



Their Password Begins With Letter C

THEY have a password beginning with the letter C and that is the reason these Go-Hawks, who live in Bedford, each wear a red C. Tennessee Hodgdon sent word that they have had many good times together this summer. Their meetings were held in a playhouse.

William Whitehead is captain of a tribe of boys who live in Hyde park, while Elywin Waits, who lives in Mountain Grove, Mo., has formed a tribe of 10 girls. It is always good news to hear that a band of Go-Hawks is trying very hard every day to do those things that help to make the world a happier place. This is just what the five little girls banded with Virginia Haskell of Rosindale have been doing all through their summer vacation. It is always a surprise to find how many things just seem to be waiting for the Go-Hawks to do.

Barbara Squares of Newton Centre enjoyed being a Go-Hawk so much herself that she started a tribe with seven other girls in it. Eleven members are now reported by Emily Dixon as enrolled in the Squantum tribe. They call it "Squantum" because the town of Squantum is called for the Indian of that name.

Leonard Wright and his Go-Hawk braves of Nashua had the joy of being able to save a nest of birds this summer. His Go-Hawks are all from 7 to 10 years of age. Earl Ward lives in Ladbourn, Mo., and the five boys who were the first to join with him are all going to work very hard to build up a thriving tribe in their home town, one that will do everything possible for the protection of birds and all dumb animals. Six members are reported by Hedra Thomas in her tribe in Hyde park.

"We are going to begin very soon dressing dolls for poor children for Christmas," writes Mary Thomas, who became interested in the Go-Hawks while visiting her aunt in Columbus. She returned to her home in Cleveland and formed a tribe of eight girls who are already making plans for Christmas for poor children. Isn't that fine?



One of our Go-Hawks, Emerson Winthrop, who has spent his summer vacation on Cape Cod, has sent me a drawing of an old-fashioned cart that he made. He writes that it is the same kind of one that the fishermen used many years ago to haul their farm produce and fish.

To make the shafts use two pieces of soft wood, one three-fourth inch long and three-fourth inch wide. From one end of each shaft measure downward four and a half inches, then round and taper the



points toward ends. For the floor use one-fourth inch wood, two and one-fourth inches wide and two and three-fourth inches long. Fasten with one-half inch brads to the shafts, placing three-fourth inch from the square ends. Now take a piece of wood that is two and a half inches long and two-thirds inch wide. Fasten it to back of floor boards with two one-half inch brads driven up through the floor. For your roller use a piece of wood seven-eighths inch wide and thick. After you have whittled this into a cylinder rub it with sandpaper and then fasten to short-end of shaft. You can make any size cart you wish by enlarging equally all your dimensions.

PETER.

WEATHER.
Ice Cream Cone Showers in Happyland.



"Our last day of vacation, Peter," I said yesterday. "So let's celebrate!" We asked mother what we could do and she suggested having Dick and Mary Louise Lawrence (two of our best friends) over for a picnic supper out in the yard. As I do not have anything else to write about, I will close.—Dorothy Larson, Oakland, Neb.

Ginger Ale Lemonade.
Four lemons, one pint ginger ale, one and one-half pints water, one cup sugar.

Place a small block of ice in a pitcher. With the juice of four lemons mix the cup of sugar. Add the water and last, the ginger ale. Pour into the pitcher and stir thoroughly. Allow to stand for a few minutes before serving. This is enough for six persons.

They all liked this drink so well that I had to make some more.

POLLY.

In Field and Forest

Many of my young friends are acquainted with the saffras tree. In the winter they like to taste a bit of its bark or nibble at the dainty green buds. The saffras tree is not only an interesting tree, but has been found a most useful one also. Its light, tough wood is used for fishing rods by those who live in the country. The woods of this tree makes good barrels, boats, posts, since neither water nor soil rot it.

It is always good fun to study the strange leaf shapes of the saffras tree. It has mittens and double mittens of all sizes. The thumbs of these mittens are always just where they should be, on one side, and what is stranger still, there are lefts and rights. The doll-sized ones are the youngest and they grow near the tips of the twigs. The double mittens have a thumb on each side.

This is the time of year when the red stems of the saffras tree will be full of blue berries. They are blue if they have a chance to ripen, but often the hungry birds will eat them while still green. It will not be long until the saffras tree will change from the bright green of the summer to a rich red, purple and golden. Just before the leaves fall the tree tops will look as they were on fire.—Uncle John.

The Singing Doll.

Mary Isabel Brown of Lewellen, Neb., sent these nuts:
When are eyes not eyes?
Answer—When they water.
What goes round a button (a-button)?
Answer—A goat.
A man is in a house with the windows and doors barred how can he get out?
Answer—Break out with smallpox.
Here are a few from Schuyler, Neb. They came from Gladys Gerrits.
Why are tailors always doing good?
Answer—Because they are piece-makers (peacemakers).
What toes are like mats?
Answer—To-mat-toes (Toe-mattoes).
When is a lady like a grasshopper?
Answer—When dancing on the green.
Marie Varner of Neola, Ia., sends these two:
When do children behave the best?
Answer—When they are asleep.
Black on brown, four legs up and six legs down.
Answer—A negro riding a brown horse with a kettle on his head.

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

Beauty.
Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am sending 4 cents in stamps to get my youngest brother and myself a pin. My oldest brother's name is Clarence. He is 10 years old and I am 11. I will be in the sixth grade this fall. My youngest brother's name is Erskin and my sister's name is Anna. Erskin was 9 July the 12th and Anna is 7. I read the Happyland page every Sunday and I always wanted to write to you, but I never had time. My brothers and sisters and myself took part in Children's day at Mount Hope church this year. Pop pets I have a horse. She will be 3 years old the first of July. She is black with a white stripe on her face and her name is Beauty. As my letter is getting long I will have to close.

Well, I guess I will close now, hoping to receive the pin real soon. Your new Go-Hawk friend, Marie Varner, Route 4, Neola, Ia.

A Seventh Grader.
Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I am sending 8 cents for four buttons for my sister and myself, and one each for my two brothers. My teacher's name is Miss Barrette. I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I would gladly answer them. Your new Go-Hawk, Nellie Burke, Madison, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.
Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to be a Go-Hawk. I would like to have a Go-Hawk pin. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I have a dog named Pop and a cat named Tom. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. Enclosed is a 2-cent stamp for my Go-Hawk pin.—Evelyn Baker, Grand Island, Neb.

Lost Button.
Dear Happy: As I lost my button and wrote once before and then saw my name in "Attention Go-Hawks" for I had forgotten something, I will write again and send another 2-cent stamp and a coupon and I hope to get my button this time. Our school day is on May 23. As I do not have anything else to write about, I will close.—Dorothy Larson, Oakland, Neb.

Which Horn?
Ted had always lived in the city and had never in his life seen a cow. One summer he went to visit his grandfather, who lived in the country. As they walked across the fields one morning they saw a cow. Ted's curiosity was greatly excited.

"What is that?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why, that's a cow."

"And what are those things on her head?" asked Ted.

"Those are her horns," answered his grandfather.

As they walked on the cow moed long and loud.

Ted jumped in surprise as he exclaimed:

"Which horn did she blow, grandpa?"—Ruth Paulson, Age 12, Herman, Neb.

Will Be Kind.
Dear Happy: I wish to join your Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and I hope to receive my pin. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade at school. My birthday is on the 28th day of September. I hope to receive my button very soon. Goodbye. Yours truly, Tillie Eckert, Pilger, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.
Dear Happy: I wish to join your club, the Go-Hawks, and am sending you a 2-cent stamp so I may secure the official button. I am a boy 9 years old, and will be in the fifth grade in school next year. Hoping to receive my button soon, I am, your truly, Richard Blythe, Jr.

First Letter.
Dear Happy: I want to join your club. I promise to obey the rules. I am sending a 2-cent stamp to get my badge. This is my first letter to you. I am in the fourth grade at school.—Rita Scogin, 1539 South 25th Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.
Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp, for which I wish to receive a button. I am 10 years old, and in the sixth grade in school. I have one pet. It is a pony. His name is Tony, and he is very nice. Yours truly, Franklin Caffee, Chadron, Neb.

Our Pets.
Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. This is my first letter to you. I have three small sisters. Their names are Elizabeth, Margaret and Florence. Florence is the smallest. For pets we have a cat and dog. We also have a baby calf. It is black and white. We have 9 little ducks. They are wild ducks. I was good at school last year and the teacher gave me a fountain pen. I like it very much. I am writing with it. I go to the Horning school. I hope I receive my pin safely. I read the Go-Hawk page every Sunday. I like it very much. I want to be a Go-Hawk very badly, so I thought I would write. My little sisters are 3, 5 and 6 years old. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close.—Mary Louise Wiles, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Our School.
Maple Grove rural school is situated one mile south of O street road. It is in Cass county three and one-half miles southwest of Nebraska. A small one room schoolhouse, it is nearly in the center of the beautiful grassy yard which contains one acre. A fine row of large maple trees and two cedar trees. Some walnuts, elms and two catalpas are on the east.

The outside of the school building is painted white and the other buildings are painted gray. There are six windows in the school house, three on each side. One door on the south. The inside of the school house is painted gray and yellow. There are six large pictures and 14 small ones adorning the walls, two bookcases filled with books, 12 seats, 10 little chairs, a Victrola and 89 records, a stove, table, seven blackboards and a cupboard of dishes make up our equipment.—Bobbie Chappell.

Our Ducks.
Dear Happy: I received your letter with the button in it and was very proud of it. I liked it very much. I lost it today but found it again. My brother and I have 20 ducks. One of the ducks fell down the cellar but I got it out. In the close of my letter you will find a 2-cent stamp for which I wish you would send me a Go-Hawk pin. Your friend, Viva Ridge, McGrew, Neb.

Wants to Join.
Dear Happy: I would like to join your happy tribe. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for the pin. I am 13 years old. I go to school every day I can. I am in the sixth grade. I like my teacher very well. I am glad to be home for my vacation. Please send me a Happyland pin.—Frank Brotskovsky, Brainard, Neb.

Second Letter.
Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I received my button O. K. Yesterday was Decoration day. I did not go to the parade because it was so rainy. I am glad we are having vacation. My sister received her button too. I read the Happyland page every Sunday. Well I guess I will close. Goodbye.—Marcia Utter, Chadron, Neb.

New Members.
Dear Happy: We would like to join the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe. Enclosed find four 2-cent stamps, for which send us four buttons for Ruth Stouffer, age 7; Mary Stouffer, age 10; Marjorie Ryerson, age 9; and Naomi Ryerson, age 11. We promise to be kind to all dumb animals, trees and plants. Yours truly, Naomi Ryerson, 1022 Joy St., Red Oak Ia.

The Hunter.
Dear Happy: I would like to be a Go-Hawk, so I am sending 2-cent stamp for my button. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I will write a story now, so here it is. Once upon a time there was a very old lady. She was very poor. One day as she was hunting for food she saw an arrow stuck in a tree.

"I will take the arrow home and keep it for someone may have used it," she said.

The next day a hunter came to her home and asked her if she had found a golden arrow. She said she had and she gave it to him. The hunter had built a large house for her and she had plenty of food and money for her golden arrow.

From a Go-Hawk friend.—B. Nissen, age 12, Elgin, Neb.

Will Be Kind.
Dear Happy: I will write you a letter. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for my Go-Hawk pin. I am 6 years old. Well I will close. I hope I will get my pin soon. I will promise to be good to dumb animals.—Anne Smith, Winner, S. D.

My Goals.
Dear Happy: I would like to be a member of your tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am 8 years old. My address is 213 D street, Central City, Neb. I have some plans for pets. They like to eat in the limbs. Goodbye.—Ruth Sweeney.

Lost Pin.
Dear Happy: I lost my pin and I would like to have you send me another one. I will send you a coupon and the 2-cent stamp. I have a brother 2 years old and a sister 3 years old and I am 9 years old. Claire Poulson, Wayne, Neb.

A New Member.
Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I tried very hard to win the cow wagon contest. I have been kind to dumb animals. I am 9 years old. Goodbye. Your new member, C. Kleckner, Norfolk, Neb.

TINY TAD TALES.

Little Charles is very fond of cream. His mother says it seems to her the boy lives on the memory of a plate of cream until a joyous day when he can have another. Last week Charles and his parents were invited to dinner. When they were at the table, the hostess had served cream for dessert. So when the hostess heard his mother telling his father that they were invited to Mr. Brown's for dinner, his eyes sparkled and he said:

"You know, mother, I just be did regret that good ice cream had there last winter."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk.

A good Go-Hawk always addresses his teacher by his or her own name. He never calls her "Teacher." When entering the school room in the morning, he is the courteous thing to say, "Good morning, Mr. Wilson," or "Good morning, Miss Davis." So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

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:

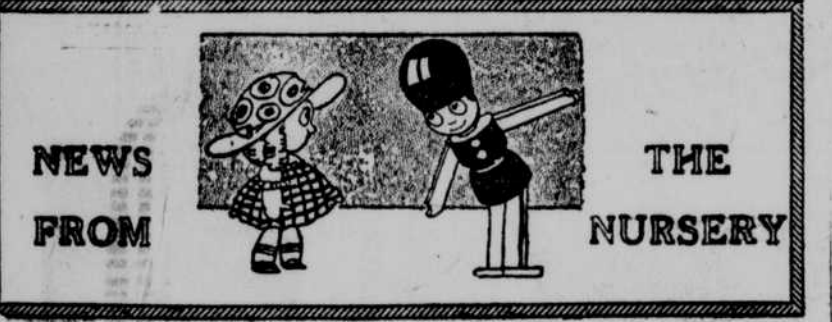
Alcott, L. M., "Under the Lilacs," Brooks, Noah, "Boy Emigrants," Lummis, C. F., "Pueblo Indian Folk Stories," Perry, W. B., "With Asa Gray in Egypt," Pyle, Howard, "Twilight Land," Richards, L. E., "The Pig Brother and Other Stories."

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 is the first Big Chief can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with his name and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care 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."



Janet and Bill have returned from the seashore, bringing with them Tom and Ned Tin Soldier and Alice Cornelia, the Talking Doll. Janet and Bill are as brown as Indians, but Alice Cornelia still has her lovely fair complexion. She says that she wore a green veil on the beach as much as possible and always carried her sunshade. Tom and Ned Tin Soldier are delighted to be back in the Nursery and have been marvelling about all day calling on their various friends.

Baby Bugs and Oliver, the China Dog and Cat, have decided to open a private school on the top of Janet's desk, where they always sit. Baby Bug is very fond of teaching and is enthusiastic over their new plan. Their pupils will be limited as the top of the desk is not very large. The parents of the Nursery children are requested to send in their applications as soon as possible.

The Book People have all returned to their home on the Book Shelves after a happy summer spent on the fire escape. (Of course, however, when it rained they had to come inside.) They were delighted with their summer home and say they have rented it for another season. Mother Goose and Little Bo-Peep have been busy dusting the Book Shelves and getting everything in order for the fall. Rebecca and Robinson Crusoe are both to have new covers next month. During their fire escape outings they fell through the rails and down into the ash can below. Twice this happened and ash cans are surely very hard on one's clothes. Rebecca declares her cover was getting shabby anyway, for Janet had read her so much.

THE SQUAW LADY

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but wishes to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll and the Go-Hawks decide to look after Mrs. Shirley during the editor's absence, and he decides to go to the city. Jack spends a week at the Shirley home, then in turn Donald, Percy and Jimmy. During Jimmy's week the "Squaw Lady" gives a hot ride and, unfortunately, she is a little lame. Jimmy is brown out of the job. Mrs. Shirley takes Jimmy home with her. Mrs. Shirley asks the twins over for a week with Jack and Jimmy. Prudence and Rebecca are delighted and when they leave home ask Aunt Nellie if she wants to tell them anything special.

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

"If you will only do the things Mrs. Shirley asks you, and not think up plans of your own, I will be happy."

"Then you will be happy, because we're going to save all of our new ideas until Uncle Peter comes home." Patience felt that should be assurance enough.

Almost immediately on their arrival she suggested that she be allowed to dress Mrs. Shirley's hair each day.

"Of course, I may not be able to make it quite so lovely as you do, Squaw Lady, but I will do my best."

"I know that you will, dear, and if you will come into my room early in the morning I will be glad to have your help."

"I am going to take care of Jimmie all week. You'll let me, won't you, Jimmie?" Jack was eager to do his share.

"Course I'll let you. I don't care if I did get spilled out, and I'm glad I'm going to stay another week!" Patience was humiliated to find she had overlept the following morning, and when she reached Mrs. Shirley's room found her dressed and waiting for her to comb her hair.

"I am so sorry, Squaw Lady, and I hurried so fast I pulled the buttons off my shoes, but now I'm ready."

That morning at breakfast Patience remarked that she wished she might learn to cook, and it gave the Squaw Lady an idea. "How would you like, little girls, to learn how to make raisin cookies? You might come and bake them every Thursday afternoon, and then they and help me prepare tea. You know I do not ask Mary to come back that afternoon, and it would be such a help to have you. Would you enjoy it?"

"And we'll taste 'em for you, won't we, Jack?" almost shouted Jimmie.

"Oh, what fun!" Prudence's eyes were dancing. "And we might play tea. You know I like to play tea. Aunt Nellie and Mrs. Carroll will each buy some cookies from us, and we can spend the money on the poor, and what fun it'll be to surprise Uncle Peter with our cooking!"

"You are the dearest Squaw Lady in the world." Patience ran around to the head of the table and threw her arms impulsively about Mrs. Shirley. "I wish it were Thursday this very minute."

It seemed to the twins as though Thursday never would come, notwithstanding all the happy times each day. When the eventful afternoon finally arrived they begged for permission to be excused a little early

for a drink.

(Copyright, 1924.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

NUTS TO CRACK BY BILLY SQUIBBEL

Mary Isabel Brown of Lewellen, Neb., sent these nuts:
When are eyes not eyes?
Answer—When they water.
What goes round a button (a-button)?
Answer—A goat.
A man is in a house with the windows and doors barred how can he get out?
Answer—Break out with smallpox.
Here are a few from Schuyler, Neb. They came from Gladys Gerrits.
Why are tailors always doing good?
Answer—Because they are piece-makers (peacemakers).
What toes are like mats?
Answer—To-mat-toes (Toe-mattoes).
When is a lady like a grasshopper?
Answer—When dancing on the green.
Marie Varner of Neola, Ia., sends these two:
When do children behave the best?
Answer—When they are asleep.
Black on brown, four legs up and six legs down.
Answer—A negro riding a brown horse with a kettle on his head.

Peter Rabbit comic strip by Harrison Cady. Panels include: ALL ABOARD, HE GIVES HIS KIDDIES A LESSON ON THE VALUE OF INVENTION BUT PRE-TO - THEY PUT IT TO USE QUICKER THAN HE EXPECTED, BY HARRISON CADY, THREE-KIDLETS THAT FINISHES PROFESSOR WEALES' FINE WORK ON THE LIVES OF GREAT INVENTORS - AN IT SHOWS HOW THEY ALL USED THEIR BRAINS AN' ADAPTED THINGS AT HAND - IT'S A LESSON FOR YOU, SAY-SOHNY-JES' TROT INTO TH' KITCHEN AN' SEE WHAT TH' BIG CLOCK SAYS, OH POPSY! THE BIG CLOCK ISN'T GOING, I FINKS SHE'S BUSTED-POPSY, NOT GOING-WHY SHE'S BRAND NEW AN' WARRANTED FOR A YEAR, A FEW HOURS LATER, OH POPSY! THE BIG CLOCK ISN'T GOING, I FINKS SHE'S BUSTED-POPSY, SHE DONT STRIKE OR NUFFIN, CAREFUL OF TH' TICK-TICK POP, WHOOP! THERE'S NO WORKS IN HER-SOME VILLAIN MUSTA PILFERED 'EM TO SELL FOR OL' BRASS, I KNOWS WHERE THEY BE-POP, OH! YOU DO-DO YOU-WHERE ARE THEY?, THEY'RE DOWN BY THE OL' MILL POND ALONG WITH YOUR BEST SUNDAY GO-TO-MEETING HAT, FOR TH' LOVE OF CARROTS? WHAT ARE THEY DOIN' DOWN THERE?--LEAD ME RIGHT TO 'EM--QUICK, OH-POP WE JES' FOLLOWED YOUR ADVICE ON BEIN' INVENTIVE AN' TO USE THINGS THAT WERE HANDY AND, THERE-YOU SEE OUR NEW INVENTION--THE FASTEST PASSENGER BOAT EVER BUILT OUT OF A SILK HAT AN' PROPELLED BY CLOCK WORKS, SHE'S HAD A SATY FEET AN' CAPN-CAPN.