



Cats' Orphan Asylum Started by Little Girl

ONE of our Go-Hawks, who now lives in Greeley, Colo., has written a letter to Happyland about something that she is doing, and it will interest every one of you who has a kitten for a pet. Her name is Janette Boardman, and some of you may know her. She has four brothers, but no sisters, and often wishes she had as many sisters as some of you. Where her family live is a garage, but they have no car. Janette decided the very best possible use that could be made of that empty garage was to turn it into a Cats' Orphan asylum. So the stray cats, deserted cats or injured cats were made welcome. Each week she takes part of her own allowance for spending money and buys milk for her cats so that they will not be a burden to anybody else.

Janette writes: "I have six new cats in the garage now. I had a gray cat once and decided I would try to get a home for it. So I took it to all the homes within three blocks. No one would take it. They all said it was too ugly. So I brought it home again and fed it and combed its fur until it was beautiful. The other night while we were sitting on the porch a woman came up and wanted to buy that cat from me. She thought it was a pedigreed cat, I suppose. But we all loved Billy too much to sell him in anyone. So I took the woman out to the garage and let her choose another cat and gave it to her. She will like it just as well."

After you read about Janette and her work you will wish she lived in your neighborhood and that you could visit her little asylum. So many of you are doing such fine work in befriending cats and dogs and feeding birds that you will be interested in reading of what 11-year-old Janette is doing for the cats about her that need help. She loves them very much, and you will all agree that she is proving it, too.

Happy



One of my little friends has a recipe that mother says I may try next Saturday morning when, of course, there is no school. Perhaps some of you may want to try it, too. She likes to help mother with the cleaning and baking, and so do I.

SOUR CREAM CAKE.
One cup sugar, one egg, one cup sour cream, one teaspoon soda, one and three-fourths cups flour, one teaspoon vanilla.
To the sugar add well beaten egg, sour cream, then flour mixed with soda and sifted, and last the vanilla. Bake in two layers or a loaf slowly.
Aunt Elizabeth is coming to visit us next Saturday, so I do hope my cake comes out fine. POLLY.

To'd in The Children's Museum JULIANA, THE DUTCH DOLL, SPEAKS!



MY NAME is Juliana, and my home is far across the ocean. From the land of windmills and canals, of clean streets and wooden shoes, I have come to make my home with you. I hope that you will like me. Although I am dressed so very different from all you children, inside I don't feel a bit different from any little girl's doll. In Volendam, Holland, where once I used to live, my little mistress and I played beside the water a great deal. There was water everywhere—so much that if you fell off the sidewalk you might get drowned. On Saturday nights all the other little girls with their dolls, the women with their knitting, and the small boys with their boats would gather along the dyke to await the coming of the fishermen. All the men and big boys in Volendam were fishermen, for there was not much else to do.

brother and then I would feel rather overlooked. Going along on the top of the dyke, I could hear the cold and swishing water as it beat against the stones. Down a few steps from the wall and we would be outside our little blue-painted story-and-a-half house. Here my mistress would stop and, taking off her shoes, hang them on a crocheted stick before the door. Inside the house her woolen-socked feet would patter softly on the white-sanded floor as she helped her mother with the supper. I had to sit alone in a corner.



But I was not as lonesome then as I may be here in this strange land, where my clothes are so different from those of every one I see around me. I am dressed exactly as my little Dutch owner was dressed from my wooden shoes to my stiff lace cap. My dress is of many colors. The waist is blue flannel with a little red trimming and my long full skirt is red and black striped cotton. I always wear a black apron with a parti-colored top, the black and purple strings of which cross in back and tie in front with a bow. My lace cap, without which I would not feel comfortable, turns up over each ear in a point.

Very soon they will put me in a glass case with many other strangers in this land and I shall smile at everyone who comes my way.



Hello, everybody. These are good days for squirrels and I have several nuts for you. Here are some that were sent me by Emma Gene Meitzen of Hallettsville, Tex.:

Why is an orange like a church steeple?
Answer—Because we have a peel (peal) from it.

What is a put-up job?
Answer—The paper on the wall.

Why would Samson have made an excellent actor?
Answer—Because he could so easily "bring down the house."

Why does a cow go up hill to eat grass?
Answer—Because it can't go under.

"Grasshopper" is a long word. Can you spell it with two letters?
Answer—I T.



When the boats did come in, there were so many there that looking at the masts was like looking at a leafless forest. The men in long, full trousers and clattering shoes unloaded the fish. As soon as every fish was packed away in a damp basket, the men would go home. My mistress, with me tucked away under her arm, would clump along home beside her father and

UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

SYNOPSIS.
Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellyn twins, Prudence and Patience. Because he is lonely, the twins, with three of their girl friends, form a missionary society and adopt him as their "heathen." Each girl looks after some part of his welfare and they have great fun with him. Jack and Donald are so impressed with the missionaries' work that they open a settlement house in Donald's home (his parents being away) and give free baths to poor boys. With the help of the twins they also start a day nursery. The twins have a hard day taking care of seven babies borrowed from neighboring poor families and are delighted when they see Uncle Peter coming into the yard. They explain to him about the nursery and tell him that the big sisters of the babies have not come for them as they had promised. Uncle Peter suggests that the twins, Jack, Donald and himself take the babies home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"Of course, he won't tell anybody, for he keeps secrets better than anybody else in the world." Patience was always lavish in her praise.

"Not better than father."

"No, not better than father but better than any other heathen."

While the girls were busy picking up things in the kitchen the boys were equally as occupied upstairs. They had discovered that the last guests in the bathroom had showered themselves so vigorously that they had managed to break a part of the apparatus. The philanthropists ruefully examined the disabled member.

"Do you think your father will care?" Jack's voice was full of anxiety.

"Of course, he'll care, but then, I'm sort of tired of being a philanthropist. It seems as though nobody appreciates what you do for them. I bet there are a thousand wet towels hanging around. Guess we'll have to start a laundry next."

Jack laughed, for Donald's face was long. "We can't give any more shower baths, that's certain. Tomorrow we'll come over and try to get things straightened out before your folks get back. We have to go now and help the girls carry home the babies."

"Carry home those squalling babies!" Donald gasped with horror



Nearly always there is some picture you would like to frame for your own room or else there is one in some other part of your home that needs a new frame. So today I am giving you a simple wooden frame that is easily made. First



design your frame on a piece of drawing paper, figuring the length, width and thickness you wish. After you have cut each of the four pieces the right length, then measure off the angles by drawing a square at the end of each piece in your mitre box and cut it at 45 degrees. Before mitring the corners, cut out the under side to allow space for placing the picture, glass and backing. Hold the pieces securely in a vise and glue or nail together. Sandpaper your frame and stain any color you wish. Use some wood filler and then shellac and rub it down.

PETER.

Dorothy Fichtenmayer of New Bedford, Mass., likes the poems in "The Singing Dill" and hopes to have the book of Fairy Grotto plays on her birthday.

In Field and Forest.

When winter comes about the only way we can tell a tree is to study its bark. Every tree wears a garment of bark from the ground up to the utmost twigs. Many of them are dark and look so much alike that it is hard to tell them apart. You will find the thickest bark is always on the trunk of the tree and the thinnest on the youngest branches.

I have always been interested in the bark of the white birch tree. It is made of thin layers and the outside one shines such as does white satin. As it peels off around the trunk then you see three-cornered patches of black under each branch. Did you know that the narrow slits of different lengths on the beech bark are the breathing holes that let in the air to the layer under the bark?

The satiny outer bark is shed at the lower part of the tree, leaving lark under layers, rough and checked with irregular blocks. As the tree becomes older the trunk becomes rougher and darker, but the branches always show the kind of bark the tree wore when it was young.

In the northern woods the Indians made their bark canoes out of the white bark of the canoe beech. They would strip it from the trees in layers as thick as sole leather. All sorts of pretty things are made out of the beech bark. You have seen them in the shops and received them as gifts. Learn to look at trees and study them in the winter as well as in the summer. Your

UNCLE JOHN.

Seagulls as Weathercocks.

Did you ever know the seagulls don't like to have their feathers ruffled, so they always face the wind? They make fine weathercocks for that very reason. Perhaps they will all be sitting in a row, facing in one direction. The next time you look at them, why, mercy me! you'll find they have completely turned around. You may be sure then that the wind has changed, so they have changed their position, too. Some of you who live near the water, just watch them and see if this isn't true.

WEATHER SNOWING
POPCORN BALLS
IN HAPPYLAND

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY MAY BE MADE A "SAINT"

Paris, Nov. 10.—Not content with the heralded beatification of Elizabeth Anne Seton of New England, a movement has been started in Rome American circles to have George Washington declared a saint.

Members of the pontifical assembly see little hope of the movement succeeding, for two principal reasons: George Washington was an English, not a Roman, Catholic, and—there is evidence to prove the father of his country was not precisely a saint, but that he had his share of the wholesome sins of other men.

Elizabeth Seton will be the first American saint, but she was originally a Puritan. She emigrated to Italy to give her sick husband the chance of treatment by Italian specialists. At the end of the 18th century, during the French revolution, she became a Catholic.

Harvey Jacobsen of Audubon, Ia., lives on a farm and enjoys making the things from "Peter's Workshop."

Autumn Fires.
In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers;
The red fire blazes,
The gay smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all;
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.
—Mary Madison, O'Neill, Neb.

Charlotte Currier of Rockport, Mass., is going to cut out the rules of "Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk" and paste them in a book.

"Books, dear books,
Have been and are my comforts,
morn and night"



Roy's mother is a member of a married women's social club. During the last month he has accompanied her to five birthday parties, and at all of them they had candles on the cakes. A few days after the fifth party, the women met at the home of one of the members, and when they sat down at the tables Roy said with a relieved sigh: "Gee, but I'm glad this isn't a birthday party."

"Why?" his mother asked.

"I'm tired of blowing out candles."

The Guide Post to Good Books for Children

Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better cut out the list 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:

Bay, J. C., "Danish Fairy and Folk Tales."
Colonial Stories, Retold from St. Nicholas.
Field, Eugene, "With Trumpet and Drum."
Page, T. N., "Two Little Confederates."
Smith, E. S., "Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls."
Tappan, E. M., "In the Days of William the Conqueror."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not push and crowd on street cars and subways. While he may try to get in the car quickly and promptly, it is not necessary to push women and elderly people aside as if he were playing football. There is courtesy on a street car as well as any place else. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

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 your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 90,000 members!

Motto
"To Make the World a Happier Place."

Pledge
"I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."