



Oldest Animal Family of All in America

Many of you are glad that you have found ways of being kind to stray and homeless cats. You will be all the more interested in learning that it is believed the first cats came from Egypt. We read that in the middle ages cats were most desirable citizens of England and special laws were made for their protection. If a man broke these laws he was punished by taking away from him a sheep and a lamb. In this way he was taught to be more careful of the manner in which he treated the cats that his country wished protected.

We all dislike rats very much and consider them a great nuisance. It is thought that the first rats that ever came to America were stowaways on board ships from the east, as early as 1775. Now there are millions doing all sorts of damage.

Have you chanced to read which animal was really the first one in America and therefore must be regarded as the very oldest animal settler of all? The sheep is the very first pioneer, for a sheep and his family came over with Columbus. In one of his earliest voyages Columbus stopped at the Canary Islands and took them aboard as passengers to the new land. By Columbus, he really has good reason to be proud of his ancestors. "Baal Baal" cries the sheep. "How many of you have ancestors that came with Columbus?" Even though the sheep family does live so modestly in America, still they have a right to be very proud of their ancestors.

THE SQUAW LADY

Editor Shirley wishes to make a trip with a business to leave his mother alone. Jack Carroll and the Go-Hawks decide to look after Mrs. Shirley during the editor's absence, and he reports feeling his mother will not be lonely. Jack spends a week at the Shirley home, then in turn Donald, Piggy and Tinker. During the week Mrs. Shirley plans a bob ride for the Go-Hawks, which unfortunately does not end in a very pleasant manner. Tinker had made some special chairs for the "Squaw Lady" and little Miss Jimmy and as the boys were around a sharp corner, out over the back Mrs. Shirley and Jimmy, and the boys and Mrs. Shirley and Jimmy. Mrs. Shirley takes Jimmy home with her and two days later Jack calls a meeting of the Go-Hawks. They decide to spend the next day at the Shirley home for all that they can make a delightful day for Mrs. Shirley and Jimmy. In the meanwhile Miss Sallie is calling on Mrs. Shirley and telling of some of the trouble with the twins.

WITH THE STORY. (Continued from Last Sunday.) Miss Sallie was still very young, and notwithstanding the fact that she had charge of the twins almost from their birth, at which time they lost their mother, still she did not always feel equal to coping with the many novel situations which so often arose. For this reason she sought the advice of Mrs. Shirley. "It seems to me that both Prudence and Patience have a certain excess of activity which must find expression. Last year proved our best, because after they adopted Uncle Peter as their 'heathen,' as they called him, they were so absorbed in their plans for his pleasure and comfort that it did not leave them any time to get into mischief."

"You can scarcely call it mischief, either," Mrs. Shirley replied. "I am certain the girls would not really wish to do anything wrong, and my boys, well, you never did see such boys. I once thought it would break my heart to be separated from Robert, and now I am wondering what I will do without the children when he returns."

Miss Sallie smiled at her enthusiasm. "I was so glad when the girls told me about their plans, for I believed that you would have as good an effect on the boys as Uncle Peter has on the missionaries. But what am I to do with these girls of mine? I went out to lunch feeling perfectly safe last Sunday, and came home to

on the bench and the tide buried them in the sand, all but their heads. A most uncomfortable and stuffy experience. No wonder Tom and Ned did not care for the seashore.

Tom and Ned Tin Soldier have written the Nursery Folks from the seashore, where they are with Bill and Janet, that they just long to be back home again. Only the other night Bill forgot and left them out.

Weather. Rose Petal Showers in Happyland.

NUTS TO CRACK BY BILLY SQUIRREL. Robert C. Tucker of Dedham, Mass., was very kind to send me the nuts which I am sharing with you today. Here they are: Why is a butcher's cart like his calves there? Answer—Because he carries his calves there.

What is the greatest stand ever made for civilization? Answer—The ink stand.

Who may be said to have had the largest family in America? Answer—George Washington, for he was the "father of his country."

What is a button? Answer—A small event that is always coming off.

Why is it important for a physician to keep his temper? Answer—Because if he didn't he would lose his patience (patients).

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Answer—Tree-men-dus.

Coupon for HAPPY TRIBE. Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the first Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with his name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 125,000 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."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk. A good Go-Hawk when gathering flowers is very careful not to pull them up by the roots nor in any way injure the plant. It is wise to carry a pair of blunt-end scissors with you for cutting the stems. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

Letters From Little Folks of Happyland

Joe's Diary. May 1—My master, who is a policeman, took a man to a place called court for something and I went along. We sat in seats looking towards a bench. Back of the bench sat a man who people addressed as Honorable Judge.

May 2—My master left me at home today, so I went to play with the neighborhood dogs. We played hide and seek, and chase.

May 3—I was walking along the street today when I saw a little white dog. She sure was sweet, and I followed her a little ways. Her mistress then took her into her arms and entered a store.

May 4—I found where the pretty dog lived today, and her name is Daisy. I always liked the name of Daisy.

May 5—I guess I am not Daisy's only admirer. I had a fight with another dog that was hanging around Daisy.

May 6—I saw Daisy with another dog today, and I went home and crawled into my house and stayed all day long.

May 7—Daisy fed me some ice cream and meat. It was very good. We then went out for a walk.

May 8—We went walking again today and when we came to the park I proposed. She said "Yes." Oh boys! Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?

This is my fourth letter to you. I have now three chickens for pets. They follow me all around. Your friend, Alma R. Vincent, Callaway, Neb.

A New Member. Dear Happy: I want to become a member of your tribe. I am 7 years old and I am in the fourth grade. My birthday is in September on the seventh day. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for which you may send me a button.—Vivian Robart, Snyder, Neb.

Queen. Dear Happy: I am 1 year old. I have a pony, her name is Queen. I ride her for the cows almost every night. Please send me a Go-Hawk pin. Your nephew, Eugene Rochford, Colon, Neb.

Likes Happyland. Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals and birds. I enjoy reading the junior page very much. I saw my cousin's letter and liked it very much, so I thought I would write one. Your loving friend, REX WATKIN, Redington, Neb.

Gyp. Dear Happy: Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a Go-Hawk pin. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade at school. I have a little dog named Gyp. He is a good watch dog at all father's store. I will be kind to all dumb animals. STEVEN SPANGLER, 420 East Military Ave., Fremont, Neb.

A Fourth Grader. Dear Happy: I am writing to get a Go-Hawk pin. I have a cat and she has five little cats. We have two rabbits and three little ones. I am in the fourth grade in school. I am 9 years old. EDITH BRIANT, Dunning, Neb.

Likes School. Dear Go-Hawks: I wish to join your club. I am in the fourth grade and like my school very much and also my teacher. I am 9 years old.—Lewis Lipman, Bassett, Neb.

Perseverance. "Girls, will you please run up in the attic and see if you can find my old Bible, that is up there," said Grandma Wells. "Your grandfather gave it to me when we were married and I would like to have it. It is black leather bound, with gold letters and clasps."

Norma laid down her sewing and started for the door, saying as she did so, "Yes, grandmother."

Colleen and Maxine looked up from their books and Colleen said with a sigh, "Aw, grandma, couldn't we do that tomorrow?"

"It wouldn't make any difference would it?" added Maxine.

"I want it just as soon as I can have it, but if you girls don't wish to go now, you can look tomorrow."

With this Colleen and Maxine returned to their books, but Norma went upstairs to the attic and began her search. She looked in all the old trunks and in the dusty corners and among the musty piles of books, but the Bible was not there. All of her spare time after this she spent in the attic looking for it, while Colleen and Maxine, after one half-hearted search, gave it up.

One day about a week later Norma heard her mother say something to her father about cleaning up the attic the next day, so after her work was done, she went upstairs to clean it for her mother, to surprise her. After she had worked for about an hour she came to a long row of windows. "I don't believe I'll clean the top of them," she said to herself, "no one will ever notice the difference." So she went on but after she had gone a little farther she thought that perhaps it would be better if she did them after all, for she knew her mother would have done them. So she went back and began.

It was a tedious job because the tops of the windows were wide and the roof receded over them making it hard to get her hand back to the very rear, but she kept on. After she had gotten almost through she felt something quite large almost at the back. She drew it out and a shower of dust fell over her as she did so. She laid it down on a chair and turned the first page and there it was.

Holy Bible. What if it was grandma's? With feverish haste she dusted the top off and, yes, there was the gold lettering, and as she turned it over the gold clasps came into view, for it had been bent back.

She jumped up and rushed down the stairs three steps at a time and ran into the living room crying.

"Grandma, oh, grandma, I've found your Bible," she said, and she laid it tenderly on the table.

The next morning at breakfast, grandma said:

"I have been thinking a long time about going back to my old home in Vermont and taking one of the girls with me."

Maxine and Colleen suppressed exclamations.

"It has been hard to decide which one to take with me, so I decided to use the finding of the Bible as a trial. As you all have found it, I think Maxine and Colleen, if you had used as much perseverance as Norma you might have succeeded; but you preferred to read your books; so now, if Norma wishes, she may go to Vermont with me to stay two months. We will go around by the way of Niagara Falls and come back by the way of Boston and New York, so I think we shall have a pleasant journey."—Constance Ashburn, Gibbon, Neb.

Tabby. Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I will be kind to all dumb animals. I have a cat. Her name is Tabby. We have nine little kittens. I live two and one-half miles out of Lyons. I am 8 years old. I am in the fifth grade. Tabby has six little kittens. They have milk twice a day. Your friend, Colla Gould.

A Near Go-Hawk. Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, and am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I will try my best to live up to the pledge and make this world a happier place.

I am 10 years old. Yours truly, Oakley Harris, Mason City, Neb.

Spring. Spring is here. Spring is here. Not a cloud, 'tis very clear. Spring is here. Spring is here. The happiest time of all the year. —Dale Snyder, Age 10.

First Letter. Dear Happy: I honor and protect my country's flag. I promise to help someone every day. I will try to protect the birds, all dumb animals, trees and plants. My name is Dolores Marie Elder and I live at 2628 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.

First Letter. Dear Happy: I am 17 years old and in the 12th grade. I read Happyland page every Sunday and I like the stories about animals best. Yours truly, Mele Duns, 1190 East Sixth street, Fremont, Neb.

Another Go-Hawk. Dear Happy: I am sending for a pin. My sister has one. I will be kind to animals and do a kind deed every day. Yours, Bernice Beers, Nebraska City.

POLLY'S COOK BOOK. Hurray! A hot weather recipe. Some people do not like to eat hot food on warm days. Mother says that is the way she feels. Here is the recipe: Swiss Salad. One cup cold meat cubes, one cup cooked peas, one cucumber. Cut cucumber into small cubes and mix all with French dressing. Nuts may be added if desired. Serve on lettuce leaves.

I Saw a Butterfly. By HAPPY. I saw a pretty butterfly asleep today. Down in the garden where the birds and roses are. I tipped softly, for I would not wake her— The little butterfly had surely traveled far.

Field and Forest. Every tree in the woods about my little house has been unusually beautiful this summer. Perhaps they are not really more so than other years, but I have spent more time in enjoying them and looking at them. This morning as I write you I am sitting beneath the comfortable shade of a linden tree. When it holds out its arms the broad leaves are exposed to the sun in such a way that the shade is thrown downward. So close are the leaves that it seems almost as though a green roof was over me.

TINY TAD TALES. Aunt Blanche was enjoying a visit with an old friend in Chicago. One morning the little daughter of the house came into her room and climbed up into her lap. Elizabeth looked at her grown up friend's face closely and with her soft little fingers smoothed the wrinkles around her auntie's eyes.

Field and Forest. The linden tree is another that is well loved by the bees. Even though the flowers are so small they have a great supply of nectar that help to make some of the finest honey in the market. The sweet fragrance of the linden blossoms calls the bees. Their contented sing-song hum, while so hard at work, is always a pleasant sound to me.

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Playmates. Once upon a time I was going to see a little girl and her name was Eva, and on the way I heard a noise, and I looked around and saw a cow. I knew that the cow was three feet near me, and when I got there I told Eva and we ran into the house and stayed 'till the cow went away. Then we ran out and played and had such a good time, and at 5 o'clock I went home and ate supper and went to town, and in town I saw them again. Eva went home with me and stayed all night and the next morning we got up at 7 o'clock and played games. We played "hide-and-seek" and we played "ring-around-the-rosy" and then Eva's sister, Lola, came over and we went out walking and we saw a snake and we ran as hard as we could.

How the Jack-in-the-Pulpit Got Its Name. Once upon a time there was a little boy named Jack. When he was still young he began preaching to people to be kind and good. An old witch told him one day that the next time he preached if he didn't preach to the people to be bad she would punish him.

Once of course he did not tell the people to be bad, so the witch hid behind a tree. When Jack came by she grabbed him.

"You are now going to be punished," said the witch. She changed him into a real tiny man and put him in a flower which she called the Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

"You may preach, but no matter how loud you try to talk the people will not hear you," said the old witch. And that is how the Jack-in-the-Pulpit got its name. Your Go-Hawk, Dorothy Grabenkamp, Age 10, Pilger, Neb.

Lost Her Button. Dear Happy: I am 13 years old and in the seventh and eighth grades. We moved to town in February. As we were moving I lost my button. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for you to please send me a pin.

I am sending you a story. Once there lived a little boy and a little girl. The boy was very mean, but the girl wasn't. She obeyed her mother and did errands. The little girl joined the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe. The boy saw her pin. He also joined the Happy Tribe.

I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me.—Mae Baker, Albion, Neb.

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THE GUIDE POST

Good Books for Children

Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better cut 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:

Chapin, A. A. "Story of the Rhinocold."

Munroe, Kirk. "Derrick Sterling."

Pyle, Katherine. "Nancy Rutledge."

Schwartz, J. A. "Wilderness Babies."

Mary Louise Davis of Columbus, O., has a Happyland scrapbook and pastes many things from our pages in it.

Peter Rabbit

HE HAD THE MAKING OF A GREAT DETECTIVE BUT HE WAS OVERTRAINING AND FOLLOWED UP THE WRONG TRACK.

BY HARRISON CADY

THERE-KIDDIES-IVE JUST FINISHED LISTENING IN ON CHIEF OF POLICE SNIPES RADIO TALK ON HOW TO BECOME A DETECTIVE—AN IVE MASTERED ALL THE DETAILS.

BY JINKS! THERES SOMETHING IN TROUBLE—HERE COMES IN WHOLE BUGVILLE POLICE FORCE ON THE DEAD RUN.

HITHERE-OFFICER—WHAT'S UP?

OUT OF THE WAY—WERE ON THE HUNT FOR A BEASTLY NUB-BUG WHOSE FLIM-FLAMMED EVERY BUG IN BUGVILLE.

WERE HOT ON HIS TRAIL AN WE EXPECTS TO LAND HIM SOON.

OH SHUCKS! HAW-HAW-HAW.

SAY-IM JUST IN ONE TO LEAD YOU IVE BEEN LISTENING IN ON BIG CHIEF SNIPES RADIO TALKS ON SLEUTHING AN I KNOWS ALL THE TRICKS.

NOW-VILL JES FOLLOW ME AN WELL RUN TH VILLAIN DOWN IN SHORT ORDER.

WERE WITH YOU-PETE.

HAW-HERES HIS TRACKS NOW- THERES JUST RIGHT FOR A NUB-BUG.

BOSH! YOU FELLERS-DONT KNOW NOTHIN—THESE ARE HIS TRACKS HERE—HES MADE EM BIG JES TO FOOL YOU.

LEAVE IT TO ME-I CAN HANDLE THIS JOB.

WELL-WELL FOLLOW YOU BUT WE DONT THINK THESE ARE THE RIGHT TRACKS.

THERE-DIDNT I TELL YOU THEY LEAD RIGHT INTO THAT PESKY HOLE.

NOW QUICK—YOU JUST WHACK THE GROUND GOOD AN HARD WHILE I STAND HERE AN GRABS HIM WHEN HE DASHES OUT.

WOW!

HOLD-IM-HOLD-IM DONT LET HIM ESCAPE.

SAY-WHATCHER MEAN BY THROWING YOUR ARMS AROUND ME HEY?

HAW-HAW DIDNT I TELL YOU THEY WERE THE RIGHT TRACKS?

HAW-HAW DIDNT I TELL YOU THEY WERE THE RIGHT TRACKS?