



Many Go-Hawks Are Now Busy With Christmas Plans

I am having such fun with my Christmas plans," writes Eleanor Bennett, a Boston Go-Hawk. "Mother gave me some slips from hers, I planted them in pots and they are growing fine. I am going to start some bulbs, too, so that they will be blooming for Thanksgiving and Christmas. It will be fun to take plants to sick and old people that I have grown myself."

Can you not see the row of little pots in Eleanor's window and the loving care she gives her plants? Her pretty idea that she has sent to Happyland will probably be followed by many other Go-Hawks another year.

"We have four dolls ready for Christmas and we are going to dress some more," writes Mary Louise White of Columbus. That means a merry Christmas for certain little poor girls on Christmas this year. Whether you are dressing dolls, raising plants, making toys or scrapbooks, it always seems when November comes you want to hurry and do a lot more. You think: "Thanksgiving will soon be here, then Christmas, and perhaps I'll not be ready." And then what happens?

Every Saturday through November and December and many afternoons when school is out, Go-Hawks will be meeting together, finishing things they are making for poor children at Christmas.

John Miller of Omaha has been mending toys and giving old ones a new coat of paint. This is a fine idea, for almost all households have some broken toys that they are willing to give away for the asking. These can be taken and carefully mended, given a fresh coat of paint, and will make other children happy at Christmas. However, they will not give any pleasure if you do not take the trouble to put them in perfect running order before giving them away. Whatever work you have decided to do the next few weeks you will have a good time thinking of the pleasure you will be giving other children at Christmas.

THE SINGING DELL



November wind

By HAPPY.

November wind, your voice is cold tonight,
You rattle windows and with mighty roar
Have wakened us, we hear you loudly call
When you go racing past our bed room door.
Do you ask us to dress and go with you,
Cold winter wind, that makes our cheeks so red?
We thank you, wind, but we will stay at home,
Two little girls all safe and warm in bed.

Happy



"Fire! Fire!" This was the cry that startled the nursery late yesterday morning. They all rushed to the central square and what a sight met their eyes. Janet has a very pretty fancy calendar on her desk and also a little candle which she sometimes uses with her sealing wax. Yesterday morning just before she went to school, she sealed two letters, then rushed off, leaving the candle burning. Baby Bugs, the China Cat, is having a school on top of Janet's desk. Well, the pupils had just finished reciting their lessons on 'ritime' when Mary, the maid, opened the nursery door and my! what a breeze came through the room. It blew over the candle right on to the calendar, which was afire in a minute. Fortunately Baby Bugs had three fire drills and all the pupils, even the Very Smallest Teddy Bear, slid down the side of the desk in the most orderly procession. Bills fire wagon was soon on the scene and the fire put out. Not very much damage except Janet will have to get a new calendar, and she must not be so careless in the future. Baby Bugs says: "Just think what might have happened if I hadn't had those fire drills, and he is very important about it, Baby Bugs is always rather important, you know."

THE SQUAW LADY

Editor Shirley wanted to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his home alone. Jack Carroll and the Go-Hawks decided to go with Shirley during the editor's absence, and he decided to spend a week at the Shirley home. Shirley is a very nice girl and a "Pinker." After a long ride, Mrs. Shirley (Miss Prudence and Prudence also spend a week with the Squaw Lady and she will give them a big treat every Thursday, Ruth, Rachel and Jane, the missionaries, because Shirley is a very kind and generous girl. Shirley writes to Uncle Peter and tells him that she is going to join the Go-Hawks, who are raising money for a big theatre. When Jimmie goes home to his father, he tells the other Go-Hawks walking along beside him. Jimmie says that he had better go to the theatre where his father works and all the company know him, and where he watches rehearsals from one of the boxes.

and not bother any one. Could you do that?

Older people than Jimmie found it hard to resist Prudence when she spoke in this coaxing voice, with her eyes dancing and her eager face aglow. He simply could not withstand her for an instant. "Course, you know, I've been a-talking presidents and kings and other grand folks, and they all know it. The leading lady told me she never minded playing before them a bit, and the villain said he knew he was a better villain when the king was there, so I shouldn't think they'd mind playing before Indians."

"How can we get in? The front door is closed." Donald heard overhead the conversation.

"We'll have to go down stairs and come up, but you mustn't make any noise, and we'll slip into the box and look over and find us."

Jimmie had for so long had only imaginary guests and playmates that he was thrilled through and through at the thought of the role of host. All week he had undergone the delights of being a guest and having others take thought for his pleasure. He had enjoyed every minute of this experience, and now the tables were to be turned. When they reached the Creosote he almost forgot himself entirely as he led his followers down the stairs and through the green room up into the theatre.

"Oh, if we could just stay and look around and go into the dressing rooms," whispered Prudence.

"Maybe we can come down later, but we must go on up now," Jimmie enters the box first and fixed the chairs as he wished them.

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 his name, age and address with this coupon to the editor.

dress your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 125,000 members.

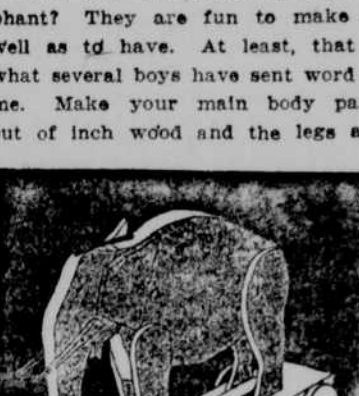
MOTTO
"To Make the World a Happier Place."

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."

Good Books for Children
Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better out 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:
Craik, D. M., "Little Lame Prince."
Defoe, D., "Robinson Crusoe."
Grenfell, W., "Adrift on an Ice-pan."
Holland, R. S., "Historic Inventions."
Macdonald, George, "At the Back of the North Wind."
Teasdale, Sara, "Rainbow Gold."
"Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on!"
"Was not given to you alone! Pass it on!"

PETERS WORKSHOP

Have you ever made a toy elephant? They are fun to make as well as to have. At least, that is what several boys have sent word to me. Make your main body parts out of inch wood and the legs and



ears, that are nailed on, out of crack-er-box wood. There should be two ears, two front and hind legs and two tusks made of thin wood. Pieces for the front and hind legs can be made of inch wood. Saw through the middle and plane off so that they will be exactly even. Smooth and sand-paper before putting together. The corners should be left square. Ears and trunk may be fastened by pivoting to the body through the ears.

The body part of the elephant slips through the ears and a nail is used to pivot trunk at this part. The trunk does not balance to this center, but hangs off to one side until a rubber band is fitted between nails over the head and trunk to hold into position and to be used as a string for action. Nail the trunk and head in place. Then nail a strip of wood lengthwise between the feet. Nail this strip to a board made of inch stuff and fitted with wheels so you can draw the nodding elephant around by a string. This will be a good Christmas toy for you to make for some little friend.

NUTS TO CRACK

Here are some nuts that were sent to me by Dorothy Nelson of New Bedford, Mass.:

Why does a bear go over the top of a mountain?
Answer—To see the other side.

Why does an Indian wear feathers?
Answer—To keep his wig-wam (wig warm).

And Muriel C. Haley of East Andover, N. M., sends these:
What chin is never shaved?
Answer—Urchin.

What fruit is like old monkeys?
Answer—Grapes (gray apes).

What sort of a rib is most valuable?
Answer—A spare rib.

How does a goose resemble a cow's tail?
Answer—Both grow down.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk is not conceited and does not brag by telling his friends how much he has, what a fine person he is, or how many things he is able to do. Your friends will be able to learn all these things about you without your telling them. And undoubtedly many of them are just as bright and have some things that are just as nice as yours. So remember a good Go-Hawk is not conceited and does not brag.

THE GUIDE POST

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Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

Brave Kate.
One stormy night in the summer the heavy rain swelled a little creek till the water rose and washed away the railroad bridge that crossed it. At the time, no one knew of the accident, and a freight train that came along soon after ran crashing into the creek.

A girl of 15, named Kate, lived close to the bridge. Hearing the noise of the falling train, she hurried to the spot and by great exertion succeeded in saving the engineer and fireman, who had gone down with the locomotive.

This was a brave deed, but Kate's work did not stop here. She knew that a passenger train would pass that way within an hour, and unless warning was sent in time it would fall through the broken bridge and hundreds of lives would be lost.

The night was pitch dark and the rain was beating down heavily. The nearest station was almost a mile distant, and to reach it a long rail road bridge had to be crossed. It was not easy to cross this bridge, even in broad daylight, and in such a night it was extremely perilous.

But the brave girl did not fear danger to herself, her only thought was to save others, so she started in all haste for the station. Just as she reached the bridge the wind blew out her light, but even that did not stop her. Getting on her hands and knees, she crawled along the rails, moving carefully from tie to tie till she had gone the whole length of the bridge. Then she rose and ran as fast as she could. She was bruised and wet and her clothes were in tatters as she stumbled into the station.

"Stop the train! Stop the train!" was all she could say and then she fainted. But Kate felt well repaid for what she had done. She was in time and the train was saved.—Mary Distefano, 1413 South Fourth street, Omaha, Neb.

An Eighth Grader.
Dear Happy—I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I will promise to be very kind to dumb animals. I have a pet horse, a cat, dog and a pig and I think very much of them all. I have one brother and two sisters. My brother's name is Norman. He is writing to you too. He is 9 years old. My one sister's name is Louise. She is 3 years old and my other sister's name is Betty. She is eight months old. I am 12 years old and in the eighth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Ruby Werkman. I like her very well. I would like to have some of the members of the Go-Hawks write to us. Goodbye, Happy Yours truly, Helen Jacobitz, Nelson, Neb.

Wants to Join.
Dear Happy—I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawks. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and would be very much delighted if you would send me a pin. I am 10 years old and in the fifth A at school. I have a pet canary whose name is Dickey. I am a member of the Blue-birds, which is a junior organization of the campfire. As a member of the Go-Hawks I will promise to protect birds and animals, trees and plants. I would be very glad if some of the Go-Hawks will write to me. I had better close for today. Your friend, Geraldine Patton, 520 Clarkson street, Fremont, Neb.

Likes School.
Dear Happy—I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp in this letter so you will send me a Go-Hawk button. I want very much to join the Happy Go-Hawk tribe. I am 10 years old and go to school every day. I have a fine teacher and like school very well. Goodbye Happy, Your friend, Wayne H. Jensen, Taylor, Neb.

A Seventh Grader.
Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawk club. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade at school. I have written a story for Happyland and am mailing it today. Your new friend, Harry Von Essen, Oakland, Neb.

In the Evening.
Dear Happy—I am sending to you a poem of my own composition. When the sun is setting in the west And the flowers close their eyes, And all the world breathes peace and rest And the stars are in the skies, Then is the time to plan and dream Of the happiness in store. Evening is the time when all things seem To know just what they're living for.

When darkness falls on the burning hill It is calm and cool again, Just so the night wind seems to still The tumult in the brain. The trials of the noon seem far away 'Till the morn is shadowy and dim, Forgotten are the thoughts so gray, The sorrows cold and grim.

The rustling of the shadowy trees Our hearts with music feeds, And on the fragrance of thrills, We feel once more the joys of the past With the sadness left behind. If only these visions could forever last Life would seem wholly kind.

As a man takes abode in the desert So we welcome the eventide. The stinging words, the tears that hurt Darkness alone can hide. We wait, in the evening, to be alone, To forget and forgive if we can. For the harsh words we've spoken to man—Violet Leng, Plainview, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.
Dear Happy: I would like very much to join your club. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I promise to obey your motto and pledge. I have a big brother. He is out of school. I have a sister teaching school in Montana. I am in the fifth grade at school. I always enjoy reading your Happyland every Sunday. I have not any pets of any kind since my dog died. As my letter is getting long I must close.—Vivian McMurtry, age 11, 711 Sicily avenue, Ravenna, Neb.

Likes Her Teacher.
Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I want to join your club. I have sent my 2-cent stamp and I have got my pin.

I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Mildred Riley. I sure do like her. I have three other sisters in school. They are Roberta, Alfreda and Dalene.

I have no pets at all, but promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I help my mother with the work. I read the Happyland page every week and I sure do like the stories in it. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. From your friend, Faith Marie Smith, Page, Neb.

Lost Button.
Dear Happy, I am sorry I lost my button. After changing my dress I put my button on. After I got to school I noticed that my button was gone.

Here is a recipe: Cook Life of Wheat as usual, then after it is cooked crack some English walnuts and mix with Life of Wheat.

Hope to receive my button. I am sending a 2-cent stamp.—Frances Walroth, 4107 Spencer Street, Omaha, Neb.

Good Advice.
Why we can't have more tribes in Happyland is one thing I can't understand. We have such splendid rules to follow: We are kind to creatures, both great and small; We forget not one, we remember them all. If the old tribes will work, and I am sure they will try, Now just watch the new members to Happyland fly.

Gladys Stokes, 216 Frank Street, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Wants Letters.
Dear Happy: I saw my letter in the newspaper. Oh, I was so glad! I got my paper now. I am reading it.

I saw all of the other little girls' and boys' letters in the newspaper. I wish one of them would write to me. I hope to get my badge soon. I better close as my letter is getting long. Your niece, Geraldine Hillary, Imogene, Ia.

Reached the Mountain.
In Russia a few years ago lived Jacob and Henry, two boys of the same age but not brothers.

These two boys looked into life and saw that a school education would do them a great deal of good, so they started to work to earn sufficient money to come to America to go to school.

Soon the boys came over to the land where we now live and got in the hands of a kind family that sent them to school. The boys spoke broken and did not learn as fast, but soon got on to the English speech and therefore started to learn. They went through school as fast as the children do now, then they started to college. They took up the business course there with their other studies.

Two years in college was enough for both boys were smart and strong. They were in a New York business house. They worked well but soon both boys got tired of their jobs as most boys do. One day Henry came over to Jacob and said, "I am tired of this job let's quit and go to the Rockies."

I knew he was tired of his job thought Jacob but thought he was only joking about going to the mountains. So Jacob joked back, "Sure let's go." He answered, "I'm sure I'm brighter than ever before and the boys were brighter too. Bruce L. Barrage, age 12, Sutton Neb.

Arthur Silberman of East St. Louis, Ill., is going to wear his Happy Tribe pin every day, and he has a rabbit and a dog.

Peter Rabbit

WITH THE HELP OF RAPTUS POLIVUM FURNISHES THE DISTINGUISHED CAMPAIGN SPEAKER WITH A WARM RECEPTION.

By HARRISON Cady

HOWDY, GENTS!
WE—THE MEMBERS OF THE YOUNG WAS-TAIL POLITICAL SOCIETY—HAVE CALLED UPON YOU TWO DEARLENDERS TO BELENDERS TO BELENDERS PLACE FOR OUR BIG RALLY TONIGHT

JIMMIE! THIS IS GREAT—PETER—
WE'VE BEEN PICKED TO CHOOSE A RALLYING PLACE FOR SOME OF OUR BIG CAMPAIGN SPEAKERS AND WE MUST DO SOMETHING FANCY.

IT MUST BE WORTHY OF THE MIGHTY CAUSE AND THE DIGNITY OF OUR DISTINGUISHED SPEAKERS!
SURE JES FOLLOW ME—AM KNOWS JES TH' VERY PLACE—PETER.

HERE SHE BE! LOVELY STUMP WITH STANDING ROOM NOW WELL BE SLAP ON THIS BOARD FOR A PLATFORM AND TIE THIS STRING—BO.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—WIT WITH GREAT PLEASURE THAT I INTRODUCE TO YOU OLD SENATOR WEASLE—WHO WILL ENLIGHTEN YOU UPON THE GREAT ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN CAMPAIGN! AND KNOW THAT YOU WILL SEE THAT HE GETS A WARM RECEPTION!

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS—COME BEFORE YOU AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PRE-PUL TO ENLIGHTEN YOU UPON THE VITAL QUESTIONS OF THE COMING ELECTION.

IT IS TRUE WE MUST HAVE HONESTY AND INTEGRITY BUT FIRST OF ALL WE MUST HAVE ACTION!

HUN! IF ACTION IS WHAT HE WANTS WE CAN GIVE IT TO HIM! BOTH TOGETHER NOW—PETER! PULL!

HAW! HAW! HAW! WHAT YOU WANT IS NOT ACTION—WHAT YOU WANT IS ARNICA!

WOW!
WHOO! HE'S GIVING US ACTION

HELP! HELP! YELLOW JACKETS!

WOW!
WHOO! HE'S GIVING US ACTION

TINY TAD TALES

Everett has recently learned the meaning of the word "vacant." Hurrying in from play one afternoon he called:

"Say, mother, have you any vacant spool I can have?"

POLLY'S COOK BOOK

Peter and I like to have a glass of milk and some cookies when we come home from school, for we are always as hungry as bears. Yesterday I made some cookies by a new recipe.

Butterscotch Cookies.
One cup butter, two cups of brown sugar, two eggs, three tablespoons cold water, one tablespoon vanilla, three and a half cups of flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon soda dissolved in hot water. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie pans and bake in moderate oven.

They turned out fine and Peter and I are surely going to feast this week.

POLLY.

IN FIELD AND FOREST

As we have studied the trees the last year we have become more and more interested in finding out the wonderful things that are made from wood. Most of you know that the paper we now use is made from wood. But how many of you have read just how man first learned that wood could be made from paper. It was through the discovery that the white horse was making her conical paper nest from wood. For hundreds of years she had made wooden paper by scraping the wood from the surface of weather-worn fence board and from the dead limbs of forest trees. How wise she must have been to have found out this secret, no one knows how many centuries ago.

Today all our newspapers are made of ground wood that has been soaked to a soft pulp and then rolled out into thin sheets. Among the cheap woods that have been much used by the paper mills are the poplar and spruce. Their wood has not been considered of so much value in other ways as to the paper mills.

As you glance up from the paper you are now reading and thinking about the fact that it has been made from wood, perhaps you will look down at the shoes you are wearing. You know they are made of leather. In the early spring the hemlock trees that grow on the hill are stripped of their bark and so are the chestnuts and the black oak trees. Charcoal of this bark are then shipped to the tanneries. It is used for the tanning of skins which changes them into leather. This leather is used to make shoes for you. And so today you have learned of two more reasons for being grateful to our friends the trees.

UNCLE JOHN.