



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 him and the rest ahead, as have all of you.

Do you wonder how it started? Mr. Angell was a lawyer in Boston in 1868. 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.

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.

In 1882 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.

and of all dumb animals.

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Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

Prize SHEEP.

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.

The next night Betty went up to Mabel's door and hung the basket she had intended to give to her teacher.

A few days later Mabel called a meeting of all the girls and boys who wanted to join the Go-Hawk club.

Callaway, Neb.

MAY DAY.

Dear Happy: Betty Maa was very busy making May baskets. She had a list of all she was going to hang baskets to, though she wouldn't hang any to Arline or Mabel, the new neighbor.

Her mother made a basket to hang to her teacher.

Some of the girls were going to hang their baskets the last of April but Betty decided not to hang her baskets until May 1.

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Callaway, Neb.

THE PARTY.

Dear Happy: I would like to see you very much. I want to go to 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.

After they had gone he showed his mother all his presents, and said, "He liked the dog best."

I am a white dog. I have brown velvet ears. I also have big brown eyes. I was raised by a boy.

Callaway, Neb.

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.

IRENE E. RADTFELDT, Lebanon, Neb.

Callaway, Neb.

THE SQUAW LADY

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"Why not invite folks who won't have a good chance at a Thanksgiving dinner?" asked Patience Trevillyn.

"Who is the dearest one any of you know?"

DOROTHY MAE MIHILLS, Lindsay, Neb.

Callaway, Neb.

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 bark 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 of the sap brought up 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.

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.

Remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

NUTS TO CRACK

Mary Doris Macedo of New Bedford, Mass., sends us some nuts that will enjoy cracking. I know.

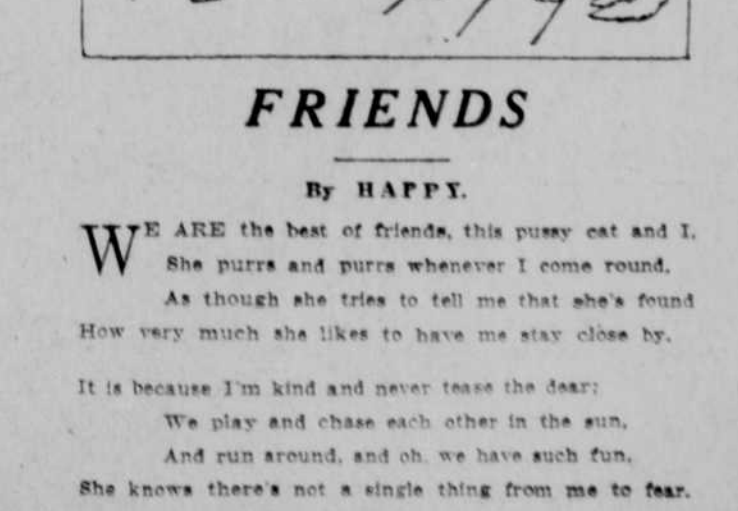
What has a head but no face? Answer—A pin.

What has an eye but can't see? Answer—A needle.

What has a trunk that needs no key? Answer—An elephant.

What has two hands but no fingers? Answer—A watch.

What has teeth but can't bite? Answer—A saw.



By HAPPY.

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.



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.

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.

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

TINY TAD TALES

Edward had been climbing a tree when he caught his pants on a branch and made quite a large rent in them.

"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."



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.

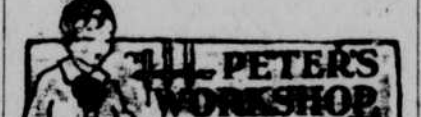
"Well, we men folks don't like it, that's one thing sure," said Pat as he stopped. Bill's toy automobile from speeding round the corner.

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.

Why, Miss Sarah Sue, where are your beautiful curls?"

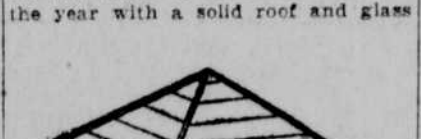
"Oh," she replied, "Mr. Pat, I have had a haircut. All the dolls are bobbing their hair, you know. It is the very latest fashion!"

After a few minutes' talk Pat



It is always good to hear how many Go-Hawks are working to make the birds about them more comfortable all the year around.

James Worth, an Iowa boy, who lives near Davenport, has sent me the picture of a food house he just finished building for the birds and of which he is very proud.



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."

A THIRD GRADER. Dear Happy: I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for which please send me your Go-Hawk button.

I am 11 years old and have one brother. I have a dog which chases cattle for me. I have a pet cat too.

WANTS LETTERS. Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade.

WANT TO ME. Dear Happy: I have no pets at all, but I want a dog most of all.

WRITE TO ME. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join the Go-Hawks very much.

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WRITE TO ME. Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. I received my pin and like it very much.

A NEW MEMBER. Dear Happy: I've got the measles so it is very hard for me to write in bed.

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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...

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.