r Boys and Girls:
FTER the glorious surf boat riding, which you have already been
told about, Jacky and his auntre
e next taken for a drive to the Pall. were next taken for a drive to the Pail. This is straight across the Island of Oahu, 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 Belle

"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 over this 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." of the State House."

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

which his story books had described as huge, man-fighting creatures were 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.)

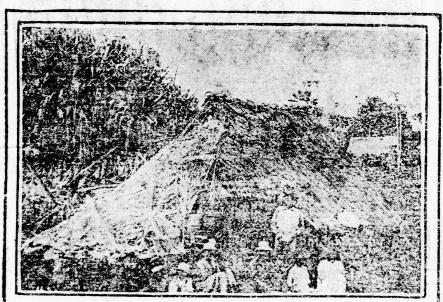
When we were safely on board we had a few minutes to observe our fellow-passengers and the people on the pier.
Here were native Hawaiians, with Here were native Hawaiians, with their rich brown complexions and rather handsome features; there were half-Chinese, half-Hawaiians; elsewhere were Japanese, 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. 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 keen 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 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 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. 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



A Hawaiian Family and Their House

had for some time been conscious, became a sweeping, shrieking wind! The horses cowered and were glad to halt or be tied to a fence post, while we clambered 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 Ab such vierses. 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 plantagreen plain, covered with sugar planta-tions, bounded on one side by a high range of mountains and disappearing on the other into the vast Pacific! We were facing nearly east.

"Do you realize, Jacky," asked h's
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 Amer-

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 rese, 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 Wallild, near the feet of Diamend 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 Aquarium. 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 after Jacky and his auntie had admired and exclaimed over all these gorgeous representations of the sea life surrounding the islands, then their Now you must see the finest specimens of all—the squids!"

Jo 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.

3ut "squids"! We thought they would prove to be the crowning glory of the aquarium, in colors, markings, size and ou can imagine, then, what our feelings were when we came face to face with our squids! Ugh! Loath-some 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, elipping, sliding, grasping, contortion-

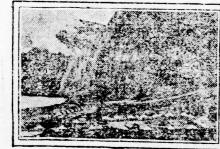
ing tentacles! Siekening things!" muttered Polly "Beauts!" cried Jacky, who after the first shock of surprise became instantly fascinated by the horrible things. They even had an evil fascination for his auntie, who could scarcely take her eyes off them, even though they fairly turned her stomach.

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

a sudden the stiff breeze, of which we 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. "Over on the windward (east) side of

Molokai," said he, "is the small penin-sula 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 "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 Unc.e Charile'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 twokept up through it all, while fully two-



Towering Mountains

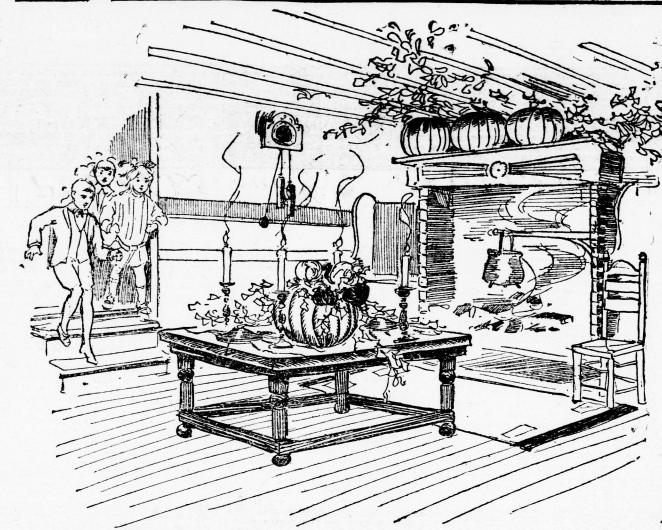
thirds of the other passengers—many of them natives, too-were direfully ill! "The King of Maui" smiled approvingly.
"You are doing mighty well," said he,
"for these channels are a dozen times
worse than the English Channel, which most people consider bad enough."

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

TWO CANDLE CHARMS

D ID 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 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 marriage.

HALLOWEEN BOUSE- PART



THERE STOOD THE GREAT HALLOWEEN SUPPER TABLE

66 OTHER, we want to ask you IVI a great, great favor. Won't you please say yes?" cried Evelvn Sanborn, bursting into her mother'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?" said Saily. You better believe we are!" replied d. "And, mother, can't I have Sam iton? 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, Muyver? Evelyn says I'm too little, and the spooks 'd det me, but I'd shoot 'em wif my dun, 1 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 Helloween party, mother. We hat 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 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 hor-rid to have to go to bed before the elves and pixies really come out. It's no wonder none of our things ever come true," interrupted Sally.

CUTE INVITATIONS

"My dear, I am afraid the sandman would be jealous and shut your eyes up tight so you could not see his rivals, all the little people of make-believe land. the little people of make-geneve that 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 lambs form house where the San-The following days were excluded in the old colonial farm house where the Sanborns had lived for more than a nundred 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 First, the cutest invitations, painted by Evelyn, were sent out—two red-gown-ed witches, each with her black cat. to hold up a great yellow pumpkin, on which was printed:

which was printed:

"Witches, gnomes and pixies bold
On Halloween will revei 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. Then apples were polished rosy red. Chestnuts 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 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—

Went alone into the carden with a ful of grain to scatter, repeating:

"Hemp seed I sow.

Hemp seed I sow;

"Hurry, boys and girls, with your un-

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 march-ng to supper to the weird music of Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," which ing to supper to the weird music of Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre," which Saily 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 flamed, while in the centre of the room stood the Hallowcen 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 mahogany boards; dozens of witch candles and droll lanterns shed the only light; at each plate was a jolly looking light; at each plate was a jolly looking gnome in green, sitting on a big red apple, and at either end was a huge pumblin ple, with strings of popooin 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 popoern string. Wait till I count three. Now-one, two, three; pull! 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,
You'd better go 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 eardie at the other end, or threw the parings over the shoulder or counted the sceds, 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."

"ach girl, even "Scare-cat Sally," went alone into the garden with a handful of crait to control representation."

Hemp seed I sow; Hemp seed I sow; 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 mirror just as she reached the last step.

About half-past eleven Evelyn said: "Let's tell chost stories. We'll turn out." Let's tell ghost stories. We'll turn out 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 spookier yet if each of us has a saucer with salt soaked in alcohol in it and the work. 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 were, each more bloodcurding 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! 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 echoed by the other children, little Bert fairly howling with fear. 'Why, why, what's the matter?" call-"Why, why, what's the matter: can-ed 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 seen 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 there, Sally dear: don't tremble so. See, it is no one but Sam."

Them 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 y upstairs, "those pixies never came 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



OYS and girls who love Halloween a n d 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, Halloween, Halloween, Nutcrack 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 31, 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. times.

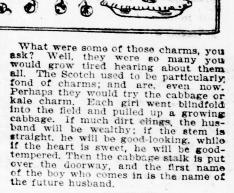
The Sist of October in every age and country has always been marked by strange observances. On that night the old Egyptians worshiped their dead with blazing torch and altar-fire, and far back before the Christian era the Celts and their priests the Druids kept it as and their priests, the Druids, kept 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.



tival was called Beltaine from Bel, their god of light, and tin, or tein, fire. We first hear of it from the writings of an archbishop back in 908 A. D. He tells us how fires were lighted in every household—often two of them close together—between which people and stogither belting to the stogither of the stogither of the stogether of the stogither of the stogi

which people and attle would pass to give health and cure diseases. Even to-day rich German landowners throw open their woods to the poor people, that they may gather material to kindle their beloved Halloween bonfire. 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 superstitions and

people were very superstitious, and be-lieved that spirits, witches, elves and fairies 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 Evans' girls and boys do it all in fun.





another favorite Scotch charm— that of the three that of the three dishes. These are filled—one with dirty, water, one with clean water and one empty. They are placed in a line on the hearth, and the boy or girl is blindfolded and told to dip their fingers. 888

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 jumpe 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 jumpint the pan—you will marry, but be in hot water ever after. 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, saving 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 yarns around each too 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

There are ever so many more charms for Halloween, but Pohy Evans will have to keep some of them for next year. Many are very familiar, such as burning nuts and popcorn, all the different apple tricks, the test of the future with candles and mirrors, carrying two lemons in the pocket all day to rub on the bedpest, or, wetting a shirt-sleeve, to hang it in front of the fire to dry; then if you can scare off the sand man till the clock strikes midnight, your wife or husband to be is night, your wife or husband to be is said to appear and turn the sleeve.

Hints for Halloween Party

FIRST the invitations must, of course, be appropriate. Time 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 gypray fortune-tellers or draw) owls, gypsy fortune-tellers or horseshees. Or, take pieces of red card-board about four inches square; then cut out of black paper funny little goblins, witches and fairies like this:



her girlheed 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. If you like games for prizes, why not

sheets, with their heads covered with a

piflow case hood and a white mask.

This is great sport. One of the nicest Halloweens Polly Evans remembers of

have a winter four-leaf clover party for good luck? Cut any amount of three-leaved and a few four-leaved clovers leaved and a few four-leaved clovers out of green tissue paper and numbered on the back. Hide them everywhere, the more out-of-the-way places the better, so long as a tiny edge is in view. When the hunt is over each boy and girl adds up the numbers on the back of the leaves found, counting twenty-five for every four-leafed clover. The person having the highest sum total wins the prize.

Or you might try tossing peanuts. Each player in turn is given fifteen peanuts, and standing about eight feet off tries to throw as many as possible into a small round basket. The one getting in the most nuts wins the prize.

SHIPS OF FATE

tistically as possible, and print the invitations 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 cheesecloth or bunting. The little tied from narrow strips of deep yellow cheesecloth 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 fact (sometimes they are a couple of feet ong), they are very attractive scooped out and filled with trailing vines or autumn leaves.

Arrange them on the red card as ar-

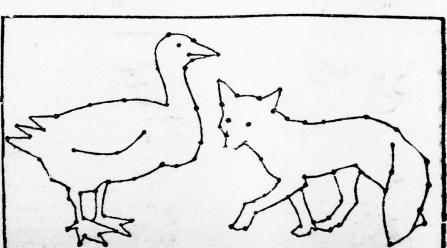
For refreshments be sure to have sticky molasses taffy, popcorn balls, doughnuts and hot green pickles, if you have nothing else. The ices can be bought in witch moulds, but if that is too expensive, serve it in a huge scooped-out pumpkin set on a platter surrounded with a wreath of ivy or autumn

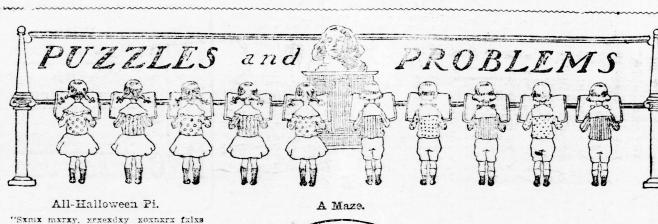
A FINE sport for Halloween is a sail for fortune. Too late in the year for a sail? Not a bit of it for the ship of fate, which will reveal you your future. Better yet—you can sail right in your own house, so Better yet-you can there is no danger of any boy or girl Take a good-sized tub, almost filled 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 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 sailing it, while the other two contain folded slips of range hearing the range of the person sailing. slips of paper bearing the name of two

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

ANSWER TO THE OUTLINE PICTURE





"Sxmx mxrxy, xrxexdxy xoxnxrx fxlxs Txgxtxex dxd xoxvxnx, Tx bxrx txexr xixs, xn' xox txexr xtxcxs, Ax' hxux txexr xixi, xir xxx txexr xxxx,
Ax' hxux txexr xaxlxwxex."

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.

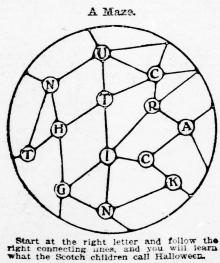
Easy Riddle-Me-Ree.

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 night is feared in weeth. ninth is found in man, whole in this week is found.

Who Can Throw Light On It? A nickname, my first; And a simpleton, too;

> Exclamation my next,
> Just as round as a ball;
> My two last are of use
> After darkness doth fall. In the fore part of lance
> My third also is found,
> While my last is a hird

While my last is a bird Of sea, river or sound. Made of pumpkin or squash,



Short, But to the Point. LIZABETH R-, when a small girl, was a child of many and lengthy prayers. Each night she prayed and prayed for everything under the One evening as she and her small one evening as she and her sman 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."