PRISE' for Pure, d, Solid The est value in

NY POSTAGE.

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Soap.

kes Another Step in the Worlds

Henniker Heaton stal reform have successful has even greater than imperial penny already carried Early in Auy of the striking penny postage. blic the first rehe representative the Archbishor olic Archbishops Dublin and the ow, the Duke of Lord Armona, Lord Gren-George Hamilton of parliament e United States that would be aton, Mr. Heaton s statement that es has interested to the extent of ly with the Am-England, White-

MER KILLED.

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man was driving junction, when by he was thrown vere injuries that short time aftermen who were up, but he lived say a few words. of the most f Aroostook Junlown and very forty and fortyleaves a wife and wo sisters also

Beveridge, George Scott, of is father, James her, Wasson, who stead at Gordonsy, also survive. ber of relatives lived for a time Voodstock before The news of his eath will cause and much sympa-Mrs. Bridges and sad bereavement.

ECT FARMS.

Cultivated Land asion.

gers, 4,370 pan-,000 bears and lled; of snakes India-no record fortunately comand costly is

and cattle life. nising crops by nkeys would be India, and more ves, were it not and leopard. of the cat family ricultural India the jungle, and on of his fields. lestion whether. tigers are not harmful. ions of the tiger ause it is so fearrowls invariable to its discredit. death list 2,649 easts; and while up against the olves (especially harged with e. The fact is leopard-which. about alike in er-are as much latter are over-

and pigs and panther attacks man, for the asions, becomes en it does it is thers are bolder and more geners; yet they inawe among the ve seen natives a dog, of which irly fond, when, a tiger, they

When Sprites and Pixies Reign Supreme Conducted by And Mortals of their Future Dream

Polly Evans

OUR BOYS and GIR.



Dear Boys and Girls:

A FTER the glorious surf boat riding, which you have already been
told about, Jacky and his auntle
sere next taken for a drive to the Pali.
This is straight across the Island of
Dahu, six miles from Honolulu, a long,
steady up grade through a beautiful
mountain valley, which suddenly ends
in a deep and dreadful precipice—the
Pali. "It was here," said our friends,



A Honolulu Bella

"about 100 years ago, that real Hawaiian history was first made. Kamehameha I, who was then only a rude though ambitious chief on another island, having determined to become master of the entire group of islands, came hither to crush the rebellious Oahuans, and drove their army, step by step, up this valley and finally overthis fatal precipice, where they all perished. After that the chief was acknowledged as master of all the islands and was crowned Kamehameha I. When we drive back through the city you will see his statue, showing him in one of his wonderful feather robes, in front of the State House."

Meanwhile we had approached within a rod or so of the Pali, and all of

a sudden the stiff breeze, of which we had for some time been conscious, became a sweeping, shricking wind! The horses cowered and were glad to hait or be tied to a fence post, while we elambered out of the carriage and, holding tight to our hats, made difficult progress against the wind up between two great rocks and out at last on the verge of the Pali. Ah, such a view as it was! At our feet the sheer declivity over which Kamehameha I drove his enemies—a place which Jacky regarded with solemn and respectful curiosity, and some hundred feet below a wide green plain, covered with sugar plantations, bounded on one side by a high range of mountains and disappearing on the other into the vast Pacifio!

We were facing nearly east.

"Do you realize, Jacky," asked his Auntie, "that those waters roll on and on and on twenty hundred miles before they touch San Francisco?"

Jacky drew a deep breath.

"Gee! and yet we are still in America!" he said.

That night we went to bed with the birds, for the next day was to be a short one as regarded sightseeing. Bright and early we rece, also, and first of all got all our necessaries for a week packed into two or three pieces of hand luggage, for a trunk would be in the way where we were soon to go.

Then we took a car for the park at Waillid, near the foot of Diamond Head—a very prominent mountain slope jutting into the sea a little way below Honolulu.

WHAT IS A "SQUID"?

Here we visited the South Sea Aquarlum. And oh! if you could only have been with us to see the various tropical fishes! Such odd shapes, such unheard-of beautiful colorings as words cannot describe nor pictures show, and such markings! It is said that some of the less beautiful varieties can also be seen in the Battery Park aquarium in New York.

New York.

After Jacky and his auntie had admired and exclaimed over all these gorgeous representations of the sea life surrounding the islands, then their

sorgeous representations of the sea life surrounding the islands, then their friends said:
"Now you must see the finest specimens of all—the squids!"
Do you boys and girls know what a squid is? Well, Polly Evans did not. Nor did Jacky. If their friends had said "cuttlefish," our suspicions might have been aroused, and they certainly would have been if "devil fish" had been mentioned.

been mentioned.

But "squids"! We thought they would prove to be the crowning glory of the aquarium, in colors, markings, size and

all.
You can imagine, then, what our feelings were when we came face to face with our squids! Ugh! Loathsome was no word for them, with their great, gruesome, slimy pouches, which seemed to take the place of noses; from behind which we could see tongues of yellow darting hither and thither, and their many wriggling, reaching, slipping, sliding, grasping, contortioning tentacles! "Sickening things!" muttered Polly Evans.

"Sickening things!" muttered Polly Evans.

"Beauts!" cried Jacky, who after the first shock of surprise became instantly fascinated by the horrible things. They even had an evil fascination for his auntie, who could scarcely take her eyes off them, even though they fairly turned her stomach.

It was a dreadful shock to Jacky, however to see with his own eyes that

M Hawaiian Family and Their House

hardly large enough to fill a gallon measure.

"Although in the very deepest seas," explained our friends, "there are said to be some rather large varieties."

But now we had to hasten aboard a car again and make straight for the wharf, where we were to take the good little steamer, the Mauna Kea, for the Island of Maul. (Pronounce every vowel: Ma—u—i.)

When we were safely on board we had a few minutes to observe our fellow-passengers and the people on the pier.

low-passengers and the people on the pler.

Here were native Hawaiians, with their rich brown complexions and rather handsome features; there were half-Chinese, half-Hawaiians; elsewhere were Japanese, then Portuguese, then Koreans, then negroes, then Norwegians and, very likely, we might have noted still other nationalities if we had had time to observe further; but our boat was putting off by this time, and the native and half-Hawaiian passengers were hastily tossing back to their friends the gaudy flower wreaths which their friends had just presented to them with their farewells.

JACKY GIVES UP

"What a queer thing to do," exclaimed Jacky, "to give folks back their presents that way!"

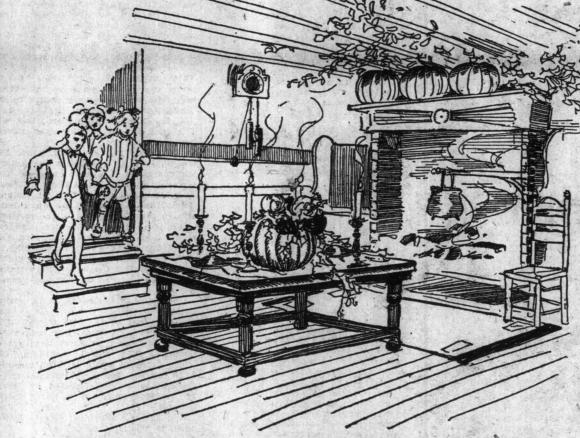
"Queer, indeed. But doubtless they think it equally queer in us to keep the farewell presents that our friends make us," said his auntie.

"Hm! Catch me giving back the basket of fruit Cousin Jim gave us when we sailed from San Francisco," muttered Jacky.

The next half hour we spent on the starboard side, viewing the shipping of Honolulu and the setting of mountains and valleys, with the "Punchbowl" in the foreground, as we passed. Next we skirted Diamond Head so close that we could see the path taken by those who climb to the top. Then our steamer pointed almost due south, and the first thing we knew we were fairly in the channel between Oahu and Molokai, our vessel rolling and pitching in the rough waters and the waves coming so high that they washed the decks.

Jacky says Polly Evans gave up first. She thinks he began to look pale around the gills first; at any rate, both Jacky and his auntie lost little time seeking their staterooms, and there they lay very quiet and humble for several hours. Finally, when the steamer came into the more peaceful waters between Molokai and Launai, they crept out on

deck to admire the view. And a gentleman whom they had met, and who was known as the "King of Maui," from his being owner and manager of enormously large sugar plantations, came up and talked with them, telling them interesting stories about the two islands.



A HALLOWEEN PART

THERE STOOD THE GREAT HALLOWEEN SUPPER TABLE

oTHER, we want to ask you a great, great favor. Won't you please say yes?" cried Evelyn Sanborn, bursting into her mother's room late one October afternoon. er's room late one October afternoon.

"Oh, mother, you must say yes; we are just crazy to do it. Aren't we, Ned and Bert?" sald Sally.

"You better believe we are!" replied Ned. "And, mother, can't I have Sam Bolton? Fraidcat Sally says he's too rough and plays too many jokes. You'll let me have him, won't you?"

"Tan't I stay up, too, Muvver? Evelyn says I'm too little, and the spooks 'd det me, but I'd shoot 'em wif my dun, I would," whimpered little Bert.

"My dear children, one at a time, please. Evelyn, suppose you tell me what is this great favor."

"It's a Halloween party, mother. We want the boys and girls to stay all night and we'll try lots of tricks and want the boys and girls to stay all night, and we'll try lots of tricks and charms, just as father used to do in Scotland when he was a little child; do let us have it, please."

"And, mother, can't we stay up till after midnight, just this once? It's horrid to have to go to bed before the elves and pixies really come out. It's no wonder none of our things ever come itrue," interrupted Sally.

CUTE INVITATIONS

"My dear, I am atraid the sandman would be jealous and shut your eyes up tight so you could not see his rivais, all the little people of make-believe land. However, you can have your party, as you wish it, if you promise to be sweet-tempered as lambs the next day."

The following days were exciting in the old colonial farm house where the Sanborns had lived for more than a hundred years. The children were busy from morning till night getting ready, and many were the consultations with father about his boyhood Halloween.

First, the cutest invitations, painted by Evelyn, were sent out—two red-gowned witches, each with her black cat, to hold up a great yellow pumpkin, on which was printed:

"Witches, gnomes and pixies bold

interesting stories about the two islands.

"Over on the windward (east) side of Molokal," said he, "is the small peninsula at the foot of a great cliff, where the leper colony lives."

"Oh, is that where Father Damien came to live?" asked Jacky.

"Yes, and other men and women who have given up their lives to make the lives of the unfortunate lepers a little happier—heroes of whom you have never heard, probably; but when you reach your Unoie Charlie's, in Maul, get him to tell you about some of them."

It was not long before we reached our second channel, between the two islands we had just passed and the next island, Maul. Here again, the steamer rolled and pitched and the waves splashed the deck, but Jacky and his auntie kept up through it all, while fully twowhich was printed:

"Witches, gnomes and pixies bold
On Halloween will revel hold
At Sanborn farm.
They bid ye mortals, girl or boy,
Who would their mystic rites enjoy,
With naught of harm,
To meet them just as midnight sounds
Its first alarm."

Then apples were polished rosy red.
Chestnus were gathered from the
woods, great ropes of acorns were
strung, the boys took a special trip to
town for candles, lemons, tiny mirrors
and blue yarn, while Evelyn and Sally
made a "dumb cake" of flour and water
containing a ring, thimble, coin and
button.

At lest Helloween arrived, and with it

button.
At last Halloween arrived, and with it the expected guests—nine in all—Mary and Rebecca Watson, Jack, Betty and Paul Harding, the Smith twins, Kathryn and George; Frank Brown and—yes, Sam Bolton.
"Hurry, boys and girls, with your un-

Who Can Throw Light On It?

A nickname, my first;
And a simpleton, too;
A seafaring man,
And I take of a shoe.

Exclamation my next,
Just as round as a ball;
My two last are of use
After darkness doth fall.

packing. Supper will be served early to allow plenty of time for games," said Mrs. Sanborn, when all had arrived. Hurry they did! Soon all were marching to supper to the weird music of Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," which Sally asked her mother to play, because it always made her feel so creepy and Halloweeny.

"Oh! oh! how lovely!" cried the children when the procession finally led down the steps into the old kitchen.

When mother said the Halloween party must be held in the kitchen the young Sanborns were quite disgusted; but now how glad they were! From the great oak rafters black with age hung ropes of vivid autumn leaves and jack-o'-lanterns in pumpkin, squash and cucumber; in the open fireplace huge logs crackled and fiamed, while in the centre of the room stood the Halloween supper table.

You never saw such a table!

centre of the room stood the Halloween supper table.
You never saw such a table! In the centre was an enormous scooped-out pumpkin filled with deep yellow chrysanthemums and boughs of red maple trailing down over the polished manogany boards; dozens of witch candles and droll lanterns shed the only light; at each plate was a jolly looking gnome in green, sitting on a big red apple, and at either end was a huge pumpkin ple, with strings of popoorn leading from it.

Those pies were the greatest fun. They looked so real that you can imagine the surprise when Evelyn said:
"Every one of you must pull a popcorn string. Wait till I count three. Now-one, two, three; pull!"
Then from that pie (which was made of bran) jumped the queerest, merriest elves, each bearing a rhymed fortune. What sport it was to read them, and how every one laughed when little Bert, drawing one that read.

"Little boy, little boy,
Vou'd hatter sa to bed."

drawing one that read,

"Little boy, little boy,
You'd better ge to bed;
Or the gob-e-lins will ketch you,
And beat you till you're dead,"
gave a yell of fear and scampered off to
his crib as fast as he could go! He
could not be coaxed down again till
Evelyn told me she had written the
verse just to tease him.

What fun that evening was!
Of course, every one bobbed for apples or tried to catch them in their
mouths as they dangled from a stick
with a lighted candle at the other end,
or threw the parings over the shoulder
or counted the seeds, chanting:

"One I love, two I love,

or counted the seeds, chanting:

"One I love, two I love,
Three I love, I say."

They watched nuts burn, tried to blow out lighted candles blindfolded, twined acorn ropes around a log to burn that they might rake the ashes, wound their balls of blue yarn out of the window and cut the "dumb cake."

Each girl, even "Scare-cat Sally," went alone into the garden with a handful of grain to scatter, repeating:
"Hemp seed I sow,

"Hemp seed I sow; Hemp seed I sow; Let him who would my true love be Come after me and mow."

Then, of course, the girls all walked backward down the cellar stairs, with a mirror and lighted candle in their hands. "Girls, I'm just scared to death," confessed Sally, when it came her turn; but she started off bravely.

Soon there was a wild yell, a crash of glass, and up the stairs flew Sally, trembling with fright. That naughty sam Bolton, dressed in Mr. Sanborn's high hat and brown bathrobe, had peeped into her mirron just as she reached the last step.

About half-past eleven Evelyn said: "Let's tell ghost stories. We'll turn ont all the lights and sit before the fire, then when 12 o'clock comes it will be ever so much more spooky."

"What fun!" cried Betty Harding. "But, Evelyn, it will be spookler yet if each of us has a saucer with sait soaked in alcohol in it, and then every one tell a story just as long as the alcohol burns."

Soon all were seated around the fireplace, the only light in the kitchen being the sickly blue flame from the burning saucer.

What thrilling ghost stories those were, each more bloodcurdling than the last!

"Rebecca, aren't you scared?" whispered Sally when the hands of the big clock pointed to 12. "I feel creepier than when I go to have a tooth pulled. Just suppose the pixies really came! Don't you wish they would?"

A MAKE-BELIEVE GHOST "They should come this Halloween, Sally, if they ever do, for there are thirteen of us. The clock is going to strike—Oh, Sally! what's that? Look!"

thirteen of us. The clock is going to strike—Oh, Sally! what's that? Look! look!"

Sally took one look at a tall, ghostly figure in white that moved slowly from a dim corner, then gave shriek after shriek, which were schoed by the other children, little Bert fairly howling with fear.

"Why, why, what's the matter?" called father, as he rushed into the dark room, alarmed at the outery.

"Fadder, fadder, tate me quick; my spook has tome to beat me dead!" howled Bert.

As Mr. Sanborn quickly lit the gas a white figure was geen trying to escape by the hall door.

"Sam Bolton," said Mr. Sanborn, sternly, "take off that sheet and mask instantly and show yourself the mean boy you are! It is only a coward who tries to frighten little children. There, there, Sally dear; don't tremble so. See, it is no one but Sam."

Then Mr. Sanborn made them all laugh by a jolly story, so that the scare was quite forgotten when mother announced bed-time.

"Sally," said Rebecca Watson, on the way upstairs, "those pixies never came at all."

"Of course not," replied Sally, "We yelled so loud we scared them off, Oh, dear, now we'll have to wait another whole year to know if there really are any."

Jack Morner's Pie. 0 6 R 0 6 6



OYS and girls who love Halloween and look forward to its coming all during October, do not realize, perhaps, how very ancient is this festal night, which is variously called All Halloween, Hollow Eve, Halloween, Hollow Eve, Halloweven, Halloween, Nuterack Night and Witches' Night. We know it as an occasion of gay parties, full of pranks, tests in magic and merry games, a night of mummers and masqueraders, but long ago, and, indeed, even until quite recently in some parts of England and Scotland, the people were afraid to venture out after sunset on October Si, for all that night witches were believed to walk abroad, and all kinds of spooky, creepy, supernatural things might happen, Nowadays we know better than that, Polly Evans is glad to say, but many of the charms and games which make the American Halloween so merry have descended to us from those old pagan times.

The 31st of October in every age and country has always been marked by strange observances. On that night the old Egyptians worshiped their dead with blazing torch and altar-fire, and far back before the Christian era the Celts and their priests, the Druids, kept it as a harvest festival. Just as the sun went down bonfires were lighted on every hill in England and Ireland so the dead might find the way to the other world.



After the people gave up heathenism and became Christians, this October festival was held the night before All Saints' Day and called "All Hallows Even," which, as you see, was easily shortened to Halloween. Even then the people were very superstitious, and believed that spirits, witches, elves and fairles roamed abroad that night, ready to give up secrets of the future if the right charms could be found. Most of the tricks you boys and girls will try. Tuesday night were tried hundreds of years ago by our ancestors in England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany. The only difference is, they really believed in them, and, of course Polly Frence. only difference is, they really believed in them, and, of course, Polly Evans' girls and boys do it all in fun.

What were some of those charms, you ask? Well, they were so many you would grow tired hearing about them all. The Scotch used to be particularly fond of charms; and are, even now. Perhaps they would try the cabbage or kale charm. Each girl went blindfold into the field and pulled up a growing cabbage. If much dirt clings, the husband will be wealthy; if the stem is straight, he will be good-looking, while if the heart is sweet, he will be good-tempered. Then the cabbage stalk is put over the doorway, and the first name of the future husband.



IRLS and boys had a nother favorite Scotch charm-that of the three dishes. These are filled—one with dirty water, on e with clean water and one empty. They are placed in a line on the hearth, and the boy or girl is blind-folded and told to dip their fingers into one dish. If they strike the clean water, it means they will marry a maid or a bachelor; if the dirty water, a widow or widower is their fate, while the empty plate means no marriage at all. Or these dishes contained—one a ring for marriage, one ashes for an early death, and a third water for the old maid or old bachelor.

Or the three pans of water can be put on the floor about a foot apart. Each one present took a turn at jumping to learn his fate. The long jumper who takes all three will be successful in life and marry early; if he jumps but two, it means a late marriage, while they who scale but one will surely be old maids or bachelors all their days. But just be so unfortunate as to jump into the pan—you will marry, but be in hot water ever after.

Then there was the yarn charm, when a girl wound her ball of blue yarn on Halloween, and holding one end in her hand, went out alone and threw the ball into an open window of an empty house, saying over and over "I wind, who holds?" fully expecting before the end was reached to see the face of her future husband. Or each girl can wind different colored yarns around each toe at night, as for example, a blue one for a doctor, purple for a minister, orange for an artist; the one that works off will show what is to be the business of her husband.

the sand man till the clock strikes m night, your wife or husband to be said to appear and turn the sleeve.

Hints for Halloween Party

FIRST the invitations must, of course, be appropriate. Tiny note paper, with fairies and hobgoblins on it. can be bought; but any girl or boy with a very little trouble can make nicer ones. You might write the invitations on silver paper half moons, on which you can sketch (or paste, if you cannot draw) owls, gypsy fortune-tellers or horseshoes. Or, take pieces of red cardboard about four inches square; then cut out of black paper funny little goblins, witches and fairies like this:



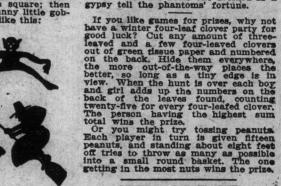
Arrange them on the red card as ar-tistically as possible, and print the in-vitations in black or gilt paint. If you can put it in rhyme, all the better.

The decorations should be of autumn leaves or bunches of wheat, jack-o'-lanterns, strings of popcorn, or pine cones tied from narrow strips of deep yellow cheeseoloth or bunting. The little gourds or squashes, deep yellow, striped green and ruddy brown, make cunning favors for each child's plate. Cut off the top and fill them with the old-fash-loned round, red peppermint drops. If you can find one of the very long gourds (sometimes they are a couple of feet long), they are very attractive scooped out and filled with trailing vines or autumn leaves.

For refreshments be sure to have stoky molasses taffy, popcorn balls, doughnuts and hot green pickles, if you have nothing else. The ices can be bought in witch moulds, but if that is too expensive, serve it in a huge scooped-out pumpkin set on a platter surrounded with a wreath of ivy or autumn leaves.

For the games, you can have any of the tricks which Polly Evans has told you elsewhere on this page. But if you prefer something different, why not have a phantom party? Tell all the boys and girls to come dressed in

sheets, with their heads covered with a pillow case hood and a white mask. This is great sport. One of the nicest Halloweens Polly Evans remembers of her girlhood was a phantom party at her grandmother's. You can all unmask at supper and have other games later. It is great sport to fix up a tent in a corner and have some one dressed as a gypsy tell the phantoms' fortune.



SHIPS OF FATE

SHIPS OF FATE

A FINE sport for Halloween is a sail for fortune. Too late in the year for a sail? Not a bit of it for the ship of fate, which will reveal to you your future. Better yet—you can set sail right in your own house, so there is no danger of any boy or girl getting homesick.

Take a good-sized tub, almost filled with clear water, and launch a fleet of three boats, one flying your own pennant and the other two carrying sealed orders, in the names of two boys, if a girl sails the fleet, or of two girls, if a boy is doing the launching.

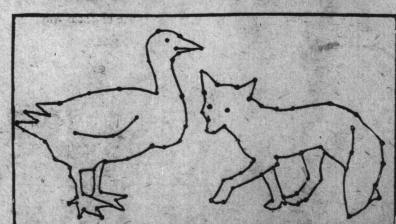
Fortunately, these vessels do not require four years in building. The only materials necessary are a knife, some big English walnut shells, melted wax, and little colored candles, such as are used on birthday cakes.

Scoop out three shells for each boy or girl present, put the melted wax in the bottom and in it stick a candle. One boat must carry a tiny flag from the rim with the name of the person salling it, while the other two contain folded slips of paper bearing the name of two admirers.

Then the candles are lit, and the three boats embark side by side in the water.

The name candle that burns longest is supposed to be the one you marry, but should the candle of the owner of the fleet burn out, then look out, for you stand a big chance of being an old mald or a bachelor.

ANSWER TO THE OUTLINE PICTURE





thirds of the other passengers—many of them natives, too—were direfully ill! "The King of Mau!" smiled approv-ingly. "The King of Maui" smiled approvingly.

"You are doing mighty well." said he,
"for these channels are a dozen times
worse than the English Channel, which
most people consider bad enough."

Next week Polly Evans will tell you
of Maui and the visit to Jacky's Uncle
Charlie.

TWO CANDLE CHARMS Easy Riddle-Me-Ree. DID you ever try to blow out a dozen candles at once? It is hard to do and funny to try, doubly so when the person trying is blindfolded.

Arrange twelve candles in a row—they can be slightly melted and stood on an old lacquered tray, or a better way is to put twelve nails point upward through a board, fastening a candle to each. In a house my first,
My second in a pail;
In a hall my third and fourth,
In dogs my fifth—no tail,
In weeds my sixth to eight,
My ninth is found in man.
My whole in this week is found.
Now guess it, all who can.

Then each person present is blind-folded in turn and told to blow out as-many as possible in three trials. Ac-cording to the number of candles left lighted will be the years before marlighted will be the years before marriage.

Another candle charm is to run two needles which have never been used into a candle at right angles, naming one for yourself and another for a boy (or girl, if you are a boy). If the candle burns past the spot where the needles cross, then good luck will follow your friendship, but if not—well, don't worry about it, for it is all in fun, after all.

Towering Mountains

Answers to Last Week's

A Mournful Ditty. Out for a row in the sunset glow, Jane and her beau in cance did go; While they drifted alow they whispered

That for them Love's dream would not prove a foe.

But where rippies show in the river's flow. It began to blow with a flurry of anow; There was no one in sight to take them in the control of the contr tow,
Or even a friendly rope to throw
But a great big crow as black as a sloe,
And sol and sol poor Jane and her beau
Lie under the sod where the daisies grow Mental Nuts to Crack.

1. \$46; had \$30.50 at first, \$126.50 at last. 1. The dressmaker was a man. Two Charades.

Fire-ship. Flagrant (Flay Grant.) Defective Proverb. A burnt child dreads the fire.

Short, But to the Point. E LIZABETH R when a small girl, was a child of many and lengthy prayers. Each night she prayed and prayed for everything under the

"Sama marky, arreaday kombark false
Trightles did konvant,
The bark treat rise, and "kon treat atkons,
And haus treat ranksweek."
Here are four lines from a noted poem on
Halloween. What is it, and who wrote it?
Fill in correctly every other letter in each
word and find out.

Puzzles and Problems

sun.
One evening as she and her small brother, Tom, were getting ready for bed, Elizabeth said out loud her usual long petition. The little boy listened much impressed, until she had finished, when he knelt down and prayed: "Oh, God—give me things, too."

All-Halloween Pi.