



Go-Hawks Have Many Kinds of Pets

How many of the Go-Hawks have pets? It really does seem, doesn't it, that every child should have a pet, and somehow I cannot help but feel sorry for our little city friends who have none, while our boys and girls who live in the country have so many. When Happy was a small girl she always had a kitten. Spit Fire might run away. Furry Tab might be killed, but just as fast as one disappeared another was found to take its place.

Each kitten had its own basket in which to sleep, a bright-colored neck ribbon and a tiny bell as well as plenty to eat and to drink. I always loved these kittens very much and tried to treat them as kindly as possible. Each kitten was always invited to our dolls' Christmas celebration and was never left out of any of the good times in our land of make-believe.

In the large cities, where there never seems to be quite room for everybody, still there are several different kinds of pets easy to have. For instance, a canary bird is a cheery little friend to have in the home. Dicky Bird only needs his cup of pure water each day and his bird seed to keep him perfectly happy and eager to sing for you.

All of you are fond of goldfish, so why not have a little bowl of them in your own room by the window? Tell mother, if she gets them for you, that you will watch over and take care of them. Drop into their bowl a few pebbles or shells and water plants if you are able to get them. You will only need to feed your goldfish family every other day. Buy a small box of fish food and break into tiny pieces. In some of the 10-cent stores they have what are called fish castles. If you put one of these into the bottom of the bowl the fish have a jolly time swimming in and out of the castle windows. The water in the bowl need only be changed twice a week. Even though you do love your tiny gold friends, do not do any of these more often for them, for if you feed them too much or change the water too much they sicken and die.

Two little girls I know have guinea pigs, and they think they are clean little pets. One morning when Elizabeth and Doris went out into the yard, they found "Jack" and "Jill" a stey called their pets, with three tiny baby guineas. Their home is in a small wooden box about three feet by four. It is covered with wire netting and one end is protected from storms by a piece of oil cloth. Their snug bed of hay has to be freshened quite often, for the guineas both sleep and burrow in it. They eat cabbage leaves, clover and plantain, and a big treat is to give them a cake of cornmeal, salt and bran mixed with water and baked in the oven until dry.

Another of our Go-Hawks has for a pet a big Scotch collie dog, and everywhere that Robert goes the collie trots at his heels, his beloved Sinbad. Several of our members have rabbits for pets. I always like to hear about your pets, so tell me when you write what you have as pets, all about them and if any of them are able to do tricks. I wish that every Go-Hawk might have as one of his comrades a dear, dumb animal. If you have none, you must try to be doubly kind to all those that you meet. Will you do this for

Happy

**Told in
The Children's Museum**

Autobiography of the Black Bear

Few animals in the museum are more important than I am. I know the old brown bear feels, since his picture was chosen to be on the Museum league pins, that he is a most superior beast. Some of the little children, as they stare at us from the outside of the glass case, are actually afraid of him because he shows his teeth and great sharp claws. Of course, he is larger than I, but I am not very old, and black bears never grow as large as brown ones. But then, my coat though somewhat shaggy, is finer and more lustrous than his. For these two reasons I know that the children like me best.

I hear the teachers at the museum telling the boys and girls bits of my life. They talk about the days when I used my claws to climb trees for the purpose of getting honey. Now, you know, I am very fond of sweets, even if I am large and awkward, and there's no nicer sweet than the honey of the wild bee. It is worth fighting its makers, with their sharp little spears, for, as well as working to climb a tree. Besides honey, I enjoy wild berries and ants.

Speaking of ants, I remember one hot day, when I was living in Malne, finding a spring. After

I had drunk the cool water, I turned over a few rocks, looking for something to eat. And I found the very juiciest, black bugs I had ever eaten. There were two or three frogs which must have lived for years in that icy water. I ate them, too. In fact, I would eat everything which came along, and once in a while I even looked for the pork barrel of some farmer and had pork for my dinner.

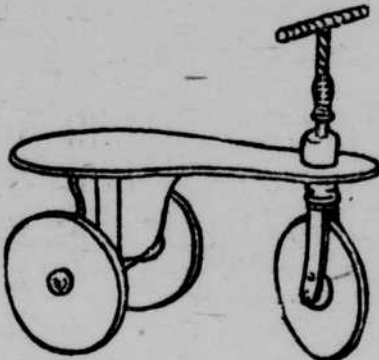


Then there were the days in the fall when the fruits and berries were ripe and the wild grapes were hanging on the vines; days when I did nothing but eat in order to get ready for winter. I ate until I could eat no more and then I hunted me up a bed. Sometimes I prepared a snug and comfortable retreat by digging a hole in a hill, with the roots of a tree overhead for a ceiling. At other times I was less careful and found a hollow tree or a small cave. Here I curled up and slept the cold, unpleasant winter away. Let the storms roar and the snows drift as they would, I neither heard nor cared.

But with the first signs of spring I came out into the world to stretch my cramped limbs. I found myself most hungry. This was the worst time of the year for me. There was no honey, the ants and other bugs were still asleep, the berries had been eaten or spoiled during the winter. I found so very little to eat that I had to dig for roots—when the ground was soft enough. Altogether I was glad when spring changed into summer and each small pond had its frogs and the fields their busy mice.



Betty Jean, who lives next door to our house where I have my workshop, is a little girl who has a whole family of dolls. She is always coaxing me to make her something for her dolls. Last Saturday I made her a toy car and it came out so well that I think some of



you may also like to make one to give away. I used a piece of beaver board and first cut out the seat and the wheels and then put it together with wire and spools. I made a handle to steer the front wheel. It runs well and will last quite a little while if not handled too roughly. Your friend,

PETER.



Daddy laughed over this recipe and said it was just the thing to try on him.

Poor Man's Pudding

One quart of milk, three or four tablespoons rice, a pinch of salt, three level tablespoons sugar, one level tablespoon butter.

Wash rice well and put in baking dish with salt, sugar and butter. Pour the milk over it and bake very slowly, at least two and a half hours, stirring twice during the first hour. Serve with cream.



Mr. and Mrs. Brown were going to town one afternoon and told 4-year-old Beth Ellen and 2-year-old Marjorie about it. But there was some trouble with the car, so the mother put the children to sleep. When they awakened they had not forgotten about it, and Beth asked when they would start.

"We are not going, as we have changed our minds," said her mother.

"Well," said Beth Ellen, "I have not changed mine yet."

Thurietta Torrey of South Braintree, Mass., has been clipping the recipes from "Polly's Cook Book" every week and enjoys trying them.

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:

- Carroll, Lewis—"Through the Looking Glass."
 - Driggs, L. L.—"Adventures of Arnold Adair."
 - Lucas, E. V.—"The Slow Coach."
 - French, Allen—"Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow."
 - Guerber, H. M. A.—"Story of the English."
 - Stockton, F. R.—"Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales."
 - Scudder, H. E.—"Children's Book."
- "The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining; I therefore turn my clouds about And always wear them inside out To show the lining."



SYNOPSIS.
Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Treadwell 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 loses some part of his welfare, and they have great times with him. Jack and Donald are so impressed with the missionaries' work that they open a settlement at home in Donald's home (his parents being away), giving 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 babbies borrowed from neighboring poor families and are surprised and pleased when they see Uncle Peter coming in the yard. They explain to him what they are doing and he suggests that perhaps the babbies are homesick because they are so cross. The twins admit they are tired out themselves, but say they must stick by the nursery to the end. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.)

(Continued From Last Sunday.)
"I can understand how you feel about it, of course, and I would not want you to do anything else than keep your word."

"We gave their big sisters a holiday and they promised to come back for the children at 4."

"Perhaps they will never come."

Patience sighed as she spoke.

"If you think there is any danger of that then we may as well take the babies home." Uncle Peter tried to speak naturally and not even the shadow of a smile crossed his fine old face. He knew that the girls were serious in their mistaken efforts to do good in this somewhat unusual manner and that this was no time to argue the question.

"Would you mind pushing the wheelbarrow?" Patience's voice brightened a little. "If you wouldn't then we can put four babies into it and one of us could walk along by the side to help hold them in. Then the other could carry a baby and each of the boys can carry one and that will take them all."

"Perhaps the boys will not want to go through the streets carrying babies," Prudence was still a little uneasy.

"That part does not worry me," Uncle Peter assured her. "As I understand you this is their enterprise. They founded the settlement house and you are merely helping them out. If things have not turned out as they had hoped then they will have to take their share of the burdens with the rest of us." Privately he thought it would be very good discipline for the boys, even though in this in-

stance the burdens chanced to be babies.

Just then Jack came out of the house and was for an instant embarrassed when he saw Uncle Peter. Then he came forward. "What is the trouble? I thought the nursery was going to close at 4 and all the babies would be home by this time."

"So did we, Jack." Uncle Peter spoke in that comfortable way of his, as though he, too, were a part of the institution. "The girls tell me that the owners of the babies have failed to call for them on time, and so I expect the best thing for us men to do is to help take them home."

"We can do that," was the boy's sturdy reply. If the suggestion was not the most acceptable one to him he gave no outward sign of disapproval. "Donald is just closing the bathhouse for the night and getting rid of all those kids. He'll be through in a minute, and don't you worry, we'll help you take the babies home. You've been regular bricks all day."

"Uncle Peter, if you will look after the babies a few minutes we'll go into the summer kitchen and pick things up, for I hate to leave everything in such a mess." Prudence was inclined to do her part to the end.

"All right, honey. Run along. I think I can manage seven babies for at least a few minutes."

"I'm so thankful he's here," and Patience gave a contented sigh as they ran into the house, "for now everything will be all right. Of course, we had to tell him about the settlement house. We couldn't do anything else for he wanted to know what we were doing with all those babies. Anyway, I'm glad he does know about it, for he will help us."

"I don't believe the boys will mind even if they do have to carry the babies," was her sister's reply. "They wanted to try having a nursery and we have done it, so it will not make any difference now if Uncle Peter does know. He'll never tell anybody."

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(Continued Next Sunday.)

In Field and Forest.

This week I am going to tell you about the tree that is called "the witch of the woods." It is the witch hazel tree. It really seems like a witch, too, because it does not do at all what you might expect. It ripens its seeds and also blossoms in October.

No one pays any attention to it in the spring, because it hides under its green leaves and looks like a scrubby little tree. Just wait until the season of the year when leaves are fast falling, beautiful autumn colors fading and squirrels busy hiding nuts. Then look at your thicket of witch hazel trees slowly dropping their yellow leaves and you will find to your surprise that the trees are in bloom. Each blossom will wave at you its little yellow petals from among empty seed pockets. Out of these pockets for days the seeds have been popping.

On my table as I write I have a bowl of these fragrant sweet blossoms. Some of the twigs I gathered still contain seeds in their pockets. Most any minute the pods may burst open and throw their seeds with the sound of a tiny popgun. It is fun to hear the witch hazel guns popping in the woods on a crisp autumn day.

When it rains the pods all close, but as soon as the sun comes to dry them then they begin their popping again. The pods are able to throw their seeds as far as 20 feet. Wherever a seed falls there a baby tree will grow. This is the reason we always find the witch hazel tree growing in companies. Each little tree seems to enjoy flinging its seeds in all directions, much as some of you children used to do with your toys. Goodbye until next Sunday. Your UNCLE JOHN.

Herman F. Sonnenberg of Melrose Highlands, Mass., is great pals with his little puppy dog and has a bird house in his backyard.



Dorothy Fath of Pueblo, Colo., has written that she is very much interested in Billy Squirrel and his Nuts, so she sends these for other Go-Hawks to crack:

What was the first bet ever made?
Answer—The alphabet.

What is the easiest way to save your money?
Answer—Don't spend it.

Why do hens always lay eggs in the day time?
Answer—Because at night they are roosters.

Why is a game of tennis like a party of children?
Answer—Because there is always a racket.

What trees are the same after being burned as before?
Answer—Ashes.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry?
Answer—Nothing.

Ella Nicolson of 64 Bakersfield street, Dorchester, Mass., is learning to write on the typewriter and wishes to hear from other Go-Hawks.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk is loyal to his friends. He does not talk about them behind their backs and he defends them when they are unjustly criticised by others. He loves and protects them in every way possible. 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."