



Columbus Day Is Here Again

Since this is Columbus day one cannot help but think of how surprised that bold sailor would have been could he have foreseen the great vessels that daily cross the ocean over which, many years ago, he made so perilous a voyage.

How different it was with Columbus when, in 1492, he set sail for an unknown world. Today no effort is spared to make our great ships as strong as possible that they may weather safely every storm.

Boys and girls of today love to read the story of that voyage and they try to imagine just how Columbus must have felt when at last he saw land. It always brings joy to anyone to make a dream come true through his own efforts and courage.

Every year many people who are traveling in Italy visit the queer old house in Genoa where Columbus was born. It stands very close to the crooked old street that is so narrow that any two of you could almost shake hands across it.



On a fine, crisp October day this is a splendid game for a crowd of boy and girl. Two leaders are chosen and these then choose their sides from the other boys and girls.

Here is quite an old game, but one that is full of fun for the players. A circle of about three feet is drawn on the ground.

THE SQUAW LADY

Rachel and Ruth had listened enraptured while Jane read. Rachel clasped her hands and said earnestly, "I might have sprinkled in a few more texts from the Bible to cheer his bleeding heart about the Squaw Lady."

"It is too late to sprinkle in Bible texts," Jane spoke with decision, for she had no desire to recony what she considered was a work of art.

Toilet water was substituted for Bible texts, and soon the letter was sealed and the children were in their way to mail it. They felt as though they had accomplished wonders in

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his sister alone. Jack Carroll and the Go-Hawks decide to look after Mrs. Shirley during the editor's absence, and he departs feeling his mother will not be lonely.

Simon Abel of New Haven, Conn., was kind enough to remember how hungry I get sometimes and sent me some "nuts." Here they are:



Ever so many of the Go-Hawks have become interested in making feeding conveniences for the birds. It is always well to plan them so that the weather will not affect them.



larger birds will eat all the food before the smaller ones have a chance. The cavity can be filled from time to time with chopped suet, nuts or other food mixtures and the birds, of course, eat the meat of the cocconut too.

Hang the cocconut by a wire from a limb of a tree. If you cannot get a cocconut you can use cans with small openings in the same way.



As today is the birthday of Columbus, mother said we ought to have some sort of Italian recipe, so we decided to print this one:

SPAGETTI ITALIANE Use one-half package of the spaghetti. Break up into small pieces and cook in boiling salted water until tender.

Take one can of tomatoes and strain it through a sieve. Add two small onions cut in slices, one and one-third green peppers, one table-spoon sugar and one-fourth teaspoon salt.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk A good Go-Hawk follows in the footsteps of Columbus by being a good student and brave, persevering and fearless.



Simon Abel of New Haven, Conn., was kind enough to remember how hungry I get sometimes and sent me some "nuts." Here they are:

Why is a slippery sidewalk like a piano? Answer—Because if you don't C sharp you will B flat.

What is always behind time? Answer—The back of a clock.

Why is a proud woman like a music book? Answer—Because she is full of airs.

What is the last thing a person does before going to bed? Answer—He takes his feet off the floor.

What time is it when the clock strikes 12? Answer—Time to get it fixed.

Why is a patch of sweet corn like a dunce? Answer—Because it is liable to get its ears pulled.

There was a nickel and a cent on the shelf. The cent jumped off. Why didn't the nickel? Answer—Because the nickel had more cents (sense).

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

(PRIZE) Kindness.

There was once a little boy named Tom. It was Christmas eve and as Tom was on his way to church he saw all the rich boys going in their warm clothes.

He had nothing but a coat made of thin goods and it was very cold. The little boy went in to the church. It was very warm in there and he was quite comfortable.

When church was over the little boy went out with the other people. There by the church lay a little child half frozen. The poor child had no shoes on.

Tom lived with his old cross aunt. When he reached home she scolded him and said: "Where is your other shoe?"

Tom told her about his giving his shoe to the little child. Then the old aunt scolded Tom more than ever and told him he would find nothing in his stockings in the morning but a big stick.

In the morning he was awakened by a loud scream from his aunt. Running downstairs, he too gave a loud cry, for there before his eyes he saw the fireplace full of lovely toys.

The night before at church the rich boys had told Tom that they were going to have lovely toys on Christmas morning and he would have nothing but a big stick.

But instead the rich boys had nothing but a big stick in their stockings and Tom had all the lovely toys. Neva Shoemaker, Elm Creek, Neb.

Dear Happy: This is the first time I have ever written to you. We have a lot of cattle and I have a pony. Her name is Bess. I have some other pets, a dog and a cat.

Likes her teacher.

Dear Happy: I am sending for a Go-Hawk pin. I am sending a 2-cent stamp.

I am 10 years old. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Churchhill. I like her very much. My box number is 373, Goodby, from Vivian Huffaker, Genoa, Neb.

Our days are better lighted by loving smiles than by the sun.

Dear Happy: I lost my Go-Hawk pin at school a few days ago. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for another one. I think very much of my Go-Hawk pin. Yours truly, Mary Law, Corning, Ia.

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Birthplace of Columbus, at Genoa, Italy.

Undeserved Punishment.

A little girl had not been to school for some time. She did not know that the professor had told all the children not to play with the water faucet.

She was alone on the side where the faucet was. A boy named Frank came along and told her to turn on the water faucet. Mary, for that was the little girl's name, turned the water faucet on. The boy saw the professor coming and walked away.

"No sir," said Mary. "I told all the rooms not to," replied the professor.

"I have missed, sir," was the answer. "Then you did not know about it," he asked.

"No, sir," was Mary's reply. "Did you do it without anyone telling you," asked the professor.

"No, sir, Frank told me to," said Mary. The professor called Frank in, but Frank denied it, and Mary got the punishment.

Down by the Old Mill Stream. Down by the old mill stream, Where the canyon waves dash in, And the beautiful fall, O'er the beautiful cascade, Down by the old mill stream.

Down by the old swimmin' hole Where the ocean waves dash in, Down where the river runs swiftly, Where the children clapped their hands with joy, In the old swimmin' hole, Down by the old mill stream, Your friend, Winifred Marson, Brainard, Neb.

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The Stolen Baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray had gone to a party given in honor of one of their neighbors. A girl named Lucille was left to take care of Mr. and Mrs. Murray's baby. The baby's name was Minnie Pearl.

She was alone on the side where the faucet was. A boy named Frank came along and told her to turn on the water faucet. Mary, for that was the little girl's name, turned the water faucet on.

"No sir," said Mary. "I told all the rooms not to," replied the professor.

"I have missed, sir," was the answer. "Then you did not know about it," he asked.

"No, sir," was Mary's reply. "Did you do it without anyone telling you," asked the professor.

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Peter Rabbit

His kidlet goes in search of a spirited mechanical toy and presto—he bags the creature who put the pep in pepper.

BY HARRISON LADY

GREETINGS SONNY! HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY. HOW HOT FOOT IT RIGHT DOWN TO THE TOY STORE AND BUY YOURSELF A PRESENT. WHAT DO YOU STUPE YOU'LL GET?

QUICK! HISTER! I'VE GOT A DOLLAR—AND I WANT A TOY WITH HEADS OF ZIP!

AW! YES! I GET YOU! JES' STYER THIS WAY TO THE MECHANICAL TOY DEPARTMENT.

NOW, HERE'S SOMETHING IN A MECHANICAL CHOO-CHOO TRAIN—IT'S A GREAT NOVELTY.

HOPE—TAKE IT AWAY! SOMETHING'S GOING TO SLEEP ON THE TRACK!

HOW ABOUT THIS?—AN AUTOMATIC DANCING LUNE BUG AN' JES' AS FRISKY AS THEY MAKE 'EM—AND SOME LIVELY WALTZER—'LL SAY!

LAWSY! YOURS HARD TO BUY!—BUT HERE'S THE GREAT-EST THING IN THE SHOP—THE SUPERMATIC, JUMMIN' HANGAR—JES' HOP ON HIS BACK—BUT DON'T TOUCH HIS HEADS!—READ THIS BOOK OF DIRECTIONS!

HEE! HEE! WE'RE SORT OF GOOD LOOKING!

WOW! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

CRASH!

WHOO!

WOW! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

CRASH!

TINY TAD TALES

Three-year-old Earl was watching a workman who was trimming the trees and shrubbery in the yard. The man was about to leave when Earl said to him:

"You better clean up this mess or my father will go for you."

"You tell your father to go and jump in the river," answered the workman.

Earl held up his head high with much dignity and replied: "My father doesn't take his bath that way."

Columbus.

Behind him lay the gray Ancones. He curls his little nose and sniffs. With lifted teeth, as if to bite.

What shall we do when home is gone? The words leapt as a leaping sword. "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck. And peered through darkness. Ah, that!

Of all dark nights! And then a speck— "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

It grew, starting in the distance. It grew to be "the" burst of dawn. He smiled at words that were "hallowed" in greatest lessons. "Sail on!"

Good Books for Children

Choose one of these books 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 city libraries, Boston public library. This week she suggests: "Asop Fables."

French, J. W., "Lance of Kanana." Harradon, B., "Things Will Take a Turn."

Otis, James, "Mr. Stubbs' Brother." Lodge and Roosevelt, "Hero Tales from American History." Sandburg, Carl, "Rootabaga 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 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."