Christmas Month Is Here at Last

First Sunday in December! This means the Christmas month is here, the month to which you look forward all through 11 other months. No matter what good times you may have had on your summer vacations, and so many have written of their happy holidays that I know you did have them, still there is no other month you like quite so well as the Christmas month. This is more true than ever since you are learning how to make it more of a giving month.

Making toy furniture, dressing dolls, finishing pretty scrap-books for sick or poor children, is it then any wonder that December days are such busy ones?

Ever so many of you have been making Christmas card lists of Go-Hawks. You are now writing your Christmas letters and cards that they may surely be ready in plenty of time. As you do this you are thinking of the joy of the boy or girl who is to receive each one. You are thus helping these friends.

You will be surprised to find how many things there are that just seem waiting for you to do. When December comes then every Go-Hawk will wish that he could have done more. This is the best reason of all for beginning early. Is this not true?

Happy

THE SQUAW LADY

Synopsis.

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his mother alone. Jack Carrol 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 Tinker. After a bob ride Mrs. Shirley brings little lame Jimmie home for a visit. Prudence and Patience also spend a week with the Squaw Lady. Jimmy takes the Go-Hawks to a rehearsal at the theater, where his father works and the children visit the Green room later, where they help themselves to the paint and powder of the make-up box. Patience wishes they could stay on to the matiness and Jimmie agrees to her suggestion. The children occupy a box and the audience is as much interested in watching them with their brilliantly painted faces as they are the performance. When the final curtain falls, Patience gives a blissful sigh, then all the Go-Hawks discover how very hungry they are. Jimmie begins to feel faint and tells them to find his daddy..

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.)

(Continued from Last Sunday)

"Come on, Pat," commanded Jack. "We'll go get him, and the rest of the theater was emptied, and the children were frightened, for Jimmie's face was so white underneath the paint.

Jack and Pat stumbled down the stairs and up to the stage back among the scenes. "Where's Jimmie's father?" they demanded of the first man they met.

"He went home a few minutes ago, hurried off, for he's looking for his kid to be there."

Jack and Patience glanced at each other in dismay. "Let's go find the villain," was the suggestion made by the latter. "He said he was his chum, and so he'd like next to his father."

They made their way to the green room, which but a few hours before had been so full of interest to them.

"Whom do you wish to see?" was the question immediately asked them by a slender boyish-faced man.

"We want the villain as quick as we can find him." Patience believed in going straight to the point.

"Here I am, I am the villain, you know. What can I do for you? Not going to kill me are you?"

"You!" exclaimed the two in chorus, astonished, for he did not look in the least the same.

Patience at once recovered herself and remembered her errand: "Your chum is about dead. We don't know what's the matter with him, but he's all wobbly up in the box; Jimmie, you know, and he can't walk, and he wants his father, and you are next best . Come on!"

"My chum!" repeated the villain, and hurried after the children, glad that he had not left the theater before they found him.

"You see, Mr. Villain, we have had a grand time here, but we haven't had anything to eat since breakfast. If we had known we were coming to spend the day we could have brought our lunch." Before Patience could say more they had reached the box.

"Poor old man! You are all in. Here, you youngsters, run and get me a taxicab or carrage."

"I have my bob here," offered Jack.

"The rest of you can go home on the bob, but little Jimmie and I will return home in style. Scoot now, and get some one to call me a carriage or something." With these words he lifted the child into his arms.

Jimmie forgot those big things he had done all day to make his friends happy. The villain was not a villain to him, but the kindest of friends, and when finally they were in the carriage and being driven toward home he leaned against him.

The villain slipped his arm about the tired little figure. "We'll soon be home and have something to eat and then you'll be all right. You've had too big a day, old chap."

(Continued next Sunday)

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NUTS TO CRACK
BY BILLY SQUIRREL

Muriel Cooper of North Dartmouth, Mass., sends us a whole basket of nuts this week. Thank you very much, Muriel.

Why should a clever wheelwright make a good lawyer?

Answer—Because he is a fine spokesman.

When is a fish like an airman?

Answer—When it rises and takes a fly.

Why is the letter "I" always happy?

Answer—Because he is a fine dle of "bliss."

If a girl had all her hair cut off, why should she find it hard to keep things safe?

Answer—Because she has parted with her locks.

How tall should a king be?

Answer—Twelve inches, because that makes a good ruler.

What turns without moving?

Answer—Milk.

When is a donkey not a donkey?

Answer—When he is turned into a stable.

What goes up when the rain comes down?

Answer—An umbrella.

Why is a hungry man like a baker?

Answer—Because he needs (kneads) bread.

Weather
Snowing Skates in Happyland

FIELD and FOREST

For several Sundays you have been finding out some of the many things the friendly oak does for us. If you were a Portuguese boy or girl instead of a happy young American, then you would be able to tell the rest of us that even the corks in our ink bottles are made of the bark of an old oak tree. In July and August, both in Portugal and northern Africa, the aok harvest is being gathered.

Real cork is found only in the small evergreen oak that scarcely ever grows taller than 30 feet. The thin, hard layer of bark is stripped off when these trees are about 25 years old. This is the tan bark, and when it is taken off then the tree is left alone while it is growing its spongy bark, so different from the first. Fishermen use this bark in floating their nets.

Ten years late the bark is stripped again. It is growing better all the time. At the end of 50 years the bark is of the highest quality and continues very fine for 50 more years, then begins to grow poorer in quality until finally the tree is cut down and sold for fuel. Next Sunday I want to tell you just how carefully the bark strippers have to do their work all these years that they visit the tree.

UNCLE JOHN.

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:

Alden, W. L., "Cruise of the Canoe Club."

Boysesen, H. H., "Modern Vikings."

Lansing, W. F., "Quaint Told Stories to Read and Act."

Packard, Winthrop, "Young Ice Whalers."

Richard, L. E., "Five Minute Stories."

White, S. E., "Magic Forest."

Dorothy Etz of 94 North street, Medford Hillside, Mass., was 10 years old June 9 and would like to find a twin.

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

I'M A GO-HAWK The Happy Tribe

MOTTO

"To Make the World a Happier Place."

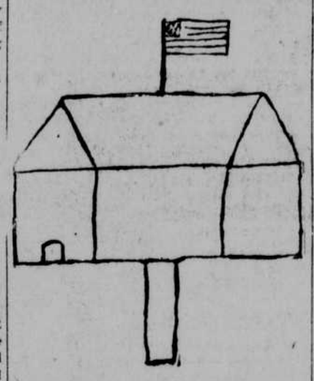
PLEDGE

"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."

PETER'S WORKSHOP

One of our New England Go-Hawks, Leonard E. de Moranville, has sent me a drawing of a bird house that he made a few weeks ago and has put up in his front yard as a shelter for some of the birds brave



enough to stay north for the winter. Leonard writes that one bird has already built for herself a "nice little nest" in his house. She was probably glad when she found this home, for she knows there will be food as well.

PETER.

A Little Bird Told Me—

Elizabeth Dawes of New Bedford, Mass., helped a blind man across the street and is trying to follow our motto.

George Orestis of Lewiston, Me., has an Indian suit and now all he needs is a Go-Hawk button to be a real Indian.

Jean Chamberlain of Willimantic, Conn., has started a Go-Hawk tribe and the members are planning to give some little plays.

Fay Davis of Ferguson, Mo., has a little scrapbook in which she pastes the many things she likes from the Happyland page.

Hurry Up Geography.

This game is lots of fun for boys and girls who are studying geography. One player knots his handkerchief and throws it at another without saying to whom it will be thrown. As he tosses it, he calls, for instance, "Africa." A timekeeper, who leads the game, begins counting rather rapidly up to 10. The player to whom the handkerchief is thrown must give the name of a river, town or mountain in the country named before the full number is counted, or pay a forfeit. Sometimes the game is made mare difficult by the leader announcing before he begins to count, "Africa, town," and then a town must be named. The same thing may be done in connection with rivers or mountains. The handkerchief thrower watches to catch somcone who is not paying special attention to the game and sometimes he even looks at one player while he tosses the handkerchief at another one, and so catches his victim unprepared.

Please Come to Tea.

All the children leave the room but one and this one hides a thimble. The thimble is placed where it is difficult to find, but yet is partially in view, perhaps on the end of a mantel or around the leg of a chair. When it is hidden, the other players come back into the room, the one who has hidden it calling to them:

"Hot butter, blue beans,
Please come to tea."

The first one who finds the thimble does not tell, but quietly sits down, and the others do the same, until only two or three are left searching. When there is only one left he has to do a stunt for the amusement of the others. As soon as he finds the thimble the rest shout at him, "Hot butter, blue beans," and he has to pay a fofeit.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk offers to help others. Do not always wait for father or mother or someone else to ask you a favor, but be quick yourself to see when your help is needed. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

-:- PROVERBS -:-

When the aspen leaves are no bigger than your nail is the time to look out for truff and peel.

When round the moon there is a brugh the weather will be cold and rough.

When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn sell your cow and buy you corn, but when she comes to the full pit sell your corn and buy you sheep.

When the pigeons go a-benting then the farmers lie lamenting.

When the wind's in the east 'tis neither good for man nor beast. When the wind's in the north the skillful fisher goes not forth. When the wind's in the south it blows the bait in the fishes' mouth.

Rain before 7 fine before 11. eleven.

Half-witted folks speak much and say little.

"Love is the best thing in the world and the thing that lasts the longest."

THE SINGING DELL

December

By HAPPY.

December is a busy month
When all the children want to write
Their letters to their Santa Claus,
At least just one or two each night.

They have so many things to tell
About the good things they have done,
And gifts they wish that he would bring
That they may have so much more fun.

Now Santa Claus always wants to know
How many smiles you give away;
He thinks that every little child
Should smile at least ten times a day.

POLLY'S COOK BOOK

On cold winter mornings daddy and Peter think there's nothing as nice as muffins for breakfast, so quite often I make them some. Yesterday I used this receipe:

Muffins.

Two cups flour, four tablespoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, one egg, one cup milk and two tablespoons shortening.

Letters From Happyland Readers

Prize.

A Happy Family.

Faithful was a proud mother.

She thought her five pups the prettiest and plumpest and fluffiest and funniest in the world. Flora thought so, too. Many times in the day she came to the stable bringing with her breakfast of tiny bits. Then she and the big dog would put their heads together and talk about the little dogs.

"Let me see, Faithful," Flora would say, "this little beauty, with brown eyes like yours is to be called Fido, and he must stay here always to play with you and me. The funny little doggy who likes to climb on your back shall be called Mischief. When he grows bigger he shall belong to Cousin Jim. Jim is fond of fun, too, and they can have splendid times getting in mischief together. The sleepy couple shall be named Dozer and Snoozer, and they shall go to Grandma's where they can be as lazy as they like. I think Rollo will be a good name for the little pup who is always rolling out of bed—we will give him to Baby Nell, and they can roll over one another on the nursery floor." Faithful wagged her tail in the straw and rubbed her cool nose against Flora's cheek. She meant to say that she quite agreed with Flora and Flora found comfortable homes for them all.—Eddie Paulson, Route 3, Box 53, Herman, Neb.

Hazel Collins, 48 Columbus avenue, Delaware, O., was 15 years old September 11 and would like to find a twin.

The Three Sisters.

Once upon a time, there were three sisters. The oldest sister's name was Janet, and the next to the oldest sister's name was Helen, and the smallest sister's name was Mary. The three sisters went for a walk in the woods, and on the way they saw some violets and they picked the violets, and they had not gone far when they saw some sweet williams and they picked them, and by that time it was time for supper. So they went in the house and ate supper then after supper they went to bed feeling happy over the pretty flowers they had seen and gathered.—Alice Barbara Wiles, age 7, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I will help someone each day. I will honor and protect my country's flag. Now I will write a poem.

From heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.
To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen virgin, mild.
This little Child of lowly birth
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

I wish that some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I would gladly answer. Yours truly—Alice Gerberding, 419 N. Eighth St., Beatrice, Neb.

Louis Osborne of Peabody, Mass., loves cats and birds and feeds the birds in the winter time.

Likes Her Teacher.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a Go-Hawk button. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Leona Phander. I like her just fine. I have one sister and one brother. Some of you Go-Hawks please write to me. Your friend, Roy Shields, Box 84, Hepburn, Ia.

My Cats.

Dear Happy: I would like 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 three sisters, one of them going to school. I am in the sixth grade at school. I have two cats, one named Thomas and the other Blackie. I will close. Your friend, Mayme Zentner, Age 9, Greeley, Neb.

Lester Meierant of St. Louis, Mo., likes to wear his Gohawk button, and all the boys and girls he knows ask him about it and want to become Go-Hawks and be happy, too.

A New Member.

Dear Happy—I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and would be very much delighted if you would send me a badge. I like my teacher. I have no pet, but I play with other dogs and cats. I like dogs and cats very much. I would like very much to have one. I think that my letter is getting long. Your friend, Dayton A. Mounts, Long Pine, Neb., P. O. Box 36.

My Dog.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade. I have one dog, which I got from the Indians. I have several teachers at school. We pass from room to room. I will try to get somebody else to write to you for a pin. I will close now. Your friend, Edna Olson, Rapid City, S. D., Box 224.

Henriette Messier of Manchester, N. H., is fond of swimming and last winter went swimming up to December 2.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am in the second grade. My teacher's name is Laura R. Lees. I have one baby sister and seven kittens and one dog. I am 7 years old. My sister's name is Enid Elaine and my name is Gladys Rose. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I want to join the Go-Hawks. Please send me a Go-Hawk button. Your friend, Glady Rose McGrew, R. R. 2, Shelby, Neb

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp, so you can send me a Go-Hawk button. I would like to join the Go-Hawk's Happy Tribe. I am 9 years old and I am in the fourth grade in school. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. For pets I have some rabbits, a cat, and a bird, and here is a poem I composed last spring called "Spring Time."

Spring Time.

I am a spring flower,
I hope you can guess,
The beautiful violet is
Already dressed.

In violet colors, the
Stem is all green,
It makes me think of a
King and Queen.

Your friend, Lucille Rantenberg, 904 Pierce St., Norfolk, Neb.

A Kind Deed.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to have a button very much. I was 10 years old the 24th of November. My teacher's name is Miss Gruble. I am in the fifth grade. I have no pets. Last year I had a dog. He got mad and we sold him for 50c. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I once found a meadow lark. Its wing was broken. My sister and I took care of it until its wing was well. We then let him go. He was so happy to get out into the fresh air that he flew on top of the house and sang a song. My address is 803 Joy avenue, Rapid City, S. D. I am sending a yell and this is it:

Raw, Raw, Raw, Raw,
Go-Hawks Happy Tribe.
Raw, Raw, Raw, Raw,
Go-Hawks Tribe.

Your friend and Go-Hawk, Alva Virtue.

Natalie Bliss of Peabody, Mass., saved all the sunflower seeds for the birds and her father always buys a bag of scratching grain so they will have something to feed the birds when the snow covers the ground.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is the first letter I have written to you. I am in the third B grade at school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hall. I have no pets, but use to have a dog.

I am sending you this letter because I want a Go-Hawk pin. I am 8 years old. My birthday is in May. I am sending a small poem. This is it:

The snow is falling, falling down
From the sky, from the sky;
The snow is coming from the sky;
Not one child with a frown.—Vivian Venora Virtue, 803 Joy Ave., Rapid City, S. D.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy—My sister, Eleanor, received her official button for the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe today and I think it is grand, so I am sending a coupon and a stamp for one, too.

Wouldn't James Whitcomb Riley be happy if he were alive and knew how many members belonged to the Go-Hawk tribe?

I will try to do my part in making the world a happier place. Your friend, Dorothy Youngkin, age 12, O'Neill, Neb.

Our Hike.

Dear Happy—I am very sorry, but I lost my pin. The children of school had a holiday. We all went on a hike. Then is when I lost my button. I am trying very hard to be a good Go-Hawk. I am going to learn that little poem that you sent with the button. I would like very much to have another pin. I would still like to be a Go-Hawk. I will close, looking for the pin. Yours truly, Mildred Martin, 714 Wood Ave., Rapid City, S. D.

Margaret and Helen Jones of St. Louis, Mo., each read a book a week for a year from our Guide Post list and received rewards of honor.

Lost Button.

Dear Happyland: I am writing you a letter to let you know I am still a Go-Hawk. I would like to have some of the girls and boys write to me. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I read Happyland every day and enjoy it very much. I hope Mr. Wastepaper is too busy to get my letter. Sincerely yours, Margaret French, Box 544, Rushville, Neb.

A Second Grader.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I am going to school. I am in the second grade. I am 6 years old. I like my teacher fine. Her name is Lucile Dryer. I would like to see it snow so I could use my sled. My name is Walter Green, Council Bluffs, Ia., Route 1.

Frances Gunn of Pleasant Hill, Mo., is at the head of her class at school, for she thinks that is one way of being a good Go-Hawk.

Sends for Button.

Dear Happy: Enclosed here 2-cent stamp for Happy Tribe button. My age is 7 years. I have for my pets one bird. I'm in the third grade in school. I like my teacher fine. Her name is Miss Ruth Dickerson. Yours truly, Tilford Schwidde, 1201 W. Sheridan Ave., Shenandoah, Ia.

Lost Button.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for another Go-Hawk pin, as I lost my other pin.

I was very proud of my pin and was sorry I lost it. Yours, Howard Heald, 13 Main St., Rapid City, S. D.

Louise Kantrovitz of New Haven, Conn., is putting crumbs out for the birds and has also made them homes out of old boxes.