HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU!

It seems to me I'd like to go Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow; Where clocks don's striks, and gongs don

And I'd have stillness all around-Not real still stillness, but just toe trees' Low whisperings, or the hum of bees, Or brooks' faint babbling over stones In strangely, softly targled lones,

Or maybe a cricket or ketydid, Or the songs of birds in the nedges hid, Or just some such sweet scunds as these To fill a tired heert with ease.

If 'twereut' for sight and sound and smell I'd like the city pretty well; But when it comes to getting rest I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must Just quit the csty's din and dust, And get out where the sky is blue And say, how does it seem to you? -[Eugene Field.

THE LIFE-SAVERS.

"Who-o-oh! Who-o-o-oh! Who o-o-oh! Who-o-o-ob!"

Rising faintly above the roar of the surf and the howl of the wind, came the low, hoarse moan of a steamboat siren. The three children, their faces pressed close to the window, listened intently while their eager eyes tried to pierce the darkness that had settled down over angry Lake Michi-

"Did you bear that?" whispered Dump-

4'Is it the boat?" asked Twaddle, her eyes lighting up with expectation.
"Sounded like - Listen!" said Twiddle,

interrupting himself. "Who-o-oh!" Again came the hoarse mean from out of the distance. The children strained their ears to catch it, but a fierce, abrupt gust of wind shook the house and drowned out all other sounds.

The children shrank back from the window in dismay at the violence of the storm. They had spent the whole long summer beside changeable Lake Michigau, but never had they seen it rage under the lashing of such a gale as this. The uproar created by wind and wave would have been terrifying enough had Father and Mother been there to inspire courage with their comforting presence; but with Father and Mother miles away—perhaps at that very minute out on the tossing deep—it was no wonder the children felt their hearts go down, down, down!

That morning when Mr. and Mrs. Drum-mond had sailed away on the lake steamer Prudence for a few bours' shopping in the city up the shore, the great lake had rippled harmlessly in the sun. Then lower ing clouds had blotted out the sunlight, and a sudden September hurricane had come up out of the west with startling abruptness. The dancing waves had mounted inty mighto foamcapped billows and the gentle surf had turned into a roaring monster that crashed thunderously upon the beach and stretched forth raven-

ously as if to swallow all within its reach. Night had fallen and still the Prudence had not appeared on its homeward trip, although it was due to poke its nose around the point at four o'clock. Even a Chicago liner would have had trouble in that awful sea, and the children hoped fervently that Captain Alber had kept the Prudence safe

Then came the moan of the whistie. told them what they feared-that the Prudence was out in the storm!
"That is the boat!" declared Twiddle.

"Who o-oh! Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh! Whoo-oh!" Once more the siren sounded above the racket of the storm. "Four blasts. That's the signal of dis-

tress!" exclaimed Dumpty.
"Look! Look!" shricked Twaddle, almost

going through the window in her excite-Dumpty and Twiddle gave a sharp gasp. The sky to the north, which a moment be-

fore had been a vacant black, was now lighted by a blood-red glare. "It 's a fire!" shouted Dumpty

"Maybe the boat," echoed Twiddle. "Who o oh! Who o oh! Who o oh! Who o-oh!" wailed the siren as if in answer. "I 'm going to see," declared Dumpty, taking the leadership by right of his two years superiority over the ten-years-old twins. "Come on to the lookout.

The lookout was a tall pine-tree on top of a near-by-sand-dune. High up in the branches was a platform from which they could see across the point and far up and down the lake. The path up the dune was difficult even in the daytime, but now in the dark, with the hurricane lashing the trees and undergrowth, the children found it strewn with unfamiliar obstacles and chilling fears of vague, unknown dangers.

Near the top was an open stretch of Here the gale caught them with such a fury they had to drop to their hands and knees, and creep across to the foot of

the pine. 'Stay here, while I climb," ordered Dumpty, and the trembling twins obeyed. The tree, exposed to the full force of the hurricane, swayed to and fro, its branches thrashing about furiously. Had Dumpty been less brave or less strong, he would have given up the perilous climb at the start. He could scarcely cling to the shaking trunk. The wind beat and tore at him. The boughs slapped viciously in his face. Only the fear he had for the safety of the boat kept him going upward. Inch by inch he mounted higher. Finally his head bumped sharply against the platform Dumpty swung himself over the edge, and his eyes turned eagerly toward the north. Ab, there it was! The boat!

What is it?" shrilled Twiddle and Twaddle from the darkuess below.

"The boat!" shouted back Dumpty. "Is it on fire?" oried the twins. Dumpty looked sharply. The boat was nearly two miles to the north, yet the red glow revealed it plainly. No! It was n't on fire! Still, the light came from it! Dumpty was puzzled. The red flare like-yes, it was red fire as he often used on the Fourth of July. Could the boat be celebrating! And why was it so close in shore? It should hav been far out to keep off the dangerous shal-

Then there flashed into Dumpty's mind the meaning of it all. The boat was already in the shallows! The red light was a signal of distress. Now he remembered having once been told that a red light on the water was a burry-call to the life-savers—an alarm as sharp and emphatic as pared to leap out. At that moment the that which sends a fire department rush-

g pell-mell down a city street! ty was hurled to the bottom of the wagon. But would the life-savers see it? Dump. When he regained his seet, the wagon was ing pell-mell down a city street!

ty's heart grew suddenly heavy as the thought came to him. The boat was four miles from the life-saving station. Between them was the high wooded point and a curve in the coast. The chances were that the life-savers would not notice the sig-

"Who o oh! Who o oh! Who o oh!" Who-o-oh!" came the boat's moaning cry for aid. That call decided Dumpty. and the twins must carry the alarm to the life-saving station, carry it through the storm and night, carry it swiftly and without a balt. Another instant he was sliding and bumping his way to the ground. He lauded in a heap almost on top of the frightened twins.

The hoat's ashore in the shallows! We must fetch the life savers! Come on!" shouted Dumpty, racing ahead of them down the path. At the bottom he paused. Which way should they go?-By the beach or through the woods?

The road through the woods was shorter, but it held many fears for the children. Once, in traveling is, they had seen a gang of tramp berry pickers encamped beside a stream. Another time they had met three ragged Indians right where the forest was darkest. Although they knew that many "tame" Pottawatomies lived peacefully on farms around about, they dreaded another

"Let's go by the beach," urged Twiddle. "Yes! Yes!" chimed in Twaddle. Dumpty started toward the beach. Then

he thought of the deep sands. Travel through them would be slow. The road, on the contrary, was firm, and they could go fast. Delay might mean death to the persons on the boat. Bravely crushing down his fears. Dumpty made his decision. "We must take the road," he said. He

led the way up the path toward the highway, and the twins staunchly followed. They started on a run, but soon Twaddle was panting painfully.

"Oh, I can't go so fast," she gasped. "We ought to save our wind," declared Twiddle, mindful of a lesson he had learned in watching high-school runners train. Dumpty slowed up, and they half walked, balf ran. At the top of the bluff, the path turned into the road. The hard gravel gave the children a firm foothold, and the gale behind helped to carry them along rapidly. It was very dark but they could just see where they were going. Soon a black mass seemed to loom up

all around them, and they felt the force of the wind lessen. They knew they were in the woods. The children grasped each other's hands, and went on faster than ever. Twaddle was getting tired, but the boys, one on each side, helped to pull her along. Up a little hill they went, down into a valley, and then around a bend. What they saw there brought them to an

abrupt halt. In a little bollow beside the road, a camp-fire was blazing brightly. Behind it were two large covered wagons. Around it were grouped seven or eight dark fig-

"Gipsies!" whispered Twiddle.
"Oh, let 's run!" exclaimed Twaddle, pulling back.

"No!" whispered Dumpty, getting a firmer grasp on her hand. "Woreep past them!"
"I'm afraid!" sobbed Twaddle.

"It 's blowing so, they can't hear us," said Twiddle reassuringly. "We must get help for the boat. Come on!" ordered Dumpty.

All the children were trembling with fear. But courage does not consist in not being ifrad. It consists in going ahead in spite of fear-and Dumpty, Twiddle, and Twaddle went ahead.

Creeping along on the opposite side of the road, and crouching down low, they made their way past the fire. The gipsies were busy eating their supper and they did not glance toward the children. They were so near, however, that their talk and laughter could be heard plainly. The children expected any moment to have a pair of sharp eyes spy them out.

One pair of eyes did find them. They

had stolen by the camp safely and were beginning to hurry along again when there came a quick crashing from the underbrush. Started, the children broke into a run. At the same instant a dog, barking fiercely, dashed out into the road. It was almost at their heels and escape seemed impossible.

By a flicker of light from the gipsies' fire, Twiddle saw a stick in the road. Letting go Twaddle's hand, he stooped quickly and grasped it. Then he turned and faced

The animal, taken by surprise, stopped short. It snapped at Twiddle and he lunged with the club. The dog dodged, but almost before Twiddle recovered his balance, the brute rushed forward again. Twiddle swung the club, and this time the dog in terror turned and ran. Twiddle waited to see no more, but ran after Dumpty and Twaddle.

The children feared pursuit by the gipsies, but there was none, and in a few min-utes the three, all out of breath, found themselves clear of the woods. The run had tired them, and it seemed that they could never get to the life-saving station still more than a mile away. Yet they pluckily burried on.

Presently, above the roar of the storm. they heard a low rumble ahead of them. "Listen!" said Dumpty. Twaddle squeezed his hand closer.

"It 's a wagon," said Twiddle.
"We'll stop it," shouted Dumpty, "and get the driver to help us!" The wagon was coming at a rapid rate,

and almost before they knew it, the horse were sweeping past.
"Stop! Stop! Oh, stop, mister!" yelled the children.

"Stop it!" oried Dumpty. The wagon was traveling so fast that it was almost upon them. The children set up a shout. The noise of the wagon almost drowned out their voices, but the driver

heard. He pulled up abruptly.
"What's the matter?" he asked gruffly,
swinging a lantern into the faces of the children as they ran forward. "Oh, mister, the Prudence is ashore, and

we want to get the life-savers," exclaimed "Prudence ashore? What?" asked the

"In the Shallows! It needs help, quick!" answered Dumpty. "We get life-savers! Climb in!" said the man, and the children quickly clambered over the wheels. As the driver swung his lantern beneath the seat, the light shone on his face. The children shrank back in the wagon in quick fear. The man was an Indian! Before they recovered from the shock of surprise, the indian whipped his horses into a gallop. Then Dumpty jump-

ed forward. "Oh, you 're going the wrong way!" he shouted

"This way quicker," shouted back the horses turned into a side road, and Dump-



From Th. Philadelphia Record, October 11, 1908. "SEEIN' THINGS AT NIGHT."

out of the woods, and pulling up in front of a farm-house. The Indian tossed the reins to Dumpty jumped out, and ran to the door. It was

opened by an old farmer.
"Why, Wampan, what 's up?" he asked. "Steamboat ashore! Telephone life-savers!" answered Wampan shortly, pushing his way into the house.

"The telephone! I had n't thought of that!" exclaimed Dumpty, suddenly re-Quickly the message went over the wires to the life-saving station, and as quickly

came the answer that the crew was ready to rush to the rescue. "An awful night for a wreck," declared "Heaven pity the poor souls the farmer. on board. Here, Tom, Jim, Frank, turn out!" he cried to his sous. "We must

help! Load up that wagon with blank-Quickly every hed in the house was stripped, and the coverings piled in the wagon. The children could not understand why, but at least they made a soft cushion. The men climed in, too, and Wampan, taking the reins, turned back to the highway.

Two lights were rapidly approaching. "The life-savers!" shouted the farmer. Wampan pulled up, waiting until the two teams bearing the life savers and their apparatus dashed up. "This way!" he shouted, driving ahead to the north. The horses were pushed to a gallop, but to the anxious children it seemed that they only crawled. Presently, however, the farmer gave a

"There she is!" he cried. The children raised up quickly. They had reached the shore drive where the road ran along the The lake lay directly beneath. A mile ahead, lighting up water, earth, and sky with its fiery signal for help, lay the

Prudence. "She's a goner!" shouted one of the large timbers crossed. It was intended to en. The children, looking in awe at the support the shore end of the cable. men. The children, looking in awe at the terrifying tumult of waters, felt that what he said was a final sentence. Even as they looked, the signal sputtered out, leaving lake and land in darkness. Only a tiny masthead light marked the position of the steamer. Wampan never drew rein. One false move would have sent the wagon tumbling over the clift, but the Indian, with the instinct of his race, guided the horses unerringly. Not until the light was directly opposite did he slacken the pace. Then, turning into a steep lane running down the side of the bluff, he led the way to the beach. Without wasting a moment, the life-savers began to set up their apparatus, the farmers helping them.

Wampan turned to the children. "We make fire," he cried. The children, only too eager to help, picked up such pieces of driftwood as they could find by the light of the lanterns. With this wood and straw from his wagon, Wampan built up a bonfire. Over it he threw the oil from his lantern, and a match set it all ablaze.

As it flared up, the rushing wind brought the faint sound of a cheer. The people on the boat had seen the fire and knew that help was at band. An instant later a signal-light flashed out on the steamer.

The brilliant glare disclosed a scene that almost froze the blood of the children. Out in the midst of huge waves that crashed great masses of water, rolling, tumbling, surging, breaking, rushing, and heaving. The boat was already going to pieces. Her funnel had been carried away. Her upper works were nearly gone. Her life-boats had disappeared. The waves broke and beat upon the wreck in spiteful anger, seeming to snatch viciously at the small group gathered around the foremast. The signal-light tinged the whole picture with a blood-red glare that added to the terror

The steamer seemed beyond all human help. No life-boat could live a minute in the angry surf. A swimmer would mercilessly battered to death. The awful power of the angry deep had been un-loosened, and what could men do before it? The children sobbed aloud as they looked upon the doomed boat. Would they ever again see their father and mother alive? Almost hopelessly they turned toward the life-savers.

The brave men in oilskins were working with a feverish energy. Some were deftly arranging lines and rigging. Others were aiming a small cannon toward the boat.
"Oh what are they going to de?" cried

Twaddle. "Shoot out a life-line," answered Dumpty, quick hope following on his fears.
"Oh, and bring them ashore in the

breeches buoy," shouted Twiddle, jumping up and down in excitement.

'It's the only chance." declared the old farmer, shaking his head.

"Ready !" cried the life-savers' captain; and then, "Fire!" "Boom!" went the cannon, startling the children so that they lost sight of the flying ine. A sharp exclamation from the captain told the result.

"Missed !" he cried. "Load again !" "You'll never get a line out there against this hurricane !" cried the old farmer.
"Oh-oh oh !" wailed Twaddle. The boys just gripped her hands hard, vatched the life savers.

Again the cannon was aimed, and again came the order to fire. A second roar, and the line went flying out in the face of the the start. This time it held a woman and wind. Straight for the boat it sped, then a baby. the wind caught it and burled it back, fifty feet short of its mark.

'She'll go to pieces before we get a line o ber," said a life-saver. Suddenly Twaddle dropped on her knees in the sand and, raising her hands to the

farmer, said : "Ob, don't give up. please. Try again ! Try again !"

Just then there came a m in the hurricane. The cannon was ready. "Boom !" it roared. Strong and swift sped the line out into the lake. Right over plunged into the waves, it fell across the

A cheer came from the steamer. children danced about in their joy. The life savers quickly tied the shore end of the line to a heavier rope. The men on the boat hauled this out, and then by means of it pulled through the waves a rope cable, a block and tackle, and two smaller lines. Meantime several of the life-savers set up on the beach a frame work consisting of two

Soon the drag upon the heavy rope ceased. A moment later a signal showed that it had been made fast to the mast. The life-savers hauled it taut, and quickly adjusted the breeches-buoy. This, true to its name, looked like nothing else than a large pair of leather trousers suspended from a sort of pulley that ran along the cable. It was pulled back and forth by

means of the smaller lines. Hauling away lustily, the life savers sent the buoy dancing out over the waves. The children watched it with intent eyes. That small leather pouch, thrashing about in the gale as though it were a sheet on a elothes-line, carried the only hope of resone to the people on the wrecked steamer. If it did its work well, they would cross death-dealing waters back to life and safety. If it failed—the children shuddered to think what would happen if it failed. Swiftly the buoy ran out to the boat. There was a moment's pause as the sailors fastened some one into the breeches.

Another signal followed. "Haul away !" commanded the life saving captain. The eager life-savers and the helping farmers pulled with a will, and the loaded buoy, swinging over the side of the steamer, started on its perilous trip

across the surging billows. The cable sagged under the weight, and the angry waves, leaping up like hungry dogs, almost caught the buoy and its liv-ing burden. Nearer and nearer they surgagainst it and swept over it, lay the battered wreck of the Prudence. All about it, and cutting off the way to the shore were ed as the buoy advanced. The children held their breaths fearing that any moment the lake might seize its prey. As they watched, the steamer suddenly rolled toward shore, slacking the cable. Down plunged the buoy into the waves and beneath them! The children screamed in horror! They thought all was lost. But no! The boat rolled back; the cable grew taut; the buoy swished up from the water, and its precious burden bounded high above the fate that yawned below.

Again and again the waves grasped at the buoy, but the strong pull snatched it t was swinging over the outer edges of the quickly from their slippery clutches. Soc thundering surf. "It's a woman !" shouted Dumpty.

"Is it Mama?" cried Twaddle, running close to the water. "She has a little girl !" declared sharp-

eved Twiddle. Rushing in from the lake was a monster it was too late. his outstretched arms and landed them

safe on shore. The beach fire flared up, shining on the white, tense face of the woman.
"Mama!" shricked Twiddle running forward and throwing her arms around the al.

woman as the men lifted her from the

nuoy.
"Mama! Mama!" shouted Dumpty and Twiddle. "My children! My darlings!" oried

their mother, clasping them to her. "Thank God, for sparing me to you?" "Mama! Mama! Mama!" was all they could say.

"Get them to the fire, quick!" ordered the life saving captain. The Indian and farmers, lifting both Mrs. Drummond and the little girl, carried them to the fire. There they wrapped them in blankets. Now the children understood why the beds had been stripped. The little girl was erying and sobbing.

"Mama !" cried Margaret. And it was.

The next trip of the buoy brought Margaret's father and little brother. Then followed another passenger. "Work fast," Dumpty heard him say as

he was helped from the buoy. "The boat is breaking up."
The boat breaking up! With father buoy go out into the darkness. Still more anxiously he awaited its return. It came, but still without Father. Again and again the boat it shot, and then, as the weight it made the trip, bringing all the passengers and even a member of the crew, but

not Father. Each time Dumpty's heart sauk deeper. On the next trip of the buoy, the boat rolled toward the shore slacking the cable It failed to roll back as far as before, and the buoy plunged again and again into the water. The life savers pulled desperately, but fast as they worked, the man in the water. buoy was almost unconscious when they dragged bim through the surf.

"Papa!" screamed dumpty, nearest. "My little ones !" he whispered and gathered them in his arms.

But the work of rescue was not yet complete. Five men were still on the doomed boat. The life-savers, burrying to save them, raced with death. One man came, then another, and a third. and mate are still aboard !" the third man

Out went the buoy on a run. It reached the boat and started back. Quickly the life-savers hau'-a and hauled. Barely had the captain and mate reached shore when

suddenly the cable sagged heavily. "There goes the mast !" shouted a resoued sailor. The children looked out. The masthead light which had continued to burn steadily all the time, had suddenly lurched far over and then plunged down, down, into the darkness! The cable dropped uselessly into the water. "The boat's gone !" oried one of the

crew. Yes, but every one on board had escued!
"It was the children who gave the warn-

ing. You owe your lives to them !" said the captain of the life-savers .- By Arthur W. Stace, in St. Nicholas.

An Antique Finish.

The most important point, in giving gold and silver articles an old, worn appearance is to expose them to abrasion. They may be shaken up with some nails in a suitable container the gold goods placed in diluted sulphide of ammonia, the brown spots that occur polished with spirit of sal ammoniac and powdered pumice and high places rubbed bright with Turkey leather. Finally, dilute printer's ink with oil of turpentine and apply the mixture with a brush so that it settles in the hollow. The whole must now be cleansed again, so that not all the black substance and spots will be removed.

When silver articles that are gilded are to look like fire-gilded objects they must be carefully scratch-brushed before the electro-gilding, then touch them with the fingers, previously smeared with wax dissolved in turpentine, that the high places, at least in part are rendered non sensitive to the gild-

They are then heavily electroplated: the articles are then placed for a few minutes in nitric acid diluted with water, whereby wave. The cable sagged, and the wave the high, poorly gilded spots are attacked caught the buoy in its mighty grasp. But and the silver showing underneath is etchit was too late. The captain, wading into the surf, caught the woman and child in previously described in the case of gold. — Werkstatt.

> --He-I suppose you thought it stupid of me to make such a silly remark? She-Oh, no ; I thought it only natur-

Inexpensive Costumes and Suggesti for the Halloween Party

Have you made any plans for Halloween yet, girls? I suppose some of you have—there are always forehanded maidens who have oil in their lamps long before the day has begun to think of getting dark. But there are plenty of the other kind, and, perhaps, they won't mind talking over their ideas for the celebration of All Hal-

lows' Eve. Masquerade balls and parties of all descriptions are oftenest got up in compara-tively simple form, with costumes made of inexpensive, though effective, materials, which better suit that sort of affair. Very few girls care to put much money in a fancy dress, which, at best, they will wear not

more than two or three times.

Gorgeous costumes can be rented, rich colors softened by velvet draperies, the periods and types thought out by the costum-er without your trouble. But get away from trailing skirts, if you're going to dance, and give the preference to light, cool costumes, rather than to heavy, handsome draperies.

Baby parties come properly under the head of masquerades, and are the easiest of all to get up, even if no costume can be begged or borrowed for the occasion. For everything for babies is made on straight

Gypsies wear gay skirts-red or yellow or the brighest of pink, or blue or greenwith velvet bodice or belero, trimmed with spangles and sequins and colored balls or rings; a soft white bloose and a gay sash, and all the jewelry and beads that it is possible to put on.
Colonial maidens are demure-looking in

flowered robes, made with a round neck, short sleeves and the inevitable short waist. Long mitts, the most pointed of slippers and a tiny reticule add to the costume, while powdered hair, piled high, and tiny Witches get strangely confused with old-fashioned pictures of Mother Goose, for the red cloak and tall, peaked black cap are

the same. But on a witch's dress spiders and bats, cut out of black cloth, should be freely applied. They will be thrown into bold relief by the scarlet background. A Japanese costume is one of the last-minute disguises with which a thoughtful

hostess provides herself. There is sure to he somebody whose costume fails, or whose coming is a sudden inspiration; and no one should be allowed at a masquerade to appear in ordinary evening dress. A kimona, with a wide sash and plenty

of little Japanese fans to stick through the elaborately puffed arrangement of the bair shown in every picture of Japanese maidens-and your costume is ready to be donned in the shortest imaginable time.

Costuming as characters from books gives a suggestion for a guessing game ; but the whole party must be made up of people fond of books, if it is to be a success.

Fairy tales furnish innumerable suggestions for costorning and characters; a par-ticularly presty representation of Cinderella being a girl in a princess gown, touched for the occasion with little gold ornaments and trimmings, which flashed and sparkled all over it. Over it, as the poor little cinder girl, she wore a gray domino. With her was her fairy godmother, dressed as a fairy, in white tulle and spangles, over h she wore the traditional cloak, whie which took the form of a scarlet domino. As the godmother she walked bent, upon a cane, which disappeared like magic dominoes and masks were dispensed with. Yet neither girl had got a costume (other than the domino) for the dance; each had taken a white evening gown and fixed still on board! Oh, would his turn come is up temporarily with spangles. Cinderin time? Auxiously Dumpty watched the ella wore her hair in little curls, while the fairy godmother, when her disguising bat removed, showed a glittering star worn in her bair.

"Night" has been done to death, but is such an easy way of turning a simple dress into a costume that it is constantly being respectated. Stars and crescents, cut out of silver paper, should be pasted on a black dress, with a diaphanous scarf, almost covered with smaller stars, as an important adjunct. A cresent should be worn in the hair.

"Twilight" is a lovely study in the softest of grays, with rose-colored sash, and just a few stars widely scattered around the hem of the dress. And the four "seasons" can be costumed simply or elaborately, but always prettily.

Famous pictures and statues and books which show mediaeval and other costumes supply endless ideas for costuming. And 'Mother Goose'' is as inspiring in her way.

An Irish maiden, in bright greens, with sen another, and a third.

"She's going to pieces! The captain and mate are still aboard!" the third man an Indian squaw; a Dresden shepherdess, all in soft pale pinks and blues; a rainbow maiden, with a costume divided into the seven colors; Pierrette, in black and white, or black and yellow, and the fluffiest of pompons; Folly, in true jester's red and green ; a sea nymph, in green, with dangling crystal drops; a French peasant; a Greek girl; a Turkish woman—any cos-tume of the list, and a hundred besides,

can be got up in short order. Cheesecloth and oretonne, gilt and silver paper, silkoline and sateen-a dozen materials suggested themselves for the work. Each is thoroughly satisfactory and delightfully inexpensive. And mosquito netting makes the loveliest of scarfs

Unless one is afraid of having too much for one evening, it is an excellent idea to combine what in Varginia they used to call a "candy stew" with the Halloween froits. In these days of fudge and other quick can-dies, the good old-fashioned candy pull has rather gone out of fashion. It is worth while to revive it. Taffy may be made as well as the candy that is pulled, and the whole affair will be different enough from the cut-and-dried party of every day to insure its being a success.

If you don't want to go into the candymaking business, why do you not have a chafing-dish frolic for the supper? Sandwiches and, perhaps, salad can be prepar-ed in advance, and the hot part of the sup-per can be done in chafing dishes. There may be three or four of these, each presided over by a girl who can make some one dieh especially well. One may undertake a Welsh rabbit; another, lobster a la Newburg; another, oysters in some form, or cheese fondu, or creamed chicken, or sweetbreads, or that delectable compound of anchovy passe and white sauce and hard boiled eggs known as a Scotch woodcock. The eating will not be more fun than the cooking, and the informality of the entertainment will be one of its greatest charms.

Try some of these things, girls, and then let me know how they turn out. All the other girls would like to hear about it, and we will get all sorts of good ideas for next year. Already I have heard of one or two girls who have started a scrap book of the etters on the Each and All page. It would be a good plan for more of us, and such additions as the account of successful entertainments would be valuable for years to

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