



This Week Brings Birthday of Charles Dickens.

YOU 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 he earned \$1.50 a week. For two years the little chap worked there. At this time he was trying to forget how hard he had to work by reading and he soon learned to love "Tom Jones," "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe." He 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 of today, still as you grow old enough you will want to know the stories 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

Happy

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

Brownie.

I am a little dog. I lived with my mother. I had six sisters and four brothers. My mother's master killed all of my sisters, but kept me and my four brothers. I was only a week old when one day two men came to see us. Our master said:

"You men can have any two of these pups, any two except this one." He was an awfully pretty pup. They picked out me and my brother. I was brown and white and my brother was all white, like our mother. I was much smaller than my brother.

Then they took us out and put us in a car. One man drove the car and the other one held us. We tried to get away, but couldn't. They brought us to a big white house and showed us to the children. They petted us. Then they put us in a summer kitchen in a box. We cried for our mother, but it didn't do us any good. That night they brought us some milk and we drank it because we were hungry. For we hadn't had anything to eat all day. That night some people came in and they all came and looked at us and petted us and said we were pretty. They called my brother Fido and me Brownie. We lived this 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 we went farther than that.

We went to a big city called Omaha. We stopped at a brown house on the corner of Thirteenth and M streets, South Omaha. They carried me upstairs and put me in the kitchen, and there I stayed for a week. I cried for Fido an awful lot and it was hot up there. I didn't get to go outside one.

Then on Saturday night they put me in the same car and took me back where Fido was. I was sure glad to see him. We played around, but I believe they thought we were fighting and didn't know each other, but they were mistaken, because I knew him as well as before. Although they didn't think so. We had a nice warm bed for a couple of days. Then they put us in a wood house nearly full of wood and it wasn't quite so warm in there. We had to sleep in there for a couple of weeks until one Sunday a man and woman and some children came with a little boy and they gave me to them. I was treated fine. I slept under the summer kitchen. I was all right until one day they caught a hound in a trap and they kept him. He wouldn't let me eat with him. I lived here the rest of my life near Missouri Valley. I knew my brother, Fido, lived the rest of his life near Honey Creek, but I never found out where the rest of my brothers ever lived.—Vera Eulalia Olsen, age 11, Honey Creek, Ia.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

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Disagreements

Janet Lee was a thoroughly disgusted girl. The object of her disapproval was her 12-year-old brother, Jimmy. He was like all other mischievous males of his age, all flesh, flourish and impertinence.

To be a good Go-Hawk was Janet's chief ambition but every time she endeavored to do some worthy deed Jimmy was on hand to make things look very much the opposite of goodness; such was the way matters stood when Janet Lee angrily threw herself into the comfortable hammock of the Lees' veranda on a bright morning in June.

A magazine was lying on the red table close by and Janet opened a page to a story whose title pleased her eye. The story was too long to repeat here but suffice to say that when Janet came to the end of the story her eyes held a new sparkling expression. A mischievous smile played around her small lips and she tossed her long curls and slipped out of the house. Jimmy was always teasing and making fun of her and she was always angry with him for it. Well—

The Lees were all eating dinner when Jimmy appeared with flushed cheeks and a disposition as jolly as ever. As he threw his cap into a chair and bounced into his place at the table Janet felt words of disapproval rising within her but she hastily checked them determined not to act in her usual custom.

Jimmy noticed the change and said teasingly:

"Well a change has come over the good fairy, Janet. Why hast not your usual words of advice been forthcoming, dear princess?"

"Oh, I certainly wouldn't interfere with any of your truly perfect manners, dear Jimmy," was the unusual reply. "I know how very good you are, and Jimmy, I mended the baseball you asked me to this morning and as I knew your weekly allowance was spent I paid for the renewal of your dearest possession 'The Boys Favorite Treasure Club.' Please pass the salad."

Jimmy stared at the really changed Janet with a rather impolite gaze and then said dazedly:

"Well, can you beat it?"

After dinner Janet was watering a few flowers in her room when she heard a slight noise and turned to see a blushing Jimmy looking sheepishly at her.

"Say, sis," he said bashfully, "you're a real sport. Give me your dearest wish and I'll grant it. Honest I mean it." He added as Janet looked doubtful, but she smiled and said calmly and sweetly, "Please join the Go-Hawks and try your best to follow the pledge. Will you?"

No need to tell the answer and I may say here that there were very few disagreements between Janet and Jimmy after that.—William M. Nelson, Wolbach, Neb., Box 72.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a two-cent stamp for which I hope to receive a badge soon. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I have a kitten which I call Puss. She is a gray kitten and is very playful.

I am 14 years old and am in the first year of high school. I like my studies quite well.

I enjoy the children's page very much because it is so interesting.

I wish a few of the Go-Hawks my age would write to me. I will gladly answer their letters.

Yours truly, Dolly Bayer, Edgemont, S. D.

A Real Helper

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk club and get a pin. I am 11 years old and in the Eighth grade at school. For pets I have three little canary birds. One is brown, one is black and white and the other is all yellow. I help my mother do the dishes and carry in coals and many other things. In the summer I and the neighbor girl play 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 unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—Charles Buxton.

First Letter.

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

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.

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The Lost Child.

It was the week of the fair. Betty Brown and her mother were going. After they had arrived at the fair Mrs. Brown and Betty were walking along looking at different things. Suddenly Mrs. Brown noticed that Betty had disappeared. She looked all over the fair grounds but could not find Betty. So she called the police. In the meantime Betty had spied a little tent off in one corner. Now Betty was curious and wanted to know what was in the little tent. She quietly walked into the tent. She saw a lady. Betty thought the lady very pretty because she had so many beads and bracelets on. This woman was a fortune teller. At once she noticed the little girl and asked her what her name was and what she wanted. Betty said her name was Betty Brown and that she came to see what was in the little tent. Now the gipsy lady had wanted a little girl for a long time and thought now I shall have some one to amuse me while I am not busy telling fortunes.

"I will take her to our wagon which is so far away that no one will ever think of looking for her there."

The gipsy lady told Betty if she would come with her she would give her lots of pretty beads. Now Betty wanted some beads so she said she would go, not thinking of her mother.

The lady put her shawl on and said: "I will take her down the back way so no one will see her. She just stepped out of the tent when a policeman came hurrying up to her. "Whose little girl have you. She is the one which was described about one hour ago."

The policeman took the little girl to her mother, and how glad the little girl was to see her. Ruby Plummer, Aurora, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Happy: As I haven't written to you for a long time I thought I would write today.

I am 13 years old; my birthday is the fifth of December. I would like to find a twin in the Happy tribe to write to.

I sure like to get letters. I write to two Go-Hawks. They are Elizabeth Langan and Mabel Calum.

I am in the seventh grade. My teacher is Mrs. Brown.

There are sixteen pupils in our school.

I will write a little poem and some nuts for Mr. Squirrel.

Yours truly, Margaret Landon, Arcadia, Neb.

Beatrice Beruk of New Bedford, Mass. has started a tribe with her whole class of more than 20 boys and girls as members.

Wants To Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Go-Hawk tribe. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals.

I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade.

I have four brothers and three sisters.

An sending you the coupon and had lots of fun. The people sure liked our program. Viasta Pallas, Age 10, Pender, Neb.

When I Dress Up

My Grandmother has made for me a Quaint clothes of long ago. And when I'm home on stormy days I love to dress up so.

I full, full skirt and bits and bag And cape that's like a shawl; But finer than anything is my hat With flowers and wavy plume tall!

I look into the mirror; I'm as pretty as can be; Even Tabby and her Tabbykins Come up to look at me! —Libby Abramson, 2649 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 Fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Winfield and I am 10 years old. There are 38 pupils in my room. I have six pets, a dog and he is white and has black ears, his name is Bingo. I like him very much and I also have five chickens, all black. I 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, all flowers, the forget-me-not being her favorite.

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. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I go to school and I am in the fourth grade. I go to Sunday school. I have a brother 3 years old, and I am 9. I have one sister and four brothers. My sister has a little boy and he is living with us. My papa works for the railroad company. We have a dog and a pony. I would like to have some Go-Hawk write.—Maxine Spiker, Long Pine, Neb.

Good Books for Children

Choose one of these books to read each week. Keep a record, and at the end of the year if you can show you have read at least one of these books every week you will be given an Award of Honor. Your year starts the week you begin to read.

Perhaps you had better cut the list out each week 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: Andrews, M. R., "Perfect Tribute." Lofting, Hugh, "Story of Mrs. Tibbs." Hall, Jennie, "Men of Old Greece." Martin, G. M., "Emmy Lou." Shedlock, Marie, "Eastern Stories and Legends." Teasdale, Sara, "Rainbow Gold."

Told in The Children's Museum

The Passenger Pigeon Tells His Story

Wander and search as far and as long as you will, I don't think you will find a single bird like me living on this earth again. Fifty years ago we darkened the sky as we flew, my tribe was so numerous. Now, here and there in a museum you will find



one or two of us on a wooden perch, looking with heavy eyes through the glass of the case. You will know us by our red-brown breasts, gray-blue backs, red eyes and feet, and our long, pointed tails.

When we lived in the world it would sometimes take days for all of our flock to fly past one particular point on our way to a new homing ground.

It was not because we flew slowly, for we traveled at a rate of between 70 and 100 miles an hour. But there were crowds of us! We needed to be able to fly fast and far, too, because we had to take long journeys regularly for our daily food, since in al-

most no time we ate up all that was growing around our homes. We made these homes in forests of good, strong trees.

When we moved into a wood and built our homes, our city would sometimes be 40 miles long and several miles wide, even though we crowded many nests together on one branch. Occasionally there would be a tragedy when a branch too heavily laden would snap off and the nests and

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.

WEATHER

Snowing Skates IN HAPPYLAND.

In Field and Forest

One of the New Haven Go-Hawks has written to ask me what are the best trees to study in the winter. It is always better, either winter or summer, to choose the trees that are growing in yards, parks, along the street or in any other open space. When they have been able to stand 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 come that the bark is bruised and buds and leaves are destroyed.

The arching limbs of the Cape Cod downy woodpecker to the ground of all sides of the main trunk, and does the weeping willow. The weeping willows and birches always have fine, light foliage. Whenever I see these pretty trees they make me think of green summer houses or little play-houses dotting the yards here.

Try to remember even one or two points that you learn each week about the friendly trees. If you will do this, at the end of a year you will be surprised at the number of things you know. One word more—do not forget to do your share toward helping the birds.

UNCLE JOHN.



Sylvia was lonely and had many times expressed a wish that she could have a little sister for a playmate. Her mother told her if she was a good girl perhaps her wish would be gratified. One day her father came home and took her mother away for a visit. The next morning he came to see his little daughter.

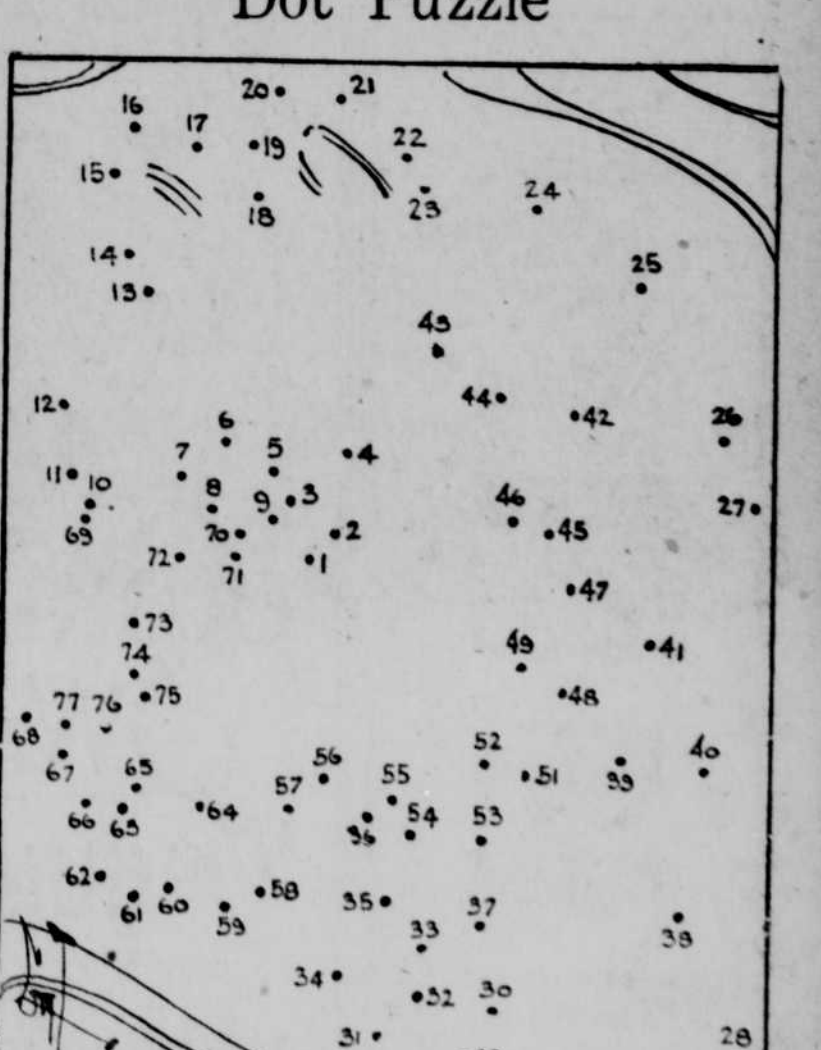
"What do you suppose mother is going to bring you when she comes home?" he asked.

Sylvia couldn't guess, so he told her.

"Two little brothers, Sylvia—Tears came into the little girl's eyes and she said disappointedly.

"Oh, daddy, why didn't mother get one of them a girl, as long as she bought two of them?"

Dot Puzzle



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

UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

SYNOPSIS. Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trudway twins, Prudence and Patience. He has six sisters and four brothers. Each girl looks like their mother's. Each girl looks like their mother's. Each girl looks like their mother's.

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THE SINGING DELL



MY EVENING SONG

By HAPPY.

WHEN all the children are asleep And safely tucked in bed at night, I like to take my song book out And sing to them with all my might.

Beneath a window is the place 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 slam their windows down and then— They say—"The alley cats are out"

I'll never sing to them again!

POLLY'S COOK BOOK

Daddy and Peter always like new desserts, so I thought I would try a new one on them tomorrow night.

DATE WALNUT PUDDING. Two eggs, two tablespoons flour, one 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 20 to 30 minutes in a slow oven and try with a straw. Serve with whipped cream.

I know Peter will especially like this, for he always says it's "just heaven" when we have something with whipped cream. POLLY.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the First Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 120,000 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."