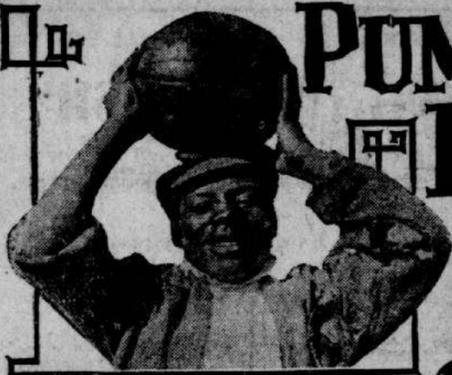


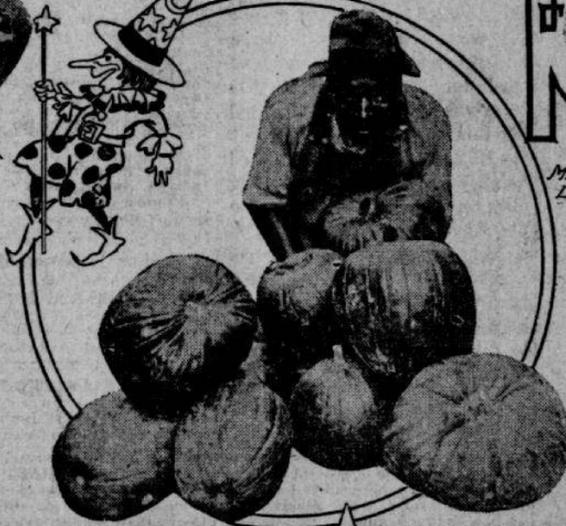
# PUMPKINS FOR HALLOWE'EN



DELIVERING THE HALLOWE'EN PUMPKIN



MAKING A JACK-O-LANTERN



LOADING PUMPKINS FOR MARKET

**P**ROBABLY very few of the younger generation who, as did their fathers and mothers before them, derive so much enjoyment from the mischievous and mirthful Halloween season ever stop to consider in their frolicking how much they are dependent upon the prosaic pumpkin, the principal ammunition for the fun-making. Nature's golden globe, so symbolic of all the glories of autumn, is not only the ammunition, but it is likewise the emblem of the mysterious holiday at the end of October. Furthermore, the pumpkin, as it lies in the field or reposes in the market stalls, is so suggestive of a hundred pranks that it might almost be denominated the inspiration of much of the Halloween revels.



MAKING READY FOR HALLOWE'EN

It is all very well to talk about the advantages of the modern quiet and decorous Halloween in contrast to the rather more boisterous ones that were formerly the rule—and are yet in in some localities—but whatever the form of celebration it would assuredly lose all its zest for juvenile America without the grinning jack-o-lanterns made possible by ye pumpkins. Moreover, without the vivid-hued orbs the Halloween hostess would be at a loss for decorative effects at dinner and party. And finally, without the wealth of the pumpkin's mellow interior we should one and all be deprived of that supreme delicacy—the pumpkin pie—which is our bouden right on Halloween even if some crabbed old doctor does deny it to us all the rest of the year.

No one, probably, has the imagination to predict how we could get along without the pumpkin at this prankish time, because not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant have we been without these harbingers of the waning year. We can imagine Christmas without a tree illuminated by the tiny electric lamps or conceive a St. Valentine's day without those convenient and economical post card valentines, because it was not so many years ago that we knew not these holiday adjuncts. But Halloween without pumpkins! Why, it is too preposterous to give credence even for a moment. As well try to imagine a Christmas without mistletoe or mince pie; a Memorial day without flags; or a Fourth of July without fireworks.

Yet for all that it is the pumpkin and its contents that gives "go" to the Halloween celebration; this glory of the autumn corn field has never been accorded much formal notice by an unresponsive world. To be sure, some homely poet putting into verse the look of things in the period known as the afternoon of the year, does make some passing reference to the "frost on the pumpkin," or something of that sort, but what kind of recognition is that for a vegetable the very sight of which is enough to make one's mouth water. It ought to have a monument or be the subject of commendation by congress, says the enthusiast on Halloween. Instead of such commendation (whisper the fact in shame) the United States government, which gets out countless books on all sorts of fruits and flowers and vegetables and bugs, has never devoted so much as a pamphlet to the rotund delicacy—hasn't, indeed, deigned to notice his majesty of Halloween except to give a few hints to housewives who may desire to can pumpkins, as though that were a fit fate for so useful a holiday adjunct.

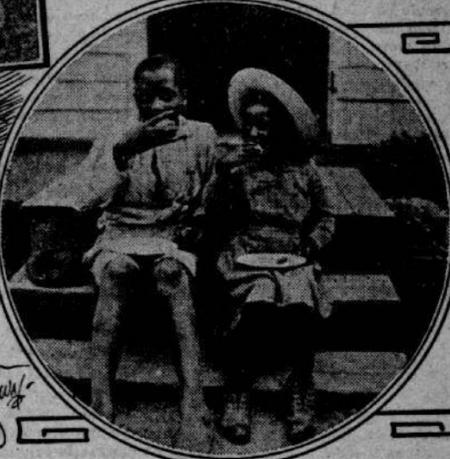
But for all that there is so little lore relative to the history and antecedents of the pumpkin—and perhaps this is, after all, in keeping with Halloween stealth—it is known that the pumpkin is a distinctively American delicacy. The aborigines of North America planted it among their corn

long before the first white man set foot on the continent (if tradition is to be believed), and we have followed much the same custom to this day. Of course, pumpkins are raised in other environments than in corn field, but no other surroundings seem so appropriate for the heralds of the fall festivals.

Every true friend of the pumpkin is forced to admit that the name it bears is a plebeian one for so royal a fruit. Its name has not only proven a disadvantage in some respects, but has resulted in the pumpkin being confused with certain other products of the farm. As every person who goes in quest of a pumpkin for Halloween plots can well attest, there is only one form of pumpkin that is worthy the name and occasion—that shapely orb of joy, round as a ball and with its glossy surface tinted a more vivid orange than the orange fruit itself. And yet there are people who confuse the only and original simon-pure pumpkin with its numerous cousins, none of which have its traditions or claims to distinction. Just because the pumpkin belongs to the same family as the summer and crookneck squashes and the common, inedible gourds is no reason why anybody should confuse them as one and the same thing. Why, even the squashes that approach most nearly to the pumpkin in color lack its symmetry of form.

The uses of the pumpkin are certainly as varied as of any fruit or vegetable, but whatever its mission it comes into its own along about Halloween. For one thing, that is the height of the harvest season for the pumpkin, and the people who are canning the delicacy or stocking the cellar are busy now, as are likewise those housewives who are utilizing the fleshy layer, that is found just beneath the rind of the pumpkin, for "stuffing" for the most famous of pies—the kind, you know, that the little boy objected to because they "mussed up his ears." And, finally, there

is to be taken into account the demand for pumpkins for Halloween itself, and it is no slight demand, either, for it amounts to a consumption of thousands upon thousands of pumpkins every October, even without counting those which are utilized in making pies for Thanksgiving feasts. The pre-eminent Halloween use of the pumpkins is, of course, for jack-o-lanterns. You will agree that it would not be merely superfluous, but little short of an insult, to insert any description of these nocturnal terrors for the timid. Pity the boy who has not in the halcyon days of his youth openly or surreptitiously carved the grinning teeth, staring eyes, strong nose and expansive ears that vested the placid pumpkin with a sudden ferocity worthy of the most desperate cause. Perhaps it were not well in all cases either to inquire too closely as to just how the pumpkin was acquired. But whatever be the means whereby it was apportioned to its present purpose, it is a safe guess that its selection represents much care and thought and time spent in canvassing the possibilities and qualifications of candidates. For be it known the sphere of vegetable gold that is to be toted around with a candle inside to frighten maiden ladies and youngsters in the first or second reader and the hapless passer by, must come close to certain rigid standards of form and outline. And then, too, it is not advisable to have the "pumpkin head" too big, although that is a temptation, but when he is prone to pick a 40-pound pumpkin, the far-sighted sculptor will recall that a 20-pounder may be much more handy



THE ULTIMATE FATE OF THE "INSIDES" OF A HALLOWE'EN PUMPKIN

in the event that it is necessary to beat any hasty retreats on the eventful night.

The up-to-date Halloween hostess depends more upon the pumpkin than she does upon ice creams, the popcorn, the fudge or any of the other necessities of the frolics at the end of Indian summer. A substitute might be found for any of the eatables, but there is no substitute for the pumpkin as a Halloween decoration. Most of the pumpkins that thus go to add to the jollity of the occasion are the bona-fide products of the farm, but of late years make-believe pumpkins have made their appearance at many an entertainment. It is that they fill a special niche in the scheme of things rather than that they have been required by any shortage of the real pumpkin crop. The situation may be explained by an example. Your ingenious hostess employs the real pumpkins—halved or with an opening at the top, or slashed with the outlines of a Jack's visage, as shades for the candles that are deemed to give sufficient illumination for such a spooky occasion, but she has miniature pumpkins fashioned from colored cardboard as place cards at the supper table, and the favors for the guests are candy boxes in the form of pumpkins filled with pumpkin-colored candy.

It might be supposed that a jack-o-lantern is a jack-o-lantern, and that there is very little difference between the reincarnated pumpkins, but any student of this class of sculpture can assure you that there are wide differences that distinguish the different "schools." The boys whose sole thought is of the impression to be made by the flaming countenance looking out from the pumpkin bestow all their thought upon the facial features that are to be thrown into relief by the candlelight from inside of the pumpkin, whereas the hostess whose pumpkin sentries are posted in well-lighted rooms is wont to embellish a plain countenance with black or white eyebrows and mustaches and other supposedly life-like touches.

## Surely the Age of Paper

Its Use Becoming Universal—Hard to Set a Limit on the Possibilities.

A report from Lynn, Mass., announces that the police of that city are to be provided with clubs made of paper instead of hickory. The new clubs will be harder, tougher and more durable than the old. In a new direction, then, paper is to take the place of wood. Some twenty years ago James G.

Blaine struck the fancy of the country by saying in an address at a college commencement that the nature of our civilization is fairly illustrated by the fact that the wheels of the car that brought him to Washington and the napkin given him at the commencement luncheon were made of the same material as that upon which he had written his speech. The wheels, the napkin and the stationery were all of paper. But since the time of Blaine

the use of paper has been carried far beyond the limits that excited his admiration. Who could then have foreseen that the policeman's club would be made of it?

It is as hard to set the limits to the possibilities of paper as to those of rubber. We have paper wheels and rubber tires. Already there is talk of paving streets with rubber surfaces and perhaps the foundation may be of papier-mache. We are soon to be required to carry paper drinking cups along with handkerchiefs as a part of the necessary equipment of dress. By and by the whole dress may be pa-

per. Fortunately, we can pay for all these things with paper money.

**Dangerous.**  
Mrs. Newbridge—Boo, hoo! Henry threw a cake at me. One that I made myself, too!  
Mother—The monster! He might have killed you.

**A Poor Recommendation.**  
"Well," her friend said, "he seems to be able to make an honest living."  
"Yes," she replied, "but, heavens, who wants to marry a man of that kind nowadays?"

## From The Wigwam

By BELLE MANIATES

It was a small and not fashionable resort, such as spring up in mushroom multitude in the lake region of the north. Roger Sheldon had sought the obscurity ostensibly for a fortnight's fishing, but in reality to be alone with his thoughts and to seek solace in the pine forests for an unrequited love.

If he had been younger, or, perhaps, older, he would have turned to mundane material for alleviation, but he was a quiet, self-contained man with a becoming suspicion of gray already at his temples. He was so entirely relegated to the "oldest set" that he had scarcely entered into the thoughts or life of young Judith Cary until he asked her to marry him.

She had said him nay, but she had been so startled by the look she had met in his eyes that the impression had served to keep him in her memory; but Roger, who had worshiped mostly from afar, quietly and manfully accepted his rebuff and withdrew to this remote spot that he might not suffer the acute anguish of witnessing her acceptance of the devotions of another man.

By the irony of fate the names above his on the register were "Mrs. Richard Cary, Miss Cary." While deliberating whether to submit to Nemesis or to beat a retreat unseemly, for his arrival was at a very early hour in the morning, Judith appeared before him on the dock, winsome and winning.

"Oh," she said, coloring with the consciousness of a young girl.

"I thought you always went to the seashore," he said, after they had formally shaken hands.

"Mother is not very well, and the doctor prescribed a quiet, secluded spot."

"Isn't this an early hour for you to be out?" he asked.

"I was going to row over to that stretch of woods across the bay to see some Indians who are camping there."

With a little laugh of compliance he went into the tepee.

"Was it a good fortune?" asked Judith shyly when he came out.

"Very good; too good to be true," he said, looking at her intently.

At twilight the waters of the bay became suddenly tranquil. After a liberal purchase of baskets and Indian ware, they bade the family adieu and went down to the landing place. The west wind of the evening sighed through the rustling branches, wafting the fragrant odor of balsam. The first glint of the stars came out and the shadows gathered closer.

Roger suddenly turned from the boat and led Judith a few feet distant to a pine tree that towered in solitary grandeur from its fellows.

"Judith, I am going to tell you again that I love you. Is there any hope that you can come to care for me?"

There was a second's tremulous silence.

"I love you now, Roger!"

"When did you come to love me?" he asked, as they sped away across the water.

"I knew this morning—in the storm."

"If I hadn't consulted the young prophetess of the wigwam," he said musically, "I never should have ventured to ask you a second time! She told me I loved a shy maiden who had refused me because she didn't know her heart at the time, and that if I would ask her again at twilight underneath a solitary pine, she would say yes. I owe my happiness to her."

"Roger!"

"Well?" he asked after a pause.

"You don't owe it to her! I told her what to say!"

Lost on Steamship.

A new plot for the writers of sea-tales became public property the other day when the Olympic, the largest ocean liner in the world, arrived at New York and reported that two stowaways found aboard soon after the liner left Southampton, England, broke out of the ship's jail and managed so successfully to hide themselves in the vessel's vast interior that they had not been discovered up to the time the passengers landed. The two stowaways after their discovery were locked in a third-class stateroom. They escaped and disappeared somewhere within the ten miles hiding space which the Olympic's myriad passages and places of concealment present. Every exit was closely guarded as the passengers disembarked, but no trace was found of the wily stowaways. If they escape altogether their adventure will become an epic in sea tales.

Frakas of Lightning.

Lightning has playfully snatched a whip from a rider's hands, made off with the knitting needles of two gossiping women who were sitting knitting, and, seizing the pitchfork from the shoulder of a farm laborer, carried it off 50 yards or thereabouts and twisted the tines into a corkscrew. It has torn the misal from the hands of a singing youth and destroyed it, and has lighted a candle and a gas jet. It has caught up the scissors from the hand of a girl seated at a sewing machine and whirled them off, while it lifted her bodily upon the machine, where she found herself when she recovered from her experience. It has melted earrings without killing the wearers.

Standing Like a Sentinel Before One of Them.

They are civilized Indians, but mother would not approve, so I am running away."

"I was running away, too," he said, smiling. "Suppose we run away or row away together."

"From whom are you running away?" she asked as she stepped into the boat.

"Myself."

"You can't do that, you know," she said sagely, and feeling that they were on dangerous ground, she deftly changed the subject.

When they were nearing the woods, he looked up anxiously at a darkening sky.

"Storms come up quickly in these parts," he said, bending to the oars with renewed strength. Before they could land, the rain came down in torrents, the wind blew a gale, lashing the waves to a fury, and the sudden darkness was only relieved by lurid flashes of lightning. Sheldon glanced at his young companion keenly.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, curiously.

"No," she replied gravely, but the thought came to her that she was only unafraid because she felt such entire reliance upon his protection.

After a short tramp through the dense woods, they came upon a clearing where three tents were pitched. Standing like a sentinel before one of them was an Indian. At the sound of their voices, a white woman, soft-eyed and mild-mannered came forth. She at once took Judith inside the tent and brought forth clean dry clothing. While donning these garments, Judith chatted with the woman who told her that her husband had attended school at a mission for some time, and that she had there met and married him, but that his wandering nature finally prevailed against new ways, and they camped and traveled during the summer.

"Doesn't it seem odd to be married to an Indian?" Judith couldn't resist asking.

"I never think of his being an Indian—and I love him," the woman replied gravely. "You will understand how that is some day. Maybe you do, now is the gentleman with you your sweetheart?"

"N—no—I don't know—maybe," she stammered, blushing.

They came outside the tepee as she