

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)
Saved.

As the day was dawning, I awoke and heard birds of every kind singing sweet songs. I thought it was time for breakfast, so I dressed and came down stairs. I was so surprised, my mother had on her Sunday dress. She said, "Come on, May, we are going for a walk. You may take Fido along if you wish."



We went through the woods. On the way there we had to cross a creek. It was about four feet deep. For a bridge we had to use a plank. This plank was not very strong. As I went to cross the board broke. There I was all wet from head to

Fairy Grotto Plays

(Continued From Page Four.)

stretches out her arms in the direction they have taken.)
WILLING.
Dear little Willful! It was your own wand that did it! Your own little wand—so it is getting back its fairy power! Oh, I am SO happy—SO happy! for some day you and I can both go home again—BACK TO FAIRYLAND. JUST THINK OF THAT!
(She picks up her skirts and dances with joy as the curtain falls.)

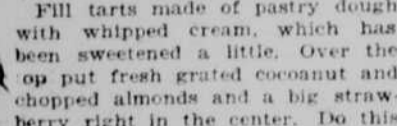
(Concluded.)
Note—Our new play in HAPPYLAND'S little theater, The Fairy Grotto, will begin next Sunday. Its name is "Her Pink Parasol."



Good morning and a happy Easter to you, boys and girls. Today I am giving you a mixed letter contest. Arrange the letters in their proper order and you will find the names of certain things you all hope to see Easter. The answers will be found in my corner next week.
1—Hhenekse
2—Egeg
3—Nubisne
4—Eshill
5—Uchehr
6—Nwe Stah
7—Nwe Solceth
8—Njehsun



Happy Easter, fellow cooks. (How do you like my new name for the cooking Go-Hawks?) We are having some of the relatives in for dinner today and mother and I have planned such a good dessert, we think, so I will tell you about it. Mother made some nice, crispy tarts Friday in little fluted tart tins. So, today we are going to have
EASTER TARTS.
Fill tarts made of pastry dough with whipped cream, which has been sweetened a little. Over the top put fresh grated coconut and chopped almonds and a big strawberry right in the center. Do this just before serving.
With these we are going to have glasses of iced grape juice and will serve salted nuts. We thought this would be a little different dessert from the usual ice cream. I am to fill the tarts and get part of them ready. Hope I can keep them from looking mussy, but will be very careful. Love to you all. POLLY.



Little Curtis had heard his mother speak of a bug as a "creature." One evening he spied a bug under the table and called excitedly:
"Oh, mamma, here's a preacher crawling around under our table."



WEATHER
Easter Egg Showers
in Happyland

foot. I called, "Help! Help!" Fido jumped in after me. I felt his strong paws carry me safely to shore. I was so cold mother took me home. She put me in bed. I lay there for weeks with pneumonia, but now I am better. I am reading some of Miss Jordan's books. —Mildred Spring, Age 12, Syracuse, Neb.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I am a little girl 8 years old. I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe. I will be kind to all birds and dumb animals and will help someone every day. I will send a stamp for a button. Yours truly — Elizabeth Georgene Sutton, Henderson, Ia.

The Kittens.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I am in the third grade at school. I have two brothers, their names are Junior and Donald Fischer. Donald is 7 years old and Junior is 2. I had a mother cat that had three babies and the mother is dead and two of the babies and the other ran away and I don't know where he is, but I hope he is safe and I hope you all had a happy time at Christmas. Before I forget, I want to say another word. I like my Go-Hawk button and I am proud of it. As my letter is getting long, good-bye—Robert Fischer, 300 West Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Maxine Seniff, 12 years old, Ohio street, Wabash, Ind., is ill and lonesome, and would like some letters or cards.

The Little Girl Who Was Afraid.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who joined the Go-Hawks and she did not have a mother. The little girl's mother died when she was 4 years old and she had to do all the work. She was afraid in the dark. It was always after dark when she got through with the supper dishes and she always had to throw the dishwasher outdoors. The little girl's name was Gladys and she did not go to school much. There were some people who lived right across the road and one night the light was shining over on the place where they lived and the little girl was afraid to go when she saw the light and so she hollered out loud and said to her papa, "Oh, papa, here are some thieves," and the father came running out to see what was the matter and the father said, "That must be some thieves." So he ran back in the house and got a light and the shotgun. He went out on the ground and went out on the road and never saw anything and came back to the house and said to Gladys, "There was nobody out there, it was just the light shining in the window on the road." As my letter is getting long I will close. Yours very truly —James W. Mount, Jr.

Annie Worden of Portland, Me., lives where there are lots of doves and sparrows and loves to feed them and watch them eat.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I wish to be a Go-Hawk. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I am 7 years old and I am in the second grade at school. I will send the coupon. I have two brothers. My letter is getting long so I will close. Alice Clayton, Bertrand, Neb.

The sacred bells of Easter ring;
And where the soft feet of the spring
The quiet brookside banks have trod,
White violets look up to God.
—Cora A. M. Dolson.



Mother is having a Butterfly luncheon tomorrow, Easter Monday. She says butterflies are symbolical of Easter. She has kept Polly and me busy all week making butterflies. We have made them of all



kinds of paper and decorated them with water colors, silver and gold. I am going to hang them from the ceiling with tiny black wire tomorrow. We have made her place cards also by this same pattern, and they are very pretty.
Your friend,
PETER.

Wants Letters.

Once upon a time there lived two boys named Richard and Ralph. They had some chickens and owned a chicken roost. One day their mother called them and told them to paint her chicken roost and their too. They went out and painted their own and gave their mother's a few hits with the brush and called it done. Then they went into the house to get their pay but their mother wanted to look at the roost first. When she saw hers she made them do it over before they could have their supper so they always minded after that. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me.—Winnie Bell Huffnagle, Age 8; Box 116, Utica, Nebraska.

Has a Prize Rooster.

Dear Happy: Seeing so many nice letters in your paper, I enjoy reading them all. I am 7 years old and live on a farm one-half mile from town, but I go to a country school. It is not a large school. I like to go. Last year the boys made a little garden near the school house. I like my studies and teacher. I have a little puppy, three kittens, a white hen and rooster for pets. The rooster took the prize in the fall at the county fair.—Delmare Walker, Clay Center, Neb.

La Verne Delkeskamp of St. Louis, Mo., feeds the birds every day and enjoys it, too.

Likes Her Teacher.

Dear Happy: I am in the second grade. I want to join the club. I wish to get a pin. The other children are writing also. I live in Mayer, Neb. My name is Retha Woodbridge. Bobbie is my little brother. I am 8 years old. My teacher is Miss Rask. Do you know her. I like my teacher very well. Goodbye.

A Second Grader.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Happy Tribe. I am 8 years old and in the second grade. I have been reading the letters for a long time. I cannot go to school now because I have the whooping cough. I have four brothers and two sisters. I must close. From Rubie Calista Percy, Auburn, Neb.

Loves Pets.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I have two sisters, Margaret and Loretta. We have many pets. Lots of chickens, four ducks, two geese, a cat, and a horse. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade at school. Your friend—Eileen Leppert, Omaha, Neb.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. There are eight pupils in my class. Their names are Welby Goddard, Jay Goddard, Morse Beasack, Lucile Swink, Kellen Allen, Horice Hoskins, Teddie Simpson, Velma Goddard and myself. I go to school at Champion. I used to live on the farm. Yours truly—Violet Goddard, Champion, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Happy: How are you? This is my second letter to you. I am 6 years old. As my letter is getting long, I must close.—Ellen Gallsple, Underwood, Ia.

Dorothea Huber of St. Louis, Mo., plays the violin, her sister, the piano, and her brother, the clarinet.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and coupon for my badge. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. I go to Emerson school. I have one sister. She is 13 and in the eighth grade. I will try to be a good Go-Hawk.—Carlton Wells, Kearney, Neb.

Likes Her Button.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk pin and I like it very much. I hope Santa Claus was good to all the kiddies that read the Happyland very much for the Go-Hawk pin, page last Christmas. Thank you Happy. If Santa Claus was not good to your kiddies it was your own fault. Well, I hope I can write a story next time. I will close. Yours truly—Florence Fraasie, Age 8, Lodge Pole, Neb.

Have Started a Club.

Dear Happy: I wish to ask you to send me another pin, as when we moved I lost mine. I also wish to tell you we girls have started a Go-Hawk club, consisting of a president, vice president, treasurer and secretary. I would like a Go-Hawk to write to me. I can easily make friends. I copy everything from Polly's cook book. I have tried ice

ice cream candy. It came out pretty good. My teacher's name is Miss Fern Ellis. I am in the sixth grade and I am 10 years old. Our room consists of 27 pupils of which 13 are sixth graders and 14 fifth graders. Well, I must close. Hoping to hear from some Go-Hawk. I remain as ever, your best friend.—Beatrice Knight, Belgrade, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I have lost my pin and I am sending you another coupon and stamp for a pin. I will try not to lose this one that you send me. I will be kind to dumb animals and I will help them in every way that I can so they will not get killed. I am in the fifth grade at school. I live in town now. I think it is a lot more pleasant to live in town than it is in the country. I did not go to school this morning because I was sick and couldn't, so, while I am in the house I will write you and tell you that I lost my pin. I was going to school the other morning and I lost it and I couldn't find it.—Yours truly, Teddy Simpson, Age 11, Champion, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I received my pin. I thought it was just fine. I read the children's page every Sunday. I am 11 years old. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister's name is Mildred. One of my brothers' name is Gordon and the other Arvid. I have a little white dog. His name is Fluffy. He gets a rat and shakes and bites him until he dies. I wish some of the children would write me. Well, I can't think of any more.—Yours truly, Frances Swanson, Lyons, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I am in the fifth grade. There are about 24 children in my room. I go to Champion school. My name is Mildred Smith, age 11, and I live in Champion, Neb.

Peter.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawk's tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I have a pet rabbit. His name is Peter. I am getting a little bulldog for my birthday. I am in the second grade. I am 6 years old. My name is Genevieve Frank, Elm Creek, Neb.

The Kittens.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I have one brother and one sister and they go to high school and I have to go alone. I have two little kittens and one is gray and one is yellow. My teacher's name is Miss Breckenridge. I am 7 years old.—Zola Elsemann, Millard, Neb.

Reads Letters.

Dear Happy: I read your letters from Happyland every Sunday. I would like very much to join your club so I am sending a 2-cent stamp for one of the pins. I am six years old. I am in the second grade at school. I'll promise to be good to all birds and help all I can.—Billy Williams, Beemer, Neb.

The Blue Ribbon Girls.

Dear Happy: I have been reading your part of the paper for some time and wish to join. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and a story about the Blue Ribbon Girls.

The Blue Ribbon Girls were all anxious to go on their hike which would take place soon. As school was out they were planning on a great many things. For one thing they were planning on what they were going to wear. Everybody was getting their new knickers to wear on the trip. Finally summer came and everybody was flitting around getting ready for the grand occasion. Finally they went on the camping trip. When they got there they found a place to pitch their tent. Nothing happened for a few days until one of the girls fell in the brook and half drowned. When she got out she was senseless. The girls had to go after the doctor but soon she was all right. They were out for a walk the next day when it began to rain real hard. They were far from the tent and they could not get home so soon they began to build a hut. The hut was built of dry grass and twigs from the trees. After a long while it cleared off and they went back to the tent. They found on reaching the tent that all their cooking utensils were washed away but they soon found them again. They stayed a few days longer and then went home thinking they had a very enjoyable time. Yours truly—Geraldine Beeghly, age 9, Wisner, Neb.

Never Again.

Dear Happy: Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp and a coupon for a Go-Hawk pin. My name is Robert Velt. I attend St. Mary school and I am in the sixth grade, the same as Arthur Boll, who also has a Go-Hawk pin. Here is a thing that happened to me last summer:

One evening as my mother was cooking supper, I asked her for 5 cents. Just because she wouldn't give it to me, I went into the front room and told her I did not want any supper. I thought she would call me out and give me the 5 cents. After a while I went out in the kitchen and found the table cleared and no supper for me. After that I never told her I did not want any supper when she could not give me any money.—Your loving friend, Robert Velt, age 11, 1123 West First street, Grand Island, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is the first letter I ever wrote to you. I am 12 years old. I am in the fifth grade. I go to Champion school. I have six brothers and six sisters. I will try to be good to dumb animals.—Halley Pierce, Champion, Neb.

The Collie.

Dear Happy: One day my collie and I went down to the barn. Pretty soon we came back to the house. I asked the collie if she wanted something to eat. She shook her head, so I went and got some crackers.—John Monroe Burdette, Age 6, Auburn, Neb.

Dot Puzzle



Can You Finish This Picture?

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