

Happy Land



We Owe to Italy the Christmas Stocking.

HOW many of you know to which country we owe our gratitude for the lovely old custom of hanging our Christmas stockings? Perhaps you have never thought much about it. You have just remembered how you used to love to hang your stockings on Christmas eve.

From Italy seems to have come the first legend out of which has grown the pretty custom, as we know it today. Long, long ago in Padua, Italy, when Christmas eve came around the very poor people would always leave their windows open, for they believed good old St. Nicholas would visit them. He brought with him for each house long knitted purses, tied at both ends, and these he would toss through the open windows. These purses were of yarn made something like a footless stocking.

After a while the poor people of the town began hanging these knitted purses outside their windows, because they were afraid they might in some way be missed. When money grew scarce in Italy then St. Nicholas would fill them with toys for children and useful gifts for grown people.

In the north country where it is chilly at Christmas it became the custom to hang the purses on the mantelpiece, believing the good old saint would find his way down the chimney to fill them. Out of the custom of hanging the long purses there grew that of the Christmas stockings.

Even grown people like to forget their worries and they hang up their stockings with those of the children. They, too, enjoy the pretty old custom. So here is another "thank you" to Italy, the country that has given us so much that is lovely.

Happy



UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

SYNOPSIS.

Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of Professor Trevelyan, father of Prudence and Patience, the twins, who appeared in "The Trail of the Go-Hawks." He is very lonely since dear Aunt Prudence went away and the twins are delighted to have him come to their home to live. He becomes happier as the days go by and he is surrounded by love and care. One afternoon the children ask him to play croquet with them and he has a fine time. After the game the children seat themselves at the edge of the lawn by the wooded grove which they call the Mystic Wood, playing that fabric live there. They make plans for a club and Rachel suggests that they adopt Uncle Peter.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

"If we would take Uncle Peter into the club it would make an even six," reasoned Prudence.

"But having him in a club wouldn't not be like adopting him, and the minister said it was the making of those girls to adopt that baby. Most likely he'd say the same about us." Rachel was one of a family apt to quote the minister often, probably due to the fact that the pride of Mrs. Kirby's heart was her Sunday school class.

Uncle Peter's fate hung for a moment while the girls pondered how best to dispose of him. Rachel was the first to break the silence. "There are missionary societies in churches."

"That's so," replied Patience, and if we want to we can make this a missionary society."

Jane objected at once to this plan. "If we do that we'll have to look after heathens all the time and they are always way off in Japan or just as like as not the ones we'd get would be at the North pole."

"I think it'd be lots more fun to look after Uncle Peter and have picnics and parties." Ruth was always enthusiastic about anything that suggested possibilities for fun.

"Then why couldn't we play he's the heathen?" It was evident Rachel had no thought of losing the main point of her argument.

"We could! We could!" cried Prudence, her eyes dancing, "and we'll enlighten him, for that's what they do with real church heathens, and we'll save his soul from consumption and mend his heart."

"His heart does need mending," added Patience, "for Aunt Sallie said it seemed sometimes to her that his poor old heart was broken."

"I've always thought I'd like to be a missionary when I am old, so I'd love to play it now." Rachel felt as though she had won a victory.

"Shall we keep it a secret?" Ruth's social instincts were strong, and child though she was, she rather courted publicity.

"It seems as though it would be more edifying," replied Rachel stiffly.

"Well, it'd be more fun." Ruth knew the meaning of the word "fun," but was hazy in her understanding of "edifying."

Patience toyed pensively with the tiny gold trinket which hung from a chain around her neck. "I think I'll ask Uncle Peter for a piece of his gray hair to wear in my locket."

Will member winning prize story for October 22nd please send name and correct address to Happyland.

Jane was envious. "It would be nice if we all could have some of his hair. I have a locket, too."

Fortunately for Uncle Peter, Prudence came to his rescue. "He hasn't so very much hair and six locks would be a good many to take all at one time. He could spare some of his whiskers easier."

"Are we going to tell him we want to adopt him and have him for a heathen? We ought to get



that fixed before we take any of his hair or whiskers." Rachel wanted all details settled.

They pondered over the question, filled with missionary zeal, each longed for an inspiration.

"I will find him and bring him here," volunteered Patience, "and we'll take him just to the edge of the Mystic wood and tell him he has to be a heathen for we are missionaries and that he's to be ours."

"We can't speak above a whisper in the woods and Uncle Peter has to have you speak up plain," Prudence said as Patience went in search of Uncle Peter. "We must each think of something uplifting to say, because this is to be our life work."

They were silent, frantically searching their brains. It was never so easy for the other girls to be original as it was for the imaginative child who had just spoken.

(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)



As today is the birthday anniversary of one of our beloved poets, John Greenleaf Whittier, I am going to give you a Whittier contest. The answers are all the names of poems written by the Quaker poet, so see how many you can guess. Do not send your answers to Happy. Keep them and see how many you guess correctly. Answers will be published next week.

- 1—Guess the name of the poem shut in by the storm.
- 2—The poem without shoes or stockings.
- 3—The poem of sunshine and rain.
- 4—The poem which gathered the hay in the field.
- 5—The poem which shared in the games of my youth.
- 6—The poem where lessons were learned.
- 7—The poem which guarded the flag from disgrace.

If one would be happy, let him forget himself and go about making some one else happy.



Every year on the eve of Christmas eve the children are told to go and stand before the fireplace and watch it very closely. Then rattling on the tiled floor came cookies and hard candies. These are really thrown by the father, who stands back, and the children do not see him because they are so busy watching the fireplace. The cookies and candies tell them that soon Kris Kringle is coming.

I know you will find the recipe I am giving you today very interesting because it has been used many times by a little Dutch girl.

Santa Claus Cookies.

One cup New Orleans molasses, two cups brown sugar, one level tablespoon anise seed and other ingredients. Cook all together on stove until well dissolved. Then add to this one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little hot water, one tablespoon vinegar or powdered alum, one large tablespoon anise seed and other spices, if you like. When this mixture is cool, add enough flour to make it harder than piecrust. Roll like stick candy and cut in sticks. Sprinkle with buckwheat flour to keep from sticking together. Bake in hot oven. The cookies can be made in shape of thimbles, too.

These are the very cookies that are thrown in Holland on Christmas eve. Mother and I are going to make some tomorrow, and why don't you try them, too? POLLY.

In Field and Forest

It is always a strange thing to me how many people seem to think that birds do not have any real love for each other. You and I know better. When robins, catbirds, chickadees and many other kinds of birds are in distress their friends bravely fly to their rescue. What do birds do when someone is robbing a nest? They rush in a crowd to help drive away the thief. Not only do they scream and cry to show their anger but they will fly at his face and peck at his eyes. Sometimes when cruel and thoughtless boys disturb a nest, they have reason to wish they had left it alone. Birds will fight with all their strength to protect their little homes, and it is right that they should.

Often have I seen birds old or blind, or with a wing or leg broken or hurt in some other way that made it hard to take care of themselves. Never have I known it to fail that other birds will wait on them, feed them and lead them to water where they may drink and bathe.

Sometimes birds have been caught in the lining of the nest and been held prisoners for weeks. Do you imagine they are left to starve? No, indeed! Other bird friends never fail to bring them food each day just as long as they are prisoners. Those who study birds constantly will see many beautiful examples of the loving thoughtful care of birds for each other. Birds are so tiny that it does not seem as though there could be any one in the world who would want to harm them, does it? You? UNCLE JOHN.

Tom House of Sullivan, Mo., has two miles to walk to school, but likes it because it is through the woods and he sees squirrels and birds.

Coupon for Happy Tribe.

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe 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 of this paper. Over 90,000 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."



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Last Sunday the curtain rose on a new play in HAPPYLAND. You read just who would take part in it. So many of you are following these little plays from Sunday to Sunday that are always waiting to greet you in our FAIRY GROTTO, your very own little theater in HAPPYLAND. The name of this month's play is:

"THE CHRISTMAS STAR."

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

COSTUMES.

FAIRY WILFUL—Her fairy dress must be stained and torn, as she had traveled far. Wand is bent and worn. Hair loose and tangled.

FAIRY WILLING—Dainty white dress, wings, headband and wand with star at tip.

AUNT MARY—Long skirt of some soft material. Kerchief, fichu or bit of lace folded about the neck. White cap. Hair powdered in front.

DIEDRICH—Pajamas, overcoat and overshoes or boots.

VIRGINIA—Nightdress, o v e r shoes and coat.

EVERGREEN BOYS—As much evergreen as possible tacked to suits, and caps with small evergreen branch like a plume.

JELF—White suit on which has been tacked gold stars. Gold cape and wand.

PROPERTIES.

Three wands, one without star, for Wilful, with star for Willing, and a gold one for Jelf. Large gold star for tree. Small Christmas tree already trimmed. Basket filled with tiny gifts in Christmas wrappings.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

Scene—Use for stage, if possible, side of room where there are windows and fireplace. Otherwise, make

window frame out of cardboard or wood, that a face may be seen through the opening. Fireplace may be made out of cardboard marked off with crayon pencil to look like bricks. In the oval at bottom a few sticks of wood may be laid and some red crepe paper. By using an electric bulb in among the wood and paper you will have the effect of a lighted fire. Decorate the room with Christmas wreaths and greens. When the play opens Aunt Mary is discovered seated in a low rocking chair looking at an old photograph album.

AUNT MARY.

(Turning leaves of album and talking to herself as she looks at the old photographs.)

Christmas eve! And for the first time in all my life I am alone! What good, GOOD times we used to have when we were all at home together.

(She looks more closely at one photograph.)

Mother, it seems as though you are smiling in the picture and trying to say: "Merry Christmas, Mary! Merry Christmas, Mary!" just as you used to when I would run into your room early Christmas morning. And now—

(Looks up bravely.)

Well, Merry Christmas to you, mother dear!

(Knock is heard at the door.)

AUNT MARY.

(Looks up, startled, for she had decided she need expect no one to break the loneliness of her Christmas eve.)

I wonder who that can be? Come in, come in.

(Enter two children, Diedrich and Virginia, carrying their empty stockings. They throw off their coats and overshoes and run over to Aunt Mary's chair—one standing on either side of her.)

DIEDRICH.

(Addressing Aunt Mary earnestly.)

Oh, Aunt Mary, would you care if we hung our stockings by the fireplace? We thought about it after we had gone to bed and so we put on our coats and overshoes and ran over here.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk does not forget the birds at Christmas time. He makes a Christmas tree for them by tying bits of suet to a tree with perhaps a red apple or two. Then he scatters cracked nuts, bread crumbs, raw oatmeal or other uncooked breakfast foods in the yard for the birds' Christmas feast. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.



One of the Iowa Go-Hawks, whose name is Florence Mitchell, has written and asked me to give a pattern in my workshop for something new in Christmas place cards. So I have drawn a wooden shoe, and some of the rest of you will enjoy making enough shoes for your own Christmas table. You know in Hol-



land the children always place their little wooden shoes by the fireplace on Christmas eve to wait the coming of Kris Kringle. First draw the pattern on your cards. Use your water colors to paint the shoes yellow and then cut out. Print plainly the name of each Christmas guest with black ink on his shoe. PETER.

President Leguia of Peru is engaging school teachers, surgeons, administrators and engineers from the United States in his effort to modernize his country.



Elsa Rose had gone to her mother with a request for a handkerchief. Searching through her drawer, her mother could only find some of her best handkerchiefs, which she did not wish to give the child.

"These are all my good ones," she said. "I can't find any just for common."

"Oh," interrupted Elsa Rose eagerly. "I didn't want one for common. I wanted it for my nose."

Donald, who was sitting near the kitchen stove, saw it was getting pretty hot. Running into the other room, he called:

"Oh, mamma, come quick and turn the wick down, for the stove is burning up."

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:

Baldwin, James, "Story of Roland."

Burnet, S. H., "Sara Crewe," "Hawkworth, Hallam," "Strange Adventures of a Pebble."

Edgar, Wagdalen, "Treasury of Verse for Little Children."

Rhys, Ernest, compiler, "Fairy Gold."

Seton, Ernest Thompson, "Lobo, Roy and Vixon."

Hutoka Gulker of Omega, Okl., has a good many chickens and a little pet duck that does many tricks.

Christmas Trees in Happyland.