



Halloween Should Be Jolly Time for All.

Halloween is a jolly time for many of you and you look forward to it eagerly from year to year. Did you know that nearly all the customs that we follow on Halloween we have really borrowed from far-away lands across the sea, where it used to be a time of great merry-making and many strange customs? They still believe it is the holiday time for witches, elves and ghosts.

Many of these countries seem to have customs all their own for Halloween, but only the Teuton and Celts celebrate it as we do. In southern Europe the countries make of it a religious festival. In some countries an All Souls dinner is prepared for the poor and in England and Wales cakes are also given to the poor. That seems a much more sensible custom than the one in Spain of putting their Halloween cakes and nuts on the graves to bribe the spirits.

What do you think our little friends in Belgium are doing today? They are building shrines in front of their homes with candles and figures of the Madonna. They beg for money to buy cakes, for the more they eat the better they believe it will be for them.

On the eve of All Saints day, 24 hours after Halloween, the children of Wales go from house to house. Like "Tommy Tucker singing for his supper," they sing for:

An apple or a pear, a plum or a cherry
Or any good thing to make us merry.

Halloween is always a time in Wales when much is given to the poor. Bread and cake used to be as much a part of the Halloween preparations in England as the making of plum pudding for the Christmas dinner.

If you visit the library today or tomorrow ask for a book on Halloween in other countries and read some of the many curious ways they observe it. It will interest you to find how some of the very things you are planning to do have been done by children of many other lands long before you were born. Perhaps you have thought all these things were first started in America.

Whatever you are planning to do for Halloween always remember through it all one thing and that is to be kind. When one does not forget to be kind to all people and all things he somehow

Happy

The Trail of the Go-Hawks

Synopsis.

The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, invite the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join their tribe. Many good times, as well as scrapes, fill the days of the Go-Hawks. Their Beau Hunter Agency, to help girls and their beaux, ends unfortunately when Aunt Sallie discovers they have called on some leading men of the town, and they have each paid a dollar for the privilege of calling on her. With the beginning of school, the Go-Hawks are kept busy with not as much time to get into mischief. Napoleon is missing from school one day, and when Jack calls to find out the trouble, Napoleon tells him his mammy has rheumatism. Jack says he wishes Napoleon had a father to help.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

"When does the doctor say she'll be well?"

"Ain't had no doctor, costs too much. Baby's kind of sick, too."

"I wish you'd a father to help," said Jack.

"I don't mind much 'bout that 'cause I never liked th' one I did have. He never done nothin' 'cept lick us an' my ole mammy done all th' work. There's th' baby cryin' now 'n' I bet Abraham Lincoln's done gone an' dropped it." Napoleon turned to enter the house.

"Don't know when I kin come t' school—you come down agin."

Jack walked away in thought, for he was accustomed to shouldering Napoleon's burdens. When he reached home the first question he asked his mother was "When a person has rheumatism, how long does it last?"

"Sometimes a good many months, dear," was the reply; "why do you ask?"

"Oh, Napoleon's mother has it and you know she goes out to wash ev'ry day. His father's dead, you know. Napoleon has to stay at home from school and take care of her and the children and cook, too," he explained.

"That is a great deal for one little boy to do."

"He said the cookin' wasn't so bad 'cause they didn't have much to cook," answered Jack. "I wish we could help them some. He belongs to our tribe, you know. Say, mother, what was that paper that a man brought here last night and you and father each wrote down what you'd do—a description, wasn't it?"

"Oh, you mean a subscription list

and we wrote opposite our names so much, pledging to give that amount."

"If I get up one, will you care? For Napoleon's mother?"

"I love to have you wish to help those less fortunate than yourself, Jack, and if you will only be careful to whom you take the list," replied Mrs. Carroll slowly.

"I thought I'd take it to all the Go-Hawks, to you and father and mebbe one or two other friends."

The boy had been responsible for so much mischief in the neighborhood that the mother felt she would love to see him sentimental in lending assistance to the family she knew to be in real need.

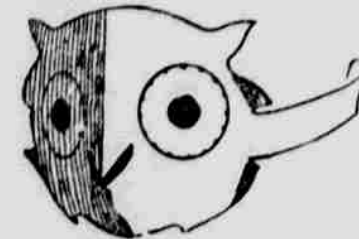
"I can haul the things over there myself in my express wagon and the squaws can help," continued the lad, beginning, as usual to plan everything. Accepting his mother's silence for consent, he went to her desk and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote in his round, boyish hand: "Napoleon's mother is in soar need, she has rumatism and cant wash. All of us who sign here below will send her what we promise." The lad pondered deeply as he signed his own name, writing after it, "My old blue suit of clothes for Napoleon."

He handed the paper to his mother, who read it and added her name for 12 loaves of bread each week. Jack's father wrote opposite his name a loaf of coal, while Mary, long suffering Mary, was induced to promise a jar of cookies. The paper was circulated among the Go-Hawks the following day, and to a man they scrawled their names for a donation. It must be confessed that while many of the things they gave away they did not care to preserve, the spirit was fine.

The twins gleefully promised to contribute their "bare lack" dresses, which Aunt Sallie persisted in hanging in plain sight in the closet, to remind them how very naughty it was to spoil good dresses. After a hurried consultation they also wrote after their names "medicine," determining that the castor-oil bottle and a few others, against which they cherished a special grudge, should be sacrificed to the "worthy cause."



Harold Graham, one of our Nebraska Go-Hawks, has sent me a pattern of an Owl Masque. He writes that his "kid brother" has a lot of fun with it on Hallowe'en eve. It is made of heavy brown wrapping paper, the drawing is done with a very soft black pencil.



When the masque is ready it must be fitted on your head so that your nose comes just under the back and your eyes back of the peek holes just above. I think I will make several for some of the small children in our neighborhood. Your friend,
PETER.

Grace Aven of Bassett, Ark., has two cats and one black horse for pets and is very fond of them.



Jack was bragging to William that his grandfather had fought in the civil war.

"Well, what of it?" asked William. "He has a hickory leg," added Jack boastfully.

"That's nothing," William replied. "My sister has a cedar chest."

Little Marian had been taken upstairs to bed. Her prayers had been said, but the child seemed restless and clung to her mother as long as possible. Finally she was tucked in bed, her mother kissed her good night and was about to put out the light when a little voice pleaded:

"Oh, mother dear, please let the light burn so I can see to sleep."

Alta and Elizabeth Alexander of Clovis, N. M., have always loved James Whitecomb Riley and like to read of his boyhood life.



Hallowe'en is always the time when we want to make candy, and Peter and I are going to have some of the crowd in, so, besides taffy, popcorn balls, apples and cider, I am also going to make a plate of this Vassar nut fudge.

Vassar Nut Fudge.

Two cups granulated sugar, two squares of Baker's chocolate, butter size of an egg, one-half cup of cream and one cup or more if desired of nuts.

Put the cream and sugar in a pan on the stove and warm slowly. Cut the chocolate into fine pieces, add to the cream and sugar mixture and stir. When this has boiled for a minute or so, add the butter, melted. When candy forms a soft ball in water take from the fire, add the nut meats, chopped fine, beat until creamy and pour into buttered pan. Cut in squares and serve. POLLY.

Mary Wheeler of South Acton, Mass., likes Polly's cook book best of all the things on the Happyland page.

In addition to all his generosity they offered to take the paper around after school and ask some older people to sign it.

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(Continued Next Sunday.)



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAFF and ELEANOR CAMERON.

It is hard to believe there could be a Fairy so naughty as Wilful and it is no wonder the good Queen was much grieved. You may be surprised when you read today what the Queen decides to do with her. The name of this little play is **WILFUL, THE NAUGHTY FAIRY**
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

QUEEN.
(Patiently.)
Come, Wilful, say you're sorry, aren't you?

(She looks pleadingly at Wilful, who shrugs her shoulders and is silent.)
You will not say a word? Then I must do
My duty.

(Turning to Guards.)
When you caught her in the glen, My soldiers, what was Wilful doing then?

FIRST GUARD.
We spied her first, with something in her lap—
A struggling thing, that wore a pointed cap.
And so we knew that Wilful held so tight—
(Pauses in sorrow.)

SECOND GUARD.
(Looking at Queen seriously.)
A Brownie Babe, almost dead with fright!
She'd grip it by one foot, then turn to play,
And when the poor thing almost got away,
She caught it fast and gave it ears some twinkle.
And laughed and laughed to hear its worried squeaks.

(QUEEN.)
(In terror.)
A Brownie Babe!—Why, if its people knew—
(Throws up hands at thought.)
Oh, that was dangerous for you to do! If they had caught you with their little one—
I hate to think what they might have done!
You surely see the dreadful risk you ran?

WILFUL.
(Tossing her head indifferently.)
Oh, that was fun!
(QUEEN.)
(Interrupting indignantly.)
A very foolish plan
To get your fun by teasing helpless things—

(The Guide Post To 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:

Bear Stories Retold from St. Nicholas.
M. J. Swarth, Mrs. "Carrots."
Stoddard, W. O. "Guest Ten Eyck."
Tappan, E. M. "In the Days of Alfred the Great."
Turpin, Edna, "Peggy of Roundabout Lane."
Wiggin, K. D., and N. A. Smith, "Posing Ring" (poetry).

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Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk, when out nutting, does not try to get more nuts than anyone else in the crowd. While he is eager to fill his sack, he is not greedy about it, but calls the others, too, when he finds a place where the nuts are many. So remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.

(Turning to Guards.)
Remove her star and head-band and her wings.
(They obey.)
(QUEEN.)

(Solemnly to Wilful as the Guards hide their faces.)
I banish you from FAIRYLAND this hour.

From skies and lands that smile with sun and flowers,
From fairy dances by the moonlit sea,
I banish you to earth, where there will be
Trouble and work and weariness and pain.

And tears that fall, like bitter, bitter rain,
I banish you to EARTH, to do your part
And work until at last that naughty heart
Of yours has learned unselfishness—and then
Our gates will open wide for you again.
That is your punishment.

WILFUL.
(Looking about airily.)
If that is so,
I do not have to mind you. I am free
To have some fun—no Careful scolding me!

No cross-patch babies I must feed and dress,
No dew to gather—oh what happiness—
To play and play at any game I please,
To frolic with the sunbeams and the breeze!

No petals I must paint—in any place!
I wonder how tears would feel upon your face?

QUEEN.
(In great anger as she turns to Guards.)
Take her away—
(As Guard reaches for the wand in Wilful's hand.)
No, leave that in her hand,
For she is fairy born. In every land
She'll have to take it with her, day and night,
So she can never wander from our sight.

But it can never work a fairy spell
Except when she would help another—
WILFUL.

(Interrupting angrily.)
Then it might just as well be thrown away.
I WON'T HELP ANYONE! I WANT TO PLAY.

(She throws wand away angrily.
Great noise is heard until she picks it up again.)

QUEEN.
(To Guards sternly.)
Off with her!
(Queen buries her face in her hands as Guards drag Wilful out. Careful with shocked face follows them. A little moaning sound is heard and becomes loud until Queen hears it. Listens a moment. Looks all about. Seeing no one, says wonderingly)

Some one grieves. Who can it be?
(Queen half rises. Fairy Wilful rushes in, falls on her knees and raises imploring hands to her.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Coupon for Happy Tribe.

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, of which James Whitecomb 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 20,000 members!

Motto

"To Make the World a Happier Place."

Pledge

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



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