

Letters From Happyland Readers

(Continued from Page Five.)

and in the fifth grade. Now I am going to tell a story. The name of it is "The Silverbell." Once upon a time there was a little girl; her name was Silver. They called her that because she always liked to have her clothes all silver. One day she had to go to a party. And on her way she saw a little dog. Her mother always told her to be kind but her father told her to chase it away. So she minded her mother and forgot all about the party and took the dog home. She was a Go-Hawk. Yours truly, Zelda Bloom, 235 No. Main street, Fremont, Neb.

The Girl Who Knew Her Own Robin.

The robins were called Janelda's robins after what promised to become a lifelong job, because in building season Janelda divided her attention between the family plates, cups and saucers and the bag from which she supplied the robins with building material. Janelda used to say she would know her robin if she met her in Jericho or the Fiji Islands, which only made the family laugh until the time came when her insistence upon the fact that she would know her own robin anywhere upon the globe was no longer a joke.

It was Austin who began the trouble innocently enough. He came from feeding the hens one cold morning to call up the stairs: "Janelda, your robin is back."

Down came Janelda, hair uncombed and shoestrings flying. "Where is she?" was her question. "On the rail fence, under the old apple tree," Austin answered. To please hurry, everybody, and see Janelda's robin. "The old father bird is singing his head off!"

For a few minutes Janelda thought it was indeed her robin on the fence as the family believed, but after watching the bird a few minutes she said:

"That isn't my robin!"

"Don't be silly," advised Austin. "Of course it is your robin!"

"No," Janelda insisted, "this is another motherless robin. You just watch and see if she builds on the ledge. I am sure she will not." Your loving Go-Hawk friend—Alberta Blankenship, Plainview, Neb.

Has a Shetland Pony.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks very much if I can. I am sending a two cent stamp in my letter. I am 11 years old and in the eighth grade at school. I have a Shetland pony and she has a little colt. They are both very cute. I have a savings account in the bank and also a checking account. I am saving to get a bicycle. I hope I shall have enough in a little while. I have one brother and three sisters. Well, I think I have written enough, don't you, Happy? So I guess I will close. I want to be one of the ninety thousand. Yours till death do us part, Edward Smith, Hendley, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I promise to be kind to dumb animals and birds, also people. I used to have a pet cat but he went away and I never saw him after that. I have a pony and pet dog. Rover is the dog's name. I have two sisters. Their names are Rita and Pearl. One is 13 and the other one 2. Would like very much to have a Go-Hawk write to me. Yours truly Dorothy Parish, age 11, Sutherland, Neb., Box 132.

Shep.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. Enclose please find a 2-cent stamp and coupon. I have three sisters, Elena, Lulu and Margaret. I am 7 years old. I am going to start school next term. I have a little kitty. It is brownish-white, and a dog, his name is Shep. I have a little red wagon with sideboard. I put Shep in it and pull him, but he jumps out. I have a little gun, a gunboat to shoot to pieces, a little truck and many more toys. Will some Go-Hawks write to me? Goodbye—William B. Landon, Ardenia, Neb., Route 3, in care of William Landon.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I am 11 years of age and I'm in the fifth grade. I like to read the Happyland page. I have nothing more to say so I'll close. Yours truly, Russel Elm, Route 1, Funk, Neb.

Lost Her Button.

Dear Happy: I received my pin and lost it after a while. I am sending you a letter. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am going to start a club and I will be chief or let some one else be chief. Please send me a button.—Maxine Welsh, age 8, Ansley, Neb.

Kidnaped.

One day a little girl was walking along the road and she was kidnaped by several men.

They were very cruel-looking and were very unkind.

One night she heard them discussing their plans and they said "Well, Tom," said the tallest man, "What are we going to do with this girl?"

"The only thing I know is to take that old dog of ours and let him loose, he will make food of her," said the middle-sized man.

Ruth (the girl's name) thought and thought. Finally she thought she would go out and try to make friends with the dog.

Being a Go-Hawk it was not so hard to do that. So she went out and made friends with the dog.

The day she was to be eaten by the dog (so the men thought) she was very happy. "Maybe the dog will lead me home," she thought. "Oh, here he comes."

"Hurry," said the men. "Say your prayers girlie," they shouted.

The dog came near and she shouted, "Curses on you, you evil men," and she and the dog walked away.

The men were captured and sent to jail when she got home and told her story.

I am enclosing one 2-cent stamp. Hoping to get my button soon. —Charles Harden, Age 8, Fullerton, Neb., Box 52.

"Beauty."

Mary was a very poor girl. She had no money at all.

One day she was selling papers. She heard a painful sound.

She walked up to where she saw some boys, trying to kill a kitten. Mary took the kitten away from the boys and showed them her beautiful Go-Hawk pin. They then joined the Tribe, too. Mary took the kitten home. She fed it bread and milk. It then grew large and beautiful.

One day Beauty, as that was the name of the kitten, came home very muddy. Mary gave it a bath and the next day she followed Beauty. He went far into the meadow and stopped by a hole. Mary then spied the handle of a bag. She pulled the bag from the hole. She and Beauty then went home. Mary looked in the bag when she got home, and to her very great surprise it was a bag of money. She then felt very proud of Beauty. Beauty was treated excellently the rest of his life. They lived happy ever after.—Erma Lorenzen, Age 12, Walnut, Ia.

Jim.

Dear Happy: I and a girl of 11 years old. My birthday is the 29th of June. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher is Miss Brown. I have a dog; his name is Jim. He is a sheep dog. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my Go-Hawk pin. I will send a little verse.

Do not tease your kitty;
Do not pull her tail;
And she will be pretty
By all the years you can tell.

I would be well pleased if some Go-Hawk would write to me.—Elyn Power, Box 163, Cozad, Neb.

Plays Football.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I am in the fifth grade and I am 11 years old. I weigh 100 pounds. I am one of the football players of our school this year. We play like the sixth grade are the Swedes and the fifth grade are the Danes. I want my button as soon as possible. Your truly, George Sherwood, Lexington, Neb.

Have a Club.

Dear Happy: I am sending a two-cent stamp. Some of we girls are having a club and we all have pins, but Mildred Winn, our president, and I am the secretary and treasurer. The reason I am that is because no one else wants to be the secretary so I said I would be both. Our club meets on Monday afternoons and Saturday afternoons. I will close. Yours truly, Elvira Ansley, age 10, Belgrade, Neb.

My Pet Cat.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing two cents for my button. I am going to tell you about my pet cat. It is white and it has got blue eyes. I named it Snowball. It will crawl upon the table, curl up and she looks like a snowball. I have a little box for her to sleep in. I have some sand for her to play in. She will dig a hole in it and get in and cover up there. In a moment she will come out on the other side. —Ruth Hansc, Norfolk, Neb.

The Lost Lamb.

Dear Happy: This is my third story to the Go-Hawks. I have lost my pin and I am sending a 2-cent stamp for another pin.

There was once a little girl who wanted a little lamb and her father said he would get her one. One day he went to a sale and he got a little lamb and the little girl went to

meet her father. He got her one and a few days later it got away and came over to our place. We live two or three miles away from them and mother called up everybody. One evening a man came over and he got it and he gave my brother \$1 for keeping the lamb.—Helen Murray, Age 16, Tilden, Neb.

Old Uncle Frank.

"I think it is too bad, Tim," "What is too bad?" said Jack "That Uncle Frank didn't get any present for Christmas. He just told me so. Poor old Uncle Frank! He lives all alone on the hill. He is so lame he cannot work. He can't see well and he can't hear. We have to shout when we are talking to him. I know what we can do."

"What, Jack?" "We can play we are Santa Claus' boys; Santa could not bring Uncle Frank any presents on Christmas day, so he will send them by us on New Year's day." "Good! We will put them on our new sleds." So the boys set to work. One bought a pumpkin, the other a bushel of potatoes, another a pile of wood and the other a peck of apples and a bag of candy. Where is our letter? Here it is. I will put it on the potatoes, then we must run. Look, boys; Uncle Frank has found the presents. He does not know we are behind the fence. The letter reads: "A happy New Year to dear Uncle Frank. Old Santa was busy and could not come, but he sent his four boys, and now we must run." —Ralph Brenner, 2612 Davenport Street, Omaha, Neb.

Alice and the Kitty.

Once there was a boy and a girl walking to school. A poor little kitten lay in the road with a broken leg. The boy kicked it out of his way and went on to school, so did the little girl. A little girl named Alice was going to school. She was of poor parents. She saw the kitty in the road. She picked it up and took it home and gave it to her mother. Her mother said: "What shall I do with it?" Alice told her that the kitty's leg was broken. The little girl got her some bandages. Her mother bandaged it up. Then Alice went back to school. When Alice reached school she was late. The teacher started to scold Alice but Alice told her about the kitty. The teacher said "that is the kind of girl I like." The other children learned a good lesson, they said. When Alice went to school the next morning she found a pair of shoes and stockings, a wool dress and a check for \$10 to buy coal for the winter. It said "from teacher," on a slip of paper pinned to the dress. The other children were sorry when they found nothing but a stick by their desk, and they said they would never be cruel to anything again, and they were not.—Dorothy Snyder, age 12, Geiswood, Ia.

My Puppy.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter I have written to you. I will write about my dog, Bobby, this time. When my father, mother, sister and I were on a visit we happened to stop by a place where they had six little puppies. They asked me if I wanted a little puppy. I took one home with me. The trip was quite long. On the way home my little puppy got tired, so I held him on my lap awhile. At last we reached home. When we were at home, I fed my little dog. He is now quite large and will shake hands. It sounds so funny to hear him bark. I will close.—Ernest Von Seggern, age 10, Magnet, Neb.

Has Many Cats.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join the Happy club. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for the button, and if you send me one, I will promise to be nice to dumb animals.

We have five cats. The two kittens are Buster and Bright Eyes. The mother is Goldie. Then we have a big white cat, and his name is Snowball, and our big 20-pound cat is named Major.—Dorothy Wisner, Omaha.

Reads Our Stories.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp to get a pin. I like your paper very much. I like to read your stories. I am 8 years old. I have a brother and a sister. My brother is 7. My sister is 5. My brother has a pony. I ride his pony. I went to a picnic in Leafing grove. All our room went. I am in the third grade.—Marjorie Lee Carson, Fairmont, Neb.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks, the Happy Tribe. I promise to be good to all dumb animals and other things. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. For pets I have three cats and used to have a dog. I will try to do some kind deed at home, too. I'm sending a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a button.—Maurice L. Buckley, David City, Neb.

Our Farm.

Dear Happy: This is my third letter to your page. I enjoy it very much. I am going to tell you about our farm. We live on a half section. We have two hired men. We are picking corn. I don't have to stay home from school this year to help, but I have to pick on Saturdays with one of our hired men. He gets about 80 bushels a day. Dad and our other hired man pick together. We have 104 acres yet to pick. Saturday, when Joe and I were in the field we had to go through a ditch and it is sure deep. The horses went so fast through it that they broke the buckboards off and the horses went so fast they just about ran away. We have 13 horses and we have one horse that we ride all over. Dad does not work her. She is black and white. We have a lot of fruit. We have apples, plums, grapes, cherries, blackberries, raspberries and currants. We did not raise very many chickens this year. We have geese, ducks and chickens. We can not find our geese now, but I guess they will come home some day.—Evelyn Adams, Wisner, Neb.

Fortune and the Beggar.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks' tribe. I will obey all of the rules. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp. I will try and protect birds and dumb animals. I am sending you a story.

One time a beggar was going along the streets with a little wallet with him. He was stopping at every house, begging for something to eat and a little money.

As he was coming down the street, Fortune was coming up another.

She said to him: "I will fill your bag for you, but whatever falls on the ground, will turn to dust."

After she had poured a little in, she said: "Will this be enough?"

He said: "No, it will hold a little more."

She poured in a little more, then said: "Will this be enough?"

He said: "No, it will hold a little more."

She put in one more piece. Just as she put it in the bag bursted. All of the money fell on the ground. He was no richer than before. —Blanche Brown, age 12, Davenport, Neb.

Has Twelve Cats.

Dear Happy: I lost my Go-Hawk pin at play. Would you kindly send me another one? I promise to do at least one act of kindness every day. I will do all in my power to protect the birds and all dumb animals. I will try to make the world a happier place. I like the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, especially the one by name of Old Glory. For pets I have one dog and one dozen cats. I have one sister, her name is Elsie.—Heiga Petersen, age 11, Wisner, Neb.

Wants Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks, the Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and the cou-

pon. I hope to receive my button very soon and wish you would ask the Go-Hawks to write to me. I will close for this time. Hoping to receive the button soon and letters from the Go-Hawks, the Happy Tribe. Very sincerely—Pearl Rowley, age 12, Gering, Neb.

Harry and the Bird.

Dear Happy: One day the teacher of a country school said to the class: "Children, I am giving away a prize to the one who does not miss a day this week."

The children were delighted with the plan.

There was a boy named Harry. He had not missed a day so far and tomorrow was the last day of the week. Harry thought, "Surely, I might win the prize."

Harry had two miles to go to school. The next morning as he was going along he heard a flutter and a strange noise. Harry stopped and looked about. In front of him about a foot away was a bird with a broken wing. Harry picked the bird up and smoothed its feathers. He then went to a nearby spring and washed the bird's wing and then set it with splints. He took his handkerchief to use as bandages to tie up the bird's wing.

Harry then started to school. He was not far away from school when the bell rang. Harry hurried, but was late. The teacher asked him why he was late. Harry showed her the bird and then told the story. When he finished the teacher smiled and said: "Harry since you were late we will not count it because you did a deed of kindness."

The teacher then gave Harry a large silver cup and Harry was happy. The little bird got well and ever after stayed at Harry's place. —Grace Flint, Box 226, North Platte, Neb.

Caruso.

Dear Happy: I read the stories the children write, and I thought I would like to be a member. I enclose a 2-cent stamp and coupon. I am a girl 10 years old and live in Omaha, Neb. I have a little canary bird named Caruso. He is the only pet I have and I love him too.—Elizabeth Ann Gardiner, age 10, 118 South Fifty-second street, Omaha, Neb.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp, as I wish to join your "Happy club." I am a little boy 6 years old. My name is Fred Wilson, Jr. Everyone calls me Junior, as my daddy's name is Fred, also. I promise to help someone every day, and will try to be kind to all dumb animals and birds. My grandma is writing for me. Very truly, Junior Wilson, Stuart, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy, I am sending the coupon and a 2-cent stamp because I want to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. My brother Kenneth lost his badge and wants you to send him another badge please.—Vernon Clayton, Bertrand, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



Little Willie Supple
Drew a tall palm

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