

HALLOWE'EN.

This is a joyous time for the girls, and a comparatively peaceful one for the grown-ups. It matters not that festivities are postponed till a few days after the real Hallowe'en. The family is too busy for mischief, and too keen for the great event of the Hallowe'en party to imperil its success by misdeeds!

This year they gave a few brief dramatic gems in the Indian school room, and then such a supper as will live long in many memories.

The intellectual part of the feast was, on the whole, very classic. A story, hastily dramatized by the resident dramatist, called the "Hohenzollern Ghost," was acted by Nan, Phyllis, Elsie and Edith very well indeed. An excerpt from "Hamlet" was given with much spirit.

The three witches of "Macbeth" were ably represented by Nan, Hope and Rita. Later, Phyllis sang two songs, and gave a recitation, illustrated by the little ones, while Rita obliged the audience with a comic ditty. The proceedings were brought to a close by "God Save the King," and everyone adjourned joyfully to the dining hall for supper. But some of us thought we must have lost our way! Was that spacious and stately apartment, with its quaint decorations, its candles gleaming from behind strange faces, its table, at once so bountifully and so daintily spread, its wreathed walls, further bedight with every Hallowe'en emblem known to man—was that the room in which we took ordinary meals, learnt (or did not learn) ordinary lessons? Truly, it was—yet how marvelously transformed! The supper would have satisfied an epicure—it included the sweet perils of snap-dragon, and the giving away of strange prophecies, immured in walnut shells. We received these in a mystic spot on the back stairs, from the hands of a smiling witch.

Just a little dancing made everyone very happy, and then—hey, Presto! Busy hands made all the transformations disappear, and we went to bed!

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Seniors found themselves face to face with two festival occasions—the birthday of the new Sister ~~Clara~~ whom they desired greatly to honor, and the birthday of Miss Shibley, their own especial teacher. They planned a great play! But one good reason and another put off the observance of the dual festival, and, when it did take place, there was a third reason for its occurrence—the visit of Bernice Harrison.

So, after many strenuous days—to speak more correctly, after-