

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

The Widow.

Beside the road there stood a nice bungalow. Of course, it would have been nicer if it had some paint on it. Inside sat a forlorn and sad woman. She looked as if she was thinking very hard. Her husband was dead and he left her no money to speak of. It was nearly Christmas and she wanted to give some Christmas presents to a little girl she knew.

She said: "Oh dear, oh dear, why was I left so poor when I was supposed to be rich?"

Just then the little girl came in and asked her what was the mat-



ter. The woman told her what the trouble was. They began looking in some old things which they thought might do some good. They found a note and this is what was written on it:

"Inside the tile in the wall is a box; in the box you will find money."

They went to look in the tile and found the box, so they looked in the box and found just stacks of money. You couldn't guess how happy the woman was. She took the girl to raise. She had her house painted inside and out, and lived happily ever after.—Verna Stevens, Aged 12, Beaver City, Neb.

The Surprise Party.

Once there was a boy and his mother dressed him up and sent him to the neighbors about a mile away and said he could stay there all night. So he went over and had a good time at the other boy's place, but he did not know what was happening at home.

Of course it was his birthday and he had forgotten about it.

His mother was planning on having a surprise party on him, so she cooked a real fine dinner and cooked everything nice you could think of. Then she invited about 12 girls and 11 boys and counting him and the rest would make 12 boys.

When they all came they called him and said that his mother was sick and he had to come home and help take care of her because she was very sick.

But when he came home he said he wasn't more surprised in all his life.

The children had a fine time. They went to a park and had Eskimo pie free and all they wanted, and then they had supper and about 8 o'clock they all went home, talking about the good time they had and they wouldn't mind going again.—Marion West, age 10, Fremont, Neb.

Tiger Nig.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I wish to become a member of the happy tribe. I am enclosing a coupon and a stamp. I read the Sunday Bee every Sunday. I want my button as soon as possible. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. I have a pet cat I call Nig. He is a tiger cat. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. My letter is getting long, so I must close.—Mary Jane Burke, age 9, Atlantic, Iowa.

Has a Cat and a Duck.

Dear Happy:—I was 6 in September and I started to school for the first time. I am in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Nora Treanabo. I like my teacher and schoolmates.

I have a brother, Junior, 5 years old, and a baby sister, who laughs when I come from school. I am sending a stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I will be kind to birds. I have a nice cat named Spot, and a duck named Ducky.—Irene Kirby, age 6, Gandy, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your happy tribe. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I have blue eyes and light brown hair. I am five feet tall. I have two brothers. Their names are Dale, the oldest boy, 7 years old, and Lee is 5 years old. I have no sisters. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I live a mile and a quarter from school. Our school is near a creek. This winter when the creek was frozen over,

10 of us took our sleds down to the creek at noon. Our teacher would go with us. Our teacher's name is Miss Letha Turner. Our school faces the south. There are four boys in our school and six girls. The teacher makes 11. I go to school every day. I have not missed a day this year.—Dorothy Snyder, age 11, Griswold, Ia.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I wish to be a Go-Hawk and I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and the coupon, and I hope to receive my pin. I have three pets, two kittens and one dog. I am a girl of 10 and I am in the fifth grade. I have two sisters. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I promise to answer their letters. My address is—Gertrude Hayek, Box 228, Bellwood, Neb.

Follows Motto.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your tribe. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp. I will be very glad to get my badge. I am 8 years old and I am in the second grade. I will promise to do as the pledge says today and I will keep the motto. I wish some one would write to me. My name and address is—Floyd Wallen, Box 86, Bristow, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawk Happy tribe. I go to a country school, about two miles away. This is my first letter to this Happyland. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp and a membership coupon. Will write again. I wish some of your happy bunch would write to me. As ever, yours truly, Avis Hansen, Blair, Neb.

A Member From Oregon.

Dear Happy: I want to join your happy tribe of Go-Hawks. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade, and in the first grade of music. I am sending 2 cents for a Go-Hawk button and the coupon. I have no pets but I have a sister of 4. I have no postoffice box. Yours truly, Sherrill Gregory, Westport, Ore.

A Sixth Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your happy tribe. I promise to be kind to dumb animals and birds. I am in the sixth grade at school. I like my teacher; her name is Miss Elwood. I would like to have you send me a button for I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Well, I am going to stop, for my letter is getting long.—Mildred Rogers, age 11, Memphis, Neb., Route 1.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your happy tribe, so I am sending you a coupon and a 2-cent stamp and my brother Louis would like to have a button and is sending a 2-cent stamp also.

I have one dog and four pigs. I read the letters every Sunday and would like some one to write to me.—Edward Blatny, age 13, Linwood, Neb.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I used to write to Uncle Ross. I will send you a 2-cent stamp and the coupon. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I have a little bantam rooster. My rooster always gets into a fight with a big rooster behind us. I will have to close now so as to let the others have room for their letters.—Doris Louise Riaski, age 8, 1706 Lake street, Omaha, Neb.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks, and I am 10 years old. My birthday is in December. I am in the fourth grade at school. I am sending a 2-cent stamp, and I would like to have the button. I will promise to help someone every day, and help birds and animals and protect them. My name is Rolland Held, Sutton, Neb.

The Robin.

Dear Happy: I will tell you about a little robin. Once it was about dead. We picked it up and put it in the house. We put a rag around it. It was shot by a slingshot. It got well. We let it go. It was hopping, and a boy was throwing it up in the air. I said "You should be good to all dumb animals."—Clara Kenfel, age 10, Leigh, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I am 12 years old and I have a little pet dog called Buster, who loves to chase flies. He is a year and a half old. I have read your stories every Sunday and enjoy them very much. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and would like to become a member. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals.—Lucille Tuttle 111½ West Third Street, Grand Island, Neb.

How Bruin Lost His Toe.

Bruin was Billy McGran's pet bear. Billy loved Bruin and Bruin loved Billy.

Billy, being only a little tot 5 years old, did not think of the dangers of the big forest.

Accordingly, he went walking one day with Bruin. The two looked very funny as they walked on, but Bruin was smarter than most bears. When walking a click, then a great woof, filled the air.

Bruin was caught in a trap. He howled and yelled, but all of no use.

The bushes parted and the gray head of Lobo looked through. Lobo was the most dreaded wolf of the country around.

Lobo leaped at Billy, but Bruin, much as it hurt, sprang at him, snapping off his toe. He fell on Lobo's neck. A short struggle followed. Then Bruin staggered to his feet, and fell again.

The men came and carried Bruin home, where he now lives in luxury, but without a toe.—Elsie Mac Bowen, age 10, 1666 Twenty-sixth avenue, Columbus, Neb.

Hector.

Dear Happy: I am writing to you for I want to join the Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp, for which please send me a Happy Tribe button. They are voting for mayor, assessor and councilmen today. I have a dog named Hector. He eats chickens when he gets a chance. As I can think of nothing more, I will close.—Arnold Todd, Merrill, Ia.

A Regular Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy—It think it would be very nice to be a member of the Go-Hawks. I think if every boy and girl in our land were a Go-Hawk it would be a happier place to live in, and all the birds and dumb animals would think so, too, and I am sure if every bird and dumb animal could talk they would say, "Three cheers for the Go-Hawks!" I will try to keep my pledge in such a way that our first great chief would be pleased. I am 12 years old and I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Cox. I am enclosing my 2-cent stamp and coupon, and please send me the official button. Well, as we have tests tomorrow, I must close and study, so good night!—Richard W. Taylor, aged 12, Shelton, Neb.

Girls.

Big Chief Long Hair, chief of the Sioux and famous for his brutality and cunning, stood on the edge of the forest as immobile as a carved image. There before him was a clearing, in the middle of which stood a huge stone castle. On the velvety smoothness of the lawn a tea-party, consisting of two girls, was in progress. He swung himself into a tree and upon a limb directly above them. As he sat there, he could distinctly hear their conversation. It was the blonde with bobbed hair and blue eyes that was speaking. "I do think he's the dearest boy!" she said. "He always looks so nice and isn't rude and impolite like Harold and James!"

The savage above her beamed with pride at her first words, for of course she could only mean him, but as she finished he gasped. Why she didn't mean him at all! She must mean "Sissy" Brown! "Yes, that's who!" he concluded. Just then his bosom pal, Jim Leslie, came across the lawn, and Chief Long Hair knew from the girls' excitement that here was the one they had been talking about. Big Chief Long-Hair hastily laid plans for revenge. To think that his pal, who, with him, had sworn undying hatred for girls, should desert him in this manner! It was terrible!

Uttering a hideous war-cry, he swung from the tree to the table, overturning a pitcher of lemonade. He jumped lightly to the ground and his left fist landed full on the nose of his enemy. Then followed such a fight as neither one had ever fought before. Totally unprepared for such a conflict, Jim was soon beaten, and Chief Long-Hair turned to receive the congratulations of the girls for his prowess. But he stopped in amazement. "Sissy" Brown had approached quite unnoticed by the fighters, and he and the girls were now leaving the scene of conflict.

"Come on, Oliver," said she of the blonde curls. "Let's go over to the swing! I don't like boys that fight!"

Big Chief Long-Hair grinned sheepishly and then extended a hand toward his enemy. "Gee, Jim!" he ejaculated. "Ain't girls the limit!" And Jim agreed. "You said it, Harold!"

A few minutes later two half-clad savages in full war-paint, entered the forest and were soon far away from the haunts of civilization and tea-parties.—Helen Parker, age 14, Browaville, Neb.

My New Bicycle.

Dear Happy: I received my badge and I liked it very much. I wear it to school every day. I have a new bicycle and like it too. I do not ride it to school yet, but I am going to ride to school soon. We had our examinations last week. Yours truly—Kermit Morgan, age 8, Red Oak, Ia. 611 Valley street.

Loves Animals.

Dear Happy: You will find enclosed a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a Go-Hawk badge. I am very fond of animals and birds and will obey your rules. I am in the sixth grade and I am 11 years old. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I will gladly answer.—Claudia Armitage, age 11, Kenesaw, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am sending this coupon and a 2-cent stamp. I wish to be a good Go-Hawk. I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade at school. My teacher's name is Elsa Lebeck. She is certainly good to me. I have a sister. She is 8 years old. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I will promise to answer soon. I wish to receive the official button of the Go-Hawk Tribe. Your friend, Emma Lorenzen, aged 11, Walnut, Ia.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy:—I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which please send me the official button. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I go to St. Joseph school. Will some of the Go-Hawks please write to me. I will gladly answer any letter received. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close for this time. I remain your friend, Lucille Langen, age 10, Box 49, Platte Center, Neb.

Likes the Parks.

Dear Happy: I have just finished reading the Go-hawk's page and I would like to join them. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp and I would like to get a button. I am 9 and in the third grade. In the summer we live in the park, where there are squirrels and many kinds of birds.—Alvanna Green, Valentine, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. You will find the 2-cent stamp enclosed for the official button. I read funny page every Sunday. I am 8 years old and in the third A at school. My teacher's name is Miss Sharp.—Orlando Lee Hershey, age 8, 404 North Broadwell avenue, Grand Island, Neb.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy—I wish to join the Go-Hawk tribe and I will promise to protect dumb animals all I can. Some of use boys have persuaded four or five others to join. I am in the fourth grade at school. I like my school and teacher. My teacher's name is Linnie Curtiss. My seatmate's name is Chantry Spann. We have been sitting together since our first year in school and he belongs to the tribe. Yours truly Gerald Wood, age 9, Bassett, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy—I am enclosing 2 cents in stamps for which please send me a button. I am 7 years old and in the third grade. My birthday is March the 24th. I have one sister and one brother. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write me. I will gladly answer.—Velma Kallweit, age 7, Platte Center, Neb.

Elizabeth's Dream.

"Now, Elizabeth, you must go to bed." Mrs. Weston had said this over and over again to Elizabeth, and Elizabeth would not go to bed. "Just five minutes more and I'll go," she would plead. "No, you will go now," Mrs. Weston had replied. So Elizabeth went upstairs to bed. About five minutes later when she had drifted into sleep Elizabeth thought she saw a fairy come to her bedside and say, "Don't you want me to take you to children's land?" Elizabeth readily replied, "Yes." So the fairy led her to children's land. It was a very nice, wonderful land and Elizabeth wished that she could stay there forever. "This girl," said the fairy, pointing to a girl that sat dozing in the grass, "goes to bed very late and won't listen to what her mother tells her. She gets up in the morning and is cross and don't want to play. If she would go to bed at a reasonable time she would feel lots better." Elizabeth blushed but the fairy did not see her. She woke up to find it all a dream. She always went to bed early after that.—Maxine Browning, age 10, Wolbach, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I have been reading your stories and I am sending a 2-cent stamp to join the Go-Hawks. I am 10 years old and I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Vera Cain. Well, I will close.—Bernice Lowe, age 10, Herman, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy—Please find enclosed a 2-cent stamp for which send me the Go-Hawk badge. We take the paper and I always read the Junior or Happyland page. I am in the eighth grade. My left side is paralyzed and I cannot use my left hand. I wish some of the girls or boys would write to me. I am, yours truly, Dorothy Putnam, Naper, Neb.

Likes School.

My Dear Happy: I am very sorry but I have lost my Go-Hawk pin and I am enclosing two 2-cent stamps for my sister, Marion, and I. My other sister still has her pin.

Last fall I wrote you a letter and saw it in print and I was very glad.

My sister, Marion, is in the fourth grade and she is 8 years old. I am in the seventh grade but I am going in the eighth grade examinations next February. I like my teacher and study hard at school. I think I will pass the examinations. Anyway I hope I do.

Well, my letter is getting pretty long so I will close. Will write again some day. Please tell the Go-Hawks to write to us. My other sister's name is Elizabeth. Will answer all letters that come.—Grace and Marion Darting, age 9 and 11, R. F. D. 4, box 109, Missouri Valley, Ia.

Dorothy.

Dorothy was reading a book when her mother called her. "We are going to town and do not know when we will be home. I want you to dust the dining room, parlor and practice your music because we might bring company home.

"Alright," answered Dorothy as she lay down her book.

As soon as they were gone she started dusting. She dusted for awhile, but soon got tired. Then she thought "I have plenty of time to do my work so I will go out under the trees and read my book for awhile."

But her book was so interesting she forgot her work. Suddenly a car drove up and stopped. Out stepped her mother and father, Uncle Albert and Aunt Lily.

Then they went in the house. The dining room and parlor greeted them with dust.

"Why, Dorothy," said mother. "I thought you had dusted."

"I—I" stammered Dorothy.

"I what?" asked mother.

"I forgot to," answered Dorothy.

"Never mind," said father. "Play one of your pieces, Dorothy."

"I never studied my music," said Dorothy. "But I'll always mind you after this. And she did.—Alice Hughes, Henderson, Ia.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy. This is my first letter to you. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and the coupon for which please send me the button. I read the Sunday paper every Monday. I enjoy the letters very much. I promise to be kind to all birds and dumb animals. I am in the seventh grade. I like school very much. My teacher's name was Miss Nellie Rust. I liked her real well. Two of my schoolmates have joined Happyland. I have six sisters and three brothers. For pets I have seven little goslings and a pair of white geese. As my letter is getting long I will close. Yours truly, Ada M. Stroebel, age 12, R. F. D. 3, Oakland, Ia.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe of Go-Hawks. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. Please send me the button. I am in the sixth grade at school. I like to read the Go-Hawk page. Well, my letter is getting long now so good-bye, Emily Hollmann, age 12, R. 1, box 60, Creston, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the Go-Hawks letters in The Bee every Sunday, and I enjoy them very much. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am in the seventh grade and 7 years old. I go to school nearly every day and I have three teachers and like them better than others I have had. As my story is getting long I must close for this time. Yours truly, Grace Bodell, box 483, Cozad, Neb.