

The Inglenook.

Hallowe'en Fun.

By ALICE CHITTENDEN.

"We'll show them," said Polly, "what Hallowe'en is like in a Western university town. Really, you know, Auntie Beth, with one exception," and here Polly gave me an affectionate squeeze, "you New Yorkers and Boston folk do treat us of the Pacific slope as if we were a cross between children and barbarians, to be humored or apologized for, and we might as well have the name as the game."

I was not "in it" except as a guest, so I can only tell of the results and not of the details of preparation. The invitation came in due time and proved a nut to crack. On a narrow strip of paper tightly rolled and laid within the empty shell, which had been lightly glued together, was written "There is no armor against fate. Come and learn yours on Hallowe'en at eight, 1523 Hawthorne Terrace." This nut was laid in the center of two squares of tissue paper, one of green and the other of a dead leaf color, tied about with a green ribbon, to which was attached a small card bearing my name. The corners of the paper were folded back, and on each corner a witch, a goblin or a broomstick was painted in black. I will mention here that the gentleman whose card carried a ribbon of the same shade as mine was my partner for the evening.

Hawthorne Terrace is situated on one of the lovely hill slopes overlooking the Golden Gate, and is reached by an ascent so steep that one almost requires an alpenstock. An unearthly array of red and green, yellow and blue lights, ornamented the broad verandahs and balconies, which proved to come from pumpkin and crooked necked squash Jack o' Lanterns, in whose leering, grinning, malicious countenances I recognized Polly's artist hand. Every electric light throughout the house, verandahs and grounds was covered with Japanese paper lanterns representing serpents, dragons or Mephistophelean faces. Over some of the pumpkin faces colored paper had been stretched, enhancing the ghostly and goblin effect. Witches three met us at the top of the generous flight of steps by which we had ascended from the street to the grounds, and escorted up to a corner of the piazza, where another witch was stirring a cauldron slung over a fire between three poles. No one stopped to discover that the fire was simulated by strips of red and yellow tissue paper with a lantern set behind them. The witch dipped a glassful of this elixir of life and gave each to drink, saying: "'Tis now the summer of your youth, drink and stay forever young," or "Wouldst live forever? Try my mead."

Our attendants ushered us first into the dressing rooms, and afterward into the great hall or living room, whose dusky corners were dimly lighted by Jack o' Lanterns and the embers glowing on the hearth of the wide fireplace.

When all were assembled the sport began. On the hearth lay a number of long-handled iron spoons containing lead to be melted and poured into shallow basins of water. Pretty Jean Berri, a last year's graduate, after three trials could produce no other symbol than an inkstand and a pen. Now this lead was supposed to tell the occupation of your future husband, but as Jean

was addicted to scribbling herself it was predicted that she would marry her art. That was almost a year ago, and I have just received her wedding cards. She is to marry a rising young lawyer.

Aristocratic Guadalupe Perez, a charming young Spanish girl from Manila, grew quite desperate over the coach, horse and whip which her lead assumed twice out of three times. The idea of the proud young beauty marrying a coachman was absurd. I met her at Monterey last year the bride of a proud young English lord, who drove his own drag in a masterly manner. Flossie: Henry's lead coagulated in the form of a huge, elongated ball, which deepened the pink in Flossie's cheeks, for it was well known that she was engaged to the captain of the football team. Belle Lawrence could make hers fashion only a block of houses, and we whispered "Real Estate," but she is engaged to a young architect.

Two of the witches now brought in a bowl of flour and a pie board, in the center of which they shaped the flour like a cake, slipping in a gold ring. This the gentlemen were allowed to cut just once, as if cutting a piece of cake; the one whose knife struck the ring was to have his hands tied behind him and try to get the ring with his lips. I saw that Polly had her wicked eyes on the very fastidious Boston youth. Tom Meredith (Polly was one of the witches), and I am quite sure it was by her incantations that he managed to hit the ring, nor would she by any means let him off from the rest of contract. Again and again the discomfited youth dived for it and finally bore it out in triumph, but with a whiter mustache than it will ever be again if he lives to be ninety. It can scarcely be that Mr. Meredith considered Polly either a child or a barbarian, since she is now wearing his ring.

Then there were apples for the young ladies to eat, standing meanwhile in front of a mirror and looking steadily therein to see the faces of the men they were to marry. The mirrors were only hand mirrors, the room, as I have said, large and dark and full of shadows, and no one saw that Polly was behind a screen working a small magic lantern and throwing masculine faces on the wall directly beside the one who was thus peering into futurity.

We were all now asked to come out of doors. The night had grown very dark with one of California's fogs. At a little distance was a summer house, and at one side a bonfire made the darkness more intense. It was explained that whoever would take a ball of cord, stand in the summer house, and keeping one end of the cord in the hand, throw the ball beyond the fire and begin to rewind it slowly, repeating: "Slowly I wind, I wind, my true love to find," peering the while into the darkness, would see between them and the fire their future husband or wife, or some scene in their future life. "If they have an inch of imagination they will," whispered Polly, mischievously to me.

Alice Mason, a lovely Virginia girl, who was half a witch anyway, so full of superstition was she, begged to be allowed to try her fate first, and as she stood winding the cord she suddenly threw up her arms with a shriek and fainted. She said afterwards that she saw a railway train rushing at a

frightful speed toward an open bridge.

It was quite evident that some of our Eastern friends did not care to try this charm but Tom Meredith insisted on doing so, and almost silenced even saucy Polly by declaring that he could see nothing but his hostess, which, in the light of future events, was probably true.

We now adjourned to the house for a bountiful and appropriate supper, in which nuts and apples figured in various delectable forms, such as nut salad, jelly served in apples and nut cakes of many kinds; the ices were apples or nuts, and a great bowl of "wassail" was served with the latter.

It was nearing midnight, and we had gathered about the great fire-place to tell stories when Polly said, "Did you ever try 'Dumb Supper'?" Of course, we all wanted to know what it was. "I have it," said Polly, who was always a delightful and vivacious raconteur, "on the word of a friend whose veracity I should never dream of doubting. He told us that he was spending Hallowe'en at a friend's house, and fifteen minutes before twelve his friend asked him to partake of a 'Dumb Supper' with him. So they made ready a cake adding alternate handfuls of flour, measures of water and portions of salt until the cake assumed sufficient magnitude to feed the powers of the air, which are generally considered light feeders anyway. All this was done without a spoken or whispered word; the table was laid—that is, covers were placed for two—and at one minute of twelve they sat down still maintaining the complete silence with which all their preparations had been made for their spiritual guests. It was an oppressively silent night; the great hall clock had run down, a thing that had never before been known to happen, and not even its ticking disturbed the awful stillness.

"All at once the town clock struck twelve and a most frightful din began. Bugs and bees had their first innings; it seemed as if the whole insect world were let loose; then birds and the animal world joined in; cocks crowed; horses neighed; cows lowed; sheep bleated; dogs barked and pigs grunted; now nature arose and the din became frightful; winds blew, they howled and whistled and wailed; shutters and clapboards banged and windows and doors rattled. Ushered in by this grand orchestra, a phantom female sat down beside the gentleman who told me the story."

"Wha-wha-what happened?" gasped Alice Mason.

"The gentleman was married," said Polly.

"Let's dance," said Jean Berri; the witches' costumes were thrown aside, lights were turned up and youthful feet were soon tripping in the merry old Virginia reel, while far away across the bay the lights from San Francisco's many hills glimmered, the fog had lifted, a slender crescent moon hung over the Eastern friends on their way home such a vision of beauty as they will not soon forget.—Table Talk.

The Presents.

Theodore was going to town, to the dentist's, and Dorothy cried at the breakfast table because she could not go. But Aunt Alice whispered, for a secret, that she was going into town herself the next morning, and would take her. And Theodore told her that he would bring her something that afternoon. So Dorothy stopped crying.

As soon as Theodore had started, Dorothy began to wonder what he would bring home to her.

There were twenty-three beautiful new haystacks in the back lot. Dorothy went