October Investments

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Money is scarce yet she has pretty clothes

"You always look as if you had just stepped out of a fashion sheet. Yet money is none too plentiful with you. How do you do it?" the neighbors were always asking Mrs. Burnette. One day she told them. "My secret of pretty clothes is simple. When my dresses, blouses and underthings become faded with much washing, I renew their color beauty by a simple rinsing in Diamond Tints. These wonderful tints are made by the makers of Diamond Dyes which you know are the best dyes made for dark colors. Diamond Tints are for light shades. They need no boiling and they last through repeated launderings. All you need to do is to rinse your things in Diamond Tints. You can get such lovely shades by using them. So you see," said Mrs. Burnette, "pretty clothes are as easy for you to have as for me."

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Hungarian Court Protects Street Sweeper

Vienna.—The danger of committing that serious and peculiarly Austrian crime of "wounding official honor," has been increased by a recent magisterial ruling that not only tram conductors and the invisible telephone girl must be treated with the exaggerated respect due a bureaucrat, but that the street sweepers of Vienna possess the same sacrosanct character.

"This is a very grave matter, Herr Richard Fritz," the magistrate, Dr. Willer, told the defendant. "You have insulted an official personage in the execution of his duty."

Very humanly the defendant replied: "I've had nothing to do with an official personage—I had a few words with a street sweeper."

"That's just what I'm dealing with," replied Dr. Willer. "Didn't you see his official cap?"

"Yes, and his sceptre—his broom," replied Herr Fritz. "Only in Vienna could a street cleaner be treated as an official! I merely told him off because he was making such a dust—in the execution of his official duties."

The open wound to the dustman's official honor remains for the moment unhealed, as the grave case was adjourned to await the evidence of a policeman.

Satisfy their 'tween-meals hunger with Christie's Premium Soda Crackers and milk, or jam, or spreads, or peanut butter. They'll love them and so will you. Keep a package in the pantry all the time for soups, salads, desserts, quick lunches.

Crisp, light, flaky and slightly salted. Delicious.

Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

SYNOPSIS.

Annassa West, young and impetuous, leases Bride's House, a deserted farmhouse in a remote district in Connecticut. She moves in and installs her string of polo ponies. While inspecting the private graveyard she discovers one of the graves newly opened with the warning "Ask No Questions."

CHAPTER III.

If there had not been still claiming her attention a hundred and one details connected with the move up from New York, the discovery of the open grave would have made the new mistress of Bride's House uneasy. As it was, she saw night descend over the old Runnels' farm for the eighth time since her arrival there with no other emotion save hat of relief. Unhappily, this feeling of tranquillity was the last she was to enjoy for some time.

"Otto to see you," Abby stood in the doorway of the living room.

"What's his trouble?"

"He's leaving."

"Leaving?" Miss West sat up. "Why?"

"It's the ghost, if you ask me—he's had a warning from it." The Scotchwoman thrust her hand into the bosom of her dress and drew out a crumpled piece of brown wrapping paper. "The poor laddie found this pinned to his pillow this morning."

Miss West took the paper and smoothed it out on her knee. A warning, true enough. The same warning as the one on the board across the open grave.

"The lad's in the kitchen. Shall I fetch him?" asked Abby.

A gesture was answer enough.

A moment later the object of their discussion appeared, cap in hand.

"What's this I hear," Miss West asked, "about your leaving me?"

Otto fumbled his cap and stared at his large, thick feet. "Ya," he admitted huskily. "I go now. Tonight."

"You can go when your week is up. Not before. I can't be left with all those ponies to take care of. Besides, there's Dracula."

Otto raised his head sharply. "Someone is riding Dracula," he announced with a perceptible lessening of his Teutonic phlegm. "Riding him nights."

"Riding Dracula?" Miss West looked startled. "Otto, you're imagining things. No one could ride the Killer; no one but—"

"A ghost," finished the boy, and straightway fell to babbling of a struggle which had taken place in the south pasture the night before—the pasture, as he kept pointing out, where the dead ponies were put. Much so it had been torn up by flying hoofs. And, as further proof, the animal's flanks still showed the marks of spur and whip.

The new mistress of Bride's House rose and set her back to the open fire, spreading her skirts to get the full warmth of the dying blaze. For June, the night was chilly. After a moment, "I think I know who is doing all this." She lifted her chin defiantly. "It's—it's a certain person's method of getting his own way. A mighty poor method and unsportsmanlike." Conviction, as it grew and strengthened, lent crispness to her tone. "Yes, Otto, you needn't be afraid that a ghost's riding Dracula. It's somebody we both know."

For a moment the German boy stared, uncomprehendingly. Then his eyes lighted up. "Oh, ya," he said joyously. "You mean—"

"Mr. Terhune," his mistress finished for him.

"My former fiance has his own reasons for not wanting to have me stay on here. Nothing would please him better than to have me close up Bride's House tomorrow and take ourselves and the horses back to town. In fact, he offered to wager me a thousand dollars I couldn't stick the month out."

Otto was not unfamiliar with thousand-dollar wagers. The sporting fraternity to which Miss West belonged had plenty of money. They were always betting on something or other.

"As you may well guess," the girl went on, "I've no wish to lose out. And with your help, Otto, I won't have to. It isn't going to hurt the stallion to have a little exercise. And if we don't pay any attention to what's going on, Mr. Terhune will soon get tired of his one-sided game. Go back to your quarters. I don't believe you'll be bothered again tonight."

But despite her reassuring words to the stable-boy, Miss West found it impossible to settle down to the pleasant lethargy of her former mood. Nor did a book offer any inducement. From the Redding hills came the roll of approaching thunder, while out in the kitchen, Abby, drying dishes, sang through her nose an ancient ballad.

"We're due for a storm," the girl said, half aloud. "Probably the blossom storm. That always comes in June. Or is it May? May, I guess. No, June."

At that moment a pair of feet commenced to descend the short flight of steps that led from the floor above.

The new mistress of Bride's House sat up with a jerk.

"Abby," she called. It did not need the distant rattle of teacups to tell her that she would have no answer. The Scotchwoman had not left the kitchen.

As she turned to look, a shadow, blacker than the black darkness of the narrow hall, glided swiftly across the long mirror on the farther wall at the foot of the stairs. Snatching her flashlight from the table, Miss West went to investigate.

The mirror caught the light as she approached and swallowed it. There was something queer about that mirror. She had noticed it from the first. The quicksilver on the back had crackled until, as a reflecting surface, it was practically useless.

Annassa swung her torch about. The hall, which ran straight through from front to back was empty. There was no rear outlet, only a door leading down into the cellar. This door, as usual, was locked. A shallow closet built next to the wall-in cellar stairs, was also empty. She retraced her steps.

The front door seemed to be closed. Otto, she recalled, had pulled it to after him, with a slam. It was necessary to do this because the wood had swelled a little. But she tried it again to make sure. The door yielded, groaning.

On the stoop outside there was nothing alarming to be seen, nor on the lawn within radius of her flashlight.

After a moment of indecision Annassa turned and set off in the direction of the white barn.

The eight ponies had all been bedded down for the night. Their stirrings and crunchings gave her a comfortable sense of reality—the consciousness of life going on in its accustomed way. Everything about the barn was shipshape. Otto was a most efficient boy. She hoped he could be persuaded to stay.

Over in the red barn Dracula was not so contented. She could hear him roaring in his inimica, all-male way. Then all at once there was silence. She paused. The silence was broken by a high-pitched, hysterical whinny, a series of thuds. Fear, wild and unreasoning, clutched at her heart. She had heard the stallion try out a new box stall before, but this, somehow, was different. The thuds were repeated. She decided to go over and see what was going on.

With a glance at Abby's portly silhouette moving about now in one of the upper rooms of the house, the girl set out on a run for the red barn.

The grass was heavy with dew and she had forgotten that she had on satin slippers, but she flew on, conscious suddenly that the distance was greater than she had bargained on, conscious that a mist had risen like a veil to envelope her—a mist both clammy and stifling. Possibly it was what they called a miasma from the rock-bound pool at the back of the house.

No wonder the Runnels farm had stood idle so long. No wonder tradespeople from Haies Crossing refused to come any nearer than the head of the Wood Road when they brought her meat and vegetables.

What was that?

Just ahead, in the tall grass outside the circle of light from her torch, something had moved—a tall gaunt shape swathed in soft and trailing draperies—a figure as formless as the night itself.

The girl stopped short. Her eyes strained to catch a second glimpse of that terrifying, uncertain outline. But whatever it was, the thing had passed on. A bird, perhaps, its size exaggerated by the mist, or a great winged bat.

With a laugh that sounded tremulous even in her own ears, she pressed on in the direction of the red barn, but before she had taken half a dozen steps her feet felt as though a weight of lead had been attached to them. Not until she had reached the barn and laid a hand on the door did she admit to herself that the thing was there again—this time, behind her. It had moved when she moved, paused when she paused.

As the big barn door rolled shut, Dracula rose on his haunches and let out a mighty bellow of fear and rage.

Annassa West was quick to sense the moods of her dumb dependents. "Yes, darling, we're out of our minds—both of us." She had crossed the barn by this time and was fumbling at the iron bars of the box stall. "Out of our minds to come to this wretched place. We should have stayed in New York where everything is made of steel and concrete; and where there are electric lights on all the street corners."

The stallion's wants had been attended to with the same conscientious thoroughness that had been given the ponies; but neither hay nor oats had been touched. Even the pail of drinking water, usually the first thing to be emptied, was just as Otto had left it—full to the brim.

Miss West took a lump of sugar from the pocket of her sweater and held it out, inviting confidences.

"What's the matter, boy? What makes you so restless?"

The Killer sniffed the sugar but made no attempt to take it. As though he wished to tell her something, the stallion whinnied and pawed the ground.

And now came the question she had been dreading. How get back to the house, how cross those fifty yards of unmowed lawn, without making an idiot of oneself by running from every shadow?

(To be continued.)

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Simplicity

I hold things lovely
The simpler they are—
The phosphorescent flicker
Of a single silver star;
The fragile cobweb beauty
Simplicity can hold so much
Of Queen Anne's lace.
Of loveliness and grace!

—Charlotte Champenois, in the Christian Science Monitor.

Reading that Russia, with discovery of a dandelion containing 15 per cent rubber content, has planted 2500 acres to it, those of us who care for our own lawns will be quite sure that here at last is one Soviet venture certain to finish well ahead of the Five-Year Plan.

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Learn its quick relief for colds; for neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago. Be sure to get Aspirin—and not a substitute. All druggists sell Aspirin tablets.

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ISSUE No. 42—'32

WITH THE LONE SCOUTS

"Lone E." has had a long vacation, but is now back on the job and this column will continue regularly, week by week, as before.

If any Lone Scouts have interesting stories, news or other matter that they would like to have published in this column, please send it to "Lone E," c/o Lone Scout Headquarters, and once will be found for it.

"On Lone Scout Trails".

We all look forward eagerly to this little monthly paper which is sent out from Lone Scout H.Q., and no doubt most of you were delighted to notice the changes that were made in the last issue.

We think that the paper is much more attractive and interesting now that it was previously, and well worth reading.

Incidentally, don't forget that your "Counsellor and Friend," and any other friends as well, can receive this paper regularly on payment of an annual subscription of only 25 cents.

We are sure that your "Counsellor and Friend," who should be most interested in your Scout Programme, would like to have this paper sent to him. Don't forget to ask him.

Scouts at Economic Conference

Boy Scouts played a useful part at the recent Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa. They acted as special guides and ushers at the Parliament buildings, and Rideau Hall, as guards of honour for the Governor-General and in other capacities at the various official functions. A number were requisitioned as confidential messengers by different delegations.

Red Indian Fire-Making Set

Parts of an ancient friction fire making set were recently found by an American Scout in a cave on the Columbia River, Washington. The cedar spindle showed marks of a crude flint knife. Canadian Scouts have revived the old Indian fire making method of "rubbing sticks," and evening camp fires frequently are lit in this fashion.

Fall Fairs and Good Turns

Fall Fairs present a wonderful opportunity for Lone Patrols and individual Lone Scouts to perform useful "Good Turns" to their communities. Offer your services to the Committee as messengers, ushers, gate attendants, etc., and of course, remember that Scouts do not accept remuneration for their "Good Turns." Perhaps you can arrange a similar "stunt" as that organized by the members of the 1st Beamsville Troop (ex-Lones). They organized a "Model Scout Camp Exhibition" for the Beamsville Fair.

Your Counsellor and Friend

Lone Scout Headquarters has been somewhat concerned of late by the fact that certain boys have enrolled as Lone Scouts, and that we hear about as far as they have gone. What is wrong with them? Why don't they pass the Tenderfoot Test? Maybe it is because their Counsellor and Friend does not take sufficient interest in their Scouting. When you joined the Lone Scouts, your C. and F. signed your application form and promised to do his best to help you in your Scouting. You should keep him up to that promise, and seek his help whenever you can. If you find that after all, you made a mistake, and your C. and F. is not the right man to help you (perhaps he is too busy, or not sufficiently interested), do not be discouraged, but go and find yourself a new Counsellor and Friend, but this time make quite sure that you are picking the right man.

Remember you have the privilege of choosing the very best man in your community, and if he is a real good man, he will help you all he can. You should visit him frequently, tell him all about the Lone Scouts and their activities. Consult him about your plans. Get him to subscribe to "On Lone Scout Trails," and keep his interest in you and your Scout Program really alive.

If you do change your Counsellor and Friend, don't forget to tell your Scoutmaster.

We feel sure that if each new recruit to Lone Scouting was in touch with a real live Counsellor and Friend we should have a great deal more action in the Lone Scout Department. Perhaps the same remark also applies to some of the older Lones.

Scouts Camps Are Safe

Another summer has added a record of safe camping for Boy Scouts. With some 15,000 under canvas for varying periods, not a single serious accident was reported.

In carrying out their daily good turn while in camp Scouts have discovered some novel forms of service. One troop provided an all night guard for a girls' camp near which a suspicious character had been seen. Another troop "shaved an old gentleman." Numerous cars have been pulled from sand and mud holes, and one car was dragged from a lake. Many farmers have been assisted in various ways.

Lone Scouting is open to all boys between 12 and 18 years of age, inclusive, who are not able to join a regularly organized Troop of Scouts. It is specially intended for boys living on farms and in small villages. For full particulars write to "The Boy Scouts Association, Lone Scout Department, 330 Bay Street, Toronto 2.—LONE E."

Old Waverley Quilts and Cupboards

May a quilt be properly listed under the head of furniture? It takes up room; it fills a space; it is made by human hands, a personal, lasting product. Seven counties—to use a fan-ragged expression—were scoured to produce material for a Waverly quilt. It became a sort of fad to possess a liberal number of them. Neimer Solomon in his glory bar the Contrary Mary or Mother Goose, with her "cowslips all in a row," could ever have surpassed the strange York Road quilt in the variety and the brightness of its colors. It was ubiquitous, for it appeared that one was always just completed, and another just begun.

A quilt was a village chronicle. It was busy with gossip. Griefs and laughters swept over it. A hundred memories, small and great, came up at the sight of it. Down in one corner was a bit of chintz, full of faded flowers, out of a frock once worn to church; in another a scrap of dark calico which was perhaps associated with a lover, and a road, and with the glow of falling leaves above and around it. When the patches were all sewed, and the cotton batting provided, the quilt was ready for the frame; this, as often as not an heirloom, and missing in many a family, was generally borrowed. . . There was something homey domestic and also very universal in the making of a quilt; it brought about a good deal of social intercourse to an extent unknown amongst our modern bridge players. It was handiwork, both a pastime and a necessity. . .

And cupboards? Enchanting cupboards were there in Old Waverly, dim places, built into corners, sometimes with curtained glass doors, sometimes with painted wooden ones. From Pandora down to Ann Elizabeth the kitchenmaid, a closed box or a cupboard has always been and forever will be the most delightful and the most tantalizing object. . . What pomp and circumstance may it not disclose, what traffics in wares, fit only for visions and dreams! A decaying, tree-encircled house on the York Road held such a one. When opened, there, back on the shelves, lifted a row of the finest and most exquisite china, as thin as eggshells, of a dull white. . .

A hidden, lingering odor, perhaps of lost spices, or other pungencies, hung around this cupboard. You turned the knobs and closed the green-gray door and felt that you had shut away some mist of a thing, some phantom secrecy which had been yours for an instant, and then was yours no more.—Lizette Woodworth Reese, in "The York Road."

MERIT

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient. —St. Augustine.

It very seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure.—Dr. Johnson.

Europe's Star Performer

Europe's youngest actor makes 100th appearance. Gerard Cony of Paris, France, is only six months old, but has already toddled up the ladder of fame.

Sunday School Lesson

October 23. Lesson IV—Problems of the Modern Home—Joshua 24: 14, 15; Ephesians 6: 1-9. Golden Text —As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.—Joshua 24: 15.

ANALYSIS.

I. A FORCED DECISION, Josh. 24: 14, 15.
II. PARENT AND CHILD, Ephesians 6: 1-4.
III. MASTER AND SERVANT, Ephesians 6: 5-9.

I. A FORCED DECISION, Josh. 24: 14, 15.

Joshua, about to die, reminds his people of Jehovah's beneficent guidance and calls on them to renew their covenant with him. If they refuse, then let them decide between the gods their fathers had renounced in Babylonia and the gods they had worshipped in the land of the Amorites. They must worship some god. Joshua states the truth, that we are all the servants of some master. We are free to select any master, but decide on some one we must. Joshua is resolved that he will serve Jehovah and bring up his family in a religious atmosphere, v. 15.

II. PARENT AND CHILD, Ephesians 6: 1-4.

Paul, in common with the great leaders of the past, recognized that a Christian society has its roots in a well-disciplined home. There the lessons are learned which make good citizens. By deferring to the wisdom of the past, children become familiar with the danger signals and the guiding posts of life's road. Paul insists that mother as well as father be obeyed, he says, "parents." "In the Lord," means in his spirit of willing helpfulness, not grudgingly.

Modern life makes the command of v. 2 even more difficult to observe. Increasing cultural advantages, education, money—place children in a world of ideas and ideals far removed from that in which their parents move. Some of them consider their parents "out-of-date," and even ashamed of them. The love and sacrifice lavished on children, the knowledge of life as yet unlearned by youth demand for parents the most considerate affection and utmost deference.

Verse 3 is the Bible way of saying that children who defer to the maturer judgment of their elders avoid the life-shortening follies of youth. "It is a common-sense statement which is borne out by the experience of the race in every generation."

Says Paul in effect, do not alienate your children by unreasonable harshness, unjust or unexplained punishment. How many children carry away the impression that they have been whipped simply because the parent was stronger and the little victim? Much childish "perversity" is due to the uninformed and unwise methods of the parents, nagging, giving orders without meaning them, permitting today what brought punishment yesterday, bribing for good behavior, giving commands which it is against nature to obey, putting in the child's way temptations too hard to resist at his age.

"Oh, pious mother," exclaimed Carlyle, "kind, good, brave and truthful soul as I have ever found in this world, your poor Tom has been lonely, very lame and broken in this pilgrimage of his; and you cannot help by a kind word any more. But from your grave in Ecclefechan-Kirkyard yonder, you bid him trust in God; and that also he will try to do." Robert Louis Stevenson writes to his father, "I wish that I might become a man you are talking of, if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains." Many of us can thank God for such wise and good parents. "The nurture and admonition of the Lord," means education in all that is good, correction in all that is harmful.

III. MASTER AND SERVANT, Ephesians 6: 5-9.

Slavery in Paul's time was still a recognized part of the social order. A slave was not considered to be a man, but a thing to be bought, sold, treated according to the whims and wishes of his masters. Paul found in the religion of Jesus the idea of man's equality before God. His belief with regard to the institution of slavery evidently was "change the spirit of man, and the new spirit will change the institution, or abolish it." But neither slave nor master was ready yet for the new freedom. Hence Paul advises the slaves not to think so much of their rights as of their privilege—that of rendering a useful service to a fellow-man. In doing that, they are serving Christ himself. His rewards disregard social distinctions, v. 8. That reward would be, in part, the finer and nobler character which such an attitude creates.

On the other hand, a surly and resentful service degrades the workman, makes more difficult the accomplishment the new order for which he longs.

If the slave is to think of his privilege, the master is to think of the slave's right. Paul singles out the most common vice of master, abusive harshness. He says in effect, "These men are your brothers. You are both under one Master who thinks as highly of one as of the other." This is an unwelcome truth to the man who looks upon his employees merely as instruments of profit. If accepted by Labor and Capital a new and more Christian social order would soon emerge.

Mrs. Y.—"Why did Mrs. Swift leave her husband?"
Mr. Y.—"He lost all his money."
Mrs. Y.—"How?"
Mr. Y.—"She spent it."

The best man is he who tries most resolutely to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who feels most assured that he is perfecting himself —Socrates.

The Bakhtiari Mountains

I observe in some dismay, looking back over these pages, that I have given an entirely wrong impression of the Bakhtiari mountains. I have, unintentionally, represented them as over-built and populous; I have mentioned villages; I have mentioned a merchant on his horse, a man ploughing, the son of Il-Khani, the keepers of a chai-khaner. All this, in the aggregate, must I fear have given the impression of a walking-tour through some part of Europe, with never more than a few niggardly miles intervening between one reminder of civilization and the next. . . I have probably evoked a picture of something much larger, more orderly, and more definite than is justified by the few poor hovels of Naghan or Do-Pulan. For the rest, our path lay along miles of country where not so much as a mud hut was visible. The merchant, the man ploughing, were figures so isolated and so exceptional that I have recorded them as it were greedily, for the sake of having something human to record. They were—let me emphasize it—isolated instances; and as such they made an impression on us which the summer countries, to which we Europeans are accustomed would not have been made.

No, the dominant impression was one of isolation. True, we were on the road; we met an occasional traveller; we met the migrating tribes; but we knew that to the left or to the right lay utter solitude; the solitude of nature which draws us and holds us with a primitive, an indefensible attraction, all of us, however sophisticated we may be. And it was a double impression of isolation and anachronism. Not only had we gone far away in distance; we had also gone far back in time. We had returned, in fact, to antiquity. We were traveling as our ancestors had travelled; not those immediate ancestors who rolled in their coaches between London and Bath, or between Genoa and Rome; but as Marco Polo had travelled, or Ovid going into exile, or the Ten Thousand hoping for the sea. We learnt what the past had been like and what the world had been like when it was still empty. Time was held up and values altered; a luxury which may be indulged today by anyone who travels into the requisite parts of Asia.

More, we knew that had we not elected to travel the Bakhtiari Road at that particular time of the year we should not have met even the tribes, but should have had the mountains all to ourselves, eccentric invaders of majestic desolation. No merchant would have overtaken us beneath the oaks, no peasant groaning at the plough. We should have topped the pass above Deh Dizi and seen not only the lonely range of the Kuh-i-Mangasht, but known that in the whole of the valley no human being drew breath. Those whom we did meet were as transient as ourselves; the only permanance was in the hills and in the rivers that coiled about their base.—V. Sackville-West, in "Twelve Days."

Hallowe'en Games

TRUE-LOVER TEST.

Two hazel nuts are placed into hot coals by maiden, who secretly gives a lover's name to each. If one nut bursts, then that lover is unfaithful; but if it burns with steady glow until it becomes ashes, she knows that her lover is true. Sometimes it happens, but not often, that both nuts burn steadily, and then the maiden's heart is sore perplexed.

LOVER'S TEST.

A maid and youth each places a chestnut to roast on fire, side by side. If one hisses and steams, it indicates a fretful temper in owner of chestnut; if both chestnuts equally misbehave it augurs strife. If one or both pop away, it means separation; but if both burn to ashes tranquilly side by side, a long life of undisturbed happiness will be the lot of owners.

CANDLE AND APPLE.

At one end of stick 18 inches long fasten an apple; at the other end a short piece of lighted candle. Suspend stick from ceiling by stout cord fastened in its middle so that stick will balance horizontally; while stick revolves players try to catch apple with their teeth. A prize may be in centre of apple.

HALLOWE'EN SOUVENIR GAME.

Suspend apples by means of strings in doorway or from ceiling at proper height to be caught between the teeth. First successful player receives prize. These prizes should be Hallowe'en souvenirs, such as emery cushions of silk representing tomatoes, radishes, apples, pears, pickles; or pen-wipers representing brooms, bats, cats, witches, etc.

PUMPKIN ALPHABET.

Carve all the letters of the alphabet on a medium sized pumpkin. Put it on a dish and set on a stand or table. Each guest in turn is blindfolded and given a hatpin, then led to pumpkin, where he (she) is expected to stick pin into one of the letters on the pumpkin, thus indicating the initial of future life-partner.

THE LOAF CAKE.

A loaf cake is often made, and in it are placed a ring and a key. The former signifies marriage, and the latter a journey, and the person who gets the slice containing either must accept the inevitable.

Newspaper "Mats" Protect Trees

Discarded newspaper "mats" from which printing plates are cast are being used by filbert growers of Oregon to provide protection to the trees from jack rabbit raids.

DISAPPOINTMENTS

Those who never philosophized until they met with disappointments, have mostly become disappointed philosophers.—Sir Orthur Helps.

In Humorous Vein

Mr. Richards was persuaded to buy a parrot that could jabber in several languages. He ordered it sent home.

The same day his wife ordered a chicken for dinner. On leaving she said to the cook, "Mary, there's a bird coming for dinner. Have it cooked for Mr. Richards when he gets home."

The parrot arrived first, and Mary followed Instructions. Dinner was served.

"What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Richards.

Mary told him.

"But, for goodness' sake, Mary," he said, "this is awful! That bird could speak in three languages."

"Then why the dickens didn't he say something?" asked Mary.

He had been dining too well, and, hailing a taxi, he crawled gingerly inside, after falteringly giving the driver his destination. It happened that the opposite door had been left unlatched by the previous fare, and, stumbling against it, the inebriated one fell outside again.

He picked himself up with great difficulty, and accosted the highly amused driver. "That's pretty quick work," he said, "how much do I owe you?"

"What happens to people who are so foolish as to allow themselves to become run down?" asks a doctor. They wind up in hospital.

The wife had been up on the budget plan. At the end of each month she and her husband would go over the accounts together. Every once in a while he would find an item, "H. O. K., $1.50," and a little farther on, "H. O. K., $3."

Finally he asked. "My dear, what is this—"H. O. K.?"

"Heaven only knows," she replied.

Mike: "So you're a salesman, are you? What do you sell?"
Ike: "Salt."
Mike: "I'm a salt seller, too."
Ike: "Shake!"

An English bishop received the following note from the vicar of a village in his diocese:

"My Lord: I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week-end?"

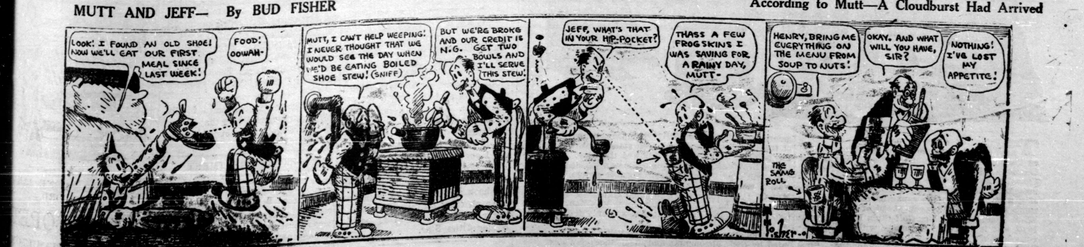
Neighbor: "Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

Speedy: "Oh, it's a fine idea. You should just hear the witnesses contradicting one another!"

DECISION

Never make a decision when you are downhearted. Never let the weak side of your nature take control.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER



According to Mutt—A Cloudburst Had Arrived