



Every Mail Is Filled With Good News of Happyland

Every mail brings to Happyland word of new branch tribes forming, not only right here in the city we call home, but in all other parts of the country. Perhaps someone has received his own button and membership rules and been so pleased with both that he at once wanted to share with his friends the good that he has found. This is just what happened with Edward Hallen, now chief of a tribe in West Springfield, Mass. He found 10 of his schoolmates also willing to protect birds and dumb animals and do their share toward making the world happier for those about them.

From Milbury came the good word that Helen Tates and her band of Go-Hawks are now busy making gifts to send for Christmas.

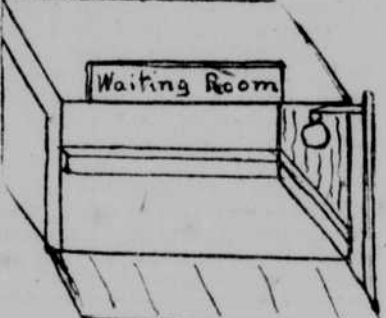
One of the new tribes in Columbus was recently reported to Happyland by Alex Freidenberg. They have 15 rules of their own that they have made for behavior at their meetings, care of their clubhouse and loyalty to the tribe. If they keep faithfully these 15 rules that have been so carefully thought out, then Columbus will be the better city because they live there.

Barbara Graves and her friends have found a tribe in Hampden, O. The members are very kind to their pets, much interested in all dumb animals, and they all have flower gardens in the summer. Milton Sheppard of Omaha has a tribe of six boys who are trying very hard to do protective and helpful work among the birds. Others of our Go-Hawks are also specially interested in this line of work and all through the winter the birds about them will have reason to know that the Happy Tribe boys and girls are keeping their pledge to protect them.



One of our Go-Hawks, George E. Hardy, Jr., who lives in Fitchburg, Mass., has sent to my workshop directions for a waiting room and lamp post as follows:

Make your top seven by seven and a half inches. The sides are six inches long and the back seven inches, while the front is five inches. One side of the waiting room is screened in. The platform on the front is two inches wide and seven and a half inches long. Make seats all the way around the inside and



Happy



Alice Cornelia, the Talking Doll, has a wonderful new red coat trimmed with white elderdown. She is so pleased with it that she wants to wear it all the time, but Janet says it is only for special occasions. Alice Cornelia pouted a little about it, for she does like to have her own way, but finally she smiled again and was saying, "Mamma! Mamma!" as happily as ever.



Nancy Blue Eyes and Hannah Lucy Littlest Doll left the nursery yesterday for a pleasant spin down the wide Hill Boulevard. Nancy Blue Eyes was driving, when suddenly around a corner came Broncho Bill, on his bucking broncho. She was so startled she did not notice the stair precipice ahead, and down, down went the toy automobile. Fortunately, as the car turned over at the foot, Nancy Blue Eyes and Hannah Lucy Littlest Doll landed on a soft Persian rug in the lower hall and were not hurt a bit.

All the nursery folks ran out to see what had happened, and Pat the Policeman Doll held up all traffic until Janet and Bill picked up the dolls and the automobile and carried them safely back to the nursery. Broncho Bill was very much worried over the accident and has tied his prancing steed to the table leg for two days. He says he doesn't feel as if he wants with black sticks and a red head.

Why are gloves not made to sell? Answer—They were to be kept on hand.

And this "nut" comes from Ellen Walsh of Hampden, Conn.: Why is an egg yolk like a coward? Answer—Because they both are yellow.

And here are two more from Beverly Medding of Woonsocket, R. I.: If a cat fell into a barrel of flour how would he look? Answer—With his eyes.

What is everywhere but never seen? Answer—Air.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk
A good Go-Hawk always tries to look as clean and attractive as possible. Since we must look at one another as we work and play, why not appear as nice as we can? One may not be pretty or handsome, but if neat and clean and shoes brushed and fresh, he need never be ashamed of his appearance. So remember a good Go-Hawk always tries to look as clean and attractive as possible.



My brother is a football star. And so I go to every game. And help to cheer him from afar. When he wins honors for our name.

North High plays East and sometimes West. And then we give our cheers and shout. Of all our games these are the best. The players want us girls about.

Our heroes are both brave and bold. They still fight on if things go wrong. And all their world seems dark and cold.

We think the game is lost—but no. My brother makes a touchdown; then we loudly cheer, as off we go. The football field is bright again.

Letters From the Little Folks of Happyland

Lost Button.
Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I have lost my pin and would like to have another one. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I go to the North Rapid school. My teacher's name is Miss Grubb. My brother has a dog and its name is Bill. I am sending a poem the name of it is

Little Orphan Annie.
Little Orphan Annie comes to our house to stay.
An' wash the cups and saucers
an' brush the crumbs away.
An' shoo the chickens off the porch
an' dust the hearth an' sweep.
An' make the fire an' bake the bread
an' earn her board an' keep.
An' all us other children, when the supper things are done,
We sit around the kitchen fire
an' has the mostest fun.
A-listen! to the witch tales that
Annie tells about—
An' th' goblins'll get you, if you
don't watch out.—James Whitcomb Riley.

I am 7 years old and my birthday is in April. I live in Rapid City, S. D., at 918 Denver street, and my name is Edna Mae Olmstead.

The Party.
Dear Happy: How are you? I have not much time to write for it is nearly supper time, but I will take time to write you a few lines. I will tell you what I did Monday after school. I went to Esther Warner's party. We did not stay at the house, we went to the park where we had lots of fun. Esther lives across the way. Esther is 6 years old. She got many gifts. We went to the park and roasted wienies and had lots of other things to eat. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp to join your club. I have wanted to join ever since we took the Omaha Bee, so I will join. I have three pets a dog and two cats. I did have four cats, but gave two away. Goodbye, from Ruth Martin, 418 South Fifth street, Beatrice, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.
Dear Happy: I am 9 years old and in the sixth grade at school. I am sending 2 cents in stamps to receive my badge. I like to read the Happyland very well. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am sending a poem I like very well:

See the little sunbeam,
Darting through the room,
Lighting up the darkness,
Scattering the gloom;
Let me be a sunbeam
Everywhere I go,
Making glad and happy
Everyone I know.
And now my letter is getting long,
so I will have to close. Elmer Pribnow.

Happyland.
Come, oh, come to Happyland,
and join the Go-Hawk rescue band.
Write your letter quick, today,
Happyland's not far away.

The gates are open wide for you,
Many others are there, too.
Brightly shines the sun each day,
If you go there you'll want to stay.
The grass is green and flowers bloom
there,
And perfume fills the balmy air;
The birds in the trees are sweetly
singing.

In Happyland it's always spring,
Madeline Gorlik, age 12, 2919 South Twenty-third street, Omaha, Neb.

Wants Letters.
Dear Happy: I am very much interested in your Go-Hawk Tribe and am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am 15 years old and in the 11th grade. I work for my board and go to school in O'Neill. I would like some of the Go-Hawk or read it of this paper to write to me, as I get quite lonely sometimes. I would like correspondence with young folks of my age. Hoping I will receive my button soon, your true friend, Charles Huston, O'Neill, Neb., in care of R. M. Sauer.

Likes School.
Dear Uncle Happy, I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp, and would be very much delighted if you would send me a pin, as I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawks.

I am 8 years old and in the third grade. I like to go to school and I like my teacher real well.
I will close for this time as my letter is getting long. Your little friend, Grace Mellinger, David City, Neb., Postoffice Box 875.

Helps Grandma.
Dear Happy: I am very much interested in reading the letters from Happy Land.
I see my letters in the paper every Sunday and am very glad.
We don't have school Thursday and Friday. I will get to play a lot also help grandma.
My mother is just fine. He is eating his supper now. I will send my letter closer as my letter is getting long. Your friend, Geraldine Hillary, Imogene, Ia.

A Fourth Grader.
Dear Uncle Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp, so you will send me a button, as I want very much to join the Happy Go-Hawk Tribe. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. I like to go to school. I have five sisters and three brothers. I will close for today, as my letter is getting long. Your little friend, Blanche Mellinger, Postoffice Box 875, David City, Neb.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world.
With the wonderful water young you curled.
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed.

THE SQUAW LADY

Little Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his mother 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. Jack spends a week at the party home, then, to turn, Donald, "Pigeon" and Tinker. After a long ride, Mrs. Shirley brings them to her home, where she plans to give them cooking lessons every Thursday. Ruth, Rachel and Jane become worried over the devotion of the twins of Mrs. Shirley and write to Uncle Peter about it. Jimmie takes the Go-Hawks to a rehearsal at the theater, where his father works, and the children sit in the boxes where the little lame boy always watches the rehearsals. The members of the company are much surprised to see the lad and his guests. The children around the star and leading man and Jimmie suggests they also applaud the villain.

Now Go On With the Story.
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"Here he is! Here he is!" whispered his child. "Just look at him. He's a regular robber." With these words, Jimmie clapped his hands, and the Go-Hawks followed his example with the utmost enthusiasm, some even adding a shrill whistle or two, for the villain made instant appeal to these warriors, ever thirst for adventure.

"S-sh!" When they begin to speak you must keep still or you may have trouble. If you make a disturbance then an usher will come and drag you out." Jimmie's voice held a warning note.

"Where are the ushers?" whispered Patience.

"Oh, back there somewhere." He waved his hand airily. "You never know where an usher is."

Mixed with the comedy, at which the children's spontaneous and hearty laughter responded the players that

it was with difficulty that order was maintained on the stage, was a fine bit of pathos. No greater tribute could be paid to the really beautiful piece of acting of the woman who took the part of the heart-broken mother than the sob which came from the box and startled everyone.

It was Patience, and before anyone could interfere she leaned forward and cried, "Oh, please, please, save her son." Prudence also was weeping softly, which unaccustomed sight so upset the manly braves that there was a frantic search for handkerchiefs. Jimmie openly wept, while the others denied that they needed their handkerchiefs for tears but suggested they must be taking cold.

"Look at the kids! Guess the play is moving all right," whispered the villain to the heartbroken mother who had caused such commotion.

When the rehearsal was over and the members of the company had scattered to their homes for a little rest before the matinee, Patience

asked Jimmie to show them all over the theater. They first visited the gallery, and then tried the boxes in the balcony. Jimmie limped along, but he was radiantly happy, for the theater was his castle and he was a royal host. By the time they reached the green room it was deserted and such a glorious time as they had. They moved around, impersonating their favorite characters of the morning. Prudence was the heartbroken mother and Patience the leading lady.

(Copyright, 1924.)
(Continued Next Sunday.)

IN FIELD AND FOREST

In our study of trees, while taking our little play walks together each Sunday in the woods, we have learned something of their many uses other than for shade and beauty. Perhaps you may not know that the gloves you wear are made of kid skins that are tanned in Europe. To do this work the nut-like galls that grow on certain oak trees are used. Tannin is the substance found in oak bark and the greatest amount of it is found in the oak galls. This is the reason they are so carefully gathered in many foreign countries that they may be used in the tanning of the skins needed for making gloves. Many of the most expensive inks and dyes that do not fade are also made from oak galls.

Last summer perhaps you noticed the green balls, often as large as a hen's egg and found sitting on an oak leaf. These are oak apples that change color with the leaves in the autumn. Sometimes our oak trees have small, hard balls growing on the twigs. They seem like marbles of different sizes.

If you were to examine these closely you would find each one had a hole in the middle. These marbles are made by a winged insect known as the gall knut. It lays an egg in the early spring in a slit in the twig or leaf of the oak. Next Sunday I will tell you what happens as this insect builds a house about him.

UNCLE JOHN.

TINY TAD TALES

Louise and Martha were passing a vacant lot where a horse was eating grass. Louise said gaily: "Our horse is all worn out." Martha's eyes opened wide as she looked again at the horse. "Why, Louise," she said, "I don't see any

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BATS.

"I'm not afraid of bats, not I; I love to see them flutter by. I think the funny little things are angel mice who've earned their wings."

POLLY'S COOK BOOK

Rodney and Helen Lawrence were over Friday evening and they had only been here about a half an hour when Peter said: "Come, Polly, let's all go into the kitchen and you can make us some candy." So that's just what we did, and I tried this recipe:

Butterscotch Candy.
One cup brown sugar, one-half cup water, one teaspoon vinegar, butter the size of a walnut. Boil about 20 minutes or until it forms a firm ball in cold water. Then pour on a buttered pan and cut in squares when partially cool.

Mother never cares if we make candy and it is really lots of fun when your friends come in for the evening.

Frank and Alexander Bryan of Omaha have kept the yard free from leaves and papers this fall as one of their kind deeds.

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:

- Baldwin, James, "Another Fairy Reader."
- Hawthorne, N., "The Wonder Book."
- Longfellow, H. W., "Hawthorn."
- Scott, Sir Walter, "The Talisman."
- Stockton, F. R., "Old Pipes and the Boy."
- Sweetser, K., "Ten Girls From

Peter Rabbit

HE JOINED THE HELPING HAND ASSOCIATION BUT FINDS WHEN HE GIVES THE CALL THAT IT DOESN'T HELP HIM MUCH.

BY HARRISON CADD

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."