

Autumn Leaves

A Halloween Story

By FRANCES B. LINSKY

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The little gray motor stood humming merrily at the gate, as if the glorious fall weather had made it impatient to be off and try its speed along the smooth country roads, while down the pathway from the cottage came its owner, her usually merry face marred by a frown, which only deepened as she read and reread the letter in her hand. Then, crushing it angrily into her pocket, she climbed into the little gray roadster and slammed the door after her with a bang. She threw out the clutch with unnecessary force, and the little car, as if in protest at such unusual treatment, bounded forward with a jerk that nearly bounced Eve out of her seat.

However, no one could long withstand the beauty of the perfect October day, and as they sped along the frown was gradually chased away and just the least suggestion of a pout was left in its place.

Eve stopped the machine for a moment under the friendly shade of an old maple and once more fished the letter out of her pocket.

"If Tom Murdock isn't the most exasperating of brothers," she murmured to herself as she read; "the idea of his keeping me waiting until the very last minute, and then letting me know that he can't get home in time to take me to the Halloween party tonight."

"Business, of course; that's always a man's excuse, and," reading on, "he may possibly get home very late tonight, and if he does he will call for me at the Campbell's—and he's awfully sorry that I shall have to go alone. Much good that does me," muttered Eve to herself.

She turned the page, and unconsciously a tender light came into the girl's eyes as she read:

"I know you will be glad, Eve, when I tell you that while I was in the neighborhood I went over to the sulphur baths to see Adam Campbell. Well, sis, the baths and the treatments and the doctors have all done their best for him, but the folks at home must not hope for too much. You remember he said he would try the cure for six months, whether for veal or for woe, but a terrible fall such as Adam had can do a lot of harm, and when a fellow hasn't walked for two years—why, he needs a lot of curing."

Eve's face was very thoughtful as she started the little gray car again.

"Poor Adam," she said to herself. "I'm afraid his case is hopeless. Well, we'll all have to be twice as nice to him when he comes home, to make up to him for his great disappointment."

"But there," giving herself a little shake, "I mustn't let thinking of Adam spoil the fun of getting ready for tonight. It's a good thing that the party is at his house, and that I knew the Campbell's so well that I shouldn't mind having to arrive without an escort."

The "toot, toot," of her horn brought Grace Campbell and her Aunt Jane hurrying out to greet her, and many a smothered laugh and squeal of delight issued forth as the two girls delved into the tonneau of the little gray roadster and came forth loaded with jack-o'-lanterns, big pumpkins hollowed out for other mysterious purposes, several brooms and a large black witch.

"Oh, Eve, you did a wonderful job," cried Grace, excitedly. "That 'witch lady' certainly looks like a real 'spook.'" The two girls vanished into the house to put the finishing touches to the decorations for the evening.

The afternoon sped away, and once more Eve climbed into the little car.

"I shall have to come back alone," she announced nonchalantly, as she prepared to start. "Tom sent me a 'special' this morning, saying that he wouldn't be able to get home tonight, that is, not until very late. It's too bad," she added, as she noted the look of keen disappointment that flashed into Grace's face at her words.

"Yes, it is too bad," agreed Grace, trying to seem unconcerned, "and not to have Adam here, either. Poor fellow, I had hoped he'd be home all well long before this."

Eve sped away and in a few hours was back again at the Campbell home, all ready for the fun.

"I've got another game to play," whispered Grace in great excitement, as Eve took off her things. "It's one Adam and I used to play when we were youngsters, and I had forgotten all about it until Aunt Jane reminded me. It's to be a secret, even from you." And she rushed away to welcome her guests, who were all clamoring for attention at once.

They were a merry group, noisy and lighthearted, and shriek after shriek of laughter followed each attempt to walk upstairs backward without dropping the apple off one's head, or to sail one's frail bark around the washtub without coming to grief.

For two hours the fun waxed fast and furious, and then the gay spirits of even the ringleaders seemed to flag. Here was where Aunt Jane stepped into the breach.

"Outdoors, all of you," she commanded laughingly, "and sit down on the back steps and draw lots." She handed some strips of paper to Grace.

"Well, who drew the longest strip?" demanded Aunt Jane, coming out after a few moments and breaking the silence.

Eve was first to hold up her hand. "Then you must pay the forfeit," said Aunt Jane as she held out a mirror and a little card to the girl. "Hold this mirror in your hand, and go down into the orchard until you are out of sight of the house. Then, standing under a tree so that the light of the moon falls over your right shoulder, repeat the rhyme that is on this card three times. Keep your eyes covered until you have said the last word for the third time; then look into the mirror and the image of the man you are going to marry will look out at you."

"Well, I'll go," said Eve, "but if it's any of the boys here, I shall call it 'no fair,' and if it's old Molly, the cow, who wanders over from the other pasture I shall give her the 'mitten' then and there."

She tripped off and selected her spot with due care. Then, as rapidly as she could speak the lines, she recited the old familiar verse that she had known since childhood.

"Under the autumn leaves here I stand,
The Halloween mirror in my hand,
Moon, shining full in the sky so clear
Pray let me see in the mirror here
The face of the man who some day
will be
The dearest in all this world to me."

So intent was she on getting through with this Peter Piper performance that she did not hear the click of the orchard gate, nor the fall of footsteps coming nearer and nearer, and with a little scream she dropped the mirror out of her trembling hands and covered her eyes, as a deep and very familiar voice behind her repeated softly:

"Under the autumn leaves, lo! I stand,
Brought hither, fair lady, at thy command,
And the moon that is shining away up there,
Never shone on a face more wondrous fair."

And my life will never quite happy be
Till it's dearest in all this world to me."

And as if to convince her that he was more than moonshine, two hands were laid gently on her shoulders, and Eve was turned around to confront the impromptu poet.

"Oh, Adam!" she gasped, "it is weal it is weal—I am so glad," and then, struggling between a hysterical inclination to laugh and a hysterical inclination to cry—Eve stood mute.

"Yes," said the man, "it is weal thank God, for now I can tell you what I wanted to tell you long ago, but dared not until I knew I should be well again. My dear," very tenderly, "you know how long Adam waited for his Eve—won't you make this place a Paradise?" And with a half sob the girl went into his outstretched arms.

Back to the cottage a group of young folk still sat on the steps singing all the old songs to pass the time till Eve should return.

"Hello, everybody!" called out Tom Murdock, as he went around to the back of the house searching for the voices. "Hello, everybody!" he said again, but his eyes sought out Grace, who was most demurely looking straight ahead.

"Where's Eve?" he asked a minute later as he missed her.

"Why, she went down to the orchard," said one of the boys, "and, by Jove, she didn't go for nothing," he exclaimed excitedly, as he caught sight of Eve and a man coming slowly up the path.

"Well, you see I found him," called out Eve gayly, as they came nearer. "He was out there waiting for me—"

"Under the autumn leaves!"

Let Us Forget!

A correspondent writes: "During some canteen work I recently came in touch with an escaped prisoner of war, who had spent one year in German captivity, who related some of his experiences. He had made no fewer than six attempts to escape, and the first five unsuccessful efforts were punished in a most barbaric fashion. He had had to undergo a reduction in rations to two ounces of bread and two ounces of meat per day, then solitary confinement in a dark cell for a fortnight, with only two ounces of bread per day. The third attempt to escape called forth the horrible reprisal of being nailed to a plank of wood by the fleshy web between the thumb and forefinger, where large scars still remain. On the fourth occasion the poor fellow received three bayonet wounds in the stomach, and the punishment for the fifth effort to escape was, he said, too terrible to be related."—Montreal Herald.

French Nerve.

A French balloon observer was attached to an American unit. For four days he went up in his bulky sausage and remained there unperturbed by whistling shells, directing the fire of American batteries. On the fifth day a German airplane dived from a low cloud with its machine gun going. The balloon dissolved in flame and smoke, and the observer took to his parachute.

The Boche airman, not content with destroying the sausage, pursued the Frenchman as he floated down, pumping bullets at the outspread umbrella. And the Frenchman coolly drew his revolver and answered the Boche's fire.

A Guess.

An exchange says that the three-ball sign in front of certain shops is of Indian origin. From the Pawnees, we suppose.

INJURY DONE BY RAT IS IMMENSE

Far Greater Than That Wrought by All Larger and Other Mammals Together.

IS MENACE TO HUMAN LIFE

Rodents Are Almost Wholly Responsible for Perpetuation and Transmission of Bubonic Plague—Loss in Rural Districts.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A single rat does far less harm in a year than one of the larger mammals, such as a lion, tiger, or wolf; but the large mammals of prey are comparatively few in number, while rats are exceedingly abundant. North America or any other continent has probably as many rats as people—possibly two or three times as many. The destruction wrought by this vast horde of rodents is far greater than that wrought by lions, tigers, wolves and all other noxious mammals together.

Injurious insects are enormously destructive to crops. Probably their combined ravages inflict greater economic losses than do those of rats; but no one kind of insect destroys as much. The harm done by any species of insect is usually confined to certain geographic limits, rarely extending over large parts of a continent; that done by the rat extends over the whole world. Oceans fail to limit its activities.

Menaces Human Life.

The rat's destructiveness is not confined to crops and property; it menaces human life as well. This rodent is responsible for more deaths among human beings than all the wars of history. Not all the fatal epidemics of the past were bubonic plague, but enough of them have been so identified to show that almost every century of the Christian era has had at least one great pandemic of this scourge which destroyed millions of the world's population. The great plague of London, which killed more than half the inhabitants that did not flee from the city, was by no means the worst outbreak recorded. The plague called "black death" devastated Europe for 50 years of the fourteenth century, destroying two-thirds to three-fourths of the population of large territories and one-fourth of all the people, or about 25,000,000 persons. Since 1896 plague has carried away nearly 9,000,000 of the population of India alone. The disease is still entrenched in Asia, Africa, Australia and South America, and cases of it have occurred in Europe and North America.

Through the fleas that infest them, rats are almost wholly responsible for the perpetuation and transmission of



To Combat the Rat Successfully is Largely a Building Problem.

bubonic plague, and it has been proved also that rats are active, although not exclusive, agents in spreading pneumonic plague. Only the prompt measures against these animals taken by the United States public health service prevented disastrous epidemics of plague in San Francisco, Seattle and Hawaii in 1900, in Porto Rico in 1912, and in New Orleans in 1914.

Losses Due to Rats.

The economic loss due to rats is astounding. No extensive or exact statistics on the subject are available, but surveys of conditions existing in a few of the older cities of the United States show that losses due to rats are almost in exact ratio to the populations. In rural districts the losses are much greater in proportion to inhabitants than in cities. Assuming that there are in the United States only as many rats as people, and that each rat in a year destroys property valued at \$2, the total yearly damage is about \$200,000,000. To this must be added the expense of fighting rats, including the large sums paid for traps and poisons, the keep of dogs and cats, and the labor involved. In addition the loss of human efficiency due to diseases disseminated by the rat should be considered.

Unclean and Unpatriotic.

The man who markets unclean and filthy milk is especially unpatriotic.

SOY BEANS HELP TO SOLVE FOOD PROBLEM

Source of Home-Grown Protein Should Interest Stockmen.

Several Varieties Have Been Adapted and Acclimated to Every Section of Country—Improves Fertility of the Soil.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Soy bean meal is a source of home-grown protein which should interest every stockman, says the United States department of agriculture, particularly when concentrates rich in protein are high in price. Several varieties of soy beans have been adapted and acclimated to every section of the country so that the crop can be profitably produced in every state now engaged in live stock husbandry. The soy bean is the one crop which provides a practical way for the farm production of the grain protein which is needed for feed for dairy cows, beef animals, sheep, swine, and poultry.

On impoverished lands in the South soy beans yield from 10 to 15 bushels of grain to the acre and in so doing the



Field of Soy Beans, a Valuable Crop for Home-Grown Protein Feeds.

crop also improves the fertility of the soil, because of the leguminous nature of the plants. There are a number of handpower and gasoline grinding mills of standard make now on the market which can be purchased at from \$10 to \$50 each and will reduce soy beans to a palatable meal form. A gasoline engine to operate one of these mills will cost from \$35 to \$75 or more, dependent on the make, size and quality.

Due to the relatively high oil content of soy beans, it is advisable to grind a mixture of three parts of corn to one part of soy beans, as in this way a practically balanced grain ration is supplied while difficulties due to the gumming up of the mill are avoided. Soy-bean meal contains from 45 to 48 per cent of protein as compared with 38 to 41 per cent of protein in the common varieties of cottonseed meal. It is essential to feed smaller amounts of soy-bean meal on account of its greater content of protein and this naturally lowers the cost of production, as during normal periods soy-bean meal sells at practically the same prices as the best grades of cottonseed meal. With a more extensive production of the soy bean crop the price of the meal probably will decline.

TO CONTROL INSECT DISEASE

Gardeners Are Urged to Clean Up Plots and Burn All Dead Vegetation Soon as Possible.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The United States department of agriculture has issued an appeal to gardeners in the New England states to clean up their plots and burn all the dead vegetation as soon as possible after killing frost this fall. Destruction by fire of infested stock, stubble, garden plants, and weeds after killing frost is the only known method of combating the European corn borer, a dangerous insect pest of corn new to this country, and which has been found living in corn fields of eastern Massachusetts.

If strenuous methods are not made to check this insect, according to the bureau of entomology of the department, it will spread to the great field corn producing regions of the country, do incalculable injury to the corn crop and materially reduce the prosperity as well as the food stocks of the nation.

The pest is not definitely known to occur outside of Massachusetts, but it is possible that it may be present in the other New England states. The insect came from Europe, and is especially injurious to corn in Austria-Hungary, where it has been known to destroy at least one-fourth of the entire crop in a single year. During the cold months it lives within the dead and dried roots of corn, the larger grasses, weeds, and garden plants. Therefore the ease of destroying it at this time by burning garden trash of the kind mentioned.

Discovery of the insect should be reported immediately to the state agricultural college or to the bureau of entomology, United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

NEW BRIDAL VEIL

White Chiffon-Edged With Silver Gauze Ribbon.

Cut in Wide Panel Back and Front, Gathered at Top to Bandeau That Fits Low on Head.

One cannot help but notice the change to square, boxlike lines in garments or accessories worn above the waist, while the skirts take on bias lines and spiral draperies. It is an odd combination. Even a bridal veil, observes a fashion correspondent, has been made in an entirely new manner and was shown at an exhibition which always includes one quite fascinating bridal costume. This veil, by the way, may be worth describing in detail for November brides.

It is of thin white chiffon, a novelty indeed. It is cut in a wide panel back and front, gathered at the top to a bandeau that fits low on the head, on a level with the eyebrows. There is nothing over the top of the head. The chiffon falls over the face to the toes in front and to the hem of the trailless skirt in back. It falls apart from the bandeau, down each side, where it is bordered with a supple quality of silver gauze ribbon.

The bridal veil, while it is the most novel touch, is a companion to another novelty in veils that looks peculiarly like the chin band which is held out by the beauty specialists as a trick, above all others, to reduce a double chin.

It has taken the place of the floating veil of October among those who go in for the smart thing. It is usually of mauve, gray or black lace net. It is drawn tightly over and under the chin, then upward to the top of the hat, where it is fastened with a jeweled ornament. It is called the "bandage" veil. It does not cover the eyes and drapes a little loosely just below them. It leaves the back of the neck and the hair exposed. This chin veil, by the way, is as effective as the chin band, as it draws up all the surplus



This original wedding veil is of two panels of chiffon gathered to a bandeau, which is worn low over the forehead.

flesh from the front of the neck and the side of the cheek and gives one a decidedly sharpened and youthful line.

This veil is supposed to be particularly smart for young women with the new oversize cap which is made of squirrel, sealskin, chinchilla or khaki-colored panne velvet. The cap is an exact reproduction of those our soldiers wear, and it is tilted forward over one eye in the same rakish manner.

NEW AND SMARTER JACKETS

Boxlike; Ends at Hips; Large Sleeves in Low Armholes; Fastens to Neck; Unbelted.

Everyone's mind is not quite easy about the jacket that appeared in September, observes a fashion correspondent. It was longer than usual, and in the American designs, it was cut with the irregular hem, some of the points reaching to and below the knees. These were especially effective over the tubelike skirts.

They seemed to be established, but now there creeps into the fashion a much smarter, newer jacket that had its sponsors in Cheruit and Lucile and Doucet in the Paris houses. It is boxlike, it ends at the hips, it has large sleeves put into low armholes, it fastens to the neck, and it is unbelted. In one instance, there is a touch of a belt in the middle of the back, which keeps the fullness from being too capelike. It is arranged in this manner:

Through two long buttonholes about five inches apart comes a band of the material which has a large oblong buckle covered with the material, or with suede in a color to match the fabric.

Doucet's jacket, which is cut out in square battlements at the neckline, where they are mounted on a strip of fur that runs up the front, is especially attractive to the individualists, and it is copied in the best of the new models.

There is no inclination in these new

TRIMMED WITH HUDSON SEAL



Cafe au lait duvetyn, with collar and pockets trimmed with Hudson seal, is the material in this smart little suit. The outfit is interestingly designed with many bone buttons.

jackets to cling to the figure; they are as shapeless as a sacque, and they are made of heavy, shaggy materials. There is an evidence of warmth and protectiveness there, but not slenderness or curves. And yet, those who are looking for the new thing, like them better than the slim, long, pointed jacket of September.

SILK GLOVES ARE IN FAVOR

Hand Covering That Is Not Only Economical but Is Happily in Height of Fashion.

Do you remember when you somehow associated the wearing of silk gloves with old ladies in general and rather fussy old ladies in particular? If you were young and prided yourself on your smart dressing you would sooner have gone gloveless than don gloves of silk.

Just why you felt this way it is hard to say. Silk stockings carried no such odium or distinction. And surely silk gloves have always had a good deal in their favor for warm weather wear.

Cotton gloves, of course, you thought of as—well, something that you would endure bravely if you were reduced to them. They were associated with the last stages toward the poorhouse in the minds of most of us.

Then France began to wear fabric gloves and gradually we discovered that they were more easily washed and cooler than wash chambray or doekskin gloves. But the best thing that ever happened to silk gloves or cotton fabric gloves was the fact that because of the war their price went up.

For the first time people were willing to try them without feeling that in doing so they would be effecting an enormous economy. Moreover, being economical has come in favor since the war. Now, although silk gloves cost probably very little less than kid gloves did before the war, still kid gloves have gone soaring so that they are in the category of luxuries.

MAKING OVER VELOURS HAT

Headgear That Is Too Large May Be Remade Into Latest and Pleasing Style.

A simple and effective way of "making over" a large, unfashionable velours hat is to cut a band perhaps an inch and a half wide from the brim. Then take this band and place it around the crown, tying the ends in a loose knot at the side or in the front, as one's taste dictates. There is no question of matching colors, and the curve of the band makes the "trimming" fit especially well.

If the hat is altogether too large, cut the band rather wider at the back. When the band is removed, a short back poke is left. The wide portion of the severed band may be cut in the shape of quills, the edges neatly wired. The narrower part should be cut in two or three strips and twisted around the crown, while the "quills" are placed in front.

Remove Mildew.

Take any common soap, size according to area of material that is affected. Cut soap in small pieces, add a little water to it and put on top of stove until dissolved. When about the consistency of cream take from the fire. Stir in common salt and cover the mildewed fabric with the mixture. If one application does not suffice, two will be sure to do the work. After applying the mixture expose to the sun for some hours and then wash off.