

## HALLOWEEN.

Celebration of the Old Festival by the  
Small Boys of Minneapolis  
Last Night.

Numerous Social Gatherings in Honor of the  
Event—The Doings of the Caunty  
Scots.

The little boy,  
To whom 'tis joy  
A big tin horn to toot,  
Gives me a pain,  
And I am fain  
To get my gun and shoot.

A posthumous writer thus sings in one of poems of passion, entitled "Halloween; or The Adventures of a Night." Robert Burns, in an illustrated communication to an evening paper, says of Halloween:

Wi' merry sang and friendly cracks,  
I wat they dinna weary;  
An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,  
Their sports were cheap an' cheery.

The friendly cracks is understood to mean the cracks in the air caused by the discharge of a tin horn.

Halloween was very generally observed in Minneapolis last evening by all classes. The sentimental traditions were faithfully preserved. A large number of special policemen were sworn in to guard against accidents. An attempt to carry off the steel arch bridge happily was frustrated, but at a late hour it was learned that one of the 25 ton blocks in the basement of the new court house had been surreptitiously spirited away to parts unknown.

If boys were angels—which, usually, they are not, unless they die very young—and tin horns were instruments of music in their hands, what scenes of celestial splendor the streets of Minneapolis would have presented last night! It seemed as if the juvenile population, the male element largely in excess, had been turned out en masse upon the streets, and thrice lucky was that man who had no fence and gates about his premises, for the boys would have been sure to be in love with the proper spirit of the thing. One street and down another, far and near, yet never far enough to be out of hearing, marched resolute bands of sturdy archers, armed with tin horns, beating drums, and, for variety's sake, yelling, as if in an effort to burst their throats, carrying dismay to timorous souls, defying the police, who in vain endeavored to keep track of them, performing their duties in unison as far as was deemed safe.

The police made several arrests of boys during the night, but most frequently the boys were taken to the station at 3 o'clock in the evening the gates were taken off their hinges at the residences of C. A. Pillsbury, Geo. A. Pillsbury, C. H. Pettit and others living in the neighborhood. At the home of Fred C. Pillsbury two men were detailed to watch the premises. There were no fences or gates, but early in the morning the boys came running across the street and with rubber shooters came breaking one of the large plate-glass windows of the main avenue. The youth who had been marching from the south end, breaking window lights in various places and playing havoc with a church near the corner of Third and Main streets.

A party of ladies and gentlemen drove over the city in a three-seated hackboard, blowing horns and singing. Perhaps altogether with the boys they were the principal cause of the riot. They were, of course, were out, with people in them best of making a good time. The fun did not stop until after 1 o'clock this morning, and, as usual, it was the boys who did the most damage. At the right places, find gates, and repair the damage done in other directions by those who observed the day in the full meaning of the word.

[illegible]

The following were at Miss Wakefield's: Misses Gertrude Cotten, Annie Kirkwood, Bereie Wales, Nettie Wales, Mattie Miller, Flora McCulloch, Alice Wakefield, Annie Wakefield, and Grover Williams, H. Lane, Paul Pierce, Rob Morrison, Al Miller, Geo. Stricker, E. A. Conrad, Charlie Cotten.