

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

Violet and Dot.

Dear Happy: Violet is a little girl going on her seventh birthday. She was going to have a party and invite her girl and boy friends. All came except one, a little girl of almost eight. She was a poor little girl named Dorothy, but was called Dot for short.

"I wonder why she doesn't come," said Violet. "I think I'll go see."

So she put on her coat and bonnet and started off.

When she reached Dorothy's house she saw her in by a little bed.

"Dot, what on earth are you doing?" she cried.

Dot looked around and said: "I found this poor pup down in the road and brought it home. Mother said it had one leg broken, so we repaired it as best we could. I think I can't go to the party, for the little dog needs me much more."

"Yes, Dorothy, go on to the party," said her mother. "I'll do my best to watch the dog."

So the two girls were off to her party.

As they reached there the boys and girls soon gathered around and the story soon began, they all thinking it a great deed for Dot to do, for even thinking to give up the party for a dumb dog.—Yours truly, Nettie Stone, age 13, Lexington, Neb.

My Pets.

Dear Happy: I am writing a poem, which I hope will be in print. I wrote to several girls and they have never answered my letters. (To Virginia Marshall, one of the Go-Hawks.) I wish Virginia Marshall would write to me, as we have written to each other, and she has suddenly forgotten. I also wish that some of the other Go-Hawks would write to me. I will continue with my poem.

Once I had a little pup; It was so hard to bring him up. I was so kind, he was so sweet; Till he grew up I gave him no meat.

And then my aunt gave me—a kitten; She was so soft I called her mitten. I gave her milk three times a day And dressed her up in ribbons gay.

To birds I never could be mean And kept my Dickie's cage so clean.

My pony's name is Peter Peet; Each day I give him sugar sweet.

My mother says dumb friends are fine And so I must be kind to mine.

I'll give them love and food and drink And of their welfare ever think.

Loreen Bland, 410 South Second Street, Norfolk, Neb.

A Ninth Grader.

Dear Happy—I am writing to thank you for the Go-Hawk button and for the book. I like the book very well. I am in the ninth grade. I like school and all my teachers. We have a high school of 142. For pets I have a dog, cat, and two chickens. I will now close.—Alma Vincent, Callaway, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I like to read your letters very much. I am 10 years old. I am in the fourth A in school. I have one brother. I hope to get my button and badge. I will try to be kind to dumb animals. Yours truly.—Bernice Phannix, 3702 N. Twenty-third St., Omaha.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I wish I could be a Go-Hawk. I am in the sixth grade. I am 10 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Lesta Mace. For my pet I have a kitten. I am staying with my Aunt Jennie and Uncle Will. I have four cousins whose names are Dorothy, Alice, Cliza and Hollis. I like to read the Go-Hawk page. I read it every Monday. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. My letter is getting pretty long. From your friend, Marie Frances Campaign Uschoola, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter, and I would like to join the Happy Tribe. I am 10 years old and in the fifth B at school. I have five teachers. For pets I have one dog and two cats. The dog's name is Snowball, the cats' names are Molley and Fluffy. I will try to be kind to all dumb animals and birds. Inside you will find a 2-cent stamp. I will have to close for now. Hoping to get my button soon.—Marie Muse.

Maxine Holt of St. Louis, Mo., has had a good time in life and she wants to help others be happy, too.

Attention Go-Hawks!

The following wrote to Happy asking for buttons, but forgot to enclose a stamp. Write again, give name, address and enclose a 2-cent stamp and buttons will be sent to you immediately.

Harold Christensen, Weston, Ia.
Irene Christensen, Weston, Ia.
Hilda Goettsche, Grand Island, Neb.

Josephine Kimbrough, Shelton, Neb.

Happy sent a button to Lois Thorenburg, Ainsworth, Neb., but it has been returned unclaimed. Will this party please send their correct address to Happyland with another stamp, and a button will be sent.

Have stamps for the following who forgot to enclose their addresses:

Stacey Niday.
Herbert Rosenest, 1202, but no street given.

Virginia Barbeyette, 812 East street, but no city given.

Members from Emerson, Ia., Smithfield, Nebraska City and Cozad, Neb., have enclosed stamps for buttons, but gave no names. Please send name and street number to Happy.

An Unknown Dog Saves a Good Go-Hawk.

Billie Jackson had always wished to take a trip to Europe. And at last his long desired wish came true.

After several days at sea the captain of the ship received the weather report, which stated a storm would be upon them about 5 o'clock.

Billie had not yet been told to stay in his cabin. He was sitting on the deck with the captain's dog, though he did not know the dog's name. He thought as much of it as if it were his own.

Suddenly a large wave washed over the deck. Billie and the dog found themselves in the water.

Though Billie was a good swimmer he could not reach the boat without the help of the dog.

The dog seemed to know that he was in danger. He jumped under the boy and swam as hard as he could.

The ship was slowly sinking and by the time they reached it, it had gone under.

The dog seeing a large plank swam to it. They reached it safely.

Billie who had a few sandwiches in his pocket gladly gave this unknown dog half of them.

Billie, who owed his life to the dog, called him Faithful. A few days after, the dog came barking up to him. Then pulling him to the shore, the dog saw a large ship coming.

Billie and the dog swam out and the captain, seeing them, sent a lifeboat down for them.

Billie never wanted to go to the sea again, and as for his dog, I think it thought the same.—Hilda Goettsche, age 12, Grand Island, Neb.

A Loyal Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I received my dear little Go-Hawk pin and sure was glad. I will try to get more to join the Happy Tribe.

I wear my button every place I go. I think it is very nice. I am going to get some more to join and give them my paper to read if they don't take The Omaha Bee.

I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me.—Your friend, Bernice Bower, Danbury, Ia.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your Happy Tribe. I promise to be kind to all animals and birds. I will try to help some one every day. For pets I have a pony, two rabbits and a kitten.

Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for my button.—Lois Dickinson, Spalding, Neb.

A California Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I lost my pin and I am sending for another.

We are going to California. I want the kids there to know there are Go-Hawks here, too. I haven't been absent or tardy yet this year. For the first six weeks my average was 92 per cent. Here is my 2-cent stamp. — Yours as ever, Dale Frady, Oakdale, Neb.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade in school. I would like to have a red Go-Hawk pin. I promise to obey all the rules and take care of birds and animals and be good and kind to the old people.—Richard Boyce, Age 9, Tekamah, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Happy—This is my second letter to you. I got my pin, for which I thank you. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade. I have a brother who is 5 years old. His name is Billy. Well, I must close.—Carol Leithauser, Winner, S. D.

Pal's Go-Hawk Friends.

Pal was a little dog, about 1 year old. He was very playful. He liked girls but he liked boys better.

John was his master and was very good to him.

The dog would play hide and go seek with him. In the morning when he was coming downstairs, he would hide under the rug and jump out at him. He would play in many other ways with him.

One day John and some of his friends went on a hike. So, of course, Pal went too. Pal had a race with the boys, Pal beat but not by far. When they were half way there, Pal got so anxious to reach the end of the journey that he got lost.

Some boys who did not know about the Go-Hawks found him. He had a short tail and a pure brown spot under his neck. He was a fox terrier. The boys put tin cans on his tail and stoned him.

When John and his friends got to where they were going, John said:

"Where is Pal?" All the boys looked so puzzled, for they did not know where he went. John said, "We must find him before we go home." So away they went in search of the missing dog.

First they looked under the bridge, then went to the farmhouse to ask the farmer if he had seen a dog like Pal. He said that he had seen the dog and some boys chasing him down the road. John and his friends looked for him for about half an hour. After a while they saw Pal with tin cans tied to his tail, and boys chasing him in every direction.

Pal was very glad to see his own master again. And then and there the bad boys learned what the Go-Hawk club meant.

Several days later the Go-Hawks received a number of new members who were very happy and proud to be members of this club. I'm sure that if you become a member of this club, you will feel the same. Your Go-Hawk friend, Edward Tracy, Age 9, 1306 Park avenue, Fremont, Neb.

Has Man Pets.

Dear Happy: Am sending you a 2-cent stamp for my button. Would like to join the Happy Tribe and keep the motto and pledge as best I can. For pets I have six cats, a dog and a horse. Am 12 years old and in the eighth grade. Will write a story:

CONSTANCE AND THE TWINS.

One summer day Constance and the twins were sitting under some shade trees. They could see their father making a small foundation and they thought he surely must be making something, so after supper they went to their father and asked him what it was. He said it would be nice to keep a pig or keep their cabbage there over winter, but they knew he was only teasing. Before long the twins had a birthday. When they came to breakfast they found a letter addressed to Jean and Jane. Inside was a dear little house. The door was wide open and they could see a small fireplace. Underneath the picture was written, "A Playhouse for Constance and the Twins." The next Saturday it was finished and the twins were very glad. After a while they joined the Happy Tribe and said they always would be kind to their father and mother and be good to all dumb animals, because their father wished to keep a pig.—Hilda Lorenzen, Baneroff, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy—I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I want to belong to your Tribe. I have never written you before. I am in the sixth grade. I am 11 years old. My teachers are Mrs. Housh and Miss Grosse. In studies, I like arithmetic, English and spelling. I have a brother. His name is Jack. For pets we have a pony. It's name is Stepper. A year ago we took our pony to the county fair and got two prizes on her. I would like to hear from a Go-Hawk girl. I must close.—Mariana Mellick, Neligh, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy—I am sending you a 2-cent stamp to get my button. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals and make the world a happier place. I was 10 years old November 5. I have a brick playhouse. I go to Castelar school and Presbyterian Sunday school. I have been going there since July.—Edna Maystrick, 2421 South Sixteenth street, Omaha.

William Norton of Syracuse, N. Y., has been reading Happyland for a long time, and the more he read it the more he wanted to be a Go-Hawk.

Little Golden Hair.

Golden Hair climbed upon grandpapa's knee.

Dear Little Golden Hair, tired was she.

All the day long as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,

Out with the birds and butterflies bright,

Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.

"What has my darling been doing," he said,

"Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;

"I cannot tell so much things I have done—

Played with my dolly and feeded my bun,

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,

And then I made, out of some water and soap,

Booiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"I afterward readed in my picture book,

And Bella and I, we went down to look

For smooth little stones, by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home, and eated my tea,

And then I climbed upon grandpapa's knee,

And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed.

Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast;

Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do

Are as sports of the babe to the infinite view,

That marks all our weakness and pities it, too.

Oletha Jordan, 2805 North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I would like to become a member of your Happy Tribe. Enclosed you will find my application. I will be pleased to receive the official button. Thank you for it. I am 8 years old and am in the third grade.—Yours truly, Mendell Kelly, 2423 Faraon St., Saint Joseph, Mo.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy—This is my second letter to you. I lost my Go-Hawk pin. I am sending a certificate. I am sending 4 cents cents for Go-Hawk pins. I am 12 years old. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Reidler. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me.—Alice Johnson, Thurston, Neb.

A Masterpiece of Nature.

The bright moon sheds upon the garden, a glorious golden light
Lightens the silent darkness and illumines the tranquil night.

A peaceful rest settles over the lowly garden wall,
And the dainty petals of the rose to the earth's breast gently fall.

The wild entralling beauty that surrounds the silent place
Garbs and envelopes it in a noble stately grace.

'Tis a masterpiece, Nature in her happiness has made
Carpets, hangings and draperies of yellow, brown and jade.

Nature sings a song of gladness for those who wish to hear,
And walks hand in hand with Beauty and whispers in her ear.

She tells her of the trifles that would make the place more fair,
And daily puts fresh flowers within her golden hair.

The gentle breezes whisper through the leafy verdant trees,
While the robins, bluebirds and redwings sing wonderful melodies.

The flowers lift their sweet face and look into the skies
Then nod their dainty heads and close their lovely eyes.

Thus sleeps the masterpiece of Nature in loveliness and calm.
The spruces, lindens and maples stand rivals of the palm.

—Violet A. Linig, age 13, Plainview, Neb.

Fond of Cats.

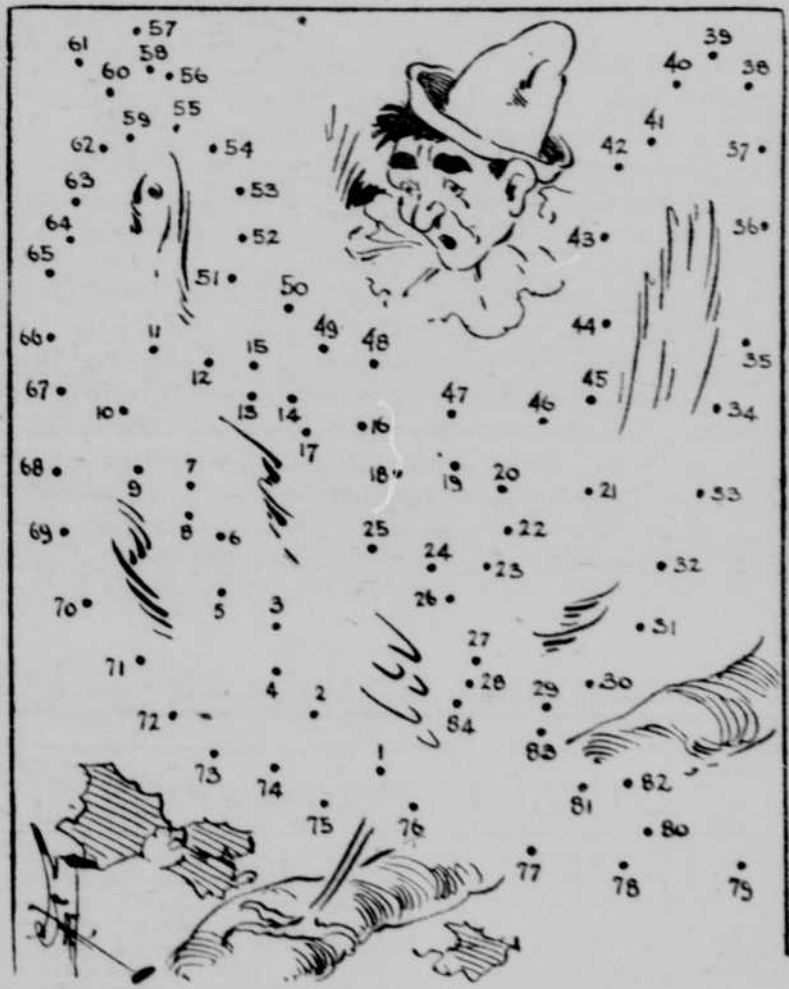
Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe and I am sending a 2-cent stamp. For a pet I have a big dog named Topsy. We have eight cats here. We had nine, but one died. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I have two sisters and three brothers. My sisters' names are Jessie and Frances. My brother's names are Kenneth, Claude and Edgar. I am 10 years old. I was born December 24, 1912. I would like to know who else was born that year. As my letter is getting long I will close. Hoping to get my pin.—Ethel Ferguson, McGrew, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to be a Go-Hawk. My name is Loretta Pawloski. I try very hard to take care of animals and birds. Please send me a Go-Hawk pin. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and a coupon. My teacher's name is Mrs. Kleser. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. All who have their birthday November 16 please write to me. I love to read letters. I will be 10 years old November 16. Next time I will write a story about carelessness of fire. Goodby—Loretta Pawloski, age 9, Farwell, Neb.

Marshall Randall of R. 1, Strawberry Point, Ia., was 14 years old on April 11 and wonders how many other Go-Hawks have the same birthday.

Dot Puzzle



CAN YOU FINISH THIS PICTURE?

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