

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(PRIZE.)

Mrs. Santa Claus.

Dear Happy: I have not written to you for a long time. It seems that every time I get ready to write something happens that prevents me. I am writing a story this time. Its name is Mrs. Santa Claus.

It was Christmas eve. Old Santa Claus was just ready to start out upon his long journey over the snowy tree-tops and roofs to find the awaiting chimneys and the little empty stockings. Such a busy day as it had been with the brownies finishing the packing and Mrs. Santa Claus sewing buttons on the last doll's dress, and tying the last hair ribbon, and smoothing the last curl. But everything was ready. She sleigh was packed from top to bottom so full that it seemed as if old Santa Claus could never squeeze in himself. There were tops, drums, Jack in the boxes, steam engines, hundreds of dolls, barrels of chocolate drops, peppermint canes were hanging out from the back. The reindeers were harnessed and prancing.

"Goodbye, mother," Santa Claus called. "Anything I can bring from the city?"

"No, I guess not," she answered. A jing of bells and Santa Claus was off.

Mrs. Santa Claus sat by the fire and thought of all the dolls she had dressed. "There were four hundred with silk dresses," she said to herself, "and two hundred with blue, and five hundred baby dolls. I finished them today. I must go and see if Santa Claus packed them all. I will go and see now."

She lit a candle and went to the sewing room and peered in every corner. There sat the dolls, one in pink, a baby doll, and one in blue. Santa Claus had forgotten them. Sad as Mrs. Santa Claus was she thought of a plan. There was an old reindeer left. It was Blixen. He had a lame foot and was not able to go with the rest.

Mrs. Santa Claus put on her coat and went to the barn with the three dolls under her arm. "Come Blixen, Santa Claus has left three dollies."

Blixen dropped his hay and they started. When they came to town they stopped at every roof but Santa Claus had been there first. At last they came to a wee chimney and there was a stocking hung but only an apple in it. So Mrs. Santa dropped the doll in pink inside the stocking. Then they came to a little house where no stocking was hanging and a pale little girl sleeping in a tiny bed. She dropped another doll there and went on. She came to a little sick girl and dropped the baby doll there. Then her errand ended she and Blixen scampered home over the ice and snow.—Your friend, Nadine L. Lucas, age 9, 852 North Main St., Fremont, Neb.

Thanksgiving.

I was a sittin' by the road And a watchin' for the ol' farm wagin' With the little gray colt a laggin' Behind the Thanksgivin' load.

I watched for quite a while, Then wondered if they'd had a wreck And perhaps that turkey'd ran away, Oh, heck! Then I sees the waggin' comin' down the road a mille.

A comin' with the Thanksgivin' turkey, And a waggin full of other things But none of them as good as the pie and cake

That on Thanksgiving mother never fails to bake. —Beulah Galbraith, aged 13, Wisner, Neb.

Brownie.

Dear Happy, I am a new writer and I wish to become a member of your Go-Hawk Club. I am sending a 2-cent stamp with the coupon for a button. I promise to keep the motto and the pledge. I think they are very good. I have a dog for a pet. His name is Brownie. He is a very smart dog. He goes to school with me every morning and plays till the bell rings. He goes to Sunday school with me and sometimes waits until I come out. I have two cats whose names are Fluffy and Bright Eyes. They are very mischievous. I am 7 years old and in the third grade. I go to Menlo school.—Cecil Gates, Menlo, Ia.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I wish to become a Go-Hawk. I will be kind to all dumb animals and I would like to join your Go-Hawk tribe. I am 8 years old. I go to school every day in school year. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Jones. I like to read the Happyland and draw the dot puzzles every Sunday. Enclosed please find a 2-cent stamp for my official button.—Yours truly, Bernice M. Anderson, Cozad, Neb.

Will Keep Motto.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I am sending a two cent stamp and hope to receive my button soon. I will enjoy to obey all Go-Hawk laws.—Yours truly, Cecelia Rohwer, Gretna, Neb.

Pearl Connolly of El Dorado, Ark., loves animals and keeps a pan of water out for dogs during the summer.

A Bright Scholar.

Dear Happy: I made some of the cards from Peter's workshop. I made three of them. Now I will write about school. I passed in the fourth grade at school. I skipped the third. My letter is getting long, so I must close.—Harley Tuschloff, age 8, Henderson, Neb.

News for the Go-Hawks.

The following have written to Happy asking to join the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe but they have forgotten to enclose a 2-cent stamp in the envelope—Write again, enclose name, address and stamp, and buttons will be sent to you im-street, South Omaha, Neb.; Gustav street, South Omaha, Neb.; Bustav Dick, Henderson, Neb.; Marion J. Leedom, Gordon, Neb.; Yulu Minard, Wolbach, Neb.; Lucy Hughes, Plainview, Neb.; Lola Holloway, Wayne, Neb.

Buttons have been sent to the following and been returned for better address. Write again, enclose a 2-cent stamp, write address plainly and buttons will be sent to you: Lucy Druier, Elizabeth Doir, Helen Mathiot, Verna Davis, Gwendolyn Harmer.

The following names have been sent to Happyland but no address given. Happy is holding your stamps so please send your correct address to Happyland: Neva Dotson, Omaha, Neb.; Virginia Barbeyette, Stacey Rosenest, Richard Kunch, Harry Zimmerman.

Happy has received letters and stamps from Cozad, Neb., Smithfield, Neb., and Emerson, a., and no name was placed at the bottom of the letter. Now how in the world can Happy send a button to the writer of a letter when they do not sign a name!

Likes the Birds.

Dear Happy: You will have to excuse errors I make, because it is rather hard to write on a type-writer, at least it is hard for me. I want to join the Go-Hawks' tribe. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a badge. I will write a story next time I write. I would like to hear from some children in the Go-Hawk tribe. I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade. I am very much interested in birds. I have a pair of knickers which I wear on many hikes that I take for the purpose of studying birds. Goodbye.—Ruth Herejion, Peru, Neb.

Elinor Fitzgerald of Syracuse, N. Y., helped get a dog out of a garage, where it had been locked by mistake and was almost starving.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I enjoy reading the stories very much. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I have a friend who is joining with me. I hope to get a tribe of ten from our school. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which I hope to receive a Go-Hawk button. I will try to live up to all the motto says. Yours truly, Claude Crist, Eustis, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks' club. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I have one brother and one sister. My brother's name is Edward, jr. For pets I have a horse. My horse's name is Lady. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. My name is Harvey Reiber, age 8, Sutton, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy, This is my first letter to you. I want to be a Go-Hawk, so I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I will be kind to all dumb animals and be kind to everyone. I have one cat and one dog. I am 11 years old and I was in the fourth grade at school last year. I have two sisters. Well my letter is getting long so will close.—Luetta Enslow, Pawnee City, Neb.

Roselyn Johnson of Malden, Mo., likes "Polly's Cook Book" and the Fairy Grotto plays, and this summer is going to give one of the plays.

Our Cats.

Dear Happy, I wish to be a member of your happy tribe. Every time I read the paper I think I will write but I never get around to it. I read your page every Monday. I hope to get my button soon. I have a pet kittle and I call it Pet. My sister has one that is just like it and she calls it Tiger. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp. Your friend, Wyonna Hays, Oak-

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks' tribe, so I am sending a 2-cent stamp to get a button. I have two cats; their names are Buster and Tammy. I have 12 black chickens. I promise to be good to all dumb animals and try to help someone every day.—Yours truly, Emma Lee, age 9, Tekamah, Neb.

Arnold Sorrenson of New Castle, Neb., is going to write to some of the Go-Hawks on our correspondence list.

Heaven's Borderland.

Oh tell me all ye people who gather here around

To hear me judge the country where freedom does abound,

Where does Liberty stand in her pure white gown?

Where is this land, this glorious land?

Where is this heaven's Borderland?

Oh, tell me, ye that knoweth best!

Is it north or south or east or west, Is it here or far beyond the sea?

Oh, Leader of this glorious land Where is this heaven's Borderland?

It is not far beyond the sea

It is in this land with you and me. And America this wonderful land

It Heaven's Borderland. —Anita Crabb, 1828 Locust St., Omaha, Neb.

A Good Friend.

Dear Happy: I am sorry I gave you so much trouble. I will remember next time. I like to read the Go-Hawk's sheet. Last night our mother cat took her five kittens and dropped them between the brick wall. Grandpa has been laying the wall. I never knew it till the next morning and mama told me. The next night I heard them crying. I went and got them and put them in the place where we kept them. Then I gave the mother cat a licking so she wouldn't do that again. She has not done it since. I think or hope I did right in giving the mother cat a spanking. It is getting late so I must close.—Elmer Roth, Nebraska City, Neb.

A Sixth Grade Girl.

Dear Happy: My name is Cecil Cork and I am 12 years old. My birthday was the 12th of this month. I have three sisters and one brother. My baby sister's name is Erma Jeane and my other sisters' names are Opal and Avon. My brother's name is Clare. My brother is 15 years old. I am in the sixth grade. For pets I have a kitten, which is black and white; a dog, which is a bird dog and whose name is Jack. I have some little chickens, too. I wish some of the Happyland folks would write to me. Goodbye.—Cecil Cork, Dallas, S. D.

Likes Her Teacher.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp and coupon for my button. I will keep the motto if I can. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Hines. I like her very well. I have some pets. I have four kittens. Well, my letter is getting long. Will close. Yours truly—Cecile Jones, Modale, Ia.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am 9 years old I am in the fourth grade. I will promise to be good to all dumb animals and birds.

My teacher's name is Miss Bruce. I have a pet calf and horse.—Zelfert Barry, Weston, Neb.

Will Help.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am in the third grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Hazeman and I like her very much. I go to the training school at Peru college. I promise to help someone everyday. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my Go-Hawk button which I hope we receive soon. I have a baby goat and a nanny goat and a share in a dog, cat, and goose. Well this is all for now. Goodbye.—Alan Graves, age 7, Peru, Neb.

My Dog.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I am 7 years old and will be in the third grade next year. I will tell you about my dog. His name is Beans. He is brown and white and about 2 years old. He will drive the sheep, pigs and cows. I read the funny page and Happyland every week. I will now close.—William Skinner, age 7, Herman, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawk club, so I will send a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am a girl 8 years old and I am in the third grade at school. I have one pet dog, his name is Prince. I have two brothers, one is Herbert and the other is Hugo. Well, I will close for this time.—From your loving friend, Leona Dux, Gladstone, Neb.

In Field and Forest

How many of you know which one of the family of oak trees has the largest acorns? It is found in the bur oak in a mossy cup, the scales of which are drawn out with long, heavy points, and those near the rim form a loose fringe. These nuts are almost always over an inch long and almost as broad, and once in a while I have found them even two inches long. Since the meat is so white and sweet, it is no wonder that the squirrels love them.

The bur oak sheds its scales, as does the sycamore, and that is what makes it such a shaggy-looking tree, with stout branches thrown out in every direction. Still, it always adds beauty wherever growing.

Try planting a mossy cup acorn and see how quickly you will have a fine little tree. Its leaves will soon be a foot long. Even while it is very young it will bear for you big acorns in handsome mossy cups. It seems to me there is no time in the life of a bur oak that it is not interesting as well as beautiful. Best of all, it is such a friendly tree, for it is at home in all parts of the country.

Next Sunday we will study some other member of the oak family. Let us play this summer that you are taking a walk each Sunday in the woods with your UNCLE JOHN.

THE SINGING DELL.

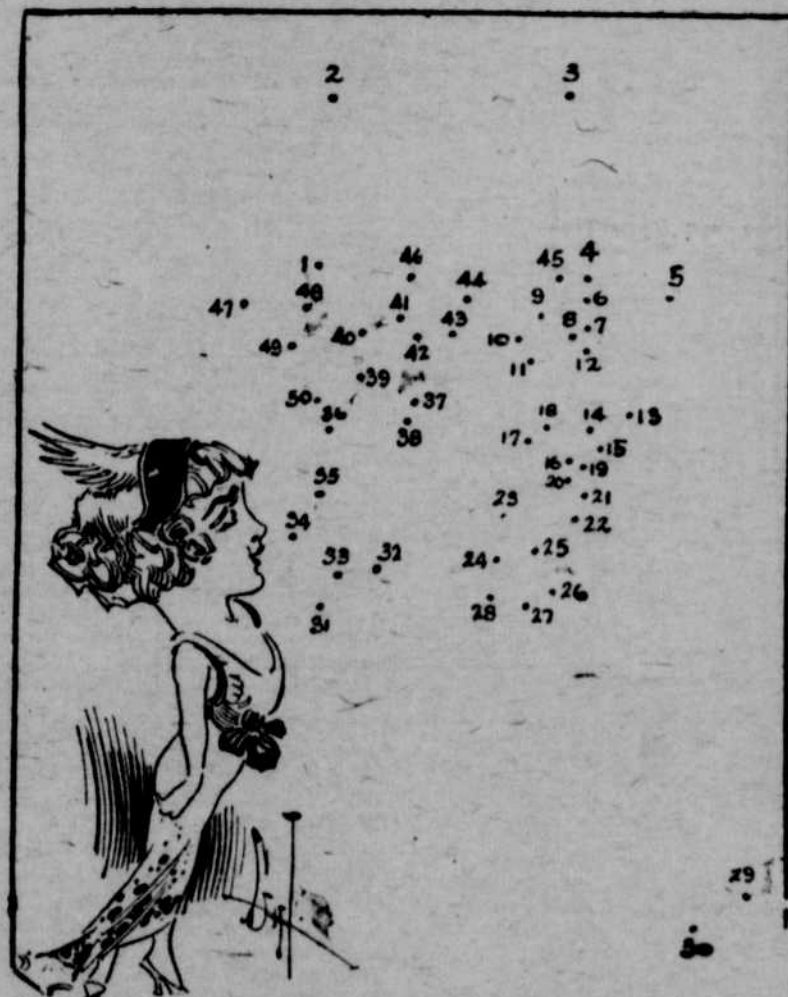


THE ROBBER WAVES.

By HAPPY.

I MADE a house on clean, white sand,
With open doors and winding lane;
At high tide came the robber waves
And took my house to sea again.
And now it's best to run away
Where waves can never follows me—
Those robbers might come creeping back
And carry me far out to sea.

Dot Puzzle



Can You Finish This Picture?

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