

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize)

There's No Place Like Home.
"Ho-hum, I'm so sleepy! For once there's no one watching me, so I think I'll lay down right here and take a nap, before "muvver" returns from that bridge party."

"That pesky old nurse is somewhere about, probably in the house-keeper's room. Well, I hope she stays there! She left me in my bed but—oh, bother! Here she comes! I suppose it's time for another bath or a walk in the park."

"Ouch! She's got soap in my eye."
"That did you good, young lady, and I hope it hurt."

"I'll bite you again if you box my ears!"

"Oh, do I have to wear that blue ribbon? I don't care if I did win it in that contest—I hate it!"

"The fresh air smells good—I'd like to run away into the country. I wonder—but no; she watches me too closely."

"Here comes that good looking Irish cop. There, she's watching him and now's my chance."

"My, how she is screaming, and the cop is chasing me. How funny he looks. Ha! Ha! He has stumbled over a stone and fallen flat."

"Goodness, what is that queer animal with four legs and those two strange things on its head? Oh! It's coming right at me!"

"I'm so tired—I believe I've run five miles. I'm afraid to stop and afraid to look back. I'm going to risk it."

"Thank goodness! It's not coming. Now, I've fallen in a mud puddle and you can't tell whether I'm supposed to be black or white. I'm going to run home. And here comes a big dog. I've had all the freedom I want."

"There's nurse looking scared half to death, and "muvver" just getting out of her limousine. There, she sees me."

"Oh, but it's good to be home again, washed white and a fresh blue ribbon."

"This new velvet cushion is awfully cozy—and, yum, yum—these bon-bons are the best I've ever tasted."

"After all, home is the best place for a dog my size."—Reggie Woodward, Helen Parker, Brownville, Neb.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I have two dogs and I call them Bruno and Buster. I have a cow named Bossie, a pig I call leather-breeches and a chicken. It is cloudy today. I am in the fourth grade at school. There are 33 pupils in our school. I live in the country. I will close.
—Harold Layton, age 8, Bristow, Neb.

A True Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: Today papa and I were working back of the barn. All at once the chickens scattered about. I looked toward the barn. I saw a pigeon had fallen from the roof of the barn. I went to it. I picked it up. It looked at me so pitifully, as if to say, "Help me." I held it in my hand until it died. I saw the place where it had been shot in its breast. After it died I buried it and felt so sorry for it.—Yours truly, Charles Harlen, Fullerton, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp, for I wish to become a Go-Hawk. I promise to be kind to all animals.—Clara Chilcoat, Fremont, Neb.

The Jack o'Lantern.

I am not like other people, I do not live in a steeple; One day when I was in my garden home

I heard someone say, "We will find one if around their home we roam."

Suddenly I looked up and saw a man; He stooped and touched me with his great and gentle hand And said, "I think this will do." The woman said, "I think so, too."

He took me in the steeple, Where there were so many people, And put me in a little girl's arms, And she told me she would do me no harm.

Then, she said, "We'll have lots of fun, Sticking him in people's windows and then to run."

If I wasn't a pretty sight when they got through with me, You just wait till Hallowe'en and see.

Like a Shadow.

Like a shadow she came to let him in, Hugged him and kissed him on his chin;

Said to him, "My dear boy, Wherever you go there is joy."

"From me you have been away For two weeks and one day, You're such a comfort to me, A better boy I never did see."

He whispered to her in her ear: "I'm glad I have come back here. I was lonesome for you, all the time, And was afraid I would lose every dime."

His mother said: "I'm very glad you came home, For tomorrow father has to go to Rome."

Her sons brought home to her from New York For a souvenir a gold fork.

—Florence Grafton, Lexington, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.

Dear Uncle Happy: I have not written for a long time, so will write a few lines. I am in the sixth grade and am 11 years old. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have a dog and 10 cats. We also have a pony. I go to the Bacon school. We live pretty near half a mile from school. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and I would like to receive a pin. Well, I must close. Your friend—Frances Swanson, Lyons, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade. I promise to be good to dumb animals. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk pin and I will close hoping to hear from you soon. Obara Martin, Hooper, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp and wish to join your club. I was 10 years old May 18, and our school was out that day. I am in the fifth grade this year at school. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Kerr. We all like her.—Yours truly, Helen Kitchen, Sumner, Neb.

Garnet Berry of South Portsmouth, Ky., is 13 years old, has dark brown hair and eyes and is looking for some new correspondents.

A Poem.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a poem.

One two buckle my shoe; three four shut the door; five six pick up sticks; seven eight lay them straight; nine ten a big fat hen; eleven twelve dig and delve; thirteen fourteen maids a-courting; fifteen sixteen maids a-kissing; seventeen eighteen maids a-waiting; nineteen twenty my stomach's empty.—Yours truly, Mary Caster, Neola, Ia.

Over the Waves.

Over the foaming waves we go, And watch the waves and fish pass by, Making the oars go high and low Through the waves that crashed on high.

The boat rocks to and fro And floats on foamy waves, We hear the waves and oars go 'Till the boat has floated away.

Still floating down the stream by night

'Till all about the boat is dark, We do not know which way is right, But still we look and watch each mark.

We look up in the light blue sky And see the stars that shine so bright And see the little birds that fly Until night is past and now is light.

—Elaine Bonderso, age 10, Emerson, Neb.

My Pets.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp, telling you I would like to join the Go-Hawks' club. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade at school. I go to a country school and have to walk about three-quarters of a mile. I have two pets, one a dog, named Billy, and the other a cat, named Lizzie. I will promise to be good to all the dumb animals. As my letter is getting quite long I will close.—Freda Garlipp, Age 11, Cook, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I am 8 years old. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Van Cleat. I am in the second grade. I have three brothers, their names are Vernon, Junior and Burt. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for a button. I will be kind to all dumb animals and birds. I will close. I hope to receive the button soon.—Your friend, Clyde Weldon, Genoa, Neb.

Another Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I received my two pins O. K., and I was very glad to get them. I gave one to my older brother. He is 12. I have two other brothers and two sisters. I have one pet dog. I am in the fourth grade at school. I am so glad to belong to the Happy Tribe. I am 8 years old.—Goodby, Robert Behymer, Kearney, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for a button and I want to join very badly. I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade. I read the Happyland page every Sunday. I hope others will write to me as I am going to write to them. I have one dog for a pet, his name is Fido.—Your friend, Paul Bicket, Liberty, Neb.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I have belonged to the Happy Tribe for over a year. I joined through another paper, but that paper does not print Happyland now. Happyland has helped me in many ways. It has made me a better boy. I hope some of the Go-Hawk boys and girls will write to me. Your friend.—Lawrence Beeney, Age 9, Red Bird, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks. I will try to protect all dumb animals. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I went to Champion school for two weeks. I have one sister and her name is Wava. I am 13 years old, and in the seventh grade.—Hubert Bradly, Champion, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Happy Tribe. I am 7 years old and I am in second B. I am going to be a Scout as soon as I am 8 years old. I will be very glad to wear a Go-Hawk button and will try to do all a good Go-Hawk should.—William Thorpe, 3723 Dodge St., Omaha.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending the 2-cent stamp for my pin. I am 8 years old and in the third grade at school. I have two little sisters. I enjoy reading the letters from the Go-Hawks every Sunday. I must close for this time.—Yours truly, Ralph Walker, Grand Island, Neb.

Likes Birds.

Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp and the coupon and I promise always to protect all dumb animals and birds. I am in the sixth grade and like birds very much. I have two cats and I used to have a dog. I will close with every good wish.—Your friend, Carl Jacobsen, age 11, Marquette, Neb.

A Tale of the Little Squirrels.
Wake up, little baby, Hazel, See, the sun is in the sky; Hear the lark and robin singing, On the branches, 'way up high.

Hickory Dick, your frisky brother, Scampered out an hour ago; Now 'tis time the house were tidied, I can't rock you to and fro.

While at breakfast, Mr. Squirrel Read aloud the Woodland News: "Nuts are scarce, it is reported," Quite enough to get the "blues."

My! It startled Hickory Dick so! To his mother's great regret, For, you see, his cup of chocolate On the clean white cloth upset!

After games and songs and races, Mr. Owl said, "Whit-to-whoo!" Many thanks, good Mrs. Squirrel, We all bid goodbye to you. —John Bland, age 8, 410 South Second street, Norfolk, Neb.

Rover.

Dear Happy: I suppose the Go-Hawks are having a good time. I have my pin yet. Our school began in September. I have a pet dog. His name is Rover. This is my second letter to you. I read the Happyland page every Sunday. I like to read the Tiny Tad Tales. I will send a 2-cent stamp for another Go-Hawk button. Well, I will close. I suppose I will write a story next time.—Erna Gock, Age 10, Pierce, Neb.

Vetma Coates of North Andover, Mass., has a pet squirrel that she feeds nuts from her hand every day.

The Kittens.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 9-years-old and I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Sprague. I have four kittens. They are black and white and I also have a mother cat with four baby kittens. Enclosed you will find my 2-cent stamp for my button and I will try to be kind to dumb animals. Well, I will have to close for this time.—Yours truly, Orville Olsen, Silver Creek, Neb.

Wants Letter.

Dear Happy: I want to join the club of the Go-Hawks. I will be good to dumb animals and try to do some good deed for someone. I have four sisters and two brothers. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Smith. Please will some of the boys and girls write to me? Lucille Goodsell, Box 156, Homer, Neb.

The Parade.

Once upon a time a Go-Hawk club planned to be in a parade on the Fourth of July. They got hold of a truck and decorated it like a boat. Then one of the oldest boys was to be dressed into Happy and sit upon the top of the truck with a crown on his head with the word Happy on it and many letters scattered all about him, while all the other children were busy writing and answering letters. There were many other decorations in the parade, also. But you can bet the Go-Hawks got the first prize and got \$25. Then, is when you ought to have seen happy children. They laughed and clapped their hands for joy. I will now close my letter. From your friend, Naomi Sward, Stromsburg.

A Ninth Grader.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I am 13 years old and in the ninth grade. I am taking Latin, history, English and algebra. I like my teachers fairly well, but do not exactly love them. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp and the coupon. I already belong to the Uncle Ross club, but I think the Go-Hawk tribe a tie with it. I promise to be kind to animals and to keep the pledge. I thought that maybe you were low on riddles, so I am sending you one. If a street car ran over a dog, what would stop a wagon? The dog's tail would stop wagon (wagging). Well, I must close.—Harold Ashby, Scottsbluff, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: My name is Seamon Gross. I am 7 years of age. I am in the second grade. My teacher is very nice. I would like to become a Go-Hawk. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and will watch for my pin. Yours truly.—Seamon Gross, 5315 N. Twenty-fifth St., Omaha, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp, as I want to join your happy Go-Hawk club. I would like to have some of your members write to me, as I am new in Nebraska and don't know many people here. My real home is in New York city. Yours very truly.—Hannah Tanzer, Age 12, Gothenburg, Neb.

George Insley of Junction City, Kan., is a new member and also a Boy Scout of the Flying Eagle patrol.

A Kind Deed.

Dear Happy: This afternoon as I was coming out of the postoffice I noticed a little cat crouching down in a corner. My cat ran away about a week ago, and I don't know whether this is mine or not, but anyway I am going to wash and feed it until I find its owner. Well I must close.—Your affectionate friend, Nail McFarland, Norfolk, 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

THE SINGING DELL



MY BOOKS AND I.

By HAPPY

I'D RATHER have a book than any toy
That you might wish to bring a gift to me;
The toy is broken all too soon and gone,
My book a lasting friend is sure to be.

A lucky boy is he whose mother knows,
In that small room he calls his very own,
How much he likes to have his books live, too,
Where they can have a world of joy, alone.