

This Week Brings Birthday of Charles Dickens.

OU were all much interested at Christmas time in reading how James Whitcomb Riley used to read every Christmas day the lovely little story, "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens. This week on Friday, February 7, brings the birthday of the great English author, who was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1812. His father was so very poor that his mother tried to help by opening a little school for girls, but it was not a success. Then the Dickens family moved to Camden, a suburb of London, where many poor people lived.

Charles was only 9 years old, the same age of so many boys who read Happyland each Sunday, when he was placed in a blacking warehouse where all of my sisters, but kept me and my chievieous males of his age, all flesh, along looking at different things. city on business. He thought he was up off we'd go in search of food. he earned \$1.50 a week. For two years the little chap worked there. At four brothers. I was only a week old this time he was trying to forget how hard he had to work by reading and when one day two men came to see he soon learned to love "Tom Jones," 'Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe." He us. Our master said: liked to do nothing quite so well as to fancy he was one of those characters. Very soon his companions found out that Charles could tell wonderful stories himself, and so they kept him busy telling them. We, who live today, so many years later, know that these English children were right. He could tell stories, and such wonderful ones that they have lived on.

When conditions became better for the Dickens family then came the chance for which Charles had waited so patiently. He was sent to the Sultan of India school for a while. At 15 he became the office boy for a lawyer in Gray's Inn and at 19 a reporter on the True Sun.

Even though so many good books are being written for boys and girls today, still as you grow old enough you will want to know the stories bet away, but couldn't. They brought Dickens. Perhaps some of our Go-Hawks were get away, but couldn't. They brought her eye. The story was too long to asked her what her name was and month. of Dickens. Perhaps some of our Go-Hawks were also born on February 7 and will therefore have the same birthday as this great author. If this should be so, write and tell



Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellyn twins. Prudence and Patlence. Because he is lonely the twins, with three of their girl friends, form a missionary society and adopt him as their "heathen." Each girl looks after some part of his welfare. Jack and Donald are so impressed with the work of the missionaries that they open a settlement house and even a day nursery in Donald's home. His parents' return from a trip, however, ends their charitable work. Mr. Tredway, a neighbor, offers the missionaries the small house at the back of his big estate for a house party, and by 2 o'clock the girls are at the cottage with Uncle Peter as chaperone.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.) "Let's set the table, peel the po-

tatoes and get things started, so that everything will be ready." Ruth was eager to try her hand in the kitchen. When the table was set the girls sought the garden for flowers with which to decorate it. Such fun as they had fussing around the tiny directions for a stool such as he kitchen where they spent almost the entire afternoon.

Dinner was ready at 6 and the rosy cheeks and shining eyes of the little maids were evidence of the enthusiasm with which they had ia- of the sides should have the small V a couple of weeks until one Sunday bored. Even the washing of the dishes and the putting things to rights in the kitchen were as added fun to them. When they returned to the parlor they found a cheery evening was cool. Close by stood a great box of marshmallows with the coasting sticks all ready for use.

"A marshmallow roast!" cried the girls, and fell to work. "Oh, Mr. Tredway and Uncle Peter won't you tell us some stories while

we toast the marshmallows?" coaxed Patience. Both men, widowed and practically alone in the world, were enjoying the

the eager young faces. Story after stool like this for your home. story was told and when Mr. Tredway finally took out his watch he was surprised to find it was 10 Prudence looked conscience-strick-

en and stole over to Uncle Peter's side. "Are you very tired, dear Unso late or I would have fixed it so you might have gone to bed." 'I, too, have had such a good time

When Mr. Tredway said good-night

he shook hands with each small hostess and thanked her individually for his happy evening. "If you will always invite me to dinner I will let you have a house-party every year." After Uncle Peter was safely set tled for the night and his door closed children prepared for bed. Ther ghostly procession once more made tour of the house, lingering for a few minutes before the smouldering

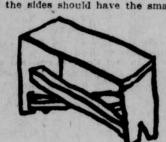
words," said Patience.

to bed. Not to sleep, however, for we went farther than that. back and forth and playing pranks ha. We stopped at a brown house to act in her usual custom.



One of my Go-Hawk friends, A Langdon Dodge, 82, Bay State road, made for his mother last Christmas He made it out of board one inch thick and six inches wide.

The top is 12 inches long and two sides are eight inches long. Each



cut up the middle. Nail the top to age 11, Honey Creek, Ia. the two sides and cut two cross pieces about one and a half inches wide and one inch thick. Nail them evening fully as much as the girls on securely and they will make the and lent themselves readily to the stool very strong. I am sure that mellowing influence of the fire and many of you will enjoy making a



Today we have a contest of mixed names in honor of the birthday of Charles Dickens, the famous Engthat I did not think of the hour. I expect we ought to go to bed—all order and see if you will find the names of asome of his well-known books. The answers will be printed

> next week. 1.-Ivrelo Siwtt. 2.-Teh Dol Iructisoy Phos. 3.-Cincosah Kichbyle. 4 .- Het Tiscrhams Laroc. 5.-Vidad Pocreopedif.

6.-Eklab Sehou. 7.-Letlit Ridter. 8 .- A Etal Fo Tow Sictle.

THE SINGING DELL

MY EVENING SONG

By HAPPY.

W HEN all the children are asleep

And safely tucked in bed at night,

And sing to them with all my might.

They slam their windows down and then-

To raise my voice and let it fall.

It hurts my feelings that grown-ups

Can never understand at all.

They do not care for my sweet songs

They say-"The alley cats are out '

I'll never sing to them again!

I like to take my song book out

Beneath a window is the place

Howard Pender of Steel, Mo., feels lonesome when he does not get the paper with Happyland page on Sun-"So do I, and kind as though we day, and especially likes to read the were married." One might have good things Uncle John has to tell us.

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

Brownie. I am a little dog. I lived with my

"You men can have any two of was all white, like our mother. I

was much smaller than my brother. Then they took us out and put us bright morning in June. in a car. One man drove the car and

ed at us and petted us and said we it. Well-

at the corner of Thirteenth and M streets, South Omaha. They carried teasingly: me upstairs and put me in the kitchhot up there. I didn't get to go out- forthcoming, dear princess?"

bed for a couple of days. Then they pass the salad." put us in a wood house nearly full of Jimmy stared at the really changed wood and it wasn't quite so warm in Janet with a rather impolite gaze there. We had to sleep in there for and then said dazedly. a couple of weeks until one Sunday a man and woman and some children a man and woman and some children a few flowers in her room when she came with a little boy and they gave a few flowers in her room when she teacher is Mrs. Brown.

Langan and Mabel Carrun.

I am in the seventh grade. My with some country folks and I was trees. When the supposed to be so angry. me to them. I was treated fine. I heard a slight noise and turned to slept under the summer kitchen. I see a blushing Jimmy looking sheep-was all right until one day they ishly at her.

Likes Her Teacher.

weather. We wish we could have sen, Wolbach, Neb., Box 72. better. It sure has been cold. I am 13 years old in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Killion. I sure like her. She sure is a good teacher. I have one sister and one ceive a badge soon. I promise to be ters.

and ate our supper and had lots of girl perhaps her wish would be gratibrother. My friends told me about kind to all dumb animals. I have a . Am sending you the coupon and a full. The people sure liked our profied. One day her father came home down elms droop to the ground of am enclosing a two-cent stamp for gray kitten and is very playful. the Go-Hawk pin. I will promise to be good to birds and all dumb animals. Your Friend, Evelyn Nelson, Davenport, Neb.

Dorothy Whitman of Potsdam, N. Y., was out walking one day when she saw a bird with a broken wing and took it home and cared for it.

A Real Helper

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk club and get a pin. I mother do the dishes and carry in the Happyland page. cobs and many other things. In the summer I and the neighbor girl play Michael, Neb. house, sew and run errands for mother. Mother thinks we should learn to work about the home as well as school work .- Helen Borges, Orleans, Neb.

You have not fulfilled every duty kind to all dumb animals. I like to unless you have fulfilled that of go to school. My teacher's name is being pleasant.-Charles Buxton.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am 10; I will be 11 the 21st of August. I am in the fifth

Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for my pin, for I want to be a Go-Hawk. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. Yours truly, Zola Barta, Ord, Neb.



esserts, so I thought I would try new one on them tomorrow night. DATE WALNUT PUDDING.

Two eggs, two tablespoons flour,

ne teaspoon baking powder, one cup of chopped walnuts, one cup chopped dates, three-fourths cup sugar. Beat eggs. Add sugar, then flour and baking powder sifted together, and last Walnuts and dates. Sprinkle with cinnamon after putting in a Buttered baking dish. Cook 30 to 40 minutes in a slow oven and try with a straw. Serve with whipped cream I know Peter will especially like

with whipped cream.

The Lost Child.

Disagreements Janet Lee was a thoroughly disgusted girl. The object of her dis- Brown and her mother were going, girl whose name was Bernice. She nother. I had six sisters and four approval was her 12-year-old brother, After they had arrived at the fair lived in a little village by the woods. brothers. My mother's master killed Jimmy. He was like all other mis- Mrs. Brown and Betty were walking One day her father was called to the flourish and impertinence.

these pups, any two except this one." Jimmy was on hand to make things lice. In the meantime Betty had away she took the kittens over to he was an awfully pretty pup. look very much the opposite of good-spied a little tent off in one corner. He was an awfully pretty pup. look very much the opposite of good-spied a little tent off in one corner. They picked out me and my brother. I ness; such was the way matters Now Betty was courious and wanted was brown and white and my brother stood when Janet Lee angrily threw to know what was in the little tent. | care of my kittens while I am herself into the comfortable ham- She quietly walked into the tent. away?" mock of the Lees' veranda on a She saw a lady. Betty thought the

the other one held us. We tried to table close by and Janet opened a woman was a fortune teller. At to eat. to the children. They petted us, repeat here but suffice to say that what she wanted. Betty said her 'hen they put us in a summer kitch- when Janet came to the end of the name was Betty Brown and that she n in a box. We cried for our moth- story her eyes held a new sparkling came to see what was in the little through the gate she saw two dirtyer, but it didn't do us any good. That expression. A mischievous smile tent. Now the gipsy lady had looking kittens come running tonight they brought us some milk and played around her small lips and she wanted a little girl for a long time wards her. we drank it because we were hun- tossed her long curls as she skipped and thought now I shall have some gry, for we hadn't had anything to into the house. Jimmy was always one to amuse me while I am not busy eat all day. That night some people teasing and making fun of her and telling fortunes. came in and they all came and look- she was always angry with him for

were pretty. They called my brother The Lees were all eating dinner ever think of looking for her there." stangined Rachel knew whereof she Fido and me Brownie. We lived this when Jimmy appeared with flushed way a week, and then on Saturday cheeks and a disposition as jolly as would come with her she would give at school together," and with these the same car. I thought maybe I chair and bounced into his place at wanted some beads so she said she John. words of Jane they scampered off was going home to my mother, but the table Janet felt words of dis- would go, not thinking of her approval rising within her but she mother. We went to a big city called Oma- hastily checked them determined not

en, and there I stayed for a week. I good fairy, Janet, Why hast not

"Oh, I certainly wouldn't interfere Then on Saturday night they put with any of your truly perfect man- to her mother, and how glad the litne in the same car and took me ners, dear Jimmy," was the unusual tle girl was to see her. Ruby ters, age 11, Crawford, Neb. back where Fido was. I was sure glad reply. "I know how very good you Plummer, Aurora, Neb. to see him. We played around, but are, and Jimmy, I mended the base-I believe they thought we were fight- ball you asked me to this morning ing and didn't know each other, but and as I knew your weekly allowthey were mistaken, because I knew since was spent I paid for the re him as well as before, although they newal of your dearest possession 'The didn't think so. We had a nice warm Boys Favorite Treasure Club.' Please the fifth of December, I would like

"Well, can you beat it?"

"Say, sis," he said bashfully,

kept him. He wouldn't let me eat "you're a real sport. Give me your with him. I lived here the rest of my dearest wish and I'll grant it. Honest life, near Missouri Valley, and my I mean it," he added as Janet looked brother, Fido, lived the rest of his doubtful, but she smiled and said life near Honey Creek, but I never calmly and sweetly, "Please join the Mass., has started a tribe with her found out where the rest of my broth- Go-Hawks and try your best to fol- whole class of more than 20 boys and ers ever lived.-Vera Eulalia Olsen, low the pledge. Will you?"

No need to tell the answer and I may say here that there were very few disagreements between Janet and Dear Happy: We have had bad Jimmy after that.-Lillian M, Nel. Go-Hawk tribe.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a two cent stamp for which I hope to reyou, so I thought I would write. I kitten which I call Puss. She is a two 1-cent stamps for which please gram. Vlasta Pallas, Age 10, Pender, I am 14 years old and am in the studies quite well.

first year of high school. I like my Atkinson, Neb. I enjoy the children's page very nuch because it is so interesting. I wish a few of the Go-Hawks my

age would write to me. I will gladly nswer their letters. Yours truly, Dolly Bayer, Edge mont, S. D.

An Eighth Grader, Dear Happy: Enclosed find a two

am 11 years old and in the Eighth cent stamp to become a member of grade at school. For pets I have the Go-Hawks. I am 12 years old and three little canary birds, one is in the Eighth grade. My teacher's brown, one is black and white and name is Mrs. Beilke. I like her very the other is all yellow. I help my much. I like to read the letters on When are dumb animals always Yours truly, Edna Link, St

Like to Join. Dear Happy: I would like to join

the Go-Hawks' tribe. I am sending a stamp for a button. I am 11 years old Why, that's a Go-Hawk who is end in the fourth grade. I will be Miss Cullison. Well I must close for now. Your friend, Ferne Cooper, Elm street, Glenwood, Ia.

Coupon for

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks, of which James Whit-



with this coupon. Address your fetter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 120,000 members!

MOTTO "To Make the World a Happier

PLEDGE

It was the week of the fair. Betty Suddenly Mrs. Brown noticed that would take his family. Bernice had on this earth again. Fifty years ago At some great distance from home we To be a good Go-Hawk was Janet's Betty had disappeared. She looked many pets, two of which were kittens we darkened the sky as we flew, my would find a field, and there, covering chief ambition but every time she all over the fair grounds but could her aunt had sent her.

lady very pretty because she had so A magazine was laying on the reed many beads and bracelets on. This and give them plenty of good things

"I will take her to our wagon which is so far away that no one will what's that pin for." The gypsy lady told Betty if she Bernice.

The lady put her shawl on and said: "I will take her down the back of his friends were talking when one larly for our daily food, since in al-"Well a change has come over the policeman came hurrying up to her.

one hour ago." The policeman took the little girl

Second Letter.

to you for a long time I thought I just like Mary's little lamb. would write today I am 13 years old; my birthday is

to find a twin in the Happy tribe to social. We were to have a big play write to I sure like to get letters. I write to

There are sixteen pupils in our

nuts for Mr. Squirrel. Yours truly, Margaret Landon, Ar-

Beatrice Beruk of New Bedford, girls as members.

Wants To Join.

.I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am 8 years old and in the fourth see us. Then when the curtains times expressed a wish that she could found out that none of the weeping I have four brothers and three sis-

send me your badge.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am also sending a two-cent Go-Hawk.

I promise to be very kind to all dumb animals. I used to have a But finer than anything is my hat brown puppy, his name was Mutt. His name served the purpose as he certainly was a mutt. But he ran I look into the mirror; away and we could never find him. Wilma Lorensen, age 12, Hampton, Neb.

treated kind?

Who helps people across the street that are blind? Who trys to be as happy, as happy as can be?

full of cheer

And always ready to help if he is near. -Mildred Rankin, aged 11, Colum-

A Reader. Dear Happy: I am sending a 2ent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I am 10 years old and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss all flowers, the forget-me-not being Allie Banks. For pets I have two her favorite. dogs and one cat. I read this paper every Sunday. Yours truly-Edna Haake, Helvey, Neb.

Good Books for Children

the end of the year if you can show you have read at least one of these and four brothers. My sister has a books every week you will be given little boy and he is living with us. an Award of Honor. Your year My papa works for the railroad comstarts the week you begin to read. pany. We have a dog and a pony. Perhaps you had better cut the list I would like to have some Go-Hawk out each time and take it with you write.-Maxine Spiker, Long Pine, to your city library. It is prepared Neb. for the Happyland boys and girls by Miss Alice M. Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston Public library. This week she suggests: Andrews, M. R., "Perfect Tribute." Lofting, Hugh, "Story of Mrs.

Hall, Jennie, "Men of Old Greece. Martin, G. M., "Emmy Lou." Shedlock, Marie, "Eastern Stories and Legends."

Once upon a time there was a little

endeavored to do some worthy deed not find Betty. So she called the po When she was told she had to go "John," she said, "will you take

> "Sure," said John. "Be sure to keep the beds clean

When she came home she went to see her pets. As she was going

"Yes," said John, "but they would backs, red eyes and feet, and our long, did not lie in numbers, for we were not mind so I did not feed them and whipped them almost every day, but

Then she told him the story and

and sissys."

Jimmy noticed the change and said way so no one will see her. She Edward said, "My sister has the just stepped out of the tent when a nicest little paper home; I'll get it." It was the Go-Hawk paper. They "Whose little girl have you. She forced John to join and after he had cried for Fido an awful lot and it was your usual words of advice been is the one which was described about his pin and had been a Go-Hawk a few days he said to Bernice. "It's lots nicer being kind to dumb animals than cruel."-Dorothy Fet-

> Barbara Bedford of North Wey-Dear Happy: As I haven't written Wootsie that follows her to school

Once we had a program and box with two acts. I was Mrs. Raymond

I will write a little poem and some we got our Christmas pre We sang a song, "Look Pleasant." Then we had a play, "Xmas Sec rets." Then we were getting ready for the play "Christmas at the Stebbinse's." While we were dressing Dear Happy: I wish to join your the curtain fell. You might know how we felt. But teacher got the curtain up as quick as she could and we all covered up so they could not

> When I Dress Up Quaint clothes of long ago, And when I'm home on stormy days

I love to dress up so.

A full, full skirt and mits and bag And cape that's like a shawl;

With flowers and wavy plume tall! I'm as pretty as can be; Even Tabby and her Tabbykins Come up to look at me!

-Libby Abramson, 2049 North Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb. Has Many Pets Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks club. I will be very

kind to dumb animals. I am sending a stamp for a pin. I am in the is always ready to offer this Fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Winfield and I am 10 years old. There are 38 pupils in my room. ahve six pets, a dog and he is white and has black ears, his name is Bingo. I like him very much and also have five chickens, all black. will be good to my mother and father As that is all I will close with love .-Gladys Ziegler, Rushville, Neb.

> Helen Haury of New Haven, Conn. loves nearly every kind of an animal

A Fourth Grader. Dear Happy: I would like to join

your Go-Hawk club. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button. promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I go to school and I am ir Choose one of these books to read the fourth grade. I go to Sunday each week. Keep a record, and at school. I have a brother 5 years old, and I am 9. I have one sister

> Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go Hawk is not afraid to say he is sorre and ask for forgiveness when he finds he is in he wrong. It is not always easy, out it is the courageous and right thing to do. So remember this vay to be a good Go Hawk.

-Told in The Children's Museum

The Passenger Pigeon Tells His Story

Wander and search as far and as | birds would fall to the ground. Early long as you will, I don't think you every morning as soon as the sun tribe was so numerous. Now, here the ground, we would settle down and



one or two of us on a wooden perch, looking with beady eyes through the man, waiting four our return with glass of the case. You will know us his gun, could fire into our midst "Are those my kittens?" she asked. by our red-brown breasts, gray-blue and we would not hear it. Our safety pointed tails.

When we lived in the world it would sometimes take days for all of our earth, for we are all dead. "That's my Go-Hawk pin," said flock to fly past one particular point on our way to a new homing ground. way a week, and then on Saturday night they took me and put me in the same car. I thought maybe I was going home to my mother, but was going home to my mother, but the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the table Janet felt words of dismouth of the same car. I thought maybe I the able to fly fast and far, too, because A few days later John and some we had to take long journeys regu-



I sure like to get letters. I write to

—a city lady—and another boy was two Go-Hawks. They are Elizabeth Mr. Raymond—a real estate man. growing around our homes. We made has written to ask me what are the

Friday was our box social. We built our homes, our city would some growing in yards, parks, along the sure were excited. In the afternoon times be 40 miles long and several street or in any other open space. treat. We had a tree too. Then we many nests together on one branch. went home. At night we came Occasionally there would be a trag-There was a big crowd. After a lit- edy when a branch too heavly laden tle while we started our program. would snap off and the nests and



were up we had our play. Then af have a little sister for a playmate. trees are grown from seeds, but they ter our program we sold the boxes Her mother told her if she was a good are all grafted in nursery rows. and ate our supper and had lots of girl perhaps her wish would be gratiand took her mother away for a visit, all sides of the main trunk and s The next morning he came to see his does the weeping mulberry. The

> "What do you suppose mother is have fine, light foliage. oing to bring you when she comes I see these pretty trees they make home?" he asked.

eyes and she said disappointingly. be surprised at the number of thing

By sundown, however, we would

be on our homeward way, and long efore those waiting there for us could see their home-coming ones, they could hear the whirring of our wings like the rising of a gale of wind. Reaching home we would alight with a continuous flapping of wings and scraping of slipping feet on branches, and sometimes the crashing of a limb, broken by the weight of too many scrambling pig-

so many that we were easily hunted Now none of us are fliyng over the think of us like the ancient and was not because we flew slowly. beasts who lived millions of years honorable dinosaurs or other strange ago and whose bony remains are frequently dug up for some wise man to conjure over. We were living and flying about not very years ago, but now here and there one or two of us stand on a wooden perch, looking with beady eyes through the glass of the case.

> WEATHER Snowing Skates IN HAPPYLAND.

Elizabeth Leussler of Rose Hill farm, Windsor, Vt., is chief of a new tribe that is just starting and has a chief's book in which are things from the Happyland page.

In Field and Forest

Mr. Raymond—a real estate man. growing around our nomes, we made
We were snowed in and had to stay these homes in forests of good, strong is always better, either winter or sum-When we moved into a wood and mer, to choose the trees that are apart from other trees they have a chance to keep their natural shape When they live close together and their branches are crowding each other it means when storms comthat the bark is bruised and buds and leaves are destroyed.

Yesterday, when I took my ing walk, I looked all around to find how many of the weeping trees I could find. When I was a boy I al ways wondered why they should be Sylvia was lonely and had many called weeping willows. I have since

weeping willows and birches always me think of green summer house Sylvia couldn't guess, so he told or little play-house dotting the yards Try to remember even one or two "Two little brothers, Sylvia- points that you learn each weel about the friendly trees. If you will Tears came into the little girl's do this, at the end of a year you wil "Oh, daddy, why didn't mother get you know. One word more-do no one of them a girl, as dong as she forget to do your share toward help bought two of them?" UNCLE JOHN.

Dot Puzzle

25 27 .

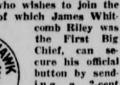
CAN YOU FINISH THIS PICTURE?

Daddy and Peter always like new

this, for he always says it's "just heaven" when we have something

POLLY.

HAPPY TRIBE



stamp with

"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

Teasdale, Sara, "Rainbow Gold."

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.