

# Letters From Happyland Readers

(Continued From Page Five.)

better hunt for them. So first my brother, Alan, and I hunted a while but could not find them. Then Eva, who is my big sister, helped us hunt. Mamma could not hunt for she had the baby, but after papa got through milking he hunted. We had about given up when somebody suggested going down to the creek. There is a hole about 20 feet deep and a stream running down from it. We would go a little way then stop and call. All at once we heard a screaming that seemed almost too loud for the geese, but we knew it was, and we ran down there fearing something had caught one of them. When we got there it was the geese and they were afraid of the dark. They were so tickled to see us they talked all the way up the hill.—Opal Grakey, Peru, Neb.

### A Lesson to Carl and Frank.

"Hello Carl!" called Frank from the fence, "what are you doing?" "Hello Frank," said Carl, "what are you up to? I came over to see if you would like to come for a walk in the country with me?" "Well," said Carl, rather puzzled, "I don't believe I can today. I will have to finish hoeing the garden. Oh, I will help you volunteer Frank." "All right," said Carl.

So in a few minutes both boys were hoeing vigorously, and in less than an hour they were through and were enjoying a walk.

"What do you say about going over here to Mr. Brown's orchard?" said Carl. "I'm willing, if you are," replied Frank.

So in a few minutes the boys found themselves sitting in the shade of an old apple tree, enjoying a nice, red, juicy apple. All of a sudden Frank said: "Do you suppose Mr. Brown will find us here? He is so cranky, hard to tell what he would do. He sure has a fierce-looking bull dog." But Frank had no more than gotten this out of his mouth, when they heard barking and they looked around, and there coming toward them was Mr. Brown's bull dog and Mr. Brown coming along behind the dog. The boys hurried and climbed the nearest tree. In a few moments the bull dog and Mr. Brown were standing under the tree.

Mr. Brown looked frowning "You boys get down out of that tree and beat it for home. I don't raise apples for you to come and help yourselves to. And what's more, I am going to tell your father."

As quick as the boys were out of sight of the orchard they stopped to rest. "Well," said Frank, "I wish we wouldn't have gone to the orchard." "So do I," said Carl. But as it happened, Mr. Brown never told their father. It was a lesson anyway to the boys for they never took any apples from Mr. Brown's orchard again.—Margaret Clingburg, aged 13, Brownsville, Neb.

### First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join. I am sending a 2c stamp. I like your page very much and read it every Sunday, even before I do the funny paper. I am in the fifth grade and was 10 years old the 26th of August. If any girls will write to me, I will gladly answer.—Kathryn Henry, 1703 West Koenig, Grand Island, Neb.

### Likes Birds.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp, which I hope will bring me the badge. I will try to protect the birds because I like birds. It looks cruel to see a boy or girl hurt birds or animals. I am 10 years of age and I am in the sixth grade. My letter is getting long so will close. Yours truly, Erna Pruden.

### A New Member.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 10 years old, and in the sixth grade. I go to a country school and like it very much. I wish to join the Happy Tribe. Find the enclosed 2-cent stamp for the button. I will close my letter as it is getting long. A Happy Friend, Bernice Kranbeck, Chalco, Neb.

### First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk club, so I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I have been longing to belong but I always forget to write. I have no dogs or pets at all. I have no brothers or sisters either. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me.—Mildred Wilcox, age 11, 2567 Sherman Ave., Omaha, Neb.

### Likes School.

Dear Happy: I received my button. I like to go to school. I am in the second grade at school. I am 3 years old. I'll have to close as my letter is getting long.—Alice Finlayson, Omaha.

### Mary and Grace.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you and I wish to join the Happy Go Hawk tribe. Enclosed is a 2c stamp for my official button. I am in the seventh grade at school and will be 12 years old the 12th of November.

Once there was a little girl. She was very poor and always crying. When other children were laughing, she was crying.

One day a little girl came by and saw her crying. Mary was a very nice child, but she did not care about anything but to do something for other people.

Mary walked up to the long walk, which led to Grace's house. She put her arms around Grace and said: "What is the matter with you, little girl?"

Grace told her that they were very poor. Mary gave her some money and went home.

She told her mother that evening what she had done. Her mother told her that she did the right thing. "Mother, it was all the dear happy Go Hawk's work," said Mary.—Lura Veach, Falls City, Neb.

### Our Pets.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. For pets we have two dogs and nine cats. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I promise to be kind to dumb animals and every one. So I am sending my coupon. We have some pigs and we have a dairy. We have fun. I have four brothers and one sister. I am 9 years old. I am in the Third B at school. My teacher's name is Miss Chapman. This is the first time I have written to you. As my letter is getting long I will close now. Yours Truly—Naomi Irene Wright, Omaha, Neb.

### Likes Birds.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I read the letters every Sunday and I like them very well. I am 11 years old and in the Sixth A class at school. I live at 1825 Manderson St., but I am staying in Geneva, Neb. There are a number of birds here. I like to study birds. I think they are very interesting. I tore my coupon so I cannot send it. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for my pin. Yours.—Carletta Clark, age 11, Geneva, Neb.

### My Pet Kittens.

Dear Happy: I have two kittens and the mother cat. One kitten is gray and the other is white and black. They are very playful.

They live on the hay in the barn. It is a warm place.

When the mother cat comes into the house to eat, my brother and I go into the barn to watch them.

There is a hole in the bottom of the door, so the mother cat may come out any time she wants to.—Mary Brasch, Age 11, 3527 Madison St., Omaha.

### A New Member.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and hope you will send me a pin. I am 8 years old. I have a sister 6 years old. I have a little brother 8 months old and one 4 years old. I will try and be a good Go-Hawk.—Eldan Highy, Aurora, Neb.

### A Rabbit.

Once my brother and sister were going over to my grandma's. On the way back my brother caught a rabbit. We had it two weeks. We fed it lettuce and carrot tops. I have one sister and two brothers. Their names are Herman, Margaret and Dale.—Yours truly, Virginia Monnick, Hooper, Neb.

### Sisters Will Help.

Dear Happy: My sister and I would like to join your Happy Tribe. We are sending our stamps and would like a Go-Hawk pin. We promise to help some one every day. We will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals.—Lillian and Francis Hollister, West Point, Neb.

### Proud of Badge.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk badge. I am very proud of it. I have been reading the Happyland page every Sunday. I am in the sixth grade at school. I have two sisters, Alfreda and Clara. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. Next time I will write a story.—Dorothea Oxford, Age 11, Plainview, Neb.

### First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button. I read the Happy page every Sunday. I am very interested in the stories. I will have to close my letter now because it is getting long.—James Richard Whelan, Age 8, Fullerton, Neb.

### Likes Her Button.

Dear Happy: I received my button. I thank you. My friend, Joan, is going to join. Well, I will close.—Frances Hansen, Age 4, 1013 Chicago St.

### Loves Animals.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a Go-Hawk pin. I love birds, bees and all animals, and will try to live up to the rules and always be kind to them. Also to people. I am 8 years old and in the Third grade. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am the oldest. My baby sister is 2 years and 6 months old. We live in town. We have a little white dog, and a cat, and four kittens for pets. I would love to hear from some of the Go-Hawks for I like to write.—Lawrence Smith, Box 76, Brastow, Neb.

### Our Go-Hawk Club.

Dear Happy: I got my pin and I want to thank you again. Edith Stewart is our chief and we have a song of our own now. We meet every Friday. I was pleased to see one of our member's letters printed. We have 11 members and we think we will get more. We meet at each others homes.—Betty Schwab, Age 8, McCook, Neb.

### Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Happy Tribe. I am 9 years old and in the Third grade. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a Go-Hawk pin. I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals.—Wayne Hill, 2119 Martha street, Omaha.

### My First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy tribe. I am sending a two-cent stamp and coupon. Will you please send me a Go-Hawk button. I have two sisters and one brother. I love dumb animals. I have two pet cats. I live one-half mile from town. I read the children's page every week and like it very much. I am in the sixth grade.—Mabel Clasen, age 11, Kilgore, Neb.

### Our Rabbit.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending you the coupon and a 2-cent stamp. I promise to be kind to dumb animals and birds. My brother has a pet rabbit. We made a pen for it and we feed it carrots and lettuce. I am in the Sixth grade. Well, I must close.—Laura Brown, 1634 East Fifth Street, Fremont, Neb.

### Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I read the Go-Hawk page every Sunday. I find it very interesting. I would like to join. I am sending a two-cent stamp. I am 9 years old. I have two sisters and one brother. I am in the fifth grade at school. Please send me my button.—Ruby Tarr, Wehling, Neb.

### A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy tribe. I read the paper every week. I am in the fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Pauline Cooper. I have two sisters and two brothers. I will try to be a good Go-Hawk. Will some of the Go-Hawks write to me? I will gladly answer.—Helen Ulberg, age 8, Decatur, Neb.

### A Surprise Party.

Last summer two of my friends had a surprise party on their cousin, who lived near by. Her name was Mary. It was Mary's birthday, which was the 17th of June. She was 15 years old, so they invited 15 girls about her own age. The place was about three miles away, so they decided they would all meet at a certain place and go together in their cars. They met at this place a little after 1:30 o'clock and got started to Mary's place about 15 minutes of 2, and arrived there at 2. Mary was sitting in the parlor reading a book which she was very much interested in, and all at once she heard some cars. She looked up and saw they had stopped at their place. When she saw who it was she ran upstairs to change her old dress and fix herself up a little. Mary's mother told the girls to come in and take chairs. The girls were all sitting there waiting for Mary. When Mary came down stairs she found her friends sitting in the parlor waiting for her. When they saw her they all shouted "Happy birthday. Mary went into the parlor and sat down. After a while Mary said "Let us go outside and have some good games, for it is so nice," so they went outside and had many good, amusing games. They soon grew very tired and about 4:30 they came into the house and refreshments were served consisting of ice cream and cake. In the center of the table was a large white cake covered with beautiful white frosting and there were 15 tiny candles on it which were burning with a pretty red flame. This was the birthday cake. After they were through eating they thought it was time to depart, so they presented a beautiful birthday present to her, which they were thanked for and then bid her goodbye and started for home. They all had a very good time.—Helen John, Age 13, Elmwood, Neb.

### A New Member.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I promise to be good to all dumb animals. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp. Will you please send me a badge? I was 9 the 15th of July and am in the fourth grade. I am going to tell you a story. Once there was a dog. He was around our place, so I took him and kept him. I had him two months when I gave him to a farmer. His name was Pack. Mr. Owl is too sly for me.—Yours truly, Laurence Phalin, age 9, O'Neill, Neb.

### Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks, and so does my sister. Her name is Edythe. She is 8 years old and in the fourth grade. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. We have a little pony. His name is Dick. We try to protect everything since we have been reading the Go-Hawks. We are enclosing two 2-cent stamps. Please send me two badges. I will write a story next week. Yours truly, Kathryn Russell, Fullerton, Neb.

### The Little Poor Girl.

Once there was a little girl who lived not far from a princess. She always wanted to go and play with this princess, but her mother always said: "They did not want poor girls." This little princess' father had some men working for him whom he thought were friends. They were working for him and wanted him to go in the oil business. And after one year of this business her father said he had lost all of his money. His wife had taken sick and died and that left him alone with this little girl. We will not call her princess any more because now they're just poor people like this other little girl who is called Mary. So after that the two little poor girls played together. The little princess said: "I have more fun a poor girl than a princess."—Stella McGregor, age 12, Central City, Neb.

### Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Happy tribe. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp. Will you please send me a button? I have two cats, four ducks and some chickens. I have a brother; he is 15 years old. I am 9. I will be in the fourth grade next fall. My name is Elvira Juke. My brother's name is Delbert Juke. As my letter is long I will close. Yours truly, Elvira Juke, Plainview, Neb.

### Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy tribe. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I am sending a two-cent stamp for a button. I promise to be kind to birds and dumb animals. I read the stories all the time and enjoy them. Your friend, Dean Moore, Julian, Neb.

### Wants to Be a Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I wrote a letter before but didn't see it in print. I want to be a Go-Hawk. I am enclosing 2 cents in stamps and the coupon. Please send me a button. I am a twin. I have a twin sister and two brothers. Well I will write again.—Marjorie Monke, age 10, Dixon, Neb.

## ....The.... World Outside

(Continued From Page Seven.)

That she had not the intellect to trap and engage his affections beyond the point of friendship. That, with the loyalty and willingness of a dog, she would have come to his heel, up and down the world, to the end of time. All in a moment, like that!

Tenebrific—the darkness that followed the spangles of that osculatory contact.

And never to kiss him again! she thought. For she had kissed him.

First to recover, she said, defensively: "Jeremiah, I ought to hand you one on the jaw for that."

"Jenny, I'm sorry. I don't know what made me do it. As God is witness, I never did such a thing before."

"You don't have to tell your Aunt Mary that, Aloysius! It's no being choked and kissed all at once." She could smile! It was wonderful what you could do with your face when you had to.

"Will you forgive me?"

"Sure—if you'll promise never to slip one over like that again." Hoping he would, hoping with all the healthy fire of her heart that he would, and knowing that, for the peace of her mind, she must not let him!

"On my word of honor! You're such a good comrade . . . I've been so lonely all my life . . ."

"Forget it, Jeremiah, an' toddle along t' bed. That's where I'm goin'. I'm tired. Say, write out that Jenny-kissed-me thing and I'll call it square."

She gave him a gentle push toward the stairs, and followed. It was hours before sleep came to her. She lay, staring at the ceiling she could not see, all her thoughts ironically cast. An old-timer, like Jenny Malloy, falling for a boy younger than she was, and from the sticks at that! Wouldn't that make you laugh? Perhaps that had started it, his being a hick; in doors or out, there was always the clean breath of the fields about him. Jenny Malloy, sometimes affectionately dubbed The Hardboiled, going to please like that! She who had kept at arms' length the cleverest of them! He was sorry. He hadn't meant to do it. Men had said that for ten thousand years; and that poor, honest, old thought he was springing something new! The way his arm had come about her neck! Who told that baby out of the cradle and let him love in New York, all times? A hick and a hick come together in her throat!

(To be continued.)

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## Dot Puzzle



Richard loves his sister Kate. Add one line to sixty-eight.

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