

First you need to get a pumpkin. Firm and smooth and yellow. Round and shiny, big and hard—Just a handsome fellow. Cut a round piece from the top. Lift it by the handle. Scoop out seeds and pulp, then fit The place to hold the candle.

Make two big, round holes for eyes. Then cut a "mouth" in yellow. Smiley, stretchy, curly mouth. Turned up at the corners. Put in little sticks for teeth. Blowing them in a breeze. Make a loud, rumbly noise. Isn't he a "quack" one?

Now, just after dark, you'll see. When his candle's lighted. Mr. Jack, come call me round. Though he's not invited!—Lena H. Ellingwood

REMEMBERS OF AGE

As he left his house, Mr. Harold Hoyt overheard a compliment from the lips of a young girl. "How very well presented a lady or an old man," she said. "What a young lady of his acquaintance rose to his aid to force a smile while declining the offer. So when he left the car at a point about halfway down a hilly street, he was in no mood for any more reminders of age."

"Waiting by a white post was an athletic-looking young man, accompanied by a lady, also young. "Mr. Hoyt," quoth the young man. Nothing could be more innocent than these words! But, unfortunately, they were pronounced in a tone above the normal conversational pitch. "It is a pleasant day," said Mr. Hoyt, and the young man hardly worth shouting about.

"Something has gone wrong with the old gentleman," said the young man to his companion. "In a way that Mr. Hoyt could not possibly have heard it. If his ears had not been so sharp as ever, they would have heard Mr. Hoyt had moved on, but he stopped at the approach of an automobile under alarming circumstances. A little way up the street, a man had left his little son in the car while he stepped into a store. By some accident the car had started, and it was now descending the hill.

"Stop it, Charley!" cried the young lady to the driver. "The Charley, taken by surprise, let the responsibility pass to Mr. Hoyt. He, too, had once been athletic. Even yet, he was in good shape. He required agility and strength for his continued to show himself on the beach where he comes up and down. He had a little son in the car while he stepped into a store. By some accident the car had started, and it was now descending the hill.

"That's all right," said the young man. "I'll handle it myself." He stepped into the car and, after a moment, he was back on the beach. He had a little son in the car while he stepped into a store. By some accident the car had started, and it was now descending the hill.

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The Free Press Short Story

AN EVENING'S FUN

It was an impromptu entertainment, which, we all know, is usually the most successful. It was a party given by a group of friends at the home of a young woman who had just returned from a long trip to the north. The party was held in the evening, and the guests were all well-dressed and in high spirits.

The hostess, a young woman named Alice, was in the kitchen, preparing refreshments. She was a very capable and efficient woman, and her guests were all well-served. The party was a great success, and everyone had a very enjoyable evening.

As the evening wore on, the guests became more and more animated. There was a great deal of laughing and joking, and the party was a real success. The hostess, Alice, was in the kitchen, preparing refreshments. She was a very capable and efficient woman, and her guests were all well-served.

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A SIX-MILE SERMON

The county Sunday-school convention had reached "Historia of the Superintendents," one after another the superintendents stood up to give an account of their work. It had evidently been a good year for the schools represented, and the reports were heartily applauded.

At last came the final report. It was not only the last on the list, but seemed in point of importance as the chairman called the name. It was a backward district where life seemed to be like a landlocked stagnant bay, left behind and almost forgotten by the outer world. A little woman in gray responded when the name of the school was called.

"Dear friends," she said, "I haven't much to report for my school except failure. Every Sunday in the year I have walked the three miles from my home to the school, rain or shine, snow or mud. Sometimes I found ten scholars there, sometimes one, sometimes I'm sorry to say, none. I often wondered whether I had done any good or not, but I'll keep it up for another year."

"Oh, you wretch nothing but a miserable pun!" cried everybody, while she was thinking that she felt. "You shouldn't talk on the subject," objected Ned. "However—with a final brand flourish—it is accomplished. You cannot stand alone—try it!"

"Indeed I can," returned Alice, springing up lightly. "Behold!" "Behold!" laughed Ned, with a low bow; "but you are not standing alone, for all of us are standing with you."

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TROUBLE BREWING FOR ABEL

The man who runs the elevator at a terminal railway station was accused of a dull time of day, not long ago, by a tall countryman with an expression on his face compounded of fright and determination to assist his passenger out.

"Could I ride up high as you go?" she asked, in a husky tone. "Sure, rest'ant, top floor," said the elevator man, and after facilitating her entrance with a judicious shove he slammed the door and started his car. At the top floor he flung open the door and attempted to assist his passenger out.

His waded off his hand, however, and shook her head with great decision. "I thought I'd need something to eat after it," she said, briskly. "But I'm not hungry. I'd been led to expect, and now all I want is to get down-stairs again, take the four o'clock train for Pratt's Corner and tell Abel I'm home."

"I've been holding it over me for the last six months—ever since stockholders' day—that he'd rid in an elevator and never had. It's not one share of stock in the railroad, and that with that and his talk about the elevator, and how folks that stayed at home had no notion of the grump it took to ride in one, there's been no living with him. But you just let me take the hair rose and his suspenders, grumpy could go to know he'll be there."

"That was five years ago. The little woman kept on; and now there is a church in the little village, and the other day came news of a spirit in the well. It is all because a faithful woman preached a sermon six miles from my home to the school, rain or shine, snow or mud. Sometimes I found ten scholars there, sometimes one, sometimes I'm sorry to say, none. I often wondered whether I had done any good or not, but I'll keep it up for another year."

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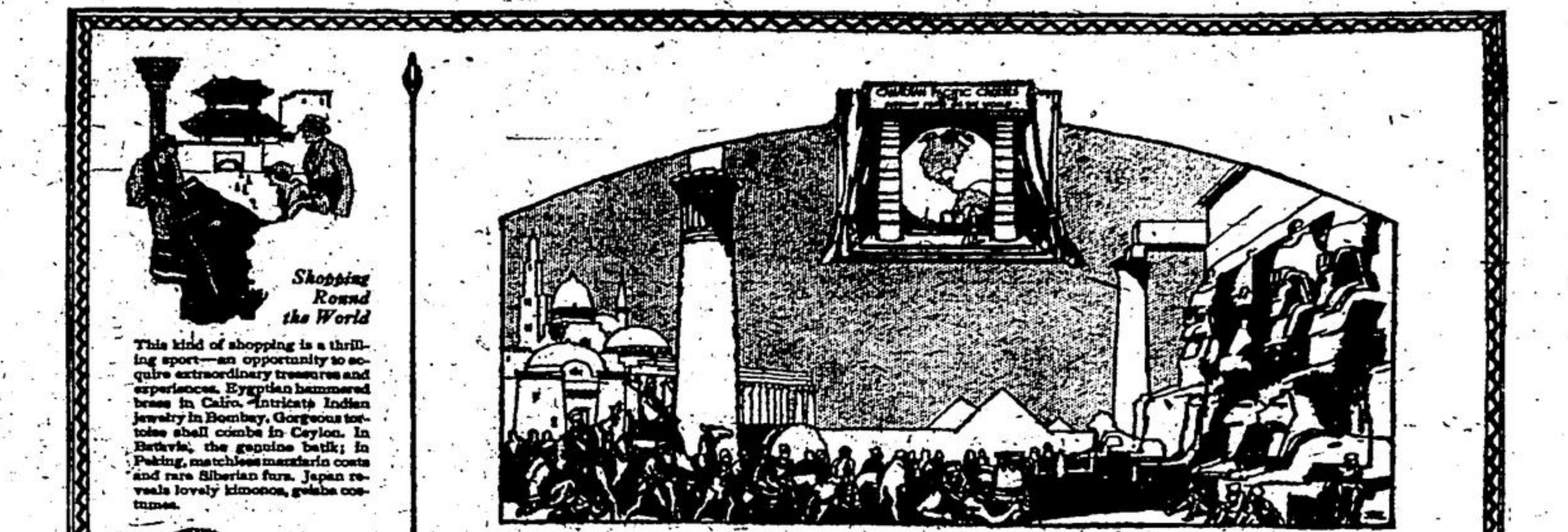
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