



Go-Hawks Are Now Busy With Christmas Plans

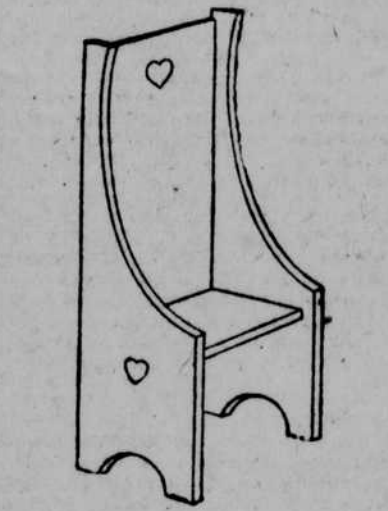
Christmas draws nearer, more and more interested are the different old and new tribes in their plans and work. From the president of the Squaw tribe, Dorothy Hall, comes word of the dressing of small dolls to be given to charity hospitals for Christmas. The girls were also given a large doll by a woman who had heard of their club and eagerness of its members to help others.

"The Squaw Ladies" is the name chosen by Sally DeMille and her Go-Hawks of New Bedford. All of the members have pets and are therefore especially interested in helping dumb animals. This is also true of the group of boys and girls in Antler, N. D. Of all the good times they expect their Happy tribe to bring them, their chief, Sidney Davy, believes they will like nothing so well as doing the things that will prove themselves good friends to all dumb animals about them.

From Beverly, Mass., comes word of 10 members in Elmer Widen's tribe, Elizabeth Leusser and tribe of Vermont Go-Hawks are also busy with Christmas plans. All over Nebraska are small branch tribes starting, some with five members and others with 10 and more. They are keeping the pledge and motto from day to day, and that always means good work. Allene Birmingham of St. James, Mo., sends word that she is now writing to Go-Hawks in 12 other states. She is also building up a good tribe in St. James, Ohio. Go-Hawks are busy now with Christmas plans, for George Haines reports he has just finished six toys to go away. He has followed the directions of Peter and his friends and this will be good news. The workshop where Peter works is always busy. This will all be good news to you as well as to



This week all the boys and girls, too, who live around in my neighborhood have started to make doll furniture and other things to be used for Christmas gifts. We are using cigar box wood, because it always makes up so well. First soak off all the labels and then dry the wood in the sun. Watch out for the pieces of

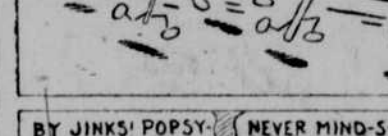


wood that have any printing on them and throw these away, for there is always plenty of good wood left.

We have just finished making dolls' chairs. The back should be four and a half inches high and two inches wide. The seat is one and one-fourth inches by one and three-fourths. The sides are one and three-eighths inches by two and a half inches high. Of course, you can make these little chairs any size you wish to fit the doll some little girl is to receive for Christmas.

Patience particularly had lived in another world since the eventful day, and to be an actress seemed to her the greatest thing to be desired. In imagination she beheld herself floating gracefully around the stage, dressed so beautifully that no one could remove his eyes from her. She believed that she could talk to the villain, the hero, and all the other members of the company in such a manner that the audience would hiss and with tears rolling down their cheeks. That very evening she practiced fainting, as the leading lady had done, and sank to the floor in so realistic a manner that Prudence was frightened.

(Copyright, 1924.)



Billy is a regular attendant at Sunday school and occasionally goes to church with his mother. One morning when his mother returned from service he asked her eagerly:

"Mother, were there very many hushers this morning?"

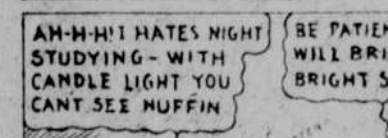
"Hushers?" his mother smiled. "Do you mean 'ushers'?"

"Why," said Billy, "I thought you called them 'hushers' because they were there to keep the people quiet."

Little Margaret had been to see a musical comedy, and was telling father all about it.

"Oh, daddy," she said. "The girls had the most beautiful voices, but they were hardly dressed at all. Then she added, turning to her mother:

"Mother, did they go back behind that big curtain to finish dressing?"



Since we have been studying the uses of various trees we have had many surprises. When you have put the cork into your ink bottle or any other bottle you have not stopped to think of where it came from or how it was made. To you it has just been one of a million corks. And now you have learned it is the oak tree that we have to thank for our corks. Especially in there a large harvest in Portugal and northern Africa.

Do you imagine it is an easy task to get off the cork so that it may not injure the under layer? First of all, the trunk of the tree is stripped from the ground to where the branches begin. Since cork will never grow again on any bruised spot, the greatest care must be taken.

Two circular cuts are first made, one at the top and one at the bottom, then two opposite slits, dividing the bark into two halves. A wedge-shaped tool is then used very carefully between the bark and the trunk, gradually working farther in until the plate of cork comes off. Before the two big sheets are ready to be sent to the dealer in cork, they have to be flattened and steamed.

Ten years does seem a long time between crops of the bark from cork oaks. And yet the owners of the cork oaks have something else good while they wait, for there are three crops every year of acorns from these trees, and they make wonderful food for pigs. So you see, the oak trees have more ways than one of proving to be our good friends.

UNCLE JOHN.

"There is only one way to be happy and that is to make somebody else so."



Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but besides to leave the mother alone. Jack, who is the Go-Hawk, decides to look after Mrs. Shirley during the editor's absence, and he decides, feeling his mother will not be lonely, to take her to the fair. He goes home then, in turn Donald, Peter, and Tinker. After a bob ride, Mrs. Shirley and little Jimmie go to the fair. Prudence and Patience also spend a week with the Squaw Lady. Jimmie takes the Go-Hawks to a rehearsal at the theater where his father works, and later the children visit the green room, where they help themselves to the make-up box. Prudence wishes to be a star on the mainstage, and Jimmie agrees to her suggestion. The children occupy a box and the audience is much interested in watching the party with its make-up and powdered faces. After the first curtain the Go-Hawks realize they are very much interested in the father and back to in search of his father, but find the father instead. Now take little Jimmie home.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

The father met them at the door, surprised to see a member of the company carrying in his son. "What is the trouble, is Jimmie hurt?"

"No, but he's tired out and powerfully hungry. Gave two box parts today and he's a wreck." With these words the villain took off Jimmie's coat and put him on the old couch. He covered him over tenderly, and then requested some milk to give him while his father prepared supper.

"Who were your friends, Jimmie?" he asked, as he sat beside the boy after he had taken his milk.

"They are the Go-Hawk Indians," "American Indians?"

"Yes, and I guess there are not many Indians left. They belong to the Squaw Lady and are taking care of her."

"Who's the Squaw Lady?"

"She's Mr. Shirley's mother, and we're looking after her. I mean the Go-Hawks are, but she says I help, too." Jimmie spoke with a world of pride.

"And you thought as long as these were times of peace, and you couldn't go on the war-path, that you'd give them a touch of life in a theater, was that it? You surely made a day of it."

"If I could only run like the others perhaps I could be a Go-Hawk." Thus did Jimmie disclose his secret ambition.

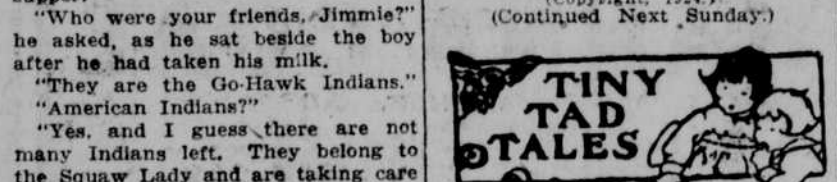
"Don't you care, they're liable to go on the war-path, that you'd give them a touch of life in a theater, was that it? You surely made a day of it."

"Oh, do you really think so?" Jimmie's eyes glowed.

"Yes, and here's your supper. Eat all you can, little chap, for whether you and I are Go-Hawks or just villains, we're going to have a lot of fun together. I must go now."

Jimmie's face brightened. "If I don't get to be a Go-Hawk, perhaps you and I can have a tribe. Will you?"

"That will be great fun, and you may be the chief and I, well, I might be the Medicine Man. We'll think about it. Good-bye for today." There was a look of perfect understanding that passed between this "big" and this little boy as they smiled at each other in parting.



CHAPTER XII.

Benefit for Jimmie.

Upon none of the children had the day's experience in the theater made so deep an impression as on the

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 of this paper. Over 125,000 members.

MOTTO

"To Make the World a Happier Place."

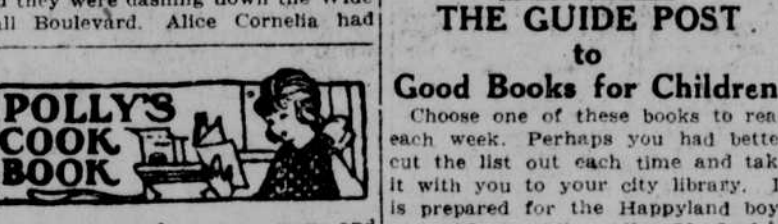
PLEDGE

"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."



Baby Bugs, the China Dog, and Oliver, the China Cat, who sit on the top of Janet's desk, have been very busy making out their Christmas lists. Baby Bugs says he does not intend to give anything to Cuddle Down, the Smaller Teddy Bear. The whole trouble is that Cuddle Down whispers and misbehaves so in school (where Baby Bugs teaches) and Baby Bugs has been very much put out about it. Oliver says that Baby Bugs has not the Christmas spirit if he crosses Cuddle Down off his list. What do you think about it?

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried Alice Cornelia, the Talking Doll, last night when the Doll House Family rushed out to see what had happened, who do you suppose they saw? Alice Cornelia, beautiful and fair, was being carried off by the Robber Mouse. He was astride Bill's rocking horse, with Alice Cornelia in front of him, and they were dashing down the Wide Hall Boulevard. Alice Cornelia had been crossing the Public Square in the center of the Nursery on her way to buy some Christmas cards at Bill's Toy Store. Suddenly she was seized from behind and she had only time to shriek her familiar "Mamma! Mamma!" when she was lifted on the rocking horse, and away they went. Tom and Ned Tin Soldier and Pat the Policeman Doll started in hot pursuit, and the Robber Mouse, seeing they were gaining on him, suddenly leaped from his horse and rushed down a small hole by the Radiator. Alice Cornelia was taken from the rocking horse by her bold rescuers, and looked quite pale with fright. They escorted her back to the Doll House, where her family was all on the steps hoping and praying for her safe return. There is some talk of presenting medals to Tom and Ned Tin Soldier and Pat the Policeman for their bravery, for the Robber Mouse is a very dangerous fellow.



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:

Alcott, L. M., "Little Women."

Baker, R. S., "Boys' Book of Inventions."

Brown, E. A., "The Chinese Kitten."

Church, A. J., "Stories of the Old World."

Hawthorne, N., "Little Daffydow dilly."

Richards, Laura E., "Florence Nightingale."

"To be polite is to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way."



Apples are good so many ways and Peter says, "Raw or cooked they always make a hit with me." So last evening I tried a new dessert.

Apples a la Cande.

Take two and a half cups of sugar and add to this one cup of water. Boil until a syrup is formed. Have sliced apples ready and pour this syrup over them. Set in icebox to cool and harden.

We served this with whipped cream, and both daddy and Peter thought it was fine. Are you thinking about making your Christmas candy yet? Next week I will give you a candy recipe or two.—POLLY.



When winter nights bring us again The snowy, icy world outside, The North Wind need not call to me, In his cold arms, to take a ride

I want to stay right here at home, Where I can lie upon the floor, A little boy with picture book— The winter world outside the door.

My book is large, and that is why It's hard to hear my mother call, It's time for you to go to bed— I do not like these words at all.



Bertha S. Ewell of Medford, Mass., sends us a little contest this week that will be fun to try on some of your friends. You will see that the answers to her "nuts" are all the names of different autos that are on the market.

What is the hardest auto in the market? Answer—The Flint.

What one has the name of a president? Answer—Lincoln.

What has the name of royalty? Answer—King.

A light that we see at night? Answer—Moon.

Name of the largest river in Egypt? Answer—Jordan.

How can you cross a river? Answer—Ford it.

What do you say to a person at whom you throw something? Answer—Dodge.

The name of another president? Answer—Cleveland.



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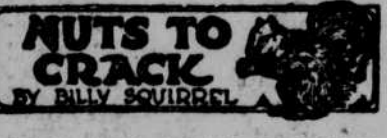
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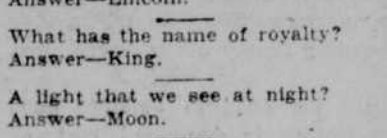
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Letters From the Little Folks of Happyland

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawk by sending a 2-cent stamp and coupon. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I made up this poem. The title of it is

"Christmas."

C is for candy we eatly spy
I is for health we are thankful for
G is for health would not mean much more.
R is for Rachel my sister who
She makes such good cakes and
delicious pies.
I is for ice upon which we skate.
We get along at an awful high
rate.
S is for Santa who brings us our toys
He's awful good to the poor girls
and boys.
T is for trees that we thank to have
if hurt in an accident we use no
time.
M is for making friends fast
You'll wish you would have when
you're past.
A is for alphabet among our nice toys
S is for Santa who brings us our toys
But Santa will soon come so soon
that Santa will soon come so soon
by the light of the moon.

I know I'm not a very good poet,
I try anyway. I have 10 pet kittens.
They are all colors. When I come
home from school I play with them.
Promising to be kind to all dumb
animals, I will close my letter and
hope I will receive my button very
soon—Margaret Aurand, Chapman,
Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: Grandpa went to Omaha today. I suppose he will bring me something. I am very nervous Christmas. I hope I get something nice. I found two of them was a pocket book and a Santa Claus in a silver boat. That was from grandma. I haven't found anything else and don't think I will look for anything else.

I am sending this stamp for a badge.

As my letter is getting long I must close. Your friend, Geraldine Hillary, Imogene, Ia.

Mildred Titus of St. Louis, Mo., is going to ask all the children that she knows who are kind and good to join the Go-Hawks and form a branch name, but hasn't decided on the name yet.

Never Missed School.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join the Go-Hawk club. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which I would like to receive a Go-Hawk pin. I was 11 the 28th of November. I am in the sixth grade at school. I like to go to school. This is my fourth year at school without missing a day. My teacher's name is Miss Harris. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals and to protect the birds. Well, I must close for my letter is getting long. From your friend, Walter Anderson, Brady, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which I would like to receive a Go-Hawk pin. I was 11 the 28th of November. I am in the sixth grade at school. I like to go to school. This is my fourth year at school without missing a day. My teacher's name is Miss Dornacker. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I like to read the Happyland page very much. I will close now. Goodbye, Happy. From your friend, Marjorie Kuhn, Kennard, Neb.

Mary S. Ake of Ironton, Mo., would love to be Go-Hawk, as she loves animals, especially dogs and horses, and also wishes to write to other Go-Hawks.

Will be Kind.

Dear Happy: Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for which I would like to receive a Go-Hawk pin. I will close now. Goodbye, Happy. From your friend, Valeria Milnar, Atkinson, Neb.

MacGinty.

Dear Happy: I would like very much to join the Go-Hawks, which I have read so much about. I am 12 years old and am in the sixth grade. I have one pet, my cat, "MacGinty," which we are very fond of. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp, for which please send me a Go-Hawk button. Yours truly, Hubert E. Hansen, Plainview, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a Go-Hawk pin. I always try to be kind to all birds and animals. I am 8 years old and I am in the fourth grade at school. I have a nice teacher, Goodbye for this time. From Billie Harrison, 1714 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.

Another Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I would like very much to join the Go-Hawk club. I will soon be 9 years old and in the third grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Lute. I have one pet and it is a kitten. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. Your friend, Esther Osborn, Paxton, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks.

I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade at school.

Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for button. Yours truly, Mariea Buxton, 2870 Fowler Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to become a Go-Hawk. I am 12 years old and I am in the fourth grade at school. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I enclose a 2-cent stamp and hope to get my button real soon. Goodbye, Happy. From Margaret Anna Denison, age 12, Omaha, Neb.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: I read your paper just as soon as I get home from school every evening. I like drawing very much. I am 15 years old and in the seventh grade at school. Sincerely yours, Frances E. Scoul, Box 442, Fullerton, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. I will try to protect birds and dumb animals. I am 14 years old—Ivan Thorson, Tuba, Neb.

Elizabeth Swain of Swampwood, Mass., once had a cat that bothered the birds, so they put a collar with bells on him.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a Go-Hawk button. This is my first letter to you. I am 11 years old, I am in the sixth grade. I read the Happy Land page mostly every Sunday. I read all the letters on the page today. I have two sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is 27 years old. My oldest sister is 19 years old. My oldest sister was over and she just left. She lives in Des Moines, Neb. My sister, Louise, that one which is 19, is in Omaha. She is training for a nurse in Nicholas Seminary hospital. My other sister's name is Alice. My brother's name is Robert. Will some of the Go-Hawks please write to me. My father is going to Omaha pretty soon. He said maybe we are going to pave our streets. We would not pave all. He is the mayor here in Wilber. My letter is getting very long so I must quit. Yours truly, Camille Slepicka, Box 387, Wilber, Neb.

A Splendid Record.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to your Happy page. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I am 9 years old and am in the fourth grade at school. For pets, brother and I have a pony dog, Gersy heifer and several cats and also a pig. I have not missed a day of school this term and never have been late to school in my life. I always have tried to be kind to all dumb animals and birds. Every morning and night I take one of my neighbor's pint of milk.—Charles A. Mitchell, R. F. D. No. 3, Griswold, Ia.

My Cat.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for you to send me a button. I am 7 years old and I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Newkirk. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I had a little cat but he must have run away. My brother is going to write to you now. I have not written very much this time; maybe next time I can write more. I hope you will send my button as soon as possible. From your new member, Leslie Cushing, 2519 North Twenty-eighth avenue, Omaha, Neb.

Poor Jack.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe.

I am sending a 2-cent stamp for you to send me a button.

I am 8 years old and in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bonamers.

I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I had a little dog he got run over. His name was Jack. I have not written very much this time maybe next time I will write a little more.

Hope to receive my button soon. I remain your neighbor, John Cades, 2519 North Twenty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to become a member of the Go-Hawk club. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp so I may get a Go-Hawk button. I am in the sixth grade at school and am 9 years old. My teacher's name is Sister Ernestness.

I would like some of the Go-Hawks to write to me. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I guess I must close. Yours truly, Mayme Zentner, Greeley, Neb.

Wants Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join you Go-Hawks.

I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp so I may get a Go-Hawk button. I am in the seventh grade and I am 11 years old. I promise to be kind to dumb animals. I would like if some of the Go-Hawks would write to me.

Hope to receive the button. I must close. Yours truly, Irene Osborn, Atkinson, Neb.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk club. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp so that I may get a Go-Hawk button. I am 8 years old and I am in the fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Mack. She has taught in this school before. The school I go to is Mrs. Mound school. Your friend, Ruth Evelyn Rock, Rising City, Neb.

First Letter.

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