

A Picture Book Page for the Little Ones.



The Origin of Hallowe'en

IN the churches the first day of November is called "All-Saints' Day," and from this day before, which is the 31st day of October, gets the name of "Holy Even," or, as we call it, "Hallow E'en."

Long ago this night was kept as an important religious festival by the Druids, queer heathen priests, who taught the Celts, people who lived in certain parts of England, Germany and France.

The Druids and their followers worshipped the sun and three times each year they built large bonfires in its honor. On the first of May they lighted one so the sun would protect the planting of seeds; on June 21 the second fire was made to insure everything ripening well, and on the 31st of October the final one was made, so that the harvest might be successful.

In different parts of the country were large mounds of stones and on top of each of them the sacred fires were lighted and kept going steadily until the night of October 31.

On that night, around each sacred mound, the white-robed priests and the silent people gathered. The priests prayed for a good harvest and then put out the sacred fire. As soon as they could make it, another fire was started and the waiting people would then give shouts of joy, for they believed that this made everything lucky for another year.

As each family left this celebration, the father, or head of the family, would take a little of the holy fire to start a new fire in his own house, for before he went to the ceremony all fires in his own home were put out. This new fire was supposed to bring fortune and good luck to all the family.

It was not until the Celts were converted to Christianity that November 1 was made into "All-Saints' day," and this was done to drive the thoughts of the Celts away from such heathen customs as sun worship.

No one seems to know just where the habit of playing foolish tricks on this night came from, but it is known that long ago this was thought to be the night that witches and evil spirits were abroad, and some thought that people were influenced by them to do mischief, while other people thought

FIND THE BARBER AND THE CANDYMAKER.



HIPPITY, HOP.
HIPPITY, HOP.

Hippity hop to the barber shop,
To buy a stick of candy;
If I'm a judge,
Their maple fudge
Is simply fine and dandy.

things that we overlook because you are always looking about. Will you come home and live with us, and forgive us for calling you Longnose?"

"Yes," said Longnose, "I will come home, but I shall not mind the name of Longnose any more; you can call me that if you will promise to help me with the garden I found, next year."

All the goblins said they would be glad to help, and so Longnose went back to live with them, and the next year, early in the spring, they went to work on the sisters' garden, and when they went to plant it they found the goblins had done all the work.

"It is the goblins who are helping us," said the sisters; "we will never want again."
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Little Flying Squirrels

MOVING by airships would be no more dangerous for a boy than is the plight of the young flying squirrel when its parents decide to plane down to a lower tree.

First there is a spring from the tree; there are so many things that are liable to happen to a little wisp kite when he tries to plane "all by his lonesome" for the very first time.

It's all very well to be a flying squirrel when mother does the flying, but there are so many things that are liable to happen to a little wisp kite when he tries to plane "all by his lonesome" for the very first time.

So the baby puts off the trial trip until mother comes to the conclusion that it is high time the baby should learn to travel alone.

And so, one day, when Chappy thinks he's all safe and snug on mother's back for a trip "down town," mother will suddenly dip, and we Chappy finds himself floating free. It's a case of sink or swim, and the baby generally decides to swim, and after that—no more "plunge-back-rides" for baby boy, as he is considered quite too grown up to be carried about.

Just at first he sadly misses his "perambulator," but by and by he is skip-

PUZZLE PICTURE—FIND THREE HUNTERS.



THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And loud he cried, "All birds
and beasts—BEWARE!"
The birds all flew away,
The rabbits left, they say,
And all he got was just one Teddy bear.

The Sleeping Apple

A LITTLE red apple hung fast asleep high up in a tree in the orchard. A little girl was playing under the tree and, seeing the pretty apple, wanted it; so she called to it to wake up and come down to her.

Although she begged for a long time, it did not stir, so the little girl asked the sun to wake the apple. He said he would be glad to, but although he shone brightly on it and kissed it, it did not move.

Then a little bird perched on the branch and sang sweetly, but still the apple slept.

After all these had failed, along came the wind, which shook the tree hard and frightened the little apple so that it woke up and fell right down at the little girl's feet.

LEGEND OF NARCISSUS.

Narcissus and his sister were two beautiful beings, who were so much alike that people could scarcely tell them apart. They both had blue eyes and wore long yellow curls and dressed just alike.

They were together most of the time and were happy only when they were in each other's company. They played all day in the woods and were especially fond of hunting. Narcissus had taught his sister how to shoot with the bow and arrow and she used them nearly as well as he did.

But the sister died and poor Narcissus would not be consoled. He would not play or hunt, but wandered sadly around mourning his lovely companion.

One morning he bent over a spring of water to get a drink and there he saw what he thought was his sister's face. He had never seen his own face, so he did not know that this was only his own shadow.

He called to her and, putting out his arms to her, reached down to the water, but, to his dismay, the face disappeared. He drew away from the water altogether and then, leaning partly forward, he looked again and saw the sweet face looking at him once more.

He begged her to come and be his companion again, but he received no

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT

The Good Goblins.
LONGNOSE was a goblin who lived all alone in a rock. Goblins usually live in companies, but Longnose had quarreled with his brothers and sisters one day because they told him he always wanted to see everything first and was so inquisitive.

Then they named him Longnose, and that was too much, so Longnose (the name still clung to him) took to his heels and ran away from his home rock.

He often saw his brothers running about, but Longnose always took good care to hide himself under a leaf or a piece of moss, and they never even caught sight of him again.

One night he was running over the roof of a house when he thought he heard a sound of weeping, so he hopped on the sill of the window from which the sound seemed to come and looked in.

The moonlight was streaming in through the window, and Longnose saw in the bed two little girls. Then he listened, for you remember he was an inquisitive fellow, and this is what he heard:

"Oh, what shall we do, sister; we have no food and it is almost winter, and there is no wood to be had without paying for it, and we have no money. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Perhaps the fairies will help us, sister," said another voice. "You know they do help poor children sometimes." "I am afraid they will never find us here."

"I guess they never heard of goblins," said Longnose to himself. "The fairies will not help them, because I found them first. I will help them, and

this time it proved a good thing that I was inquisitive."

Longnose crept into a shadow and pointed his long fingers toward the bed, saying in a voice so low that it sounded like the sighing of the wind:

"Little sisters, go to sleep. Close your eyes and do not weep. When you see the morning light, Trouble will have taken flight."

When Longnose crept out of the window the sisters were sleeping soundly in each other's arms, and Longnose ran down the side of the house and went into the kitchen.

He looked into the pantry and into the wood box, and then he shook his head. "Not a bite to eat or a bit of wood to burn," he said, and then he took off his little jacket and went to work.

First he went into the pantry and, beginning at the top shelf, he filled them with all sorts of goodies. There were cakes of all kinds, cookies and jellies, and he did not forget to leave meat and flour, as well as sugar and eggs.

Then Longnose went to the woodshed, and when he left it was filled to overflowing with wood all cut and ready for the fireplace. Out he flew into the garden, and when he came back he said, "That is the cause of all their trouble—the garden did not grow the vegetables for the next year. I will look out for this, and for the winter they are well supplied. I wonder if they have nice, warm shoes and dresses for the winter. Just to make sure, I better leave two dresses and some shoes."

The moon went into a cloud just then, and when it again shone in through the window two warm dresses hung over a chair and two pairs of shoes were on the floor beside them.

"I will light the fire," said Longnose. "It will soon be time for the sisters to come downstairs."

The fire was burning brightly and the room was warm when the sisters came into the kitchen, then stopped and looked about them and then ran to the chair where the dresses were, laughing for joy.

"Who could have left them?" they asked, as they put them on; "and the shoes, too; they just fit."

"I think the fairies did it," said the sister who had trusted the fairies the night before.

"Perhaps it was a goblin," said the other sister. "I have heard that they are kind sometimes to poor people."

"Well, if it was a goblin who did all this, then next year our garden will grow, for they can make things grow wherever they like," said the other.

When they saw the closet they danced for joy, and the shed full of wood brought more smiles.

"Whether it was the fairies or the goblins, we will thank them both, and if they are hiding anywhere they will know we are grateful," said one sister.

Longnose was hiding behind a blind on the outside, and he heard all they said, and while he wished he could tell the sisters he did it all alone, he felt repaid for all his work.

He was late getting home, and just as he was entering his room someone called:

"Oh, Longnose, Longnose; wait; we want to speak to you."
Longnose turned, and there were his brother goblins running toward him. "We are sorry we called you names and said you were inquisitive," said one. "We know now that you find out

Obedient



I'm going to buy a pair of Scales. Altho' it sounds absurd for Mother said before I spoke to surely weigh each word!

that the mischief was done to annoy the evil one.

With the Romans the first of November was a first day to Pomona, the goddess of fruit and nuts. People thought that she kept all the orchards locked, and to please her so that she would open her orchards a grand feast was made on this day. The feasts of nuts and fruits on Hallowe'en and also the games with these foods have come from the Roman celebration of November 1.



Darling dimpled Betty-kins
And youthful Aunty May
Went one happy Saturday
To the matinee.

Betty sat up very straight
And watched with shining eyes
As the pretty play revealed
Many a surprise.

But a mimic thunderstorm
Rolled down upon the stage,
Blotting out the painted scene
With its gloomy rage.

When she heard the thunder roar
And saw the lightning play
Betty turned a worried face
Up to Aunty May.

"Dear, it's only make-believe,"
Said Aunty, with a smile,
"It will all be gone away
In a little while."

Betty smoothed her frilly frock,
Her manner anxious yet;
"Will a make-believe rain," she
asked,
"Get you very wet?"

—G. Craig.



I wonder what the time is -
Ma says our clocks
are slow.
I'll run and ask
The Watch-Dog -
We surely ought
to know!

ping about so lively that he takes up most of his mother's time in keeping him out of mischief.

WHAT IS GOOD:
"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;

Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Honor, said the sage;

Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer—
Spoke my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."
—John Boyle O'Reilly.



There's a Tee at
the Golf Links
I heard Sister say
And as I've been
Shopping, I'll stroll
down that way -
Because I am
thirsty. "said May -
as can be.
And I hear that
they have there -
An excellent Tee!"

About Successful People

JONAS CHICKERING, the piano maker, was the son of a blacksmith.

Andrew Carnegie began as a bobbin-boy at \$1.20 a week.

Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was the son of a farmer and was a mechanic.

John Ericson, of Monitor fame, was a poor boy and in early life worked in the iron mines in Sweden.

John Jacob Astor was the son of a butcher and worked for his father until he was 16. When he had worked for himself for three years he had saved only \$75.

Henry Wilson, the statesman, was the son of a laborer. He started at 10 to work on a farm. At 21 he was a shoemaker.

Collis P. Huntington, the railway magnate, started to support himself when he was 14.

John Roach, the famous shipbuilder, arrived in this country penniless, at 14.

Samuel Colt, the firearm manufacturer, went to sea as a boy, and afterwards worked as a dyer and bleacher in his father's factory.

James Harper, who founded the great publishing house, was the son of a farmer and was apprenticed to a printer.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.
It was such a big garden for a little boy to play in all alone, and everything seemed new and strange. No one made a noise, and when you laughed and ran about, it somehow sounded very queer.

In fact, there were a great many queer things that puzzled little Jim.

He wondered why it was when yards were big no little children came to play; yet when the garden patch was small children grew just everywhere.

Now, if the little girl next door had only been a boy, but she would never want to play with balls and tops and things like that. And so wee Jimmy never smiled at Peggy living just next door.

Somehow Peggy's nose was out of joint. Oh, yes, it was. Of course, it didn't show, but just the same 'twas dis-jointed.

"If you'll not laugh, I'll tell you why," said Peggy. "There's a new baby at our house, and it's a boy."

Just why Peggy objected to boys she couldn't say, but anyway, they were not very sociable; at least, "the boy on the garden wall" never smiled, and she did so want him to come and play. But she didn't know his name, and, anyway, praps he wouldn't want to play with girls and dolls, and, somehow, every time she walked that way she couldn't think of a thing to talk about. But now—come to think about it—the baby might be used to some purpose.

Down the garden patch flew Peggy, and, after much mental agony—and physical wriggling, informed the boy that "there's a boy at our house."

Fearful of the consequences of her rash act Peggy sped away with never a backward glance to see how he took the news.

"A boy in the next house," thought Jimmy; now the garden would not be too big, for what garden was ever large enough for two boys?

Almost before Peggy had reached the house the boy had followed her up the path, with his ball clasped tightly in his hands.

"Can your brother come over to my house and play catch?" said he.

Poor Peggy's previous shyness was nothing compared to the panic which seized her now.

The boy would laugh, and, oh, how could she explain!

But just at that moment when everything seemed lost, baby brother took the matter into his own hands and

MY LITTLE MOTHER.

I'm glad my mother's little,
'Cause I'm so little, too,
And if she were so awful tall,
Whatever would I do?

My arms and legs are all so short,
That when I take a nap
I'd fall asleep before I climbed
Away up to her lap.

Her face would be so far away,
If she was very tall;
I love to have her seem so near,
'Cause I'm so very small.

—Vivyn Johnson.

Speaking Literally.
(Judge.)
A famous sculptor was seated at a dinner next to a fair but frivolous young lady, and it was soon evident that he was not very favorably impressed by her idle chatter.

"What kind of a figure do you most admire in a woman," she inquired with the air of one angling for a compliment.

"Almost any kind, as long as she is not a figure of speech," he replied briefly.

Dancing With the Leaves.
The leaves are falling all around,
Bright spots of color on the ground,
They make a rug of gorgeous hue
Underneath the sky so blue.

I'll dance upon this rug so gay
And shout with joy this Autumn day.
All nations clothed in bright array,
Come, little leaves, and with me play!

—William A. Roberts.

The pump of a new rotary, gasoline-driven fire engine consists of only two gears, their casing, two inlet and two outlet valves occupying the space beneath the driver's seat of an automobile.

answer. After this he would sit many times and watch and coax the beautiful girl to come and play.

He watched a long time without food or water and became very weak. His face got white and his cheeks sank in. Soon he had not strength to sit up, but lay by the side of the water and then there was no face in the spring.

The gods were so sorry for him that they changed him into a beautiful white flower which grows beside streams of water and which is called Narcissus.

But someone sets a wily trap, and her tail is pulled.

And our dog is helping loud as loud can be;

Then mother goes a-hunting, with a rattle in her hand,
Not the kitten nor the doggie, no,
Just me.

When the pantry door's left swinging,
Infant and jam is smeared about,
They never think of blaming mice,
You see.

At night with curly head ensconced
A dreaming little darling fair to see,
With mother's kisses, daddy's, too,
That liddle, would you believe it?
Is just me.

—A. E. Hughes.

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