

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

A Rainy Day.

The rain came down in a sheet,
But soon it changed to sleet.
The schools were closed that after-
noon,
But they were going to open soon.

Betty Jane at the window stood,
Already she had put on her hood.
"I am going out to play," she said.
"Instead," said her mother, "You'll
good to bed."

Betty Jane said never a word,
But soon from her place by the
window she stirred.
And putting on her clothes of red
Out the door she quickly sped.

The icy rain upon her face beat;
Then she longed to make a retreat.
But the heavy door had now shut
tight;
She beat upon it with all her might.

The kind mother let the runaway in.
She was wet from her feet to her
chin.
"Have you had enough of the rain,"
mother said;

"Oh, yes, dear mother, please put
me to bed."
—Philip Newsom, North Bend, Neb.

At School

At school we made a sod house.
We chopped off sod on the bank.
We built the sod about two feet
high. Then we laid boards on top
of the sod. After we put boards on
top of the sod we put hay. Then
we laid big pieces of sod and boards
on top of the hay. Then we took
a gunny sack and filled it with
brush and thistles and hung it over
the door so nobody could get in.—
Pauline Young, age 8, Pleasanton,
Neb.

Likes School

Dear Happy: I would like to join
your happy tribe. I am sending a
2 cent stamp to get my button.
I will be kind to all dumb animals.
I have three pets. They are Jack
my dog and one cat and a pony
named Queen. I like to go to school
very much. I am 7 years old
and in the second grade. I like my
teacher very much. Goodby.—Ruth
Estella Smith, Genoa, Neb.

Bob.

Dear Happy: I have been reading
the Happyland page and thought
that I would like to join the
Happy Tribe. I go to school and I am
in the seventh grade. I have three

brothers and two sisters. My brothers
go to school, too. I have one
pet. It is a canary bird. I call it
Bob. I have been kind to dumb animals
and hope that I always will
be. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent
stamp and a coupon. I am hoping
to receive my Go-Hawk pin soon.
Yours truly, Nettie Miller, Age 14,
Osceola, Neb.

A Ride on the Ground.

One day my brother and I went
for a ride. My brother got on his
horse, which was a new one and
had never been in the pasture. My
pony did not like it. We started
down the road. Roxie, the pony,
stayed back behind and would
not go.

After a while we came to a hill
and my brother said he would make
him go. So I got off and he gave
me a rope to put around Roxie's
neck. Then I gave the rope to my
brother and he tied it to the saddle-
horn. Then my brother started down
the hill on the run. At the draw
he stopped and let me go on the
pony. At the next house a dog ran
out. Roxie jumped and I fell off
of him.

Then again my brother put the
rope around Roxie's neck. He tied
Roxie up so close that every step
Roxie took my leg would hit the
other horse. All at once Roxie gave
a jump and got loose. I rode to
the next hill and then told my
brother that I was going to go back.

So I turned around. Roxie started
to run down the hill. Roxie
dumped me off and my hat blew
away. I took Roxie and tied him
to a post and my brother brought
Roxie back home. When he got
there he gave Roxie a whipping.
Roxie reared up at my brother.—
Ruby Whitaker, age 9, Pleasanton,
Neb.

Hot Lunch.

I am going to tell you about our
hot lunch at school. Our club is
divided into three parts, with two
pupils in each. One week one part
takes care of bookkeeping, next
week they do the cooking and the
next they do the housekeeping. Each
part goes through these duties as
their turn comes.

So far we have had mashed pota-
toes, baked beans, cocoa, baked pota-
toes, rice and milk, macaroni and
tomatoes, oatmeal and milk and
wienies.

We all like the hot lunch, and I
guess teacher does, too.—Thelma
Young, age 12, Pleasanton, Neb.

Jack Frost.

Jack Frost is a merry old soul,
He bites all of our noses and stings
our toes,
So don't you think he is a wise old
man
To put ice on the window so we
cannot see him come?

And then we would feel badly if
Jack decided to hide,
For most of our fun is on our sleds
trying to slide,
So cover up our noses and dear
little toes,
And welcome Jack Frost in spite of
our woes.

Of course, in the winter, our
flowers we miss,
But then we must realize if Jack
gives them a kiss,
Their noses and toes would be frost
bitten so,
We would rather welcome them next
season.

Of course, poor vegetables that make
our nice soup

Give a frown when they hear Jack
come with a whoop,
But then my Daddy is making a
nice new can to put them in
Before the arrival of the ice man.
—Katherine E. Gordon, 9611 Jack-
son Street, Omaha, Neb.

Adella Langville of Lincoln,
Mass., is going to give one of the
Fairy Grotto plays, as she thinks
they are very good.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I want to become a
Go-Hawk, and I am sending a 2-
cent stamp for my button. I am
9 years old and I am in the Fourth
grade. I go to the Fort Kearney
school. I have some white rabbits
and some cats. My brothers some-
times call me Towhead. Can you
guess why? I will thank you for
my button.—Lois Simon, R. R. 4,
Kearney, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I want to join your
Happy Tribe. I also want a pin for
my little brother, Jack. I am en-
closing two 2-cent stamps. We have
two dogs. Their names are Boots
and Penny. I go to school every
day, and am in the Second grade.
—George Thomas Dinsdale, Palmer,
Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Mr. Happy: When you get
this letter will you please send
me a badge right away. I want a
to be a Go-Hawk and there's some
other children that want to be a
Go-Hawk in the neighborhood. I will
be good to animals and I will be
kind to my dog, Two Spot. I know
this about Go-Hawks because one
little boy in the neighborhood, he
told me.
I can't be out on Thursdays be-
cause I sell "Posts." From: Paul
Cariberg, 1002 South 38th Ave.,
Omaha.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I want to join your
Happy Tribe. I will be kind to all
animals. I am sending a 2-cent
stamp for a button. I am in the
fourth grade. I can protect lots of
dumb animals. I have two brothers.
One is 7 years old and the other
one is six months old. As for pets
I have one cat. There is a boy I
think I will get to join. I am 9
years of age. Please write to me,
Go-Hawks.—Elmer Rotti, Sixteenth
Street, First Corner, Nebraska City,
Neb.

Likes School.

Dear Happy: I want to join the
Go-Hawk club and am sending a
stamp. I promise to be kind to
dumb animals. I am 8 years old
and in the Second grade. I like
school very well. I like my teacher.
Her name is Miss Tena Franz. She
is a very good teacher. I had a
kitty and it died. We have two kids
1 day old. I have two brothers at
home and one is in Cuba.—Harley
Tuschoff, age 8, Henderson, Neb.

Wants to Join

Dear Happy: I am writing be-
cause I want to join your happyland
I am 8 years old and in the third
grade. My teacher's name is Miss
Rasp. We are writing for our Eng-
lish lesson. I go to school in Thayer,
Neb. My Daddy brings me to
school in the car every morning. I
have four and a half miles to go to
school. There are 17 in our room,
four in the beginners class, six in
the first grade. We have a sand
table and two balls and a bean bag
game. We do not have a piano but
an organ.—Jean Gaspill, Thayer,
Neb.

Dick.

Dear Happy: This is the second
letter I have sent to you. I am send-
ing a story this time.
Once there was a little boy named
Dick. Dick was not a bad boy, but
he had a way of doing as he pleased.
One day at school he was shooting
paper wads and the other children
could not study. The teacher saw
Dick shooting paper wads and went

back and said: "Give me that rub-
ber."

Dick said, "When I get ready."
Then the teacher took a step near-
er and slapped him and said: "Give
me that rubber." But Dick would
not do it. Just then in came the
professor and he asked the teacher
what was the matter, and she told
him. Then the professor took Dick
to the basement and whipped him.
Dick always minded his teacher af-
ter that.—Darwyn Jackson, Box 32,
Wolbach, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: This is my third let-
ter to you. I am sending a two-cent
stamp for my Go-Hawk button as I
lost my other one.

We take The Omaha Bee and I
like the little section better than
Uncle Ross' page in the other paper.
I am in the Sixth grade and 11 years
old. My birthday is December the
Sixteenth. I am starting a scrap
book of "Another Way to Be a
Good Go-Hawk." A lot of them teach
good manners. I like Fashion Fan-
ny, too.

I would like to have some of the
Go-Hawks write to me. I promise
to be kind to all dumb animals.
—Eleanor Whitney, age 11, Battle
Creek, Neb.

A Second Grader.

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
Thayer, Nebraska. My name is
Retha Woolbridge. Bobbie is my lit-
tle brother. I am 8 years old. My
teacher is Miss Rasp. Do you
know her? I like my teacher very
well.—Retha Woolbridge, Thayer,
Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join your
happyland. I have one mile and a
quarter to go to school. This is for
our English today. My name is
Kenneth Woolbridge. My teacher
is Miss Rasp. I like her too. Do
you know her? I am in the third
grade. I am 9 years old. I
want a pin. There are seventeen in
our room. I go to school at
Thayer, Neb.—Kenneth Woolbridge,
Kenneth Woolbridge.

Ellen Jackman of Concord, N. H.,
fed the birds last winter, and in the
summer she lives on a farm in Can-
terbury.

A Third Grader.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-
cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin.
I go to school every day. I am
in the third grade at school. I am
9 years old. My teacher's name is
Miss Gaffney. Emry goes with
me to school every day. For my
pets I have three white cats.
From Edna Haake, age 9, Helvey,
Neb.

Will Keep Motto.

Dear Happy: I read the paper
every Sunday. I promise to be
good to all dumb animals. I am 7
years old and in the third grade. I
am sending a 2-cent stamp for my
pin. Your friend—Lucille Fitch,
Farnam, Neb.

A New York Go-Hawk.

My Hear Happy: I am very sorry
that I can't write to you more, but
I am working hard in school. I
was never so happy in my life
when I saw my story in the paper
and I want to thank you very much
for putting it in.

Wrinkles (our datchhund) died
this summer and everybody felt
sorry. Wrinkles was one of the 19
dogs we have. I sent for Jip (a
dog I took from the street) and
when she arrived she jumped all
over us. I am writing a story
about Jip, and now I have to do
two chapters. Jip is a one-quar-
ter Eskimo dog and three quar-
ters Volpino. (A very rare dog from
Rome.) One of the rarest in the
world. My sister and I go to Miss
Spence's school. We like it there
very much and I am doing very
well in school, especially in spelling
and poetry. I got on error four
times in succession in spelling and
right after that I got excellent. I
am in the fourth and fifth grades.
Yours truly, Mary Helen Clark,
age 9, New York, N. Y.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your
Happy Tribe. I promise to be kind
to all dumb animals. I am 10 years
old and in the fifth grade at school.
Well as my letter is getting long
I will close. Martha Butenhoff,
1265 Corning street, Red Oak, Ia.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I have lost my pin
and also have a new Go-Hawk. I
have been boasting and he likes it
very well. His name is Willard. I
am sending stamps and coupons for
us both.—La Vern Green, Council
Bluffs, Ia.

Bits of Information

An electric ice box has been pro-
duced that not only freezes its own
ice through the use of the house
current, but also keeps it frozen
until it is called upon to thaw.

A novel pneumatic tool carries
its own air compressor in its shaft,
power being provided through a
flexible shaft by a portable electric
motor taking current from a con-
venient source.

Diamonds are now cut by ma-
chinery with the use of phosphor
bronze saws. The process on a
one-carat stone takes about a day,
while large stones remain in the
machine from one to four weeks.

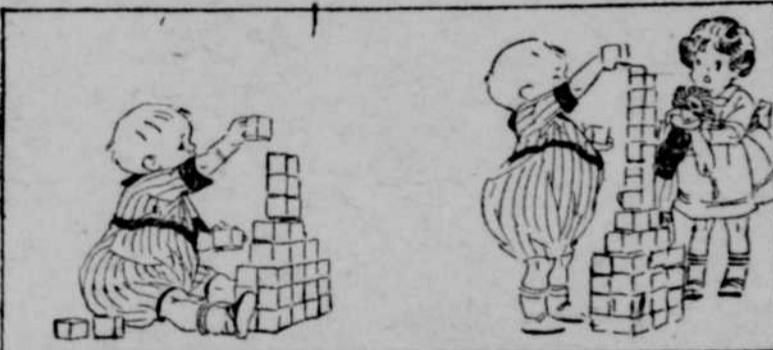
A. Michalson, professor of the
University of Chicago, has been
awarded the gold medal of the
Royal Astronomical Society for
"application of the interferometer to
astronomical measurement." His
use by Prof. Michalson to measure
Petelguese, the huge reddish star
in the constellation Orion, was de-
clared of special importance.

The inventor of the roller skate
made more than \$1,000,000 from the
patent.

For the protection of eyes against
the sun, a new folding shield for
motorists has been produced in
England of non-inflammable cel-
luloid. The shield is notched to fit
the wearer's nose.

Pantomime

By J. H. Striebel

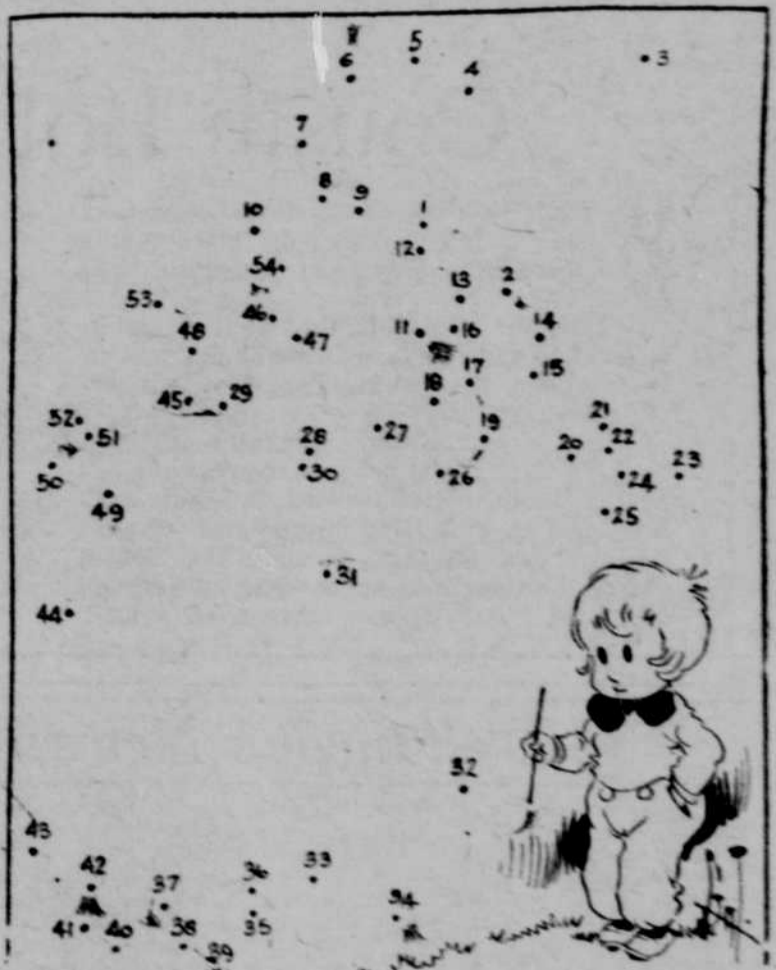


Little Jimmie--

By Swinnerton
More Trouble Thro' an Apple.



Dot Puzzle



Can You Finish This Picture?

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