

it; but when I think of leaving things here, and the good friends, to get along the best way they can in bearing the burdens and cares of the business while I go off on a "playspell," it makes me feel guilty. As they urge it, however, and as I am frequently reminded that I am hardly well on my feet yet, I have decided to go, Providence permitting. Just think of it, friends—going through these wonderful scenes once more, with such a traveling companion as Prof. Cook! I have already warned him that it may not be much recreation or rest for himself, for I shall ask him so many questions, and may prove more tiresome than his whole class of pupils. However, he has decided to take the chances, and just now startles me again, by suggesting that we ask the people to work up or pre-arrange some bee-keepers' conventions at different points where we stop. Here is a little extract from his last letter:

Dear Mr. Root—We arrive at Salt Lake, Dec. 3; convention at Salt Lake, Dec. 3 and 4; or if for only one day, Dec. 4. Leave Salt Lake, Dec. 5; arrive at Reno, Nevada, Dec. 6; leave Reno, Dec. 8; arrive at Colfax, Dec. 8; stay two days; leave Colfax Dec. 11; arrive at Sacramento Dec. 11; call a convention for Sacramento, December 16 and 17. Do you like this? Can't you arrange for the meetings at Salt Lake, Utah convention, Dec. 3 and 4, and Sacramento Dec. 16 and 17? We go to Los Angeles Dec. 24. Why not arrange for a convention at Los Angeles about Jan. 6 and 7? It will be very pleasant to meet the men, and they will be glad, I think.

You please look after the conventions. I think a note in *Gleanings*, saying that we shall be in the places such dates, would secure the meetings if suggested. A. J. Cook.

AG'L COLLEGE, Mich., Oct. 10.

Now, then, good friends, at or in the vicinity of Salt Lake, Sacramento, or Los Angeles, please set to work at once and have the thing worked up; secure a hall; make the announcements in your local papers, etc.; and, take my word for it, if you are obliged to travel a good many miles to see and hear such a man as Prof. Cook you will not regret it. Not only may the State of Michigan be proud of having such a man in her midst, but well may the whole United States thank God that we have Prof. Cook among us to lead us and to direct us, and to teach us faith, hope and charity. Yes, let not only bee-keepers come, but anybody else who is interested in the growing of crops, or in solving the great social problems of the present day. I do not know as yet what Prof. Cook proposes to do with the rest of his time while he is visiting the Pacific States; but I do know that it will be worth your while, all of you, to arrange so as to be near where he is as often as you can.

James Gordon Bennett and Rudyard Kipling arrived in New York on the 26th inst. They came in a French steamship, the "La Gascoigne."

The New York Times looks upon the aspirations of Senator Stanford to the presidency as even more ridiculous than those of Belva Lockwood; especially so because the senator makes the Farmers' Alliance the basis of his hopes.

## WAKESMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—One often hears it said that the old customs and traditions are all forever passing away. Perhaps those who feel and say this are themselves merely growing away from them, and in a manner passing, through age and shifting condition, out of their own former environment. Some of the more ancient customs are surely becoming obsolete, and with no loss to humankind. But there will ever remain to the Christian world a few of the sweet old days of mirth and merrymaking which no change or iconoclasm can mar or dispel.

Halloween is one of these. Whether its origin was pagan or Christian is of no consequence. Halloween would have been invested with just the same tender brood of superstitions and practices if it had fallen upon the eve of Easter, St. John's Day or the Fourth of July—if the latter had had the white beard of age upon it. The hearts of men and women, maids and youth, fixed upon a time for Cupid worship: for the plighting of troths; for the divining of what love might have in store.

In the remoter districts of England, and especially in the ancient villages where little change has taken place for centuries, the older and more innocent features of Halloween are still preserved and enjoyed with unbounded zest. In the larger cities and villages the observance has never been much above "horse play" and rude burlesque. The Saxon mind is not so retentive of sweet old custom and tender superstition as is the Celtic. In a large sense it may be said that the English folk generally while ignoring Halloween practices, universally make mental defense of the Halloween time and spirit, and are affected in a passive and admittance manner, by its hold on them through literature rather than through its direct spell upon their natures, as with all folk of Celtic origin. Therefore, while its recognition by the English is complete, its observance is tolerant rather than active.

The queen herself was the chief personage in a marked illustration of this fact in 1876. Halloween was celebrated with unusual ceremony at her Balmoral castle, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, by the tenantry and servants of Balmoral and Invergoldie. There were torchlight processions, extraordinary bonfires and the burning in effigy of witches and warlocks. Nearly 200 torchbearers assembled at the castle as the shadows of evening fell. They separated into two parties, one band proceeding to Invergoldie, the other remaining at Balmoral. When the torches were lighted at 6 o'clock the queen and Princess Beatrice were driven to Invergoldie, followed by the Balmoral torchbearers. Here both parties united and returned in procession to Balmoral. A tremendous bonfire was then lighted, the queen's pipers playing the while. Refreshments, comprising every dish dear to Halloween memory, were served to all, when dancing to the strains of the bagpipes was begun on the greenward.

When the frolic was at its height there suddenly appeared from the rear of the castle a grotesque figure representing a witch, with a train of ogres and elves as attendants. All these made every possible demonstration of terror at sight of the huge bonfire. Then followed an ogre of demoniacal aspect and shape, followed by another hideous warlock drawing a car on which was seated the effigy of a witch, surrounded by other figures in the guise of ogres and demons. These unearthly intruders were marched several times around the bonfire, and finally the chief

figure, the embodiment of wickedness, was taken from the car and hurled into the blazing pile amid weird shrieks and howls from the masked demons, who instantly fled into the darkness, the cheers of the multitude mingling with the wildest strains of the bagpipe and a great display of fireworks.

An attendant present at the time told me that the scene was most impressive and picturesque. Lochnagar and other mountains in the neighborhood being covered with snow; that dancing and all manner of Halloween festivities were kept up until morning, and that the queen, precisely as any other mortal present, entered into the spirit of the extraordinary occasion—assisting in some of the preparations with her own hands—with the utmost interest and zest.

In Scotland and Ireland, where superstitions have held their own against all change and progress, though undoubtedly having largely passed by gradual evolution from the status of almost savage belief to that of loved and cherished custom, there is not another more prized time in the whole year for deference to the universal sway of gentle witchery and ogreish charm. I have found that the same, in degree, holds true in Northumberland, Durham, northern Yorkshire, Cumberland and Westmoreland, and in Wales and the Isle of Man.

The people of all these regions were originally Celtic. To me the conclusion seems irresistible that the traditions, superstitions and practices are not only largely of Celtic origin, but that Halloween memories and charms hold closest and longest in the hearts of all folk having descent affinities to the Celtic parent race. My attention was first called to the study of these lines of distinction through the interest awakened in the personal enjoyment of a Halloween festivity while wandering among the peasantry of Ireland.

It was nightfall ere my peasant host and myself, who had been passing the day among the Donegal glens and mountains, reached the farmhouse, where quite a number of country folk were already awaiting our arrival. The house itself was somewhat larger than the average Irish cabin. It contained three very large, square rooms. Above these were fairly spacious lofts, rather close against the thatches, where most of the scanty stores were placed and where the entire family were disposed of at night in bunks not unlike sailors in a vessel's fore-castle. But across the road stood a mortar walled barn as large again as the house, and this, swept clean and set to rights, was also ready for hospitable service. Both house and barn were lighted brilliantly, considering the humble means of the host, with lamps, candles, and even here and there an Irish "splinter," or long silver of hogwood coated with tallow.

With all those constantly arriving came mysterious little bundles, which were secretly edged into the peasant mother's hands, or dropped with great effort at nonchalance in some odd corner, making it easy enough to see that, whatever might be the bounty of the night, each one had been mindful of the farmer's small purse and the assemblage's concrete mighty needs—all very much after the manner of our American countryside "donation party." Within, everything the home possessed shone as brightly as the faces of all who came. The housewife seemed swelling and bursting with cheery flurry and heat over pots and kettles at the great fireplace of the room, and sundry savory odors promised much for a later hour. The kitchen had been given over to the youngsters, who were already deep in their Halloween