

CELEBRATING HALLOWEEN



THIRTY-ONE children to be entertained—a guest for each of October's golden days—and Halloween to be celebrated! There are easier things to do. Such "stunts" as mirror-gazing at the silver hour of midnight, as following a thread through a dark cellar, or pulling kalestocks; none of them could be called child's play. Something had to be planned that was different, something entertaining and "Halloweeny."

The invitations, which were sent out a week in advance, read: as follows: "Won't you come to my Halloween party, from six to nine, October 31? Please wear play clothes."

"SYLVIA HALL."

In the corner of each card was a tiny water-color sketch—a witch riding a broom, a blinking owl, or a broad winged bat.

Every response was an acceptance, and straightway preparations for the party began. From a farm house, we drove home one day with a load of cornstalks, pumpkins, and carrots. Everybody in the house who could use a jack-knife was pressed into service. Big pumpkins and little ones were transformed into lanterns, with faces upon which black or white patterns had sketched queer eyebrows or fierce mustaches. They were distributed about the house; tucked among russet oak leaves and green pine boughs on each mantel, set in lantern fashion on a newel post in the hall, or hung here and there from overhead grilles. Cornstalks were stacked before a fireplace at a safe distance from the fire, and the house was lit dimly by pumpkin-heads or candles set in hollowed carrots.



The dining table was set with a group of carrot candlesticks and how-fully of apples, nuts, grapes and candy. Upon a fat pumpkin was perched a Halloween witch, holding a handful of raffa, which came from the mouth of a grab-bag. In her black gown, peaked hat, and flying red cloak, with a veritable broomstick in her hand, she was the star of indoors. On the lawn, ready to offer a welcome to every guest who arrived, was a greater star, a life-size witch, with a pair of twinkling red eyes which could be seen two blocks distant. Her framework was a rough wooden cross with one end bent to a sharp stake which was driven into the ground. Pumpkins were tied about her limbs like foam for shapeliness, while her garb was a nightgown. The pumpkin head was of noble proportions, the hair was a bunch of black raffa, and on her head perched a torrid hat with a peak nearly a yard high, wide brim, and a crisp scarf of orange colored paper tied in a magnificent bow at one side. The head was nailed securely to the framework, and inside the candles, flared

ing blindman's buff began to shriek with laughter which grew to genuine hilarity when the sixteenth girl chased the sixteenth boy into a corner. There was a hungry rush for the dining-room and parlor, where eight small tables were set, four children being seated at each. The supper was one, consisting of tongue and chicken sandwiches, with stuffed potatoes, baked apples with whipped cream, gingerbread men, chocolate nuts and grapes.

When the evening's fun began, a jolly young aunt was appointed referee and recorder in the various games. The first part of the program was held in the kitchen which tables were being cleared and dishes carried to the butter's pantry. There was, of course, a tub filled with lukewarm water (it was too chilly a night for a cold plunge), and in it floated a score of rosy apples. Bobbing for



Bobbing for Apples!

them was no end of fun, and the first youngster clever enough to bring one up in his or her teeth was given the first place on the list of honor.

An apple tied to a string was swinging in a doorway—it got bitten at last—then 15 minutes were spent over what the small hostess called "candle heads." It excited curiosity enough when there was handed about a pistol of walnut shell halves. Each one was numbered on the bottom with India ink, then into it had been poured a spoonful of paraffin. In the center stood a bit of oiled cotton string



end of the room, with boys on one side of it and girls on the other. It was played almost like a tennis game, a girl blowing a bubble to her partner, who wanted it back. The contest went down the line, and the children who kept a bubble floating for two minutes won. At least 32 names were down on the referee's list and everybody gathered about the grab bag in front of the witch-doll, who yielded up her reins of raffa. Each boy and girl, according to his or her piece upon the list, pulled at a black or an orange colored strand of raffa. One jerk brought out a bundle wrapped in tissue paper—and such queer things were unwrapped, velvet cats and china elephants, feathered romances or tiny dolls old women who nodded their heads, and old men who winked their eyes, long tailed mice, or fat little owls, and Japanese novelties without end.

What a stampede there was down cellar when the jolly aunt appeared with a corn-popper, the pans and a package of popcorn. Upstairs they came again presently with half a bushel of hot snowy white kernels. Then with bowls of popcorn and peanuts they made a circle about the jolly aunt, who announced that the last half hour was to be devoted to something for "wicked and mischievous."

She set before a low table chanting softly, while into a saucer she tossed a tablespoonful of salt and poured alcohol upon it from a silver sagon. When she touched it with a match it blazed up in a blue unnecessary flame. Then she began in a slow, deep voice:

"Little Orphan Annie's come to our house to stay!"

She had scarcely reached the last verse when the candle lamp flared strangely and went out. The reader lit it again, with her salt and alcohol, and recited:

"All around the house in the jet black night,
It stars through the window pane,
But the light went out as she whispered slowly:
"All the wicked shadows coming,
tramp, tramp, tramp!"

There followed Eugene Field's ghostly "Scold's Bitch," with its "scary" refrain. But the real ending of the last stanza, the lights suddenly blazed up, real electric lights instead of tallow dips in carrot candlesticks, and the clock struck nine. There was a scurry upstairs for warm caps and coats.

"Good nights" were said, not only to the little lady, hostess, her tall mother, and the jolly aunt, but to the witch lady on the lawn, whose round eyes were still staring.

It had been a very jolly Halloween; even the witch lady seemed to acknowledge at the next morning when her head was carried down cellar and her queer wooden legs bumped its way up the attic stairs.

boys chose partners and were vamped in two lines from the dining room to the parlor. At the end of each line was a table; one held a big basket of peanuts, beside the other stood the umpire, with her pencil and paper. On it was a wooden bowl and two plates. When the umpire called a girl's name she and her partner walked down the center to the farther table. Covering the back of their hands with all the peanuts they could hold, they carried them to the other table, where they were counted. It sounds like an easy task, but the winner had only seven or eight peanuts to his credit. When the children began to giggle, when hands grew shaky, or a wally's cheeked into a run, the peanuts were tumbling everywhere to the delight of the on-lookers.

There was a game of bean bags, then a spirited soap bubble contest. For this partners were drawn again and a ribbon stretched from end to



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EVER TAKE A MUSIC BATH?

They Are as Good for the Soul, Holmes Says, as Water for the Body.

One must be educated, no doubt, to understand the more complex and difficult kinds of musical composition. Go to the concerts where you know that the music is the thing, and you ought to like it whether you do or not. Take a music bath once or twice a week for a few seasons, and you will find that it is to the soul what the water bath is to the body. I wouldn't trouble myself about the affections of people who go to this or that series of concerts chiefly because it is fashionable. Some of these people whom we think so silly will perhaps find, sooner or later, that they have a dormant faculty which is at last waking up, and that they who came because others came, and began by going at the audience, are listening with a newly found delight. Everyone of us has a harp under the bodice or waistcoat, and if it can only once get properly strung and tuned, it will respond to all outside harmonies.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PIMPLES ON FACE 3 YEARS

"I was troubled with acne for three long years. My face was the only part affected, but it caused great disfigurement, also suffering and loss of sleep. At first I used various remedies, but I suffered a great deal caused by the itching. I was in a state of perplexity when walking the streets or anywhere before the public. I used pills and other remedies but they failed completely. I thought of giving up when nothing would help, but something told me to try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for Cuticura Soap which I read carefully. Then I bought some Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and by following the directions I was relieved in a few days. I used Cuticura Soap for washing my face, and applied the Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. This treatment brought marvelous results so I continued with it for a few weeks and was cured completely. I can truthfully say that the Cuticura Remedies are not only all but more than they claim to be." (Signed) G. Baumel, 1015 W. 20th Place, Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 23 K, Boston.

The Universal Franchise.
A small number of men sympathetic took part in the outraging parade in New York City, among them several members of the faculty of Teachers' college. One of these professors had the honor of leading the male contingent and of carrying a banner.

"Did you notice," he asked a friend seated next to him, "that the inscription was on that banner they gave me, to carry?"

"No," replied his friend, "you carried it as if you were afraid some one would decipher it."

"It read," chuckled the professor, "The men vote—why not we?"—Success Magazine.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. L. D.* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Leading a Dog's Life.
"Your husband says he leads a dog's life," said an old woman to another. "Yes, it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire and waits to be fed."—Everybody's Magazine.

Where It Belonged.
"Where are you going?"
"To the fountain water, sort."
"What, in those disreputable trousers?"
"No, sort, in this 'ere pail!"—London Opinion.

More Bagatelle.
"Bot, father," said the beautiful girl, "remember that he is rich as well as handsome."
"Rich nothin!" replied the stork old man, "I'll bet he hasn't more than \$2,000,000 in his name."

Not Modern.
"Why do you call it a fairy tale?"
"Because it ends: 'And they lived happily ever after.'"

Whenever you have a pain which is Hamelin's Oil For Headache, Toothache, Earache, Stomach ache, and many other painful ailments there is nothing better.

The Best.
"What do you think would be a good motto for the motorists?"
"Wrecks to the reckless!"

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, sugar-coated, easy to take, cures indigestion and irregular stomach, liver and bowels. Do not grip.

Some men never succeed in putting their best foot forward because they are unable to decide which shoe it is.

W. L. Douglas's Footwear Straps for Children's feet, softens the skin, reduces inflammation, always pain, cures warts, splits, etc. a bottle.

A man doesn't have to know much to know how little he knows.

To Farm on Copper Lands.

A party of Houghton capitalists have under consideration the establishment at a point on the Copper Range railroad south of Houghton of a 600-acre experimental farm. The lands have already been secured, but are at present heavily timbered. Steps will be taken during the coming winter to cut the timber, and early next spring the stumps will be removed and the land made ready for cultivation. It is hardly probable that crops will be planted before 1913, but the enterprise when established will prove one of the biggest from an agricultural standpoint in the copper country.—Michigan Manufacturer.

Good Opening for Apprentices.
To locomotive fitting trade at the works of the Grand Trunk Railway System at Battle Creek, Mich. Applicants must not be under 15 or over 17 years old. Term of apprenticeship five years. Drawing and Practical Mechanics taught during term. Further particulars on application to J. C. Garden, Master, Mechanic G. T. Ry. Battle Creek, Mich.

Glad to Get Rid of Her.
"Did she get it divorced?"
"Oh, yes, but she was terribly disappointed in a way. You know he didn't contest it."

Terrible Suffering

Eczema All Over Baby's Body.
"When my baby was four months old his face broke out with eczema. In sixteen months of age his face, hands and arms were in a dreadful state. The eczema spread all over his body. We had to put a mask or cloth over his face and tie up his hands. Finally we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few months he was entirely cured. Today he is a healthy boy."—Mrs. Isaac Lewis, Bangor, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood diseases and builds up the system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

"Blood Will Tell"
Strength, stamina and vitality depend upon the blood supply. Keep it pure, fresh and red with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c and 25c.

MILLIONS OF FAMILIES are using SYRUP OF FIGS and ELIXIR OF SENNA

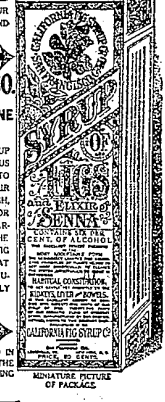
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SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE NEEDS OF LADIES AND CHILDREN AS IT IS MILD AND PLEASANT GENTLE AND EFFECTIVE AND ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM OBJECTIONABLE INGREDIENTS. IT IS EQUALLY BENEFICIAL FOR WOMEN AND FOR MEN YOUNG AND OLD. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE.

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Rouge Rex Shoes

Are Made for Men and Boys

"Get into a pair and see how they wear." We tan leather and make shoes. Rouge Rex shoes have the goods in them that resists hard service. Are you hard on shoes? Try Rouge Rex. Are the boys simply terrific in knocking out their footwear? Shoe them with Rouge Rex. They fit because they're made right. They wear because the leather is tanned right.

Of course, they will wear out, but with proper care they will outwear any other shoes on the market.

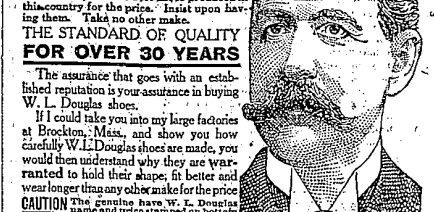
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Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They do not color water better than 10¢ other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. White for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.