



THERE is no day too poor to bring us an opportunity, and we are never so rich that we can afford to spurn what the day brings.—S. J. Burrows.

A Hallow'en Entertainment

By MARION DALLAS



Marion Dallas

ALL formality is dispensed with, and the quarter and more mysterious decorations and refreshments, the greater the charm. One afternoon last October the posty brought me the daintiest little box. At first I thought it was wedding cake, but upon opening it I discovered a walnut, and inside the nut I found an invitation to a Hallow'en party.

When we arrived at the house we were received by figures wrapped in white, who silently motioned to us to come in. After taking off our wraps we were ushered into a dimly-lighted fairyland, a fairyland evolved from corn, pumpkins, candles, with red shades, mirrors and apples. There were mirrors everywhere, all reflecting and multiplying countless candles that burned in candlesticks of every description. In two or three dishes alcohol was being drained. This gave a weird light that blended with the red light of the candles. Above the top of the doorways were hung festoons of yellow corn. The windows were treated in the same manner. The hall was draped with fish nets, and through the meshes were thrust many ears of corn. Here and there Jack O' Lanterns smiled amid the great ears of corn, and in one door there hung a portiere of apples strung on strings of varying lengths. The guest stooped or reached for the apples nearest their height. A horse shoe hung in the midst through which each guest tried to throw their tiny apples. Those who succeeded were assured of phenomenal luck.

Ways of discerning the future, old and new, were tried. The old-fashioned tub of apples was even resorted to. Apples of different colors were shot at with tiny arrows. To pierce a red one indicated health, good luck was in the green, while the yellow promised money.

We melted lead and dropped it in the water and found our fortune in the shapes the lead assumed.

Before the guests arrived the hostess had put nuts all over the room in every nook and corner. She had also concealed a thimble, a ring, and a penny. At a given signal the search began, the person who found the most of the nuts was declared the "lucky" one, the finding of the ring signified a speedy marriage, the thimble single blessedness, and the penny wealth. To rest the guests, our hostess produced the following nut contest:

What nut grows nearest the sea?—Beachnut.

What nut grows the lowest?—Groundnut.

What nut is the color of a girl's eyes?—Hazelnut.

What nut is a good for naughty boys?—Hickory.

What nut is like the oft-told tale?—Chestnut.

What nut grows on the Amazon?—Brazilnut.

What nut is like a naughty boy when his sister has a beau?—Pecan.

What nut is like a Chinaman's eyes?—Almond.

What nut is the favorite nut of a mason?—Walnut.

What nut is like a good Jersey cow?—Butternut.

What nut does the farmer take to town?—Waggonnut.

To find our partners for supper, we were given a nut tied with ribbon.

In this we found half a quotation, the other half being in the shell of the nut.

Many of the quotations were from Burns.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE CANDLE

Divining the future by the light was the next game. Each guest was presented with a card and a candle—the candles in as many different colors as possible. On the cards were complements written foretelling future events, such as:

He who takes the candle blue,

Will find his sweetheart ever true.

Who gets the candle colored red,

Will have long life, but never wed.

Will have long life, but never wed.

If you choose the candle green,

You will have the prettiest wife e'er seen.

The pink, the sweetest of them all,

Will wed a fellow six feet tall.

We then took the candle, warmed the base, and stuck it on to the card, then held it at arm's length and blew three times. If it blew out the first trial the person would be married in a year, upon the second trial within two years, and so on. This game afforded great merriment.

Refreshments were served from the dining table, which was draped in green crepe paper. Pumpkins of various sizes were piled in the centre of the table. These had been scooped out, lined with waxed paper, and filled with good things. The menu

consisted of scones, bannocks, and other such dainties, eaten to the accompaniment of the bagpipes. The light came from shaded candles.

After the table was cleared of all save the decorations, a large dish filled with burning alcohol and salt was brought in and stood in the centre. Seated around the weird fire each guest had to tell a ghost story. Happily no one had to go home alone. When the hour of our departure arrived, a large pumpkin was set to drop mysteriously on to the table, and from it each guest received an amusing souvenir. All formed a ring and joined in singing "Should acquaintance be forgot?"

The cost of this party was small, involving a little advance preparation, but the amusement of the guests amply repaid the hostess, for all those present declared it was the very best "old-fashioned Hallow'en" they had ever spent.

The Spirit of Progress

(Continued from last week)

"Shove back the lever and put your foot hard on the brake," said the young fellow, reaching in front of Uncle Josh and dragging the lever back in time to halt the machine in front of the store.

Uncle Josh was greeted by a chorus of comments as the group on the step surrounded the machine.

Uncle Josh beamed. The glow of youthful excitement shone in his eyes, and he displayed his purchase with the enthusiasm of boyhood.

"Now, young feller," he said suddenly, turning to his companion, "you jest climb down an' wait here while I'll take a spin around the block. Then I'll come back and pick ye up."

The young fellow demurred but Uncle Josh, grew impatient, and he was obliged to do as he was told.

"Don't go too fast," he warned. "Don't throw that throttle all the way open."

Uncle Josh climbed back into the machine with glowing cheeks. He shoved the throttle over carefully, put his foot on the first lever, and started off with something of a jerk, but creditably. Then he raised his foot very carefully and threw the high gear gently forward. The machine moved smoothly and quickly ahead.

"Hoo-ray for Uncle Josh!" called someone from the door stoop.

"Hoo-ray for the Spirit o' progress!" returned Uncle Josh, as he glided out of sight.

The group in front of the store waited expectantly. Presently the throbs of the engine and the honking of Uncle Josh's horn reached their ears, and they stepped out to the edge of the road.

Uncle Josh was coming along the level stretch at almost full speed. He was guiding the machine steadily and surely, but as he neared the store there was no decrease in speed, and he swept past them as if they

were not there. They gazed after him in surprise, and waited.

In a short time he reappeared, going at the same pace, but again he passed them by, and the young fellow, anxiously scanning Uncle Josh's face, thought that he detected a weird expression underneath the smiling joy which before had been supreme.

Uncle Josh, however, out of sight again and soon reappeared, still going at the same pace.

"Why don't ye stop an' be sociable?" called out one of the men as he passed this time.

"Don't want ter," returned Uncle Josh, with spirit.

A fourth time he passed the store, and now lines of anxiety were beginning to settle around his mouth, although his chin was still square and determined.

"Throw your lever back, and put your foot on the brake if you want to stop!" called out the young man suggestively, but the noise of the engine drowned his voice, and Uncle Josh rolled on.

By the time he reached the store the fifth time, he had come to a decision.

"Guess, I'll go on home," he yelled; "Tain't far to walk, young feller. I'll meet you there."

The young fellow set out on a run, and the group around him laughed, and then looked serious.

"Uncle Josh'll never give in," remarked one. "How long d'ye s'pose he'll keep that up?"

"I'll think the gasoline gives out, 'less he c'n think how to stop before, 'n the prompt reply of another.

When Uncle Josh came in sight of home, Aunt Mary stood in the door, way shading her eyes as he rolled down the road toward the village.

Uncle Josh forced a gay smile to his lips and called out as he passed:

"Say, Mary, I'm goin' over to Butternut now. Tell the young feller to wait fer me here."

Aunt Mary gazed after him in consternation.

"Wal, of all the born jits!" she said in a beat-out tone. "What's he done with the young feller? Spilled him out an' broke all his bones, an' left him there?"

In a few moments his young fellow appeared, mopping his face and breathing hard.

"Where's Mr. Simkins?" he asked, as he caught sight of Aunt Mary.

"Did he come home?"

"Come home?" snorted Aunt Mary contemptuously. "He went flyin' 'f he's the old boy he was after him. What'd ye sell him that thing fer, anyhow? He'll smash it up an' himself, too, before you c'n git yer money."

"Needn't expect me, now, whell ya pay? Ye needn't expect me, now, whell ya pay?"

The young fellow climbed up on the fence and settled himself to wait.

In half an hour a cloud of dust appeared in the direction of the village, and the young man ran out to the edge of the road. Uncle Josh was a trifle pale and tired looking now, but he still smiled bravely and grasped the wheel firmly.

"Throw—back the lever—and—put your—foot—on—the—brake!" yelled the young fellow as Uncle Josh whizzed past him.

Another half-hour, and again the whizzing clouds of dust.

"Turn off the switch! Shut off your gasoline!" yelled the young fellow in desperation, but the dust cloud passed, and he vanished from sight.

Another half-hour, and he was again the rising dust, but this time the speed was somewhat diminished and Uncle Josh seemed to be steering for the gate. He swept smoothly in, and the machine came to a stop.

Uncle Josh jumped down from his seat and grinned triumphantly, although the wheel came to a stop.

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