

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

A Go-Hawk to the Rescue.
The woman was old, and ragged,
and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way;
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last one of the merry troop—
The gayest liddle of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his arms were strong and firm.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy."
—Nadine Lucase, Age 9, Fremont, Neb.

In the Garret.
One day I asked: "Mother, may I have Evelyn over today?"
"Yes, you may," she answered.
In the afternoon Evelyn came.
We thought of all kinds of games,
but could not think of any to suit us.

After a while I said: "Come in, Evelyn; let's go up in the garret and find some old clothes and dress up."

Evelyn said: "Oh, let's do."
So we went up the steps and to the old-fashioned trunk.

Evelyn said: "Let's hurry and get dressed so we will have time to play house."

We opened the trunk. Evelyn got one of mother's old rose dresses on. She looked like an old-fashioned woman. I got a blue dress of grandma's. They were much too long for us. After we had got all dressed and were going to play house, back in a corner we saw a ghost. We started down stairs. Our dresses were so long that we went head-over-heels. Mother heard us coming. She ran to see what the matter was. The ghost came after us. It was my sister, Louise. She pulled the sheet off. How we laughed. Then Evelyn went home.
—Dorothy Crisler, Aged 9, Carson, Ia.

Fred L. Schneider of Cape Girardeau, Mo., loves the Happyland page and tries to get others to join the Happy Tribe.

Betty.
Dear Happy: I would like very much to join your Happy club. I always try to be kind to all dumb animals. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Will you please send me a button? I read your page every Sunday and like it very much. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I have one brother 9 years old. We have a dandy Boston bulldog; we call her Betty. My father and mother are running the hotel here. We have only lived here a short time. We came from Wichita, Kan. I will write and tell you about some of the animals in the zoo in Wichita. We lived only about three blocks from the park there.—Louise Gosaway, Minden, Ia.

Olga Will of Belleville, Ill., has a pet canary that she feeds and waters every day and also gives him plenty of sunshine.

A Sixth Grader.
Dear Happy: Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a Go-Hawk button. I promise to keep all rules and be kind to dumb animals.

I am in the sixth grade at school and go to school in the country.—Ella Morrow, aged 10, Tekamah, Neb.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not find fault. A fault-finding person is never pleasant to have around, as unceasing complaints about little things do not add to the happiness of life. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

Bravery.

Robert Mason was a young man of about 18 years of age. He had graduated from high school a week or two before and had then joined the fire department.

There had been only one fire since he had joined the department, but he had shown his bravery and daring and everyone thought he would make a good fireman.

One hot sultry day a fire was reported in the slums of the city and the firemen ran to their places on the red fire truck and went at a great speed to the scene of the fire. When they got there the fire was well under way and they knew they could not save the building; but there were a lot of people who must be saved. They worked with great speed and finally they thought they had everyone out of the burning building, but Robert Mason decided he would go back up the ladder and have another look because they could have missed some one. The house was almost enveloped in flames by this time, so he hurried up the ladder and was starting down again when he heard a faint call for help. He stopped and listened, for he thought he might have been mistaken, the call had been so faint. He heard it again a little fainter this time, but he was sure that some one in the room above him was calling. He hastily climbed up again and crawled in the window. The smoke was blinding, so he had to tell by the sound of the voice which way to go. The boards creaked and cracked and Robert feared that the floor would fall in before he could make his rescue. He finally reached the other wall and groped around until he found a bed, and on it lying a little girl as nearly as he could make out. He grabbed her and started his toiling way back. The smoke blinded him and he choked and coughed like the little girl. They were about half way across the room when the floor behind them fell and the part on which they were standing showed symptoms of following suit.

He went all the faster at this and on tip-toe so it would not fall in. Finally he reached the window and crawled out. He reached around with his foot to find the ladder, but he could not find it, for some time, but finally did. In the meantime the top of the house had collapsed, bringing a shower of burning embers down upon Robert and the girl's head. When he found the ladder he descended as quickly as possible, but that was not very fast, because he was burned in so many places that climbing hurt him very much.

As he neared the bottom he began to lose consciousness. Everything began to turn black, and the girl became very heavy. He staggered down a few more rounds and then lost consciousness altogether and fell to the ground. They were not very far from the ground when they fell and the other firemen picked them both up and took them to a hospital. Their burns were severe, but the first thing Robert Mason asked when he regained consciousness was how the girl was. When the nurse told him that she was doing splendidly he dropped back on his pillows feeling he had done his duty well.

When the chief of the fire department heard of Robert's courage he rewarded him with a medal for bravery.—Constance Ashburn, Age 13, Gibbon, Neb.

Little Lady.

Here I am a little lady,
And I'm big enough to show,
How the ladies trip on Broadway
When they want to catch a beau.

This is just the way they wiggle
As up and down the street they go,
Smiling sweetly every minute
When they want to catch a beau.

Mamma says when I am older
On Broadway too I'll go,
And I'm sure I am pretty certain
It won't be long till I'll want to
catch a beau.—Kathleen Ellis,
Surprise, Neb.

Lucille Brokawa of R. 1, Box 93, Gravity, Ia., will be 15 years old January 31, and wishes to find a twin.

More letters from the readers of Happyland will be found on Page 8.

A Colorado Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for which I wish to receive an official button. I've been reading the letters of Happyland and I think them very interesting, so I wish to join too.

I am 13 and my birthday is December 15.

I have one sister and no brothers. My sister's name is Eileen. She is 4.

For pets we girls have a pony named Mabel, two dogs, 10 cats, eight fish, some little chickens and some pigs. I would like to correspond with boys and girls of Happyland between the ages of 12 and 16.

Well I guess I will quit for this time.—Evelyn Smith, Box 60, Arriba, Colo.

A Happy Pair.

Dear Happy: Enclosed you will find two 2-cent stamps for which send Go-Hawk buttons to my brother and I, as we want to join the Happy Tribe.

We will keep the Go-Hawk pledge and obey all rules.

Please send buttons as soon as possible to Charles Harpham, who is 7 years old, and Ray Harpham, I'm 14 years old. He is in the second grade and I will be in the ninth.

Wishing good luck to Happy and her numerous tribes of Go-Hawks, we will close.—Charles and Ray Harpham; Kenesaw, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Go-Hawk tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and coupon for a Go-Hawk pin. I will try to be kind to dumb animals. I have made a bird house for a wren. My brother will put it up. My birthday is March 9. I will be 12 years old. I am in the sixth grade. I have three teachers, Miss Schaleybers, Miss Schleiger and Miss Binning. I have a pet cat. She is almost 5 years old. I have a sister 22 years old. She is married. My brother is 17. I wish some of the girls would write to me. Yours truly, Thunelda Bauer, Age 11; Sutton, Neb.

Another Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the Go-Hawk paper and I wish to join the Go-Hawk club. I have no pets but I am going to get a Collie dog soon. I am 11 years old. Bernice Rundin and I have been wanting to start a Go-Hawk club for quite awhile. This is my first letter I have written to you but I will write another soon. I am sending a stamp for a button.
—Jewell Todd, Mitchell, Neb.

Happy Go-Hawks.

Dear Happy: I am trying to be kind to all animals. I have a little kitty at home. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a badge. This is my first letter. I am having the best time at home and at school. As I have written quite a long letter I will close. Your friend—Iris Reynolds, Geneva, Neb.

A Little Dutch Girl.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to the children's page. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp, and hope I will receive a badge. I am going to tell a story about a little girl. Once upon a time there was a little Dutch girl. Her parents were rich and the little girl wanted to come to America very much. So one day her father came home with a big bundle under his arm. She ran out to meet him. She asked him what he had with him. He said, "Dear, wait and see." The big bundle was clothes for the whole family. The next day the family were on a big ship sailing for America. She lived very happy in American in a fine big home. As my letter is growing long I will close. Hoping Mr. Wastepaper Basket is at the north pole for the summer.—Catherine Margaret Bogus, age 9, St. Paul, Neb.

Thanksgiving.

I was a-sittin' by the road
With the little gray colt a laggin'
Behind the Thanksgiving' load.

I watched for quite a while,
Then wondered if they had a wreck
And perhaps that turkey ran away.
Oh, Heck!
Then sees the wagon down the road
a mile

A-comin' with the Thanksgiving' turkey
And a wagon full of other things,
But none of them are as good as
the pies and cakes
That on Thanksgiving' mother never
fails to bake.
—Yours truly, Beulah Galbraith,
Aged 13, Wisner, Neb.

Rocene Shively of Churubusco, Ind., has written to a Go-Hawk and received an answer.

Likes Prize.

Dear Happy: I received my book and like it very well. I hope I can write some more stories before long. My grandmother used to tell me a lot of stories, and she still does. "The soldier boys" is one she told me a long time ago. She is 78 years old now. I guess I will have to close for this time. Thanks a thousand times for the book. A loving Gohawk, Kathryn Russell, Fullerton, Neb.

Frederick Bauer of Syracuse, N. Y., is very much pleased with his Go-Hawk button and will feed the birds every day.

John.

One time as John was coming home from school he saw some boy throwing stones at some frogs. John said:

"Boys, do not do that." The boys said:
"Why?" He showed them his outton and then he told them about the Happyland tribe, and so the boys joined it and told everyone else. They were very proud of their buttons.—Yours sincerely,
Helen Hawn, Omaha.

THE SINGING DELL



SEPTEMBER SKIES

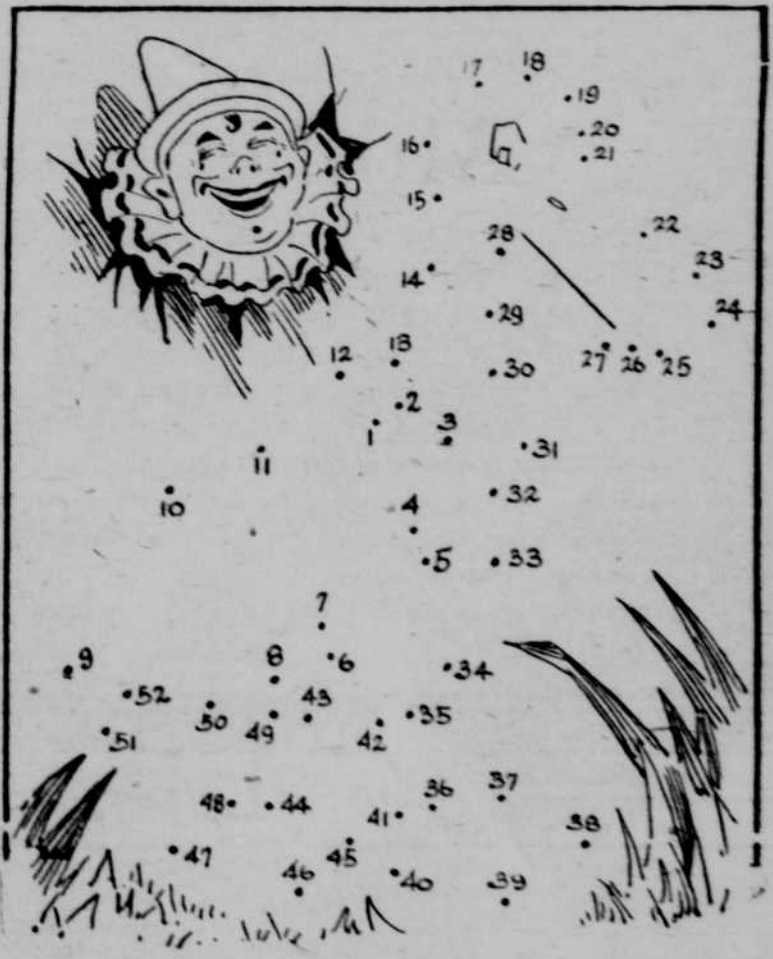
By HAPPY

SEPTEMBER skies are loving skies,
For when I'm good as I can be,
They always seem to smile at me,
As does my mother's kind blue eyes.

September skies bend low—Oh! sky,
You seem like arms that want to hold
A little child when tired or cold,
As mother does when she's close by.

September skies, is it your smile
That fills the world with golden light?
Our mother makes our home seem bright
With smiles she gives us all the while.

Dot Puzzle



CAN YOU FINISH THIS PICTURE?

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