



In Memory of Shot That Rang Around the World

REHAPS some of our Go-Hawks do not know about a certain holiday that comes this week and is called "Patriots' Day." New England boys and girls, especially those who live in Boston or nearby, could tell you that April 19 is Patriots' day. School children may be a bit sorry this year that it falls on Saturday, for otherwise it would be a holiday.

Those of you who have studied American history know that on April 19, 1775, were fought the battles of Lexington and Concord that were the beginning of the war of the revolution. Almost every young American has read of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. In 1824 it was decided in Massachusetts to make April 19 a legal holiday to be known as "Patriots' Day."

It is observed in no other state but Maine, that was a part of Massachusetts until 1820.

Each year in Boston is now reproduced the famous ride of Paul Revere and that other young patriot, William Dawes, Jr., who helped to rouse the sleeping countryside. Each rider is dressed to represent the original costumes of 1775. Paul Revere starts at 10 in the morning from Salem street, Boston. You remember that the signals to Revere in 1775 were two lanterns if the British went by water and one if by land.

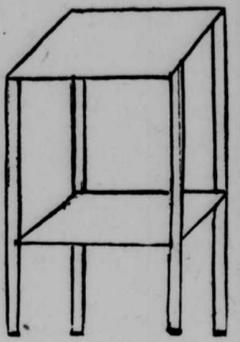
Last year on the eve of Patriots' day Miss Pauline Revere, a descendant of the famous rider, hung the lanterns as of old in the North church. Paul Revere starts his ride each year from North square, near the old Revere home. He follows the course of the original rider, galloping through Charlestown, Medford and Somerville, while Dawes rides through Brookline and Cambridge. They meet in Arlington and ride together to Lexington Green.

At each place they are met by crowds of men, women and little children. Bands play and speeches are given to the thousands who listen live again those stirring days of 1775. In 1917 25 children, all descendants of the Minute Men, fastened the Stars and Stripes, the union Jack and tricolor of France to the table near the old North bridge in Concord, in memory of the British soldiers who fell there in the battle.

We are all Americans wherever we live and so this week it would be well for Go-Hawks all over the country to read again about the battles of Lexington and Concord, as well as Longfellow's poem, the "Ride of Paul Revere." Then you will understand why the children who happen to live near the scene of these events, great in our nation's history, are so deeply interested in observing Patriots' day each year.



It is always good news to me when a Go-Hawk sends word that he has made something useful for his mother or for other children in the family. Here are the directions and drawing for a small stand to hold a plant or two. It was sent to me by a 9-year-old boy whose name is Herbert Wood. He lives near North Dartmouth, Mass. He used for his top a piece of wood 10 inches square and made the legs out of the rollers that he took from some old window shades. They were about 28 inches high. The second shelf, to hold a fern pot, is about 10



inches from the bottom. After the stand was finished he stained it with shellac. Herbert writes: "I thought this might interest some other little fellow to make." PETER.

THE SINGING DELL



By HAPPY.

WHEN I was born my mother called me little Paul— Paul is my father's name and he is big and brave— And so, she says, with such a name I must behave. She thinks that nothing else would do for me at all.

It's fun to take my flag and march on Patriots' day All up and down and round and round our garden walk, And with my flower soldiers drill and to them talk, And then, that I am Paul Revere we like to play.

When mother brings for me a lantern way up high In her own window, then—oh, then—I always know That it is time for me to mount my horse and go To rouse all those who still are fast asleep nearby.

My fiery horse is sometimes only father's cane— It seems to go as fast as any other thing; And, oh! I think I hear the hoofbeats loudly ring, To arms! I cry and then I clatter off again.

And when I stop to knock on mother's door and call, "To arms! The British come!" she cries, "You little dear, I surely should have named you Paul Revere." Guard well your country's flag that I may never fail.



When I told mother that today I wanted a patriotic recipe for my Go-Hawk cooking circle because it was so near Patriots' day, she said, "Why not use eggs for custard, because I've always heard the fine gentlemen of colonial days were very fond of custard." This made me think of something, and I said, "Why, mother, the very thing, for I have just found a custard recipe." So here it is and mother suggested we call it

COLONIAL CUSTARD.

Two cups milk, two or three eggs, one-third cup sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, nutmeg or vanilla for flavoring.

Beat eggs until blended, then add sugar and milk. Cook in a slow oven until smooth and velvety. Try with a knife, and if it comes out clean the custards are done. Bake in small custard cups set in pan of hot water.

CARAMEL SAUCE.

Three cups of sugar and one cup of boiling water. Cook sugar until it melts, stirring all the time to keep from burning. Then add boiling water. Put a tablespoon of sauce in the bottom of each custard cup, then when you turn out your custards on plates the sauce will run over them.

Frances writes this recipe will make enough for six people and that the caramel sauce may be kept in a jar in the larder for a long time.

POLLY.



Poor Old Soldier.

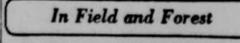
This will prove a favorite game with the younger children. One of the players, with hat in hand goes along the line pretending he is an old soldier. "Kind lady" (or "kind gentleman"), he says, "I am an old soldier, poor and hungry. Will you give me something?" or "What will you give me?" or "What will you give me?" of a plea of some sort. The child who is spoken to must then either refuse or agree to give the old soldier something, but in doing so he must not mention the words "Yes" or "No," "Black" or "White." If the old soldier tricks him into using one of these words, then the player caught has to take the place of the old soldier.

In 1775.

Here is a good game for a patriotic holiday. All but one of the players are seated in a circle. Each player is given a name, such as gun, sword, rifle, drum, bugle, canteen, boots, spurs, flag and horse. The one player in the center is the captain, and as she walks around the

Another Way to Be A Good Go-Hawk.

A good Go-Hawk loves his country and likes to read about the great historical events which have made it free and independent and a great nation. Try to learn all you can of our American heroes, for they are good models for us all to follow. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



What do they call a black cat in England? Answer—Whurr, "Kitty, Kitty," of course.

What flower resembles a bull's mouth? Answer—Cowslip (cow's lip).

That Katherine Kelly of Lexington, Mo., has read lots of James Whitcomb Riley's poems and enjoyed them very much.

In Field and Forest

As each new season comes it seems the best one of all. Especially in the spring am I glad that my little house stands so close to the woods, where I can watch the trees waking from their long winter sleep. Among the dark trunks of other trees the gray beeches have looked almost white.

Hidden in the silky brown bud scales of the beech, with its many layers, have been the young shoots. This is the month when they push aside their wrappings. The outer scales are falling while the inner ones are growing longer, and now the silky-coated baby leaves are appearing. No tree in all the woods seemed quite so lovely this morning as the beech. Its twigs all covered with tender, young leaves of green. One almost wishes these babies might stay as they are always.

Some of you write me in March that you had already been in the woods for pussywillows that tell so early that spring is on the way. The brown scales of the poplar trees loosen in March on the buds that are plump. Then the fuzzy gray pussies, all flushed with pink, push their way out and wave at us from every branch. As soon as their golden pollen dust is opened their catkins fall and are scattered to the wind.

Often do I wish these early spring days that all my young friends among the Go-Hawks might find the little winding road that leads to the woods. If ever you do, then look for a brown cottage with many windows, and underneath each one a shelf for the birds' use in the winter. You will know the house because the path leads from the front door straight into the woods. Better wear your buttons when you come to look for me. Then I will know you are Go-Hawks. The very minute you see me you will guess that I am your

UNCLE JOHN.

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:

- Catherwood, M. H., "Heroes of the Middle Ages."
Cervantes, S., "Don Quixote."
Egbertson, Maria, "Tales."
Lang, Andrew, "Brown Fairy Book."
Stevenson, R. L., "Black Arrow."
Wiggin, K. D., "Mother Carey's Chickens."

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks, 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 120,000 members!



MOTTO "To Make the World a Happier Place." PLEDGE "I will honor and protect my country's flag."

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



Editor Shirley Stone in his newspaper office thinking of the truest way to leave his friends and relatives. Jack Carroll, chief of the Go-Hawks, comes to call on Mr. Shirley. He tells him his problem. That evening Jack tells the meeting of the Go-Hawks and suggests that the boys and girls should tell him Shirley while their friend, the editor, is away. They have agreed to do so.

Continued from Last Sunday

In Indian fashion the Go-Hawks filed down the stairs, struggling meanwhile into their wraps. They separated at the corner, three dragging their bows behind for the long hill, while their chief, "Sitting Bull," who had been known to boast that he was "the terror of the pale faces," accompanied by his faithful dog, walked briskly toward the Shirley home.

CHAPTER III

Mrs. Shirley had drawn her chair closer to the open fire, near which stood the library table, covered with late books and magazines. Her face reflected the soft glow of the fire and the reading lamp with its long hanging green and red shades. She was still sweet and fair to look upon, although many years had passed since she came to the brick house a bride. Her home, high up on the river bank, commanded a fine view both up and down stream. "The old Shirley place," as it had of late been called, was a picturesque spot in summer, with its tangle of vines and quaint flowers which its mistress was fond of planting.

Back of the house was a steep ravine and a bit of woods, where the children of the neighborhood were wont to congregate and play. No one disturbed them, for both Mrs. Shirley and her son loved to hear the mad young voices, and even went so far as to add attractions to lure them to their chosen playground rather than to drive them away. At the end of the block was the famous hill, the joy of the Go-Hawks and the terror of their parents, because it sloped down to the river. It was safe enough this November night, for the river was frozen solid.

As Jack, followed by the faithful dog, trudged up the driveway he could hear the voices of his Indians as their bob went spinning down the hill in the moonlight. His mind was intent on the task before him, for he was eager to render a real service to the friend who had stood back of him in so many of his adventures. As he crossed the veranda he glanced into the windows, for no shades were drawn, and the firelight streamed out across the drifts of snow on the lawn. He was glad when Mrs. Shirley was alone and that the fire burned so cheerily—and then, he found himself within the hall and shaking hands.

Mrs. Shirley tried not to betray that she was surprised at the unexpected call. "Is this the famous dog of whom I have heard so much?" She patted King's head, and he wagged his tail sociably. "King always goes where I do, and so you will not mind my taking him into the library, will you?" "Not at all, and just lay your coat and cap here, that they may be warm for you later." She led the way into the library and drew another chair to the fire.

"It is lovely of you, Jack, to come to see an old lady, when I know that your playmates must all be out coasting, for this is such a fine winter's night and it is Friday, too."

"It is a good thing it is Friday, for then I can stay up later, and if it hadn't been I couldn't have come over."

Mrs. Shirley wondered at the nature of the errand that could have brought him, and so she asked gently, "Do you want to see me about something special?" "Mrs. Shirley, my mother tells me sometimes how she loves me better than anything in the world, and this is the way I suppose that you feel about your son, isn't it?" "Of course it is, dearie. How is all in the world, you know?" "If there was something you could do to make him very happy, would

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize)

A Letter from Mrs. Oriole to Mrs. Robin.

Dear Mrs. Robin—I received your letter yesterday. I wish I had some nice threads to build my nest with. If you have found any I wish you would tell me where you found them. My but I've had an awful time trying to build a nest. At first Mr. Oriole and I decided to build it in a nice walnut by the road. We had it nearly finished when I was carrying back a feather and I noticed a sparrow tearing down the nest. Then I saw another sparrow carrying off the nice threads and things. I dropped my feather and went away to tell Mr. Oriole about it. Then we decided on this tree. Nothing has happened so far, but I am frightened all the time for fear something will. I am sending you the recipe for Pinkroot Salad: "To slices pinkroot, one tenth of an inch thick, one half milkweed milk one-half leaf wild cabbage, and two hills of butter, churned from milkweed milk. Bake in the sun for one hour and 20 minutes. Well I guess that's all so I'll close. Goodby, Your friend, Mrs. Oriole." Written by Opal Grover, Peru, Neb.

A Good Member.

One day some naughty boys were sickening a dog on to a white cat. The dog just about ran it down, and Laura was just walking up the sidewalk. She saw the cat and ran and got it and asked why they were hurting it. They said just for fun. She came up and showed her pin and they wanted to be Go-Hawks so she said: "Do any of you take the Omaha Bee?"

Just then a little boy named Tom said they did. She said there is a coupon there and send a 2-cent stamp and you have your pin. But obey the rules or you wouldn't be a Go-Hawk. So obey the rules any Go-Hawks.

Biddy.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Griffith. I have 2 pet cats. I will name all my pets I ever had. A pet hen, two cats, four dogs. My hen's name was Biddy. Every time I called her she would come. One day when I came home from school I began to call her. She didn't come. I went to look in the coal house, and there was a dog. That dog killed her. I cried and cried. Daddy was eating dinner. I made him dig her a grave. After school I went down to the store and got a box to bury her. I am sending a stamp for a button. I must close, Ariene Hughes, Cozad, Neb.

A Pair of Go-Hawks.

Dear Happy—My sister and I wish to join your society so I am enclosing two 2-cent stamps for which please send us two buttons. We promise to help some one every day. We will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Sprague. I like her fine. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 13 years old. As I don't know any more to write I will close. Yours truly, Juanita McPherson, Fullerton, Neb.

Dolly.

Dear Happy—I want to become a Go-Hawk. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I have two sisters named Elsie and Marie. Marie is the oldest. I am the youngest. My two sisters and myself have each five brothers. Do you know how many that will make? I am sending you a story along with my letter, this is it: Once upon a time there was a little girl named Dolly. She had a very nice mother and father, but no brothers or sisters. Dolly was 5 years old and was going to go to the big school house on the corner in the fall. One day as she was walking past it she heard a little sound so she looked around and there was a little baby kitten. Dolly liked kittens very well so she picked this one up and carried it home. She decided she would not tell a lie, so she showed the little girl Fluff and she said it was hers and she took Fluff home.

When they were ready to go home she asked her if she had seen a little baby kitten. Dolly was about to say no when she remembered Fluff and would not tell a lie, so she showed the little girl Fluff and she said it was hers and she took Fluff home.

That evening when Dolly's father came home he found Dolly all in tears so he asked her what was the matter so she told him, but he said, "You shouldn't cry over things that don't belong to you, but I think I can fix it up so it will be all right with you, but look," and he held up a silver dollar to her face; she saw how she looked and it made her laugh.

The next evening when her father came home he brought her a little kitten and it was as cute as Fluff so she was what Dolly called it—Gladys Heese, Clay Center, Neb.

Likes School

Dear Happy: I am 10 years old and in the seventh grade at school. My teacher's name is Nora Rachford. I like to go to school. This is my first letter so I am not going to write a story. I have a pony, a dog and a cat for pets. My pony's name is Ben. He is black and white. The dog's name is Fritz and the cat's name is Buster.

I have a brother and sister. My sister's name is Ruth. She is 12 years old. My brother's name is Lawrence. He is 13 years old. Your true friend, Fern Tyler, Elm Creek, Neb.

Shep.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I want to be a Go-Hawk. I go to school. I am 9 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Banks. I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are Alice, Mavis and Gordon. I have a dog and two cats. My dog's name is Shep. I will be kind to all dumb animals. Yours truly, Pauline Mumbly, Helvey, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I have a brother and we have two dogs, Ring and Fritz. I am in the fifth grade and am 10 years old. I promise to be kind and I will try to do some good thing each day. I hope some of the Go-Hawks will write to me. Your friend, Helen Lovell, 1314 North Kansas, Hastings, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Happy: This is the second time I have written. I am 8 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Alice Jones. I have a pet dog, his name is Rover. He is a Scotch collie. I will try to be good to dumb animals. I wish some of the Go-Hawk tribe would write to me. Well my letter is getting long and I have nothing more to say. I guess I will close. Yours truly, Lenor Nelson, Greeley, Neb. Age 8.

The Wishes.

Once upon a time there were some animals, they wanted to change their voices. The Lion wanted to "moo" like a cow. The Wolf wanted to bleat like a sheep. The Fox wanted to crow like a rooster and the Cat wanted a squeak like a mouse. So after they told each other how they wanted to talk. They had a wise man come and teach them how to talk their different way. After they had been taught their new way they thanked the man and he went away. Then the Lion went to the Cowyard where a baby calf was. The Lion jumped upon the calf and ate it. Then the Wolf went to the sheep yard where a baby sheep lived. The Wolf went up to the door and bleated like a sheep and the lamb thought it was her mother and opened the door and the wolf pounced on the lamb and ate it.

Then the Fox went to the poultry yard where a baby hen lived. The fox rooster, he thought it was the rooster with a fat worm and went to let him in, when the door opened the fox pounced on the hen and ate them. Then the Cat went to the barn where some mice were in a nest, he began to crow like a rooster, and the mice thought it was their grandfather with a big piece of cheese, so they opened the door to let in the cat, when it was open the cat pounced upon the mice and devoured them.

When the wise man heard what had happened he called the animals to him and told them they would have to take back their old voices because they didn't make good use of their new ones. Dorothy Snyder, Age 12, Griswold Ia.

Nanny.

Dear Happy: I haven't written for a long time. My button would not stay on my dress. So one day I thought that I would wear it. I lost it and I could not find it. Will you please send me another one, I will try not to lose this one. Enclosed find a two-cent stamp and coupon. We have a Nanny goat for our pet. Nanny got up on the house this morning and she was playing and fell off. It didn't hurt her. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is busy when my letter reaches you. Jeanne Ross, Age 9 years, Louisville, Neb.

Collie Dog.

Dear Happy: I received my button and I like it very much. I have a collie dog, his name is Sport and he is very good. He won't let the pigs take any chickens. Today he ran out in the pigpen and he wouldn't let the pigs come near the gate. He would chase them away, then he would look towards the house as if he wanted us to come out there, then finally papa went out on the porch. He heard a hen yelling then he went out there and there was a hen caught in the gate. He let her loose. Then we gave him a good dinner. Mae Lanquist, Loomis, Neb. Age 19.

Sallie and Snowball.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you and I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Letha Fernstrom. For pets I have a pony. Her name is Sallie. And I have a dog, his name is Snowball, because he is a little Spitz dog. You will find 2 cents in stamps in my letter for my pin. I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks to write to me. I promise to be kind to dumb animals. Your friend—Sylvia Dumbinger, Hamburg, Ia.

The Good of a Go-Hawk Club.

I was out walking with some of my friends on a freezing winter day in December. As I walked by a large snow drift, I saw some kind of a frozen body in the snow. I got down on my knees to examine it. It was a dog. My friends just laughed and laughed as I tried to pull the body out: "It's dead, so what's the use of trying to get it out?" I proudly showed a badge I had and started to dig the snow away from the dog. As I pulled out the dog I noticed it was alive, and was a St. Bernard. I carried it home, and took care of it. It became well and loved me very much. It has saved my life and many other people's. The friends that were with me when I saved the dog got a badge and belong to the Go-Hawk club.

Dear Happy: I have written before, but I lost my badge, some time ago, and am sending for another one. I like very much to be in the club. And I've got to be dumb animals—Mella Corcoran, age 11, Silver Creek, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the Happyland page for a long time. I have been wanting to join the Go-Hawk club. Enclosed you will find the coupon and a 2-cent stamp.

I have one pet. He is a dog. His name is Rompus. I have one sister and one brother. My sister's name is Isabella. My brother's name is Jack.

I wish you would tell some of the Go-Hawks to write to me.

I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade in school and in the third grade in music.

As my letter is getting long, I must close. Jeanne Ross, Louisville, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you, and am sending a 2-cent stamp. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Fitzpatrick. I like my teacher very well.

I have always known the motto and the pledge.

I have no sisters, and just one brother.

I would like to have some of the other members write to me.

I have several pet kittens, and they are black.

I stand true to the motto and hope to receive a pin. I will close with my letter is getting long—Marietta Munson, aged 13, Champion, Neb.

Rudy.

Dear Happy: I read your letters in the Sunday Bee every Sunday, and I enjoy them very much, and I am sending a 2-cent stamp so I can join the Go-Hawk club. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. I have a little rat terrier. We call him Rudy. He does not look much like an ostrich. I would like to hear from some of the other members. Kenneth Smith, Harvard, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am going to join the Go-Hawks, and I like outdoor sport very much. I like to protect dumb animals and birds and I think I will like the club very much. I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade at school. Inclosed find a 2-cent stamp, so please send me a button—Lester Kronberg, Age 12, Kennard, Neb.

What the Clock Told.

"Oh dear, I am so tired of sitting here day after day with nothing to do but tick," said the clock.

"You might tell us about your life," said the pencil.

"Yes, I shall. I was made in Switzerland in a factory. I was taken to a store. Then I was put in the window, where I could see the mountains. But one day a lady came. She asked to look at some clocks. The clerk showed me to her and she said, 'I will take this one,' and she pointed at me.

"She then took me to a large house. When she got home she showed me to a man and said, 'This is what I got for my sister, Jean.'"

"That is our mistress' name," interrupted the pencil.

"Yes," continued the clock. She then set me on her dresser. Oh I loved it there. The children were so sweet. One was 2 and the other 3. They never complained like the children here. Next thing she took me and put me in a strong box. Then I was taken to the postoffice. Next I was put in a train. I liked it. But my journey soon came to an end. The postman brought me here and here I am. Now tell me your story."

"I was made in a factory, too, and then," but the pencil never finished her story for Ann, the maid, came in to clean up the room. Your faithful Go-Hawk, Phyllis Chapman, Aurora, Neb.

Egyptian Peasant Woman.

I am the wife of a poor Egyptian peasant. I will tell you about my life. My home is not a place of beauty. It is made of reeds plastered together with mud. It is low, almost flat, in shape; in fact, if I stood erect I would thrust my head through the roof.

As there is little or no rain, my country houses are made to keep off the burning sun. They do not have windows and there is no lock for the door as there is little to steal.

I work very hard. Sometimes we do not have enough to eat. When my husband is hungry he beats me. I will tell you something about the kings. They live in beautiful temples and have bright dresses trimmed with gold and silver lace. When a king dies his body is called a mummy. He worships Marduk, the god of the sun. Here comes my husband, so I will close, for he may beat me—Goldie Walker, 407 East Second Street, McCook, Neb.

Has Many Toys.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I want some of the children to write to me. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I have no brothers or sisters. I have an automobile and a wagon-mail car and a tricycle sled, and my daddy and grandpa built me a garage and so I have lots of fun with my toys—Jack Dewey, 3905 North Twenty-third Street, Omaha, Neb.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter I have ever written to you. I want to join your club. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Please send me the button as I propose to be kind to all dumb animals. I am 12 years of age and will be in the seventh grade at school next year. I will close, hoping Mr. Wastebasket is taking a nap. Cecelia Thompson, Gering, Neb., Box 563.