



Many Children Wish to Exchange Letters

EVERY week the list grows longer and longer of children who are eager to exchange letters with other girls and boys of their own age. Many of our new members are busy picking out a name and address every week of some one who lives in a part of the world where they would like to have a new friend.



COME PLAY WITH ME

"The Lawyer" Did you ever play this game, I wonder. While it is an old fashioned game, it is good fun, and especially on a warm day when one doesn't want to run about much or play tennis.

Lawyer is always to have the one reply who should not do so, or see the one who should answer opposite fall to recognize his turn. When the Lawyer catches either one, he changes places with the one who has made the blunder, who thus becomes the Lawyer.

Copenhagen For this game the players form in a ring holding a rope. One player, called the Dane, stands in the center of the ring that is thus formed by the rope. The Dane tries to slap the hands of those who hold the rope and the others try to escape him by letting go of the rope for a minute and immediately taking hold of it again.

FIELD AND FOREST. If I were to ask our boys and girls who are living any place from North Carolina to Florida or west to Arkansas to name the tree that has the largest flowers and is growing wild in our woods, they would all instantly answer: "The magnolia." Even before it grows very large it is a wonderful tree, for its leaves will measure more than a foot in length and the long, green blades are lined with white.

When Sister Bakes By HAPPY. When Sister bakes I like to stand and watch Her mix the sugar with the eggs and spice, And then, she takes some milk and butter, too, While I look on and give her much advice. She beats and beats her dough until it foams; Sometimes she lets me taste a little, too, And then, what fun to scrape the cookie bowl, Although it's sure to get all over you. It makes you feel just like a cookie boy. All ready to be baked yourself—and then—Your sister opens wide the oven door, And you are glad to look at them again.



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 this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 120,000 members!

MOTTO "To Make the World a Happier Place." PLEDGE "I will honor and protect my country's flag. I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds, all dumb animals, trees and plants."

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

A SIXTH GRADER. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's name is going to be Miss Nelson. I go to school every day. I have one sister at home. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for your button. I will be 7 years old August 5, and I will be in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bolln. I like her very much. I have joined the Friends of Hesper club. For pets I have three cats. Your friend, GRACE EMILY LARSON, Oakland, Neb.

ELLA DREWS, Age 12. Route 1, Yutan, Neb. A NEW MEMBER. Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks. I will do as your motto says: "To make the world a happier place." I will learn the pledge. I am sending 2 2-cent stamp. Yours truly, LOIS SMITH, Age 10. Crofton, Neb.

LIKES HER TEACHER. Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a button. I read the Go-Hawk page every week. I will be 7 years old August 5, and I will be in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bolln. I like her very much. I have joined the Friends of Hesper club. For pets I have three cats. Your friend, GRACE EMILY LARSON, Oakland, Neb.

SECOND LETTER. Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I lost my letter. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for another pin. My brother Francis has a pet pony. We have a dog named Spot and a pet cat. My letter is getting long. I will close. Your friend, ZELLA DONELSON, Stormsburg, Neb.

WILL BE KIND. Dear Happy: I enclosed find a 2-cent stamp, for which please send me a Go-Hawk pin. I am 12 years old and I promise to be good to all animals, plants and trees. Yours truly, DONALD NOBLE, Route 3, Winner, S. D.

LIKES HAPPYLAND. Dear Happy: I want to join your Happy Tribe so am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I read your page of letters every Sunday and

like it very much. I am 8 years old and I will be in the third grade next year. Your friend, EUNICE SYLVESTER, Winner, S. D.

A FIFTH GRADER. Dear Happy: I am sending for a Go-Hawk button and I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for it. I am in the fifth grade. I am 10 years old. I will be kind to dumb animals. I have a cat for a pet. I will close. JOHN ZANG, Osceola, Neb.

WANTS TO JOIN. Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I would like to join the Go-Hawks, as I like all dumb animals. I am always kind to them. I have a little puppy. He is yellow and white. I call him Ring. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade at school. Well I will close. DORTHEY PRATT, Colon, Neb.

LOST HER BUTTON. Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I had one, but lost it. I read the Happy page every Sunday. I am 10 years old and will be in the fifth grade at school next year. I would like to join the Go-Hawks. DOROTHY JOHANNSEN, Bennington, Neb.

ANOTHER GO-HAWK. Dear Happy: I read about the splendid Go-Hawk club and I thought I would like to join, so I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and the coupon for my pin. I will promise to keep some very heavy rains of late that have washed many of the farmers' corn out. Some still think of replanting. I will close now. Your friend, RUTH SCATH, Foster, Neb.

A NEW MEMBER. Dear Happy: I am sending my coupon for my button. This is my first letter. I read the children page every Sunday. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Lowry. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I have two bird pets. Their

names are Dick and Flossie. I have one sister and one brother. My letter is getting long. GRACE CHRISTENSEN, 858 North First Street, Council Bluffs, Ia.

MY PET. Dear Happy: I am 8 years and 9 months old. I am sending a blank and a 2-cent stamp. I want to join the Go-Hawks. This is my first letter to the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe. This is my first journey away from home. I am visiting my uncle who drives an ice cream delivery truck. I promise to be kind to dumb animals and birds. I live on a farm. My father has 200 chickens and I have a pet. He is a very fierce pet. He is a big brown bulldog. His name is Buddy and I like him very much. On the farm we have several horses, 2 mules, 20 cows, ducks and geese besides the 200 chickens. In the fall we will have a new barn. It will be gray and the silo will be red. The next letter I will write to you I will write a poem or a story. LATHROP BURKE, Malmö, Neb.

FIRST LETTER. Dear Happy: I have not written to you for a long time, so must write now. I received the pin, and thank you very much. I told one of my friends about your tribe and she said she'll join also. The stories in this paper are very interesting and I read them every time. I'll have to close, remaining your friend. HAROLD KOUTNIK, Abie, Neb.

CURLY. Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I enclose a 2-cent stamp. I will be kind to all dumb animals and protect my country's flag. I have a dog named Curly and he does many tricks. I am 10 years old and in the seventh grade. I will close as my letter is getting long. Yours truly, MARY ELZENE CARGELL, Kimball, Neb.

WEATHER. Ice Cream Cone Showers in Happyland.

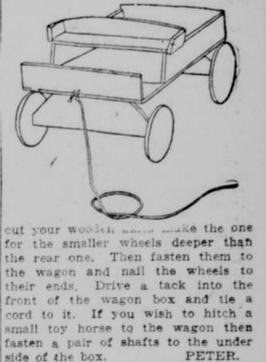
Covered Wagon Contest



You've heard of "The Covered Wagon." It is coming back early next month to the Strand theater. There's at least 100 kiddies in Omaha who aren't going to miss it this time. The Omaha Bee is going to see to that. And it's not going to cost them a red cent. It's The Omaha Bee's treat. But you must earn it in a very pleasant way. And before we go any further no one over 18 years old will be eligible to compete. What The Omaha Bee is going to ask you to do is to draw a picture. You've seen covered wagons and heard or read of them; those old prairie scoopers that roamed the plains in the gold rush days of '49. Take a pen, pencil, crayon or what ever you choose to draw with, and give in your mind just what a real covered wagon looks like and draw it. And don't forget, there must also be the team of oxen or horses. The 50 drawings which are adjudged the best will win a pair of tickets to "The Covered Wagon" at the Strand. In addition, the one drawing which is considered the best will win a copy of the book, personally autographed by J. Warren Kerrigan, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, stars of the picture, and James Cruze, the man who made the picture. Above you will see a picture of



One of our Go-Hawks, Frank L. Robinson of Davenport, has sent me directions for making a toy express wagon out of a long, flat box. Cut the sides down at the front and make your seat on top of the sides. The front wheels should be cut 2 1/4 inches in diameter, the rear wheels 3 3/4 inches in diameter. When you



cut your wooden sides make the one for the smaller wheels deeper than the rear one. Then fasten them to the wagon and nail the wheels to their ends. Drive a tack into the front of the wagon box and tie a cord to it. If you wish to hitch a small toy horse to the wagon then fasten a pair of shafts to the under side of the box. PETER.

Clifford E. Hall of North Branford, Conn., sends us this "nut": Why is a jelly fish like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard? Answer—Because it has no bone in it.

And these were sent to me by Lilian Reynolds and Eloise Love of New Bedford, Mass.: What was the president's name 20 years ago? Answer—Calvin Coolidge.

Which president wore the largest hat? Answer—The one with the largest head.

Why does a man always comb his hair? Answer—Because there is always a street on every block.

Where did Dad first hit the nail? Answer—On the head.

What kind of fruit grows on the telephone wire? Answer—Currents (currant).

"Only to trust and do our best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for others and ourselves."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk A Good Go-Hawk, if a boy, during vacation helps father by cutting the grass and caring for the garden. A girl Go-Hawk helps mother indoors with the house-keeping as much as possible. So remember these ways to be a good Go-Hawk.

Peter Rabbit comic strip by Harrison Eady. The story follows Peter Rabbit's adventures as he tries to get all the honors due him as a golfer. He plays golf, gets into a car accident, and causes a ruckus in town. The comic includes dialogue and illustrations of Peter and other characters.

TINY TAD TALES. "Mother," asked Robert, Jr., "have you any wisdom teeth?" "Yes dear; two." "Why do you call them wisdom teeth?" "I don't know," answered the mother busily engaged in her sewing. After some thought the little lad looked up delightedly, saying: "I know, mother. It's because you eat WIS DEM."

THE SQUAW LADY. Synopsis: Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with his friend, Jack Carroll and the Go-Hawks decided to look after Mrs. Shirley's absence, feeling his mother will not be lonely. During the week and Mrs. Shirley entertains all the Go-Hawks and their three invited guests, including little Jane Jimmie, at a Thanksgiving dinner. Tinker is the one of the Go-Hawks to arrive to look after the "Squaw Lady." Tinker's nickname shows his fondness for "hickories," and so Mrs. Shirley has a little carpenter shop fitted up for him in the basement. Mrs. Shirley's arrival brings with it things in a box which he had attached to the car. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY) (Continued from Last Sunday) When the Squaw Lady admired it on his arrival he concluded at once that her taste was of the best. King wagged his tail so joyously as he preceded Tinker to his room that the boy felt that even the dog was trying to express his approval, and it made him happy. Before bedtime came the Squaw Lady suggested that her young guest follow herself and King to the basement, for she was almost child-like in her eagerness to witness his surprise. "What do you think this little room is, my dear?" "Looks like a shop, Gee! See the tools! Whose are they?" "This is to be known as 'Tinker's Shop,' and is to be used by a dear young friend of mine. He is not going to work here merely during this week, but he is to have a key to the basement all his own, and then when ever he wants to come here and work and be quiet and think he can do so, even if there should be nobody else at home, and—" "Squaw Lady, do you mean me? Am I that boy? If I am, please don't say another word or I'll bust. There isn't a kid in town has a shop like this, oh, but I'll make things!" Tinker began a minute investigation of everything in the little room, his eyes glowing with the happiness which reflected his gratitude. It was difficult for Mrs. Shirley to tear him away, even though she knew it was time he was in bed. It was one of her rules that the boys keep the same regular hours that they would if at home.

Each week the Squaw Lady tried to plan some festivity in honor of her guest, a little merrymaking in which the others might share. She and Tinker were discussing at dinner one evening the merits of a bell which, during her absence that afternoon, the lad had hung in his room, running the long rope attached to it through the transom, across the hall, and into her room, suspending it over her bed. "I thought if you needed me at night, then all you would have to do would be to reach up and pull on that rope and the bell would ring and waken me and King, too, and we would rush in." "That is a fine scheme, and I think after my son comes home I will run the rope over into his room. I need never be nervous again. You are doing so much for me, Tinker, that I know I will have to ask you to come over every once in a while to mend me all up. Now I want to do something to make you extra happy." (Copyright, 1924.) (Continued Next Sunday)