

For Peace, Plenty and Happiness Let a Grateful People Bow in a Prayer of Thanksgiving

A THANKSGIVING STORY

Shrimp buys a gift turkey—Spends his football money—A kind act rewarded.

By May C. Ringwalt.

Say, Tadpole, what are you going to donate?" asked Shrimp Carter, relieving his emotions suppressed for an hour in Sunday-school by turning a somersault backward.

"Ice cream soda," solemnly replied Tadpole. "Strawberry flavor in one bag, chocolate in the other. What'll you give, Shrimp? Why don't you give a turkey?"

"At eighteen cents a pound? Not on your tinfoy! With the football game coming off I can contribute just about one Irish potato."

"I like Mr. Daniel's idea mighty well," said Harold, the thoughtful member of the party. "If all the scholars would bring what they like best themselves for a Thanksgiving dinner, the poor families would have a jolly spread next Thursday."

"And jolly doctors' bills to pay afterward," laughed Tadpole, "for every one with sense would select mince pie."

During the three days that followed Shrimp was so absorbed in discussing the approaching football game that he entirely forgot the Sunday school festival for Thanksgiving eve. There was small wonder that he was in a whirl of excitement. Of course, he had seen great football contests before, but he was one of a large family, and while the Carter home had every comfort and Mrs. Carter prided herself on having her children well dressed, pin money was a rare luxury, so Shrimp's "reserved

Shrimp sincerely hoped that they did go a great way after he discovered how small a quantity his dime purchased at a neighboring grocery store. And that evening, when he saw the liberal donation in the Sunday-school rooms—turkeys of all sizes, boxes of potatoes, apples and oranges, cans of corn and tomatoes, bags of flour and meal, celery, cranberries and pumpkins—he was mortified at his own tiny contribution.

But any qualms of conscience that may have disturbed Shrimp that night, vanished like a fog before a sunburst the next morning. The sky was cloudless. The air had a backbone to it without being windy. The ground was in apple-pie condition.

Although the game did not begin until 3 o'clock, at 11 Shrimp ate a hurried lunch in the kitchen, and half an hour later issued forth with an impressive stride, the colored band fastened round the crown of his hat with safety pins, the badge worn directly over his thumping heart, the horn under one arm, and the cane twirled in one hand.

As he was passing the church, his attention was attracted by the opening of the basement door and halting at the corner, he watched a little band of women and children trooping out of the Sunday-school rooms. The poor families were taking home their Thanksgiving dinners, and all bore smiles and heavily laden baskets. All except a small boy who brought up the rear. He, indeed, was bent almost in two by the burden he had

and turning on his heels, he walked away.

Sauntering down the street, Shrimp blew his big tin horn, but somehow the "toots" had lost their nerve-grown week-kneed and wabbly. Once when he had the measles he was kept in bed for three days. It was a ghastly experience. How in the world a fellow could stand it all the time, he couldn't understand! Suddenly his small nose sniffed the air, and a grin stretched almost from ear to ear. In the house that he was passing a turkey was roasting. Before the eye of his imagination rose a vision of his own dinner plate—that would await him on his return from the football game—heaped with his favorite dark meat, accompanied by mashed potatoes floating in gravy. The placid line of the grin disconcertingly drooped. Thanksgiving without turkey! Shrimp's forehead knotted into a frown. Why did he persist in thinking of such unpleasant things when this should be one of the jolliest days of the year! He would turn into a business street; get away from homes whose savory smells most remind him of Chris and the disappointed kids.

He turned into Market street and came to an abrupt standstill. On the corner was a provision store, and in front of it swung a huge placard with flashing red letters.

**THANKSGIVING BARGAINS!
BIG SLAUGHTER OF PRICES!
EVERYTHING MUST BE SOLD
BY NIGHT.**

Beneath the placard were temptingly arranged a long line of magnificent turkeys, every turkey with its special bargain price, from a dollar up.

"It's too late anyhow," argued a comforting little voice in Shrimp's breast. "I don't know where they live." He gave a start, and the peculiar weight that settled upon his chest crept up into a lump in his throat. On the opposite sidewalk a youngster with a big sack upon his back was trudging slowly past.

"Well, sonny," said the alert shopkeeper, "which turkey are you going to buy?" Shrimp looked wistfully down at his badge, his horn, his cane; then he gazed at the turkeys, his face flushed, his breath coming and going in little gasps.

"I'll take the dollar one," he faltered.

At 2 o'clock Thanksgiving afternoon, a boy sat on the top rail of a fence near the park. The colors of one of the football teams gayly adorned his hat and his coat, and fluttered in streamers from a cane held in one hand, while on his knee rested a superb horn. But there was a pathetic air of dejection as his big brown eyes eagerly watched bicycles and vehicles scurrying by to the football grounds. There was a whizzing sound; the blast of a horn; college yells from smaller boys' throats; a flash of red down the road—then an automobile came to a sudden halt.

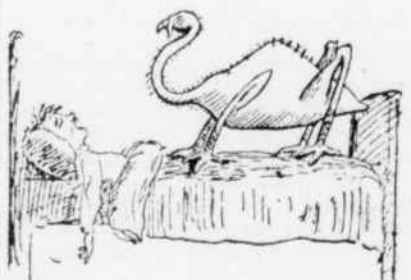
"If it isn't Shrimp himself!" cried a familiar voice, and Tadpole stood up on the back seat excitedly waving his arms.

"We've stopped at the house for you," called Tom White, seated next the chauffeur, "but your mother said you'd gone. Pile in, old fellow. Dad is going to treat the whole crowd—reserved seats in the grandstand— isn't he a jolly brick?"—Indianapolis News.

The Nightmare.

It was Thanksgiving night, and up in his room
Our boy lay asleep in his bed,
While dreams of a most uncomfortable kind
Were chasing about in his head.

Along about midnight his mother
Awoke—
She thought she heard Fred groan—
And then he explained that he was
The one,
And told his dream with a moan.



THE DREAM.

"A four-legged turkey as big as a calf
Was roosting right here on my bed,
And just as I woke the critter had said
He'd come there to bite off my head."
There's a moral of course—there always is one—
And this is a good one, I'm thinking.
Either don't go to bed after eating too much,
Or be careful in eating and drinking.



Can Lace if They Want to.

A doctor who was talking to a women's club in New York about corsets declared that the women of America know what they are about. "Before I made a visit to Europe," he said, "I was an enemy to the corset. Seeing the shapes presented to public view on the other side, I have been converted. Do as you please, ladies. It is better to be shapely even though you are a little constricted in the breathing apparatus."

The Roosevelt Riding Habit.

The horse reigns supreme in that part of the country where fashion is dominated by the high official set in which Mrs. Roosevelt reigns. Those who cling to the lazy method of the auto car are hopelessly out of it this autumn. The habits worn by Mrs. Roosevelt and her friends are extremely simple and correspondingly becoming. The yellow, the red, the green and white robes of seasons past are no more. Mrs. Roosevelt who takes a twenty to twenty-five mile ride every afternoon, wears a snug fitting black cloth, cut along conventional lines, with a small sailor of black straw and a loose flowing veil. A linen collar and four-in-hand tie of dark green and white and white are the only embellishments. The same attire is worn by Mrs. Roosevelt's companions, usually Mrs. Lowndes and Miss Tucker-mann. Miss Ethel Roosevelt, who has been promoted from her calico pony to a pretty little bay mare, wears a habit of mixed black and white tweed with an Alpine hat of white, with Scotch plaid ribbon rosette. She always has a knot of red, white and blue ribbon attached to the whip.—New York Press.

Woman Chefs Popular.

Male chefs are aghast at the appointment of a woman chef at the Marlborough club, is one of the most exclusive in London. The fact that the appointment is experimental does not lessen the dismay, for according to the secretary of the chefs' association, there is a growing tendency to employ female chefs. A wave of women, he says, is overwhelming the culinary profession.

Nevertheless he declares that it will end in nothing. Woman will never replace trained men in first-class kitchens. Woman has not the temperament of the successful chef. She may have inspiration, but she lacks the power of organization. The preparation of a big dinner means continual anxiety for the chef. A crisis may occur at any moment. For instance, an entire course may be spoiled. A man of iron nerve will rise to the occasion, but most women, however skillful as cooks, will lose their heads. It is not fair to ask a woman to undertake more than plain cooking in small hotels. They do not have sufficient application to stand the exhaustive training for seven years which male cooks undergo.—New York Sun.

Education of Mohammedan Women.

In Turkey there are 1500 schools in which girls receive education. There are forty secondary schools having 3000 girls on their rolls.

The learning of Koran is compulsory, and arithmetic, geography and elementary science are taught. Teaching has now become a respectable profession and young ladies, after passing the normal examinations, elect to become tutresses in distant parts of the empire. Those who are in a position to prosecute their studies to the higher standard learn the French, English and German languages, when they speak fluently. In Constantinople young ladies go up for the medical profession, and there are more than 300 nurses at the present day. Female education is not an innovation among the Mohammedans of the present day.

Arab and Moorish women in their palmy days, when their European sisters were steeped in ignorance, would deliver sermons and would profess in colleges and school. The present deplorable position of the Mohammedan females is due to the general degradation of the nation. An awakening is now taking place in some parts of the Mohammedan world, and the day may possibly dawn again when the stain of ignorance may be wiped off from the Mohammedan ladies of this country with the help of Government.

Befuddled with Housework.

The charge of subordinating motherhood to housekeeping is brought against that much discussed institution, the home, in "The Independent" by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The average woman, "poor, hardened, home dwarfed creature," is "so befuddled," she says, "with centuries of house service that she has buried even motherhood under her 'domestic duties.' But if we would once learn to honor the word 'motherhood' as we should and study its high requirements we should blush with shame that for so long we have been content to subordinate motherhood to house service. So satisfied are we with our domestic idol that we fail to observe its real effect on motherhood. We fail to notice that a race of mothers who are house servants by trade have never learned how to care for children properly."

A race of "citizen mothers" is what Mrs. Gilman wants to be the guardian of childhood. A "land of citizen

mothers," she says, "would do more for childhood than a dozen lands of primitive mothers. Our home worship is closely wrapped up in the idea of child service. But motherhood of the human variety does not stop with infancy. Children are born in homes, but they grow up in streets, schools and all the provisions of our common life. Our motherhood stops at the cradle almost. The basiliest must be hung with lace and ribbons, but the street may be foul and poisonous, both physically and morally."

Mrs. Gilman believes that the interests of the individual family are bound up in those of every other family, and that the welfare of the part can be secured only by making it subordinate to that of the whole. She ridicules the idea that a man's first duty is to his family and that a woman has no other. She cannot find any foundation in reason or religion for such notions. Nature, she points out, sacrifices individuals by millions to the preservation of the race, and the great religions of the world lay comparatively little stress on duty to the family.

Mrs. L. H. Harris, replying to this article in the same number, calls its position "monstrous altruism" and accuses Mrs. Gilman of bringing the reader "under conviction of sin merely for being a decent man."

Mrs. Gilman reports: "We have had plenty of men and women practicing the monstrous altruism of sacrificing everything in life, including their best beloved, in devotion to certain square miles of land, certain thousands of population, certain groups of institutions and ideas—to a thing called 'My Country'—and we have never found it necessary to blackguard and misrepresent them because of it. The common duty of the citizen, man and woman in time of war, we all admit; why call it 'monstrous' in time of peace?"

The Hats of Paris.

The brims of the new hats are turned up and down and over; the crown is punched in and puffed out; the trimming is all secreted under the brim as though it were contraband, but even a Customs officer could detect it; all these things seem perfectly causeless, and result in a sort of welter or shapelessness, and lines that never get anywhere, writes the Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. Very often, too, there will be a couple of ostrich feathers standing bolt up on their stems, with no tulle to mask them, but merely rising out of a desert of felt, like a single palm tree in the Sahara. Or they may be pointing straight out over one ear, as though they were saying: "Look anywhere but at me; I'm mad."

Mad they certainly are, and the average woman of the average type, wearing one of these hats, would probably find herself giving a free entertainment to all the mannerless persons she met. Yet the Parisian woman wears them as a matter of course, and they set her off, and give her distinction. The only solution is that the Parisienne is the Parisienne, all by herself, and unique.

Satiny felt is the decree for the autumn, and some very charming little hats are ready for the break-up of the torrid weather. At present it is almost painful to speak of felt, and people turn their eyes away as they pass the windows where smart tweed costumes are exposed. However, it is possible that one day we shall love the sun again. At present he is too much with us, soon and late. He has forgotten the fine old maxim, "Refrain thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he weary of thee and hate thee."

But there may come a day—previous experience persuades us that it is possible—when a tingling frost and a pale golden sun will make the ideal day for wearing these little boat-shaped toques of smooth felt. They are nearly all fairly small, and draw into a point of some kind in front. Autumn flowers trim them, and they are pushed petulantly away from the head by beds of ruffled tulle, or massed loops of ribbon beneath the brim.

A very pretty hat in silvery blue felt is very much the same in shape as the military slouches. One side of it is turned up and held to the top of the crown by a line of silk roses, in every shade from mouse-brown to copper, which, springing from a cluster of copper ribbons under the brim, is carried up like a garland, and thence surrounds the crown. From the ribbons also springs out a clump of the very longest tail feathers of pheasant, waving up and down and out in the wildest manner. However, such eccentricities are easily taken out.

A curious shade between ruby-red and purple seems to be the coming color for hats. It is not very becoming, but it is decidedly smart, and the milliners are busy dyeing all the flowers of Nature to the latest demand of art.

A Suspicious Character.

"Jiminee! but Mr. Good, the candidate for County Treasurer, is mad as a hatter," said the foreman of the county weekly.

"What! Why, we gave him a great send-off in this week's paper."

"Yes; he says you've ruined him. You referred to him as a 'trusted employe.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.



Grape Butter.

Pulp the grapes and cook the pulp until the seeds can be separated. Then run through a colander and throw away the seeds. Add the cooked pulp to the skins and cook until tender.

Cook apples as for apple sauce and take one cup of apple to two cups of the grape sauce. Add one heaping cup of sugar, and a half teaspoon of cinnamon. Then cook this mixture, stirring constantly with a wooden ladle, about half an hour, or until it reaches the desired thickness. Pour into cans and seal.

French Omelette.

Beat four eggs slightly, just enough so that you can lift up a spoonful. Add four tablespoonfuls of cream, a teaspoonful salt, and a little white pepper.

Put a teaspoonful of butter into a hot omelette pan and turn in the mixture.

Then with a fork pick up the cooked egg from the centre, allowing the uncooked to run under.

Continue this until the whole is a soft, creamy consistence. Place over a hotter portion of the fire to set and brown, then fold and turn out on a hot platter.

Salmon Hash.

This may be made of fresh materials or be entirely of "left overs" and will be even better, owing to combined flavors. Mine a cupful of salmon very fine. If there are no stewed or friend onions left over from last meal, a cupful of raw onions may be stewed till tender, add the salmon, one cupful of cold potatoes and one cupful of stale bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste; add sage if liked; water or stock enough to moisten. Chop up any cold meat you may have on hand and add. This is "surprisingly good."—The Epitomeist.

A Rich Apple Charlotte.

Cut some not too thin strips of stale bread, take off the crusts and dip them in clarified butter and line a buttered mould or cake tin with them, making them fit very neatly. Peel and core six or eight large apples; stew them till quite soft with four ounces of butter, sugar to taste and the juice of a lemon. When cool, lay a few spoonfuls in the mould, with a spoonful of apricot jam; then have a layer of the strips of bread dipped in butter, another of the fruit, and so on till the mould is filled, of coarse finishing off with the strips of bread laid quite closely. Bake in a brisk oven, turn it out of the mould very carefully, sprinkle it with sugar and garnish with little heaps of apricot jam and red currant jelly.

Fried Eggs, Li Hung Chang.

Make six pieces of fresh toast, each three inches square, lightly butter and place on a dish. Broil six exceedingly thin slices of lean bacon for a minute on each side. Cut each slice in two and arrange over the six pieces of toast. Beat thoroughly a well-buttered small frying pan. Crack in two fresh eggs, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of very finely-grated cooked ham, season with a saltspoonful of salt and half a saltspoonful of pepper, cook two minutes on the stove and set in the oven for one minute. Remove and carefully slip onto the several pieces of toast. When all are prepared sprinkle over a teaspoonful of curry powder. Now place a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and shuffle the pan over the fire until the butter attains a nice brown color. Then pour in a teaspoonful of butter, toss a little and pour over the eggs.

Household Hints.

To keep cakes moist put them in a stone jar.

A thin board tacked across the bottom of the screen door will save the screen from considerable injury.

Handkerchiefs will have a faint scent of violets if a small piece oforris-root is put in the water in which they are boiled.

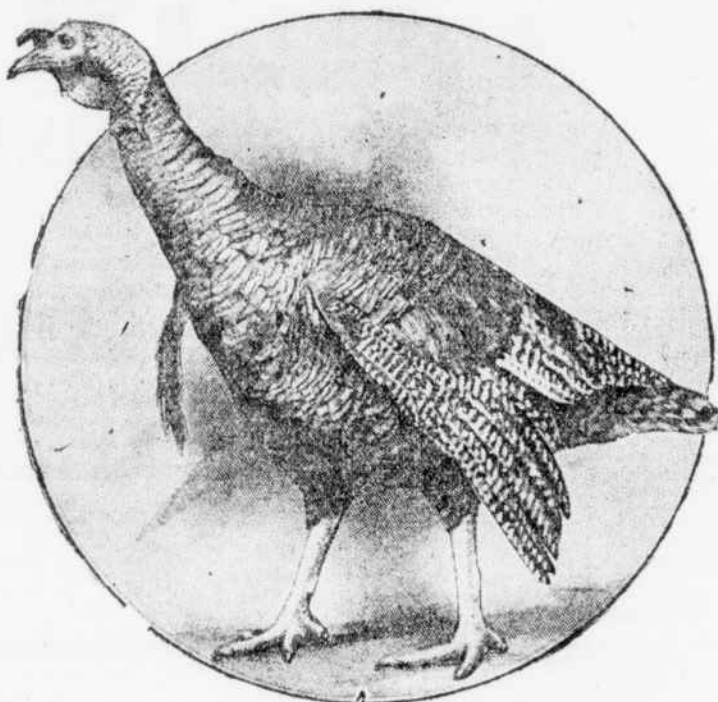
When roasting or baking meat in the oven place the dripping pan on a dish of water to prevent the gravy burning or boiling away.

Milk which has been standing for any length of time in a jug should be carefully poured into another, leaving a little at the bottom for this portion of the milk is injurious to the health.

When washing glassware do not put it into hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

Instead of putting food into the oven to keep hot for late-comers, cover it closely and place over a pan of hot water. The steam will keep the food hot and at the same time prevent it from drying.

To test beef press it down with the thumb. If it rises quickly the meat is good. It should be fine grained, of a bright, red color, with streaks of clean, white-looking fat. The meat will be tough unless there is plenty of fat on



PORTRAIT OF THE BIRD FED FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Photographed for the Breeders' Gazette November 1, at the farm of H. Vose, Washington Co., Rhode Island, who has supplied the White House with Thanksgiving turkeys for many years past.

seat" at the games had always been a tree-top or a convenient shed roof. This year, however, the teams were to play out by the park, on new grounds surrounded by sand dunes, and when Shrimp heard the announcement his despair was very black indeed. But the week before Thanksgiving the cloud brooding over his troubled spirit was unexpectedly turned wrong side out by a visit from a pet uncle, and its silver lining, in the concentrated form of two big round dollars, the dear gentleman's parting gift, now clicked in Shrimp's proud pocket.

As he walked home from school Wednesday afternoon, a holiday smile on his mischievous face, this vast wealth so burned the hand thrust into his pocket that he broke into a run for the nearest shop. One of the dollars would admit him to the game; the other one could be delightfully squandered. A mammoth tin horn such as vigorous lungs had longed for at previous contests, was the first purchase speedily supplemented by a badge of his team's colors, a hat band to match and a cane with appropriate streamers. He was about to spend his last dime in chewing gum, when the shop doors opened and Tadpole appeared, a large package in both arms.

They exchanged college yells.

"What have you got there?" asked Shrimp.

"Beans," replied Tadpole. "They're nice and filling, you know. At camp last summer we ate them three times a day. Shouldn't wonder if Mr. Daniel would give them to that widow with seven children that he told about."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Shrimp. "I forgot about tonight." He looked sheepishly at the little dime in his hand. "I've got to buy something for ten cents," he sighed. "Can't you help a fellow out, Tad?"

swung in a sack over his little shoulder, but there was no accompanying smile. On the contrary, his face was so woebegone that even the thoughtless Shrimp was impressed.

"Hello, what's up?" he good-naturedly inquired.

The urchin shifted his sack to the other shoulder. "The turkeys gave out," he sorrowfully replied.

"That's queer! Why, last night there was a whole orphan asylum of them down there."

"Yes," sighed the urchin, "but there were thirty names on the list, and we came at the tag an' cause we've just moved here. I ain't complainin'," he hastily added. "I got a lot of dandy things—potatoes, onions, turnips, beans and a big chunk of pumpkin—but they ain't turkey." He blinked hard to keep back the tears.

"I wouldn't cry about it!" scornfully ejaculated Shrimp.

"Who's cryin'?" the urchin retorted, stealthily wiping his cheek with a ragged sleeve. "You wouldn't think it a joke if you had to tell the kids. They're been countin' the days for a week, and they'll all be at the window watchin' for me."

"How many kids are there?" asked Shrimp.

"McKinley and Roosevelt and Victoria," he answered proudly. "Then there's Chris—he was to have the wishbone 'sides one of the drumsticks."
"Who is Chris?"
"He comes between me and the kids. He's most eight now, but he's got a bad spine and has to lie in bed all the time. His heart's terribly set on a turkey."
"If I was rich," impulsively exclaimed Shrimp, "I'd buy you one!" As he spoke, in an absent-minded way, he thrust his hand into his pocket. His fingers touched something round and hard and smooth. No answering thrill tingled through his being. Instead, a peculiar weight seemed to fall upon his lungs. "But I can't afford it!" he snapped crossly,