



How "Bones" Found a Home and Real Friends

"Bones" was cross today. That funny name of "Bones" had been given him by the master with whom he used to live, and all because he was so thin, and then, too, he really did love bones. He never had thought much of his name, perhaps because everyone laughed when his master called him. He felt sure one day that his master did not love him because he went away and left him at home all alone. He waited a whole day with nothing to eat and when he was cross and ran away. That was how he became a tramp dog.

Bones hoped he could forget his master, but because he kept right on thinking and thinking about him of course he could not forget. That was the real reason he was cross. Then, too, he was very hungry and nobody seemed to care.

Suddenly Bones found himself in front of a school house, just as the children were coming out of the yard and scattering toward their homes. He looked at them eagerly and then decided he would follow one boy who seemed to be all alone. Just as they reached the door of his home the boy turned and saw the dog—thin, hungry looking, and with eyes that seemed to say something to the boy that he understood.

"What's the matter, old fellow? You look as though you needed a friend, too," said the boy. "If you are hungry, bark! bark!" Bones did bark, just as though he understood.

Then Peter went into the house and brought out some food, and Bones ate it so fast that he wasn't one bit polite. After that Peter took Bones out to a dog house in the yard.

"This was Rover's house before—before—that auto struck him. No dog's lived in it since. If you need a home you can have it," Peter patted Bones. The dog licked Peter's hand and then went to his new home and settled down, as though he knew just what was in the boy's heart.

When Peter came back later he found Bones fast asleep. At last he was able to forget. It seemed to him he had always been with the boy who was so good to him when he needed help.

Happy



COME PLAY

WITH ME

In this game the children sit in a circle and the first child says, "I am going away and in my trunk I put"—mentioning some article of clothing or something necessary for traveling, such as dress, shoes, brush or comb. The next child then repeats what the first has said and adds another article, and so on around the circle. Each child must repeat all the articles named before in their right order and add another to the list, which soon becomes a big one. If a player forgets one article or mentions the wrong order he drops out of the game until only one child remains as the winner.

"Wink 'Em"

A jolly pastime for a group of boys



THE SQUAW LADY

Editor: I have a wish to make a tip with a friend but hesitates to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll and the two boys decide to look after Mrs. Shirley. Jack spends a week at the Shirley home. Then, one day, Donald, the Tinker, during Tinker's week the Squaw Lady gives a ball-dance, and unfortunately she and little Jimmie are thrown out of the ball. Mrs. Shirley then takes Jimmie home with her for a visit. After a visit from Aunt Sallie, Mrs. Shirley asks the girls to come for the next week, which is also Jack's week. She plans to give the Prudence and Patience cooking lessons on Thursday, much to the girls' delight. Rachel and Jane are worried when they ask the twins to assist at Rachel's home at a missionary tea, because the girls refuse on account of their cooking lesson. They feel the twins are too busy with the Go-Hawks and their Squaw Lady. They are so busy that they can't do better than the Squaw Lady than Peter, and Ruth tells him he is hard to say such things.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY. (Continued from Last Sunday.)

"He said heathens and squaw ladies were not in the same class, and he bet their lady could ride a bucking broncho if she wanted to, and shoot arrows and wear blankets, and—"

"What's a bucking broncho?" interrupted Jane, ever athirst for information.

"I don't know, but it sounded dreadful, and then he said heathens were not much better than cannibals, and they ate you up if they wanted to."

"Every time we have asked the girls to play this week they have been going over there, and I don't think it is fair for them to be Go-Hawks and missionaries both, for they can't serve two gods. It said that in our Sunday school lesson." Rachel was ever inclined to quote

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 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."

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

The Lone Wolf.

In the forest of Canada were Tom Thorn and Harry Early, two of the well known wolf hunters. Tom was a tall, dark, strong, heavy set fellow. Harry was of medium size and dark and strong. Their cabin was well kept with wolf hide rugs and guns and pictures of outdoor life on the wall. Both men had a bed in a little room and also traps, guns, hunting knives and cartridge belts. Harry said: "Tom, don't you think we can look at the traps tomorrow and set some more?"

"Sure we can start at 5 in the morning, so you sleep good tonight." It was early evening, so Tom started a supper of potatoes, ham and cabbage, while Harry tanned a young wolf skin. Soon Tom called Harry to supper. Both men sat down to the supper table. They ate without much conversation. Supper was soon over and Harry washed the dishes. Tom walked to the door and opened it and walked out and said, "It sure is going to be cold to-night," and closed it again. Harry sat down in a chair that was covered with a bear skin, while Tom cleaned a gun. It soon got dark, when Tom said, "Well, let's go to bed." So both men did. As the dull moon shone on the snow a wolf came out and called for his pack. Soon both men were snoring hard. Morning came with a little snowfall. Both men drank a cup of coffee and got their guns and traps and started out. The first thing they saw was an old lone wolf that ran over a heap of snow. Tom shot but missed. "I'll get you yet," he said as he shook his fist at the spot where the wolf disappeared. The first trap was sprung, second, third, fourth. The fourth had a young wolf. Tom skinned it and took the skin home. When they got home they ate lunch. After lunch Harry went out and shot two snow-shoe rabbits and a deer. When Harry came home they had a supper of boiled venison and baked potatoes. Then Tom washed the dishes. Harry went right to bed for he was tired. Tom looked out and saw the same lone wolf go over a hill of snow and heard him call. He made up his mind to get that wolf. In the morning at 6 o'clock he

got up, got his gun, cartridge belt, and hunting knife and started out. Tom saw him on a carcass of a deer. He shot and hit his paw. He ran and Tom ran after him. He tracked him by the bloody trail. He shot again, hit and killed him. He took him home. He was half frozen, after he was warm he saw that that was the largest wolf he had ever shot. Lone Wolf, by Bruce Barr, age 12, Sutton Hotel, Sutton, Neb.

Lost Button.

Dear Happy: I saw my letter in print last Sunday. I lost my Go-Hawk pin and I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for another one. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I have no pets but my sister has a bird house and there is nest in it, and then besides we have over 200 little chickens. Well, I think I will be better close. Your little friend—Frances Kiker, Broken Bow, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp, hoping to get my pin soon. I have a big sister that is in the seventh B at school. I have a friend, her name is Mary Revere. My mother and father are well. I play in my cousin's yard and have lots of fun there. I am 8 years old and in the fourth B grade at school. I will close for my letter is getting long. Your friend, Tina Distefano, South Fourth street, Omaha, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish very much to join the Go-Hawks. I am 9 and in the fourth B at school. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk badge. As my letter is getting long, I will have to close. With love, Phyllis Wagner, 4688 Marcy St., Omaha, Neb.

Another Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp with which I wish you would send me a button. I am 11 years old and at Christmas time I will be in the seventh grade. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals.

Yours truly, Maxine Butts, Fremont, Neb.

Our Pets.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. We have new twins at our house. One is a girl and the other is a boy. The girl's name is Betty Jane and the boy's name is Burton James. I am in the fourth B grade at school and I am 11 years old. I have four other brothers and sisters besides the twins. I am promise to be kind to all dumb animals and birds and trees and plants. I had three little kittens but they all ran away. We had two pets, a rooster and a pullet. My brother's birthday is August 22 and Daddy killed the pullet for a party. Well I must close as my letter is getting long. Your new friend—Ruby Brand, 1135 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Neb.

New Members.

Dear Happy: I would like very much to join the Go-Hawks. Enclosed please find two 2-cent stamps for which please send my brother and me each a Go-Hawk button. I am 12 years old and my brother is 9. My name is Virginia Larson. My brother's name is Francis Larson. Both our addresses are the same. It is 2501 South Nineteenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Your loving reader—Virginia Larson.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like very much to join your club. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a pin and I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am 9 years old and I am in the fourth grade at school.—Viemer Gruber, Gresham, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am 10 years old and I am in the sixth grade at school this year. My teacher's name is Miss Peary. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister is a Go-Hawk. Well, I will close. Yours truly—Evelyn Marhan, Loveland, Ia. Eleanor Sullivan of Somerville, Mass., helps her mother with the cleaning and also likes to cook.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you as I want to join the Go-Hawks. I will send you a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am a boy 8 years old and in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Hammers and I sure do like her. I have one sister, 5 years old. Her name is Audrey. For pets we have one dog, one cat and a banty hen each. I promise to keep the pledge. I hope Mr. Waste-basket is cut when my letter arrives.—Stewart Hartman, Box 353, Pacific Junction, Ia.

Teddy.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and I hope to receive the pin. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I have one pet. It is a dog. Its name is Teddy. He is a fox terrier. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. My birthday is December 12. Well, as my letter is getting long, I must close.—Alice Winans, 2532 South Seventh St., Omaha, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I want to be a Go-Hawk. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I hope I receive the pin. I will be kind to all dumb animals and birds. I have a pony. Its name is Mugs. I have a kitten and a dog. The dog's name is Sport. I am in the fifth grade and I am 9 years old.—Dale Fuller, Spearfish, S. D.

My Toys.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin, as I wish to join the Go-Hawk club. I am 7 years old and in the third and fourth grades at school. My teacher's name is Miss Coufal. I have a bicycle and an airplane, so I have lots of fun. Your friend, Junior Davis, Amherst, Neb.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I am a boy and in the 11th grade. I enjoy your stories very much. I live on a farm and am 17 years old. I have two sisters. I live at Sixteenth and Samers.—Nicholas Ronin, Fremont, Neb.

Likes Flowers.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I enjoy reading your page. I am in the fifth grade at school this year. My teacher's name is Miss Johnson. I have two cats and a dog. One cat is white, one is yellow and the dog is brown. I care for them all. I feed them and give them plenty of water. I am 9 years old. I like flowers very much. I will send my 2-cent stamp and hope receive my pin real soon. Your new friend—Lucille Marie Ritchie, Bonesteel, S. D.

A Third Grader.

Dear Happy: I am in the third grade and I am 8 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Taylor. I have a pet cat, its name is Tom. I promise to be good to all dumb animals.

I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button.

I hope Mr. Wastebasket Basket, is out playing golf when my letter arrives. Your friend, Milton M. Marshall, Battle Creek, Neb.

Spring.

Dear Happy: I am writing you a poem about spring. Spring is here, spring is here, Now the best time of the year. Every person is happy and gay, All the children are at play. All the birds singing loud and clear. Because the spring brings lots of cheer. The men are glad that spring is here. Because the work is drawing near.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I promise to keep the pledge and wish to join the happy Go-Hawk club. I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade at school. I will try my best at writing stories for the Happyland page soon. Well, I will close. A new member.—Margaret Armitt, Dalton, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am sending you stamps for pins. I have a large club. My teacher's name is Miss Estep. I like her fine. Please send the pins as soon as you can. Yours truly, Gay Darwin, Burr Oak, Kan.

Another Way to Be A Good Go-Hawk A good Go-Hawk does not talk constantly what "I did" and what "I said." Leave "I" out of your conversation as much as possible and be interested in what your friends are doing as well as your own affairs. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

THE SINGING DELL While the black ash always stands so straight and slim it is interesting to notice that another member of this tree family, the red ash, is small and spreading. Its twigs are always crowded and its branches slender. Its bark is scaly and furrowed and reddish color. As they hang on their hairy stems the red ash seeds seem long and thin. Its young twigs are always covered with soft hairs. Often we find the leaves of this tree are a foot long, yellow green on the outside and made up of from seven to nine slender leaflets, and all summer long these stems and leaves never lose their silky down. But in Europe and America many good uses have been found for both wood and seeds of all members of the Ash family. Whether they are red, white, blue, black or green each one has its own place in the world. UNCLE JOHN.

My Little Book By HAPPY. My little book is full of words. Made into lovely thoughts for me. By someone whom I'd like to know. A friend perhaps I'll never see. And when I softly turn each page. The words all speak to me—and then— Because I like to hear its voice, I want to read my book again.

TINY TAD TALES Little Pauline was asked what she wanted to be when she grew up. She promptly answered: "I want to be a teacher, a cook, or a mamma."

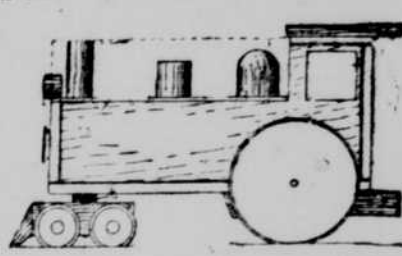
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The Guide Post to Good Books for Children Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better cut out the list each time and take it with you to your city library. It is prepared for the Happyland boys and girls by Miss Alice M. Jordan, supervisor of the children's work, Boston Public Library. This week she suggests: "Crum W. E. 'Little Beasts of Field and Wood.' 'Dodge M. M. 'Land of Pluck.' 'Loverlof, S. O. L. 'Wonderful Adventure of Nils.' 'Lansing M. F. (ed.) 'Fairy Tales.' 'Peary, J. D. 'Children of the Arctic.' 'Tappan, E. M. 'When Knights Were Bold.'

Peter Rabbit comic strip by Harrison Gray. The strip shows Peter Rabbit and his friends helping with household chores. Panels include: 'HELP! HELP!', 'NOW-KIDDIES-YOUR MAMMY AND I ARE GOING TO CLEAN HOUSE AND YOU CAN EITHER STAY AT HOME AN HELP OR GO OVER TO MANDY POSSUMS AN SPEND TH DAY', 'NOW WHICH IS IT?', 'HA-HA-YOU DONT CATCH US STICKIN AROUND THE HOUSE WHEN THERES HOUSE CLEANING GOING ON-THERES ALL TOGETHER TOO MUCH WORK TO G SUIT US', 'LAWDY-BUT IM GLAD TO SEE YOU BABIES-COME RIGHT IN QUICK', 'BRES YO HEARTS BUT TO OOL AUNT MANDY IS GLAD TO SEE YOU AN WELL JES HAVE A BIG TIME WELL PLAY GAMES AN WELL SING SONGS AN WELL READ ABOUT THE FAIRIES AN WELL MAKE YOU A KETTLEFUL OF DELICIOUS CANDY-YUM-YUM', 'AND WELL CUT OUT PAPER DOLLS AN PLAY HIDE AN SEEN AN Lissen TO TH PHONOGRAM', 'DO UP THIS PILE O' BREAKFAST DISHES AND', 'SLICK UP THE BACKYARD AND TRIM THE GRASS ON TH FRONT LAWN AND', 'SCRUB THE FRONT PIAZZA NICE AN CLEAN AND', 'WHIP ALL TH PESTY DUST OUTER TH RUGS AND', 'BRING IN A LOT OF FIRE WOOD FROM TH WOOD SHED AN PILE IT UP NICELY BY TH STOVE AND', 'TAKE OFF TH SCREENS AND', 'GATHER ALL TH BEAN POLES FROM TH GARDEN PATCH AND', 'EXCUSE US-AUNT MANDY-BUT WE FINKS WELL HAVE A BETTER TIME AT HOME', 'OUCH!'



One of our Omaha Go-Hawks, George Wilson, has just finished making a railway line out of cigar box wood and had great fun doing it. Since he has sent me several drawings I cannot give them all, so we will start with his locomotive, for which he used a rather long box. Cut down the length of the box in a line two inches in from the edge.



Cut through to within 2 1/2 inches from the other end, where you saw a line down to meet it at right angles. From the cab at the back cut your windows out with a sharp knife. Cover top of boiler with a strip of cigar box wood. Fasten on a piece of half-inch wood to the roof of the cab. Cut it wide enough so that it will come out over the edge a little. Make it an inch and a half longer than the cab top out backwards over the platform. This platform is a piece of inch wood as wide as the bottom of the boiler and fastened underneath. Make the platform and roof to stand out about the same distance.

IN FIELD AND FOREST

You were interested last Sunday in learning something about the friendliness of the green ash tree. So many have reason to be grateful for our Sunday walk through the woods I want you to learn something of another member or two of the Ash family. Did you know that it was from the wood of the black ash that the Indians long ago taught the white man how to make baskets? They found that this wood splits readily into thin sheets.

When you have a chance to look carefully at a black ash tree notice how slender it is and how straight it stands. Its twigs are stout and its bark narrow. Its bark is dark gray and in the winter the plump buds on the twigs are so dark they seem to be black. During the summer its foliage is always much darker than that of any other ash. Except at the very black ash leaf will have no veins. Its foliage is never so dense as the white ash.

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