

Letters From Happyland Readers

brother's name is Frederick. His age is 15 years. He is a carrier of The Omaha Bee. Well, my letter is getting long, so soon I must close. I am going to write a story next time.—Rally Abbers, Age 13, Shelby, Neb.

Mary's Lesson.

Mary was a little girl who lived with her mother and father. One day Mary's mother told her to go to the store and get a loaf of bread. Mary said she would, and on the way she met some friends and forgot about the bread. About two hours later Mary thought about the bread and had to go back. When she got home her mother scolded her. The next night was Christmas eve, and after Mary had taken off her stockings and had hung one by the fireplace she went to bed. The day before Mary's mother had told her father how Mary had acted. The next day Mary woke up and dressed and ran downstairs. She looked in her stocking and there was a book, just a book. Mary took the book and read the title. This is what it said: "Mary's Lesson." Mary ran to her mother and asked for forgiveness. Mary's mother did, and then took her in the parlor, and there around the Christmas tree was a lot of toys. Mary was a good girl after that.—Jern Casart, 3929 W street, South Omaha, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my button. I will try to be kind to dumb animals and will try to make the world happy.

I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Anna Harmer. I go to Champion school. There are about 24 in my room. I have three sisters and four brothers. My oldest brother is a barber in Champion. He is 21 years old. My brother next to him is in Iowa now. My sisters' names are Verma, Velma and Wava. My brothers' names are Wayne, Floyd, Bertie and Paul. Well, I will ring off.—Yours truly, Jay Goddard, Age 9, Champion, Neb.

Song of the Cattle Train.

The last ornery steer has been shoved in his car and we're on our way to the market afar. Pick up your war bag, swing on to Crummy; no Pullman for us, but say, ain't this chummy. It's rattle and crash and bump and bang. Rumble and smash and thump and clank. Won't be long till we're home again. That's the song of the cattle train. Now we're together and fifteen strong. Just grab a seat and I'll give you a song. What, you don't want it? I can't help that. Reckon I'll try, though it does sound flat.—Paul Liles, aged 10, 529 Blackburn Ave., York, Neb.

Always Kind to Animals.

Dear Happy—I am sending you a coupon for one of those Go-Hawk pins. I am getting a coupon from Velma Goddard. I am getting along fine in school. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hiermer. We have lots of subjects in my class. The weather is very nice now; only very cold at night. Horses, cows, cats and pigs are my favorite animals. I have always been good to them, and always will.—Wilma Kelly, age 11, Champion, Neb.

Loves Birds.

Dear Happy—I would like to join your happy tribe. I am a little girl 5 years old. I have one sister and one brother. I go to school. I am the oldest. I am in the first grade at school. I would like to get a bird pin. I love birds and I am always good to them. I will write again. A little friend—Emily McCarty.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Happy Tribe. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I will be good to dumb animals. I have two brothers and one sister. I am sending a 2-cent stamp.—Inez Willets, 721 North Oak St., Grand Island, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy—I would like to get a Go-Hawk button. I would like to belong to the Happy tribe of Go-Hawks. We have one cat. It is the only pet I have, but I love him. Yours truly, Eleanor Kirkpatrick, 7 years old, 5023 Capitol Ave., Omaha, Neb.

Rides Pony to School.

Dear Happy—Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for one of your pins. I wish to join your happy tribe. I am 11 years old, and in the seventh grade. I ride my pony to school, her name is "Peppy."—Della Philbrick, Ord, Neb.

Go-Hawk Club.

Dear Happy—We are organizing a Go-Hawk button. I would like to hawk pins for our members.—Haydn Jones, North Loup, Neb.

The Disobedient Boy.

Once there lived a boy whose name was William.

He was very disobedient and it made his mother feel very badly.

One day as he was looking through the papers he saw in the headlines "Happyland" and hurried to his mother who read it to him.

Next he asked if his mother's birthday was very soon. Billy as he was called was only in the first grade but he was very bright.

Billy had something in his little mind.

He waited patiently for his mother's birthday to come and at last it did come.

As the family sat around the table the mother unwrapped her packages till at last she came to a little envelope from Billy.

She opened the little envelope last of all and the envelope read:

Dear Mother: I am going to be a better boy from now on. You know I am a Go-Hawk now and that is one of their rules "Obey thy parents." Your loving son, Billy.

And Billy really was a better boy and his sad mother grew glad. Yours most sincerely—Mary Morris, age 11, Woodlake, Neb.

The First Sleigh Ride.

Dear Happy: I am having a good time coasting down hill. We have a big hill; it is right by our place, and I have got a sled. I got it last Christmas and we have a race with our sleds. I beat one little boy two times coming down the hill. We coast down one hill and walk up the other hill and coast back down. I have a good time coasting down hill. I like my Go-Hawk badge very well. I wear it every day, and I read the Happyland page every Sunday. I am going to write a story to put in the paper.—Yours truly, James W. Mount, Rosalie, Neb.

Poor James.

James was working hard the whole day through.

Cleaning out the old chimney flue. For old Santa, said James.

James went to practice for the Sunday school games.

Mother didn't have to get the wood no more.

Or would she have to sweep the basement floor.

He was not found standing around.

He was even good to his hound—Vardin West, Schuyler, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy—I wish to join the Happy tribe. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I hope to get it very soon, because I am anxious to see what it looks like, as I have never seen one. For pets I have a pony, a dog and some cats. The pony's name is Buster Brown. The dog's name is Teddy. If any of the Go-Hawks would like to write to me, I will gladly answer them. Well I must close now, until next time. Willard Nelson, aged 8, Nehawka, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. Enclosed find two 1-cent stamps. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade. I attend St. John school. I have three dogs—their names are: Petty, Muggins and Brownie. Petty is 9 years old. Hoping to receive my button soon.—Ruben Osten, Platte Center, Neb.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for which you may send me a button.

I am 10 years old and I am in the fifth grade. I will write a story next week. I have a little dog. His name is Rover. I have a kitten. Its name is Jake. I will close.—Jimmie Gaskill, Age 10, Nehama, Neb., R. F. D. No. 1.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I talked it over with mother and she said I may. I wish Santa Claus would bring me a pair of ice skates and a little dog. I am 9 years old.—Roselida Wilhelm, 304 N. Ninth St., Norfolk, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Go-Hawks: I have read the Happyland page for two months and would like to join your club. I am 14 years old and my name is John A. Lenzen, and I live in Randolph, Neb., and will help some one every day, and protect birds and beasts.—John Lenzen.

My Cat.

Dear Happy: I wish very much to join your Happy Tribe. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and hope I will get my button. I am 8 years old, and I am in the third grade. I have four brothers and I have no sisters. I have a pet cat that got caught in a trap.—Erma Leonard, Bassett, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade. There are 30 pupils in my room. I have 3 brothers, two of them go

to school. One is in the seventh and the other is in the eighth. I have a teacher alone and my two brothers have one together.

Well, my letter is getting long. I must close. Your friend—Doris Richardson, Murdock, Neb.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy—I have been going to write and I would forget. I still have my pin and I wear it to school and the girls think it is nice. I have a duck and its leg is hurt. My mother gave it to me. It is a white duck. I have four brothers, Ross, Teddie, Carl and three sisters, Mary, Sarah and Elenor. I am in the fifth grade. I like to read the Happyland. I read it before I do anything else.—Violet Thompson, Council Bluffs, Ia., Star Route.

Dear Happy—I am very much interested in the Children's page. I have also read some of the stories. They prove very interesting, especially because my sister, Mildred, was queen of the Busy Bees about 10 or 11 years ago and I would also like to be a member. I hope to have a story printed soon. My name is Donald White. I am in the sixth grade and used to have a dog named Hooch. I loved him dearly and have often wished very hard to have him back. Donald White, 5004 Chicago St., Omaha, Neb.

Joins Happy Tribe.

Dear Happy—I want to join your happy tribe. I am now sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin, and am also sending a coupon. I read the Happyland letters every Sunday. I think it is very nice. I am 10 years old and I am in the sixth grade at school. I like to go, but am having a nice time this Christmas vacation. I got lots of nice things for Christmas. I will be kind and good to all dumb animals. I never wished to harm them anyway. I am going to help somebody every day I can. Hope my pin reaches me soon.—Carrie Belle Haskens, Dunning, Neb., Box 217.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Happy Tribe. I read the Happyland every Monday and think the stories are all very good.

I promise to try and make the world a happier place and will help some one every day. I also will try to protect the birds and dumb animals.

I am sending a 2-cent stamp and wish to get my button soon.

I wish some of the members of the Happy Tribe would write to me. I would gladly answer.—Ruth Peterson, Route No. 1, York, Neb.

A Letter to Santa.

Oh, dear old Santa so jolly Bring me a big blue-eyed dolly, And a big red hobby horse With a fire hose that has a lot of force.

Bring your reindeers, that seem to fly

Well, this is all, so good-bye, good-bye.—Vardin West, Schuyler, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I have read about the Go-Hawk tribe in the Omaha Sunday Bee, and would like to be one. I would follow the pledge. I have a canary bird and three gold fish for my pets. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a button.—Helen Smith, Verdon, Neb.

Dear Happy: I am sending for a Go-Hawk pin. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I like my teacher very much. I would like to have some other Go-Hawks write to me.—Yours truly, Leone Baun, Craig, Neb.

New Member.

Dear Happy: I am a little boy 6 years old and would like to be a Go-Hawk.—Jack Hall, 5017 Burt St., Omaha.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp, as I wish to join your Happy club. I am a little girl 7 years old. I promise to help someone every day, and will be kind to all animals and birds. Yours truly—Margaret Elizabeth Anderson, Kearney, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I lost my pin and I am sending for another. I promise to be kind to dumb animals. I will try not to lose this one. I do not know anything to talk about.—Yours truly, Alfred Nordland, Genoa, Neb.

New Member.

Dear Happy—I would like to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button. I promise to be kind to all animals and birds. I have two sisters and six brothers. I go to school whenever I can. My teacher's name is Miss Guiliter. Well I must close as my letter is getting long. Margaret Ferguson, Greeley, Neb.

A Happy Christmas.

Long ago there lived a man and his wife who were very happy only they wanted a child.

On the 18th morning of December, about 10 o'clock, a small ragged girl walked upon the porch, rang the bell and waited.

The lady answered the door and asked the girl to come in. The girl did as she was told and was soon sitting in a large room. "Who are you my child," asked the lady? "I am an orphan, my name is June and I have come to find a home," said the girl. "Will you not live with me," asked the woman?

June said she would so the lady bathed her and dressed her warmly.

That afternoon they went shopping and bought things for June's Christmas.

One Christmas morning June ran to find what Santa had brought her. She found a doll, doll buggy, dishes, a slate and a little white kitten.

June played with her things and was very happy in her new home. I am a cripple girl but I am very happy.—Clara Ewing, age 11; Dalton, Neb.

Likes School.

Dear Happy, I am sending you a two cent stamp and the coupon and hope to receive a button. My teachers name is Miss Nona L. Nicholas. I like her very well. I am in the fifth grade. We had a Christmas program before Christmas. I am 11 years old and have two sisters whose names are: Kathleen Lenore and Amee Eithell.

For pets we have a dog, his name is Teddy, and several rabbits. We received two blue ribbons and one red ribbon, and three dollars and 25 cents besides on our rabbits at the County Fair. We go to Sunday school most every Sunday. I like to go.

We are having a banner contest. Promising to be kind to all dumb animals, will close. Love to Happy. Laverne Greer, Bloomfield, Neb., R. R. 6.

Wants Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am sending a two-cent stamp for which please send me a button. I will try to keep the pledge. I go to school and I am in the sixth grade at school and I am 10 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Wiese, and I like her very much. Please have some of the other Go-Hawks write to me. Yours very truly, Leone Bovee, age 10, Craig, Neb.

Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy, I wish to join the Go-Hawks, the Happy Tribe. I am sending a two cent stamp and coupon. I hope to receive my button soon. I am eight years and in the fourth A. I have no brothers or sisters. For a pet I have a kitten and her name is Peggy. My letter is getting long so I will close for this time. Your friend, Thurl Ravenscroft, 511 South Third St., Norfolk, Neb.

The Squirrel.

Dear Happy: I received the button and I like it very much. I like to feed the squirrels that are around here. They are so tame

that they seem to talk to you. The other morning I was going to school and a squirrel was on the porch looking for food and so I went into the house to get something for him. I had plenty of time so I fed him. I must close. Yours truly—Robert Bostwick, 4808 Davenport St., City.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Go-Hawk club. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for the button. I am 9 years old and I am in the fourth grade. I have a pet dog and a cat. I will promise to be good to my pets.—Glen Taylor, Weeping Water, Neb.

New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy—I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which please send me my badge. I promise to protect someone every day. Please tell the other Go-Hawks to write me. Your friend, Arthur Gottburg, age 13, Schleswig, Ia.

The Bottom of the Barrel

(Continued From Page Seven.)

faith? Boats that roll over with precious freight do not by miracle become steady. Everybody who sits in them must eternally watch out. What a waste of one's energies to be always watching out!

And now, was her fear that his love for her might fail? Suppose it was hers for him!

She rose and went to the window.

Perhaps it was now something in her which was cracking, breaking down. Perhaps she had failed to play the game. Perhaps she had forgotten to let herself be the Mary he had first loved. Had she, in the passing of the years, allowed the holiday spirit to leak out of her life—and out of his? When he had left his law practice it had been easy to agree with his plans. She had known how foolish it was for him to drop activity. Laziness—was it laziness, rather than any idea of freedom for him, which had caused her to allow him to do it? And had she been too righteous—too smug about Edith Barston? She had pretended to so much interest in Billy's welfare and in Miss Barston's! Hadn't she been thinking only of herself? Hadn't her victory over Miss Barston been followed by a sense of increased proprietorship of Billy—a sense of increased obligations owed by him to her, and of decreased obligations owed by her to him?

It came to her now in a rush. "Jane!" she called toward a red straw hat among the junipers. "Ma'am!"

"Don't say 'ma'am'! I want you to take a telegram to Mr. Tibbitts for the next trip of the motor bus." The screen door below slammed—bare feet on the stairs.

She wrote her telegram—the same old luxury.

"I love you."

She had seen the bottom of her own barrel. And somehow she felt that life ought to go, and does go, like that with every one—and not so badly—but happily—and triumphantly—to the end.

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Dot Puzzle



Can you finish this picture?

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