



George Angell Was the Good Friend of All Dumb Animals

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE years seem a very, very long time if one has only a few years behind and the rest ahead, as have all of you. It was just that many years ago, on June 5, a baby boy was born who many years later was to prove himself one of the most wonderful friends in all the world to dumb animals. His name was George Angell and it was he who founded the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in 1868. Two years before such a society had been formed in New York, and earlier still one in England. Since part of our Go-Hawk pledge is to be kind to all dumb animals, each one of you will want to read more about Mr. Angell, whose work for dumb animals became known all over the world.

Do you wonder how it started? Mr. Angell was a lawyer in Boston in 1853. It was the morning after Washington's birthday when he happened to read in the paper of the horse race the day before, between Boston and Worcester. The two fine horses forced to run that winter day both lost their lives.

Mr. Angell, filled with horror at the thought of such cruelty, at once issued a call to all others interested in the welfare of dumb animals to join with him to form an organization to stop such cruelty. Prominent men, who felt as he did, answered and in March their society was incorporated. On April 15 the city of Boston assigned 17 policemen, dressed in their best uniforms, to canvass the city and raise money to help carry on the work.

After a while, Mr. Angell gave up his law that he might spend his whole time in carrying on his work for dumb animals. He traveled all over the United States and in other countries working for them. He started the little magazine, "Our Dumb Animals," the first of the kind in the world. In those early days there were no laws to protect dumb animals, and now there are many.

In 1822 bands of mercy were formed among the children and they have been of much help. Nowhere in the world is greater kindness shown to horses than in Boston. In the country nearby a place is provided where many tired horses are sent every summer for a two weeks' vacation. Isn't that a wonderful thing to know and think about? You will wish that every city in this great land of ours might provide the same sort of place in the country for tired horses to have a little vacation each year.

And now, wherever you may be on June 5, why not make an extra effort to be kind to all dumb animals near you, your own and your neighbor's? Give a few lumps of sugar to the horses you pass. No better thing could be done in memory of Mr. Angell, who devoted his life to proving himself the friend of all dumb animals.



Saturday morning I made something for breakfast that made a big hit with Peter and he said: "Say, Polly, you can't make this too often or suit me."

FRENCH TOAST. Six slices stale bread, two eggs, one fourth teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, two-thirds cup milk, three tablespoons bacon fat. Beat eggs slightly, add salt, milk and sugar. Place in a shallow dish. Dip bread into mixture and cook on hot, well-greased griddle, browning on one side, then turning and browning on the other. Serve hot with maple syrup. Fresh bread may be used, but then you must toast your bread a little on either side before dipping it into the egg mixture.

Be careful not to leave your bread in the egg mixture too long or you wouldn't have enough milk.

POLLY. Leon Jacobson of Clinton, Ky., separated two boys who were fighting and with his wagon tried to furnish his mother and grandmother with coal and wood.

TINY TALES. Edward had been climbing a tree when he caught his pants on a branch and made quite a large rent in them. Running into his mother, he exclaimed: "Mother, won't you please give my pants together."

Betty had a very hard fall out on the sidewalk. She was telling a neighbor about it and said: "I cried a little, but I didn't cry all over."

"Build a little fence of trust around today. Fill the space with loving deeds and therein stay."

THE NURSERY. Pat, the policeman wooden doll, who was born in Provincetown on Cape Cod, was swinging his club jauntily as he passed the doll house yesterday afternoon. Pat, let me tell you, has a great admiration for Sarah Sue, the pretty maid doll, and always hopes she'll come to the kitchen window as he goes by. Sure enough, just as he reached the lamp post, there was Sarah Sue at the window behind the little bright red geranium. As Pat took off his cap, he stopped in amazement. Where were all the pretty golden curls of Sarah Sue? She looked almost like a boy. Pat was so disturbed that he just had to step up on the back porch a minute. When Sarah Sue opened the door he cried: "Why, Miss Sarah Sue, where are your beautiful curls?" "Oh," she replied, "Mr. Pat, I have had a haircut. All the dolls are bobbing their hair, you know. It is the very latest fashion!" After a few minutes' talk Pat

walked sadly away. He saw several of the other dolls returning to the doll house, every one of them with bobbed hair.

"Well, we men folks don't like it, that's one thing sure," said Pat as he stopped. Bill's toy automobile from speeding round the corner.

My, oh my, such excitement in the nursery last Wednesday! The Noah's Ark animals came out of the ark at midnight and decided to give a serenade in the square before the bookshelves. Did you ever hear of such a thing? The cows began to moo, the chickens to crow, and the sheep to bleat. The Book People were all sound asleep. Jack and Jill were the first to wake up and then Cinderella poked her head out the window. Mother Hubbard thought her dog had slipped out the back door and she rushed into the street to find him. The Book People were certainly mad and you can't blame them. But the Noah's Ark animals thought it was a big joke!

Dear Cousin Pi: Your letter surprised me very much, as I did not expect an answer so soon. Indeed, I did not hardly expect an answer at all, for I know you must be very busy, winning blue ribbons at dog shows, etc. I had a very narrow escape last night and as a result am in exile today until my mistress Joan excuses my conduct to give me a bath, as she expressed it. You see, I was bringing the cows up from the lower meadow and was coming rather fast as it was getting dark. Well, I headed them into the feed lot and then thought I would take a short cut through a patch of timber to the house, as it was almost supper time and I was hungry. I was running along when something warned me to stop. I did, but couldn't see or hear anything, so I started on. Well, believe you me, in a few minutes I stopped again, and in a mighty sudden, there, just a few paces ahead of me, his eyes blazing in the dark, was Old White Streak. Who was Old White Streak? Well, I'll tell you. He was a skunk, polecat or whatever you want to call him, and had been in that timber for several years. Jim nor Mr. Grey had been able to catch him, although he had been in their traps several times, always managing to escape. Now, I didn't care for a tussle with him, being hungry and not caring for the brand of perfume he uses, but I thought it my duty to get him, if possible. Well, I don't know how it happened, but a few minutes later I felt as Bob must have felt when he was fighting Germans in France and they let loose a lot of that poison gas. Oh, man! But, anyway, I got Old White Streak and took him home. The cat had eaten most of my supper, but I didn't care, as I didn't feel in the mood for eating and don't feel much better yet. Mother Grey almost fainted when she found Old White Streak on the doorstep this morning; but, boy! I had steak, mashed potatoes and gravy for breakfast and Jim slipped me a piece of pie. So I felt amply rewarded. What on earth is this queer creature coming down the walk? Ha! It's a dog, and she has Bob's gas mask on! So I suppose I am to have a bath. Write me another letter and tell me about that strange place where you live. Your country cousin, SHEP GREY, Seven Pines Farm.

WHY EVERYBODY LAUGHED. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Gilpen were entertaining a number of their friends one evening. As it was getting quite late for their son, Bobby, he was put to bed by his daddy. Bobby was taught to say his prayers every evening before going to bed. This is what they heard: "God bless Aunt Susie, God bless Uncle Peter, God bless sister Annie, God bless mama. Amen."

His daddy rather surprised at not hearing his name mentioned inquired, "Bobby, where does Daddy come in?" After a moment's thought Bobby answered, "Through the front door."

HAROLD KOUTNIK. A THIRD GRADER. Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for which please send me your Go-Hawk button. My friend, Louis Blantz, is sending for one too. I am 11 years old and have one brother. I have a dog which chases cattle for me. I have a pet cat too. I go to school and am in the third grade and my friend is in the eighth grade. Don't forget to send me a badge for which I send you a 2-cent stamp. Send it as soon as possible. Yours truly, ALBERT J. CHERNY, Lincoln, Neb.

WANTS LETTERS. Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Shacklock. I have one pet hen, her name is Bantam. I wish some of the other members would write to me. My letter is getting long so must close. A friend of Happy's, MARSHALL P. LAWELL, 1018 West Seventh St., Grand Island, Neb.

A FIRST GRADER. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join the Go-Hawks very much. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a button. I am 7 years old and am in the first grade in school. I have three sisters and one brother. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is busy when my letter arrives. Your friend, BEULAH BLAIR, Spencer, Neb.

WRITE TO ME. Dear Happy: I have no pets at all, but I want a dog most of all. I have no brothers or sisters either. I was 12 years old the 4th day of March. I would be very glad if some of the members would write to me, and I would gladly answer. MABEL ROBERTS, Age 12, Box 144, Riverton, Ia.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE. Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the First Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 120,000 members!

MOTTO. "To Make the World a Happier Place."

PLEDGE. "I will honor and protect my country's flag."

"I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds, all dumb animals, trees and plants."

LIVES ANIMALS. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 7 years old and in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Mansfield. I like the birds and other animals. I have one brother and no sister. I am a good little girl. With this letter you will find a stamp for which please send me a Go-Hawk pin. My address is 636 West Fifth Street, York, Neb.

THE PARTY. Dear Happy: I would like you to send me my button, for I want to join the Happy Land. I am writing a story about a little boy and his dog. Once upon a time there was a little boy, whose name was Roy. One day while he was playing out in the yard, his mother called to him and asked if he wanted to have a birthday party. The little boy said yes. He asked his mother when it was going to be. His mother said the 4th of October. The little boy could hardly wait until the 4th of October for the days seemed like weeks, and the weeks like months. But the day finally came. Before the party they were eating dinner. He could hardly wait until they were through with dinner. In a little while after dinner a knock came to the door. And the little boy rushed to see who it was. It was one of his little friends who came to the party. He had a great big present in his hand. It was a big, big box of candy. More of his friends came, soon there were so many presents that he didn't know which one to open first. And he had opened all but one. And the last one was a great big box, he could hardly wait to open it. At last he got it open. And it was a dog. They had lots of fun, when the clock struck five and all his friends had to go home. They had fun that they had a nice time. Roy thanked them all for his presents, and bid them goodbye. After they had gone he showed his mother all his presents, and said, "He liked the dog best." His mother asked him what he was going to name the dog. Roy said he was going to name it Rover. They had lots of fun together, until one day Rover got sick and died. Roy felt very sorry and went for the rest of the day. But it was soon forgotten in a week or so. Roy was happy again. As my story is getting long, I will close. CHARLOTTE RIPP, Age 12, Cedar Rapids, Neb.

PRINCE. I am a white dog. I have brown velvet ears. I also have big brown eyes. I was raised by a boy. When my master was older he was going to Chicago. He gave me away to his cousin. She was a girl. I am now staying with my new mistress. Her name is Libby. Well, I will go on with my story. I am getting lonely. My mistress likes me, but her brother was going to wash me, but it is too cold. When it gets warmer I will be very clean. My mistress's father always plays with me. I like him. Do you know what I like? Try to guess. Cocoa. Oh, I forget, I have a long nose. My mistress likes me very well. Do you know my mistress is a Go-Hawk? She said she wishes some Go-Hawk would write to her whose birthday comes February 27. I close. "Prince," LIBBY ABRAMSON, 2049 North Nineteenth St., Omaha, Neb.

A SECOND GRADER. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join the Go-Hawk Tribe. I like to read the stories. For pets I have a little puppy, his name is Buster, and a cat, its name is Tom. I am enclosing two 2-cent stamps for two buttons. I want one for my little sister, I am 8 years old and my sister is 4 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Rust. I like her very much. Your little Go-Hawk, EVELYN PRCHAL, ELEFREDIA PRCHAL, Spencer, Neb.

FIRST LETTER. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I read your Happyland page every Sunday. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a button. I will try and be good to all dumb animals. I am 12 years old and in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Parker and I love her very much. Well as my letter is getting long I will close. Goodbye. ESTHER MAY JOHNSON, Plainview, Neb.

A NEW MEMBER. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join the Go-Hawks very much. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which please send me a button. I am 11 years old and in the first grade at school. I have three sisters and one brother. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is busy when my letter arrives. Your friend, ADELINE BLAIR, Spencer, Neb.

WRITE TO ME. Dear Happy: I wish very much to be a Go-Hawk. I am sending in a 2-cent stamp and coupon for my pin. My birthday is on the 10th of May. If some of the Go-Hawks my age wish to write to me, I would be glad to hear from them. I must close now. Your new friend, STELLA SMITH, Age 10 years, Nebraska City, Neb.

A NEW CLUB. Dear Happy: I have organized a club of four and am sending 8 cents for the buttons. I hope Mr. Wastebasket is out walking when this reaches you. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. Well, I will close, hoping to receive the buttons soon. IOLA NAPIER, Age 13, Bellwood, Neb.

SECOND LETTER. Dear Happy: They say my second letter to you. I have lost my button and would like to get another one for I like the button very much. Four of my school mates are joining the Happy Tribe. I had my button in school and lost it and could not find it, so I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. Your Go-Hawk, BESSIE CIZEK, Age 11, Spencer, Neb.

WRITE TO ME. Dear Happy: I wish very much to be a Go-Hawk. I am sending in a 2-cent stamp and coupon for my pin. I promise to obey all of your rules. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I wish some of the little Go-Hawks would write to me. I would gladly answer them. TOMMY HOWERTER, Box No. 24, Route B, Lodge Pole, Neb.

WANTS TO JOIN. Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade. I have one sister, she is 12 years old. My birthday is in October. I enclose a 2-cent stamp and a coupon. Hoping to receive my button. I will close. IRVINE EVERHART, Hancock, Ia.

THE GUIDE POST to Good Books for Children. Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better out the list out each time and take it with you to your city library. It is prepared for the Happyland boys and girls by Miss Alice M. Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston public library. This week she suggests: "The Book of Saints," A. F. Brown. "Hans Brinker," M. M. Dodge. "Katrinka," H. H. Haskell. "Blue Fairy Book," Andrew Lang. "Snow Baby," J. D. Peary. "Eskimo Twins," L. F. Perkins.

Likes Animals. Dear Happy: I've got the measles so it is very hard for me to write in bed, that is why my writing is so bad. I am in the first grade. A 2-cent stamp is enclosed for my pin. I will be a good Go-Hawk. So good bye. Your friend, FRANCIS GUNZINGER.

Attention, Go-Hawks. Go-Hawk buttons have been sent to the following but have been returned unclaimed. Write again, enclosing a 2-cent stamp, give your correct address and buttons will be sent to you: Henderson Wallace, Eva and Eunice Mier, Lloyd J. Reed, Francis and Julia Gunzinger, Eleanor Peterson, Dorothy Larson, Ruby Nelson, Wayne, Neb., wrote for a Go-Hawk button, but forgot her stamp. Write again, Ruby, give name and address, enclose a stamp and you will receive your button.

TOPSY'S CHICKENS. Dear Happy: Aunt Mary started to hatch a basket of eggs. "What are you going to do with those eggs, Aunt Mary?" asked Helen. "I am going to set Topsy on them," said Aunt Mary. "Why do you set her on them?" "She will set on them three weeks and then she will hatch some chickens," said Aunt Mary. So Aunt Mary set Topsy on the eggs and so Topsy sat on the eggs three weeks. Then the eggs hatched and Topsy had some chickens. Well I will close, hoping to hear from some of the Go-Hawks. IRENE E. RADTFELDT, Lebanon, Neb.

FIRST LETTER. Dear Happy: I would like to be a Go-Hawk. I have three sisters, Mildred is 7 years, Alice is 5 years and Neva is 3 years, and I am 9 years old. I have a pet rabbit, its name is Flopsy. I will try to be kind to all dumb animals. I am in the fourth grade at school. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am just getting over pneumonia. I am sitting up in bed writing this. I am my first letter. I will close as my letter is getting long. DOROTHY MAE MIHILLS, Lindsay, Neb.

A NEW GO-HAWK. Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawk club. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp and a coupon for a button. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Hauffer. I have a pet cat that is black and I call it Smut. We also have a dog and his name is Snip. I will be kind to all dumb animals. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. Yours truly, MARY CLARK, Broadwater, Neb.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk. A good Go-Hawk never forgets to feed and care for his pets. Even if in a great hurry to go some place or get out to play, he does not neglect his animal friends that live at his home and love him. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk. If you follow the twig back from the tip you will find that all the leafy part is green and behind it the smooth twig is no longer green. The further back you go the thicker is the outer bark. When the friendly sun cannot reach the green layer the color fades out. That soft, juicy layer between the bark and wood is the living part of the trunk of a tree. It is through this portion of the tree that the sap rises from the roots and finally reaches the leaves. Before a tree finds the sap useful for food it has to be changed, and it is in the leaves where this change takes place. As the air passes through the tiny doorways in the underside of the leaf it takes the needed carbonic acid gas with it. On these lovely, sunny days, when you are playing out of doors, the soft green leaf pulp is very busy making starch. This is the food for the branches and twigs. This starch is in the sugar sap that flows steadily from the leaves to the farthest root tips. Remember it is made in the leaves and it is the carbonic acid gas from the roots and the carbonic acid gas that the leaves absorb from the air. Next Sunday I will tell you a little more of the busy life of the leaves. UNCLE JOHN.

Field and Forest. No better time could be found in which to study the leaves of trees than in the early summer when they are fresh and green. You have noticed that every spring the trees are busy putting out their young shoots with rows of leaves along the sides. These branches are held as far as possible from the trunk. Leaf stems and twigs bend so that the leaf blades may be turned toward the sun. They do this because the life of the tree is in the green layer that may be seen on the surface of all green shoots and inside the black bark of twigs that has turned brown. If you follow the twig back from the tip you will find that all the leafy part is green and behind it the smooth twig is no longer green. The further back you go the thicker is the outer bark. When the friendly sun cannot reach the green layer the color fades out. That soft, juicy layer between the bark and wood is the living part of the trunk of a tree. It is through this portion of the tree that the sap rises from the roots and finally reaches the leaves. Before a tree finds the sap useful for food it has to be changed, and it is in the leaves where this change takes place. As the air passes through the tiny doorways in the underside of the leaf it takes the needed carbonic acid gas with it. On these lovely, sunny days, when you are playing out of doors, the soft green leaf pulp is very busy making starch. This is the food for the branches and twigs. This starch is in the sugar sap that flows steadily from the leaves to the farthest root tips. Remember it is made in the leaves and it is the carbonic acid gas from the roots and the carbonic acid gas that the leaves absorb from the air. Next Sunday I will tell you a little more of the busy life of the leaves. UNCLE JOHN.

THE SINGING DELL. Friends. By HAPPY. W She purrs and purrs whenever I come round. As though she tries to tell me that she's found How very much she likes to have me stay close by. It is because I'm kind and never tease the dear: We play and chase each other in the sun. And run around, and oh we have such fun. She knows there's not a single thing from me to fear.

THE SQUAW LADY. Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a friend, but hesitates to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll comes in and Mr. Shirley tells him to trouble him. Jack later calls a meeting of the Go-Hawks and it is decided that they will look after Mrs. Shirley. Taking the editor's absence, Mrs. Shirley is delighted with the plan and the editor starts feeling his mother will not be lonely. Jack suggests they have a clock dinner and invite the Go-Hawks, and three or four other guests. Piggy tells the glad news to the tribe and that they may ask three extra guests. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY. (Continued from Last Sunday.) "Why not invite folks who won't have a good chance at a Thanksgiving dinner?" asked Patience Trevillyn, and her sister, Prudence, nodded her approval. "All the kids we know'll get filled up at noon, unless we could find some way of shutting them off before they get clear filled." Tinker's tone suggested that he felt equal to inventing some kind of a human stopper. Piggy hastened to assure them that the Squaw Lady did not care whether they invited children or not, and that they might ask grown-ups if they wished. "Let us think hard," advised Jack. "Who is the dearest one any of you know?" "I guess the undertaker is the dearest one I know, and he hasn't any wife to cook him a dinner." "How do you know, Tink?" "Because when we tried to get Aunt Sallie some beaux there wasn't anyone gave us a dollar quicker for her, so, of course, he must have wanted a girl. I don't think an undertaker would make a very cheerful beau, only I hated to disappoint him, and he looks so mournful. If we asked him to dinner it would sort of scare that up, for this dinner will be worth a dollar, and then most likely he could forget about auntie. Don't you think so, Jack?" "If that is the reason we ask the undertaker, then I think we ought to ask the minister. He gave us a dollar, too. That Aunt Sallie business seemed to have discouraged him, too, for he has stopped going with girls and he just boards around. Hasn't any wife either." "I think those two will be about enough of Aunt Sallie's old beaux for a Thanksgiving dinner, but I would like to even up that dollar business with them. I wish we could find a cripple or somebody staying for the other one." Patience was much in earnest. "When we see the undertaker, we might ask him if he knows of a cripple."

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