



Two Cousins Start Branch Happy Tribe

TWO cousins, Lewisford Livingston and Mildred Chase, who live in Seminole, Okla., have sent word to Happyland that they have started a tribe among the children who are all great lovers of dumb animals. Each member has learned the club motto and pledge and is trying to be a good Go-Hawk.



SIX boys in our neighborhood have a Happy Tribe now," writes Frank Reed, a Columbus Go-Hawk, "and we are trying to see how many kind things we can do this year."

Marjorie Mack and her Go-Hawks in Melrose are hard at work dressing dolls, making a doll house and getting other things ready for certain poor children at Christmas.

One of the largest of the newer tribes is in Centralia, where, under the leadership of Mrs. Brewer, it is growing so steadily that it looks as though every schoolboy and girl in Centralia would soon belong.

Howard N. Johnson of Davenport has sent word to Happy that he is making a special effort to interest all his schoolmates. He is one of many Go-Hawks who always shares his Happyland with others.

That is almost like being a missionary, isn't it? Loraine Johnson and four friends have formed one of the many tribes in St. Louis.

Who are all busy and active. Boston led all cities in new members last week and Omaha was a close second.

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll and the Go-Hawks decide to look after Mrs. Shirley during the editor's absence, and he departs feeling his mother will not be lonely.

Jack spends a week at the Shirley home, then in turn Donald, Piggy and Tucker. After a bob ride Mrs. Shirley takes little Jane Jimmie home with her for a visit.

After a bob ride Mrs. Shirley takes little Jane Jimmie home with her for a visit. Mrs. Shirley, and then the "Squaw Lady" invites the two over for a week, and also plans to give them cooking lessons every Thursday.

Ruth, Rachel and Jane, the missionaries, become worried over the twins' devotion to the Squaw Lady, and write a letter to Uncle Peter about it. As they come home from the mill box they are passing the Shirley home when the door opens and Mrs. Shirley calls them to come in and help cut some popcorn balls. When they all sit around the big grate fire, with Mrs. Shirley reading aloud, the missionaries feel very friendly toward her.

Now go on with the story. (Continued from Last Sunday.) When the story was finished and the children lingered, having to leave their warm places on the rug, Patience leaned back against the Squaw Lady's knees, saying impulsively, "Oh, Squaw Lady, you are almost as comfy as Uncle Peter, and he's just a darling."

"Course he is," chimed in Prudence, "and I expect he'll be about the healthiest heathen in the world when he gets home."

"He's just like you—a regular sport," Jack added this word of praise. "He never makes a fuss about anything."

"But he can't make cookies like you," Piggy joined in, with the laugh at his expense.

Ruth, Jane and Rachel looked at each other uncomfortably, for their consciences began to hurt about the letter they had just mailed. This sort of talk did not sound as though Uncle Peter was forgotten, and they began to wonder if they had not been mistaken.

"You don't mind, do you, Squaw Lady, because we talk of him so often? You see, he's our special heathen, just as good as though he were made to order, and, even if he is in Texas, we can't love him less, and every night when I go to bed I always go to the window and look out south and say good-night to him. I love him so."

There was a wistful note in the voice of Prudence. Everyone was very quiet for an instant, and the Squaw Lady patted the arm thrown so confidently across the stiffness. "He must be a good sport. I want to know him. If I like him I'll have him go to a box party with the king of England and Aunt Sallie."

"Indeed, you shall know him, Jimmie, for when Uncle Peter comes back in the spring we'll have a picnic here on the river bank, and give him such a hearty welcome that he'll be the happiest heathen in the world, just as I am the happiest squaw lady."

CHAPTER XI. Jimmie Entertains the Go-Hawks. Jimmie's father did not fill such a prominent position among the numerous employes behind the great asbestos curtain of the Crescent theater, but it was most essential, and one which kept him constantly at his

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Baby Hugo, the China Doll, is having great success with the school he recently opened on the top of Janet's desk. He likes to teach "rhythmic" best of all, for Baby Hugo loves "rhythmic." He has had quite a little trouble with Cuddle Down, the smallest Teddy Bear, who just will whisper, and the other morning Cuddle Down even turned a somersault right off of the desk and down on to the floor below. It didn't hurt Cuddle Down a bit, but it surely made all his schoolmates look up from their lessons.

The Singing Doll.



When Auntie Comes

When auntie comes she thinks that little boys should be dressed up while she is staying here, and so all my play clothes then are put away.

And mother says, "You must be quiet, dear!" And then we do the things that auntie likes.

I pick her flowers when we go to walk, and then she says—"It just surprises me how Bobbie likes to listen to us talk."

I stand around and scarcely dare sit down, hoping to get my badge soon. For pets I have a parrot. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade at school. Your friend, Geraldine Hillary, Irongene, Ia.

My uncle's wise and understands a boy. He never seems to think that I need be too grown-up and so overdressed and all.

That auntie thinks are just the thing for me. "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time."

Hurray! Here is a good recipe for these nice fall days. I have found a few for "sandies" and desserts and mother says I need some "sensible recipes," as she calls them, which she means are recipes for potatoes, meats, fish, etc.

Escaloped Potatoes. Cut cold boiled potatoes into cubes. Put a layer into buttered baking dish. Cover with a layer of medium white sauce. Then put another layer of potatoes and white sauce until your dish is full. Over the top sprinkle buttered bread crumbs. Put in oven, covering the dish, and let cook for a half-hour. Remove cover and let top brown before serving.

Medium White Sauce. Two tablespoons flour, two tablespoons butter, one cup milk, one-half teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper. Melt butter, add flour, salt and pepper, smoothing out all lumps. Add milk very slowly, stirring constantly, and cook until it begins to thicken.

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Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

Autumn. Dear Happy: I am going to write a poem. The name of it is Autumn. Autumn days are cold, and the sun is going down. And though I behold, the earth is in a mound. And it is very dark. For the sun is setting now. They see a big black mark in the sky, and they know it is going to rain. And the leaves are falling now. And the cats are yowling meow. The dogs are going how-wow. For it is getting cold.

Lois A. Fownes of 7 Summer street, Rochester, N. H., is 15 years old, was born on February 19, and would like to find a twin.

Another Go-Hawk. Dear Happy: I have read about the Go-Hawks for a year or so. All this time I have been longing to be one of the Happy Tribe. My name is Katherine Barrett. I have a little pet dog, its name is Muggins. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for the pin. I am 11 years old. If I don't stop now I never will end this letter.—Katherine Barrett, Kansas City, Kan.

Betty LeVee of St. Louis, Mo., is 8 years old and is going to write to a Go-Hawk every week.

A New Member. Dear Happy: I am 12 years of age, living with my father and mother in town. I have honored and protected my country's flag since I was able to know and understand its colors, and am proud to be protected by the Red, White and Blue. I was taught to protect the birds and all dumb animals.—Wildon Switzer, Nehawka, Neb.

Christina Wittinton of Binard, Ill., has a cat named Snoop that likes to put his paw around her neck and hug her.

A Fifth Grader. Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp, hoping to get my badge soon. For pets I have a parrot. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade at school. Your friend, Geraldine Hillary, Irongene, Ia.

A Sophomore Wants Letters. Dear Happy: I am very much interested in your Go-Hawk Tribe and am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button. I will be kind to all dumb animals and agree to honor the flag and all that you ask. I am 16 years old and in the 10th grade. I work for my board and go to school in O'Neill. I would like some of the Go-Hawks or readers of this page to write to me as I get quite lonely sometimes. I would like correspondence with young folks of my own age. Hoping I will receive my button soon. Your friend, Irene Peter, O'Neill, Neb., care of E. T. Porter.

Cleo Hawthorne, R. 1, Ramsey, Ill., would like to hear from other Go-Hawks in the west, especially from someone in Colorado.

Wants to Join. Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp to cover the postage. I would like very much to have a paper with the motto and pledge on it that you send with the button, for I think it is very fine. I remain as ever, Beulah Blodgett, La Platte, Neb.

Dick and Donald Murphy of Davenport, Ia., are taking care of a neighbor's cat while she is away.

A New Go-Hawk. Dear Happy: I wish to be a member of the Happy Tribe. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. Please send a button to Coila Zier, 5631 Decatur street, Omaha, Neb.

Ruth Kuhns of Dorchester, Mass., has a goldfish named Sambo and likes Polly's Cook Book and Nuts to Crack very much.

Will Be Kind. Dear Happy: Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for one of your Go-Hawk badges. I will try very hard to keep my pledge.—Be kind to all dumb animals. Yours truly, Lester Hicks, Meadow Grove, Neb.

My Pet. Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I am in the third grade at school. I have a maltese kitten for a pet. We have two goats. Yours truly, Cloe Armstrong, aged 9, South Bend, Neb.

Billy. Dear Happy: I wish to join your tribe. I live in Oakland, Ia. I own a dog and I call him Billy. He was named after the man I got him from. I take The Omaha Bee. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals, trees and plants. I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Margaret Weich. Enclosed find my 2-cent stamp. Yours truly, Gordon Dehort, Oakland, Ia., Route 1.

Dean Wells of Falmouth, Mass., and his brother, Chan, always cut out the Go-Hawk membership coupons and give them to other little boys and girls who would like to become members.

A Fourth Grader. Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp as I want to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe. I am in the fourth grade at school and I am 8 years old. I like all kinds of pets and flowers. We have perfectly beautiful scenery here in the Black Hills. I have seen many wild ducks and geese. Goodbye, Happy. Your friend, Howard L. Heald, 13 Main street, Rapid City, S. D.

Oliva C. Greenhead of Winthrop, Mass., loves being a Go-Hawk and is feeding and giving water to birds and will make a shelter for them.

Rover. Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp to get my pin. I hope I will get it real soon. I love all animals. I have two kitties and a very clever dog. The dog's name is Rover. He can do all kinds of tricks. I am in the third grade and I have a very good teacher, Goodbye. Your friend, George Patchis, Scottsbluff, Neb.

Barbara Young of West Haven, Conn., likes Peter's Workshop even if it is for boys, as she has a doll house.

First Letter. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I have a dog and a bird. My bird's name is Dick and my dog's name is Queen. My letter is getting pretty long. I am 9 years old.—Evelyn Johnson, 2955 S. 29th Ave., Omaha.

A New Member. Dear Happy: Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 11 years old and I am in the sixth grade. I attend Vinton school. I am very fortunate for I have only but a block to go to school. I will obey all the rules of the club.

Although I am quite young I have taken a special interest in piano playing. If any of the members would write me I would certainly answer. I hope that Mr. Wastebasket is in Russia when my letter arrives. Your new niece, Ruth Clayton, 2316 Deer Park boulevard, Omaha, Neb.

Francis Modlin of Pittsburgh, Kan., has quite a few pets, among them being an old opossum and two small ones.

A Sixth Grader. Dear Happy: Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp, for which you please send me one of your Go-Hawk buttons? I want very much to join your Happy Tribe. I am 13 years old and in the sixth grade at school. I like school very much. Yours truly, Leo J. Ruling, Box 163, Denton, Ia.

Christina McAunley of Concord Junction, Mass., has a cat she enjoys playing with, and she has taught it not to catch birds.

Wants to Join. Dear Happy: I would like very much to join your Go-Hawk Happy Tribe of which James Whitcomb Riley was the first Big Chief. My name is John W. Gaskin. I live at Haysprings, Neb., and I am 17 years old. Goodbye.

Leslie Huntington of Davenport, Ia., had a birthday party the other day and entertained all the boys from his grade at school.

Wants to Join. Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawk tribe, and I will send a 2-cent stamp. I hope to receive my pin soon.

I go to Pierce street school. My teacher's name is Miss Iniss. I have no pets or brothers and sisters. I enjoy reading your Go-Hawk letters very much. Gladys Yronne Stokes, 214 Frank street, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Wants Letters. Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which I hope to get a Go-Hawk pin soon.

I am 13 and in the eighth grade. My birthday is July 31.

I love pets of all kinds. I have a dog and two cats.

I wish someone would write to me around my age for I am lonesome and will answer all letters. Your friend, Maria Warnholz, 429 North Second street, Seward, Neb.

A Seventh Grader. Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for which I want you to send me a badge. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. Well, I must close for it is time for school. Your truly, Harry Sterden, Ute, Ia.

Likes School. Dear Happy: I wish to receive one of your buttons. I like school very much and I am always kind to dumb animals. My name is Charles Byrne and I live at 811 North Thirty-first street in Omaha, Neb.

TINY TAD TALES

Samuel's mother wanted him to carry some papers out to be burned. She told him she thought he would have to make two trips with them. The lad insisted on taking them all at once and gave this reason to his mother:

"You see, mother, if I take these out and then have to walk back after the rest and then back out there again and clear back in again, why, I'll just be wastin' my walkin'!"

NUTS TO A CRACK

Winifred Jones of New Haven, Ct., sends me these "nuts": "Do you know Arthur? Arthur who?"

Answer—Our thermometer.

Why are grass and fish alike? Answer—Because the cattle eat it (the cat will eat fish and the cattle eat grass).

And these "nuts" are from Virginia Haynes of Dorchester, Mass.: "What is the difference between a lady and a postage stamp?"

Answer—One is a female and the other is a mail fee.

What do you add to nine in order to make it three less? Answer—The letter 8 (SIX).

When is a cow not a cow? Answer—When it is turned into a pasture.

If a colored waiter carrying a platter with a turkey on it should fall, what would be the effect on the world? Answer—It would be the downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece (grease), the destruction of China, and the consternation of Africa.

IN FIELD AND FOREST

It seems strange, does it not, to think of using the inner-bark of any tree for food? Yet that is just what the Indians of the northwest did with the tamarack pine. They would cut down the trees, strip them of their bark and then carefully scrape out the soft lining layer. They added water to it and then mashed it to a pulp. After cooking this pulp they would mold it into large cakes. Then they would dig a hole in the ground, line it all with stones and then build a fire in it. After the stones were very hot all the ashes would be taken out.

Then the cakes would be wrapped in large green cabbage leaves and laid on the stones. Over the top of the stones they would put a fire of damp moss and the cakes would be thoroughly baked. After being baked then they wanted to be very sure they would not spoil, and so they were always smoked in a closed tent for a week or two. This makes them so hard and dry that they are certain to keep for a long time.

We wonder just how they could prepare them to make them fit to eat. The squaws would break these hard, dry cakes into pieces and boil them. This would soften them, of course, and then after they had been cooled they would be ready to eat. To take the place of butter they would use the fat of different animals.

Instead of all the dainties you eat today, can you imagine that you would enjoy a meal of this "starch food?"

UNCLE JOHN. "Kindly deed is a little seed That groweth all unseen, And lo, when none Do look thereon, Anew it springeth green."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk may not always be able to give money or flowers to those in need, but he can always give kindness and love. In school, on the playground or the street, and in his own home these are two roads to happiness. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



WILLIAM DROP THAT IT'S MY BEST SUNDAY-GO-TO-MEETIN SHIRT

WHEN THIS GETTING IN THE WINTER CARDS IS NO FUN—IM ALL TUCKERED OUT—ILL JES SIT DOWN A MINUTE BY THIS OL' TREE FOR A FEW WINKS

WHOOOPS! A BEAR!

WOOF! WOOF! COME RIGHT TO MY ARMS YO PLUMP LIL' MOUTHFUL!

HURRY! HERE IS A GOOD RECIPE FOR THESE NICE FALL DAYS. I HAVE FOUND A FEW FOR "SANDIES" AND DESSERTS AND MOTHER SAYS I NEED SOME "SENSIBLE RECIPES," AS SHE CALLS THEM, WHICH SHE MEANS ARE RECIPES FOR POTATOES, MEATS, FISH, ETC.

Escaloped Potatoes. Cut cold boiled potatoes into cubes. Put a layer into buttered baking dish. Cover with a layer of medium white sauce. Then put another layer of potatoes and white sauce until your dish is full. Over the top sprinkle buttered bread crumbs. Put in oven, covering the dish, and let cook for a half-hour. Remove cover and let top brown before serving.

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WOW! LEMME OUT! HELP! HELP!

WRETCH! IT SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR RUNNING MY MORNING'S WASH!

SPLASH!

IF JES LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THAT GOOD-FOR-ROTHIN' HUSBAND O' MINE IS—HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO BEAT IT AWAY ON WASHING DAYS

HARRISON GADY