

distinguishable objects, the rustling of dry leaves, the rattling of witches' bones, the clanging of skeletons' chains, interspersed with hair-raising "mee-ows" from a big black cat glowering ferociously from behind a door, caused a chill to scamper up and down many a spine.

The black art was very successfully and effectively practised by crones gnomes upon their victims, one of whom—a firm believer in preparedness and a member of the Board of Education—surprised the would-be evil spirits by the sudden use of a flashlight in their abode of darkness.

Those of the guests who survived the "witches' degree" were permitted to retire to the brilliantly decorated basement, there to indulge in lively Hallowe'en sports until the "hour for eats" called them from their enchanting amusements.

All present agree that the High School boys and girls are jolly good entertainers, and the cherished hope that they will "do it again" was universally manifested.