

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

Sarah Anne.

Now Sarah Anne do this
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 That's what Pa says,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 That's what May says,
 Wash the dishes,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Sweep the floor,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Shut the door,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Make the children's bed,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Go wash sister's head,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Sew a few stitches,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Go call Jane,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Get Esther out of the lane,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Get some flowers,
 Now Sarah do this
 Don't bother the children's play
 towers,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Turn the meat,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Get Lucy out of the heat,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Go to town,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Get some goods for Baby's gown,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 Go rake the yard,
 Now Sarah Anne do this
 It won't hurt you to work hard.

—Florence Grafton, Box 302, Lexington, Neb.

Saving the Dog.

One day Johnny and his friend Jimmy thought that it would be nice if they would take their lunch and go into the woods to eat it and so they had their mother's prepare a nice lunch.
 They started on their journey, but had not gone far into the woods when they heard a loud noise. They stopped and listened to see which way it came from and then started on the run to the place from where it came.
 When they reached the place they found a poor little dog caught in a trap. The trap had been placed there by some men because they wanted to try to catch a wolf.
 They took the little dog out of the trap as carefully as they could and when lunch time came they gave the little dog some of their lunch.
 They took the little dog home with them and as they both loved animals so well they could not decide which one should have it. Finally they decided to let Jimmy keep it for a week and then let Johnny keep it for a week and you may be sure that the little dog had good care.—Kathryn Sellhorn, Age 13, North Bend, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter and I wish to join your Go-Hawk tribe. I am 11 and will be in the Seventh grade next year. I have two sisters and two brothers. My sister is 6 and will be in the Second grade next year. I promise to help all dumb animals and also people. I have a pet cat. His name is Tom. Well I will have to close for my story is getting long.—Marie Hansen, Creighton, Neb.

How Betty Got a Home.

Betty was a little girl who was 6 years old. Her mother and father were dead.
 Now little Betty was left alone to go on through the world. She had to make her own living. How was a poor innocent little child to make her own living? She wandered from house to house and asked for a crumb of bread. Everyone seemed to push her away and tell her to go home where she belonged. This made her cry.
 A little girl by the name of Marcella came by this house and heard someone crying. She went to the little girl, and asked her what was her trouble. Then Betty answered.

"I would like to have a home."
 When Marcella heard this it made her cry to think of a little girl wandering around without having a home.

She took Betty home with her and asked her mother if she couldn't keep Betty for her sister. Her mother said:

"Yes, she may stay with us and be our little helper."

Betty enjoyed her new home very much and always helped Marcella with the work.

I think it was very nice of Marcella and her mother to keep Betty as their child, don't you?—Irene Roth, aged 13, 1163 Twenty-first avenue, Columbus, Neb.

Wishing.

I was wishing for sunshine
 When the day was dark and wet,
 But if wishing hanged the weather,
 What tangle we might get.

I was wishing that my lessons
 Were all done and put away,
 When I might as well been working
 Then I'd had some time for play.

I was wishing that by wishing
 Things would happen as I planned,
 That winter was the summer
 With vacation time at hand!

That I had a great big fortune
 And a wonderful estate,
 Then I had to pay for wishing
 By sitting up quite late.
 —Jennie Baron, 325 North Tenth St., Council Bluffs, Ia.

Mary Dorothy Williams, Box 70, Milo, Ia., would like to hear from other Go-Hawks born on April 4.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Yost. She is a nice teacher. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for my badge. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals.—Yours truly, Lorene Jones, Doniphan, Neb.

Meet in Woods.

Dear Happy: We wish to join the Go-Hawk tribe. We promise to be kind to all dumb animals. We have fixed a Go-Hawk meeting place in the woods. We read the Fairy-Grotto plays every Sunday and are planning to have one soon. Enclose find our stamps. Well, as our letter is getting long, we will close.—Yours truly, Ardis Heeney, Age 12; Norma Owen, Age 12, Emerson, Neb.

The Circus Parade.

Dear Happy: I was very glad to see my poem in print and got the prize. I am sending another poem that I composed, to you:

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

'Twas the circus day parade
 And the children stopped their play,
 As the elephants and bears come
 marching by.

And the children shouted loud
 In the midst of the large crowd,
 For the clown was riding by upon
 a mule.

Then all the people laughed,
 For the clown made lots of chaff—
 He tried to ride a mule and stand
 upon his head.
 But he lost his balance and fell
 feet over head.

Then coming down the street
 Was a bear in awful rage,
 Because he couldn't get out of his
 iron cage.

And the band was playing loud,
 For the people in the crowd
 Were marching right along and
 keeping time.

Then there came an awful crash,
 And the old bandwagon splashed,
 For it bumped into a railing on the
 street.

Then they picked up the remain,
 And they started for the train,
 For they never had a circus all that
 day.

I would like to know if anybody
 else's birthday is on the 8th of August,
 and will be 12, because I will.

I should like any one to write to me. I will close. Your Go-Hawk friend.—Gladys E. Beebe, Clay Center, Neb.

How pleasant the life of a bird must
 must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree.

The Bear.

Dear Happy: I will write you a little story.

Once upon a time two men went out to hunt a bear. On their way to the woods they were talking and planning what to do with the money after they sold his skin. All of a sudden they saw the bear, and one of the men climbed in a tree and the other lay on the ground as if he were dead. The bear came and sniffed all around the one that lay on the ground and especially around his ears.

When the bear was gone the man in the tree said to the man that lay on the ground:

"What did the bear say to you?"
 "He said 'don't sell the bearskin before you have killed the bear.'"
 —From your friend, Herman Ebert, age 9, 309 North Nye avenue, Fremont, Neb.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I have not written for a long time and thought I would write. I still have my pin and I am very proud of it and I am trying to live up to the motto, the Go-Hawk rules. I like to read the letters and stories from the other Go-Hawks and like Peter's workshop very much and Polly's cook book. I am 12 and in the Sixth grade at school. I like school very much. I have four brothers. I have one sister. For pets I have two canary birds, five rabbits, three banties. I had a kitten, I fed it and it ran away. I have a bird-house. Our grade made them at school last year. As my letter is getting long I will close. I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me.—Arlene Coe, age 12, Fullerton, Neb.

Fun at the Creek.

Dear Happy: How are you feeling these nice, hot days? They don't bother me much because my mamma lets me go to the creek every day and I fish and fish. One day my brother, who is 7, and I caught 19 fish. When we get tired fishing we go in and swim. We like vacation no matter how hot it is. I am 10 and in the Sixth grade. I am sending another 2-cent stamp for another button. I lost my other button on my sweater. I could not find it. I wrote once before. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close.—Clarence J. Kropach, Osceola, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy, This is my first letter to you. I am 7 years old. My birthday is in July. I have one little brother 2 years old. His name is Morris. We have two white pet rabbits. We also have a pony which we like to ride. I am enclosing a two-cent stamp for my button. I will close my letter. Your friend, Eugene Engelhardt, Osceola, Neb.

Bravo!

Bravo was a small girl about the age of 5. She was a good Go-Hawk and lived in a small house. Her mother was sick and could not do the work, so she had to do the work.

One day she went to the woods to get wood. She saw some Indians coming far ahead of her. She ran as fast as she could go and told her mother about them. She sprang from the bed and called for help. Six men came and captured the Indians and took their ammunition away from them and let them keep their guns.

They were going to kill the Indians, but Bravo, the Go-Hawk, said

"If I would have known you were going to kill them I would not have told you about them."

The men felt sorry because they were going to do such a terrible thing and sent the Indians to their own country.

After that Bravo was always called "Bravo, the true Go-Hawk."
 —Your true Go-Hawk, Maggie Hyland, Age 11, Decmer, Neb.

Good Work Done.

Dear Happy: I received my button this evening and wish to thank you for it. The other girls in our Go-Hawk tribe also received theirs. We have been trying to make the world a happier place and we have been working to aid the "Christian Home" in Council Bluffs, Ia. We saved up money and sent \$2.61 of it to the "Christian Home." The rest of it we used to make surprise books for the children in the Christian Home. Perhaps some other time I will write a letter telling how to make these "surprise books" so other Go-Hawks can help to make people happy and make some of these books.

There are five girls in our tribe and I am sure they all love this work to help people, for they have tried very hard. Hoping that other Go-Hawks will try to help the Christian Home, I am—Lillian Nelson, Wolbach, Neb.

Lady.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks. This is my first letter to the Happy Tribe. I am sending one 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I have an angora kitten, 1 month and 2 weeks old. She has one brown eye and one blue-eye. Mother and I call her Lady, but father calls her Bad Eye. She is playing most of the time too. Well I must close promising to be kind to all dumb animals.—Leoni A. Filkin; 2328 Oak Street; Omaha, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am in the fourth grade at school, and in the sixth at Sunday school. There are 22 children in my grade at school. I have one kitten. I am 9.—Dorothy Durbin, Malvern, Ia.

Polly Becomes a Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I received my button and am very proud of it. This is my first story to you. The title of it is "Polly Becomes a Go-Hawk."

One day Polly was playing in her swing. No one liked her because she was so selfish.

One day a very poor girl came over to play. Polly asked:

"What makes you so happy, Mary?"

Mary said: "Oh, I've been happy ever since I became a Go-Hawk."

"If what you say is true, I think I will become a Go-Hawk," said Polly.

Polly became a Go-Hawk and obeyed the Go-Hawk rules. After this she was selfish no more and all the people loved her. Many children learned the same lesson as Polly did.—Yours truly, Marcella Roth, 1163 Twenty-first avenue, Columbus, Neb.

Likes Her Teacher.

Dear Happy: This is the first time that I have written to you. I am 12 years old and am in the sixth grade. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button, and hope I will receive it soon. There are 39 pupils in our school. I have three playmates; their names are Lura Call, Maude Johnson and Vermona Behernt. Our school will be out April 29. My teacher's name is Mrs. Fern Street. I like her fine.—Celestine Ryan, Merna, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

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 and hope to receive a badge and certificate. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I am 11 years old and passed into the sixth grade. I go to Central Park school. My teacher's name was Miss Rieker. I read the Happyland paper every Sunday, and I enjoy them. Well, I must close.—Mary Irene Summers, 3804 North Thirty-ninth Street, Omaha, Neb.

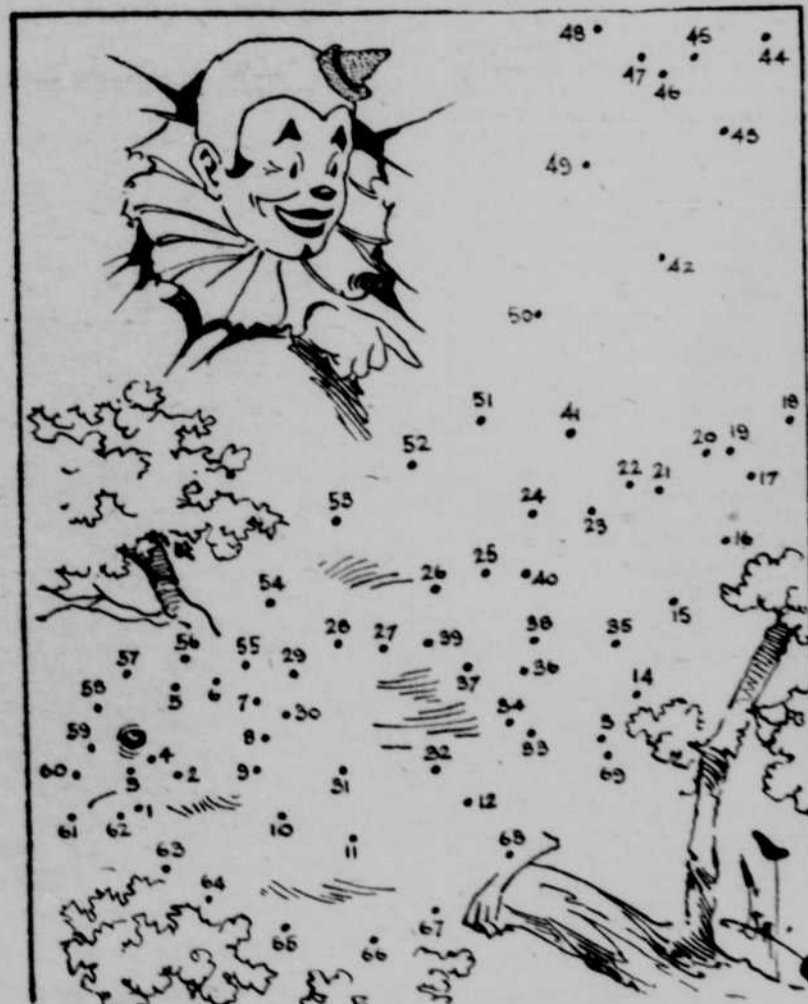
A New Member.

Dear Happy, I want to join the Go-Hawk tribe. I was 11 in July. I want to be kind to all dumb animals and I want to protect birds. My name is Jessie Kerr. I have no pets of any kind but I wish I had a pet. Enclosed you will find a two-cent stamp. I will close my letter. Your friend, Jessie Kerr, Palisade, Neb.

Like's Her Teacher.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I enjoy reading the Go-Hawk letters. I have one sister and two brothers. I have a nice teacher. Her name is Miss Kayton. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I would like to have a Go-Hawk button. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I was 8 in October.—Virginia Faye Lewis.

Dot Puzzle



CAN YOU FINISH THIS PICTURE?

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

THE SINGING DELL



OUR PICNIC.

By HAPPY

OUR Sunday school will have a picnic soon
 In woods where many trees and flowers grow.
 Our teacher says if we are extra good,
 Then surely ev'ry one of us may go.

Most likely there will be a great big tub
 Of lemonade for thirsty girls and boys,
 And baskets full of things you like to eat—
 No one will care if children make a noise.

Just three days more till time for us to start!
 I'm off to bed, to wake and find it two.
 What fun if picnics grew like leaves on trees—
 It would not seem so long before they came to you.

And all the children who are living near
 Have asked to go to Sunday school with me;
 They had their picnic long ago in June,
 So now, at ours, of course, they want to be.

For we'll have games and trees just right to climb,
 And parents who will smile at us and say,
 "Dear little children, bless their happy hearts,
 Our picnic gives them such a jolly day."