go-Hawks whose birthdays are February 24.

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:

- Bailey, Margery. "Seven Peas in the Pod."
 - Dutton, M. B. "Little Stories of France."
 - Hagelorn, Hermann. "Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt."
 - Jewett, S. O. "Betty Leicester."
 - Moses, M. J., (editor). "Treasury of Plays for Children."
 - Olcott, W. T. "Book of the Stars for Young People."
- Last year Anna B. Chute of Cambridge, Mass., read 48 books during the school term.

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."



FAIRY GROTTO PLAYS

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

When Fairy Wilful was banished from Fairyland, because she was such a naughty fairy, she was sent to Earthland to wander around alone until her hard little heart was softened. Even the magic power of her little wand was taken away. Many of you have followed her adventures from week to week and you know she has had many strange times. Though she did not know it, her twin sister, Willing, had asked to be near her and give her help when needed. The name of this last play in the series is "THE RETURN OF WILFUL."

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

(As the First Old Woman leans back with a sigh.)

Will you have another drink of water now? The spring is so nice and cool, and warm days like this always make people thirsty.

FIRST OLD WOMAN. Thank you, dearie, I have had plenty. **SECOND OLD WOMAN.** (Holding up the empty basket.) You see, your grapes were so good that I have taken them all.

WILFUL. (Eagerly.) I will gather some more if you can eat them.

FIRST OLD WOMAN. (Quickly.) No, no—not at all! Sit still and rest. You will tire yourself out running around waiting on us.

WILFUL. (Prettily.) Oh, not at all, I am sure.

SECOND OLD WOMAN. (Looking about her.) This is a pretty spot. Is it your home, child?

WILFUL. (Sadly.) I am staying here just now because it is so easy to find something to eat.

WILFUL. (In a trembling voice.) Oh, Mother—if I only could—if I only, only could.

(She breaks off to bury her face in her hands. The Second Old Woman stands up and, gently raising Wilful to her feet, pulls her hands down. The First Old Woman places her hand on Wilful's head and stands with lips silently moving, Wilful looking straight into her face.)

(Suddenly the Second Old Woman reaches over to tear the cloak from the shoulders of the First Old Woman. It falls to the ground and shows a fairy costume beneath.)

WILFUL. (Sinking to her knees again in surprise.) Oh! OOH!

(The fairy continues to stand over Wilful, but smiles happily upon her while the Second Old Woman throws off her own disguise and goes over to the sleeping child. Betty Jean rouses at the first touch and springing to her feet, hops up and down with joy, while the second fairy slips off the long, clinging nightgown to reveal a tiny fairy nursing. Wilful watches with dazed eyes.)

(Concluded Next Sunday)

In Field and Forest

Long, long ago, about this time of year, the early settlers would turn their pigs into the woods to fatten. Especially did they find that beech trees made fine pasture land. We know that beechnut bacon is the finest flavor of any. Squirrels will gather and hide away great quantities of beechnuts.

If there are beech trees near your home, you will have already noticed that their crown of green is as bright as in midsummer. Their silky leaves have been turning this month to a lovely yellow. They will become thin and papery as the pulp is now drawn back into the twigs. In the summer we found the green burrs on the ends of the side twigs and now the brown husks are opening. Their four divisions flare outward, and from these pop the tiny brown nuts, and, oh, how the wind loves to play with them when they fall to the ground.

Even though the kernels are so hard to get, they are worth while, because so sweet. Many wild animals know this, too, and count the beechnuts as one of their main foods. If you are looking for beechnuts for yourself, you may have to hunt for them longer than for certain other nuts. They have a great way of hiding by slipping under the leaves where they fall. These tiny nuts always seem to like to play hide and seek, just as many children do with

UNCLE JOHN.

Do You Know That—

Eleanor Horcott of Rose Anne avenue, Kirkwood, Mo., was 13 years old October 11 and would like to find another girl exactly her age.

Lillian O'Donnell of 64 Williams street, Jamaica Plain, Mass., wishes very much to hear from some Go-Hawks living in Washington, D. C.; Florida and other far-away states.

Martha Elizabeth Post of St. Joseph, La., is 12 years old and would like to correspond with other Go-Hawks also born on December 29.

Charles B. Shook of Aurora, N. Y., likes birds and always feeds them in the winter.

Ruth Underhill of Waltham, Mass., has a bow and some arrows that will shoot about 75 yards in distance and she hits the bull's-eye quite often.

WEATHER
Chestnut Showers in Happyland